





### THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

VOLUME ONE

## ROBERT CRAFT CONDUCTING

WITH TEXTS . PHOTOGRAPHS . BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MATERIAL

ERWARTUNG, OP. 17. HELGA PILARCZYK, SOPRANO

MONODRAMA IN ONE ACT

THE WASHINGTON OPERA

SOCIETY ORCHESTRA

VIOLIN CONCERTO, OP. 36 · ISRAEL BAKER, VIOLINIST

THE CBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 · BETHANY BEARDSLEE &

THE COLUMBIA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

DIE GLÜCKLICHE HAND, OP.18 · ROBERT OLIVER, BASS

OPERA IN FOUR SCENES

THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY

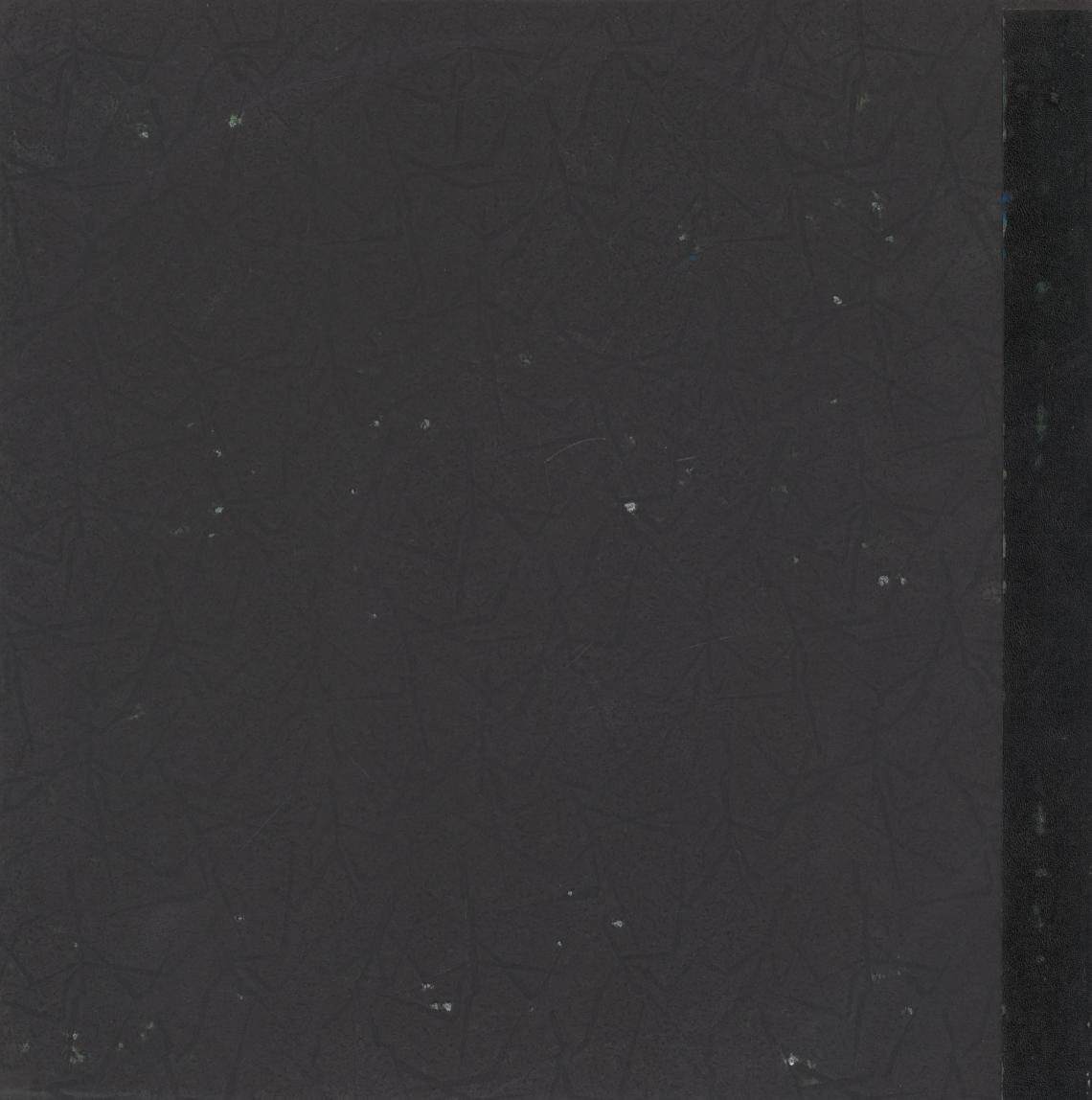
ORCHESTRA & CHORUS

A SURVIVOR FROM WARSAW, OP. 46 JOHN HORTON,

NARRATOR, THE CBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

& THE FESTIVAL SINGERS OF TORONTO

ELMER ISELER, DIRECTOR



C C# G Ab D F B C F# G C# E F# G C# D Ab B Bb B F F# C Eb F F# C C# G Bb Eb E Bb B F Ab A Bb E F B D Ab A Eb E Bb C# Eb A Bb E G D C# D Ab A En F# G Ab D Eb A C E F B C F# A

A Bb Eb B E F# Ah A D Bh Eb F Eh E A F Bh C G Ab C# A D E D Eb Ab E A B C C# F# D G A F# G C Ab C# Eb FF#BGCD B C F C# F# Ab Bb B E C F G E F Bb F# B C# G Eb Ab Bb C# D



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Robert Craft Conducting
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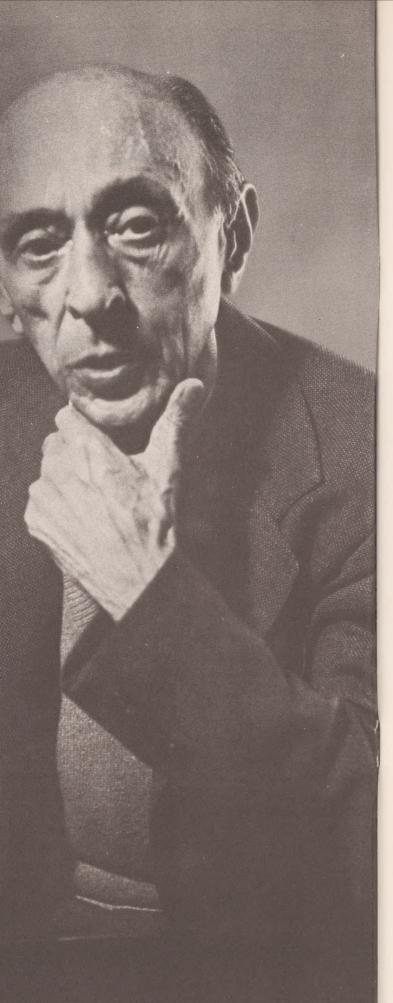
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#### ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

ises themselves, premises that had been regarded as basic to all European art music, were threatened by the introduc tion of exotic modal and rhythmic elements and by tl rejection of traditional concepts of thematic elaboration and dissonance resolution. But it was the internal crisis of the mainstream tradition that was the surest auger of revolutionary change. The career of Arnold Schoenberg, born, in 1874 in Vienna, the center of this tradition and the musical capital of Europe, summarizes both the crisis and eration of Mahler, Wolf, Strauss and Reger, and in his earliest works he shares their temperament and outlook, The roving chromatic harmonies, formal expansiveness and programmatic content of Transfigured Night, composed in 1898, are typical features of late romantic music. But the composer already reveals, in this first large-scale composition of his youth, the original and searching quality which characterized his entire output, for he employs the limited resources of a string sextet rather than the enormous orchestral forces that were regularly deployed in a work, of this sort. Gurre-Lieder, on the other hand, begun two years later, is an extreme example of the romantic tendency toward grandiosity in its physical requirementsan orchestra of about 140 players, five vocal soloists, a speaker, three male choirs and a mixed choir; but it is entirely novel in its form-a cycle of songs that individu-German lied but collectively a single large-scale work based on the Wagnerian technique of the Leitmotiv. Similarly, in almost every major work of Schoenberg's first period, characteristic tendencies of late romanticism are pushed to their extreme limits and new possibilities discovered in

The first phase of Schoenberg's first period concludes with the gigantic tone poem *Pelleas and Melisande* (1902-1903). In the second phase of this period the typical late romantic dependence on musical symbolism and representation and on orchestral color gives way to the more abstract logic of absolute music and the more severe media of the string quartet and the chamber symphony. The First Quartet, Opus 7 (1904-1905) is based on the classical four-movement form, but the four movements (*Sonata-alledro*, *Scherzo*, *Adagio*, *Rondo-finale*) are combined into a single structure, with expositions, developments and recapitulations of the various themes interlaced throughout the work. The Chamber Symphony, Opus 9, completed the following year, is similar in its formal conception, but very different in its harmonic style. The evolution of chromatic harmony had overextended the range of tonal relationships to the point where the traditional tonal functions no longer



offered a sufficient basis for formal unity and contrast. Schoenberg uses a series of fourths and the whole-tone scale as an additional means of defining and characterizing the harmonic material in this work. This use of special precompositional formations already points to the twelvetone system and has some parallels in the practice of Scriabin and Debussy. The final work of the first period is the Second Quartet, Opus 10 (1907-1908). Here Schoenberg returns to the traditional cycle of four self-contained contrasting movements. Each of the first three movements is strongly unified around a central tonality, in spite of the extravagant use of altered tones, elliptical harmonic progressions, chromaticism, and frequent and abrupt changes of key. In the second movement there is a strange and sardonic contrast to the tonal ambiguity of almost every other detail in the momentary appearance of a simple Viennese street ballad, Ach du lieber Augustin. (A similiarly ironic return to conventional tonality is found in the finale of Bartók's Fifth Ouartet.) In the fourth and final movement the major-minor system is at last dispensed with, a revolutionary departure explicitly indicated by the absence of a key signature. Only in the final bars of this movement is there a return to the tonality of the first movement. In the third and fourth movements a soprano sings verses by Stefan George, the text of the fourth movement beginning, appropriately enough, with the words, "I feel the air of other planets."

"I already feel the opposition that I shall have to overcome," wrote Schoenberg in a program note for the première of his earliest atonal compositions, the Piano Pieces, Opus 11, and the song cycle, The Book of the Hanging Gardens, Opus 15. These works mark not only the beginning of a new period in Schoenberg's creative life, but also the beginning of a new era in the history of music, an era whose special character is summed up in the epithet "the liberation of the dissonance." New concepts of treating dissonance had been primary factors in earlier stylistic transformations, but the implications of the atonal revolution were far more radical, for its fundamental premise was that the dissolution of the functional relations of the major-minor system had expanded the range of harmonic and melodic possibilities to the point where all a priori restrictions governing the twelve notes of the chromatic scale had disappeared. Apparently it was an unfriendly critic who first employed the term "atonality," meaning to imply that the new music was devoid of all the required attributes of the tonal art. The term, however, came to be defined in a narrower, and not necessarily pejorative, sense, as "the absence of key or tonal center." But such a definition neglects other, more salient features of atonal music, such as its consistently dissonant harmony, its rhythmic asymmetry, its textural complexity, its melodic angularity. Moreover, the meaning of the term "tonal center" has itself become ambiguous: any note may momentarily function as a relatively stable point of reference, and in this sense atonal music too has its tonal centers. Milton Babbitt has suggested the term "contextuality," on the premise that the essential distinction is that whereas the specific properties

of diatonic tonality may be explicitly described apart from any particular tonal composition, no comparable a priori description of the basic material of an atonal work is possible apart from the context of the given work. Schoenberg himself preferred the term "pantonality" to "atonality," intending to imply, apparently, that his totally chromatic musical language resulted from the merging of all the keys of the diatonic system. The problem of finding an acceptable definition of "atonality," or a more appropriate term for the music collectively so designated, is in itself a reflection of the nature of this music. From the very beginning, atonal composition followed two distinct and contradictory directions. In one of these (Opus 11, No. 1 is an example) harmonic and melodic cells of overall significance in the given work or movement generate and integrate the musical material. In the other, termed "athematicism" or "perpetual variation," continuity depends upon immediate associations in a kind of musical "stream of consciousness." The most famous example is the monodrama Erwartung, composed in 1909.

Schoenberg's first years of atonal composition, 1908 to 1915, were extremely productive. During these years he completed (in addition to the works listed above) the Five Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 16; a second musical drama, Die Glückliche Hand, Opus 18; the Six Little Piano Pieces, Opus 19; Herzgewächse, Opus 20, for soprano, celesta, harmonium and harp; Pierrot lunaire, Opus 21, a cycle of twenty-one pieces for Sprechstimme (a special type of musical recitation invented by Schoenberg and first employed in Gurre-Lieder) and chamber ensemble; and the Four Orchestral Songs, Opus 22. The same years saw his importance as a teacher established with the publication of his famous textbook on traditional harmony and with the appearance of the first important works of his two most distinguished pupils and disciples, Alban Berg (1885-1935) and Anton Webern (1883-1945). His creative exuberance led him into literature and painting as well. He wrote his own librettos for Die Glückliche Hand and Die Jakobsleiter. The composition of the latter work, planned as a vast oratorio, was interruped by his call to military service and remained unfinished. As a painter he identified himself with the expressionist school. (A volume of appreciative essays by his friends and pupils, published in 1912, contains an evaluation of his paintings by the famous Russian painter Kandinsky.) In 1911 he finally completed the scoring of Gurre-Lieder, which had been interrupted in 1901 by the need to earn his daily bread as an orchestrator of light operas by commercially more successful composers.

This period of incredible productivity was followed by a period of equal duration during which not a single new work appeared. Perhaps the hardships of the war years and of the postwar period had something to do with this, but a more likely explanation is that a long period of gestation was required for what was to come. The text of the final movement of the Four Orchestral Songs, by Rilke, is a presentiment of change, just as the earlier setting of George's poem had been: "I am like a flag surrounded by

space.... I feel the winds that are coming.... I am alone in the great storm."

The key to the music of Schoenberg's third period is found, in the words of the composer himself, in "the desire for a conscious control of the new means and forms." In the Five Piano Pieces, Opus 23, and the Serenade, Opus 24. both composed in 1923, this "conscious control" is found in the concept of the "tone row." In the Suite for Piano, Opus 25, and the Wind Quintet, Opus 26, both composed in the following year, the tone row is employed with sufficient rigor and completeness to permit one to deduce the foundational premises of Schoenberg's twelve-tone, or dodecaphonic, system, the basis of his compositional technique for the remainder of his life. The following description of these premises is taken from Serial Composition and Atonality by George Perle: "All the tone relations that govern a given musical context are referable to a specified arrangement, determined by the composer in advance, of the twelve notes of the semitonal scale. This precompositional arrangement of the notes is variously designated as the 'row,' the 'series,' or the 'set.'... An unambiguous precompositional ordering is assumed, but the degree to which this ordering actually determines the general musical procedures varies greatly from one work to another, even where these are by the same composer.... The following postulates, then, must be understood to refer only to the set on which a given work, or portion of a work may be based....1. The set comprises all twelve notes of the semitonal scale, arranged in a specific linear order. 2. No note appears more than once within the set. 3. The set is statable in any of its linear aspects: prime, inversion, retrograde, and retrograde-inversion. 4. The set, in each of its transformations (i.e. linear aspects), is statable upon any degree of the semitonal scale." While Schoenberg was occupied with these initial attempts to organize a new musical language, a totally opposed movement, neoclassicism, proclaimed a return to diatonicism and to the supposed formal and stylistic ideals of a preromantic past. The neoclassical movement, with Stravinsky as its leading exponent, soon became the dominant tendency in contemporary music, a position which it maintained until the end of World War II. Neoclassicism is derided in Schoenberg's bitterly ironic Three Satires for Mixed Chorus, Opus 28 (1925). Nevertheless, in the music of his third period he turned away from the expressionistic subjectivism of free atonality and contributed, in his own way, to the revival of classical stylistic and formal elements.

On May 30, 1933, four months after the Nazi government came to power, Schoenberg was ousted from his teaching post in Berlin. In the following year he settled in Los Angeles, where he remained until his death in 1951. During his final years in Germany, Schoenberg completed the Septet, Opus 29, the Third Quartet, Opus 30, Variations for Orchestra, Opus 31, a one-act comic opera, Von Heute auf Morgen, Opus 32, Accompaniment Music to a Film Scene, Opus 34, the first two acts of a projected three-act opera, Moses und Aron (still unfinished at his death), and two Piano Pieces, Opus 33. In the last-named work

certain rigorous principles of combination govern the operations of the twelve-tone set, principles that imply. for the first time, the possibility (not yet the realization) of an autonomous twelve-tone music, that is, a music in which the structure of the twelve-tone set has the same total relevance as the diatonic scale and triadic harmony have in the major-minor system. All of the twelve-tone compositions that Schoenberg wrote after his arrival in the United States are based on these principles. The major works of this second phase of Schoenberg's third period include the Violin Concerto, Opus 36: Fourth Ouartet. Opus 37; Ode to Napoleon, Opus 41; Piano Concerto. Opus 42; String Trio, Opus 45; A Survivor from Warsaw. Opus 46; Fantasy for Violin and Piano, Opus 47, and several choral pieces. GEORGE PERCE

#### **ERWARTUNG**

NOTES ON THE DRAMATIC STRUCTURE

Erwartung: "Expectation," if the rich German has to be translated. "Nightmare" is a possible subtitle for readers in search of descriptive help, but Schoenberg's own "Angsttraum" is a better word as well as less of a present to ill-intentioned reviewers.

Schoenberg must have experienced an Angsttraum himself in composing Erwartung. This first Freudian music drama was born in the barely credible span of seventeen days (August 27-September 12, 1909) with three more weeks (to October 4) to finish the orchestra score. Schoenberg always worked at white heat; he could write three pieces of Pierrot lunaire in a day, but then compose nothing for weeks. Unless completed at once, too, the torso might sit on the shelf for years while the composer's language evolved beyond it. Schoenberg's legacy includes much unfinished music, therefore, and at the same time almost all of it has come from the furnace still red, or whatever color inspiration is. But the most sustained and concentrated act of creation in his career is Erwartung. Performance time is twenty-seven minutes, which is meaningless information to listeners unversed in the complexities of the composition and unable to appraise its qualities of construction, though such listeners will understand the statement that the score contains no literal repetition, and that in this sense alone a few measures of it are equivalent to, say, a whole summit conference between Fricka and Wotan. And more than Wagner in his time, Schoenberg had entered new tonal regions and was exploring new territory. The tonal language of Erwartung is the most highly evolved in the history of music to that date, and Schoenberg had gone so far beyond even his nearest contemporaries that he had isolated himself from them and, indeed, from all the status duo composers to whom stylistic change is synonymous with evolution. Schoenberg was sustained in his lonely creative activity by the enormously expanded range of his composer's ear, by more penetrating powers of musical logic than those of his contemporaries, and by an imagination that must be accounted among the richest of its time. Even now, more than a half century after it was written, Erwartung has been fully absorbed by only a very few musicians. Only those few know the absurdity of the labels "a-tonal," "a-thematic," "a-harmonic," and so forth. Erwartung is almost purely "thematic," as well as perfectly "tonal" and perfectly "harmonic," even in the limited understanding of those terms by the people who would hide behind them. (And what a harmonist is the Schoenberg of Erwartung! Debussy in comparison seems to have gone on describing the same circle again and again.) One listens to it as one listens to any other music, of course, except that each phrase requires more in-depth hearing than any music written before Schoenberg's time. For this the only prescription is, listen, again and again.

Schoenberg calls Erwartung a "monodrama in one act." It is an interior monologue, in fact, in the same sense that the term is used with reference to passages of *Ulysses*, a work it antedates by a generation. Every word of Erwartung's dramatis persona, except one great cry of help, is interior.

But monologues, if they are to remain interior, are difficult to stage. The play is cast in four scenes, each marked by the entrance and exit of the solitary actor. The transformations of scene are effected in the music by the simplest means and in the minimum time. Only during changes of scene are brakes applied to what is surely the most rapid rate of harmonic movement in musical history to that date. These short interludes are the most static music of which Schoenberg is capable, ostinato rhythmic figures and reiterated or sustained harmonies. But the full effectiveness of the scene-changing passages is felt only in the theatre, and <code>Erwartung</code>, like Schoenberg's other operas, loses a great deal of musico-dramatic point in concert performance.

The first scene reveals a moonlit path at the edge of a forest. A woman enters. She is about to set out on the path, and her monologue begins with a description of her fears. The soliloquy is composed entirely of short phrases or anacoluthons; few grammatically complete sentences can be found in the whole text. This broken manner of speech suggests a patient on an analyst's couch remembering in

discontinuous bits and snatches. It is the essential clue, I think, to an understanding of both the musical complex and the dramatic form. The plot also unfolds by memory association. The trees remind the woman of "our garden," and therefore of "him," and the night, the woods, and the moon are full of sinister intimations. The woman is searching for "him," and suddenly she finds the courage of her quest and rushes into the woods. The whole first scene is created in thirty measures of music and two minutes' performance time.

The orchestral scene-change transports us to deepest darkness in the middle of the forest. The woman, apparently in traumatic shock, hears things, suffers apparitions, imagines she is being attacked. Then, suddenly calmed, she pursues the path further into the forest, remembering aloud for a second time her "garden." The speech must now be understood partly as a dialogue with the "him" who is the object of the somnambulistic quest. It is a confession, remarkably Freudian in character as well as in form. (No contact has been recorded between Schoenberg and Freud either personally or in their work, but the emotional climate of Freud belongs to this music by his contemporary and compatriot as to no other score before or since; the libretto is not Schoenberg's own, of course, but I am not talking only about the libretto and, in any case, the libretto must have been ordered to Schoenberg's prescriptions.) The woman reveals that "he" has failed to come to her, and she waits and listens but hears only the night. At the close of the scene, frightened by a bird, she begins to run, but stumbles against a tree-trunk which she mistakes for a body. This is the most overtly Freudian association of all, as well as the only probable explanation of the drama: her own guilt. The entire second scene consumes but fifty-two measures of music.

The third tableau locates the forest path somewhat further along, with a field or clearing exposed on one side. The woman, in a no less febrile emotional state and even more frightened by the specters of the night, now identifies "him" as her lover. She imagines he is calling, and a shadow reminds her of his shadow on her wall. She complains that he must leave her so quickly and that the night is such a long time away—a remark she does not see as dramatic irony and that therefore exposes the full degree of her dementia. She then plunges into the woods crying for her lover's protection against the wild beasts. Scene Three has been set in only twenty-four measures of music.

In the final scene, the path is joined on one side by a meadow, and on the other by a road at the end of which is a dark and shuttered house. The woman enters, dress torn, hair in disarray, face and hands cut and bleeding. To her, now, the night means death. There is no living thing, no breath of wind, no sound, but only death and the pallid moon. The music here is the most marvelous in the score, and as no critic has ever remarked it, perhaps a digression is justified. Schoenberg employs an ostinato device whenever "the path" or "the way" is referred to, as he does in the scene-changing music. In this instance the instrumental

colors are extremely refined, the orchestra being reduced to fifteen solo instruments, though not even that many are used at one time. The sensation of stillness is fixed in a quiet chord for clarinet, bassoon, trombones, solo cello, one of the longest-sustained in the score. The only movement is in the vocal part, a recitative with a hint of march rhythm, wonderfully expressive of the woman's wearying walk. At the word "Atem" (breath) the voice vaults a minor ninth from a low tessitura. It is a melodic miracle, and the whole passage, incidentally, is an ideal one for those who say they cannot "get into" Schoenberg, or "hear all the notes": the vocal line is an easily retentive "melody," and the harmony is simple and lucid-unclouded triadic constructions, in fact. The ostinato is then introduced, five-note chords spelled in harmonics back and forth by two string units, the same chord in each group except for the upper note which alternates A-flat and B-flat. Another figure, in triplet rhythm, is bandied in the same way between a solo violin playing sul ponticello and the celesta. The recitative now verges on Sprechstimme and the music is a forecast of Pierrot lunaire, though it is more satisfying than Pierrot lunaire, too, for those of us who prefer well-tempered singing. The tension mounts to a terrible pitch, but still quietly, and with a minimum of reiteration of the ostinato figures. I know of nothing as subtle in Wozzeck, Erwartung's more popular offspring.

To return to the denouement, the woman sees a bench and walks toward it expressing fears that "a strange female will chase me away." Her foot strikes something, a man's corpse, no less, and still moist with blood. She swoonsthis is indicated by a complete break in the music-and afterwards her sanity appears to have been even further eclipsed. The music is again prophetic of Pierrot lunaire, in the similar use of bits and scraps of popular-style tunes. The woman recognizes the deceased as her lover, a protracted identification ending with the "out loud"-outside the soliloquy-scream for help. She calls the dead to awaken in a passage of hymn-like music. From this point the dramatic time-scale slackens and the remainder of Erwartung is a dialogue with the corpse. In it, we learn that the beloved's favors have fallen off of late, and that correspondence with another woman is suspected. The necrophiliac kisses and embraces at the beginning of the scene turn to kicks and jealous tantrums. At the end, dawn colors the sky and the woman rises from the corpse muttering "Ich suchte ... "I was seeking" (past progressive rather than the simple past "I sought"). She goes off into the shadows, the quest unsatisfied, and the memory of the preceding events already slipped from her conscious mind. Her Erwartung is not over and it will never be. All of this is made clear, I think, only in the music. The phrase "Ich suchte" trails off unresolved, and so afterwards does the music, a bar and a half of musical gooseflesh, an orchestral shiver that seems not to stop but to vanish, the listener knows not when or how. It is the most extraordinary ending I know of and, to my mind, it gives a new interpretation to the work and succeeds in lifting it to a

higher plane.

But what of the woman? What is her destiny? Or, before asking the question, does the audience care? Is it expected to take any plot interest in the lurid story? I think not. The state of her mind is the subject and we are not concerned with her real actions but with her imagination. And, too, the action in a soliloquy is imagined and the movement of thought is illusory. Just as Molly Bloom does not leave her bed, so the woman does not move, or moves only to indicate successive time stages. My own conclusion about the plot is that the woman must have done the killing herself and then returned to the scene of the crime in a state of catatonic excitement.

Is the text as poor, then, as its critics claim? I do not think so, and I see no point in any attempt to evaluate it apart from the music. It suited Schoenberg's musical means, supplied him with the rich musical German words that German composers have always required. But it is a remarkable text too, because of the coincidence of Freud, the fact that the woman's confession, that torrent of love, hate, exaltation, depression, fear, horror, anguish, distraction, might have been "sung," as American gangsters say, to a prison psychiatrist.

The woman (her namelessness proves that Schoenberg was not interested in her but in an emotional state) is the Isolde of fifty years later and still the type of the *ewig weibliche*, but Isolde has had a nervous breakdown.

Like Wagner, Schoenberg seeks to blend recitative and song in perpetual melody, but the listener will still distinguish passages that sound very much like one or the other. The woman's short hymn to her lover, for instance, in which she begs him to awaken, is even preceded by a formal introduction. But the elimination of Wagnerism was a slow process, and Schoenberg carved himself free only after the long decade of Verklärte Nacht, Gurre-Lieder. Pelleas, and the Kammersymphonie. Relapses occur after that, like the cello melody at the end of the first scene of Die Glückliche Hand, like measure 306 in Erwartung which might have come from Tristan, like the "ich will nicht" in Erwartung, followed by the clarinet motif which suggests Ortrud. Schoenberg, like Wagner, tends to avoid in his early dramatic works what Nietzsche called "motor rhythms," meaning dance rhythms with strong and steady beat patterns. Another essentially Wagnerian outgrowth is Schoenberg's use of the total resources of chromaticism and the development of a constantly revolving chromaticism. Like Wagner, too, his musico-dramatic structure depends upon motival development. In Erwartung a motive may begin as a simple interval relationship and then undergo extension and variation until at the end of the work it becomes a long-line melody. A principal motive, and the first one the listener will recognize as such, is often repeated at the same pitches, incidentally, A/B-flat/A. But compared to even the most subtle treatment of thematic shapes in the music of the past, the web of motives in Erwartung is extremely difficult to disentangle. The general reason for this is the unprecedented complexity of musical texture. The particular reason is that the motive itself is so minutely

fragmented.

Unprecedented, too, are the numbers of tempo changes. In a work containing only 427 measures of music, I count no fewer than 111 metronome indications or, in other words, a metronomic adjustment every 3.8 measures. Some sixty-five additional tempo controls, ritenuti, accelerandi, and so forth, occur too, or an increasing or decreasing speed every 6.5 measures. Still more changes of tempo are effected, though the beat remains the same when, for example, a quarter is made to equal a dotted quarter, and so on. Now as each of these hundreds of changes is a new and different unit, the reader may have an inkling of the problems of the performer to relate and connect.

Schoenberg did not subscribe to the idea of opera as a convention-bound form incapable of progress or reform. And he was not deluded by the idea that to be contemporary an opera must employ social-problem subject matter. He did understand, however, the possibilities of a whole new range of musico-dramatic symbolism in opera, and he did explore a new dimension of subjectivity. His approach to staging techniques was also unconventional. Erwartung and Die Glückliche Hand exploit the resources of lighting in a wholly new way, Die Glückliche Hand indicating the exact shade of light required in coordination with the music and according to an ingenious color notation. They are the first operas of the age of electricity in which the application of electricity is actually composed.

If only because of Schoenberg's achievement, the years 1909-1912 are, I think, the richest (and still least explored) in the music of this century. In one year alone, 1909, Schoenberg composed the George Lieder, the Orchesterstücke, Erwartung, the piano pieces, Op. 19. In 1910 he wrote the three pieces for chamber orchestra and most of Die Glückliche Hand, and in 1911, Herzgewächse and the monumental Harmonielebre. Pierrot lunaire came in 1912, and the same year marked the peak of his productivity as a painter—a flow of pictures, texts, music besides a full career as teacher and conductor. The music evolves at an unparalleled pace, transforming the elements themselves. (The process began earlier, of course, but the earlier stages belong as much to the dissolution of the heredity as to Schoenberg's own solution.) Form itself is broken down and reconstructed in a new way, and in the breaking down stage texts are the composer's main support. The musical time-scale, too, is telescoped to such a degree that three measures must do the work that three hundred have done in Wagner. The orchestra is also transformed, and even the human voice emerges from these works with a new medium, the Sprechstimme.

Erwartung, Die Glückliche Hand, Pierrot lunaire, and the songs, Opus 22 (the Seraphita, above all, sacred name to Schoenberg as it was to Yeats) are, I think, the highest achievements in the music of their period. Few will agree, but few know the music, for until now all of the price-tagged commodities begotten around the centerpiece have managed to keep its true value secret. How many even of professional musicians have the scores of Erwartung and Die Glückliche Hand in their hearts? ROBERT CRAFT



#### ERWARTUNG, Op. 17

(Expectation)

Monodrama in One Act

Poem by Marie Pappenheim

English translation by Bliss Hebert & Constance Mellen

HELGA PILARCZYK, Soprano

The Orchestra of The Opera Society of Washington

Conducted by Robert Craft

As produced in Washington, D.C., in its American Stage Première, by the Opera Society of Washington: Bliss Hebert, General Manager

SCENE I-Moonlight floods the fields at the edge of a dark wood. A woman enters.

THE WOMAN:

Is it here? I can't see the way.

How silvery shine the tree trunks...like birches.

Oh-our garden...

the flowers are probably faded...

the night is so warm. I am afraid ...

what heavy air comes out from there...

like a storm, suspended...

so horribly calm and empty...

but here it is at least light...

earlier the moon was so bright...

oh, the crickets...

with their love song...

don't speak...it is so sweet beside you.

The moon is fading...

cowardly moon, won't you search?

so die here...

how threatening the quiet is ...

the moon is full of horror...

does it look within itself?

I, alone in the muted shadows.

I will sing, then he will hear me.

SCENE II—Deep darkness. She gropes her way forward

Is this still the path?

Here it is level ... what? Let go!

Hemmed in... No, it is something crawling...

and here also...who's touching me?

Away-further away. For God's sake...

the path is broad...

it was so quiet behind the garden wall.

No more mowing...no more calling and going...

and the city in bright fog ...

so yearningly I looked across...

and the heavens so immeasurably deep over the path

Hier hinein?...Man sieht den Weg nicht...

Wie silbern die Stämme schimmern...wie Birken!

ob-unsern Garten.

Die Blumen für ihn sind sicher verwelkt.

Die Nacht ist so warm. Ich fürchte mich...

was für schwere Luft beraus schlägt...

Wie ein Sturm, der steht...

So grauenvoll rubig und leer ...

Aber hier ists wenigstens hell ...

der Mond war früher so hell...

Oh noch immer die Grille...

mit ibrem Liebeslied ...

Nicht sprechen ... es ist so süss bei dir ...

der Mond ist in der Dämmerung...

feig bist du, willst ihn nicht suchen?...

So gravenvoll rubig und leer ...

Wie drohend die Stille ist ...

der Mond ist voll Entsetzen...

sieht der hinein?...

Ich allein...in den dumpfen Schatten.

Ich will singen, dann hört er mich...

Ist das noch der Weg?...

Hier ist es eben. Was? lass los!...

Eingeklemmt?...Nein es ist was gekrochen...

Und hier auch... Wer rührt mich an?...

Fort-Nur weiter...um Gotteswillen...

So, der Weg ist breit...

Es war so still hinter den Mauern des Gartens...

Keine Sensen mehr...kein Rufen und Gehn...

Und die Stadt in bellem Nebel...

so sehnsüchtig schaute ich hinüber ...

Und der Himmel so unermesslich tief über dem Weg

on which you always walk to me...

more transparent and distant...

the evening colors...

but you have not come...

who is crying there? Is someone here?

Is someone here? Nothing...

but there was something...

now it is rustling overhead...

it strikes from branch to branch.

It approaches me...not here!

Leave me...Lord God, help me...

it was nothing...only quick...

oh, oh, what is that? A body...

no, only a tree trunk.

SCENE III-The path is still dark. Moonlight falls on a clearing.

There comes a light!

Ah! Only the moon...how good...

something black is dancing there...

a hundred hands...don't be stupid...

it is the shadows...

oh, how your shadows fall on the white wall...

but you must go quickly. Do you call?

And it is so long until evening.

But still the shadow crawls!

Yellow, wide eyes, so bulging...

as if on stems. How it stares...

no animal, dear God, no animal...

I have such fear.

Beloved, my beloved, help me...

SCENE IV-The path, now moonlit, leads to a house. The Woman comes, exhausted, her dress torn, her hair dishevelled.

He is not here either...

on the entire long road, nothing living,

and no sound...

the wide, pale fields

are without breath, as if dead.

Not a straw moves...

yet always the city...

and this pale moon... no cloud,

not the shadow of a nightbird's wing

in the heaven...

this limitless death pallor...

I can hardly go further-

and there, they won't let me in...

the strange woman will drive me away!

If he is sick! A bench-

I must rest...

but I haven't seen him for so long.

No, that is not the shadow of the bench,

it is someone...

He doesn't breathe...

den du immer zu mir gehst...

noch durchsichtiger und ferner...

die Abendfarben...

Aber du bist nicht gekommen...

Wer weint da?...Ist bier jemand?

Ist bier jemand? Nichts...

aber das war doch...

Tetzt rauscht es oben...

es schlägt von Ast zu Ast...

Es kommt auf mich zu...Nicht her!...

lass mich... Herrgott hilf mir...

Es war nichts...nur schnell, nur schnell...

Oh. oh. was ist das?... Ein Körper...

Nein, nur ein Stamm.

Da kommt ein Licht!

es ist der Schatten...

Ach! nur der Mond...wie gut...

Dort tanzt etwas Schwarzes...

hundert Hände ... Sei nicht dumm ...

Oh! wie dein Schatten auf die weissen Wände fällt...

Aber so bald musst du fort. Rufst du?

Und bis zum Abend ist es so lang...

Aber der Schatten kriecht doch!... Gelbe, breite Augen so vorquellend...

wie an Stielen...Wie es glotzt...

Kein Tier, lieber Gott, kein Tier... ich habe solche Angst...

Er ist auch nicht da...

Liebster, mein Liebster, hilf mir ...

Auf der ganzen, langen Strasse nichts Lebendiges...

und kein Laut...

Die weiten blassen Felder sind ohne Atem, wie erstorben ...

kein Halm rührt sich...

Noch immer die Stadt ...

und dieser fahle Mond...keine Wolke,

nicht der Flügelschatten eines Nachtvogels

am Himmel...

diese grenzenlose Totenblässe...

ich kann kaum weiter...

und dort lässt man mich nicht ein...

die fremde Frau wird mich fort jagen!

Wenn er krank ist!-Eine Bank...

ich muss ausruhn...

Aber so lang hab ich ihn nicht gesehn.

Nein, das ist nicht der Schatten der Bank!

Da ist jemand...

er atmet nicht...

moist...here something is flowing... it shines red... ah, my hands are wounded... no, it is still wet, it is from there. I cannot. It is he! The moonlight...no, there... it is the frightful head...the ghost... if it would only disappear... like that in the wood... the shadow of a tree...a ridiculous branch... the moon is vicious... because it is empty of blood. Does it paint with red blood?... but it will soon dissolve... don't look...don't pay attention... it will surely go away, like that in the wood... I must go on... I must find him... it must be very late... it is no longer there... I knew. It is still there ...Lord God in heaven...it is living... it has skin, eyes, hair... His eyes...it has his mouth. You...you...you are it... I have looked for you so long... in the forest and...do you hear? Speak then...look at me... Lord, God, what is it? Help...in Heaven's name, quick! Does no one hear me? He lies there... wake up—wake up... don't be dead, my lovedon't be dead... I love you so... Our room is half light, and everything is waiting... the flowers smell so strongly. What shall I do... what shall I do to awake him? Your beloved hand...so cold? Can I not warm it on my breast? My heart is so hot from waiting... the night is soon over... you wanted to be with me this night... oh, it is bright daylight... will you stay with me all day? The sun glows upon us. Your hands lie upon me. Your kisses... you are mine...you. Look at me, my darling, I lie beside you... please look at me. Oh, how rigid...

how horrible your eyes are...

feucht...bier fliesst etwas... Es alänzt rot... Ach, meine Hände sind wund gerissen... Nein, es ist noch nass, es ist von dort. Ich kann nicht. Das ist er! Das Mondlicht...nein dort... das ist der schreckliche Kopf...das Gespenst... wenn es nur endlich verschwände... wie das im Wald... Ein Baumschatten...ein lächerlicher Zweia... Der Mond ist tükkisch...weil er blutleer ist... malt er rotes Blut... Aber es wird gleich zerfliessen... Nicht hinsehn...Nicht drauf achten... Es zergeht sicher...wie das im Wald... Jch will fort...ich muss ihn finden... Es muss schon spät sein... Es ist nicht mehr da... Ich wusste... Es ist noch da... Herrgott im Himmel... Es ist lebendia... Es hat Haut, Augen, Haar... seine Augen...es hat seinen Mund. Du...du...bist du es... Ich habe dich so lang gesucht... Im Wald und ... Hörst du? Spricht doch ... sieh mich an ... Herr Gott, was ist... Hilfe...um Gotteswillen!...rasch! bört mich denn niemand?...er liegt da... Wach auf...wach doch auf... Nicht tot sein, mein Liebster... Nur nicht tot sein... ich liebe dich so... Unser Zimmer ist halbhell ... Alles wartet ... Die Blumen duften so stark... Was soll ich tun... Was soll ich nur tun, dass er aufwacht?... Deine liebe Hand...so kalt? Wird sie nicht warm an meiner Brust?... Mein Herz ist so heiss vom Warten... die Nacht is bald vorbei... du wolltest doch bei mir sein diese Nacht... Oh, es ist heller Jaa... Bleibst du am Jage bei mir? Die Sonne glübt auf uns... deine Hände liegen auf mir...deine Küsse... mein bist du... Du! Sieh mich doch an. Liebster. ich liege neben dir... So sieh mich doch an-Ah, wie stark...

wie fürchterlich deine Augen sind...

you have not been with me for three daysbut today, surely... the evening was so full of peace. I waited, and looked out toward you over the garden wall... it is so low... and then we both waved... no, no it is not true... how can you be dead? You lived everywhere... even now, in the wood. Your voice, so close upon my ear, always, always you were near me... your breath upon my cheek, your hand upon my hair,is it not true? Your mouth is still bent under my kisses... your blood still drips with a light beat. Your blood is still alive... oh, the broad red streak... it has struck his heart... I will kiss it with my last breath never let you go again... to look in your eyes... all light came from your eyes, it made me dizzy when I looked at you... now I kiss myself to death upon you. But your eyes are so strange... where are you looking... what are you seeking? Is someone standing there? How was it the last time? At one time did you look like that? No, I am only confused... or suddenly you came to yourselfand then for three days you were not with me... no time...so often you didn't have time in these last months... no, it is not possible...it is still... oh, I remember, the sign in half-sleep... like a name... you kissed the question from my lips. But why did he promise to come to me today? I don't want it...no, I will not... why did they kill you? Here before the house... did someone discover you? No, no...my only love, Not that...oh, the moon is wavering...

drei Tage warst du nicht bei mir... Aber heute ... so sicher ... der Abend war so voll Frieden... Ich schaute und wartete... Uber die Gartenmauer dir entgegen... so niedria ist sie... Und dann winkten wir beide... Nein, nein...es ist nicht wahr... Wie kannst du tot sein? Uberall lebtest du... Eben noch im Wald.. deine Stimme so nah an meinem Ohr, immer, immer warst du bei mir... dein Hauch auf meiner Wange... deine Hand auf meinem Haar... Nicht wahr ... es ist nicht wahr? Dein Mund bog sich doch eben noch unter meinen Küssen... Dein Blut tropft noch jetzt mit leisem Schlaa... Dein Blut ist noch lebendia... Ob, der breite rote Streif .. Das Herz haben sie getroffen... Ich will es küssen mit dem letzten Atem... dich nie mehr loslassen... In deine Augen sehn... Alles Licht kam ja aus deinen Augen... mir schwindelte, wenn ich dich ansah... Nun küss ich mich an dir zu Tode. Aber so seltsam ist dein Auge... Wohin schaust du? Was suchst du denn? Steht dort jemand? Wie war das nur das letzte Mal?... War das damals nicht auch in deinem Blick?... Nein, nur so zerstreut... oder...und plötzlich bezwangst du dich... Und drei Tage warst du nicht bei mir... keine Zeit...so oft hast du keine Zeit gehabt in diesen letzten Monaten... Nein, das ist doch nicht möglich...das ist doch... Ah, jetzt erinnere ich mich der Seufzer im Halbschalf... wie ein Name.. Du hast mir das Frage von den Lippen geküsst... Aber warum versprach er mir heute zu kommen?... Ich will das nicht...nein ich will nicht... Warum hat man dich getötet?... Hier vor dem Hause... hat dich jemand entdeckt?... Nein, nein...mein einzig Geliebter... das nicht...Oh. der Mond schwankt...

I cannot see ... look at me. Are you looking there again? Then where is she? The witch, the whore, the woman with the white arms... oh, you really love her-her white arms ...you kissed them red... oh, you...you...you... miserable one, you liar ...how your eyes avoid me, are you bowed with shame? Did you embrace her...yes? So tenderly and greedily... and I was waiting... where has she run to, while you lie in blood... I will drag her by her white arms... Thus...There is no place for me there. Oh! Not even the consolation of dving with vou... How I have loved you... I loved far away from all things... everything strange...I knew nothing but you... this whole year, since you first took my hand... oh, so warm... I never before loved anyone so... Your smile, your speech, I loved you so ... My love, my only darling, did you kiss her often?... while I melted away with yearning... did you love her so very much? Don't say: Yes... you smile painfully... perhaps you suffered too... perhaps your heart called to her... how can you help it?... oh, I cursed you... but your pity made me happy... I believed, I was fortunate... beloved, beloved, morning comes... what shall I do here alone?... in this endless life... in this dream without limit or color... for my limit was the place in which you were... and all the color of the world radiated from your eyes. Will the light come for all except me, alone in my night? Morning separates us...

always morning...

so hard...you kissed me at parting...

against an endless day of waiting.

ich kann nicht sehen... Schau mich doch an. Du siehst wieder dort hin? Wo ist sie denn die Hexe, die Dirne... die Frau mit den weissen Armen... Ob, du liebst sie ja-die weissen Arme... wie du sie rot küsst... Ob, du...du...du... Elender, du Lügner, du.. Wie deine Augen mir ausweichen! Krümmst du dich vor Scham? Hast sie umarmt...7a?... so zärtlich und gierig... und ich wartete.. Wo ist sie hingelaufen als du im Blut lagst?... Ich will sie an den weissen Armen herschleifen... So...für mich ist kein Platz da... Oh! nicht einmal die Gnade. mit dir sterben zu dürfen... Wie lieb, wie lieb ich dich gehabt hab' ... Allen Dingen ferne liebte ich... allen fremd-Ich wusste nichts als dich... dieses ganze Jahr seit du zum ersten Mal meine Hand nahmst... Oh, so warm...nie früher liebte ich jemanden so... Dein Lächeln und dein Reden... ich hatte dich so lieb ... Mein Lieber...mein einziger Liebling... hast du sie oft geküsst?... während ich vor Sehnsucht verging... hast du sie sehr geliebt? Sag nicht: ja... Du lächelst schmerzlich... vielleicht hast du auch gelitten... vielleicht rief dein Herz nach ihr... Was kannst du dafür?... Ob, ich fluchte dir... Aber dein Mitleid machte mich glücklich... ich glaubte, war im Glück... Liebster, Liebster, der Morgen kommt... Was soll ich allein hier tun?... In diesem endlosen Leben... In diesem Traum ohne Grenzen und Farben... denn meine Grenze war der Ort, an dem du warst... und alle Farben der Welt brachen aus deinen Augen... Das Licht wird für alle kommen...aber ich allein in meiner Nacht? Der Morgen trennt uns... immer der Morgen... So schwer küsst du zum Abschied... Wieder ein ewiger Tag des Wartens...

Oh, you will really never wake again...
thousands pass by,
and I do not recognize you.
They all live, their eyes aflame...
where are you? It is dark...
Your kiss, like a flaming sign in my night...
my lips burn and glimmer
toward you.
Oh, are you there...
I searched...

oh du erwachst ja nicht mehr...

Tausend Menschen ziehn vorüber...
ich erkenne dich nicht.

Alle leben, ihre Augen flammen...
Wo bist du? Es ist dunkel...
dein Kuss wie ein Flammenzeichen in meiner Nacht...
meine Lippen brennen und leuchten...
dir entgegen...
Oh, bist du da...

7ch suchte...

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## CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN & ORCHESTRA, Op. 36 ISRAEL BAKER, Violinist The CBC Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Robert Craft

Schoenberg's only violin concerto, completed in 1936, dedicated to Anton Webern and unperformed until 1940 -when it was presented by Louis Krasner with The Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski-has since that time become one of the most widely studied, taught and analyzed source works of twelve-tone composition by the creator of twelve-tone composition, while it has entered the repertory of few violinists and few orchestras; performances, particularly in the United States, have been rare to a degree sadly unbefitting one of the most influential compositions of our time. Certainly, it is a difficult work. For the violinist, it is a virtuoso work demanding a mastery of his instrument that includes new extensions of virtuosity and, above all, an organic virtuosity that must take into account the compositional materials of the work and the total sound ensemble. The elements of virtuosity are never separable from compositional considerations, and are therefore never to be achieved as isolated instrumental accomplishments, nor is the virtuoso separable from the other sound sources, for he must collaborate in the most intricate and delicate of rhythmic, articulative and sonic ensembles with the manifold combinations of other instruments, while ever remaining the soloist. For the orchestra, also, the difficulties of work often reside in areas where difficulties sometimes remain unrecognized and unrealized; the orchestral player in the concerto may not encounter extraordinary demands of sheer dexterity and facility, but there are the most subtle demands of phrasing, intonation, dynamic control, rhythmic precision and coordination, and mode of tone production, if he is to fulfill adequately his role in the constantly exposed, ever-changing texture of which he is a component. Some of this difficulty stems from the absence of any octave or multiple-octave instrumental duplicationso-called "octave doubling." This principle, applied in Schoenberg's previous twelve-tone works but not in his next twelve-tone orchestral work—the Piano Concerto of 1944—of necessity places great emphasis upon accuracy of unison duplication, that most critical of duplications in its demands of intonation, balance and temporal coordination.

For the listener, the most efficient and revelatory first step towards acquiring familiarity with and comprehension of this, or any other twelve-tone work, is that of identifying and examining the composition's twelve-tone set, that ordering of the familiar twelve chromatic pitch-classes, which, in its—at most—forty-eight transformations arrived at by transposition, inversion, retrogression and the combinations of these, supplies the total pitch material of the composition and so endows the composition not merely with its local sonic characteristics but with its structural properties at every stage and level of compositional unfolding. The following table presents these forty-eight sets of the concerto:

2 3 4 5	A Ab Eb G D	Bb A E Ab Eb	Eb D A C# Ab	B Bb F A E	5 E Eb Bb D A G	F# F C E B	C B F# Bb F	C# CGBF#	G F# C# F	Ab G D F# C#	D C# Ab C G	F E B Eb	P
8 9 10 11	F B Bb E	F# C B F	B F E Bb	G C# C F#	C# C F# F B Ab	D Ab G C#	Ab D C# G	A Eb D Ab	Eb A Ab D	E Bb A Eb	Bb E Eb A	C# G F# C	T.

RI

The rows, read from left to right, present the names of the pitch-classes of the transpositions of the set (designated S), and—therefore—from right to left, those of the retrograde forms (R); the columns present—from top to bottom—the inverted forms (I), and—therefore—from bottom to top, the retrograde-inversions (RI); the order numbers associated with each row and column are combined with the designatory initials to identify any set form or element.

The set S1 (the set occupying the first row) is the form presented at the opening of the work by the conjunction of solo violin and cellos. The rhythmic character of this presentation most strikingly articulates—by a rest—the set into two halves, two disjunct hexachords, and immediately suggests the fundamental role of hexachords in the set, and so in the work (and incidentally explains the presence of the dividing lines in the table). The set has that hexachordal property common to almost all of Schoenberg's sets; the (unordered) content of the two disjunct hexachords is inversionally equivalent. Therefore, associated with every set is an inversionally related set whose corresponding hexachords have no pitch-classes in common with the original set; corresponding hexachords together produce an aggregate, a collection of all twelve pitch-classes. S1 and I11 are so related, and the opening of the concerto explicitly discloses this relationship: after the mentioned statement of S1, I11 is presented, similarly articulated by a rest, into its two hexachords and identically orchestrated. The statement also exemplifies the principle of the preservation of set-defined order within registrally and/or instrumentally delineated parts, but not necessarily between such parts. These successive statements most obviously effect an identification of the second hexachord of S1 with

Two such related sets, together with their retrograde forms, create a complex of sets so hexachordally related; at no point in the concerto are two sets stated simultaneously which are not so related, and such complexes dominate exclusively large sections of the composition. For example, the four sets so associated with S1 (S1, I11, R1, RI11) are the only sets employed during the first fifty-eight measures of the concerto, and the area thus delineated is normatively closely analagous to a functional tonal area. And when, at measure 59, a new hexachordal area is introduced, it is associated with new thematic materials. The new area is that defined by the hexachords of S11, a transposition by a perfect fifth of S1. This transpositional relation may suggest a parallel with the dominant region of tonal "second subjects," but—be that pertinent or not—this particular transposed form (and, naturally, its complement: the perfect fourth) has a singular hexachordal re-

lation to S1, in that it preserves the greatest number of pitches (four) between corresponding hexachords of any set not in the initial complex. In other words, S11 is that set which, by a traditionally tested and reasonable criterion of relatedness, carries the work away from the opening area to the most closely related area, and this relatedness is determined completely by the structure—the intervallic structure—of the hexachords of the set.

Schoenberg's concern with thematically structured composition, with thematic formation, dissolution, and reformation, which often results in a "theme and accompaniment" texture, and the need to differentiate linear and vertical events, is particularly well accommodated to the technique of aggregate construction through hexachords. For that interval (or intervals) which is most characteristic of, in the sense of occurring most frequently in, the constituent hexachords, is necessarily the least characteristic of the intervals formed between the hexachords, and vice versa. So, whereas in the tonal system those triadic intervals characteristic of simultaneities, and those intervals of scale adjacencies characteristic of linear succession, are independent of the individual works, in aggregate formations, the so characteristic intervals depend upon the nature of the particular set. In the Violin Concerto, the most characteristic interval of the hexachord is the perfect fifth (or fourth), while the characteristic intervals between hexachords are the major second (or minor seventh), and the major and minor thirds (or sixths). To account for striking



occurrences of apparent recurrence in the work, it should be observed that corresponding to each set is an inverted form which preserves the content of the four disjunct trichords. Corresponding to S1, for instance, is I8; the contents of the first and third trichords map into each other, while those of the second and fourth map into themselves. Each set in a complex consisting of two so related sets and their retrogrades is constructed of the same pitch trichords, with the order of pitches within a given trichord—in general—permuted differently in each set. The short range pitch identification which maintains among such sets makes them particularly useful in securing pitch-related compositional sections less literal than repetition. Schoenberg's Fourth String Quartet, completed in the same year as the Concerto, is based on a set with similar trichordal structure.

Those listeners who depend on surface similitudes, particularly thematic ones, to provide continuity and association in the first stages of their acquaintance with a work, will find numerous and strategic examples in this composition. The opening figure of the solo violin returns, not only at the end of the first movement, but in the cadenza near the conclusion of the final movement. The solo violin theme at the opening of the middle movement is a representation of S11 (the set of the first movement's second theme), while its final statement is a representation of S1. The violin opens the final movement with I11, and the movement ends with the combination of S1 and I11 with which the work began.

\*\*MILTON BABBITT\*\*

#### PIERROT LUNAIRE, Op. 21

Thrice Seven Poems from Albert Giraud's "Pierrot lunaire"
German version by Otto Hartleben
English translation by Ingolf Dahl and Carl Beier

#### BETHANY BEARDSLEE

The Columbia Chamber Ensemble Conducted by Robert Craft

Pierrot, white-faced clown of the early Italian pantomime and puppet shows, returns in a new romantic guise in the second half of the nineteenth century, to inspire poets, playwrights, painters and composers. The comic exterior now masks the exquisite sufferings of a sensitive artist and lover, ever frustrated, whose only faithful confidant is the moon. Albert Giraud's cycle of poems, published in 1884, suggests by its title that his Pierrot is exceptionally moonstruck, and in fact the moon itself is second in importance only to Pierrot among the personages that appear. Schoenberg enhances the antinaturalistic quality of the original, not only by musical but also by extra-musical means. Of the fifty poems comprised in Giraud's *Pierrot lunaire*, Schoenberg selected twenty-one

(from the German translation by Otto Erich Hartleben), to correspond to the opus number of the work, and these he grouped into three parts of seven poems each. In order to assure that his number mysticism would not be overlooked, Schoenberg christened the work "Dreimal sieben Gedichte aus Albert Girauds Pierrot lunaire." The sequence of the pieces represents neither the order of the original nor the order in which they were composed. Though the individual pieces are not grouped according to any strict principle, there does appear to be a certain family resemblance among the images evoked within each of the three parts.

In Part One we see (1) the moondrunk poet, (2) the anxious lover who yearns to offer Columbine a bouquet of

white blossoms of moonlight, (3) the dandy at his dressing table daubing his face with moonlight. In a woodland stream the moon washes fabrics made of lightbeams (4). A Chopin waltz is morbidly likened to a pale drop of blood on the lips of a consumptive (5). The poet offers his verses as an altar to the Madonna, "mother of all sorrows" (6). The pale moon is deathly ill of insatiable love yearnings (7).

Part Two concentrates on images of crime, guilt and punishment. It opens with a terrifying picture of the coming of night, the wings of giant moths blotting out the sun (8). The poet begs Pierrot to give him back his laughter—to return, in other words, to the simple farcical roles of the old Italian comedy (9). Pierrot is a grave-robber (10), a blasphemer (11). He will end on the gallows (12). In terror he stares at the moon, a shining scimitar about to decapitate him (13). In the final number (14) of Part Two the poet is crucified on his verses by the rabble.

Part Three is mainly concerned with Pierrot's homesickness, his yearning for the old pantomime (15). Once more he enacts the old grotesqueries and roqueries. Using the bald head of the screaming Cassander he drills a pipe bowl, stuffs tobacco into it, inserts a pipestem, and smokes (16). The cruel moon mocks an ageing lovesick duenna waiting for Pierrot in an arbor (17). He discovers a white spot on the collar of his black jacket, rubs it until, by early morning, it (a spot of moonlight) disappears (18). When Cassander interrupts his midnight serenade, he seizes him by the collar and dreamily scrapes his viola bow back and forth across Cassander's bald head (19). With a water lily for a boat and a moonbeam for a rudder, Pierrot travels homeward, to Bergamo (20). In the final number (21) the poet, abandoning his gloom, invokes the antique fragrance of a fairytale world of long ago.

Each of the poems is a rondeau, a French form of thirteen lines, with lines one and two repeated as lines seven and eight, and line one repeated again as line thirteen. The poetic structure is thus a very obvious one, and assures a certain formal clarity and overall unity in itself. One of the most ingenious aspects of Schoenberg's settings is the variety of musical structures that he employs, each of which relates to the poetic structure in an individual manner. This and other methods for strongly differentiating the individual pieces are necessitated and justified by the repetitive poetic form and by the style of vocal declamation used throughout (Sprechstimme, a type of recitative invented by Schoenberg in which the vocal part is spoken to exact time values, with the vowels momentarily touching the indicated pitch and at once rising or falling away from it). The five players and eight instruments (piano; flute and piccolo; clarinet and bass clarinet; violin and viola; cello) are all employed only in the final number. Otherwise they are used as a source of various special ensembles to provide characteristic instrumentations for the different pieces. For example: one of the pieces is accompanied only by the flute, another only by clarinet and piano; there is a trio for piccolo, clarinet and piano, another trio for flute, clarinet and violin, a third for bass clarinet, cello

and piano, a fourth for viola, cello and piccolo. Even the pauses *between* the pieces are differentiated: there are measured pauses of various durations, unmeasured pauses of various durations, conclusive pauses, preparatory pauses, transitions.

Several instances of tone-painting are found. The most obvious is the flourish in the piccolo at the conclusion of the Gallows Song. Obvious through *negative* emphasis is the soaring cello passage that accompanies the description of Pierrot's performance on the viola in the Serenade. The cello has several pizzicato notes, but not at the point where Pierrot's mournful pizzicato is mentioned. The significance of the canons in Parody and Moonspot is more esoteric. In the former the imitative writing symbolizes the mimicry of the moonbeams. In the latter a retrograde version of the canons commences at the precise instant, exactly midway through the piece, when Pierrot discovers the white spot on his coat, and concludes when he finally, as he thinks, rubs it off. The "old fragrance" in the concluding piece is suggested by parallel thirds and a recurring E major triad.

Far more problematical than the matters just discussed is the question of pitch organization in this music. Pierrot lunaire, composed in 1912, is a sort of compendium of all the styles and techniques that Schoenberg had evolved since his earliest "free" atonal works less than four years earlier, and it introduces some new elements as well. Some pieces (for example, No. 13) have the amorphous continuity of Erwartung, or of Opus 11, No. 3-a kind of stream of consciousness writing that defies objective analysis. Others (most rigorously No. 8) exploit the principle of the generative cell, a principle that anticipates, in certain respects, the twelve-tone system which Schoenberg was to evolve eleven years later. Several pieces (most consistently the first) employ ostinatos. Two pieces, mentioned above, are canonic. Moonspot is probably one of the most involved polyphonic structures ever conceived. The piano presents a three-part fugue, whose form is somewhat obscured by the crossing of voices and the occasional use of supplementary notes. The clarinet and piccolo form strict canons in diminution with the first two voices of the fugue. A third canon, independent of the others, is formed by the violin and cello. At the midpoint of the piece the clarinet and piccolo, proceeding at twice the speed of their canonic associates in the piano, have run out of notes and therefore reverse their direction, thus forming retrograde canons in diminution with the two fugal voices. The independent canon in violin and cello is also reversed at this point. (One should not, however, exaggerate the ingenuity required to write a polyphonic study of this sort of an idiom whose harmonic criteria are not predefined, as they are in tonal

A primary fallacy in the usual analytic approach to the works of Schoenberg's "free," or pre-serial, atonal period, is the attempt to establish, or assume, a more narrow range of predictability than the facts justify. Presumably, only familiarity is required to make this music sound "conventional." This is a dubious thesis. *Pierrot lunaire*, in any case, is not a work that one ever "gets used to."

GEORGE PERLE

#### PART 1

#### 1. MOONDRUNK

The wine that only eyes may drink
Pours from the moon in waves at nightfall,
And like a springflood overwhelms
The still horizon rim.

Desires, shivering and sweet,
Are swimming without number through the flood waters!
The wine that only eyes may drink
Pours from the moon in waves at nightfall.

The poet, by his ardor driven,
Grown drunken with the holy drink—
To heaven he rapturously lifts
His head and reeling slips and swallows
The wine that only eyes may drink.

#### 2. COLUMBINE

The moonlight's palest blossoms,
The whitest wonder-roses,
Bloom in summer nightfall.
O might I break just one!

My anxious pain to soften

I seek by darkest waters—

The moonlight's palest blossoms,

The whitest wonder-roses.

Fulfilled would be my yearning
Might I, as one enchanted,
As one in sleep, unpetal
Upon your auburn tresses
The moonlight's palest blossoms.

#### 3. THE DANDY

With lightbeams so weird and fantastic
The luminous moon lights the glistening jars
On the ebon, high-holiest washstand
Of the taciturn dandy from Bergamo.

Resounding in bronze-tinted basin
Brightly laughs the fountain with metallic ring.
With lightbeams so weird and fantastic
The luminous moon lights the glistening jars.

Pierrot, with waxen complexion,

Stands musing, and thinks: How shall I today make up?

He shoves aside rouge and the Oriental green,

And he daubs his face in most dignified style

With moonbeams so weird and fantastic.

#### 4. A PALE WASHERWOMAN

A pale washerwoman Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs, Naked, silverwhitest arms

#### 1. MONDESTRUNKEN

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt, Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder, Und eine Springflut überschwemmt Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste, schauerlich und süss, Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten! Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt, Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt, Berauscht sich an dem heilgen Tranke, Den Himmel wendet er verzückt Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

#### 2. COLUMBINE

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten, Die weissen Wunderrosen, Blühn in den Julinächten— O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern, Such ich am dunklen Strome Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten, Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürst ich so märchenheimlich,
so selig leis—entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

#### 3. DER DANDY

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallnen Flacons Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs. Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallnen Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich schminkt? Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

#### 4. EINE BLASSE WASCHERIN

Eine blasse Wäscherin Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher, Nackte, silberweisse Arme Reaching downward to the waters.

Through the clearing steal the breezes Gently stirring up the stream. A pale washerwoman Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs.

And the gentle Maid of Heaven,
By the branches softly fondled,
Spreads out on the darkling meadows
All her light-bewoven linen—
A pale washerwoman.

#### 5. A CHOPIN WALTZ

As a faint red drop of blood Stains the pale lips of one stricken, So there sleeps within these tones A morbid, soul-infecting lure.

Chords of savage lust disrupt
The icy dream of bleak despair—
As a faint red drop of blood
Stains the pale lips of one stricken.

Warm and joyous, sweet and yearning,
Melancholy-somber waltzes
Haunt me ever through my senses,
Cling in my imagination
As a faint red drop of blood.

#### 6. MADONNA

Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows, On the altar of my verses! Blood from your poor, shrunken breasts By the sword's cold rage was spilled.

Your deep wounds forever open Seem like eyes, so red and staring. Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows, On the altar of my verses.

In your thin and wasted arms
You hold up your Son's broken body
To reveal it to all mankind—
Yet the eyes of men avoid your grief,
O Mother of All Sorrows.

#### 7. THE SICK MOON

You somber, deathly-stricken moon,
There on the heaven's darkest couch,
Your gaze, so feverishly swollen,
Charms me like a strange enchanted air.

Of insatiable love-pangs
You die, die, by yearning overwhelmed,
You somber, deathly-stricken moon,
There on the heaven's darkest couch.

Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde, Leis bewegen sie den Strom. Eine blasse Wäscherin Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magá des Himmels, Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt, Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen— Eine blasse Wäscherin.

#### 5. VALSE DE CHOPIN

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken, Also ruht auf diesen Tönen Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Luft Accorde stören

Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum—

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts

Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heis und jauchzend, süss und schmachtend, Melancholisch düstrer Walzer, Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen! Haftest mir an den Gedanken, Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

#### 6. MADONNA

Steig, O Mutter aller Schmerzen, Auf den Altar meiner Verse! Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen;

Deine ewig frischen Wunden Gleichen Augen, rot und offen. Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen, Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche, Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit— Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

#### 7. DER KRANKE MOND

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl, Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross, Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt, Du nächtig todeskranker Mond Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl. The lover who, with rapturous heart, Without a care to his mistress goes
Is happy in your play of light,
In your pale and tormented blood,
You somber, deathly-stricken moon.

#### PART II

#### 8. NIGHT

Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings Killed the splendid shine of sun. An unopened magic-book, The dark horizon lies—in silence.

The dank fumes of lower darkness Give off vapor—stifling memory! Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings Killed the splendid shine of sun.

And from heaven down to earth
Sink, with heavy, swinging motion
Monsters huge, an unseen terror
On all mankind's hearts now falling—
Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings.

#### 9. PRAYER TO PIERROT

Pierrot! My laughter I have forgot! The image of splendor Dissolved, dissolved.

Black waves my banner Now from my mast. Pierrot! My laughter I have forgot!

O give me once more, Horse-doctor of souls, Snowman of lyrics, Moon's maharajah, Pierrot—my laughter!

#### 10. THEFT

Princely, luminous red rubies, Bloody drops of ancient glory, Slumber in the dead men's coffins Below, in the catacombs.

Nights, with his boon companions, Pierrot creeps down to plunder Princely, luminous red rubies, Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But look—their hair stands straight up,
Pale with fright they stand rooted;
Through the fearsome gloom—like eyeballs

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht, Belustigt deiner Strablen Spiel— Dein blieches, qualgebornes Blut, Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

#### PART II

#### 8. NACHT

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter Töteten der Sonne Glanz. Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch, Ruht der Horizont—verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlorner Tiefen Steigt ein Duft, Erinnrung mordend! Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts

Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder . . .

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

#### 9. GEBET AN PIERROT

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

Das Bild des Glanzes

Zerfloss—Zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge Mir nun vom Mast. Pierrot! Mein Lachen Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder, Rossarzt der Seele, Schneemann der Lyrik, Durchlaucht vom Monde, Pierrot—mein Lachen!

#### 10. RAUB

Rote, fürstliche Rubine, Blutge Tropfen alten Rubmes, Schlummern in den Totenschreinen, Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen, Steigt Pierrot binab—zu rauben Rote, fürstliche Rubine, Blutge Tropfen alten Rubmes.

Doch da—sträuben sich die Haare, Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze: Durch die Finsterniss—wie Augen!— Staring from the dead men's coffins, Princely, luminous red rubies.

#### 11. RED MASS

For evil's dread communion
In blinding golden glitter,
In candleshine-and-shudder,
Mounts the altar—Pierrot!

His hand, the consecrated, Tears off the priestly vestments For evil's dread communion In blinding glitter.

With sign-of-cross and blessing gestures
He shows to trembling, trembling souls
The Host all red and dripping:
His heart—in bloody fingers—
For evil's dread communion.

#### 12. GALLOWS SONG

The haggard harlot With scrawny neck Will be the last Of his mistresses.

In his brain there Sticks like a sharp nail The haggard harlot

With scrawny neck.

Thin as a pine tree, With hanging pigtail, Lustily she will Embrace the rascal, The haggard harlot!

#### 13. BEHEADING

The moon, glistening scimitar
Set on a black and silken cushion,
Unearthly huge, it threatens downward
Through sorrow-stricken night.

Pierrot wanders so restlessly, Lifts up his eyes in deathly fright To the moon, a glistening scimitar Set on a black and silken cushion.

His knees are shaking with fright,
Fainting, he suddenly collapses.
He thinks that on his sinful neck
Comes whistling down with brutal force
The moon, the glistening scimitar.

#### 14. THE CROSSES

Holy crosses are the verses
On which poets, mute, are bleeding,

Stieren aus den Totenschreinen Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

#### 11. ROJE MESSE

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar—Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweibte, Zerreisst die Priesterkleider Zu grausem Abendmable, Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde Ziegt er den bangen Seelen Die triefend rote Hostie: Sein Herz—in blutgen Fingern— Zu grausem Abendmable!

#### 12. GALGENLIED

Die dürre Dirne Mit langem Halse Wird seine letzte Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne Steckt wie ein Nagel Die dürre Dirne Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein ZöpfchenWollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

#### 13. ENTHAUPTUNG

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen, Gespenstisch gross—dräut er binab Durch schmerzensdunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umber Und starrt empor in Todesängsten Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie, Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen. Er wähnt: es sause strasend schon Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

#### 14. DJE KREUZE

Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse, Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten, Blindly beaten by the vultures, Fluttering swarms of ghostly phantoms.

In their bodies daggers revelled,
Blazoned in the blood of scarlet!
Holy crosses are the verses
On which poets, mute, are bleeding.
Reft of life—the locks rigid—
Lo, the rabble's noise is fading.
Slowly sinks the sun in glory,
Like a crimson Emperor's crown.

#### PART III

#### 15. HOMESICKNESS

Holy crosses are the verses.

Sweetly plaintive—a crystal sighing
From the old Italian pantomime
Rings across time: how Pierrot's grown awkward
In such sentimental modern fashion!

And it sounds through the wastes of his heart Echoes softly through his senses also, Sweetly plaintive—a crystal sighing From the old Italian pantomime.

Now Pierrot forgets his somber mien.

Through the silvery fireglow of moonlight

Through the flooding waves of light, his yearning

Soars on high to native skies so distant—

Sweetly plaintive—a crystal sighing.

#### 16. VULGARITY

Into the bald pate of Cassander, Who rends the air with screaming, Blithe Pierrot, affecting airs so kind And tender—bores with a skull drill!

Then he plugs with his big thumb His own genuine Turkish tobacco Into the bald pate of Cassander, Who rends the air with screaming.

Then screwing his cherry pipestem Deep into the polished baldpate, Quite at ease he puffs and draws His own genuine Turkish tobacco Out of the bald pate of Cassander!

#### 17. PARODY

Steel needles, twinkling brightly, Stuck in her graying hair, Sits the duenna, murmuring, In her knee-length scarlet skirt.

She's waiting in the arbor,

Blindgeschlagen von der Geier Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter, Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach! Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse, Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt—erstarrt die Locken— Fern verwebt der Lärm des Pöbels. Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder, Eine rote Königskrone.— Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse!

#### 15. HEIMWEH

Lieblich klagend—ein krisstallnes Seufzen Aus Italiens alter Pantomime, Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern, So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste, Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder, Lieblich klagend—ein krisstallnes Seufzen Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermienen!

Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,

Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten—schweift die Sehnsucht

Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,

Lieblich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen!

#### 16. GEMEINHEIT!

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich—einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen Seinen echten türkschen Taback In den blanken Kopf Cassanders, Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel Hinten in die glatte Glatze Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er Seinen echten türkschen Taback Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

#### 17. PARODIE

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend, In ihrem grauen Haar, Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd, Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube.

She loves Pierrot with aching heart—Steel needles, twinkling brightly,
Stuck in her graying hair.

But suddenly—hark—a whisper! A windpuff titters softly; The moon, the cruel mocker, Is aping with its bright rays Steel needles' wink and blink.

#### 18. THE MOONSPOT

With a spot of white, of shining moonlight, On the collar of his jet-black jacket, So Pierrot goes walking in the evening, Out to seek some joy and high adventure.

Suddenly, in his dress something disturbs him. He examines it—and yes, he finds there A spot of white, of shining moonlight, On the collar of his jet-black jacket.

Hang it, he thinks; another spot of whitewash! Whisks and whisks, yet he cannot remove it. So he goes on, full of spleen and fury, Rubs and rubs until the early morning A spot of white, of shining moonlight.

#### 19. SERENADE

With a bow grotesque and monstrous, Pierrot scrapes away at his viola; Like a stork on only one leg, Sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Pop, out comes Cassander,
Raging at the nightly virtuoso—
With a bow grotesque and monstrous,
Pierrot scrapes away at his viola.

Now he throws down his viola:
With his delicate left hand
He grabs the baldpate by the collar—
Dreamily plays upon his tonsure
With a bow grotesque and monstrous.

#### 20. HOMEWARD BOUND

A moonbeam for the rudder, Water lily for a boat, So Pierrot travels southward With fresh prevailing wind.

The stream hums deep cadenzas
And rocks the little skiff;
A moonbeam for the rudder,
Water lily for a boat.

To Bergamo, the homeland, Now Pierrot returns; Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen, Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend, In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich—horch!—ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen—
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

#### 18. DER MONDFLECK

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes, So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend, Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug, Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig— Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch—bringt ihn nicht herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen—
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

#### 19. SERENADE

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche, Wie der Storch auf einem Beine, Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander—wütend Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen— Mit groteskem Riesenbogen Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

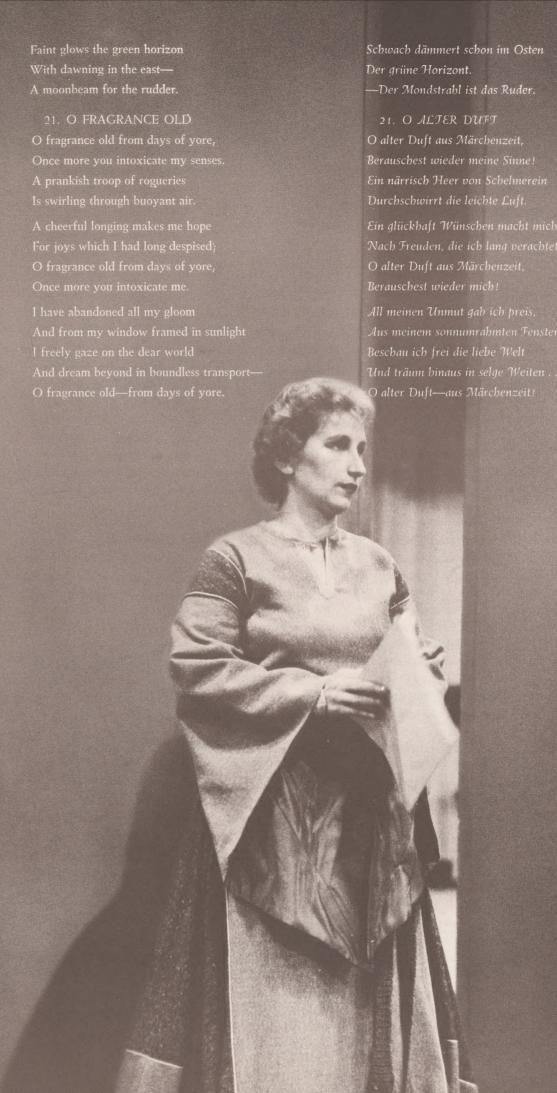
Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche: Mit der delikaten Linken Fasst den Kahlkopf er am Kragen— Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

#### 20. HEIMFAHRT

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder, Seerose dient als Boot: Drauf fährt Pierrot den Süden Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen Und wiegt den leichten Kahn. Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder, Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat, Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück,



BETHANY BEARDSLEE

# DIE GLÜCKLICHE HAND, Op. 18 (The Golden Touch) Drama with Music Text by Arnold Schoenberg English translation by David Johnson ROBERT OLIVER, Bass The Columbia Symphony Orchestra & Chorus Conducted by Robert Craft

"Die Glückliche Hand," which is described in the score as a "drama with music," occupied Schoenberg between the years 1910 and 1913. He wrote his own libretto-or rather, scenario-for this work, as he was to do again with Moses und Aron. Typically, the time lag between completion of the score and its first performance was considerable. Die Glückliche Hand was not premièred until October 19, 1924. The performance took place in the Musical and Theatrical Festival Room of the Volksoper in Vienna. Fritz Stiedry was the conductor, Eugen Steinhof the stage manager. According to Egon Wellesz, the performance was a success."One could see that the effect of this dramatic experiment—one cannot call it opera—was astoundingly great. One certainly noticed the difference between the slight scenic idea and the mastercraft displayed in the music. It showed, however, such great art that all hearers were won to the work and Schoenberg received rapturous ovations." The ovations must have been as novel for Schoenberg as the stage piece was for the spectators; he had grown used to a different kind of noise from his audiences. Nevertheless any hope this success may have raised in him was destined to change to disappointment: Die Glückliche Hand has had very few hearings since 1924.

"Differing from Erwartung," Wellesz notes, "the style of the Glückliche Hand is essentially simple and clearly formed. The choruses at the beginning and end form a frame for the real work, which can be called an essentially psychological pantomime, symbolic in aim. Each scene has its own color and its own instrumentation, and although the whole work only takes twenty-three minutes, it is indeed a stirring scene of plastic expression.

"Of one thing one may be certain from a glance at the score, viz. that the Glückliche Hand represents an entirely unheard-of, daring and novel solution to the problem of scenery; and that in this work a musical and dramatic style has been created which, if it were rightly understood and correspondingly carried out, would have as overwhelming an effect as a drama of Strindberg. For one perceives that it is not a question of breathing a certain amount of dramatic breath into people, but rather a highly personal form of expression through the means of drama."

That Schoenberg's drama for music can have anything like the effect of Miss Julie or The Father is highly questionable. What it comes closer to is the silent film, with which

it is contemporaneous; it also anticipates by a few years some of the expressionistic techniques of such German film makers as Robert Wiene and Fritz Lang. Unfortunately, those techniques, daringly avant garde in their day, tend at mid-century to inspire mirth or (worse still) nostalgia. But another avant garde procedure found in *Die Glückliche Hand* remains almost as novel and unexploited in today's opera houses as it was forty years ago: the detailed and intricate use of stage lighting. Schoenberg may owe something to Scriabin in his color-tone experiments, but he is at once more thorough-going and more functional in manipulating color and light; they become, with the music, the most important dramatic elements in the work.

The "plot" of Die Glückliche Hand is obviously, as Wellesz observes, "symbolic in aim." And its symbolism is not very difficult to decode. Like Moses und Aron, it contains strong elements of autobiography. The Man is generally The Artist and specifically Arnold Schoenberg. We see him at the beginning lying prone, the monster of dissatisfaction and bitterness gnawing at him while a "Greek" chorus upbraids him for desiring the things of this world (namely, acclaim and recognition) when he knows that fulfillment for him can come only through the bodiless world of the intellect. Despite their warning, despite the terrible punishment inflicted upon him by his wounded ego (the monster), he goes through the same cycle of ecstasy and debasement that he has gone through before and shall again. The beautiful woman who proffers him the cup of bliss is, in William James's phrase, the bitch goddess Success. The dandy, who steals her from him, is the shallow and meretricious artist, the maker of Viennese bon-bons-those vapid tunes picked out on the piano, which Schoenberg, the unwilling Robert Russell Bennett of his day, had to earn his living by orchestrating. The scene in the grotto of the workmen, where the Man shapes a diadem beautiful and new with one magnificent hammer blow (at the same time destroying the anvil that had supported the raw material) needs no exegesis for anyone who is familiar with what Schoenberg was doing to the art of music in 1910-1913. The laborers who set upon the Man after he had created his thing of beauty may be thought of either as workaday musicians or the outraged public. More subtle and less baldly to be stated is the meaning of the wind-tone-color crescendo after the man has left the grotto

of the workmen, and its strange effect upon him. This kind of spiritual exaltation, so akin to pain, has been verbalized by some of the chosen few who have known it (Coleridge, for instance, in the Biographia Literaria) and the rest of us can at least intuitively understand it.

A note on the translation: Schoenberg with minute fidelity relates each detail of the stage action of *Die Glückliche Hand* to his music through an elaborate system of signs and symbols. Almost every bar of the score accompanies a specific event on stage—whether it be the outstretching of an arm or the shift of light from one color or intensity to another. Obviously this intimate parity of stage and pit cannot be translated. The best that can be done is to give the lengthy stage directions in full, and in proper sequence. This leaves to the record listener the difficult but challenging job of imagining the visual image and synchronizing it with the aural stimulus.

#### DAVID JOHNSON

SCENE I

The stage is almost entirely dark. In front lies the Man, face down. On his back crouches a cat-like, fantastic animal (hyena with enormous, bat-like wings) that seems to have sunk its teeth into his neck. The visible portion of the stage is very small, somewhat round (a shallow curve). The rear stage is hidden by a dark-violet velvet curtain. There are slight gaps in this curtain from which green-lit faces peer: six men, six women. The light very weak. Only the eyes are clearly visible. The rest is swathed in soft red veiling, and this too reflects the greenish light.

SIX WOMEN

Be still, won't you?

You know how it always is,

and yet you remain blind.

So many times already! And once again?

Once again the same ending.

Once again trusting in the dream.

Once again you fix your

longing on the unattainable.

Once again you give yourself up

to the sirens of your thoughts,

thoughts that are unworldly

but thirst for worldly fulfillment.

You poor fool-worldly fulfillment!

You, who have the divine in you,

and covet the worldly!

SIX MEN

Be silent, restless being.

You knew how it would be.

Will you never be at rest?

You know that the pattern once again

repeats itself.

Must you once again

rush in?

Believe in reality:

it is thus, thus it is,

and not otherwise.

Once again you fix your

longing . . . etc.

SECHS FRAUEN

Still, o schweige;

du weisst es ja;

und trotzdem bist du blind?

So oft schon! Und immer wieder?

Immer wieder das gleiche Ende.

Immer wieder glaubst du dem Traum?

Immer wieder hängst du deine

Sehnsucht ans Unerfüllbare;

Immer wieder überlässt du dich

den Lockungen deiner Sinne,

die unirdisch sind.

aber irdisches Glück ersehnen!

Du Armer! Irdisches Glück!

Du, der das überirdische in dir hast,

sehnst dich nach dem irdischen!

SECHS MÄNNER

O schweige, Rubeloser!

du wusstest es ja-

Kannst du nicht endlich Rube finden!

Du weisst, es ist immer wieder

das Gleiche.

Musst du dich immer wieder

bineinstürzen?

Glaub der Wirklichkeit,

sie ist so, so ist sie,

und nicht anders.

Immer wieder bängst du deine

Sehnsucht . . . usw.

SIX WOMEN, SIX MEN

SECHS FRAUEN, SECHS MÄNNER

And you cannot win out!

Und kannst nicht bestehn!

You poor fool!

Du Armer!

They disappear (the gaps in the curtain grow dark). The fantastic animal also disappears.

Then a long, black shadow falls across the Man. Suddenly, behind the scene, loud, gay music is heard, a joyous uproar of instruments. Shrill, mocking laughter of a crowd of people.

At the same moment the Man springs to his feet. The dark curtains at the back are rent asunder. The Man stands there, upright. He wears a dirty yellow-brown jacket of very coarse, thick material. The left leg of his black trousers comes down only to the knee; from there on it is in tatters. His shirt is half open, showing his chest. On his stockingless feet are badly torn shoes; one is so torn that his naked foot shows through, disclosing a large, open wound where it has been cut by a nail. His face and chest are in part bloody, in part covered with scars. His hair is shorn close.

#### SCENE II

The stage grows brighter, showing a somewhat larger area, deeper and wider than the first. In the background a soft blue, sky-like backdrop. Below, to the left, close to the bright brown earth, a circular space five feet in diameter hovers above the stage like glaring yellow sunlight. No other lighting but this, and it must be very intense. The side curtains are of pleated, hanging material, soft yellow-green in color.

Rising, the Man stands for a moment with head sunk, then says fervently:

THE MAN

DER MANN

Yes, oh yes!

Ja, o ja!

The blossoming!

Das Blüben!

Oh, longing!

o Sehnsucht!

Behind him a beautiful young woman emerges from one of the folds in the side-hangings. She is clothed in a soft deep-violet garment, pleated and flowing; yellow and red roses in her hair; graceful figure.

A quarter of the way across the stage, the Woman pauses and looks with unspeakable pity at the Man.

The Man senses her presence without looking around. Her face is filled with warm interest, she seems to listen to him thoughtfully.

THE MAN

DER MANN

O you blessed one!

O du! Du Gute!

How beautiful you are!

Wie schön du bist!

How sweet it is to see you,

Wie wohl es tut, dich zu sehn,

to speak with you,

mit dir zu sprechen,

to listen to you.

dir zu zuhören.

How you smile,

Wie du lächelst!

how your eyes laugh!

Wie deine Augen lachen!

Ah, your lovely soul!

Deine schöne Seele!

The Woman holds a goblet in her right hand and, stretching forth her right arm (the sleeve of her garment hangs down to her wrist), offers it to the Man. From above violet light falls upon the goblet. Rapturous pause.

Suddenly, a trumpet sounds, and the Man finds the goblet in his hand, although neither has stirred from their places and the Man has never looked at her. (N.B., he is not able to look behind; he gazes always ahead; she remains always behind him.) The Man holds the goblet in his right hand, stretching out his arm.

The Man contemplates the goblet with rapture.

Suddenly he becomes deeply serious, almost dejected; reflects a moment; then raises his face again and with a joyous resolution puts the goblet to his lips and drains it slowly.

As he drinks, the Woman watches him with waning interest. A coldness takes possession of her face. With a less graceful motion she gathers her dress to her and hastens silently to the other side of

the stage. Remains standing not far from the side curtain on the right (always behind him).

With the goblet still raised to his lips, the Man takes several steps forward and to the left, so that he now stands approximately at stage center.

When he lets his hand and the goblet sink, the Woman's face is a mask of hostility.

He stands deep in thought, moved, entranced.

THE MAN

How beautiful you are!

I am so glad

Job bin so glücklich,
when you are near me;

I live again . . .

Oh, you are beautiful!

DER MANN

Wie schön du bist!

Weil du bei mir bist!

Job lebe wieder . . .

Odu Schöne!

He stretches out both his arms.

Meanwhile she begins slowly to withdraw. When she has reached the side curtain on the right, her face lights up.

A Gentleman appears before this curtain, in a dark gray overcoat, walking stick in hand, elegantly dressed—a handsome, genteel figure. He stretches his hand to her; she goes smilingly to him; confidently, as to an old acquaintance. As the Gentleman smiles back at her, the Man grows uneasy.

The Gentleman takes the Woman impetuously in his arms, and both disappear through the right-hand curtain.

Meanwhile the Man turns around by degrees, as though the back of his head perceived these things. He bends forward slightly. At the moment when the Gentleman stretches his hand toward the Woman, the Man's left hand stiffens convulsively; and as she rushes into the arms of the Gentleman, the Man groans, takes several steps to the left and then stands still in utter dejection.

But in a moment the Woman rushes from the side curtain on the left and kneels before him. Humility suffuses her face and she seems to beg forgiveness.

The Man listens to her without looking at her (his glance is directed upward). His face glows happily.

THE MAN

Oh, you are sweet,

You are beautiful!

DER MANN

Odu Süsse,

du Schöne!

She gets slowly to her feet, takes his left hand and kisses it.

He comes before her and sinks down on his knees and reaches toward her hands (without touching her, however).

As she stands and he kneels, her face changes somewhat—takes on a slightly sarcastic expression. He looks blissfully at her, raises his hand and touches hers lightly.

While he continues to kneel, deeply stirred, directing his gaze at his own upraised hand, she quickly flees through the left curtain.

The Man does not realize that she is gone. To him, she is there at his hand, which he gazes at uninterruptedly.

After a while he rises by a colossal effort, stretching his arm high in the air...and remains standing giant-like on tip-toe.

THE MAN

Now I possess you

Nun besitze ich dich
forever.

für immer!

#### SCENE III

For a moment the stage darkens, then immediately grows bright. Now its entire practicable depth and width are visible: wild, rocky landscape; blackish-gray, overgrown cliffs with a scattering of pine trees, their branches silver-gray. At stage center, a small, rocky plateau, flanked by high, sheer rocks that stretch right and left as far as the apron of the stage. The plateau slopes forward slightly. Somewhat to the right of stage center it towers up steep and slanting. Here a ravine winds between two rock formations, its brim visible. Before it lies a lower plateau, connected with the higher one. Towering above

the ravine stands a single, man-sized fragment of rock. In back of the plateau (and higher than it) are two grottos, hidden by dark-violet material. The scene must be lighted from behind and above, so that the rocks throw shadows over the otherwise rather bright stage. The entire effect should not counterfeit nature, but rather be a free combination of colors and forms. There falls at first (unshaded, from behind) a grey-green light across the scene. Later, when the grottos are illuminated, yellow-green light is cast on the rocks and dark blue-violet light on the ravine.

As soon as the scene grows bright, the Man is seen standing within the ravine. He stands without difficulty, although it is plainly a treacherous place to gain a foothold. He is dressed as in the first scene save that he has a rope bound around his waist from which dangle two Saracen's heads, and he holds an embossed, bloody sword in his hand.

Scarcely before the Man has completely emerged form the ravine, one of the two grottos (left) grows bright, changing rather quickly from dark-violet to brown, red, blue and green, and then to a bright, delicate yellow (citrus-yellow). (Not too bright!) In the grotto, which is something between a machine shop and a goldsmith's workshop, several workers are seen at work in realistic workingmen's dress. One files, one sits at a machine, one hammers, etc. The light in the grotto now seems to come mainly from the lamps hanging above the workers (twilight glow). In the middle stands an anvil, under it a heavy iron hammer.

When the Man has completely climbed from the ravine, he steps behind a rock formation and contemplates the workers. An idea seems to occur to him; he breathes heavily. Then he brightens, grows more cheerful, and says quietly and naively:

THE MAN

DER MANN

That can be done more simply.

Das kann man einfacher!

He goes to the anvil, lets the sword fall, picks up a piece of gold lying on the ground, lays it on the anvil and grasps the hammer with his right hand. Before he strikes, the workers spring up and make as if to throw themselves upon him. They must not go so far as actually to attack him, but their intention should be clear to the audience.

Meanwhile, without noticing these menacing gestures, the Man contemplates his raised left hand, whose fingertips are lighted bright blue from above. He looks at them with deep emotion, then—radiant, swelled with the sense of power—he grasps the hammer with both hands and brings it down with a powerful swing.

When the hammer falls, the workers' faces express astonishment: the anvil splits down the middle and the gold sinks into the cleft.

The Man bends down and pulls it out with his left hand. Raises it on high slowly. It is a diadem, set with precious stones.

THE MAN

DER MANN

This is the way to make jewels.

So schafft man Schmuck.

The workers' gestures grow threatening again; then disdainful; they take counsel together and seem to be planning some move against the Man. The Man throws his handiwork to them, laughing. They prepare to rush upon him. He has turned away and does not see them.

He stoops to pick up his sword. As he touches it with his left hand, the grotto grows dark.

Every trace of the workshop disappears behind the dark curtain. As it darkens, a wind springs up. At first it murmurs softly, then steadily swells louder (along with the music). Conjoined with this wind-crescendo is a light-crescendo. It begins with dull red light (from above) that turns to brown and then a dirty green. Next it changes to a dark blue-gray, followed by violet. This grows, in turn, into an intense dark red which becomes ever brighter and more glaring until, after reaching a blood-red, it is mixed more and more with orange and then bright yellow; finally a glaring yellow light alone remains and from all sides inundates the second grotto.

This grotto was already visible at the beginning of the light-crescendo and underwent the same gamut of color changes within and without (although less brightly than the rest of the stage). Now it too streams with yellow light.

During this crescendo of light and storm, the Man reacts as though both emanated from him. He looks first at his hand (the red light); it sinks, completely exhausted; slowly, his eyes grow excited (dirty green). His excitement increases; his limbs stiffen convulsively, trembling, he stretches both arms out (blood red); his eyes start from his head and he opens his mouth in horror. When the yellow light appears, his head seems as though it is about to burst. He does not turn toward the grotto, but looks

straight ahead.

When it is completely bright, the storm breaks off and the yellow light changes swiftly to a mild bluish (pleasant) light.

For a moment the grotto remains empty, bathed in this light.

Then the Woman enters from the left, quickly and lightly. She is dressed as in the second scene, but the upper left section of her clothing is missing, so that this part of her upper body is completely naked to her hip. When she reaches the middle of the grotto she stands still and looks inquiringly about her for a moment. Then she stretches her arms toward the Gentleman, who at the same moment becomes visible at the right side of the grotto. He holds the missing portion of her dress in his right hand and beckons her with it.

Meanwhile the Man's despair increases. He crooks his fingers into claws, presses his arms to his sides, bends his knees and leans the upper part of his body backward. When the Gentleman beckons with the scrap of clothing, the Man turns around with a violent jolt and falls on his knees, then on his hands, and tries to reach the grotto on all fours. But he is unable to climb up.

THE MAN

You, you, you are mine . . . you were mine . . .

she was mine . . .

DER MANN

Du, du, du bist mein . . .

du warst mein . . .

sie war mein . . .

As the Man utters these words, the Gentleman notices him but makes this known only by the cool glance he casts upon him. When the Man attempts to clamber up, the Gentleman throws him the scrap of clothing with a calm, cold gesture, and exits with utter indifference, never changing the expression of his face.

The Man gets up and makes desperate efforts to climb up to the grotto. They are of no avail, for the walls are slippery as marble.

Suddenly the stage grows completely dark and then light again. Half bright: a pale, greenish-gray light. With the return of light, the Woman springs from the grotto onto the plateau, seeking the scrap of clothing. She sees it lying near the Man, hastens to it, picks it up and covers herself with it.

During the momentary darkness the Man had leaned his head against the wall, his back turned to the Woman. When she puts on the fragment of her dress, he turns around, throws himself on his knees, and sings beseechingly:

THE MAN

DER MANN

Beautiful vision, stay with me.

Du Schöne, bleib bei mir.

Sliding on his knees, he tries to reach her, but she slips from him and hastens up the rock. He tries to follow her but slides down on his knees again. She gains the top quickly and hurries to the mansized stone near the ravine. At the moment when she had lept from the grotto to the plateau, this stone had begun to glow (from within) with a dazzling green light. Now, its peak looks like a monstrous sneering mask, and the shape of the entire stone changes so that one might take it to be the fantastic animal of the first scene, standing upright. At this moment the Man stands below and directly opposite the Woman, so that, when she gives the stone a slight push with her foot, it topples over and hurtles down upon him.

As the stone buries the Man it grows dark, and the loud music and mocking laughter of the first scene are heard again.

#### SCENE IV

Scene change. The stage is lighted again quickly. The same as the first scene: the six men and the six women. Their faces are now lit by a gray-blue light, the fantastic animal is once again gnawing the neck of the Man, and he is lying on the ground in the same spot where the stone had been cast down on top of him (thereby strengthening the impression that the stone and the fantastic animal are one and the same).

SIX WOMEN, SIX MEN

SECHS FRAUEN, SECHS MÄNNER Musstest du's wieder erleben,

Must you live again

what you have so often lived? Can you never renounce? Never at last resign yourself? Is there no peace within you? Still none? You seek to lay hold of what will only slip from you when you grasp it. Something is in you, around you, wherever you may be. Do you not feel yourself? Do you not hear yourself? Hold fast to what you grasp! Do you not feel what you touch, the wounds first in your flesh, the pain first in your body, the joy that is absent from your soul? And still you seek. And torment yourself, and are without rest. You poor fool!

was du so oft erlebt? Kannst du nicht verzichten? Nicht dich endlich bescheiden? Ist kein Friede in dir? Noch immer nicht! Suchst zu packen, was dir nur entschlüpfen kann, wenn du's hältst. Was aber in dir ist und um dich, wo du auch seist. Fühlst du dich nicht? Hörst du dich nicht? Fassest nur, was du greifst! Fühlst du nur, was du berührst. deine Wunden erst an deinem Fleisch, deine Schmerzen erst an deinem Körper, deine Freude nicht, an deiner Seele? Und suchst dennoch! Und quälst dich, und bist ruhelos. Du Armer!

The gray-blue light that falls on their faces is somewhat tinted with red. The stage grows dark slowly, and the curtain falls.

# A SURVIVOR FROM WARSAW, Op. 46 Text by Arnold Schoenberg JOHN HORTON, Narrator The CBC Symphony Orchestra & the Festival Singers of Toronto Elmer Iseler, Director Conducted by Robert Craft

A Survivor From Warsaw was composed in 1946-1947. The initial performance, November 4, 1948, was by the Albuquerque Civic Symphony, Kurt Frederick conducting.

The Survivor From Warsaw is a fully-formed music drama of six minutes' duration; the economy of statement and compression of the form are extreme, even for Schoenberg, and no idea is repeated in the same way.

A basic plan of interval relationships is exposed at the beginning of the piece in a succession of distorted bugle calls with their underlying string chords. The twelve notes that describe these intervals form a hexachord and its mirror, i. e. the first six notes of the basic interval series are the same, though in different order, as the last six notes of the mirror, which means that the composer is able to draw upon some of the same material from two different patterns

of serial origin.

I count but two orchestral effects new to Schoenberg, one of which, the high trombone trill, was used in the finale of the Firebird. But an effect is produced by its circumstance, and in the Survivor one must remark how perfectly suited to the texture of Schoenberg's natural hypertension and his normal sound—his characteristic uses of col legno battuto, sul ponticello, saltando, of fluttertonguing in muted brass, of high trills from the winds—are the circumstances of the subject.

The shapes of Schoenberg's musical ideas are always instrumentally conceived, by which I mean no more than that the composer thought through an instrument, and not in open score. But the *Survivor* is as remarkable for its orchestral volumes as for its timbres. The two most dra-

matic moments in the narrative are those where the narration leaves description for action: the first quotation, in German, of the Sargeant, and the singing, in Hebrew, of the "Shema Yisroel." Both of these events are heavily dependent upon orchestral scene-changing, which Schoenberg effects by radical changes in volume. The Sargeant is accompanied by percussion alone, and the "Shema Yisroel" is accompanied by the full orchestra, which has been saved for this moment and used heretofore only in groups and solo-instrument combinations. I do not say that the appearance of the full orchestra at this dramatic peak is the only source of dramatic effect; of equal importance is the fact that at this point the heretofore fragmented musico-dramatic style gives way to unity and continuity.

The musico-dramatic procedure employs a number of devices of preparation, as well as of identification-what Mr. Babbitt calls "surface similitudes." For example, the ending, the Hebrew hymn of triumph, is anticipated near the beginning of the work by a muted horn sounding its first six notes softly and in the background. And the music accompanying the narrator's final speech, "like a stampede of wild horses," is anticipated near the beginning (though not so literally) by the music to the words, "the grandiose moment when they all started to sing." In both of these examples the later passage acts upon the earlier as a transformation and development. Relationships of this sort should be distinguished from those between shorter motives such as the bugle calls, even though these, on successive statements, are varied in pitch, timbre, rhythm, melodic direction.

I can think of no other Schoenberg score in which rhythmic patterns are emphasized so ostensibly "for themselves." The Survivor is also the only Schoenberg with a relatively extensive passage for percussion instruments alone. But percussive noises, especially the drum roll, which other instruments imitate as well—the high xylophone tremolo, for instance—are as much a part of Schoenberg's Nazi nightmare as the bugle calls. Bursts of snare drums and scraps of march rhythms occur throughout the score, and often in subtle disguises. (One is tempted to say that the Morse Code rhythms of certain early so-called twelve-tone scores has found an appropriate subject.) In contrast to these military patterns are the lame, limping and irregular rhythms associated with the Jews. The twos against threes of the "stampede of wild horses" is a capital invention, I think, and so is such a simple trick as the narrator's:

Where is the *Survivor* in the Schoenberg pantheon? At a higher eminence, I think, than anyone has accorded it. It is protest music, and Schoenberg was personally involved in the protest, and that, in his case, is almost a guarantee of great music. The ending, I think, is the most moving he ever wrote—compare it with the MGM ending of the *Genesis* prelude where he has no words to inspire him and

where he even forgets his own *Satire* on composers who end in C major after wandering about traversing all the keys.

As for relating the Survivor to other Schoenberg, one thinks first of that other dramatic narrative, the Ode to Napoleon, especially in the endings—the treatment of the first four notes of the series at the end of the Survivor, first in the violins, and then in augmentation and abbreviation through the orchestra. But the listener is also reminded of Moses und Aron by the use for dramatic contrast of singing and speech. And of the String Trio, by the use of accented string harmonics. Measure 53 of the Survivor might have come from the Vergangenes of 1909, too, and the Shema D'isroel, in its orchestra polyphony and triplet rhythms recalls the choral section at the end of Die Glückliche Hand, especially in the string figuration (see measure 85 of the Survivor).

From 1947 to 1950, Robert Craft conducted the Chamber Art Society which, with Igor Stravinsky and Serge Koussevitzky as sponsors, gave a dozen important concerts at Carnegie and Town Halls. Since 1951 Mr. Craft has made concert tours of Europe, South America and Japan, conducting in every major city. He has often appeared as lecturer as well as conductor, and as an author he has collaborated with Igor Stravinsky in a celebrated series of conversation books.

Mr. Craft is one of the most devoted and distinguished interpreters of the music of Arnold Schoenberg and his disciples, and has won wide praise, both here and abroad, for his brilliant series of Columbia recordings of these and other twentieth century composers.

Over the past ten years, the American soprano Bethany Beardslee has premiered the works of Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, Stravinsky. "The young lady may well be this country's most authoritative interpreter of contemporary vocal music," wrote Eric Salzman in the New York *Times*. For Columbia Miss Beardslee has also recorded Alban Berg's *Altenberg Lieder* (ML 5428/MS 6103\*), *Der Wein* and *Sieben Frühe Lieder* (M2L 271/M2S 620\*).

Israel Baker joined the All-American Youth Orchestra as concertmaster under Stokowski and later became one of the youngest members of the NBC Symphony under Toscanini. He has appeared as soloist with many orchestras and as concertmaster with such eminent conductors as Bruno Walter, Erich Leinsdorf and Igor Stravinsky. A phenomenal virtuoso of his instrument, Mr. Baker is also an excellent chamber musician and together with Heifetz, Piatigorsky and Primrose has recorded and appeared in recitals.

Since her first appearance in *Erwartung* at the Hamburg Opera, Helga Pilarczyk has given nearly a hundred performances of this work. As a leading soprano of the Hamburg Opera, she has become famous for her interpretations of two Berg heroines: Lulu, in the opera of that name, and Marie in *Wozzeck*. She made her American debut in Washington, D. C., in December of 1960, performing *Erwartung* with the Opera Society of Washington.

\*Stereo

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Part III- DIE GLÜ	PIERROT LUNAIRE (Conclusion)       5:20         - (Nos. 19-21)       5:20         ÜCKLICHE HAND       17:20         IVOR FROM WARSAW—Boelke-Bomart, Inc. (ASCAP)       6:00         28:50



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3. A SURVIVOR FROM WARSAW, Op. 46
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