

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. GRAY, *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.

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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.¹ 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.² Arturo Toscanini, whose sudden resolve to play Bruckner's *Seventh* last year must have come as a shock to anti-Brucknerites,³ 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

¹ 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.

² 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."

³ "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*,¹ and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*² 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

{1932-1933}

BRUCKNER

- 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)

¹ 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.

² 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 decriing 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.¹ 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.² This phase of the Bruckner revelation has recently been made the basis of a fine German novel called "The Divine Finale."³

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.⁴ 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

¹August Halm: *Die Symphonie Anton Bruckners*; Muenchen, 1914.

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

Ernst Kurth: *Bruckner*; Leipzig, 1925.

²Erich Schwabach: *Bruckner*.

³Herbert Hiebsch: *Das goettliche Finale*.

⁴Franz 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.¹

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

¹Max 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.¹

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.² 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.³ 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,⁴ the other by Ernst Kurth,⁴ supplemented the epoch-making work of August Halm⁴ 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-

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

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

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

⁴Previously 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.¹ 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 Wolfgruber 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.

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

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN ORCHESTRATION

**WOOD-
WIND**

BRASS

**PERCUS-
SION**

STRINGS

	BERLIOZ <i>Symphonie Fantastique</i> (1830)	WAGNER <i>Rienzi</i> (1840)	WAGNER <i>Tristan</i> (1859)	BRUCKNER <i>First Symphony</i> (1865)	WAGNER <i>Goetterdaem- erung</i> (1877)	BRAHMS <i>First Symphony</i> (1877)	BRUCKNER <i>Eighth Symphony</i> (1888)
	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
	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 Tuba
	4 Timpani Bass Drum	Timpani Drums	Timpani	Timpani	Timpani (2 pair) Triangle	Timpani	Timpani Drums
	Cymbals	Cymbals	Triangle		Cymbals		
	Gongs	Triangle	Cymbals		Bells		
	2 Harps	Harp			6 Harps		Harp
	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>Holdenleben</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 3 Bassoons	1 Piccolo 3 Flutes 3 Oboes Engl. Horn 2 Clarinets bE Clarinet Bass Clarinet 3 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	4 Piccolos 4 Flutes 3 Oboes 2 Engl. Horns 3 Clarinets 2 bE Clarinets 2 Bass Clarinet 3 Bassoons 2 Contra- bassoons	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 Basset Horns 3 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	2 Piccolos 4 Flutes 4 Oboes Engl. Horn 2 bE Clari- nets 3 Clarinets Bass Clarinet 4 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	4 Flutes Alto Flute 4 Oboes Engl. Horn 3 Clarinets D Clarinet Bass Clarinet 4 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	WOOD- WIND
9 Horns 4 Trumpets 3 Trom- bones Bass Tuba	8 Horns 5 Trumpets 3 Trom- bones Tenor Tuba Bass Tuba	10 Horns 6 Trumpets 1 Bass Trumpet 3 Trombones 1 Alto " 2 Tenor " 1 Bass " 1 Contra- bass " 1 Bass Tuba 4 Bayreuth Tubas	6 Horns 4 Trumpets 3 Trom- bones Tuba	8 Horns 6 Trumpets Bass Trumpet 3 Trom- bones Contrabass Trombone 4 Tubas Contrabass Tuba	8 Horns 4 Trumpets "In the dis- tance," 4 Trumpets 4 Trom- bones "In the dis- tance," 3 Trombones Bass Tuba	8 Horns 4 Trumpets Bass Trumpet 1 Cornet 3 Trombones 2 Tubas	BRASS
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	PERCUS- SION
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	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

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*

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 saccharine 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 STOREY 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 transference 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-Burcknerites*, 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 Okeghem (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."

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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

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

IN 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.

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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