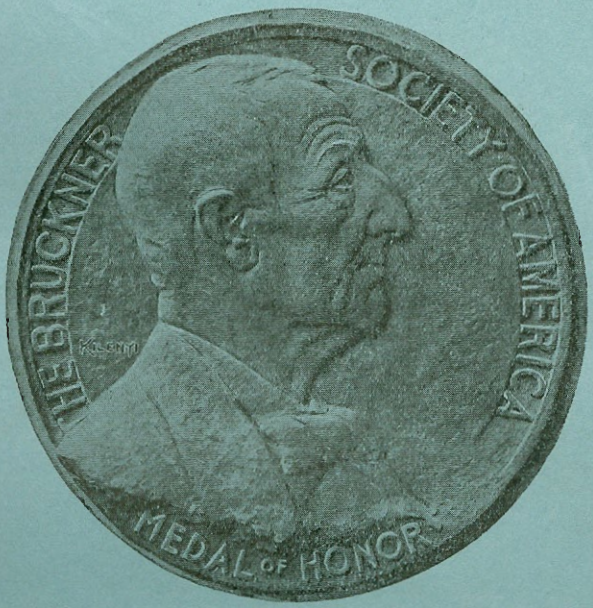
CHORD AND DISCORD



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1950

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"

THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

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 "en*chant*" 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 (*koyemashi*) 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 *sirventes* 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 Isoldes. Pathétique (sic) symphonies and apassionata (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.

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."[1]

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

[1]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."[2]

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".[3]

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*)."

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[2]*Ibid.*, pp. 265-6.

[3]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.

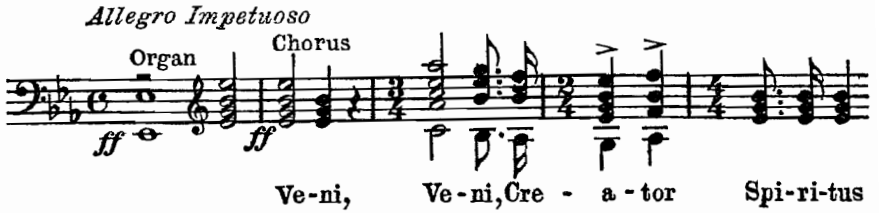
The symmetrical stanza-structure proved most felicitous for Mahler's setting, actually dominating its sonata framework. To the first two stanzas he allotted the exposition of the two themes (or theme-groups, if regarded in connection with their subordinate thematic concomitants). The next three and a 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 spiritalis unctio.	The soul's Anointing from above.

"Allegro Impetuoso" is the exciting caption at the head of the gigantic

score.[4] 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"



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

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[4] I. Orchestra.

Strings	Brass
1st and 2nd violins	8 horns
Violas	4 trumpets
Cellos	4 trombones
Contra-basses (with low C string)	Bass tuba
Woodwind	
2 (or more) piccolos	**Percussion**
4 flutes	3 kettle-drums
4 oboes	Big drum
English horn	Cymbals
2 (or more) clarinets in E flat	Tam-tam
3 Clarinets	Triangle
Bass clarinet	Bells, in low register
4 bassoons (fagots)	Glockenspiel
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)	Chorus.
2nd Alto (Maria Aegyptiaca)	First Mixed Chorus
	Second Mixed Chorus
	Choir of boys

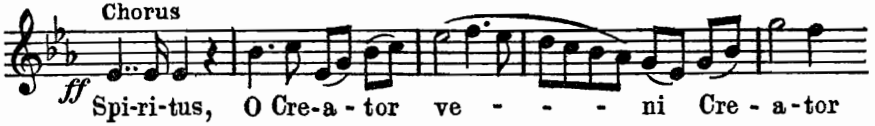
First performance September 12, 1910, in Munich, under the direction of the composer.

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.

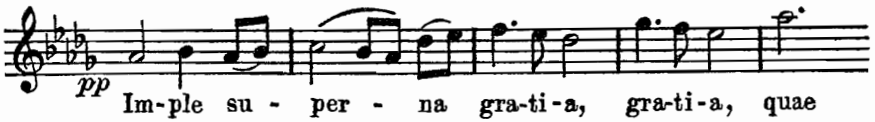
Immediately upon the heels of the cadence follows another theme, contrasted yet supplementary. Set in the same tonality, it obviously belongs to the first theme-group. It lacks the pointed, decisive character of the opening theme, but it is nevertheless also of heroic cast.



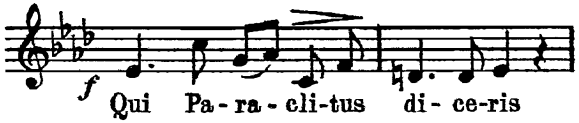
The orchestra, hitherto mainly a unison support for the voices, now asserts its independence with increasingly frequent contributions of the motives in varied rhythmic and instrumental combinations. Ever richer and more exciting grows the texture of these motivated threads simultaneously sounded, revealing 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.

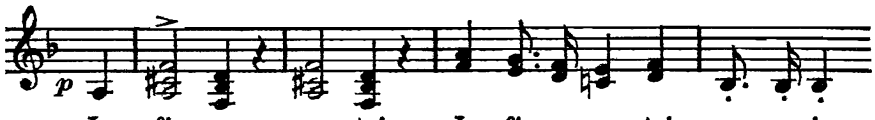
"Very softly, expressively," directs the score, as the solo soprano begins the lyric second theme-group, set in an appropriately mystic tonality (Db major). The tempo is altered, "somewhat more restrained, but ever smoothly flowing."



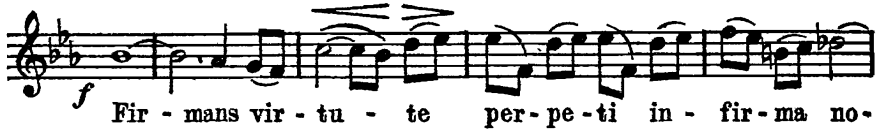
Humble appeal is the dominant spirit of this song-theme section. The fervent tones of the oboe spread an air of yearning as the choir of soloists take up the tender, hopeful melody. Its soft texture is rendered more ethereal at first by the omission of the bass voice. The "Veni" motive enters in gentle 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 wood-wind. 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.

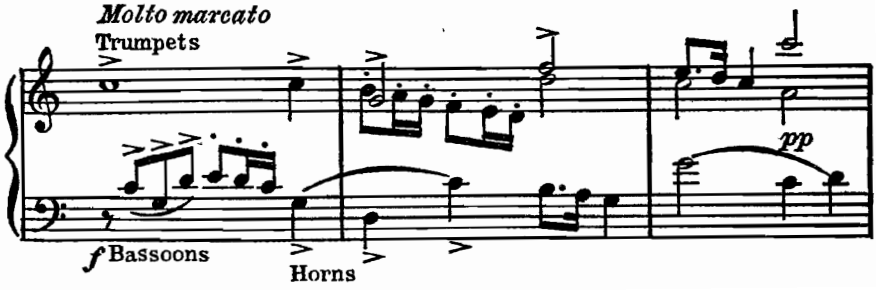
Infirma nostri corporis	Thy light to every thought impart,
Virtute firmans perpeti	And shed Thy love in every heart;
Accende lumen sensibus,	The weakness of our mortal state
Infunde amorem cordibus.	With deathless might invigorate.

Hostem repellas longius	Drive far away our ghostly foe,
Pacemque dones protinus.	And Thine abiding peace bestow;
Ductore sic te praevio	If Thou be our preventing Guide,
Vitemus omne pessimum.	No evil can our steps betide.
Tu septiformis munere	The sevenfold gifts of Grace are Thine,
Dextrae paternae digitus	O Finger of the Hand Divine.
Per te sciamus da patrem	Make Thou to us the Father known;
Noscamus atque filium,	Teach us the Eternal Son to own
Te utriusque spiritum	And Thee, Whose Name we ever bless,
Credamus omni tempore.	Of Both the Spirit to confess.

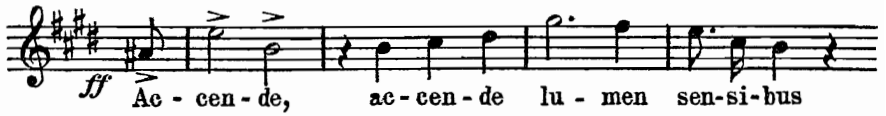
The development begins with an orchestral passage rich in typical Mahlerian fantastic touches. "Hastily", urges the score, its restlessness reflected in the irregular metre (5/4). Muted horns sound the Invocation theme inverted. Discordant woodwind and muted trumpets try feverishly to round out a melody 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 3/4, 4/4, 5/4, and 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.

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.

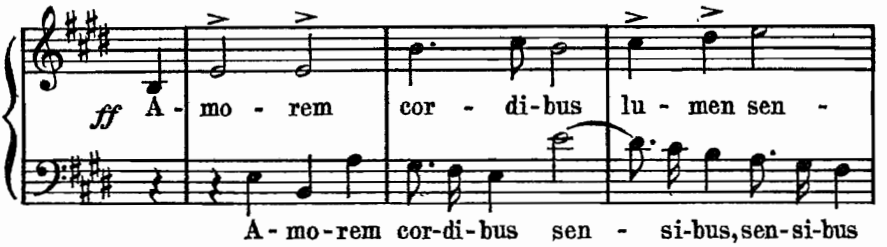


General jubilation in brilliant E major greets the revelation. "Suddenly very broad and impassioned", directs the score. The Invocation Theme is sounded in one brief pronouncement by the whole orchestra. Then an overwhelming cry of ecstasy, uttered in thunderous unison by double-choir, chorus of boys, 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"

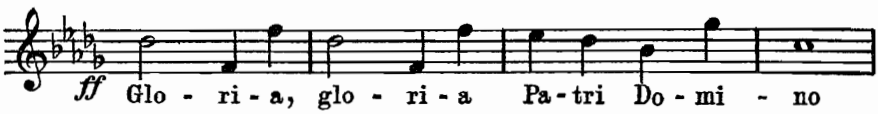
undergoes rhythmic transformation at the touch of the thematic dictator. A long organ point (22 bars) heralds the close of the fugue, the final unwinding of its involved polyphonic texture. A giant unison choral wave, amid sustained outcries by the solo voices, leads to the recapitulation.

3) RECAPITULATION AND CODA.

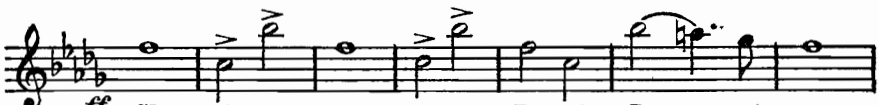
Da gratiarum munera	Grant us Thy heavenly joy to know,
Da grandiorum praemia.	Abundant grace on us bestow,
Dissolve litis vincula,	From sin's enslavement give release,
Adstringe pacis foedera.	And knit us in the bond of peace.
Gloria Patri Domino,	Praise we the Father and the Son,
Natoque qui a mortis	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.

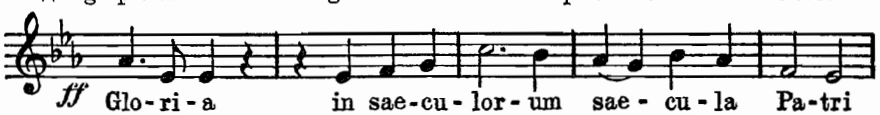
The mystic song-theme does not appear in this "recapitulation", a classical term scarcely appropriate to the individual form Mahler gave this movement. Its plea for Divine Grace would be dramatically false at this point. One last call for Guidance: "Go thou before and lead us, so that we may be victorious 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.



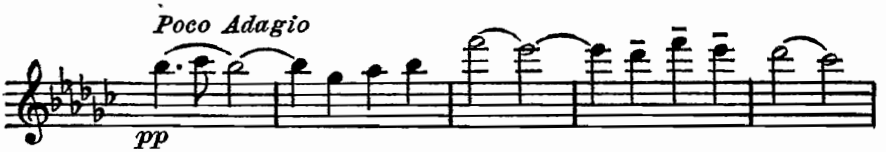
PART TWO

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, E♭ 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.

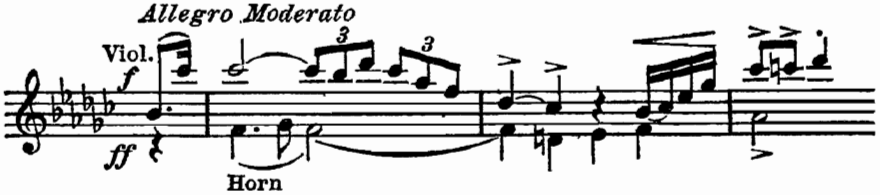


The violin's tremolo persists, the only glimmer of light, until the woodwind's shadowy song is brightened by a chorale-like cadence in the bassoons. The horns seek in vain to foster this moment of cheer. The original mood will not be denied. The minor song resumes its interrupted course, dying out on 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.

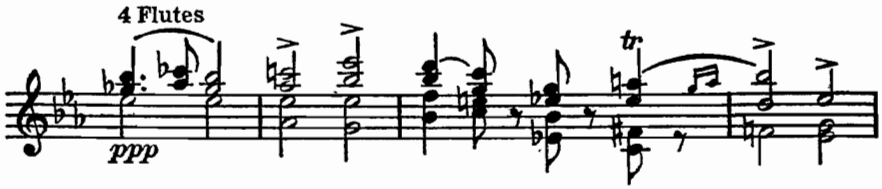
The change of mood is more marked in the second variation. "Faster", urges score. The theme in the horns is opposed by a savage counter-

melody bristling with impetuous, restless rhythms in the violins.



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.

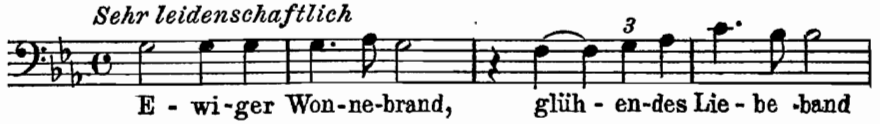
In the third variation violent conflict impends, the impassioned mood being maintained throughout. At length a beam of light: a flute quartet "very, very softly", whispers a forecast of joys to come.



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".

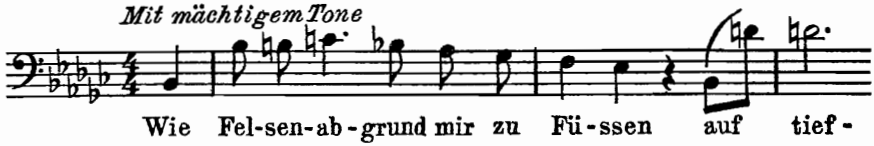
The scene grows radiant with the original tonality of the work (Eb major). The solo voice of the "Pater Ecstaticus" takes up the song in a new impassioned reconstruction (Sixth Variation).



"Eternal flame of Love,
The Universe embracing."[5]

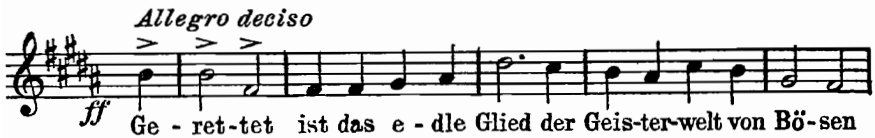
Dazzling in the trumpets, the "Light" motive casts a halo over the ardent melody. In its pure, soaring warmth the Pater Ecstaticus seems to reach out yearningly toward the Ultimate Revelation. The earthly shell, however, still clings, hampering the free progress of the soul on its ascent toward Redemption.

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.



"As the lofty cliffs that loom before me
Rest upon foundations deep",—

This second solo presents a decided contrast to the first. Its thematic line is characterized by wide leaps. Eruptive violence, fervor of expression, a richly vital, motive-packed instrumental background, declamatory treatment of the singing voice: all these are its individual traits. The darker (minor) elements of the introduction are here poured forth and resolved. The "Light" motive, brilliant in the brass, brings the song to an end. The soaring melody of the Pater Ecstaticus re-echoes in the orchestra. Amid swelling dynamics the tempo quickens. The landscape of the Holy Anchorites dissolves, revealing a choir of angels flying aloft, "bearing Faust's immortal soul". With full power (fortissimo) in resplendent B major, the choruses of women sing the "Redemption" song ("Gerettet") drawn from the Light theme in its original form.

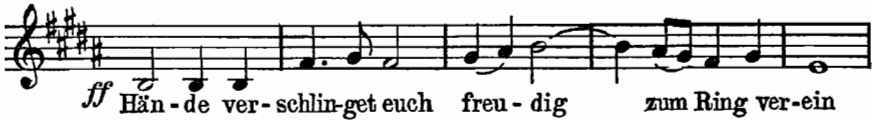


"Delivered is the noble soul
From evil spirits' clutches"

The orchestra takes up the song, confirming the glad tidings. The women's voices (hitherto silent), the new, radiant tonality (B major), the lively tempo (allegro) and the transparent instrumentation (as opposed to the comparatively heavy, mystic character of the orchestration in the previous portion)—all these render more vivid the impression of the loftier, more ethereal plane of the poem at this point. The song, formally an exact replica of the "Light" theme of Part One, appears here transfigured. The earlier cheery song of the Chorus of boys ("Amorem

[5]The translation of the lines of the German text beneath the musical illustrations in this article are my own.—The Author.

cordibus") now becomes the blissful round of the Chorus of Blessed Boys, "circling about the highest peaks".

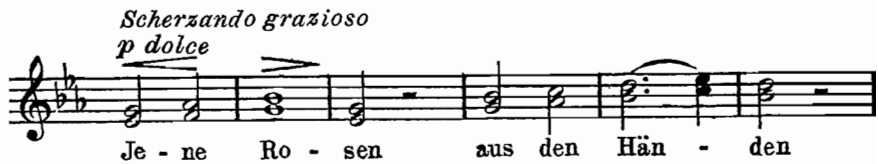


"Clasp hands, and dance your blissful roundelay"—

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.[6]

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).



"Those roses, from such holy hands,"

Set in E♭ 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

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[6] "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"

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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:

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... - 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
          Int9+VIII, 1 SCHERZO-Var. 1  2
     E-flat Minor          B Major      E-flat Major
A ..... ..... S .....

N66M5 - N70 - N75 - N81 - N85 - N89
        3     4   VIII,1  5     6
   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 ..... . . . .
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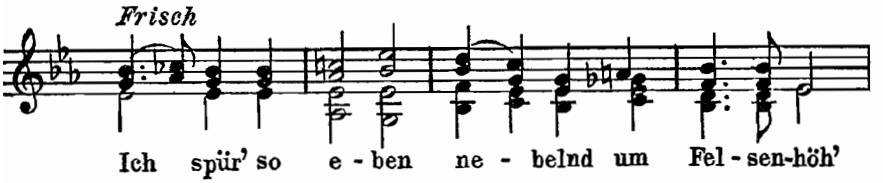
EXPLANATORY

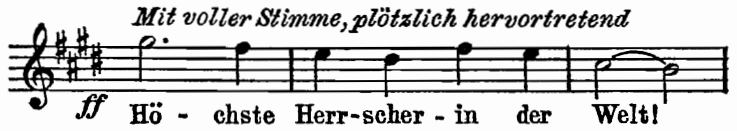
"N" stands for the rehearsal numbers, identical in all forms of the published score.
"A" stands for "Adagio".
"S" stands for "Scherzo".
"F" stands for "Finale".
"Int" stands for "Interlude".
"s" stands for "Subject".
"M" stands for "Measure".

bids the awakening to new life (return to Scherzo) amid radiantly pealing bells.



"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.

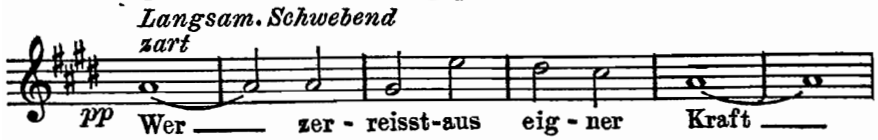


"Empress of the world, Supreme!"

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.

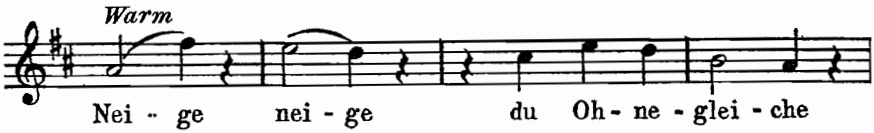
The last veil has fallen, revealing Heaven transfigured. Above the ethereal harmonies the solo violin plays a beautiful song (*Adagissimo*) in extremely slow tempo, expressively, yet very softly (with bow near the fingerboard to intensify the melody's sweetness). This deeply spiritual theme heralds the 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.



"What mortal has the strength to break
The chains of all temptations?"

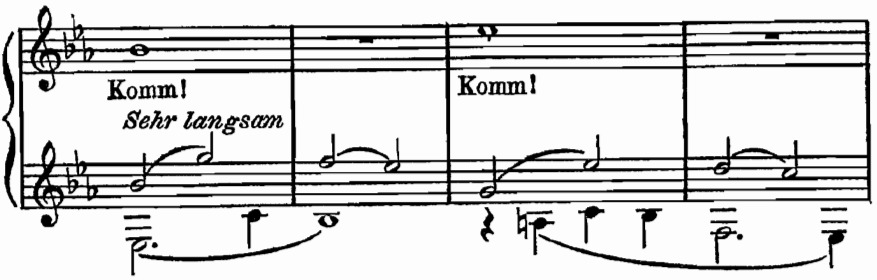
The "Gloriosa" theme shines forth in the woodwind, illumined by radiant harmonies in celesta and arpeggiated harps. Above the chorus the voice of "One of the Penitents" implores compassion. The three "Great Redeemed Sinners" bear her plea aloft. Rising out of the solo violin's theme, their song is simple and restrained, as begun by Mary Magdalen. In the voice of the Samaritan it becomes an expression of prayerful fervor, strengthened by a counter-melody in the solo violin. Gradually other instruments participate, weaving a richly threaded background as colorful as a tone-painting. The Samaritan's solo culminates in a broadly accentuated phrase on the tonic (E♭ major). High-toned bells resound in the orchestra. Plucked strings, flute trills, tremolos in celesta and piano, and a bell-like motive in the harps suggest the approach of a miraculous moment. Mary the Egyptain resumes the plea, at first gentle and minor-tinged, then more hopeful, as the Gloria music spreads its blessing over the orchestra. The "Great Sinners" mingle their voices in a united appeal, yet still in minor. Not until two of these sing the "Rose Song" in thirds does the mood brighten definitely to major. The voices die out. Delicate-timbred instruments take the foreground, the vibrant mandolin prominent among them. "One of the Penitents (once named Gretchen)" pours her yearning into the "Gloria" melody.



"Hearken, hearken, Heavenly Maiden—"

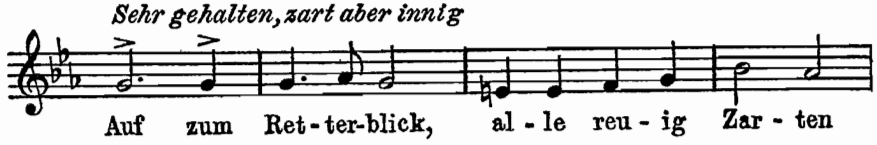
The orchestra gives encouragement to her restrained gladness. The music's pulse quickens to the joyous message of the Chorus of Blessed Boys, now circling happily about, bursting with the tidings of the tremendously increased stature of Faust's soul. (Only a poet of Goethe's powers could possibly have drawn sublimity out of the perilously naive symbolism of this scene.) Their chorus mingles with the strains of Gretchen's song in the orchestra. Against a rich, celestially colored background of harps, bells, piano, and harmonium, it suggests a procession of the children of Heaven. Gretchen's voice joins the blissful episode. Drawn from the plea for mercy (song theme) in Part One, her song attains fulfilment here through Love, eloquently mirrored in a climax of impassioned ardor.

Softly the "Light" motive rises in horns and trumpets, a bass-drum roll marking the arrival of the moment of supreme significance. Save for a mere shimmer of sound, vibration rather than tone, blessed peace reigns over all. "Most sweetly", urges Mahler as the voice of the Mater Gloriosa breaks the sacred spell. The melody, again drawn from the Gloriosa, appears here in its broadest formulation. Above it floats a fluted counter-theme, surrounded by ethereal harp harmonics, beneath it the more substantial "Light" motive in trumpets and horns.



"Come! Come! Ascend to loftier spheres—"

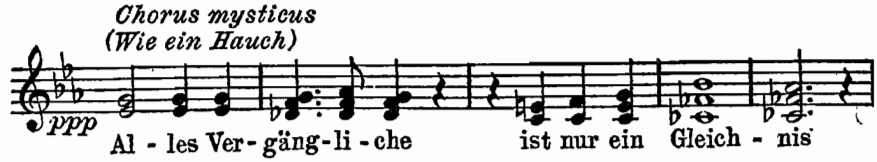
Her compassionate, universe-encompassing single-syllable blessing, "Come", is echoed by the chorus in an almost toneless whisper. Beyond it only the harmonium continues to sound. Dr. Marianus, first to awaken from ecstatic contemplation, begins a hymn-like prayer. His "tender, but fervent" words and 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.



"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♭ 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♭ 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.

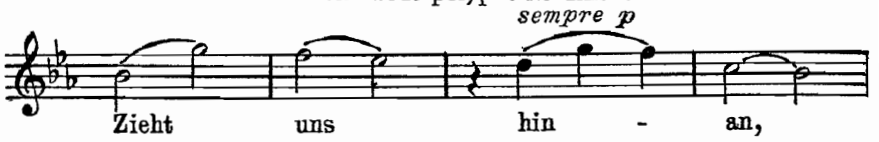
Devout contemplation follows upon the experience. Muted strings, whispering the tonic chord, open the final song. "Very slowly, mysteriously; a mere breath of sound", directs the score, as the united choirs disclose the oracular answer to the Great Riddle.



"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.



("The Eternal Feminine)
Ever our goal"—

"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.

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 consenus, 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 appearently 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-

* 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.** 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

* 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 prevailingly 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.

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.

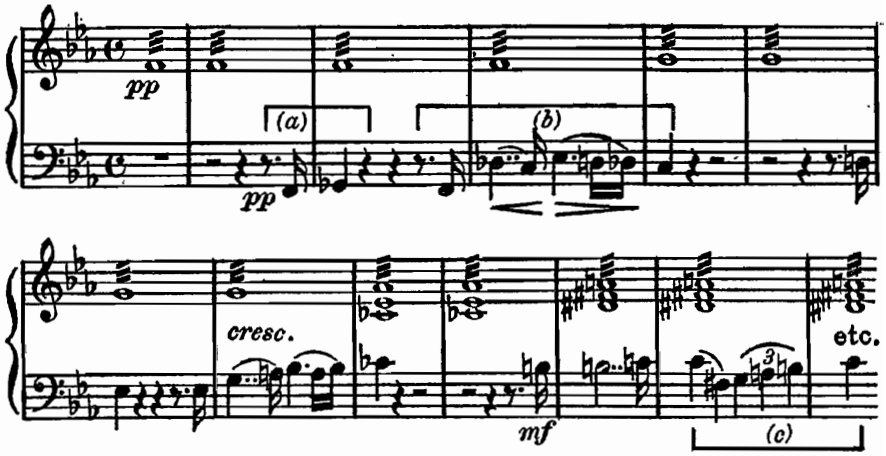
As the Seventh Symphony is Bruckner's most subtly poised and tonally intricate work, so is this Eighth, the third of his C minor symphonies, the sum of all the more trenchant elements of his style. It in no way covers the same ground as its precursor, nor does it, except in matters of harmonic detail, 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

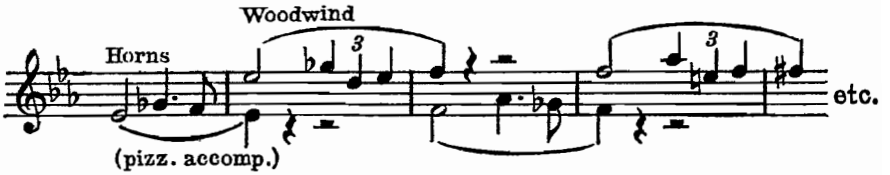


The tonality is at first obscure, suggesting B flat minor or perhaps D flat, and the mystery is deepened until as late as bar 22, when an expected close in C minor is foiled by the *fortissimo* outburst of the opening F, now felt as the clear subdominant of C. The violent counterstatement reinforces 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))

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)



The threat flares into one of Bruckner's most extraordinary outbursts, jagged slashings against fiercely dissonant trumpet blares. These cease abruptly, leaving the air tensely charged, and a driving *crescendo* culminates defiantly on the dominant of E flat major. The massive fanfares suddenly echo away into vast spaces as a mysterious quiet, punctuated only by soft accents of the first theme, brings about the immensely dramatic and spacious end of the exposition in E flat major. The final resolution of the bass on to E flat comes after one of the longest and most breathtaking cadential preparations ever conceived (bar 125-139).

Bruckner's masterly command of pace should be taken to heart: without any alteration of tempo he contrives to compress his actively dramatic passages into short spaces, thus leaving himself free to expand meanwhile, so that he need not sacrifice his so profoundly characteristic deliberation and breadth, the very qualities, in fact, that lead him in other works to create novel forms. This movement is a fusion of two apparently irreconcilable styles, and its structure is therefore doubly apt for its restless yet inexorable character.

So broad a preparation for E flat implies a high importance for that key. Accordingly Bruckner stays rooted in it for no less than 25 bars of extreme quiet, with long-drawn augmentations of Ex. 1 (b) hanging magically in mid-air. The light dims as these turn to the minor and then, with a soft move into G flat (marked by a striking entry of the contrabass tuba), the so-called development starts at bar 165. The music continues to use augmentations and inversions of Ex. 1 (b) as it proceeds with great majesty from key to key: the harmony is highly original and creates powerful discords that are fearsome in their smoothness when they find the full power of the brass. All at once the sound disappears on the dominant of G flat and after three beats of silence, an inversion of Ex. 2 is heard in that key: it does not stay there, but, after a slight rise in tension, slips very suddenly into intense *pianissimo* preparation *on the home dominant* (bar 201). The recapitulation can already be felt at a distance. This is not to say that its form is predictable; as will be shown, Bruckner marks it with one of his greatest strokes.

It will be remembered that the movement began in an alien tonality

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.

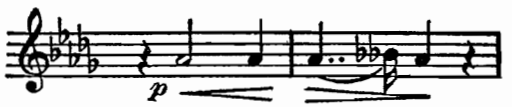
III

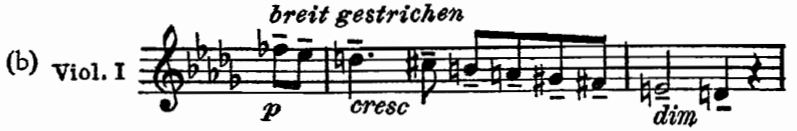
The highest tribute to Bruckner's power of composition need do no more than point out that in so immense a piece as the *Adagio* of this symphony, the effect and coherence of the whole hangs to a considerable extent on a single chord. This chord, moreover, is heard but four times during the full half-hour 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

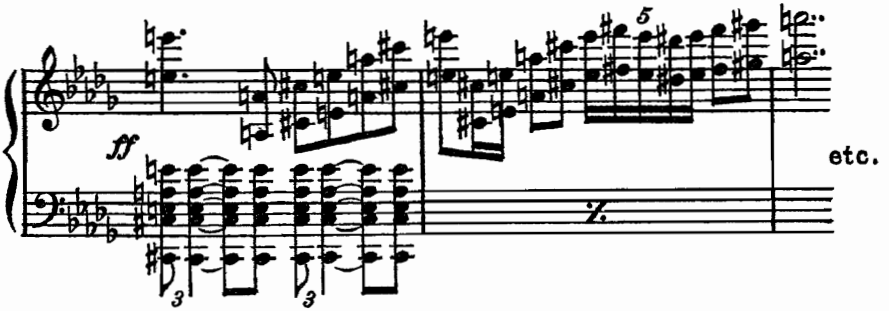
(a) **Viol. I**





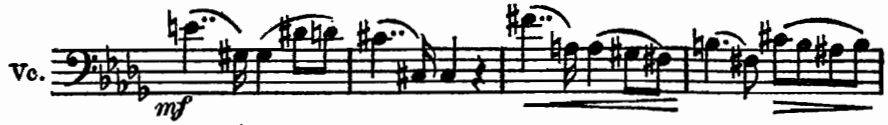
Extremely important is the persistent D flat (changing to C sharp) in the bass; it is intended to penetrate the mind, for it causes a compelling harshness, almost coarseness, that characterises the first *fortissmo* chord, underlying a loud aspiring phrase. This is the 6/3 chord of A major, with its 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.

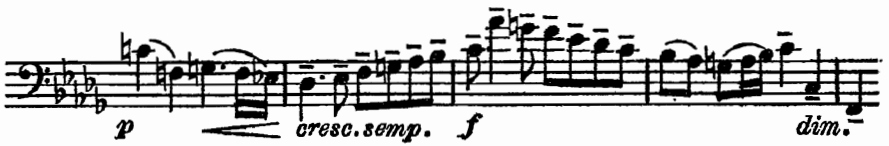
Ex. 5 (bar 15)



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)





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.[1] 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,[2] 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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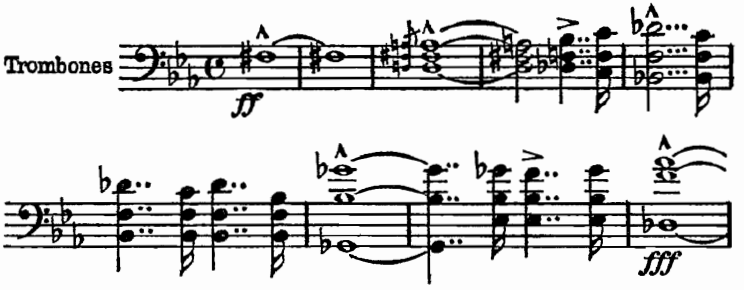
[1] In this he may be said to continue the work begun by Giovanni Gabrieli.

[2] *Music Survey*, Vol. II, No. 1, 1949: a review of the B.B.C.'s broadcasts of the Bruckner Symphonies.

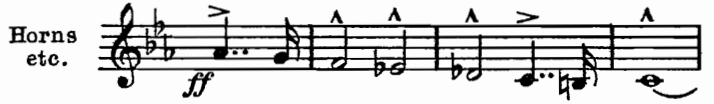
First a thunderous paean for brass blazes across a rhythmic string accompaniment.

Ex. 7 (melodic outline, beginning at bar 3)



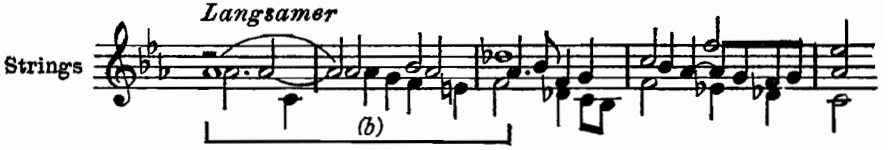
It modulates in stages until it settles grandly on the key of C, with the following incisive phrase.

Ex. 8 (bar. 32).



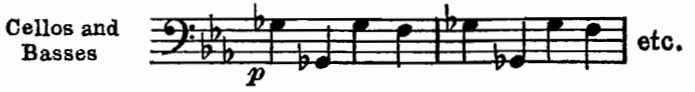
Then there is a beautiful descent to a soft, glowing close in C major, the rhythm of the strings fading out at bar 67. Ex. 8 is very important, for it undergoes several unusual transformations during the movement. After a bar's rest, a new *cantabile* theme comes in A flat major; this, one of Bruckner's noblest, is a double idea in which the figure (b) has the more influence on later events.

Ex. 9 (bar 69)



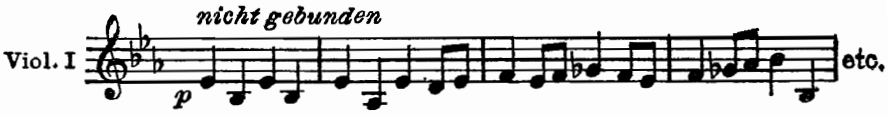
The second phrase, (bar 75) descends by conjunct motion and should be noticed. It gives rise to an expressive string passage which does not appear in the U.E. (Orig. bars 93-8) (in the U.E. this would come between bars 92-93). Further derivatives of this follow in tubas, in sequential fashion, and then 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).

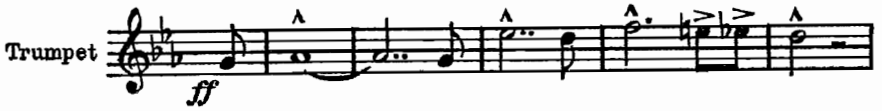
It will be recalled that the last fully scored passage ended on the dominant of C (Letter Z in both scores). As if the shadow of this is

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.[3] Thus Ex. 11 is made to grow towards this point, when Ex. 1 (b) grinds terribly into the score in this form:-

[3]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 pleasantry; 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.

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.[1] All of them are thoroughly personal in idiom. The *First* and *Third* are rugged and powerful to a degree unkown 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,[2] the other by Robert Haas and Leopold Nowak.[3] 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.[4] "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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[1] 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.

[2] *Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag*, 1924. 100 pages.

[3] *Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag*, Leipzig, 1940. 57 pages.

[4] 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,[5] 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.[6] *Feierlich* (solemn). ¼. E minor.
2. *Gloria.* 4-part. *Allegro-Andante-Allegro.* ¼. C major.
3. *Credo.* 4-part. (a) *Allegro moderato.* ¾. C major.
   (b) *Adagio-Allegro.* ¼. F major.
   (c) *Allegro moderato.* ¾. C major.
4. *Sanctus.* 8-part. *Ruhig* (calm). ¼. G major.
5. *Benedictus.* 5-part. *Moderato.* ¼. C major.
6. *Agnus.* 8-part. *Andante.* ¼. E minor.

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[5]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.

[6]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).[7]

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

[7]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."[8] 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".[9] 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.[10]

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".[11] 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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[8]*Anton Bruckner's Choral Music; The Listener,* London, November 6, 1947.
[9]*Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg;* King's Crown Press, New York, 1947.
[10]*Music, History, and Ideas;* Harvard Press, 1938, page 118.
[11]*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.[12]

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.[13]

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,[14] 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

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[12] *Op. cit.;* page 119.

[13] *Op. cit.;* page 120

[14] 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,[15] 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,*[16] which likewise uses a small wind ensemble (two oboes, English horn, two bassoons, two trumpets and three trombones) and his *Symphonie des Psaumes,*[17] 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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[15]The woodwind is directed in Woess to be doubled again, but not in Haas.

[16]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.

[17]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.

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,[1] 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.

[1]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[2]—a higher percentage of his total output than my aggregate experience with the works of perhaps any other composer.[3]

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

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[2]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.

[3]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.[4] "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,[5] 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.[6] Granting that there is not much which the

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[4]In the explanatory booklet accompanying the first issue of the recording of *Das Lied von der Erde*. (Columbia records.)

[5]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.

[6]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-E♭-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.[7] He has a striking way of wandering all around the note which is the true melodic goal

[7]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 exent 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.

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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.[8] 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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[8]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 *Verklaerte 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.

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 ffrr 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.[1] 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

[1]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[1] 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[2] 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.[3] 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[4] 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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[1]Mr. Robert Simpson in the current issue of DISC (No. 9, Winter 1949) speaks of "the casual sight-reading methods of most British orchestras."

[2]The Third Programme is nothing if not thorough; and the *Adagio* from the unfinished Tenth was included and repeated.

[3]See Music Survey Vol. 1, No. 3, 1948 "Mahler and the BBC."

[4]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.[5] 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[6] 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.[7] In the arts too, each epoch has not been lacking its geniuses who may express the characteristics of the society they live in.[8] 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[9] was one of the acutest misery and his attitude to life

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[5]"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.

[6]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.

[7]Many historians would, of course, contest such a theory.

[8]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.

[9]There is ample biographical material available in print.

(one he formed early) was basically tragic and pessimistic.[10] 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,[11] was equally a failure.

Mahler's search was, fundamentally, for a solution to the difficult art of living;[12] 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;[13] 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

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[10]See also my "Mahler and Hugo Wolf." *Chord and Discord* Vol. II, No. 5, 1948.

[11]Music Survey, Vol. I, No. 4, "Literature and the Childhood of Music."

[12]As were the novels of Henry James.

[13]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,[14] 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[15] which, writes Salazar,[16] "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,[17] "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

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[14]"Music is a moral law." Plato.

[15]It should be remembered that a rebel is as much part of the society against which he rebels, as the individual who conforms.

[16]"Music in our Time," 1948.

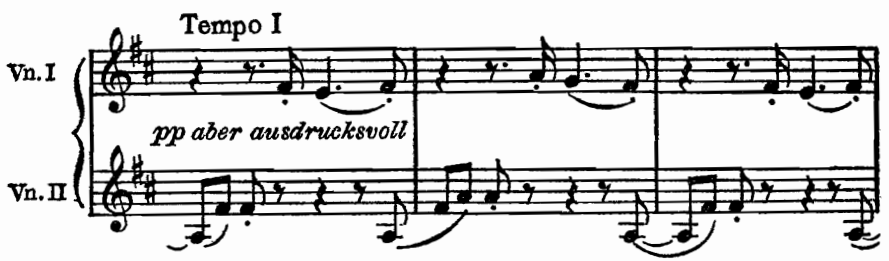
[17]Modern Quarterly, Vol. III, No. 4, 1948.

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."[18]

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.

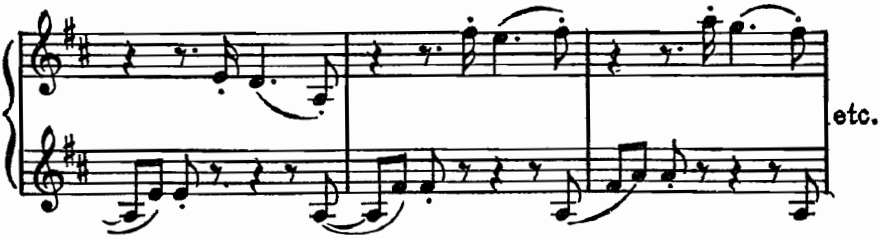
I have remarked upon the astonishing lack of resemblance between Bruckner, Mahler, and Wagner, for despite an occasional likeness of language[19] the thought behind their speech was entirely different. Obviously, one of the most significant of Beethoven's developments was his expansion of the "slow movement," 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:



[18]Disc, No. 9, 1949.

[19]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,[20] 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 Burleske* 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;*"[21] but we have his music as a testament; there is no need for speech.

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[20]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.

[21]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?) ....

* 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 mazeful 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 appogiatura 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.

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* 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 cliches, "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 Verklaerung* 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.

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!"

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 Tschaikowsky, 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."

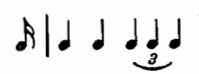
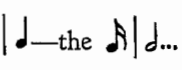
* * * *

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.

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 fumblings 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 Westminister 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 Greator 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*

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*

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.

* * * *

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 craftmanship. 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 unbelieveably dramatic punch.

The longer section, marked Adagio, is, however, the major portion of the work.

* * * *

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

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 Lacomble 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 Shostakovitch, 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 ROSENFIELD,
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 Sevitzky, 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. Sevitzky 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. Sevitsky 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. Sevitzky 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 trumpetings 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 sumptous 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 disenchanted, 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 conflict, 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 pastorale; 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 Moussorgsky - 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 Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." Regarding the performance of that patricular 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 Walter 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 having 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 geniune 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 exaltation 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 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 resources 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 oldfashioned 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 foundling, who was called half-sage and half-yokel, now has a home in many of the country's major repertories.

And just as last week's readings of the Mahler score won hundreds of new adherents, so last night's rendering of the socalled "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 diffcult 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 subleties 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 Damozel," reduces the stained-glass mysticism to something popular and pleasant but remindful 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 ROSENFIELD,
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*

Athough 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 Tschaikowsky.

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 naivete 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 concert-goers, and while part of this may be due to a reluctance of our publishing houses to "push" his music as they have that of Tschaikowsky 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 Merriman, 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 dozenth 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 postive 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 engagment 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 Schwieger, 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. Schwieger 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 Sympathy 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 plausible, 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 apocalyptical 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 orchestrational 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; Siebenbuerger 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.Mc., *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 doting 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 Koussevitsky, 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 virtuoso 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 believingly 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 qualilty 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 persausive 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 midsection 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 element 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 slowdown. 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 movment 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, orchestra, 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 Gloriae," 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 occasionlly 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 togther 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. Incidently, 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 regretable than might ordinarly 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.

All contributions are deductible for income tax purposes.

Copies of *Chord and Discord* are available in the principal public and university libraries in the United States.