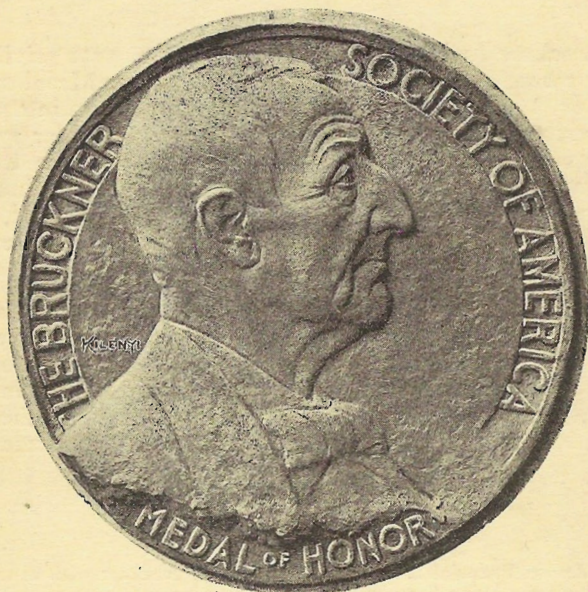


Chord and Discord



THE KILNYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

SYMPHONIC NEW DEAL

BRUCKNER'S *NINTH* (THE ORIGINAL VERSION)

MAHLER'S *LIED VON DER ERDE*

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

BRUCKNER APPRECIATION—VIA RADIO!

INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNERIANA

October 1934

9#1

THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARD

TO ARTURO TOSCANINI

Dear Maestro:

The Bruckner Society of America deems it a great privilege to announce the award of the Kilenyi Bruckner Exclusive Medal of Honor to you. Although you have thus far confined your efforts in the Bruckner cause to performances of the master's two most popular symphonies, the *Fourth* and *Seventh*, your recently voiced interest in the original version of the *Ninth* leads us to hope that you will continue your inestimable services in this grand, too long neglected field, gradually adding other Bruckner symphonies to your world-famous repertoire of incomparable readings.

How beneficial your endorsement of Bruckner's art has been to the difficult cause of popularizing it among American music-lovers may be readily gathered from a few words uttered in this connection by some of the leading music-critics of our country immediately following your Bruckner performances. We take the liberty to requote them to you, for we can see no more eloquent way to show you the reason for our gratitude.

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

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

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*

The friends of Bruckner—an increasingly numerous clan—should derive considerable comfort from Mr. Toscanini's indorsement of the work, since he accorded it a performance of surpassing eloquence—a performance which must surely have dispelled the doubts of many as to the salience and significance of this music.

—EDWARD CUSHING, *Brooklyn Eagle*

Mr. Toscanini brought joy last night to the hearts of the embattled Brucknerites of this vicinity by performing one of the major works of that strange and pathetic composer who for half a century has divided the world of music into opposing camps. It may be assumed that the eminent conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony Society has made up his mind concerning the right answer to that still provocative question, whether Anton Bruckner was an inspiring genius or a lethal bore. For Mr. Toscanini devoted himself last evening to an exposition of the symphony so deeply felt, so tellingly conveyed, that it left no one in doubt as to the sincerity of the interpreter's belief in the music's worth.

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

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA

CHORD AND DISCORD

A Journal of Modern Musical Progress

Published by

The Bruckner Society of America

October, 1934

Vol. 1, No. 6

SYMPHONIC NEW DEAL

Lest Symphonies be never more
Than Nine—
And Four.

On August 1, 1934, the well-known musical commentator, Samuel Chotzinoff, having attended a performance of Brahms' *Fourth Symphony* the previous evening, said in the *New York Post*:

I must be getting old and cynical, for this symphony of Brahms no longer thrills me as completely as it used to do in those faraway days when the "exit in case of Brahms" joke went the rounds. I wonder if one outgrows Brahms as one outgrows Whitman and Stravinsky! Or is it that one can feel impatient with masterpieces just as one can be impatient with people one loves.

That the self-searching reaction of this critic is not a solitary spiritual deviation of the day is amply attested by a frank, sweeping statement recently issued by the Directors of that most liberal-minded of American artistic organizations, the Philadelphia Orchestra Association:

Musical works which drew large audiences in past years no longer seem to interest the public.

Thus with a single sentence of startling implications the problem of symphonic program regeneration, so long ignored by our major musical committees, at last gained official recognition. Unfortunately, the Philadelphians proposed no solution. That they could see only an impasse directly ahead on a straight symphonic path was revealed by their next sentence:

Modern works of real merit have not been produced in sufficient numbers to make an interesting and adequate repertoire.

For many a year outstanding American musical organizations, regarding symphonic program reform commercially no less perilous than artistically necessary, have resorted to "passing the buck" in this dilemma by nursing the bogey of popular superstition long hovering over the dark epithet "modern". The relentless exploitation of this weakness of the average American music-lover has been marked by an array of bitter innuendo, the melancholy victims of which have been not so much the staunch band of so-called "modernists" as the laymen desirous of becoming acquainted with the great symphonic works that have been given to the world during the past half-century.

The term "modern" in a musical connection has ever raised a sinister chimera. It must be definitely unmasked and discredited, once for all. Ernst Krenek, one of the most brilliant minds among the younger creative musicians, sweeps it aside with impatient contempt. "There is no such thing as modern music," says he. "There is only good or bad music."

Despite his long years of thoughtful activity, W. J. Henderson, one of the few real sages of American music-criticism, does not seem to have arrived at a lucid conception of the puzzling word. Yet, whatever unpleasant note it may strike in the ear of a musicologist so out of sympathy with artistic iconoclasts, one amazing thing seems sure—that Mr. Henderson no longer regards Arnold Schoenberg as a "modernist", a destroyer of traditions. In the course of an eloquent, though perhaps premature, dirge over musical "modernism", which he seriously believes to have "come and gone" in utter futility, he says:

There is considerable propaganda in explanation and aid of the new school. This is particularly true of New York, and also in a smaller degree of Boston. Many persons believe that the latter city must be now the home of the cultivation of the new thought because Arnold Schoenberg is teaching there. But it should never be forgotten that Mr. Schoenberg requires of his pupils a solid grounding in the principles of music as formulated in the works of the fathers. He does not permit them to make attempts to build without foundations.

Thus the time has arrived for loyal Schoenberg adherents to enter his name for recognition as a classicist. They should seize the rare opportunity with joy, reserving for their intimate circle a hearty chuckle over the following anecdote so well known to them. Immediately upon the master's arrival in this country one of his favorite pupils, the young American composer Weiss, showed him examples of the work of our serious younger creative musicians. Glancing over the scores with an omniscient eye Schoenberg suddenly exclaimed with paternal pride, "But, child," (this is only a translation, of course) "This is wonderful! They are all writing atonally here!"

Just what did the Philadelphia Orchestra Association mean when it used the word "modern" in the announcement previously quoted? Probably, we shall never know, for it chose in the face of the "Big Bad Wolf" to give its undivided attention to box-office troubles. To stem any further ebb in the tide of its alarmingly diminishing patronage this enterprising group decided to venture boldly into a field of music whose appeal to the senses of Tom, Dick, and Harry is not restricted to the ear.

Instead of its traditional thirty-week season of symphony concerts it announced a plan embracing twenty weeks of concerts and ten weeks of opera. It is to be sincerely hoped that so progressive an organization will find in this drastic change of policy a solution of, at least, its financial worries. If its sacrifice of that measure of artistic sincerity inevitably imperilled in the presentation of the standard operatic repertoire should prove to have been in vain it will become a source of deep regret to many a serious music lover that the Philadelphia band did not resort to the S.O.S. expedient lately adopted by the New York Philharmonic Society, for the services of Mr. Stokowski's orchestra in behalf of artistic progress in this country during the past decade have been second to those of no other.*

II

At the same time the directors of the *New York Philharmonic*, although no longer able to ignore completely the handwriting on the wall so clearly read, if not fearlessly interpreted, by Mr. Chotzinoff and the Philadelphians, made public their dogged determination to continue along the old

*When this article was already in the press the Philadelphia Orchestra Association announced definitely the operas and dates for thirty of their projected series of stage performances. The list, gratifyingly free from all that might be considered cheap, embraces three performances of each of the following: *Tristan*, *Carmen*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Boris Godunoff*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Falstaff*, *Pelleas et Melisande*, *Meistersinger*.

beaten path. The essentially unaltered nature of their future program policy may be readily foreseen from their latest findings, announced as follows in their prospectus for the 93d season:

—That the largest portion of the public is in favor of having little but the classic masterpieces, that a considerable body of subscribers, particularly of the younger generation, wished to hear the most important works of contemporary composers; and that a small but growing group demanded the opportunity to know what America is producing musically.

Obviously these findings do not tell the whole truth. If the directors of the *Philharmonic* believe that the generous fund they recently acquired through their humble appeal to the public-at-large is a token of the enthusiastic general approval of their traditional program policy, they may, at the expiration of the period of grace now granted them, come to the painful realization that a 75% (or larger) repayment in the worn currency of the traditional three B's was inadequate to effect the renewal of a similar credit.

Among the vast radio audience that has gratefully absorbed the past season's *Philharmonic* broadcasts the "younger generation" (so mentioned by the directors) is already complaining bitterly that, instead of the most significant serious works of recent symphonic literature, it is being given practically nothing but ornate, clever novelties of an essentially salon-nature. Something must be done about this lest the voice of so considerable a dissatisfied group become loud enough to threaten the very life of the orchestra generally believed to be the finest in the country.*

Passing time has made the successful obviation of this impending danger comparatively easy for the *Philharmonic*. It need not plunge into an orgy of either the most recent European or American compositions in order to appease the rising hunger of this insistent minority group. It is now possible to effect a compromise satisfactory to all groups, an agreement centering about a revised and more accurate definition of the term "classic".

Since Toscanini and Walter are again to bear the brunt of presenting the "classics", they must be heartily encouraged in pursuing more freely the inclination they have more recently shown to interpret the term "classic" in its broader rather than its traditional, narrower sense. Now that the days of "exit in case of Bruckner or Mahler" are safely past, a fact revealed by *Chord and Discord* during the past three years, through the wholesale citation of favorable critical and public reaction to these masters, it seems no longer presumptuous to remind our two greatest conductors of the days, not so long ago, when the grim joke was "exit in case of Brahms."

*From Columbus, Ohio, one of the "younger generation" appeals to us as follows:

"If you have any influence with Bruno Walter, and he performs "Das Lied von der Erde" with the Philharmonic this winter, PLEASE ask him to play it on one of the Sunday radio concerts. You can't imagine what the radio and phonograph mean to us out here in the "sticks". There have been but three symphony concerts per season in Columbus for the past two seasons, and next season will be no better. Except for Scriabine's "Poem of Ecstasy", everything played was well out of the "debatable" category. The London String Quartet will be here this winter for the first chamber-music concert since early in 1930. Opera, except a local amateur company, is the same. Bruckner, Mahler, Reger, Hindemith, Pfitzner, Berg, Krenek, Toch, Schoenberg, Miaskovsky, Medtner, Markevitch, Shostakovich, Honegger, Milhaud, Holst, Vaughan Williams, Bax, Elgar, Delius, de Falla, Casella, Malipiero, Sibelius, and of course all the radical Americans are only names (or almost such) here in Columbus. New Yorkers sometimes complain about the slimness of their fare there, but it is a feast compared with what we have."

Only a paragraph is necessary to outline the new situation. Last season Mr. Liebling of *Musical Courier*, having heard Walter's reading of Mahler's *First*, confessed that he could see a great deal more in that music than ever before. Mr. Sanborn of the *World-Telegram* predicted for it a popularity as great as Tschaiakowsky's. After Walter's performance of Bruckner's *Fifth*, Mr. Downes of the *Times* said over the radio: "It is high time for us to own up that we have, perhaps, not been sufficiently impartial in our judgment of Bruckner and that he was undoubtedly one of the greatest composers of the post-Wagnerian era." About Mahler's *Ninth*, technically the most revolutionary of all his symphonies, Mr. Gilman of the *Tribune* wrote: "It should be added to the repertoire of other symphonic bodies, and it should be heard again, for it is a remarkable score." And after hearing Bruckner's *Fifth* he said: "Bruckner—the complete symphonic Bruckner—deserves to be better known. One of the most remarkable composers of the nineteenth century, he has never in this country received his due." To review similarly in these pages the new, more friendly attitude of practically every American critic of importance toward Bruckner and Mahler would be purely repetitious, but the significance of this changed attitude cannot be overestimated by the leading symphonic conductors in an effort to give renewed vitality to their programs. Bruckner wrote eleven symphonies, nine of them (I-IX) among the greatest in the whole range of music. In Europe outstanding conductors like Nikisch and Loewe have (in less troubled days) even made it a practice to produce them in complete cycles, showing how one vast symphonic conception developed through nine colossal statements, soaring ever higher on increasingly broader wing, until its flight embraced a veritable tonal cosmos.

On the other hand, Mahler completed nine symphonies and two movements of a tenth, in addition to the immortal *Song of the Earth*. Thus these two masters alone have left twenty-two important symphonic works, scarcely half of which have been granted even an occasional hearing during the past decade, and some of which have yet to be given even a premiere in this country. Not only would serious attention to these two neglected symphonic giants conform to a broader interpretation of the term "classic" (for they are undeniably regarded as classic in Europe) but the Philharmonic's two distinguished exponents of the "classics" would thereby be given the opportunity to repair the huge breach that narrow, tradition-bound programming through a whole generation has effected between the average American music-lover's sadly isolated concepts of "classic" and "modern" music.

The recent American triumphs of *Elektra* and *Wozzeck* reveal clearly how much greater progress our music-dramatic appreciation has made than our symphonic in the past generation. The reason, of course, is Wagner. The step from *Goetterdaemmerung* to *Elektra* was not too wide; nor was the one from *Rosenkavalier* to the not extremely radical *Wozzeck*.

Yet the American concert-goer seems totally ignorant of the fact that the field of the symphony after Beethoven shows a progress in scope and language in no way inferior to that of its more lurid neighbor, the music-drama. Lacking a thorough acquaintance with these contributions he cannot listen intelligently to a later Bruckner symphony, to any Mahler symphony, to say nothing of the music of a Von Webern, issuing as it does, out of the very essence of Mahler's most mature art, the language of his *Ninth Symphony*.

Mr. Toscanini, Mr. Walter, and Directors of the Philharmonic, there is no time like the present. Yours is the grand opportunity for a vast, ideal accomplishment. Begin at the beginning. Let American music-lovers hear the *First* of Bruckner (composed in 1864 and still unperformed in our country) for the prophetic trumpets of this symphony sound an unforgettable forecast of the approach of that bogus bogey of "modernism", Schoenberg's maligned twelve-toned scale, but here an utterance of a contextual pertinence and naturalness that will set many a serious music-lover to wondering whether he has not been too hasty in joining the chorus condemning "modern" composers *en masse*. Then give them the *Second*, the *Third*, and then once more that incomparable Toscanini reading of the *Fourth*, which will take on added lustre from the clarifying influence of its younger symphonic sisters previously presented in order for the first time. And so on, including the dreaded *Sixth* and shedding new light upon the already popular *Seventh*, at the American premiere of which the eminent critic Krehbiel said fifty years ago, "next to this symphony *Tristan* sounds as simple as a Haydn symphony." Then, having heard Toscanini's sublime readings of this very work, our concertgoer will have a hint of the pall of musical ignorance that has lain over America for half a century, for Krehbiel, far from being unlearned or prejudiced, was the only critic (Europeans included) of the Eighties to sense the vast world separating the musical language of Wagner and Bruckner. Moreover, the sincerity of his judgment is beyond reproach, for unable to grasp fully the beauties beneath the (then still) complex externals, he nevertheless admitted that the work might be considered beautiful twenty-five years later.

III

So great has been the rift between German music and that of all other countries since Wagner that any number of performances of Debussy, or Skriabin, or Stravinsky (to name only those three) will not help in the slightest to bring a Von Webern's individual message any closer to us.

It was a comparatively easy matter to popularize the symphonies of Brahms in this country, for the technical material with which that master worked was practically identical with that used by Beethoven a half-century before. No one knows better than Schoenberg himself how far beyond the grasp of the common ear of the 1930's is his present musical language. Though for him it is the only possible means of expression, he urges it upon none of his disciples. Thus there is a world of difference in the degree of the so-styled "modernism" of his two most prominent disciples, Berg and Von Webern. Measured by present Schoenbergian standards Berg is distinctly conservative, a fact requiring no further proof than the tremendous triumphs of his masterpiece *Wozzeck* within a decade of its composition. Von Webern, on the other hand, has as yet only a handful of followers even in his own country because his epigrammatic style of expression represents perhaps the utmost economy of means and the most intense concentration of emotion as yet achieved in music.

It must be kept in mind that the course of musical development is ever immutable, a progress from master to master. Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, performed here for the first time thirty years after its composition, achieved a facile triumph, for the art of Wagner and Strauss, its direct

technical forbears, had become the property of every American music-lover in the interim. Yet an earlier Schoenberg masterpiece, the *Tristan*-saturated *Verklaerte Nacht*, performed before the listeners had been sufficiently prepared to grasp it, was "hissed and bood" as though it had been merely so much noise. In the light of this, with Schoenberg's later works rarely performed and then only in a humble obscurity reminiscent of the catacomb-services of the early Christians, one need hardly hesitate to declare that Mr. Henderson's compassionate phrase, "the almost legendary Schoenberg", implies too hasty a judgment.

Just what is the significance of all this to America? The answer requires only a casual backward glance along our symphonic programs of the past forty years. Of the giant symphonists since Beethoven only Brahms seems to have achieved "classic" status with us. In short, we have been led to believe that only four truly great symphonies were written in over a hundred years. For the rest we have been fed an endless array of "symphonic poems" with alluring titles and colorful romances and told to see how well the music fitted them. How great a hoax was thus perpetrated upon us who were thereby robbed of almost all desire to listen to any new larger symphonic work without a story may be now gathered for the first time from an astonishing, supremely authoratitive document most recently penned.

This is a Strauss letter, soon to be published, in which the composer at last places himself squarely in the ranks of the creators of absolute music. Through its clear statement the acknowledged Grand Master of program music removes the mask of his dazzling, early years and smilingly introduces himself in the incredible role in which he wishes to be remembered. "But what of those colorful tales of Don Juan, Don Quixote, Till Enlenspiegel, etc?" the befuddled music-lover will naturally inquire. Strauss only shrugs his shoulders and answers, "You made me do it. My music would not have sounded intelligible to you without those stories. But now they are unnecessary." What will be the place of Strauss as a composer of absolute music? Will his fame persist and belie the old adage, "Easy come, easy go?"

To return for a moment to the Nineties, we have seen how the neglect of more recent gigantic symphonies may be in a large measure attributed to the overwhelming success of the program "fad" in all its pretty, extra-musical ramifications. When this Straussism (if we may still mention his name in such a connection) took the world of music by storm the Bruckner symphonies (though for the most part composed many years before) were just beginning to gain a real foothold in Europe. Brahms' symphonies, written in the dialect of an earlier generation, were almost instant "classics" and hence safe from obstruction by a "fad" diametrically opposed to the traditional symphonic form. How desperate a struggle was subsequently waged by not only the Bruckner adherents, but (naturally, more so) by those of Mahler, who was actually modeling his mighty artwork on the allegedly outmoded framework of Beethoven in the very teeth of the all-conquering programmatic fad, will make a fascinating tale for American music-lovers. Nor will their desire to hear it be long in finding voice, for these two mightiest of latter-day symphonists seem at last to be coming into their own in this land of ours, which has until now, like no other country on earth, been the constant and abject prey of artistic fadism.

IV

The history of music presents at least one outstandingly pertinent analogy to the case of Bruckner and Mahler and their espousal of an "old fashioned" form. It is none other than the case of Bach, whose undaunted loyalty to the allegedly outmoded "polyphonic school" in the face of the new homophonic cult universally adopted in his day resulted in delaying for a whole century the world's recognition of his greatness.

Just before Bach died the symphony was born. The following generation revealed no polyphonic master. It is easy to trace the growing urge of Mozart and Beethoven towards a more liberal use of polyphony in their symphonies. The finale of Mozart's last symphony is a giant fugue. Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* is anything but homophonic. It is common knowledge that Schubert had just begun to study polyphony with Sechter when Fate rudely cut the precious thread of his tender years. The culmination of this polyphonic urge of the great symphonists was in Bruckner, whose pre-symphonic studies, from his first *Preludes* to his *First Symphony*, lasted almost thirty years. His environment, Austrian like Schubert's, found simple and beautiful melodic expression in the *Laendler*, so rich in *Sehnsucht*, that mixed wine of laughter and tears. His worship of Beethoven led him to carry on in the cosmic style first sounded in the former's *Ninth*. His worship of Wagner purely as a musician guided him to an orchestral language of tremendous dramatic power and yet one totally free from merely theatrical characteristics. Last (but not least) the giant naive soul within him caused him to build huge structures on simple foundations out of the most elemental materials imaginable, structures which he often delighted in crowning with towers of polyphony, not mere Babels (as even Brahms is said to have considered them) but towers which, shaped by his tireless, unerring skill, ascend ever higher until they seem to pierce the very heavens.

The passing of the Nineteenth Century revealed that the grand symphonic tradition was to be carried on into the Twentieth. Gustav Mahler, at first almost lured from his idealism by the applause so generously bestowed by the world upon artists who catered to it, soon became a fanatic devotee of the pure symphonic cult and, taking his cue from Beethoven's last *Finale*, fashioned the most gigantic symphony of all, *The Symphony of a Thousand*.

It is impossible, even for the best critic, to be a prophet of infallible judgment. Yet he should intuitively know that it is wrong to condemn, purely on the ground of its unfamiliar dialect, a new serious artwork, the human and poetic qualities of which have made an overwhelming impression upon an audience of laymen. The titanic blunders of this type made by the arch-critic Hanslick during the Nineteenth Century, his sweeping damnation of the art of Wagner, Bruckner, and Strauss, should serve as eternal warnings to all musical commentators who lean too hard upon the inevitably unstable canons of artistic beauty codified by a previous generation. When Mr. Henderson proudly quotes his eminent English colleague Mr. Newman to show at the expense of *Wozzeck* that they are in perfect accord in rejecting the formal contributions of the so-called modernists, he forgets that Englishmen have been granted, if possible, even less opportunity than Americans to keep pace with the main stream of musical progress. It is far too soon for any one to pass judgment on *Wozzeck*, to say nothing of the abused modernism

of which it is only a conservative expression. We do know, however, that it is one of the most powerful and successful music-dramatic works of the day. If American and English critics must hold court over unfamiliar music, the time has come for them to call for a thorough and impartial hearing on the case of Bruckner and Mahler, whose contributions, now grown formally conservative, can no longer suffer under the handicaps that beset serious music written in a still strange dialect.

Instead of speculating upon such hopeless futilities as "Why No Great American Composers?" let our leading critics lift their voices in unison to tell this country's music-lovers that they are lagging full fifty years behind the vital stream of music, a half-century unprecedentedly rich in symphonic masters, to mention only Bruckner, Mahler, and Schoenberg. When they have helped to guide them along this path of still strange wonders, they will have accomplished the first real step towards producing a truly great musical contribution by a native-born American.

—GABRIEL ENGEL.

AMERICA GAINS FAMOUS FOREIGN MUSIC-CRITIC

Serious music-lovers of this country will greet with enthusiasm the recent announcement made by the *New York Staats-Zeitung*, that it has secured for its chief music-critic the celebrated Paul Bekker, author of world-famous German books on Beethoven, Wagner, Mahler, and the modern symphony. This progressive and energetic German-American newspaper is to be heartily congratulated upon having thus added to its able rostrum one of the most powerful and original minds in the entire realm of musical esthetics. How comprehensive and authoritative a voice America will gain by this happy transaction may be readily gathered from the additional facts that Mr. Bekker has not been merely a writer of books on musical subjects, but has also had wide experience in the more practical fields of the art, having been General Manager of the State Opera House in Kassel and Wiesbaden and music-critic of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

Chord and Discord will endeavor to obtain permission to reprint in English some of the most important utterances to be made by Mr. Bekker concerning music in America.



FROM THE PAINTING BY DR. M. G. DUMLER, MUS.D.

" . . . how one vast symphonic conception developed through nine colossal statements soaring ever higher on increasingly broader wing, until its flight embraced a veritable tonal cosmos" (*See page 4*).

MAHLER'S *LIED VON DER ERDE*

I.

Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* is one of the really unique pieces in the literature of music. "Unique" refers not only to the actual music itself, but also to the composition's classification as to type. Written as it is for two solo voices and orchestra and set to texts from Hans Bethge's *Die Chinesische Floete*, it could well be called a song-cycle. Yet its symphonic length and breadth and the ever-present importance of the orchestra tend to lead one, on second thought, to consider it a symphony—a symphony with vocal solos. This classification is strengthened by the facts that Mahler had already used soloists (without chorus) in previous symphonic movements and that he himself subtitled the work *Eine Symphonie*. On the other hand, he assigned it no number in the ranks of his other symphonies. Furthermore, no previous symphony of his uses soloists entirely without chorus in all movements, nor are any set exclusively to texts by one poet. Those who study Mahler's music closely will come to realize that there is an appreciable difference between his symphony style and his song style; yet both characteristics can be found inseparably united in *Das Lied von der Erde*.

This discovered, we probably have the clue to its real classification, which is that it cannot be put into any of the conventional categories, that it is a hybrid—a cross between a symphony and a song-cycle. There are a few pieces of music which cannot be classified, labeled, and pigeon-holed; Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* is one of them.

All of Mahler's mature works except the early *Das Klagende Lied* fall under the heading of either the symphony or the song (or both). In contrapuntal wealth, in breadth, depth, and power, and in variety in handling the orchestra, the symphonies are superior, while the songs have the advantage in refinement, clarity of form, conciseness, economy of means, and delicate workmanship. Therefore, if *Das Lied von der Erde* is a hybrid of both these forms, is it not natural to deduce that it should contain the best work of its composer? The greatest authorities usually regard either it or the *Eighth Symphony* as the composer's masterpiece. Even some of those who criticize Mahler most harshly will speak well of *Das Lied von der Erde*, just as even the severest critics of Debussy and Elgar will sometimes make an exception in the case of *Pelleas and Melisande* and of *The Dream of Gerontius*.

If we go to that old reliable musical reference work, Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, we find *Das Lied* evaluated thus:

The change from the blustering of the 8th symphony to the fine perceptions of this set of songs is noteworthy. The scoring has often an almost Latin delicacy. Mahler's position as a composer will rest more certainly on these songs and on the 9th symphony than on all the remainder of his work, even including the 8th symphony.

Scott Goddard, who contributed the article on Mahler for Grove's, makes clear in another passage his high regard for *Das Lied von der Erde* (and incidentally, also for the *Ninth Symphony*.)

II.

Mahler wrote *Das Lied von der Erde* when he was at the height of his powers. It represents the beginning of the third and greatest period of his writing, the second period having culminated in the great *Eighth Symphony* (called *The Symphony of a Thousand*). After *Das Lied*, Mahler wrote only one more complete work, the *Ninth Symphony*.

"At the height of his power"; yes, but emotionally thoroughly

disillusioned—such also was Mahler when he wrote *Das Lied von der Erde*. Severely buffeted about by life and convinced of the futility of his hope of becoming sufficiently independent financially to lay aside the baton and devote all his time to composition, Mahler had by now become thoroughly passive and resigned. Realizing he was "lost to the world", as the text of one of his previous songs expressed it*, he found consoling escape from reality in his musical creations alone. In *Das Lied von der Erde*, especially in the second and last movements, he gave full expression to this utter spiritual solitude.

The text Mahler used, as has already been said, is taken from *The Chinese Flute*, by Hans Bethge. These poems are re-creations in German (rather than German translations) of Chinese poems written by Li-Tai-Po and other eighth century Chinese poets.

Das Lied von der Erde contains six movements (or songs, if you prefer), entitled *Drinking-Song of the Earth's Sorrow*, *The Lonely One in Autumn*, *Of Youth, Of Beauty*, *The Drunkard in the Spring*, and *The Farewell*. Of these, the first, the third, and fifth employ a tenor soloist, while the second, fourth, and sixth use a contralto, though a foot-note permits the optional substitution of a baritone for the contralto.

III.

The opening movement, *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde*, is pessimistic, its philosophy being "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die". Three times appears the line: *Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod*, (Dark is life, dark is death), and it dispels all gaiety at each repetition. These words, with the opening theme for four horns, seem to be the *idée fixe* of the whole song. Pessimistic though this song may be, there is no sorrow or grief in it; rather it is heroic and ironic, at times almost defiant.

When one studies the orchestral score of *Das Lied von der Erde*, probably the first thing he notices in *Der Einsame im Herbst* is the wandering figure in eighth-notes carried by the muted first violins through such a large portion of the song. This continually moving figure suggests a longing which, though not intense, is none the less deep and never attains satisfaction. Promise of fulfilment is given in the beautiful passage:

Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestaette!
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab' Erquickung not!

but it does not reach actual fulfilment, the movement ending in the lonely sorrow in which it began. That peculiar nostalgic sensation of the approaching end of something beautiful, over which we would linger much longer if we could, the feeling we associate with autumn, is one which we have experienced before in music, as well as in life, in such things as the second movement of Franck's *D-minor Symphony*, the third movement of Brahms' *Third Symphony*, in the Rhine-Maidens' Scene in *Goetterdaemmerung*, in certain moments in Chopin, in Schubert, and in Schumann, but in *Der Einsame im Herbst* Mahler has given us the most heart-felt picture of them all.

The next three movements present the other side of life's picture, though only the temporary, unusual, and deceptive side. All are short, lively, jolly, and sometimes rather saucy. The music of *Von der Jugend* skips about gaily in its youthful, carefree manner, but it lacks the genuine ring of true joy—it is only a false joy, a mirage destined to dissolve,

**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, one of Mahler's five masterly songs to texts by Rueckert.

leaving only disillusionment.

Von der Schoenheit also contains some of the naive, folk-like quality which marks so much of Mahler's work, but which becomes less and less frequent as his work advances. Beginning and ending daintily, almost ethereally, this song nevertheless reaches a stirring climax, in which the plucking of a mandolin rings forth cheerily.

That artificial joy which comes from the flowing bowl is depicted in *Der Trunkene im Fruehling*. Though outwardly cheerful there runs beneath this song a current of irony which emphasizes the futility of artificially-stimulated gaiety.

The final movement, *Der Abschied*, is closely akin to the second. It is much longer than any of the three preceding songs and sounds the final and predominant note of the whole work. Like *Der Einsame im Herbst*, its mood is that of weariness, loneliness, and resignation, but it ends with a note of hope—joy in the eternal Spring of the earth—the only true consolation possible. Some of the most notable features of this song are its ominous, cheerless opening, the passages in which the time-signature is temporarily abandoned while the voice continues in free time—Mahler's nearest approach to the stilted recitative—the striking descending eighth-note motive in thirds (usually appearing in horns or wood-winds) which is repeated over and over in many forms during a long section of the song, and last, the ethereal long *pianissimo* at the end, which seems to soar away from all earthly care, its long, broad phrases giving final relief from trouble. The very end is lingering and long-drawn-out and seems to go on and on forever in the mind, even after the music has died away into silence. Those critics who take Mahler to task in accusations of over-scoring and too-prolonged *fortissimos* should not overlook this unforgettable ending.

IV.

Technically, *Das Lied von der Erde* reveals on every page that masterly writing which is stamped on all of Mahler's work. The essence of his method lies in the individual manner of movement he gives each voice of the texture. Consequently, the effect of his music lies in the combination of all the simultaneously-sounding voices, rather than in the beauty of a prominent melody in its relation to a purely subsidiary accompaniment, as is true of the average composer. Mahler's music cannot be analyzed as melody, countermelody, harmonic accompaniment, and bass; it is something finer than such an obvious device, for with Mahler, all voices are important and indispensable to the effect of the whole.

The logical way in which his individual voices proceed, with apparently very little regard for the equally logical movement of other voices is truly fascinating. The learned eye may detect occasional clashes and peculiar interrelations, but so naturally do they occur that they do not strike the ear as clashes, in fact, do not even appear dissonant. This type of voice-movement, most idiomatically representative of Mahler, finds no more typical and interesting expression in all his music than it does in the opening of *Der Einsame im Herbst*. To give a single instance, at one point we find the voice ascending the melodic minor scale, with the sixth and seventh degrees raised, while the oboe descends the melodic minor scale, in which the sixth and seventh degrees are natural. The two voices cross on the sixth degree of the scale, the singer having the raised sixth degree (B-natural—the key is D-minor) against the natural sixth degree (B-flat) in the oboe. Yet if we follow the music horizontally,

rather than vertically, the ear does not notice or take offense at this sharp dissonance, which would be very stinging if introduced suddenly, or isolated from a natural melodic progression.

Das Lied von der Erde is also in no way deficient in representing its composer's mastery of the orchestra. Mahler never conventionalized his scoring or resorted to stock formulas or constant repetition of "sure-fire recipes" for effectiveness. One can never accuse him of using orchestration as a means for the display of virtuosity on the part of the performers, of effects calculated to surprise, dazzle, or shock the hearers, or of striving for the merely brilliant, eccentric, or sensational. What a contrast he thus presents to the Rimsky-Korsakoff-Strauss-Ravel-Respighi-Stravinsky methods of orchestration!

An excellent discussion of Mahler's handling of the orchestra may be found in an article by Winthrop Sargeant in *Musical America* for March 25, 1934. In it Mr. Sargeant says:

It is, indeed, difficult to think of Mahler's orchestration as a separately definable aspect of his technique of composition. He thought so completely in terms of the orchestra that, for him, to orchestrate was to compose, and to compose was to orchestrate. . . . He is one of the few composers of the last hundred years in whose orchestral work the influence of the piano keyboard is not felt. When he writes for strings, he writes parts that are conceived for strings alone—not parts that are merely possible on stringed instruments. When he writes an oboe or a clarinet passage it is the very spirit of the oboe or clarinet that he invokes, not its potentialities for showy technical passages.

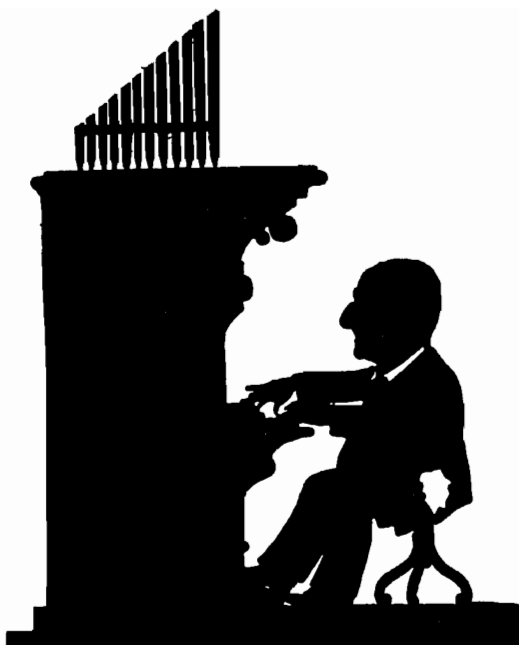
Mr. Sargeant emphasizes that Mahler's most distinguishing trait in handling the orchestra is that of setting off instruments against each other, rather than combining them. And herein lies the secret of the complete individuality and the fresh originality of the very *sound* of Mahler's orchestra. Mr. Sargeant also makes a feature of the use of dynamic contrasts between various voices, such as the appearing into prominence and receding into the background of first one instrument and then another and the employment of a *diminuendo* in one voice occurring simultaneously with a *crescendo* in another voice. We might add that Mahler also frequently has similar dynamic contrasts between two instruments playing in unison on the same voice. To this contrast of dynamics Mr. Sargeant gives the appropriate name of *contrapuntal dynamics*, and remarks:

The iridescent interplay of tone-color thus achieved permits of an infinite gradation of subtle nuances.

When Mr. Sargeant wants to give an example of the maximum of effect achieved with the minimum of means, it is the opening of *Der Abschied* that he most appropriately quotes. But that is only one instance. Many others can be found in *Das Lied von der Erde*, which would have supplied an equally good example, and a host of others from other works of the composer. However, if one wanted to study as good an example of Mahler's use of the orchestra as is possible to find within the covers of only one of his works, it is *Das Lied von der Erde* which could probably be most highly recommended.

In any aspect from which one studies it, *Das Lied von der Erde* remains one of the high-lights, perhaps the masterpiece, of Mahler's career. As said at the beginning, it is one of the unique works of musical literature. A weak, slavish imitation of it is conceivable, but a genuine, vital second *Das Lied von der Erde* is an unimaginable thing. Nothing really like it has ever appeared before or since. It belongs to that precious group of musical creations of which each is a law unto itself and entirely different from any other piece of music.

—WILLIAM PARKS GRANT.



THE AMERICAN PREMIERE OF BRUCKNER'S NINTH {Original Version}

Otto Klemperer, the distinguished conductor whose unswerving artistic idealism metropolitan music-lovers remember as the source of fine, courageous pioneer performances of Bruckner's *Seventh* and *Eighth* during seasons immediately preceding the American Bruckner Renaissance, will renew his efforts in behalf of the Austrian master's music when he directs the N. Y. Philharmonic in the first New World presentation of the original version of Bruckner's *Ninth*. This premiere offering is to feature his programs of the week beginning Oct. 11.

European Brucknerites, having already had the opportunity of hearing this recently published original version of the *Ninth* performed by some of the most authoritative of the world's Bruckner interpreters, among them Klemperer and Walter, seem to be of the general opinion that it is, in effect, a "new" symphony, in many of its essential features an expression the very opposite of the now almost maligned "Loewe" version. Whether or not this view is the result of exaggerated enthusiasm, perhaps pardonable in the light of the artistic importance of the score's belated publication, is a matter for those thoroughly familiar with the long accepted "Loewe" version to determine for themselves. This "Farewell" Symphony of Bruckner, though never as popular here as the *Fourth* or *Seventh*, has not suffered the almost total neglect that has been the sad lot of Bruckner's other symphonies in America. There will be some here capable of judging to what extent Bruckner's foremost disciple, Loewe, was misled by his zeal in behalf of the master and, far more important, capable of deciding whether or not this is, in effect, a Bruckner symphony which American music-lovers have not yet heard.

Mr. Klemperer's earnest devotion to the art of Bruckner needs no other proof than the record of his past year's activities, which include performances of the *Fifth* at Leipzig, the *Ninth* (original version) in Vienna, and two performances of the *Fourth* at Los Angeles. In the light of his world-wide fame as a symphonic conductor serious music-lovers may well anticipate a thrilling revelation from Mr. Klemperer's approaching readings of Bruckner's *Ninth*.

BRUCKNER'S NINTH (THE ORIGINAL VERSION)

It is not altogether an idle play of fancy to imagine what Bruckner might have said could the splendid first volume of his *Complete Works** have been placed into his own hands. His instant reaction would surely have been bewildered amazement. "How on earth did you come to single me out for so great an honor?" he would have exclaimed. "Why, don't you know, not even Master von Mozart, nor Master von Beethoven, to say nothing of Master von Haydn, was so honored in his own life-time!"

And yet there lies a deep significance in the circumstance that the modest master of Ansfelden has been honored so soon after his death with a "critical complete edition", for the adjective "critical" signifies, not fault-finding pedantry, but that deeper sympathetic scholarship inseparable from fidelity to the real truth.

The especial importance of the volume just published (the Ninth Volume of the *Complete Works*) in which Prof. Alfred Orel presents the *Ninth Symphony* together with all of Bruckner's sketches for it, supplemented by an exhaustive introductory treatise on the entire subject, seems to me twofold. First, through it the technical details governing public performances of the work are, once for all, definitely established. Second, through its linking of all of Bruckner's plans and sketches for the symphony it affords a view of a great composer's workshop such as has been hitherto presented but once in musical history (in the sketch-books of Beethoven) and, even in that case, in a less comprehensive manner.

The first task of the editor was necessarily to fix definitely the dates of the composition of the various sections of the symphony. To the accomplishment of this aim Orel has applied himself with a truly uncanny devotion to accuracy, using a penetrative method involving the very analysis of the different kinds of paper Bruckner used in preparing the original manuscript, and making it possible to trace clearly the development of the *Ninth Symphony* through its six separate versions! Thus we see how naturally, how organically Bruckner's creative work attained completion, resembling in its course of evolution the growth of a tree, marked by a fresh ring each year.

Correcting all the Bruckner biographers Orel succeeds in setting the date of the beginning of the master's work on the *Ninth* as far back as Sept. 21, 1887. Then he also establishes the fact that Bruckner was engaged upon the *Finale* until his death. He concludes, therefore, that the spiritual world revealed in this symphony is identical with Bruckner's own during his last ten years of life.

His discussion of the sketches and plans is characterized by the same accuracy. Every single phrase, whether adopted or rejected by Bruckner in preparing the final version, is carefully analyzed and given its logical place in the whole scheme of the work. Of extraordinary value is Orel's presentation of a sketch of the unfinished *Finale* in a skeletal four-staved score, which, reaching to the beginning of the *coda*, affords a view of the total structure as planned by the composer. Unfortunately, the actual close, that portion always treated by Bruckner as a grand summation and, hence, probably the most important passage in the symphony, must remain an eternal mystery.

*See Page 23.

One glance at this mighty torso of a *Finale* is enough to convince us that the practice (alas, so frequently carried out by conductors) of using the *Te Deum* in place of a *Finale* corresponds in no respect to the composer's true intention, for this fine choral work shows no relationship to the thematic world unforgettably established in the three completed movements of the symphony. Concerning this fact Orel remarks most strikingly: "Bruckner's clear intent to conclude the *Ninth Symphony* with a gigantic instrumental *Finale* proves the utter futility of any attempt to establish a spiritual connection between it and the *Te Deum*, an attempt so frequently made by conductors, despite the insuperable period of a decade separating the conception of the two works in the mind of the composer. Furthermore, the *Adagio* of the symphony, the involuntary conclusion left the world by Bruckner, attains symbolic significance through the realization that the inexorable grip of Fate wrested the pen from the aged master's hand almost at the very moment in which he would have sealed the work with a completed, formal *Allegro-Finale*."

Finally, in justice to the original version of the *Ninth*, here published for the first time, we feel compelled to comment briefly upon the so-called "Loewe Version", the only shape in which the work was known to the world during the thirty-five years following Bruckner's death. Loewe's changes apply, for the most part, to the instrumentation, his version differing in this respect from the original in almost every bar. As Orel pointed out in a recent lecture at the University of Vienna, Loewe, actuated solely by devoted zeal, sought to render more acceptable to the ears of his contemporaries the general tonal ruggedness of the symphony as left by the master. To accomplish this end he boldly translated into the luxurious massed orchestral language of Wagner the economical group-instrumental effects clearly intended by Bruckner, who seems in this symphony to have anticipated the most modern attitude towards the problem of instrumental expression. For example, Loewe changed a passage, the effect of which in the original, was based upon the contrast of alternating string and woodwind, in such a manner that the thematic material involved would be sounded simultaneously by both these groups, with the result that the tonal color-contrast intended by Bruckner disappeared completely.

In view of these facts, proving absolutely the right of the original version to public performance, not out of sentimental piety, but rather, out of artistic necessity, it seems amazing that a master conductor such as Volkmer Andreas of Zuerich could recently have said that the "Loewe Version" was infinitely superior to the original and that the work would be better served as heretofore, by presentation in Loewe's revision rather than in its original shape. It may be taken for granted that at the time he made such a remark Mr. Andreas had not yet seen Prof. Orel's analysis and that he would now no longer deny the preminent rights of the original version.

Thus the very first of the symphonic volumes published as part of the *Complete Works* has already exerted in many respects a clarifying and disentangling influence. Further important revelations pertaining to the life and work of Anton Bruckner may well be expected from the remaining volumes of this monumental publication, the speedy appearance of which should be fervently hoped for by all serious music-lovers.

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG—

PELLEAS AND MELISANDE

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Arnold Schoenberg, Conductor; March 16, 1934. (The performance was broadcast).

All this, the strong form, the association of themes with characters, the fitting of programmatic scenes into the formal scheme, is a leaf out of the Straussian book. Unlike Strauss is the absence of realistic or descriptive treatment. Even Debussy has his glistening harp glissando, where the ring drops into the well. Not a hint of such realism creeps into Schoenberg's score. Like Schoenberg and none other, the composer would have this a psychological study. Thoughts and inward feelings furnish the background for the different points of action rather than naturalistic settings. The work begins with *Fate*, not with husband or wife or lover. A tragic mood envelopes all three. No other tone poem is so introspective, would equally render the inwardness of its program.

—A. H. M., *Boston Evening Transcript*

Nothing more radically different from Debussy's musical thought processes could easily be imagined than the Schoenbergian idiom.

The representation of even some of the salient points in Maeterlinck's drama has in this case resulted in a work that is, for most people, too long. However, some one once wisely remarked that "terse and aphoristic methods are for older men". One can readily understand the affection that Mr. Schoenberg has for this piece and his desire to play it. It speaks so thoroughly to him of that period in life when one's destiny is still unrealized. It expresses richly the impressions of a sensitive and searching mind; and it reflects the musical language and environment in which Schoenberg found himself at that time...

Schoenberg is an unaffected, direct and sincere artist. He received an ovation from audience and orchestra yesterday, and he received it almost impersonally. When will Boston hear his *Gurrelieder*, or works of more recent date?

—George S. McManus, *Boston Herald*

To call so masterly a score as that of this tone-poem after Maeterlinck's play a work of apprenticeship suggests a misuse of that term, but surely there is little of what we have come to consider the essential Schoenberg in this rich-sounding, mellifluous, over-long and over-elaborate score. There is, of course, a prodigious display of contrapuntal skill but the polyphonic complexities of the later Schoenberg are of a different order, quite without the fatness and turgidity that marks this Pelleas and Melisande...

But that the tone-poem gave pleasure

yesterday was indicated by the applause that returned the distinguished guest several times to the platform.

—Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post*

In spite of its derivative qualities, *Pelleas* is an imaginative music, a gorgeous contrapuntal fabric, glowing with a multitude of orchestral colors. Where Debussy was content with nebulous suggestion of the fascinating tale of Pelleas, Golaud, and the pathetic Melisande in dim, gray Allemonde, Schoenberg told his version in detail. Graphic even naive, depiction—such as the trombone glissando and descending chromatic scales tremolo, for the violins—prevails throughout. The better parts are of course those where the beginnings of an individual style are perceived. Yet, curiously, Schoenberg employed the Wagnerian and Straussian styles as if they were natural to him! *Pelleas* is not merely a dilute compound of those masters of 19th Century Romanticism.

—*Boston Globe*

ANTON BRUCKNER—

SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Anton Bruckner—Seventh Symphony, Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Minneapolis, April 6, 1934.

Mr. Ormandy's message to the Bruckner Society (March 12, 1934):

I have finally decided to play the Bruckner *Seventh* at our concert of April 6th, presenting it without cuts. Before the performance, I plan to speak to the audience of Bruckner's life, mentioning the influence of Wagner and other composers on one of the greatest geniuses of all times.

Friday's concert by the Symphony Orchestra at Northrop auditorium brought, as its main feature, the Seventh Symphony by Bruckner, which has not been played by the organization since its performance 25 years ago under Emil Oberhoffer...

It is interesting to see this composer is coming more and more into the light of public survey, nearly 40 years after his death...

The climax of importance in the Seventh Symphony, generally conceded to be the peak of his effort, occurs in the transcendently beautiful slow movement, which was conceived in a prophetic apprehension of Wagner's death (which occurred a year later), and dedicated to him. It rises to sublime heights, to veritably apocalyptic splendors, and then subsides into a mood of lamentation that is consistently moving...

It was altogether a concert to absorb with all the powers of the head and the heart.

—Frances Boardman,
The Saint Paul Pioneer Press

One unprogrammed feature of the program was Ormandy's plea for a better understanding and appreciation of and for Bruckner. This was made immediately before the interpretation of the symphony and doubtless had considerable effect in moulding opinion, or of persuading opinion to be tolerant.

It is many years since I heard a Bruckner symphony and it is my opinion that we might with advantage have enjoyed, or otherwise, more of these great masterpieces. It is also my opinion that Bruckner needs no apologist; his works speak for themselves, as Ormandy said, and they speak a language easily understood, and that should mean something in these days of aimless philandering with strange musical gods.

He may have been uncouth and uneducated, he was nevertheless a poet, very much of a philosopher, a master who handled his orchestral tools with powerful effect.

This ought not to be a passing fancy, a spasmodic effort to make Bruckner better known to us. I hope Ormandy will bring more of his symphonies for our delectation.

—James Davis,
The Minneapolis Tribune

It was a most wonderful performance, which aroused much enthusiasm for the work, its composer, the orchestra and its splendid conductor.

In Mr. Ormandy's excellent remarks there was but one little fault to find and that was he, like all Bruckner commentators, stressed too much his peasant origin. There was no trace of the peasant in this superb work of marvelous imaginativeness and exquisite nobility of art.

Bruckner is famous for his beautiful slow movements, and slow music naturally abounds even outside of the adagio of his Seventh because the whole work is a monument to the genius of Richard Wagner, whom Bruckner had correctly realized as on the brink of the grave when he saw him for the last time in Bayreuth. It is chiefly held in a reminiscing spirit and key. The initial allegro is "moderate" to a very great extent and even the wonderfully swaying and cheerful trio of the scherzo is slow in an otherwise very fast movement.

—Victor Nilsson,
The Minneapolis Journal

GUSTAV MAHLER—

SECOND SYMPHONY {Excerpt}

Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Robin Hood Dell (open air) Philadelphia, August 11, 1934 (Broadcast)

There could be no more convincing evidence of the growing popularity and universal appeal of Mahler's music than the choice of this charming musico-autobiographical *idyll* for a summer evening's open-air program. This melodious movement is without a doubt the most popular portion of all Mahler's

symphonies and, with the possible exception of the colorful nocturnes in the *Seventh*, Mr. Reiner could have selected no music by this great too long neglected composer equally suited to the character of such a concert.

The sustained applause that followed the performance was the final proof of the practicability, even for popular purposes, of this composer's music, for a whole generation shunned with dread by the average American music-lover under the spell of a hostile, relentless critical propaganda.

Over the radio the performance was preceded by a brief explanatory announcement, the speaker quoting from the book on Mahler recently published by the Bruckner Society.

—Gabriel Engel

HUGO WOLF—

PROMETHEUS

MARTIN LOEFFLER—

EVOCATION

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Assisting Artists: David Blair McClosky and the Cecelia Society Chorus; Boston, February 23, 24, 1934. (The second performance was broadcast).

...Another hearing brought forth new evidence of the grace and loveliness, the exquisite taste and subtle instrumentation of this work, composed for the dedication of Severance Hall, home of the Cleveland Symphony orchestra . . .

It might indeed be well for some of the so-called modernists to take time off from their labors and spend a few moments in consideration of the Loeffler composition. In it there is beauty and the expression of clear musical thought. In it also a full modern orchestra is used. Yet originality is obtained without the use of fantastic instrumentation, polyphony, or atonality. To not a few of the "advanced" schools that would be considered nearly an impossibility.

—W. T. C. Jr., *Boston Traveler*

Hugo Wolf wrote this setting of Prometheus in 1889, barely two months before he passed his 29th birthday. A year later he transcribed this setting for the orchestra. Above a tumultuous orchestra the solo voice lifts Prometheus' fearless reproach to Zeus and the gods. Wolf mirrored in his music the febrile emotion revealed in Goethe's poetic account of Prometheus' defiance which led to the Titan's bondage upon the mountain. The style is not only reminiscent but strongly suggestive of Richard Wagner. Yet not a superfluous measure is present; at the very beginning Wolf, with his genius for succinct expression, set the general mood, and following Prometheus' final words of scorn, concluded the work simply with but two marvelously apt staccato chords . . .

Mr. Loeffler appeared on the stage and received what amounted to phenomenal ap-

plause for a Friday afternoon audience, at the conclusion of his exquisitely scored *Evocation*. This composer of an elder generation has long been justly admired for the aristocratic dignity and taste of his music, and for his polished craftsmanship.

—C. W. D., *The Boston Globe*

Few pieces, newly come from the composer's hand, better deserved the speedy repetition that *Evocation* now enjoyed. Mr. Loeffler has reached the age at which men who have given their life to an art or a profession cast about to see what creditable baggage they may leave behind them. When his eye lights upon *Pagan Poem*, *St. Francis's Canticle of the Sun* and this *Evocation*, he need have no repinings. . . .

As it was, there was only to renew admiration for the range of Mr. Loeffler's expressive means; for the sensibility with which he chooses them; for the fine hand and the distinctive imagination with which he adapts them to his ends. This *Evocation* is a music in which to the listening ear there is neither technical shortcoming nor technical flaw; to which the veriest pedant for structure and progress may not raise valid objection. For the form, the subject-matter and the course, the invention and the emotion, are of one body and one impression. From them,

once the ferment of the beginning is stilled and the dark has brightened, emerges the antique beauty clear and serene, measured and chiselled, unalloyed, unlabored, touching every receiving sense, flowing deep into mind and spirit. And at the end there are calm and illumination and the passing of a vision. The whole is work of rarified imagination through a controlling mind. For the while such purpose and such accomplishment come seldom into music or any other of the expressive arts. It lays spell upon us who are privileged to know it. So far the end has crowned Mr. Loeffler's work.

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

Also was this *Evocation* good to hear again on its own account. This music has both warmth and serenity; its melodies have a gracious contour. The instrumentation, with its striking use of vibraphone and saxophones, is uncommonly rich and lustrous. As are the pigments on his palette to a painter, so are the timbres of the orchestra to Mr. Loeffler, who assort and blends them with an exceeding fastidiousness. And Dr. Koussevitzky's orchestra yesterday yielded him each last refinement of tone.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

MAHLER'S FIRST IN ENGLAND

The London Philharmonic; Conductor, Dr. Heinz Unger; Queen's Hall, London, April 16, 1934.

Mahler's No. 1 Symphony is an attractive work, quite the most popular of Mahler's "little lot," and its attractiveness was considerably enhanced by Dr. Unger's treatment. As the work is everything in turn, so Dr. Unger was in his turn everything to its many facts. The result was a brilliant performance, which may result in more curiosity in Mahler and his symphonics than has so far been shown in England.—*Star*, 17th April, 1934.

Dr. Unger opened his programme with Mahler's Symphony in D which he conducted from memory. Mahler's music is still *sub judice* in this country, but his music only needs interpretations such as that given last night for it to be as popular here as it is in Austria and Holland. How superlatively skilful he was!

—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

He chose the First Symphony of Mahler of which he gave a performance which made one oblivious of its length, which, with an audience only half converted to Mahler, is a feat. The elasticity of his tempo made the folk-song element peculiarly vital. The much discussed and sometimes abused third movement was vividly mysterious and the rustic Landler very effective. Above all the Pastoral effect of the opening was convincingly rendered.

Eastern Daily Press, Norwich, 18th April, 1934.

He boldly elected to begin with Mahler, who is not by any means a popular composer in this country, but he secured so vivid and animated a performance of his First Symphony that our audience was won.

—EDWIN EVANS in *The Daily Mail*, 17th April, 1934.

BRUCKNER APPRECIATION—VIA RADIO!

During the past ten years there has been no one more prominent among Brucknerites in Germany than Felix Maria Gatz. It was he who founded that largest of all Bruckner groups, the *Berliner Bruckner Bund*, an organization so influential in the world of German music that it could command a generous annual subsidy from the government. Thus it was possible for this group even to launch a *Bruckner Symphony Orchestra* and a large *Bruckner Choir* of its own, dedicated chiefly to the performance of the Austrian master's works. In the course of almost a decade it succeeded in presenting before the music-lovers of Berlin many complete cycles of Bruckner's symphonies, masses, and most important minor orchestral and choral compositions. But the artistic ideals of Prof. Gatz, music director of the *Bund*, were too progressive to be confined to the propagation of a single composer's works, so that the programs of his performances included a liberal number of major compositions by more modern masters such as Mahler and Schoenberg.

Consequently, the advent of the new regime, universally styled the Third Reich, left the organization without the official financial support that had become necessary for its continuation, with the result that Prof. Gatz began to seek a new, more promising field in which to carry the Bruckner banner on to a complete and permanent triumph. Naturally he turned his attention to the New World where he knew that a Bruckner Renaissance was in process and happily accepted the post of Professor of Musical Esthetics at Duquesne University, Pittsburgh.

The enthusiasm and energy with which he set to work immediately upon his arrival in Pittsburgh this fall may be readily gathered from the following astonishing facts.:

(1) He has been engaged for a series of twenty weekly radio talks on Bruckner, which he is illustrating not only by playing musical excerpts on the piano, but by performing whole sections of the Bruckner symphonies with the assistance of a chamber-symphony group.

(2) He has persuaded the Pittsburgh Board of Education to institute among the public schools a prize essay contest the subject matter for which is to be drawn from his radio talks on Bruckner.

Prof. Gatz is to be heartily congratulated upon having so quickly paved a way for the difficult and (in this country, at least) unprecedented appeal of the Bruckner cause directly to the hearts of the younger generation. Lovers of the art of Bruckner throughout the world should watch with great interest the progress of the Bruckner movement in Pittsburgh, for one might almost say that a paramount artistic ideal is on trial there, the successful introduction of which would silence forever the tongue of many a skeptical scoffer. The sincerest thanks and best wishes of all serious American music-lovers to you, Prof. Gatz. *Chord and Discord* will gladly communicate to the world of music the details of the glorious adventure in musical ideals into which you have so courageously and whole-heartedly hurled yourself.

INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNERIANA

Sept. 4, 1934, the 110th anniversary of Bruckner's birth, found Central Europe still tortured with the grim, unstable political and economic conditions that have played particularly sad havoc with the universal ideals underlying the realm of art. Nevertheless, the staunch band of Austrians that has triumphantly carried the Bruckner banner far beyond its own border, into Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, even furnishing the original impetus to the foundation of the Bruckner Society of America in 1931, undauntedly prepared special concerts and Bruckner Festivals in many European cities to mark the important day.

AACHEN {Rhineland}

Perhaps most memorable of these was the *Fourth International Bruckner Festival* held at Aachen, famous old imperial city of the Rhineland. The symphonic programs of the festival, conducted by Dr. Peter Raabe and Prof. Franz Moissl (guest-conductor) included the canceled *Symphony No. 0* (the *Nullte*) the *First* (the world premiere of the original version,) and the *Ninth*, a first hearing of the original version at Aachen. An appropriate festive note was struck when a brass choir ushered in the opening program with fanfares on Bruckner themes, arranged by Vinzenz Goller. One of the morning programs included a liturgical presentation of the *E-Minor Mass* in the famous cathedral of Charlemagne, followed by a performance of the *String Quintet*. Sept. 4, Bruckner's birthday, was devoted to a general meeting of the *Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft*, the speakers being Prof. Max Auer, president, and Prof. Fritz Gruening.

FREIBURG {Breisgau}

A great Bruckner Festival took place also in Freiburg (Breisgau) and was introduced by fanfares sounded from the church-tower on the evening preceding the first day. Five Bruckner symphonies and several of the master's less known minor orchestral compositions were performed in the course of this festival. In the mighty Cathedral the *Mass in D Minor* was given a liturgical presentation. The conductors for the Festival were Franz Kowitschny and Prof. Franz Moissl (guest-conductor.)

LINZ {Upper Austria}

The city of Linz in Upper Austria, in which Bruckner lived and worked for many years, is planning a Bruckner Festival for the summer of 1935. Sankt Florian, the neighboring monastery, beneath the great organ of which the master's sarcophagus rests at his own request, is to be the scene of part of the festival. Although a tremendous sum was expended by the I.B.G. upon the thorough restoration of the famous old organ at Sankt Florian, the completion of the work revealed a considerable deficit, the heavy burden of which falls upon the *Bruckner Bund* of Upper Austria. The proceeds of the projected Linz Festival will be used towards the liquidation of this debt.

HOLLAND

Under the able and energetic leadership of Jan Coverts, noted Dutch music-critic and author of the first book on Bruckner in the Dutch language, the Bruckner Society of Holland has succeeded in arousing lively interest in the master's works among the music-lovers of that

country. Especially prominent among the Dutch Bruckner enthusiasts are Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, manager of the Concertgebouw, Eduard van Beynum and Anthon van der Horst (conductors), Eduard and Jan Coverts, in all, a group of writers whose influence is much enhanced by regular critical activity. There have been about 200 performances of Bruckner symphonies in Holland during the last twenty years. Willem Mengelberg, though primarily a Mahler devotee, has already performed Bruckner 35 times in Holland. Eduard van Beynum, second conductor of the Concertgebouw, has made one of his principal aims the general recognition of Bruckner's genius by the Dutch people.

—FRANZ MOISSL

A KILENYI MAHLER EXCLUSIVE MEDAL OF HONOR!

Julio Kilenyi, noted creator of the universally admired Exclusive Medal of Honor which the Bruckner Society of America awards annually as its highest mark of recognition to those great leaders in the world of music who accomplish the most toward spreading the general knowledge and esteem of Bruckner's art among Americans, has announced his intention to produce a similar Mahler insignia in the near future.

The problem with which this inspired sculptor is now faced is, if possible, even more difficult than that which he so successfully solved in his conception of Bruckner.

Although the portraiture of old age with its dangerous tendency to emphasize physical and spiritual decay, had invariably cast the shadow of failure over the conceptions of Bruckner by foreign sculptors, Mr. Kilenyi unhesitatingly chose to use the same baffling theme as the only logical one for his medal. During two years he strove repeatedly, but in vain, to reveal the giant soul beneath the disfiguring wrinkles. Often he felt tempted to abandon once for all the disappointing venture. And then, suddenly, came the revelation—Bruckner and Dante! Twin souls, if there ever were such! Quickly he set to work and now it required only moments to reveal what two years of sporadic groping had failed to achieve—the spiritual deathlessness transfiguring the moribund body.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ANTON BRUCKNER

To fix a musical masterwork permanently in the mind of posterity frequent representative performances alone will not suffice. The publication of a faultlessly printed edition from which conductors and music-students may gather the one authentic text is also indispensable. All the great composers since Palestrina have been honored with reverently prepared comprehensive editions of their works. The demand for such an edition of Bruckner, constantly growing during the years since his death, has become so insistent of late as to sweep aside all further doubt as to the timeliness of such a publication.

Rarely, if ever, has the demand for an authoritative edition had as much foundation as in the case of Bruckner. The musical scholar, when occupying himself with the master's work, whether for the purpose of pure research or for the preparation of a public performance, has hitherto always been faced by many perplexing problems arising out of the countless errors and ambiguities of the existing printed editions, problems that could be solved only by a process almost impossible to everyone, actual reference to the original manuscripts. The bitter criticism that has resulted is readily imaginable. This unsatisfactory condition can be corrected only by a new, truly critical edition of all of Bruckner's works.

The Viennese National Library, to which Bruckner willed the original manuscripts of all his major compositions, regards as its sacred duty not only the care of this precious legacy as such, but also the responsibility for the perfect accuracy of the printed editions of all these works. Therefore this famous institution has eagerly joined hands with the *Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft*, the chief aim of which has, from the outset, been the sponsorship of an authoritative edition of the compositions of Bruckner. As practical expression of this ideal partnership, the present publishing firm (*Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag*) has been formed.

Not only will this critical edition of the complete works of Bruckner present the authentic texts, based upon a most accurate comparison with the original manuscripts, but it will even go beyond the scope hitherto considered sufficient for the complete edition of any master's works by making public all the composer's various versions and revisions of each work, omitting not even the sketches for these works, which constitute a veritable treasury of new information indispensable to the thorough understanding of the master's art. The complete project will be supplemented by two volumes embracing miscellaneous important sketches and all the extant documents of biographical significance, such as letters, diaries, etc.

The world of music eagerly awaits this great publication. It will be the supreme Bruckner monument, but far more, a permanent artistic heritage for posterity, a mighty artwork in an authoritative and dignified form.

NEW BRUCKNER SCORES

The original version of Bruckner's *First*, given its world premiere at the Aachen Festival, Sept. 4, will soon be published by the *Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag* of the I.B.G. (Wien I, Teinfaltstrasse 7). The preparation of this score was the work of Dr. Robert Haas, Professor of Music at the University of Vienna.

In Memoriam

OTTO H. KAHN, 1934

HARRIET B. LANIER, 1931

MRS. JOSEPH LEIDY, 1933

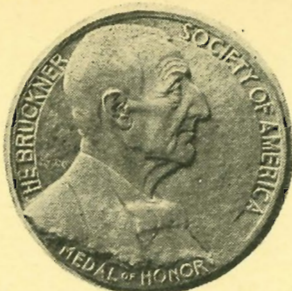
MAX LOEWENTHAL, 1933

H. T. PARKER, 1934

EGON POLLAK, 1933

LUDWIG VOGELSTEIN, 1934

JAKOB WASSERMANN, 1933



THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DR. MARTIN G. DUMLER, MUS. D.
HONORARY CHAIRMAN
1607 DEXTER AVENUE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

HONORARY COMMITTEE

DR. EMANUEL DE MARNAY BARUCH DR. MARTIN G. DUMLER, MUS. D.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

JAMES P. DUNN
GABRIEL ENGEL
FRANCES GRANT
ROBERT G. GREY
JULIO KILENYI

FREDERICK W. JONES
ERNST LERT
GEORGE R. MAREK
JOACHIM H. MEYER
MAX SMITH

HONORARY MEMBERS

ARTUR BODANZKY
OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH
LAWRENCE GILMAN
PERCY GOETSCHUIS
EUGENE GOOSSENS
HENRY HADLEY
WILLEM VAN HOOGSTRAATEN
ERICH KLEIBER
OTTO KLEMPERER
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
A. WALTER KRAMER
LEONARD LIEBLING
COMPTON MACKENZIE
FRITZ MAHLER

THOMAS MANN
MARGARET MATZENAUER
WILLEM MENGELBERG
FRITZ REINER
ROMAIN ROLLAND
ARTUR RODZINSKI
WARREN STOREY SMITH
FREDERICK A. STOCK
ALBERT STOESEL
OLGA SAMAROFF STOKOWSKI
JOSEF STRANSKY
FRANK THIESS
ARTURO TOSCANINI
BRUNO WALTER

STEFAN ZWEIG

FOUNDER MEMBERS

EDWIN ADERER
MAJOR THEODORE BITTERMAN
PROF. FRANZ BOAS
WILLIAM N. COHEN
SOLTON ENGEL
MRS. I. K. FRIEDMAN
LOLITA CABRERA GAINSBORG
MRS. ROBERT G. GREY
ELLA GROSS
MRS. CHRISTIAN HOLMES
DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
MRS. MAXWELL C. KATZ

MRS. ELLA M. KRONACKER
DR. ERNST LERT
MRS. MAX LOEWENTHAL
CARL LOUIS MAREK
MRS. FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM
MORRIS NATHAN
VICTOR NEUSTADTL
MRS. OTTO L. SCHMIDT
JACK SILVERSTEIN
CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH
MAX SMITH
FREDERIC R. STETTENHEIM

PROF. H. H. L. SCHULZE

ROBERT G. GREY
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
320 WEST 89TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

GABRIEL ENGEL
EDITOR
136 WEST 75TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

Regular membership, including *Chord and Discord*, the official journal, and all publications of the Society, two dollars per annum. Remittances may be addressed to R. G. Grey, Secretary, 320 W. 89 St., N. Y. C.

The Complete Works of ANTON BRUCKNER

PLAN OF THE EDITION

- Volumes 1-9: Symphonies I-IX
10: Symphony in F Minor; Symphony in D Minor
11: Early Orchestral Works
 The String Quintet
 Smaller Instrumental Compositions
12: Mass in D Minor
13: Mass in E Minor
14: Mass in F Minor
15: Requiem;
 Mass in \flat B Minor
16: Psalms; Magnificat; Te Deum
17: Smaller Sacred Compositions I
18: Smaller Sacred Compositions II
19: Secular Vocal Compositions I
20: Secular Vocal Compositions II
21: Biographical Documents I
22: Biographical Documents II

(For description see page 23)

By GABRIEL ENGEL

THE LIFE OF ANTON BRUCKNER

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

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*.

(Price, 50 cents plus 5 cents postage)

GUSTAV MAHLER: SONG-SYMPHONIST

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

—HARVEY GAUL, *Pittsburgh Post Gazette*.

(Price \$1.00 plus 6 cents postage)

Copies of CHORD AND DISCORD are available in the principal public and university libraries in the United States.

Copyright by THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA, 1934.