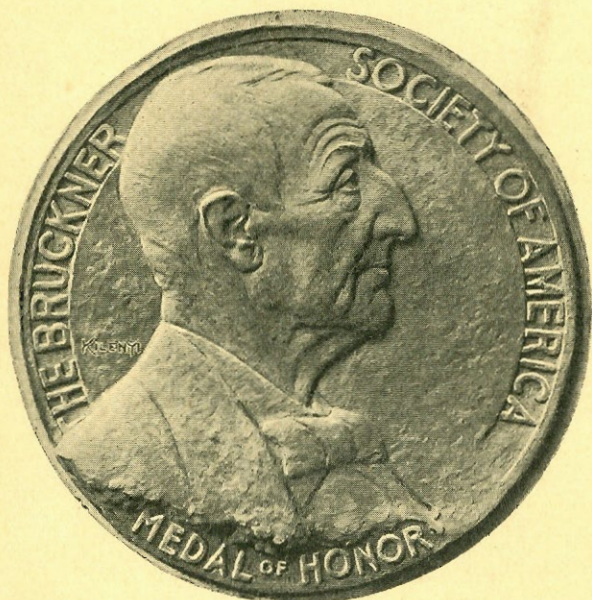


Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

SYMPHONIC FORECASTS

BRUCKNER'S *NINTH*: THE ORIGINAL VERSION

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October 1933

THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

(REPRODUCED ON THE FRONT COVER)

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

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

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

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

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

CHORD AND DISCORD

A Journal of Modern Musical Progress

Published by

The Bruckner Society of America.

October, 1933

Vol. 1, No. 4

SYMPHONIC FORECASTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Riemann's Musik-Lexikon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONCERNING BEETHOVEN'S TRUE SUCCESSOR

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

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

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

THOMAS MANN ON BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

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

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

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

BRUCKNER'S NINTH: THE ORIGINAL VERSION*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Literally, "Critical Complete Edition."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

†The letters refer to the Loewe version.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—PROF. MAX AUER.

*Muenchener Zeitung, Apr. 4, 1932.

TONERL TURNS COMPOSER

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

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

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

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

*Diminutive for "Anton" in Austrian dialect.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Requiem in *bE*, Hoersching, 1904.

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

SYMPHONIC POEM OR SYMPHONY? (MAHLER'S FIRST)

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

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

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

*Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gustav Mahler's Sinfonien, Berlin, 1921.

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

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

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

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

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

"Will it not be the giant that scales heaven—

"And that falls crushed to death?"

"Titan!"

GABRILOWITSCH ON BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

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

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

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

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

MAHLER'S SIXTH AT LAST!

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

NEW LIGHT ON MAHLER

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

My Almscherl:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A thousand greetings, my Almschi.

Gustav.

I shall tell you more about Gucki soon.

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

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

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

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

—WILLI REICH, Vienna

"23"—A VIENNESE MUSICAL MAGAZINE

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

MAHLER'S SECOND: A VERDICT OF 1933

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

SOME IMPORTANT PERFORMANCES

{1933-1934}

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIRST AMERICAN PERFORMANCES OF BRUCKNER

SYMPHONIES

I—Unperformed.

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

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

IV—New York, 1887 (Anton Seidl)

V—Boston, December 27, 1901 (Gericke)

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

VII—Chicago, July 29, 1886 (Thomas)

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

IX—Chicago, February 19, 1904 (Thomas)

OTHER WORKS

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

Mass in D Minor—Unperformed

Mass in E Minor—Unperformed

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

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

Te Deum—Cincinnati, May 1892 (Thomas)

THE COMPLETE BRUCKNERITE

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

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

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

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

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



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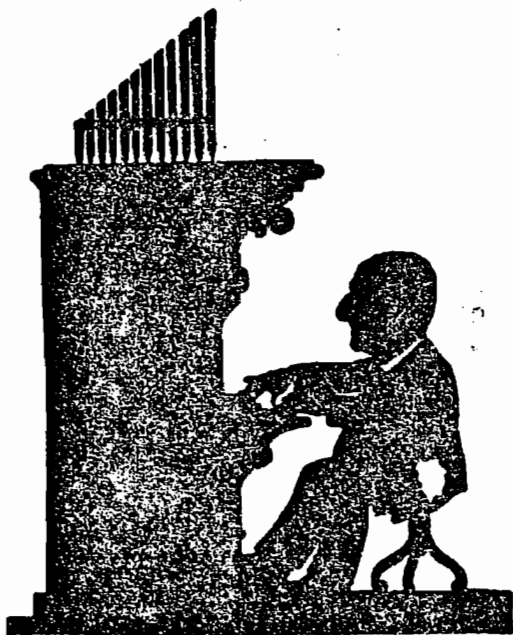
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