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SIXTY-SECOND SEASON 1942–1943

Wednesday Evening, December 9

SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CHORAL UNION CONCERT SERIES, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
AUSPICES, UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Hill Auditorium · University of Michigan · Ann Arbor

SIXTY-SECOND SEASON, 1942–1943

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Assistant Conductor*

Concert Bulletin

WEDNESDAY EVENING, *December* 9

with historical and descriptive notes by

JOHN N. BURK

Boston Symphony Orchestra

[Sixty-second Season, 1942–1943]

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

Personnel

Violins

BURGIN, R. *Concert-master*
ELCUS, G.
TAPLEY, R.
LAUGA, N.
KASSMAN, N.
KRIPS, A.
CHERKASSKY, P.
RESNIKOFF, V.
LEIBOVICI, J.
THEODOROWICZ, J.
HANSEN, E.
EISLER, D.
DICKSON, H.
PINFIELD, C.
FEDOROVSKY, P.
BEALE, M.
ZAZOFSKY, G.
SAUVLET, H.
KNUDSON, C.
MAYER, P.
ZUNG, M.
DIAMOND, S.
LEVEEN, P.
DEL SORDO, R.
GORODETZKY, L.
HILLYER, R.
BRYANT, M.
MURRAY, J.
STONESTREET, L.
ERKELENS, H.
MESSINA, S.
SEINIGER, S.
DUBBS, H.
TRAMPLER, W.

Violas

LEFRANC, J.
CAUHAPÉ, J.
FOUREL, G.
ARTIÈRES, L.
LEHNER, E.
GERHARDT, S.
VAN WYNBERGEN, C.
BERNARD, A.
KORNSAND, E.
HUMPHREY, G.
GROVER, H.
WERNER, H.

Violoncellos

BEDETTI, J.
ZIGHERA, A.
LANGENDOEN, J.
CHARDON, Y.
DROEGHMANS, H.
ZIMBLER, J.
STOCKBRIDGE, C.
ZEISE, K.
FABRIZIO, E.
MARJOLLET, L.

Basses

MOLEUX, G.
DUFRESNE, G.
JUHT, L.
FRANKEL, I.
GREENBERG, H.
PAGE, W.
GIRARD, H.
PROSE, P.
BARWICKI, J.

Flutes

LAURENT, G.
PAPPOUTSAKIS, J.
KAPLAN, P.

Oboes

GILLET, F.
DEVERGIE, J.
LUKATSKY, J.

Clarinets

POLATSCHEK, V.
VALERIO, M.
CARDILLO, P.

Bassoons

ALLARD, R.
PANENKA, E.
LAUS, A.

Piccolo

MADSEN, G.

English Horn

SPEYER, L.

Bass Clarinet

MAZZEO, R.

Contra-Bassoon

PILLER, B.

Horns

VALKENIER, W.
MACDONALD, W.
SINGER, J.
KEANEY, P.

Horns

SINGER, J.
LANNOYE, M.
SHAPIRO, H.
GEBHARDT, W.

Trumpets

MAGER, G.
LAFOSSE, M.
VOISIN, R. L.
VOISIN, R.

Trombones

RAICHMAN, J.
HANSOTTE, L.
COFFEY, J.
SMITH, V.

Tuba

ADAM, E.

Harps

ZIGHERA, B.
CAUGHEY, E.

Timpani

SZULC, R.
POLSTER, M.

Percussion

STERNBURG, S.
WHITE, L.
ARCIERI, E.

Librarian

ROGERS, L. J.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

SIXTY-SECOND SEASON, 1942–1943

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9

Programme

HAYDN.....Symphony in G major, No. 88 (B. & H. No. 13)

I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Largo
III. Menuetto; Trio
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 7, *Op.* 60

I. Allegretto; poco più mosso
II. Moderato poco allegretto
III. Adagio — largo — adagio
IV. Allegro non troppo

BALDWIN PIANO

SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR, No. 88

By JOSEPH HAYDN

Born at Rohrau, Lower Austria, March 31, 1732; died at Vienna, May 31, 1809

This symphony was composed for performance in Paris in the year 1787. It is scored for one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, timpani and strings.

It was first performed at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 8, 1889.

THE name of Haydn first became eminent in Paris when his *Stabat Mater* was performed there at a *Concert Spirituel,* in 1781. Purely instrumental music then took a subservient place in the general estimation as compared with opera or choral music. Yet symphonies of Haydn, performed at the *Concert Spirituel,* and published in the French capital, were enthusiastically received. Haydn was approached at Esterhazy in 1784 by the *Concert de la Loge Olympique,* a rival organization, for a series of symphonies. These were duly forthcoming, and the Symphony in G major, labelled in the London Philharmonic Society catalogue as letter "V," and later numbered by Eusebius Mandyczewski in his chronological listing for Breitkopf and Härtel as 88, was the first of the second set of them which he sent to Paris.

The *Concert de la Loge Olympique* was a highly fashionable and decidedly exclusive institution. It was affiliated with freemasonry, and its subscribers, admitted only after solemn examination and ritual, gained admission to the concerts by paying two *louis d'or* a year, and wearing as badge of admission the device of a silver lyre on a sky-blue ground. The concerts succeeded those of the *Concert des Amateurs,* which, founded in 1769, ceased in 1781. The performances of the *Concert de la Loge Olympique* were given from 1786 in the *Salle des Gardes* of the Palace of the Tuileries. Queen Marie Antoinette, and the Lords and Ladies of her court, attended in numbers. *Toilettes* of the utmost elaboration were formally required, and the musicians wore brocaded coats, full lace ruffles, swords at their sides, and plumed hats which they were allowed to place beside them on the benches while they played. When the drums of the French Revolution sounded in Paris in 1789, the *Concert de la Loge Olympique* came to a sudden end.

This symphony has moved Donald Francis Tovey to one of his diverting dissertations. He writes:

"Very clever persons, who take in music by the eye, have pointed out the extraordinary resemblance between the opening theme and that of the *Finale* of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. The resemblance is equivalent to the scriptural warrant of the minister who, wishing to inveigh against a prevalent frivolity in head-gear, preached upon the text, 'Top-knot, come down!' — which he had found in Matt. XXIV. 17 ('Let him which is on the housetop not come down').

"The Top-knot school of exegesis still flourishes in music. This theme of Haydn's is as pregnant as that in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, but it means something totally different both in harmony and in rhythm; nor did Beethoven's theme, in all the transformations it went through in his sketch-books, resemble it more in the earliest stages than in its final form. But the strangest thing about Beethoven's originality was that he was quite capable of amusing himself by noting discoveries in the best Top-knot manner. There is a coincidence of no less than nine notes between the theme of the *Finale* of Mozart's G minor Symphony and that of the *Scherzo* of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and he noted it in his sketch-book! The point of noting it is precisely the utter contrast and absence of any significance common to the two ideas.

"Of the glorious theme of the slow movement I was told by John Farmer that he once heard Brahms play it with walloping enthusiasm, exclaiming, 'I want my Ninth Symphony to be like this!'

"Here is a clear case of a movement that is to be measured by its theme. From that theme Haydn himself tries in vain to stray. He modulates to the dominant. That is treated as an incident in the course of the melody, which promptly repeats itself in full. The modulation is tried again with a new continuation. But the new continuation wistfully returns in four bars through the minor mode. Let us, then, have a variation. But not too varied; only a little decoration in counterpoint to our melody. But perhaps the full orchestra, with trumpets and drums, which were not used in the first movement, can effect a diversion. What it does effect is that a sequel shows enough energy to lead fully into the key of the dominant, instead of merely on to its threshold, so that the whole great tune now follows in that key.

"The old sequel then returns to the tonic, and to the tune. Another *tutti* introduces the minor mode, and leads to a key, F major, related only to the tonic minor. This is definitely a remote modulation, and in F major the tune enters but has to exert itself with new rhetoric before it can return to its own key. There we hear it yet again, with a short coda in which Brahms's Ninth Symphony retires into a heaven where Brahms, accompanied by his faithful red hedgehog, can discuss it with Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert over a dinner cooked by Maître du Clavecin Couperin, and washed down by the best Bach. *Der Rote Igel* was Brahms's favorite Vienna restaurant, and when the manager told him, 'Sir, this is the Brahms of wines,' he replied, 'Take it away and bring me some Bach'; *scilicet:* brook, or water."

"The Minuet is cheerful, with a quiet joke on the drums. The Trio is one of Haydn's finest pieces of rustic dance music, with hurdy-gurdy drones which shift in disregard of the rule forbidding consecutive fifths. The disregard is justified by the fact that the essential objection

to consecutive fifths is that they produce the effect of shifting hurdy-gurdy drones.

"Haydn never produced a more exquisitely bred kitten than the main theme of the *finale*. . . . The movement is in rondo form, which is by no means so common as might be expected in Haydn's symphonies and larger quartets. Haydn has a way of beginning an important *finale* like a big rondo and then, after one episode, running away into some sort of fugue that gives an impression of spacious development which suffices without further formal sections. The completeness of rondo form in the present *finale* thus rather reduces its scale in comparison with many *finales* that are actually shorter. This is a melodic quality, not a formal or dramatic defect."

ENTR'ACTE

SHOSTAKOVITCH – AN INTERVIEW WITH THE COMPOSER'S WIFE

"We first met 15 years ago," said Nina Shostakovitch, wife of the composer, in an interview given to the Soviet press. "Dmitri had just returned from an international competition of musicians in Poland, where he won a certificate of honor. We were both studying at the Physio-mathematics Department of Leningrad University.

"He was a very bashful, modest young man, but with all this he was already fully matured as a man and musician. He was particularly proficient in mathematics and the exact sciences; on the other hand, he did not like foreign languages.

"In 1922, when Dmitri was 16, his father died and the family found themselves in straitened circumstances. The composer began his working life in the capacity of piano player in a small Leningrad movie house. But this career was destined to failure. Dmitri's direct, spontaneous nature caused his downfall. An American comedy was being shown with huge success three times daily. Every time certain scenes flashed on the screen, the piano was silent and the audience heard

the piano player burst into laughter, enjoying the antics of the comedian. For this unseemly behavior, the administration decided to part company with the youthful pianist.

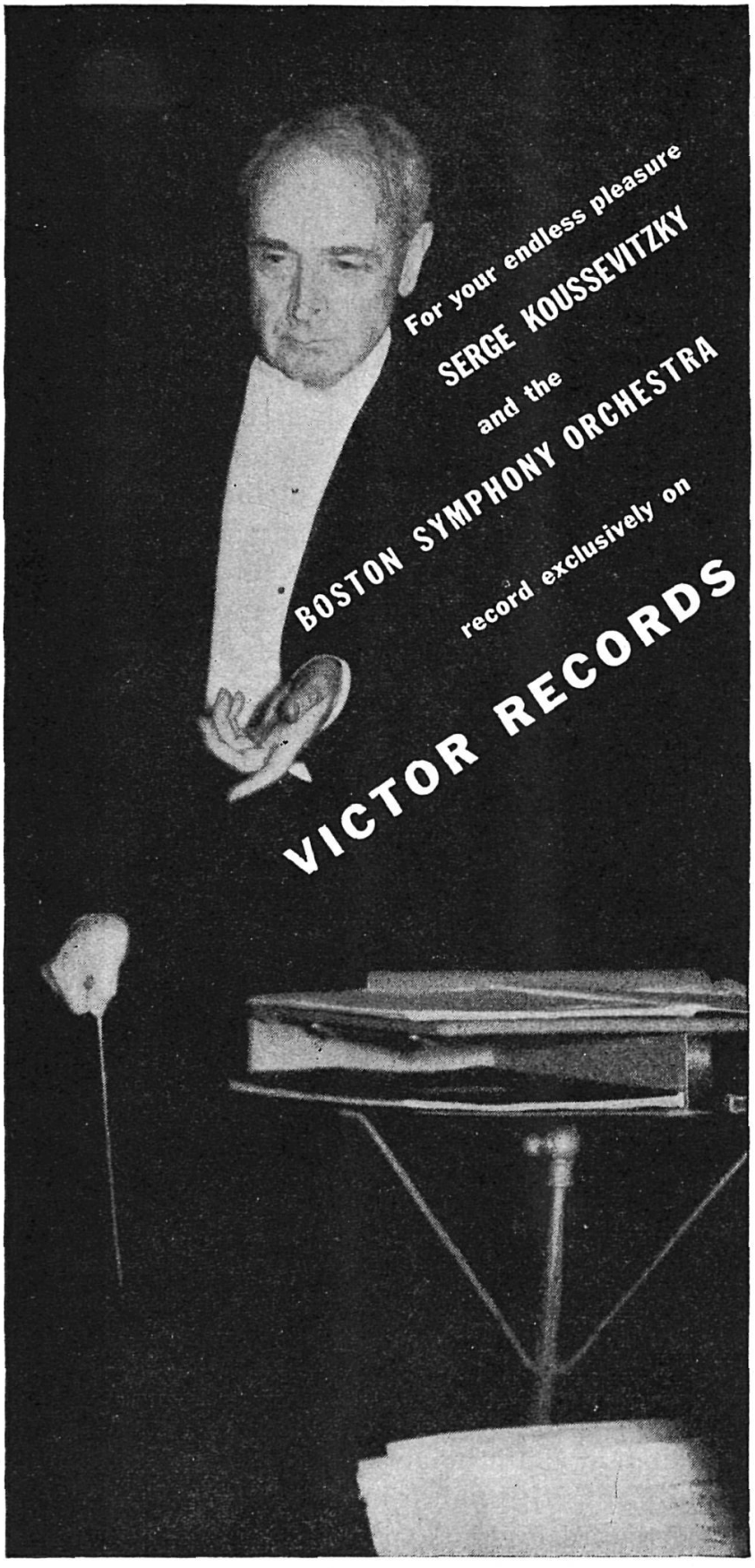
"Since we first met, the years have changed Dmitri very little. Perhaps he has acquired somewhat more dignity and is less tempestuous and nervous. Five years after we met, we were married. Dmitri is very devoted to his family, especially to our children. But his life is by no means confined to his family and personal well-being. He simply can't exist without the radio and newspapers. I think he subscribes to every newspaper published throughout the Soviet Union.

"Our two children, Galya and Maxim, are fair-haired and blue-eyed, like their daddy. As yet we aren't attempting to make musicians of them, but nonetheless they both perkily and fairly accurately sing some of his melodies, even his symphonic ones. Their most popular tune just now is the theme from the first movement of the Seventh Symphony. They often beg their father to play for them and they clamber onto the lid of the grand piano and sit as quiet as mice, all ears. We even took them with us to the general rehearsal of the Seventh Symphony. There they sat in the director's box, and when Professor Samosud, the conductor, asked them 'What have you come to listen to?' they replied 'Our symphony.' But in the middle of the first movement Maxim suddenly started 'conducting' with such desperate energy that he had to be taken home.

"How does Dmitri work? Well, he demands no 'special' working conditions. He just sits down at his writing desk and writes – morning, noon, evening. At night he sleeps. If it isn't singing or shouting, noises don't affect him at all. The door of the room where he works is usually open, and often the children romp around in his room. Sometimes Galya climbs onto his knees while he is composing, but in such cases she sits quietly. While Dmitri was finishing the final bars of the Seventh Symphony, for instance, friends who had come in were chatting and joking in the room where he sat. He composes swiftly, writing the score straight through, usually without changes or deletions. Dmitri has a great capacity for work and once having started a composition he is wholly engrossed.

"Even during air raids he seldom stopped working. If things began looking too hot, he calmly finished the bar he was writing, waited until the page dried, neatly arranged what he had written, and took it down with him into the bomb shelter. Whenever he was absent from home during an air raid alarm he always phoned me asking me not to forget to take his manuscripts down into the shelter.

"He is highly critical toward his work, particularly from the viewpoint of time. Once the work is finished, he cools down, so to say, to again warm up and become entirely engrossed with the next work



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He almost never reverts to what he has already written and therefore, already experienced. It is far simpler for him to write anew than to remould a finished work. The *Fourth Symphony,* for example, never saw daylight because the instrumentation of a few bars of the finale failed to satisfy Dmitri and he could not contemplate rewriting them.

"For a long time my husband could not reconcile himself in thought to the necessity of leaving Leningrad. The tense battle for existence waged by his native city, the particularly close companionship under strenuous wartime conditions — all this made him suffer keenly in the unaccustomed safety of Kuibyshev, far from the front lines.

"One of Dmitri's distinguishing characteristics in his extraordinary, almost bureaucratic conscientiousness and scrupulousness in whatever he may be engaged. When the Conservatory fire-fighting brigade of which he was a member was barracked, he punctiliously obeyed all regulations and flatly refused repeated suggestions that special allowance be made for him. If anti-typhoid vaccinations are announced, Dmitri is sure to be the first to arrive, and sometimes the only one to show up. At concerts he arrives before the cloakroom attendant, and always turns up ahead of time for duty at the Composers' Union. He is always afraid of being late.

"He is terribly enthusiastic about whatever he is doing. He is a great sports fan. Before the war, heat or cold, rain or snow, there was not one soccer, ice hockey or boxing match he would miss. As a conservatory student he would even shirk a lesson to run off to the stadium. At home, in Leningrad, he instituted a special 'debit-credit ledger' in which he would diligently enter all games won or lost by all the soccer teams during the current sports season. From various towns to this very day soccer players keep Dmitri fully posted on the 'situation.' He is very fond of volleyball, is an enthusiastic player, and doesn't brook any disrespect toward this game. His favorite entertainment is the circus. At one time he went in for motoring. With his usual punctiliousness he got his driver's license, but was too cautious a driver. When he drives, for example, he never takes the children.

"Chekhov, Gogol, Saltykov-Shchedrin and Maupassant are his favorite authors.

"What else can I tell you about Dmitri? He's unusually modest, and, putting it mildly, he doesn't like performing at concerts. He's always highly agitated when he gives a public performance. But his greatest bane is having to be filmed. He can't stand being photographed either. The result is a scowling face. There's only one single 'unique' snapshot in existence of Dmitri laughing. I took that myself," concluded Nina Shostakovich with a smile.

HOW THE SEVENTH SYMPHONY WAS WRITTEN

By DMITRI SHOSTAKOVITCH

(Reprinted from the *Boston Herald*)

ON THAT peaceful summer morning of June 22, 1941, I was on my way to the Leningrad Stadium to see my favorite Sunday soccer game. Molotov's radio address found me hurrying down the street for fear I should miss the opening quarter. And so our happy and fruitfully constructive existence was rudely shattered. Yet the last twelve months have been the fullest year of my life.

Peacetime plans, the manuscript of a symphonic work I had just started — all these things I put aside to start on an entirely new epoch of life and work. Vacation begins on July 1 at the Leningrad Conservatory where I was head of the pianoforte department and of the examinations committee. But this was no usual vacation time. Students and professors all stayed to form a local air raid defense group. I served as a fire-fighter, and since I had to be on call most of the time, moved over near the Conservatory, where I lived under barracks conditions. I had already applied for volunteer service, but though my application was accepted, I wasn't called for duty.

Instead, I was asked to work with the people's Voluntary Army Theater as head of the musical department. We toured countless front-line regiments aboard a truck which carried the whole troupe. Our repertory consisted of war and satirical sketches for which I composed songs and ditties. The most popular among Red Army men was a jolly operetta called "Conference of German Diplomats."

This was during July and August. Meanwhile in the first hot July days, I started work on my seventh symphony, conceived as a broad musical embodiment of majestic ideas of the patriotic war.

The work engrossed me wholly. Nothing could hinder the flow of ideas — neither savage raids, German planes, nor the grim atmosphere of a beleaguered city. I worked with an inhuman intensity I have never reached before. I could stop to compose small pieces, marches, film pieces and songs; attend to my organizational duties as chairman of the Leningrad Composers Association, and return to my symphony as though I had never before left it.

By October 1, when I left Leningrad for Moscow, I had already completed three movements and most of the fourth. I finished the symphony in Kuibyshev a few months later. The first performance was given there on March 5, 1942. Soon after, I helped with rehearsals for its performance in Moscow.

Shortly after the first performance of my symphony in Kuibyshev, I learned that it had aroused the interest of many eminent conductors in America, Great Britain and South America. As soon as it was possible, scores and parts were forwarded to Koussevitzky, Toscanini,

Stokowski, Ormandy and Chavez, to name a few. Just today, I heard that the scores, photographed on micro-film for easier transportation, had been safely received in America. I hope, and believe, that its first American performance will be for the benefit of Russian War Relief, which is doing so many fine things for my people.

Of course, I am gratified as a musician that my work should evoke so much interest. But I am particularly gratified as a citizen. I would like to have my symphony heard in all the United Nations as a symbol of friendship between our countries; as a symbol that we are brothers in arms, in culture, and in fraternity in the struggle for a better world.

The work on the seventh symphony was the very pivot of all my creative efforts during this first year of the war. So much so that when it was finished I found it difficult at first to begin on something else.

My work is wholly at the service of my country and everything I conceive now is inspired by the magnificent spirit of our people in this war. I could no more separate it from myself than I could stop composing. I am working daily and fruitfully at a new work, but it is too soon to speak of it. I can only say my plans are extensive and serious.

SYMPHONY NO. 7, *Op.* 60

By DMITRI SHOSTAKOVITCH

Born September 25, 1906, at St. Petersburg

Shostakovitch worked upon his Seventh Symphony at Leningrad while the city was under siege in August, 1941. He completed the first movement on September 3, the second on September 17, and the third on September 29, according to indications on the score. The finale was written at Kuibyshev in December. The symphony was first performed on March 1, 1942, at Kuibyshev in the Hall of Columns, by the orchestra of the Moscow Bolshoi Theatre, Samuel A. Samosud, conductor. It was performed at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow on March 19 (?) by the same orchestra and has since had several performances there. The Leningrad Philharmonic, evacuated from their own city, performed the symphony at Novosibirsk, an industrial center in Siberia, on July 9. There was a performance at the Promenade Concerts of London under Sir Henry Wood on June 29. The score, transferred to 35 mm. photographic film at Kuibyshev, was sent by plane to Teheran, Persia, from there by automobile to Cairo, Egypt, and again by plane to this country. The first performance in the New World was given by a radio broadcast of the NBC Orchestra in New York, Arturo Toscanini conducting, on July 19. The first concert performance took place at Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., Serge Koussevitzky conducting the orchestra of the Berkshire Music Center in a Russian benefit concert on August 14. The symphony was repeated on August 16.

The symphony was performed in Leningrad by an especially collected orchestra on August 9 last.

Shostakovitch stated while writing the symphony his intention of dedicating it "To our Struggle against Fascism, to our Future Victory, to my Native City, Leningrad."

The symphony is scored for three flutes, piccolo and alto flute, two oboes and English horn, two clarinets, E-flat clarinet and bass clarinet, two bassoons and contra-bassoon, eight horns, six trumpets, six trombones and tuba, three snare drums, bass drum, timpani, cymbals, triangle, xylophone, tambourine, tam-tam, two harps, piano and strings.

On June 23, 1941, the day after the German armies attacked the Soviet Union, Shostakovitch volunteered for the Red Army.* He was refused but joined the People's Guard at Leningrad, for which he wrote two patriotic songs. Concerned for the safety of the Conservatory of Music of Leningrad, where he had studied, and where he was an "examiner" in the composition department, he became a volunteer fire fighter and lived in the school building, in order to protect it from incendiary bombs while Leningrad was under siege. If he had been working upon the Symphony before the German hostilities, as reports indicate, its full impetus must have come under the stress of the moment. "The composer did not leave his piano and writing table even during air raids. This was not bravado; he was physically incapable of tearing himself away from the music." The carefully noted dates upon the manuscript score point to incredible speed, even allowing for earlier sketches. He left Leningrad on October 1 at the official order of the Soviet Government, traveling to Moscow with his wife and two children under considerable danger and carrying his three completed movements with him. It was there that Rabinovich talked to him about his uncompleted score. "He talked about the men and women of Leningrad, those ordinary Soviet citizens before whose heroism he bowed in admiration. . . . He talked about his visit to the front lines, of the fighting spirit of our men and their invincible confidence that Leningrad would never fall.

"Then his thoughts involuntarily turned to his symphony. I realized why this was so when he played it to me on the piano a little later. Yes, this was a symphony about the men and women of the Soviet land and our times; of their happiness won in battle and their labor; of the heartless, implacable foe; of heroism; of bitterness and grief; of bereavement, of faith in victory. The symphony embodied the thoughts and feelings of millions." In the words of the composer, "It is these people, commonly spoken of as ordinary people, whom I love with all my soul and for whom I feel the most profound sympathy and admiration."

Samosud, the symphony's first conductor, has related that there were forty rehearsals in Kuibyshev before the first performance. "Some measures the orchestra had to repeat 150 or 200 times. The composer himself — an extremely exacting artist — regularly attended rehearsals and took an active part in them. He relentlessly insisted that the orchestra strictly follow the directions in his score, particularly as regards the tempo."

Eugene Petrov, a correspondent who was recently killed in the defense of Sevastopol, was present at these rehearsals and wrote: "I

*According to an article on this composer, "Portrait of a Soviet Citizen," by David Rabinovich, published by the Bulletin of the Soviet Embassy at Washington, July 18, 1942.

raised my head and saw the empty Hall of Columns where the biers of Lenin and Maxim Gorky had stood. The platform was still crowded with the large orchestra. Samosud, the famous conductor, was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief and excitedly explaining something to the first violinist.

"In the midst of the empty hall, somewhere in the tenth or eleventh row, his elbows propped on the back of a seat, sat a very pale and very slender man with a sharp nose wearing very light horn-rimmed glasses and with bristling auburn hair cut student fashion. Suddenly he sprang up, catching his foot in the seat, and with a sliding gait he almost ran towards the orchestra. He came to an abrupt stop at the conductor's stand. The conductor stooped down and they entered into warm conversation. It was Dmitri Shostakovitch."

This writer, much impressed as he heard the music unfolded for the first time, has prophesied that the finale "will be played in Red Square by an orchestra of 5,000 on the day of our victory!"

The success of the Kuibyshev première has been reported. Of the performance that followed in Moscow the anecdote has been told of the uniformed air raid warden who appeared upon the stage during the last movement but remained in embarrassed silence as the conductor, seeing him, nevertheless continued to the end. When the last note had sounded, the warden rose and said, "Citizens, air raids alarms have been sounding." No one sought shelter until Shostakovitch had been applauded for twenty minutes.

Serge Koussevitzky made this statement on the occasion of the performances at Lenox:

" 'The darker the night, the brighter the stars.'

"In the epoch of destruction and world tragedy values are being created which are firm and stable, and part of a supreme and lasting order. In the country where the invading barbarian is inflicting destruction, amid the smoking ruins of peaceful life, one of the greatest creations of musical art has been born.

"It is the good fortune of the creator to be able to comprehend his native land — to express its living cultural strength. Only on the soil of cultural consciousness can folk art live, and alongside the external struggle and destruction create new, powerful cultural values.

"Shostakovitch is the bright torch of the Russian people and its creative forces — inexhaustible as the earth itself. That is why his music is so overwhelming and human and can be compared with the universality and humanism of Beethoven's genius, which, like that of Shostakovitch, was born in an epoch of world-shattering events. His esthetics may be considered equal to the esthetics of Beethoven.

"Having an exceptionally wide scope and freedom of form, which in the *Seventh Symphony* take on grandiose proportions, Shostakovitch never loses the feeling of measure, line and unity. His symphony is as solid as granite. In it we see the freedom of the master who has sub-

ordinated his instrument to his craftsmanship. In his hand the unyielding granite is sculptured like pliable wax.

"For the performance of such a symphony as the Shostakovitch *Seventh,* at a moment when the life and future of the cutural world are being decided on the battlefields of the suffering Russian land, an inner unity is necessary. Those who perform it must comprehend the four dimensions — height, length, breadth and depth — of the creating genius of Shostakovitch.

"His music flows from the heart of the creator to the heart of the listener. In this is his simplicity, and in this is his wisdom."

Shostakovitch has described his new symphony in these words: "A central place in the first part of the symphony is given to a requiem in memory of the heroes who sacrificed their lives so that justice and reason might triumph. A single bassoon mourns the death of the heroes, followed by a lyrical conclusion. The war theme does not reappear until the very end of the first part.

"The second part is a scherzo recalling glorious episodes of the recent past. The thrill of living, the wonder of nature — this is the meaning of the third part, which is an andante. This part leads directly into the fourth, which, with the first, is the fundamental part of the symphony. The first part is devoted to the struggle and the fourth is devoted to the victory. A moving and solemn theme rises to the apotheosis of the whole composition — the presentiment of victory."

The symphony begins with a broad, heroic melody, first played in unison by strings and winds separately and combined. The melody is developed in simple scoring and plastic beat, the violin solo predominating. The violin solo yields the line of melody to the flute and piccolo but takes it again and carries it to a *pianissimo* altitude, when there sounds over a dead silence a scarcely audible tattoo on a snare drum. Against this a curious theme is heard from the violins, first playing with the backs of their bows and then *pizzicato.* The theme is a sinister whisper at first. Petrov has called it "an idiotically simple, yet intricate, jocular, yet terrifying, melody. Although you do not yet realize that this is war, the composer has already clutched your heart in his masterly hand." The flutes take up the theme and the oboe and bassoon play it in dialogue. The relentless tapping drum increases slightly, reinforced by the piano, as muted trumpets and trombones take the theme. The wood wind choir repeats it and then joins the rhythmic beat as the violin section carries the melody. All the strings, with oboe and clarinet, continue it. Now the dynamic increases to *fortissimo* as the low strings and winds enter, the xylophone joining the drum. A second drum reinforces the first, the brass choir taking the theme, which then is heard from the high strings and wood winds *fff.* Chromatic wails from the brass add a macabre effect.

Now a third drum joins in, while the orchestra reinforces the inexorable marching rhythm. When the din has become almost insupportable the drums cease suddenly and the orchestra traverses a mighty rising scale of accentuated notes to proclaim the initial subject

of the movement in pages of great power and ringing assertion. Sharply dissonant tragedy underlies this music of strength. A flute solo over softly sustained chords leads to an adagio, a requiem sung by the bassoon solo over tragic *pizzicato* chords. The strings bring its peroration, where the initial heroic theme brings assuagement in the soft effulgence of the restored C major. A peaceful conclusion is disturbed by a *pianissimo* reminiscence of the tapping drum over plucked chords, while the muted trumpet echoes at last the much repeated theme.*

In the scherzo movement (though not so called), the strings set forth in a fantastic *allegretto* and with irregular metrical pulsation a modal dance-like melody, from which a fragment develops into the accompaniment for a fully phrased melody for oboe and later English horn. A middle section in triple time is by turns strident and martial. The opening theme of the strings returns, and then the accompanying figure, but now there is a long solo from the bass clarinet, crisply accompanied by flute and harp, but at last closing the movement *pianissimo.*

The slow movement alternates at the beginning and end between *adagio* and *largo,* but the principal section is a *largo.* A broad and sonorous introduction opens the movement, with a succession of full chords *fortissimo* for the winds and harps. The strings alone in unison propose a *largo* melody, *adagio* chords returning. The string choir reasserts itself and is followed by an *adagio* in which there is a long flute solo over a light, transparent accompaniment of plucked chords. The strings carry the melody in a continuing *pianissimo.* The violins alone introduce the main *largo* section, in which a sense of urgency destroys the foregoing peacefulness. There is a heavy bass (*moderato risoluto*) with syncopated chords from the horns. The tread becomes ominous, the harmonic color clashing. A rushing *staccato* figure from the strings and military drum increases the suspense, the peak of excitement being reached with a crash of the cymbals. The quiet *adagio* returns, the violas singing a melody of impressive beauty which the 'cellos conclude. The movement ends in a soft *adagio* with a final touch of *pizzicato* chords and softly rolling timpani.

In the finale, which follows without break, the soft roll of the timpani continues while an extended melody is unfolded by the muted strings, the violins leading. With stiffening rhythms and interjections from the winds and drum, the movement gradually assumes the propulsion of a march. The sonority increases, drums and brass being released with terrific insistence. The volume of sound falls away while the violins maintain the springy step. In a *moderato* section, 3-4, the flute and then the 'cellos (with bass clarinet) take the leading voice. The orchestra gathers strength to a new point of eloquence, a crashing chord reëstablishing the march rhythm. The symphony ends with a final proclamation of the heroic theme from the first movement — a tremendous outburst of strength, a strength which speaks less of triumph than of immense determination and conviction.

*Samosud, describing the rehearsals at Kuibyshev, wrote of this passage: "where the author reverts to the war theme, sounds of trumpets warn, as it were, that war is not over and danger still threatening. But the trumpet that played this strain in the orchestra did not produce the necessary impression of distance, and we placed a trumpeter apart from the orchestra behind the curtain. The composer warmly approved of this idea."

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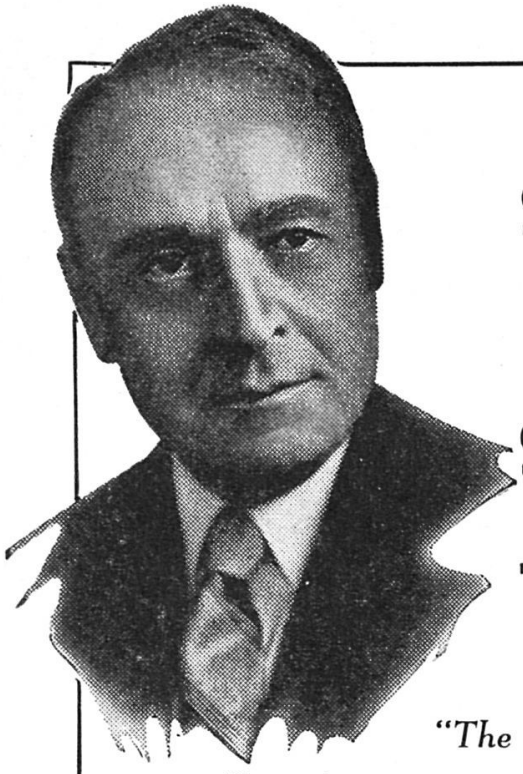

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