



Photo: Allan Chappelow, M.A., F.R.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

unity of the world through a combination of the most disparate fragments of existence". Vide Gustav René Hocke: "Die Welt als Labyrinth". "Manier und Manie in der europäischen Kunst", *rowohlts deutsche enzyklopädie*, vol 50/51, 1957.

4 *Biblia Sacra Vulgatae Editionis Sixti V. Pontificis Maximi. Editio Octava, Ratisbonae, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati, MDCCCLXXXI.*

The English quotation is mine.

I should like to express here my gratitude to the Rev. Pius Baumgartner for having kindly procured me one of the rare copies of the Vulgate available in Switzerland.

5 The importance Strawinsky attributed to the inward development of the text is shown very clearly by the fact that he concludes with psalm 5, verse 21. The final verse 22 says: "Sed projiciens repulisti nos, iratus es contra nos vehementer".

6 Strawinsky himself has given them the following titles: "De Elegia Prima", "De Elegia Tertia": (1) "Querimonia" (2) "Sensus Spei" (3) "Solacium", "De Elegia Quinta".

7 *Threni* requires: Choir, 6 solo voices (soprano, alto, 2 tenors, 2 basses). 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 1 English horn, 2 clarinets, 1 alto clarinet, 1 bass clarinet, 1 sarrusophone, 4 horns, 1 bugle (C alto), 3 trombones, 1 tuba, piano, harp, celesta, timpani, tamtam, strings.

8 Our survey, which, for brevity's sake, mentioned just one single part K, may now be completed: K₁/2 (crotchet=60 MM), accompanied by an independent orchestral set, introduces the thematic semitone-repetitions (section one) and the strictly chordal texture (section two); K₃ (crotchet=90 MM), sustained by pedal notes only, takes over the texture, using a similar melodic shape in a different rhythmical context. Here, as later on, the figures (K₁, K₂, K₃ or N₁, N₂, N₃) refer to the respective sections of the tripartite parts.

9 I know that this may sound rather sophisticated. The fact remains, however, that the same correspondence can be shown between the intervals of the pseudo-canon in M and those of the "Canon a 2" in "Querimonia": M₁=F₂, M₂=F₁, M₃=F₃.

10 I will take the liberty to use henceforth the plural form "rows" instead of speaking of "the row and its derivations". Winfried Zillig suggests in his footnote to p. 118 of the vocal score of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* a like use of the term:

11 Hans Keller: *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas*. "Strawinsky's Schoenbergian Technique", *Tempo*, No. 35, 1955.

12 Roberto Gerhard: "Twelve-Note Technique in Strawinsky", *The Score*, June, 1957.

13 One might ask, then, for what reason I call this part the exposition, the row being used already (and in a perfectly regular fashion) in the introduction. The answer, put in the most simple terms, would be: if the *raison d'être* of the introduction were the exposition of the row, Strawinsky certainly would have taken particular care of its audibility. Actually, he has not. Whereas in bar 42 *et seq.* he has.

14 The abbreviation would be BS₁₁, the cipher indicating that the basic set was transposed eleven semitones above (or, of course, one semitone below).

15 See Section 2 ("The Text") above, pp. 21 ff.

OBITUARIES

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

1872 - 1958

In the long life that was granted to him, thousands of people must have had some personal contact with Vaughan Williams as a practising musician and teacher: the thronging villagers and townsmen who, astonishingly early in the half-century which they enjoyed with him, made the Leith Hill Festival an annual musical event, not merely a popular and successful venture of excellent intentions, ending in a superb 'Jerusalem'; the more sophisticated singers of the Bach Choir, who brought to his baton many vivid memories of exceptionally revealing experience gained under Hugh Allen in the name not only of J. S. Bach but of Vaughan Williams himself; the work-hardened professional players and singers who, in London, Bournemouth, Birmingham and elsewhere, found themselves, sooner or later, furthering his choral schemes, or promoting his symphonies; the many students and composers, native or nationalized,

whom he put through it, advised, helped, or, where he thought right, actively championed in face of opposition; the colleagues who with him made 1919-39 a historical chapter for the Royal College of Music; the co-pioneers, such as Wood and Boulton, Allen and Holst, who in their time dreamed dreams and wrought schedules of a richer national life; and, in a more intellectual contact, the vast fringe of congregated singers and editorial observers, who came to realize, through his discriminating researches, amongst others, that an immense and unsuspected vein of folk, national, and foreign but potentially national music lay round the corner, waiting to become live tradition again or to be adapted to a fresh text, in churches and halls of almost every denomination and colour.

It can be said with the utmost confidence that all these various groups of music-seekers soon approached Vaughan Williams the composer (if they came thus far) with a strong prejudice that that magnificently direct and genial manner, that intense critical earnestness

(flat repudiation of any first impressions of what journalists have called a teddy-bear figure), blended with a shrewd elasticity and humour, and that infectious thoroughness of purpose, must be the visible externals of a sharp and expansive creative mind. Meanwhile, they could have observed the gradual extension of a persuasive catalogue of major works (not merely overtures) for the concert platform or stage, some for a festival, some for a timely exposure of world-sickness or a fresh affirmation of belief or both, some for an intimation of folk-song in modern speech, and most for sheer music's sake; with many miniatures of solo and choral song. If some of these seem now to carry a certain laboured or dated quality in their dependence on words or occasions or issues, none is demonstrably trivial, or obtrusively ethical or entertaining, beyond the exhibition of human escapist foibles.

This accompanying and abiding personal influence of Vaughan Williams on our conscious musical life must not be undervalued by the generations that have had the privilege of being contemporary. There has been nothing like it, in its wide range of spheres and of levels, and in sheer penetrating quality, in our musical history. Yet we must rigidly distinguish this sense of personal admiration, approval and deep gratitude from the responses of the imaginative ear. Nor—except in 1914-18, when he served in Salonika and as a front-line artillery officer in France—has Vaughan Williams allowed the spreading calls of society, and its boards and committees, to obscure his main objective in life.

There can be no two opinions about the characteristic quality and general structural mastery of this expanding art, as it moves arbitrarily from *Toward the unknown region* up to *Five Tudor Portraits* in the cantata sphere, more logically from *Sancta Civitas* to *Dona nobis pacem* and *Hodie* in reaches at a life beyond and yet round the corner, with supreme individuality of genre and treatment in *Job*, waywardly in the other stage works, and steadily but unconventionally classical, in spirit, in the symphonies, with an early song achievement in *On Wenlock Edge* that was never repeated.

It is still necessary to state that, in Vaughan Williams's use of melody, folk-song has been a recurrent but very occasional influence, no more. Also, to warn admirers of the third-decade period that the composer's later harmony is not always typified by endless consecutive fifths. On the contrary, if technical progress has sometimes betrayed a sense of strain, the melodic and harmonic repertory has remained singularly elastic and

independent of previous commitments. In *Sancta Civitas*, for example, there is line but no tune to substantiate the apocalyptic vision of heaven above and Babylon beneath. This is mainly effected by a changing harmony of superimposed fourths (and whatever), chromatic and modal strips of vocal phrase, up to three notes deep, and an oscillation between a declamatory and a more shapely vocal line. In *Job*, on the other hand, the ideal or disciplinary self is celebrated in the confident melody of the Sarabande and in the trumpet paean after the defeat of the diabolical self. The chromatic twists are confined to rebellious moods, or the oily wail of defeatist elements which accept all disaster as retributive and inevitable. In *Hodie*, resurgent melody welcomes the four verses of Milton's *Ode*, the last for the strong man's optative "Truth and justice will then appear", absorbing the earlier 'Nowell' spasms and lighter strophes, while *Sancta Civitas* and *Pilgrim's Progress* elements thrust home intimations of 'Immanuel'.

So with the symphonies. Nothing could keep Vaughan Williams from framing to singable melody the "special signal" for the dauntless on the sea (of life) and their chants of exploration, or the equally undefeated whistlers and dreamers of London, while with surprising homogeneity chromatics and modalities spill over, pungently and on occasion ruthlessly, elsewhere. In the *Pastoral*, on the other hand, there are only archetypes of melody, moving in an elusive setting of textural counterpoint and declining fourfold bass. No. 4 catches fearfully at any crystallization of such stable inflections, as the music faces a constant and ultimately overwhelming defiance of what once passed for harmony and cadence. No. 5 reverses the balance without losing harmonic interest or purpose, leaving Nos. 6-9 free to choose in what sense they will be liberal or conservative. The balance may not always convince, but the inner animation persists.

It is easier to be original than conclusive, especially in music. It has been typical of Vaughan Williams's resource that whether he is being plain or mysterious, he remains almost unmistakable. But he has never been content with framing characteristic ideas. The balance of texture, already observed, is part of a much wider assertion of significant structure, in which processes that we recognise as classical—especially the re-emergence of a second phase, as in a binary pattern—are given surprising turns. If there is a Method to be noted here, it is to be found in the sense of final transformation which brings the music, often gradually, to silence, whether

by the reduction of a basic symbol to bare essentials or by an almost fresh nuance. The overt epilogue, serene or agonized, is the commonest type of fulfilment of this kind, but the magnificently pioneering finale of *A Sea Symphony* created a precedent of unpredictably late 'sailing forth.' It recurred in principle, still somewhat bafflingly for one listener, in *Sancta Civitas* and in the startling coda of the scherzo of the *Pastoral Symphony*, inexorably pursued in No. 4 with a fresh *movement* as coda, and in No. 6 with a continuing finale to end all finales. More genial instances appear in the short but substantial *Benedicite* (for Leith Hill) and *Thanksgiving for Victory*, a fine sublimation of the conflicting emotions of 1945, too datable, alas! for public revival.

A school photograph, as described to me some years ago, shewed Vaughan Williams "very much as he is now . . . looking out into the distance . . . a master of the event". That, too, is the growing impression of his music, advancing, sooner or later, toward the unknown region already perceived and leaving it with enhanced stature. We shall not forget these strivings, and the best of him remains ours to conserve, in parish building and city hall, and in many faithful recordings, glorifying the creation of man.

A. E. F. DICKINSON

ERWIN STEIN

1885 - 1958

Last July, a young musician said to me that Erwin Stein's death had deprived this country of the sort of musical influence we could least do without—someone with the whole of European culture behind him who yet lived and thought in the present and was able and prepared to impart this wisdom without preaching.

Erwin Stein was born in Vienna in 1885. His education was at the Franz Josephs Gymnasium and the University of Vienna—and, he would have added, at Mahler's operatic and concert performances. His father was a book publisher who specialized in law books, and Erwin, as the youngest of a family which included painters and amateur musicians, moved in an artistic atmosphere from childhood. Mahler was his ideal, and he could describe in detail what Mahler did at this or that point in fifty different scores, how—in the shaping of the phrases, not only the giving of extra confidence—he could raise the standard of the singers who sang with him, what happened at the first Viennese performances of Mahler's own music which was to Erwin a revelation, to his compatriots an occasion

for acrimony. He started to study with Schoenberg in 1906, and in a sense this was a process which never stopped till the end of his life. In 1910 he embarked on the career of a professional musician, and during the next years he was coach and conductor at various opera houses, in Aussig, Strasbourg, Danzig, Osnabrück, Flensburg and Darmstadt. I think Darmstadt was his happiest memory of these years, partly because there he heard and met Nikisch, there Kleiber was a colleague, there was some approximation in the modern world to the Greek ideal of the enlightened city, there above everything he met his wife. Kleiber remained a friend of his, and whenever he came to London, they met and discussed Darmstadt and Vienna, Mahler and *Wozzeck* and Schoenberg—and Kleiber as often as not had to take advantage of the fact that only from Erwin could he borrow a shirt which would not look like a bell-tent on him.

Erwin was never strong and he eventually decided that the gruelling life of a conductor in the theatre was not for him. He returned to Vienna in 1919, and for two years helped Schoenberg run an association for the private performance of new music, particularly by Schoenberg and his pupils. During this period he prepared and conducted a performance of Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire* with Erika Wagner (later, wife of Fritz Stiedry) as soloist; it was looked upon as a model of its kind, and with Schoenberg's encouragement it toured all over Europe, even penetrating as far as London. From 1924 to 1938 he worked as artistic adviser to Universal Edition in Vienna, and during this time he was in contact with almost every contemporary musician who came within the Austro-German orbit. For UE he made many vocal scores and, to make the music more generally accessible, orchestral reductions of some movements of Mahler symphonies and of Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, the latter of which was heard at the Edinburgh Festival a few years ago. From 1924 to 1930 he edited *Pult und Takstock*, a magazine for conductors, and for some time he was correspondent in Vienna for the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, an activity he continued in London till the day of his death. From 1929 to 1934 he was chorus master of the Typographia Choir, and with them he conducted music such as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Mahler's Second, *Das Lied von der Erde*, Schoenberg's *Friede auf Erden*. I shall not forget the mixture of amusement, pride and emotion with which he reacted to an old member of his choir who came up to him in 1950, when he and I were walking in the Mirabell Gardens in