Self-Analysis

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Ernst Krenek

SELF-ANALYSIS

Preface

The present work is not meant to be an autobiography, but an attempt at self-evaluation. During the last ten years I have been working on a detailed account of my life. So far, I have covered the early phases of my career; but even if I succeed in bringing it up to date, publication of the complete account will have to be postponed for the usual reason of contemporary references. As each section is completed, it is turned over to the Library of Congress, with the understanding that the entire work will be made available to the public after a suitable lapse of time.

The decision to prepare so comprehensive a report on my life implies my belief that its contents may be of some interest to future students of music history. If my name at present were as "famous" as that of a few other living composers—fame taken here as a matter of quantity and expressed in terms of numbers of performances of works, sales of copies, quotations in news reports and such—I would assume that my work, and thus also my person, would undoubtedly interest posterity. It is true that in some cases fame enjoyed by an artist during his lifetime was followed by oblivion in later days. This does not concern me here. My intention is to show why I think that my work will be more important to a future generation than it seems to be to the contemporary world at large. I shall try to avoid giving the impression that I complain about unjust treatment. I realize that some of my readers will insist on seeing my self-interpretation in that light. I shall bear them no grudges, since their very reaction is part of the evidence I wish to discuss.

1 This is a revised and considerably enlarged version of a work originally published in German under the title Selbstdarstellung (Zurich: Atlantis-Verlag, 1948).
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To say that successful music is that which pleases its listeners seems to be a truism. At any rate, it is an oversimplification. No one will doubt that a great deal of music is performed which does not particularly please anybody. Habits and conventions play an important part in the formation of concert programs. A body of old music, known as the repertoire, includes a sizeable number of truly great compositions which are of such evident significance that the question whether or not, or how much, they please (in the more sensuous connotation of the term) appears irrelevant. The repertoire also contains a good number of pieces which are not particularly significant, or not very pleasant, or neither. Habit keeps them in their places.

In the contemporary field I would call a composer successful if almost any new composition issuing from his desk is assured of at least a few hearings without being too closely scrutinized as to its individual significance and pleasantness. This presupposes that the composer has established sufficient general credit for both attributes in the public opinion, or in the minds of those who arrange performances with an eye on public opinion. I fully realize that I do not belong to this category. However, since many experts consider my music valuable, and I have confidence that their judgment contains a measure of truth, I should like to discuss in these pages the grounds for this confidence.

As far as my work is concerned, I feel that I am directed by two forces which in their tangible effects frequently are at variance. From an early stage of my career, I have been attracted by the idea of pure, uncompromising creation, independent from the trends of the day, or at times explicitly opposed to them. I have always been greatly in sympathy with thinkers who examined our civilization and found it wanting. The dehumanizing effects of mass production and commercialization, the appalling vulgarization of political and social relations after 1914, the ever increasing gap between physical accomplishments and spiritual standards filled me with dejection and dread, and frequently induced
in me an attitude of belligerent protest. At the same time I was constantly tempted by the achievement of practical results in terms of "this world," whose current problems were a permanent challenge to me. I have a great liking for organizational matters of all kinds and feel easily aroused to practical action in a given situation. This presupposes a fair degree of adaptability, which proves to me that I have not really the makings of either a crusader or a hermit.

Especially in recent years, after I settled in America, my earlier contempt for the materialistic achievements of the era has given way to a desire for partaking of them to the best advantage. This can easily be explained by the fact that at a time when I enjoyed a certain measure of financial independence I could well afford to be disdainful of what I was able to buy if and when I so wished. However, considerations of this kind invite a discussion of personal problems which lie outside the scope of this paper, and therefore I shall not carry it further. Be this as it may, in spite of the urge to put my talents to practical use in the sense of worldly accomplishments, I secretly admire most of all the saint who is strong enough to rise above the challenge and temptation of "this world" and occupy his mind with the everlasting values exclusively. From time to time I will always make some efforts to reach out in this direction, and perhaps attain a few uncharted points in the unknown territory of the esoteric, only to be drawn back again by the irresistible desire to produce things of immediate usefulness.

It seems to me that the imprint of these somewhat contradictory tendencies is noticeable in the sum total of my work, as well as in many individual specimens of it. It is not possible for me to judge whether this peculiar combination has been objectively detrimental to the quality of my work, or perhaps productive of a special positive quality to be found in it. However, it is quite possible that the unusual variety of my output has baffled observers accustomed to more homogeneous phenomena. It is my im-
pression that this confusion has surrounded my work with an un­usual obscurity—almost anonymity. It may well be that at some future time its seemingly erratic aspects, which now hide whatever values it may contain, will be revealed as the very carriers of these values.

STUDIES WITH FRANZ SCHREKER. I assume that diverse tendencies are rooted in my personality. But they have at one time or other been enhanced by extraneous influences. An early impulse toward the esoteric was the insistence upon originality and avoidance of banality on the part of my teacher, Franz Schreker, whose classes in composition at the Vienna Academy for Music I joined in 1916, when I had reached the same age as the century. Schreker's attitude was characteristic of the general frame of mind known as fin de siècle, which fed on French Symbolism and produced such movements as the Vienna Secession—an association of left-wing painters—and early expressionistic literature. Interest centered around unusual subject matter, pathological aspects and morbidity not excluded. The work of art was to be distinguished by unique strangeness and had to be free of straightforward, obvious, and popular elements.

While Schreker adhered to these general principles, his keen sense for the operatic stage, which was the main outlet for his creative abilities, put a brake on his somewhat naïve philosophical vagaries. As a composer of operas he was aware of the fact that his works would have to prove their vitality here and now, and therefore he professed an instinctive aversion for the musical radicalism of Arnold Schoenberg. In spite of the recherché character of some of Schreker's librettos, his music always contained an effective dose of Puccinesque sweep, invigorating an otherwise flabby basic substance mixed from ingredients of Wagner and Debussy. Schreker's music had practically no contrapuntal texture. But
as a teacher he was at his best in training his students in contra-puntal writing, for which, after the discipline of modal counter-point was mastered, Bach and Max Reger served as pre-eminent models. The music which I as well as the other students wrote during these school years was accordingly fashioned in the spirit of post-romantic German polyphony, flavored with impressionistic devices of French and Italian origin. At that time I hardly took cognizance of Schoenberg, who was held in high esteem for his unparalleled exquisiteness, but not recommended as a model because of his alleged lack of feeling for practical usefulness.

BERLIN, 1920. In 1920, Franz Schreker was called to Berlin as director of the State Academy, and several of his students, among them myself, followed him there. In the breezy atmosphere of the German capital my orientation as a composer changed soon and noticeably. I made contacts with artists who entertained ideas quite different from those of the small group I had known so far. The assistant director of the Academy, the late Georg Schünemann, was very helpful in introducing me into various circles. To him I owe my brief acquaintance with Ferruccio Busoni, who was spending his last years in discussing the principles of neo-classicism. These however had no immediate influence on me at that time. What I gathered from Busoni’s discourse was that romanticism and all it stood for had to be overcome at all cost, and that the nineteenth century on the whole was musically an age of decline, from the consequences of which truly progressive artists ought to free themselves as quickly and thoroughly as possible. More palpable results derived from my contacts with Hermann Scherchen, who then had just embarked on his career as extraordinary conductor of new music, and Eduard Erdmann, brilliant and profound as pianist, composer, and thinker. These and a few other, younger people were responsible for removing my prejudices against aggressively modern music. I understood that in order to live up to the requirement of being
sophisticated and unusual I would have to go far beyond the limits of the middle-of-the-road modernism to which I had been educated.

Among many inspiring ideas, I owe to Erdmann two things that were of decisive influence on my later evolution. Through him I was initiated in Franz Schubert, of whom up to that time I had not thought very highly. According to the tenets in which I was reared, Schubert's music was embarrassingly simple, almost popular, and therefore "banal." Fortunately it did not take me very long to become thoroughly ashamed of such immature notions, and ever since I have not tired of spreading the message of Schubert's true and little recognized greatness. This seems to be patently at variance with the decision to get rid of all romantic influences. But what Erdmann made me see in Schubert was not the poetic quality of his music, usually pointed out as the Viennese master's greatest asset, but the subtlety and infinite variety of his purely musical construction, his fantastic inventiveness in exploring ever new relationships of the tonal elements—in short, his formidable composition technique. I learned to understand the idea of the autonomy of music, which fitted very well into the anti-romantic tenets I was absorbing at that time. I ceased to think of music as an agglomeration of interesting and startling effects derived from the operatic stage, and began to see it as a formidable construction completely free of sentimental connotations, a law unto itself.

Erdmann also introduced me to Artur Schnabel, whose friendship I valued highly right to the day of his death. Through curious coincidences I knew Schnabel for several years as a composer before I heard him as a pianist. I found his music as fascinating and inspiring as his original and incisive conversation, and always thought of him primarily as a creative musician.

All these influences strengthened the intransigent component in my make-up. The young progressive musicians challenged my imagination and stimulated my appetite for daring experimenta-
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A third influence working in the same direction, and perhaps the strongest of all, came from outside the field of music. This was Karl Kraus, the Viennese poet and satirist, whom I have admired as one of the greatest masters of the German language. To this day I have remained fascinated by the unique independence of his spirit and the intransigence of his ethical convictions. The inexorable consequence of his pitting himself against “this world,” so that eventually there was nothing but a clear-cut division between him and all the rest, has impressed me enormously. Although I think that in artistic matters I have shown a fair amount of uncompromising strength when decisive issues were at stake, there have been many situations in my life in which I felt shame and remorse at not being strong enough to assume in practical affairs the “Karl Kraus attitude.”

F I R S T “ A T O N A L P E R I O D.” During the early twenties I wrote astounding quantities of music. The first important piece showing my new orientation was the First String Quartet, somewhat influenced by Bartók. This was performed at the German Musicians’ Festival in Nürnberg and had a sensational success. My First Symphony, introduced to the public by Scherchen, was written in a similar vein. Both works were highly appreciated as original contributions to the problem of form in a new idiom and praised because of their vitality. The latter was mainly a result of ruthless insistence on vigorous rhythmic patterns and a generous use of ostinato technique. I am sure that much of the success of these compositions was due to the relentless drive achieved by these devices. If this was to be understood as one of the few concessions I was still willing to make to satisfy my practical sense, my modernistic friends were not slow in pointing out that my music was in danger of becoming rigid and stiff.

Although these compositions were written while I was still of-
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ficially a student at the Academy, Schreker hardly knew of their existence before he heard of their performances. I did not dare to show him the results of my sudden change of style, assuming that he would strongly disapprove. Thus we parted company, and I pursued my new way in full independence.

My foremost work of that period certainly is the Second Symphony, the longest and most ambitious orchestral piece I have ever written. It had its first hearing in 1923 at the German Musicians' Festival in Kassel, and was received with feelings ranging from enthusiasm to horror. I remember vividly that at the final climax of the concluding Adagio movement the impression prevailed that if this accumulation of sound would continue only a little further the hall would cave in, or some catastrophe of unforeseeable magnitude occur. I heard this symphony for the second time twenty years later, played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and experienced the same shock; and while listening to the recordings made of that performance, I pass each time through a state of curious excitement when the end of the piece approaches. As I see it now, the rhythmic rigidity which was present in that period is in a peculiar way made the emotional subject matter of the piece. To me the Second Symphony seems to denote a terrific elemental force raging against stifling confinement, as if a blind giant would batter the walls of a cave in which he is imprisoned. In the last movement there are passages expressing pain with an intensity that I wish I could produce again.

I am quite sure that I felt nothing of all this when I wrote the piece. I was completely absorbed by the technical aspects of the project that I had undertaken, and this project presented itself to me solely as the practical problem of contriving a very long piece on a monumental scale.

In another work of approximately the same period I again succeeded in producing emotional values of unusual intensity. This was the opera “Orpheus und Eurydike.” The year before, I had turned my attention to the operatic stage, prompted as it seems
to me by sheer curiosity, for I felt no real urge to express myself in opera. But I had written something for nearly every other medium that appeared to me worthwhile, and I had decided that I did not wish to repeat myself. My first experiment was a one-act play with many choral passages, "Zwingburg" (The Tyrant's Castle). A friend of mine had written the first draft of the libretto. It dealt with the tragic destiny of a mankind which seems unable to work out for itself a state of well balanced freedom, either degenerating as it does into licentious liberty, or falling prey to tyrannic regimentation. The late Franz Werfel obliged me by rewriting the honest but clumsy effort of an amateur into elegant, perhaps a little too smooth, verses.

The second opera that I wrote during the same year also treated the problem of freedom, this time personal freedom from inhibitions, although I was probably hardly aware of this coincidence. It was called "Der Sprung über den Schatten" (The Leap over the Shadow), a comical farce for which I prepared my own libretto in a fairly sophomoric style. The first of these experiments was played at the State Opera House in Berlin, the second at the Civic Opera House in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Neither one was received too well. The late Paul Bekker, then music editor of the Frankfurter Zeitung, was the only one that credited me with a keen sense for the operatic stage.

Shortly afterwards I was notified that the expressionistic painter, Oscar Kokoschka, wished to see his play on Orpheus made into an opera. Again I was challenged by the project as such, and I was not in the least deterred by the fact that the book, upon first reading, did not seem to make much sense to me. Again I wrote the music in feverish haste, as in a dream, once in a while grasping the implications of the text in a flash, then again groping in the dark, following my creative instinct rather than intellectual perception. Only much later did it become clear to me that Kokoschka's play too, in a very subtle way, centered around the idea of freedom.
Ostensibly preoccupied with the purely technical problems of creating music for its own sake and according to its own laws, as I thought I understood them at the time, I acted in regard to the essential expressive contents of my music like a sleepwalker. I do not think that this condition interfered with the quality of my work—rather the opposite. But if I had more clearly realized what I was doing, I might have more consciously developed what was hinted at in those early works. My desire to gain clarity prompted me soon to move in an entirely different direction. Had I known myself better, I might not have made this move. But as it was conditioned by my ignorance of myself, it obviously was inevitable.

S W I T Z E R L A N D, F R A N C E, 1 9 2 4. At Christmas, 1923, that great and noble friend of contemporary music, the late Werner Reinhart of Winterthur, extended me an invitation to spend considerable time in Switzerland. I accepted the generous offer with keen satisfaction, for ever since the end of the First World War I had wished to take up contacts with the "outside" world, the fabulous "free" peoples that had defeated the reactionary forces of the Central Powers. My two years in Switzerland were in many respects an extremely happy period of my life, for which I owe to my many friends in that unique country a debt of undying gratitude. From Switzerland I went for the first time to Paris, and my impression of France caused a complete about-face in my artistic outlook. That is, I was ready for the about-face, and France furnished the cue.

I was fascinated by what appeared to me the happy equilibrium, perfect poise, grace, elegance, and clarity which I thought I perceived in the French music of that period, as well as in the relations of the French musicians with their public. I decided that the tenets which I had followed so far in writing "modern" music were totally wrong. Music, according to my new philosophy, had to fit the well-defined demands of the community for which it was written; it had to be useful, entertaining, practical. It is easy to see
that the second component of my make-up, long suppressed by its counterpart, categorically demanded its right. It is equally easy to see that I approached the philosophy of *Gebrauchsmusik*, which at that time was promoted by Hindemith and others in Germany, though from a different angle. I also absorbed some of the ideas of neo-classicism, inspired by Strawinsky's "Pulcinella Suite," and similar works.

The first result of this new orientation was that I considerably reduced the scale of my creative projects. I still wrote a great deal of music with considerable speed, but the pieces were shorter, for smaller ensembles, and of a less formidable nature. As one of the most important works of that period I should like to mention my Second Concerto Grosso, which in regard to idiom and general character continued the line of the Second Symphony, while its form and texture approached the models of Baroque music. In a smaller work of that kind, a Concertino for Flute, Violin, Harpsichord and String Orchestra, I went further than in the Concerto Grosso, imitating more closely the style of the early eighteenth century, reminiscing on the tonal language of that period and playfully employing some of its mannerisms. This probably is as close as I would ever come to the more obvious behavior patterns of neo-classicism.

When my sojourn in Switzerland came to an end, Paul Bekker invited me to assist him in the direction of the Opera House in Kassel, a position that he had assumed in the fall of 1925. When I left Switzerland I felt as if I had been driven out of paradise into a humiliating exile. I had hoped that I could establish myself in that charming "outside" world which had tempted me so strongly, and I dreaded my return to the nebulous and brooding atmosphere of Germany. Although in the beginning I did not quite know what to do in the reluctantly accepted theatrical job, I soon became thoroughly fascinated by the magic machinery of the stage. I discovered that it fitted my new philosophy to the utmost, as it constantly demanded practical, immediately effective action.
I wrote a large amount of incidental music for a great variety of plays, conducted several small operas, prepared program notes for the theatre, appeared on the radio in various capacities, and was generally busy living up to the demands of the moment.

"JONNY SPIELT AUF." Most important of all, I began working on my opera "Jonny spielt auf," for which I had made the first notes before leaving Switzerland. I had not the slightest idea that I was preparing one of the most momentous operatic successes of recent times. My main incentive apparently was the temptation to exploit all the resources of the magnificent toy that I had just learned to handle. I invented a vivid and exciting plot that employed every possible mechanical contrivance of the modern stage. Above all I was lucky in conceiving the thoroughly operatic character of Jonny, the jazz-band fiddler, a sort of sophisticated latter-day Papageno. The story was nothing but another expression of my preoccupation with the idea of freedom, this time based on my experience with the "outside" world. Jonny and his America stood for the fullness of life, optimistic affirmation, freedom from futile speculation, and devotion to the happiness of the moment. He was the fulfillment of a wish dream, for I felt that all of these elements, which I admired so greatly and passionately desired to acquire for myself, were really foreign to my nature. Daniello, the slick virtuoso, was a mean caricature of the dream picture. Max, the composer, was the counterpart of both and a highly autobiographical character. He was the self-conscious, brooding, introspective, Central European intellectual, as opposed to the happy, straightforward representatives of the Western world. In the final climax of the play he succeeded by an act of free will in breaking through the walls of his inhibitions and escaping into the outside world of freedom. As to the music of this opera, I returned to the tonal idiom, to the cantilena of Puccini, seasoning the whole with the condiments of jazz, which was justified because of Jonny's profession.
The opera, at first rejected by the Hamburg Opera House, had its premiere in Leipzig, early in 1927. The success was immediate and overwhelming. Within two years it had remarkably long runs on more than a hundred stages in all European countries. The confusion that it created among professionals and inside of myself was equally remarkable. I do not know of anybody who understood how and why I had moved in this direction. I was praised as the creator of a new operatic style, and condemned as a hard-boiled cynic who wanted to get rich quick through sensation-mongering. Other observers searched for satirical implications of which I was not aware at all. The consensus was that the opera was a big joke. This reaction hurt me considerably, for I thought I had produced a serious piece of work that deserved to be taken seriously.

I was even more disturbed when I noticed that some of the modern composers whom I held in high esteem seemed to think that I had deserted their camp and turned reactionary. For this misunderstanding I had myself to blame, since I had seen fit to criticize Schoenberg and the twelve-tone technique in a public lecture that I had given some time before. Although my remarks were mild enough, they caused much resentment among the Schoenberg group, and rightly so, for they were entirely uncalled for. Fortunately this was completely straightened out as time went by, but while the tension lasted, it worried me a great deal.

It appears to me that the overwhelming success of “Jonny spielt auf” obliterated my previous attainments from the public eye. Those who had followed with sympathy my early bold experiments were disappointed, since I seemed to have become commercial. However, this was not the case, and thus I was bound to disappoint those who expected me to follow up my success with more sensational hits in the same vein. The result was that I soon found myself sitting between two chairs.

For some time I continued stylistically along the line indicated by “Jonny spielt auf.” Three one-act operas that I wrote imme-
diately afterwards may be considered as sort of elaborate marginal remarks. “The Dictator” treated a bloody episode from the private life of a political leader fashioned after the image of the Duce, at that time the only specimen of this kind in evidence. “Das geheime Königreich” (The Secret Kingdom) was a fairy-tale opera which demonstrated worldly power as *vanitas vanitaturn* and recommended returning to the innocence of primeval nature. “Schwergewicht, oder Die Ehre der Nation” (Heavy-weight, or The Pride of the Nation) was a satirical operetta in which I attacked hero-worship in the world of sport, prompted by the remark of the German Ambassador to the United States to the effect that in our age prize fighters and tennis champs were the true messengers of *Kultur*. I presented an episode from the life of a prize fighter in which an honorary Ph.D. was conferred upon him while he was at the same time revealed as a moron of monumental dimensions. This particular play, which ran at a breathtaking pace, imitating the style of early slapstick movies, was very successful, for it was highly entertaining.

The music of these operas emphasized further the romantic as well as the jazz elements of “Jonny.” The same is true of “Leben des Orest” (Life of Orestes), which was my last major effort in this vein. Here I made a deliberate attempt to reconquer the grand style by exploiting the resources of romanticism and jazz. Seen from the angle of playwriting, the libretto was a *tour de force*. I compressed the whole story of the hapless Atrides family, from the sacrifice of Iphigenia in Aulis to Orestes’ trial before the Areopagus of Athens, into five acts packed with fast and violent action. The mythical motives of the ancient legend were interpreted in terms of modern psychology and adapted to the style of a realistic, almost folksy, play. To designate the type of the piece, I called it “Grand Opera,” conjuring up the tradition of Meyerbeer’s and Verdi’s grandiose spectacles. Accordingly the music exhibited many traditional features—arias, choruses, ensembles, ballet, and all the paraphernalia of this species of opera. The use
of jazz elements was justified by my intention to demonstrate the
timelessness of the story, which although originating in antiquity
should appear as an expression of our own experience. The prob­
lem of freedom was again discussed throughout the whole play,
but a new important idea was added, that of justification. Orestes'
trial in Athens was to me the spiritual climax of the opera. This
work was quite successful, though to a lesser extent than “Jonny
spielt auf.”

VIENNA, 1928. Through “Jonny spielt auf” I had achieved a
considerable degree of financial independence, so I gave up my
position at the Opera House in Wiesbaden, where I had followed
Paul Bekker when he took over the direction of that institute.
Various courses of action lay open to me. In 1929 “Jonny spielt
auf” was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New
York, and this would have been a good opportunity for taking up
contacts with America. However, this possibility had no attrac­
tion for me at the time. What I thought I wanted to do was estab­
lish residence in southern France, with which I had become en­
amored on previous vacation trips. I was not aware of the fact that
I had outlived the frame of mind in which I had conceived my
dream picture of France and the Western world. During a visit
to my native Vienna it came to me almost as a revelation that this
was the place where I had to settle down. I was charmed by the
city, the country of Austria, and the style of its life, as if I had
never known them before. Worldwide friends of mine maintained
that it was the most foolish thing I could possibly do. Vienna of­
fered to the musician none of the business opportunities of the
great market places such as Berlin or Paris. Its physical plant was
limited, its financial resources scarce, the spirit of its musical lead­
ers timid, backward, or even reactionary. I could see all that, but
was I not in a position to disregard external conditions and to live
wherever and however I pleased?

For a while I lived in splendid isolation, without participating
in any of the local musical activities. I receded further into a seemingly old-fashioned romanticism, which to many appeared as either an amiable or annoying caprice. While Hindemith was supplying German youth with practical music for their enjoyment and enlightenment, and Kurt Weill interpreted musically the acid social critique of Bertolt Brecht, I wrote in twenty days the twenty songs of the “Reisebuch aus den oesterreichischen Alpen” (Travel Book from the Austrian Alps), in the style of Schubert’s “Winterreise”—sentimental, ironical, and philosophical sketches, extolling the beauties of my homeland and discussing its problems. This work marked the turning point in that phase of my evolution which had begun when I abandoned “modernism” in 1924.

From here on the opposite component of my nature gained ascendancy again. Probably its time had come, and various external factors were helpful. While Schoenberg himself no longer lived in Vienna, several of his disciples were present, the most prominent of them being Alban Berg and Anton Webern. I was very anxious to renew and maintain contact with them, as I wanted to clear myself of the vestiges of the unfortunate conflict with Schoenberg. The attitude of these excellent men filled me with great respect. While their ideas and ideals seemed to me still somewhat strange and obscure, I thoroughly admired the way in which they lived up to the high demands that they made upon themselves. With the exception of small groups that had almost the character of a secret society, the community in which these men lived granted them practically no recognition whatsoever. None of them had any position in public life to speak of, and their financial status was precarious. Nevertheless they adhered to the principles of their art with unshakable faith and remained imperturbable in spite of permanent disappointments and failures. I could not help becoming more and more interested in their musical credo, which was the twelve-tone technique.

Another factor working in the same direction was that in Vien-
na I had the opportunity of hearing the lectures of Karl Kraus regularly. It did not make any difference whether he read his own aggressive and incredibly brilliant satirical pieces, or plays by Shakespeare, Nestroy, or Offenbach. What did matter was the moral power emanating from a man who for more than thirty years had withstood the hostile silence of his compatriots without deviating from his line by a single inch.

During this period I became increasingly dissatisfied with the character of my work. My romantic compositions were reasonably successful, as they were attractive because of the traditional idioms which I utilized. However, not being of a cheap or vulgar type they could not compete with the products of composers who used the traditional material in an uncritical manner. On the other hand, the modernists regarded these works of mine more or less as oddities. Thus the compositions lived on the narrow margin where their qualified popular appeal met with the limited interest that they could evoke as the curious utterances of a once "modern" composer.

The time of decision approached when I wrote another opera and discovered that it was turned down by everybody. Once more I had mustered the resources of romanticism for a topical play treating the political and social crisis of post-war Vienna. While the music still had the Schubertian ring of the "Reisebuch," the libretto was sharply critical of domestic affairs and particularly of German attitudes toward Austria. The Leipzig Opera House, a stronghold of mine ever since the triumph of "Jonny," foresaw trouble and expressed its regrets. It was clear to me that I had reached a dead end. I felt like giving up music entirely. Around 1930 I had developed a considerable literary activity, especially when I was invited to contribute regularly to the Frankfurter Zeitung, Germany's most respected liberal newspaper. Its literary department was then directed by F. T. Gubler, one of my best friends from Switzerland. I wrote many articles and essays on musical subjects, and also dealt with cultural, political, and liter-
mary matters, and furnished a great number of book reviews. Temporarily I found music a poor and inarticulate medium of expression, and was willing to try entirely different lines of approach.

The music which I wrote at that time, in spite of my general skepticism in regard to music's expressive faculties, foreshadowed the decisive change that was soon to come. Around 1930 I had the rare privilege of meeting Karl Kraus personally, and of being admitted to his circle. It gave me great satisfaction that the man who, without knowing it, had exercised the strongest influence upon me, distinguished me with his personal friendship until his death. I set a group of his poems to music and used for the first time configurations of twelve different tones as motivic units. The basic vocabulary was still tonal, and the style romantic.

More twelve-tone groups of this kind appeared in a song cycle that I wrote to my own words under the title "Gesänge des späten Jahres" (Songs of the Late Year). I had always felt that cycles of songs were most suitable for depicting the progress of the lyrical subject through various stages, and therefore the underlying motive should be the idea of travel. Schubert's "Winterreise" appeared to me as the unexcelled prototype of a song cycle. My "Songs of the Late Year" were conceived in a deeply pessimistic mood, prompted by my dejected state of mind as well as by the disheartening impressions which I had collected on a journey through Germany and Austria, everywhere observing the alarming symptoms of the fast spreading disease of Nazism. The cycle was in a way a counterpart of the "Reisebuch," written only two years earlier in a much happier mood. Then I had praised the beauties and hopeful aspects of my country. Melancholy and doubt were spread over the whole like a thin haze that made the lovable features only the more attractive. Now the basic mood was bitter and grim; decay and disintegration were conspicuous topics. The idiom of these songs stretched the concept of tonality considerably, and I seemed to return to the characteristics of my
earlier music. However, this time the process was slow and deliberate, and each step was carefully planned. I feel that the works of this period of transition generally lack the vitality of the spectacular outbursts of my early modernism as well as of my romantic phase. This seems to me to be partly compensated for by a conscientious craftsmanship, such as I had not always applied previously.

"CHARLES V." While passing through this period of depression, I had a conversation with the director of the Vienna Opera House, Clemens Krauss, during which he suggested that I should write a new opera for his institution. This request acted upon me as a potent tonic. I concluded that my reputation as a promising operatic composer had not yet vanished. But above all, this invitation made me very happy because I saw in it a token of recognition in my native land, for which I was longing more fervently than I had realized. Although living in desirable independence and comparative leisure, I suffered under the isolation in which Vienna let me spend some of the best years of my life. Although my financial status seemed to enable me to be as intransigent and esoteric as I wished, the practical component of my nature was frustrated, for I was not given any opportunity to accomplish things here and now. The modern works of my earlier period were not played, since on the one hand Vienna's musical life was too deeply rooted in tradition and generally adverse to experimentation, and on the other hand I was labeled as the funnyman who had written "Jonny spielt auf." However, in this latter capacity I did not live up to expectations, for my "popular" works, like the "Reisebuch," contained just enough dynamite in the form of skepticism, critical innuendo, and unexpected dissonances to make the keepers of the traditional Gemütlichkeit feel uncomfortable. Yet I would have given many of my still numerous performances in Germany for one real success in Vienna.
relation to the city of my birth had assumed distinct characteristics of unrequited love. Thus Mr. Krauss' suggestion had a wonderfully invigorating effect.

His interest became enthusiastic when I mentioned the subject that I wished to treat: the history of Charles V, the tragic emperor of the Renaissance era. My choice appeared perfect, the subject matter being closely associated with Austrian history. I went to work at once, and spent nearly a full year on research in the archives of the National Library of Vienna. The problem of freedom was again the focus of attention, this time formulated in terms of the conflict of free will versus determining circumstances. But this problem was almost overshadowed by, or rather served as a vehicle for, the theologically formulated question of justification, which already had dominated the finale of my play on Orestes. The dramatic substance of "Charles V" is the elaborate attempt of the dying emperor to justify his failures as a result of inevitable necessity, brought about through historical forces stronger than his own free will.

While the emperor recites the story of his life, soliciting the indulgence of his father confessor, the salient scenes of that life appear as flashbacks on the stage. Again, as in "Orestes," I compressed an immense quantity of material into the frame of an operatic evening, though the technique was quite different.

In my earlier operas I had written words and music simultaneously, after having worked out a very detailed outline for each scene. I had found that I achieved a much more flexible and integrated unity if I could mold the dialogue while progressing with the music, rather than following a previously set text. This was perhaps frequently accomplished at the expense of the literary quality of the text, but the very best examples of good opera showed that the literary perfection of the details really did not matter. In "Charles V" I was much more ambitious, as I wanted to produce something that was impeccable from every angle. I spent much time in preparing the libretto, and it seems to me that
I was able to submit a piece of literature of some value in its own right.

When it came to conceiving the music, I was faced with a formidable problem of conscience. After the few noncommittal experiments of the transition period, the time had come for me to decide whether I ought to turn to the twelve-tone technique, or what other course I ought to take. One thing was clear: the neoromantic phase of my work had come to an end. The struggle was hard, and the decision far from easy. I settled down to studying the works of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern, as one might in an elementary course in composition. Up to that time the music of these masters had attracted me because of its unquestionable modernism and uncompromising purity of style, but it did not really appeal to me as a form of expression evoking immediate, instinctive response. It was one of the most important experiences of my life that the patient, analytical, intellectual study of that music revealed to me its aesthetic values, and that as a result of that study I now am able to appreciate and enjoy that beauty which prior to my analytical effort was hidden from me.

If I did not wish to relapse into what appeared to me as the mistake of my early modernistic period, by assimilating the extraneous features of the "dissonant" style—and this I did not want to do as it already had led to disappointment—I had only the choice of rejecting these ideas for good, or else penetrating to their core. Since I felt that I had exhausted all possible alternatives, the second course of action had to be chosen. Thus I decided, after long deliberation and thorough search of my conscience, to adopt the twelve-tone technique. I knew that this was a decision of utmost consequence for my future as a composer and as a human being.

The description of this process may appear abhorrent to those who believe that a composer should listen only to the inner voice of musical inspiration instead of indulging in intellectual speculation. They may rest assured that I never listened more intently
to the inner voice than at the time of this decision, and what the inner voice told me was exactly that I ought to do some very hard thinking. Those who dislike "Charles V," for whatever reasons, may feel confirmed in this by my reporting that the work was in the beginning discouragingly difficult and progressed very slowly. I felt as if I had never known how to write music, and inching along from measure to measure was like hacking my way through an arid, thorny thicket.

POLITICAL IMPLICATIONS. "Charles V" as a play carried more, and more evident, political implications than anything I had written before. Ever since my first opera "Zwingburg," I had touched upon political matters in my works for the stage. In "Charles V" I took a definite stand, extolling the universalism of the Catholic Empire of the Middle Ages as against the disintegrating forces of nationalism, materialism, and religious indifference. Although the text was completed before Hitler's ascent to power in 1933, the play was clearly anti-Nazi and based on the tenets that were later officially adopted by the Austrian government as a system of defense against the Nazis. My political attitude in previous years had been based on a generally liberal and progressive philosophy that involved a certain contempt for practical politics. My attitude was not a-political, since my aversion for actual political movements, parties, slogans was itself the expression of a political viewpoint. In controversial situations my sympathies would usually tend toward the left, but not necessarily so, and not on the grounds of my sharing leftist doctrines. As I derived this political attitude largely from Karl Kraus, I was not surprised at having to partake of his unpopularity. In general I have observed that my nature does not make it easy for me to join groups of any kind, and therefore my activities have usually lacked that initial support which automatically benefits individuals who belong to such groups.

As an Austrian not only by birth but also by conviction, I did
not even have the support of a national group, which in an era of violent nationalism was a serious shortcoming. Austrian patriotism was not so much a manifestation of ethnic group-consciousness as an expression of allegiance to the idea of the old, universal and supernational empire of which the Austrian republic of the post-war period seemed to be the last tangible remnant. One could be sure that Austrians who tossed nationalistic slogans around were actually German chauvinists, incipient Nazis, and traitors to their country. True Austrian patriots were anything but vociferous, for their patriotism was their faith in the idea of an Empire in which all nations had an equitable place. Some of these ideas were promulgated by the Dollfuss government as the new philosophy of Austria at the time when Hitler took over Germany and threatened to overrun Austria any day. Involved traditionally and theoretically was a strongly Catholic orientation.

In the course of the preceding years I had become increasingly interested in religious problems, and after a period of alienation gradually reapproached the Roman Church, into which I was born. I felt justified in thinking that the time had come when I could make my contribution to Austria's life and culture after all. The country was in a desperate situation, threatened in its existence. The majority of the progressive elements were skeptical of the new political orientation, as it seemed to them to represent only a second-hand fascism, "mitigated by Schlamperei" (slovenliness), as they used to put it. I was almost the only musician of international reputation and noteworthy creative power who supported the revival of the tradition of the old, supernational Empire, conceived in the spirit of Catholic Christianity. In "Charles V" I had completed a work of monumental dimensions which, like no other of its kind, expressed the governmental philosophy. I decided that the time for practical action was at hand.

During these years—up to the time of my emigration from Europe—I organized a series of concerts presenting contemporary chamber music. I wrote articles for the *Wiener Zeitung*, the offi-
cial paper of the federal government. I gave a series of lectures on problems of contemporary music. I took an active part in the work of the Austrian section of the International Society for Contemporary Music and functioned as its delegate to the international festivals until 1938. I was elected chairman of the Austrian Association of Playwrights and Stage Composers. Obviously I had more than enough opportunities for practical action. However, all this did not mean by any stretch of the imagination that my contribution was recognized, or that I was accepted as a constructive element in the new regime. I soon discovered that the governments of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg were sincerely anti-Nazi, as far as politics was concerned, but that in cultural matters they were just about as reactionary as the Nazis themselves. I suppose that in this respect they were also perfectly sincere, for the intellectual level of the Catholic parties in Austria had always been determined by the tastes and capacities of the lower middle class. There was also the familiar fallacy of appeasement, in the shape of the notion that one could "take the wind out of the Nazis' sails" if one compensated for the rejection of their political program by adopting the seemingly harmless cultural part of it. History has demonstrated that this attitude invites catastrophe instead of preventing it. While Austria's leaders committed the tragic mistake of thinking that they could do without the collaboration of progressive elements, my folly was that I thought they could be convinced of the opposite.

To this folly I gave grimly humorous expression in a considerable number of articles which I contributed to a satirical magazine edited by Willi Reich, musicologist and critic, pupil of Alban Berg, and a close friend of mine. The title of the magazine, 23, was suggested by Berg, taking its cue from section twenty-three of the Code which in Austria regulated the newspaper business. According to that section, which was very familiar to every attentive reader, correction of any misrepresentation of facts could be demanded by the person affected, and under the law the
paper was due to publish the correction in the same shape and manner in which the misstatement had appeared. The program of our magazine was, of course, to set straight the innumerable faults of commission and omission of which the timid, callous, and sloppy music critics of Vienna were guilty, especially in regard to contemporary music. The magazine contained some fairly aggressive material, which even now makes quite amusing reading. Since many issues were destroyed after the Nazi occupation of Vienna, it is likely to become some day a collector's item.

Some of my activities during these hectic years were received by public opinion with hostile indifference, some evoked angry resistance. All of them had to be carried on under unusual difficulties. My work as an artist found even less official recognition than before. It was characteristic that the only complete performance of my "Reisebuch," which might have been exploited by the governmental propagandists as a rare glorification of the new Austria, took place in one of the little concerts that I organized myself, and very scanty attention was paid to it. It gives me a certain ironical satisfaction to notice, after fifteen years of voluntary exile from my native country, that the same work is now being performed in Austria, often to sold-out houses. The worst blow came when in 1934 the Vienna Opera House stopped the rehearsals for "Charles V" and cancelled the production of this work. The excuses which were put forward were obviously flimsy. Fear of antagonizing the Nazis appears to have been the true reason.

My endurance and strength of character were put to a severe test. In spite of these disappointments I did not change my position and went on working for the independence of Austria and for the government which treated me as an adversary rather than an ally, though it was woefully short of sincere and capable supporters. Once again I had chosen to take a stand that was unpopular from every angle and unintelligible to most observers. When I travelled abroad, I noticed that few people took the trouble to analyze the political texture of Austria. The majority had ac-
ernst krenek

accepted the lies and misrepresentations of the Nazi propaganda, which was so skilfully disseminated that its victims did not know they had succumbed to it. A few people who had more knowledge of the situation doubted the sincerity of the new regime, seeing how it treated the leftist opposition in Austria. And only very few trusted friends of mine seemed to understand my own role in this situation. Even these questioned the wisdom of my choice.

work in the twelve-tone technique. As far as my music was concerned, I knew that embracing the twelve-tone technique restricted the possibilities of public appreciation of my work even more than the general circumstances did. I was not only confronted with the normal prejudice against new music, but also with the special prejudice that had accumulated against twelve-tone music, which was usually thought of as a theoretical aberration without aesthetic value. Nevertheless I continued along the line which I had chosen for myself while preparing "Charles V." I noticed soon that the twelve-tone technique could not very well be used as a ready-made method for the manufacture of modern music. It was both more and less than that, at the same time. In other words, employing this method meant nothing in terms of aesthetic value, inspiration, vitality. It was necessary to delve deeper into the technical, aesthetic, and philosophical principles underlying the idea of the twelve-tone technique and to test its possibilities and limitations in ever new experiments, which meant writing a great many compositions and trying many different approaches. Of the works that I completed prior to my emigration I consider the Twelve Variations for Piano and the Sixth String Quartet to be the most important ones. Neither one of them has registered with public opinion to an adequate extent, which may partly be explained through the fact that the Variations were performed but not published, while the Quartet was published but not played. In both works I tried to establish their formal structure as a logical outgrowth of the basic organization.
of the sound material evident in the fundamental layout of the twelve-tone patterns. This seemed to me an important project, since I had observed that other composers utilizing the twelve-tone technique frequently had applied it to traditional formal schemes, such as Sonata, Suite, Rondo, and the like. I speculated a great deal on the possibilities of evolving new forms of music, as can be gathered from my theoretical writings of that period. In later years I did not any longer attach the same importance to the problem of form, but preoccupation with it during the middle thirties has lent to my musical output of these years specific significance.

A performance of a work of mine scheduled in a German city for the day after the Hitler election in March 1933 was cancelled immediately after the results of the election were known, which indicated the attitude toward my music under the Nazi regime. To the best of my knowledge, not a single note of mine was played in Germany as long as that regime lasted. This fact reduced my income very sharply, and I had to look for new sources. Since my homeland did not offer any possibilities of profitable work, I took up travelling abroad, giving lectures, playing and conducting my works in concerts and over the radio. The remuneration was insignificant compared with the fees drawn by professional interpreters, but it supported me at least during the time spent on the road. The Western world in which I was moving about did not impress me any longer as the paradise that it had seemed to be ten years earlier. Too many signs of the forthcoming crack-up were visible. Furthermore, my preoccupation with the twelve-tone technique immunized me to a great extent against the temptations held out by different styles of contemporary music. Nevertheless, there were many moments in which I had the most serious doubts as to the raison d'être of this method of composition. These doubts were not prompted by the resistance which this method of composition encountered nearly everywhere. They emanated from within, for time and again I was tempted to ask
myself, during the process of writing or looking over a finished work, whether the essential musical ideas which I had formulated could not have been conceived without the aid of the twelve-tone technique just as well, or perhaps even better and more spontaneously, than by operating that laborious mechanism. I have always overcome these moments of hesitation, chiefly reasoning that, even if a certain musical organism might have been created without utilizing this technique, it actually had originated under its principles, and thus the technique must have had a function in the process, no matter how obscure that function might appear afterwards. Spontaneity, so desirable and necessary a factor in the creation of anything that is to exhibit vitality, was then something to be striven for in persistent work rather than something to be presupposed as a gift from heaven. Furthermore, I convinced myself time and again that no other manner of writing would afford me more satisfaction. I also felt that it was a point of moral integrity to see it through after I had started on the venture. Even if the twelve-tone technique had been a lost cause, it was doubly impossible to abandon it at a time when the adversaries, Nazi or otherwise, would have howled in triumph at every sign of wavering.

AMERICA, 1937. My attitude in this respect did not change when I made my first trip to America in the fall of 1937, half a year before Hitler’s seizure of Austria. During that trip I wrote five songs to words by Franz Kafka. Although very brief, they appear to me important as a conclusion of my first phase of experience with the twelve-tone technique. In the beginning of that phase I could not yet entirely break away from thinking in terms of effects which might have been accomplished without the aid of this method. In “Charles V” I frequently had to resort to some rather tortuous manipulations of the twelve-tone row in order to make it serviceable to my intentions. This may or may not have affected the ultimate result in regard to its expressive power. At
any rate, this result ought to be judged solely on its artistic merits, regardless of how the twelve-tone series was used, just as we appreciate the artistic qualities of Tomás Luis Victoria’s music according to what it has to say to us, without bothering about how he got along with Zarlino’s rules on counterpoint. Later I learned to conceive my initial ideas in such terms that they would naturally fall in line with the organic possibilities of the twelve-tone technique. My Variations for Piano and the Sixth String Quartet designate the culminating point of this development. My ambition was to attain the perfection that I saw in the music of Anton Webern, which in my opinion is one of the extremely rare cases in history of complete coincidence of creative imagination and strictly formulated technique, comparable in this respect perhaps only to Palestrina, or in a certain sense to the “Art of the Fugue.” I feel that I have approached this ideal only in a few isolated moments, for there has always been in my musical concepts an element of vitality that seemed to tend toward breaking through any set of limitations, be it of a traditional or of an unorthodox type. My opinion is that Alban Berg had to deal with a similar problem while harnessing the twelve-tone technique for his expressive purposes. Alban Berg’s solutions in the Violin Concerto and in the unfinished opera, “Lulu,” impressed me greatly as utterances of a noble and humane mind, but they did not appeal to me as models, for they seemed to lead back to a highly sophisticated romanticism to which I did not wish to return. In the Variations and in the Sixth Quartet I accomplished a degree of constructive consistency which I had hardly reached before, but the musical substance so organized seemed of too stony a texture to serve as a medium of sufficient flexibility for expression of a reasonably wide range of moods. It was in the Kafka songs that I was able for the first time to make the twelve-tone construction somewhat pliable without twisting it beyond recognition. But as I have mentioned, these were very short pieces, and I had still a long way to go.
It might be worth noticing that during this period I wrote compositions from time to time without using the twelve-tone technique. Such works were usually of small caliber and written for some occasion the conditions of which did not seem to make the twelve-tone idiom acceptable. I never knew whether this practice was legitimate, or whether it was breaking a principle which I had undertaken to follow on a word of honor given to myself. In writing such pieces I did not mean to acknowledge formally that the twelve-tone technique could be used only for certain specific and exclusive purposes, or that it was definitely unsuitable for others. However, perhaps this is precisely the case. History will tell us more about it.

TEACHING AND RESEARCH. Through my work in the twelve-tone technique I became interested in musical theory and history—fields that previously had not particularly commanded my attention. Franz Schreker had not stimulated the interest of his students in these matters, since he was a totally unscholarly type of artist, basing his judgment of music on instinct rather than on critical analysis. He thought very little of the labors of the Institute for Music History at the University of Vienna, and as I at that time had absolute confidence in whatever he said, I did not participate in the important studies that went on in the seminars of the Institute. I took only a few of the general lecture courses, and they seemed to me very dull indeed. Thus my knowledge of music history was extremely sketchy, and I was hardly conscious of my own place in the historical evolution. The various problems which I encountered in my struggle with the twelve-tone technique prompted me to seek advice in musical theory, and soon I discovered that more knowledge of history would be helpful. My interest in this field was enhanced when I became acquainted with the new edition of Monteverdi's works, prepared by Malipiero. Monteverdi's music was a revelation as significant to me as my discovery of Schubert had been many years earlier. It
aroused my curiosity as to what other surprises these bygone centuries might hold.

The opportunity to develop substantial historical studies came when I returned to the United States as an immigrant and began teaching theory at Vassar College in 1939. The excellent music library of that institution offered all the material that I could wish to have for a good start. An essay by Richard S. Hill in the *Musical Quarterly*, "Schoenberg's Tone Rows and the Tonal System of the Future," made me aware of the problems of modal theory which have occupied my mind ever since. I was also looking for early prototypes of the basic ideas of the twelve-tone technique, and turned my attention to the *cantus firmus* method of mediaeval polyphony and to the melodic design of Gregorian Chant.

In Europe I had never felt any incentive to teach composition. I had once in a while a few private students for limited periods of time, but I did not enjoy my work because I could not see quite clearly what I should teach these students. Thus I was looking forward with some apprehension to my first teaching job in America, after having discovered that teaching was about the only way of securing a livelihood open to me in that country. To my surprise I found that I not only enjoyed my academic work almost more than any previous practical activity, but that I also achieved most satisfactory results.

In 1942 I was appointed as head of the music department of Hamline University in St. Paul, Minnesota, in which position I was able to expand my teaching activities to include advanced courses in history and musicology. My own education had been centered around the classical languages and designed to foster philosophical methods of thinking. Thus it gave me great satisfaction when I was able to apply these methods to the pedagogical interpretation of music, which in my opinion has its place in the humanities alongside literature, and should not be regarded as a trade the tricks of which may be picked up by instinct and me-
chanical drill. On the other hand I feel that the intellectual approach to music, as furnished by musicology, may benefit from the impulses that the creative imagination of composers can offer.

It was in this spirit that I eventually edited the two volumes of *Hamline Studies in Musicology*. I collected several papers written by graduate students of mine dealing with problems of mediaeval music that interested us from the angle of composition technique. I contributed to these studies an essay of my own on the treatment of dissonances in several masses by Johannes Ockeghem. The Flemish master of the fifteenth century had attracted my attention more and more since I had noticed that in current books on the history of music he was generally blamed for his arid and abstract, purely "intellectual" approach, a criticism that had a familiar ring, as the same type of objection was regularly raised against modern methods of composition with which I had largely identified myself. To my surprise and satisfaction I found Ockeghem's music highly expressive and full of emotional warmth. Closer acquaintance with his work was to me an experience of the same order as my previous encounters with Schubert and Monteverdi.

During my first years in America I wrote several smaller compositions in which I used some of the twelve-tone methods with which I had become familiar. Two larger works of this type were a ballet music, under the title "Eight Column Line," and an opera, "Tarquin," on a libretto by Emmet Lavery.

In these works I tried again to take into account such practical possibilities as seemed to me to exist in my new homeland. The prevailing emphasis in American life on tangible accomplishments in the Here and Now revived my appetite for such. It is too early for me to decide whether or not I have attempted a compromise that may well be unattainable. At any rate, the original objective of "Tarquin" has not been reached inasmuch as this opera still has not been produced in America. Since the operatic enterprises of this country such as the Metropolitan Opera House...
were not available for unconventional new works, "Tarquin" was
designed as a chamber opera with a small cast and an ensemble of
only six instruments, so that it could be produced at university
centers interested in experimental affairs. However, in spite of
the extreme simplification of the external apparatus, the opera
turned out to be still far too difficult for the resources then avail­
able at scholastic institutions. It therefore had to wait until 1950,
when the German operatic machinery, even in its dilapidated
post-war status, proved capable of absorbing this item.

RECENT WORKS. In 1941 I deliberately set out upon the next
step in dealing with the twelve-tone technique, to some extent in­
spired by the historical studies that I had carried on in the mean­
time. The result was a long and extremely difficult score for a
cappella chorus, "Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetae," on the Latin
words of the Tenebrae services of the Holy Week. Here the
twelve-tone series was used in a manner suggested by the modal
theory of the Greeks, and the spirit of mediaeval polyphony per­
vaded the whole work.

In my Third Piano Sonata, and in a group of minor works, I
elaborated on the ideas set forth in the "Lamentations." This
process came to fulfillment in the Seventh String Quartet, which
I consider one of my most significant compositions of the early
forties. The manipulations of the tone row had reached a point
at which little of the original tenets of the twelve-tone technique
was retained. Nevertheless the design of the whole was definitely
based on the series, and the spirit of the technique governed every
detail of the piece. Again I was aided and inspired by my newly
acquired knowledge of Ockeghem and Josquin des Prés. I feel
that the Seventh String Quartet strikes that balance of logical
construction and flexibility, of accuracy of design and warmth of
expression to which I have aspired throughout my career as a
composer. Afterwards I wrote a number of works in some of
which I returned to the more orthodox methods of the twelve-
Minature

Extremely slow
tone technique, while in others I did not apply this technique at all. I believe that the difference between the two categories of works is hardly noticeable, and I am inclined to think that this is good reason for satisfaction.

Feeling that another phase of my evolution had begun, I gathered sufficient courage in 1947 to approach again the problem of the symphony, after nearly twenty-five years had elapsed since I had written a work under the title of a full-sized symphony. During those years I was frequently tempted by the idea of composing another symphony, but I always refrained from doing so, not only because other tasks seemed to be more pressing. While at the time I was probably not too clearly conscious of the reasons for my abstinence, I now rationalize it like this: if a symphony were nothing but a long and big piece for orchestra, anybody equipped with talent and technique for covering considerable spans of time with skilfully orchestrated music could write symphonies. In fact, many people do so, satisfied, as it appears, with these assumptions. However, to me it seems that ever since Beethoven the symphonic form carries a very specific significance, intimately tied up with a certain simplicity and monumentality of the musical ideas to be employed and developed in a symphony. During my "romantic" period my musical style certainly did not leave anything to be desired as far as the requirement of simplicity went. But I must have been instinctively aware of the fact that in the traditional idiom, which I then utilized, profound significance such as a symphony would have to exhibit was hardly attainable. I find it rather characteristic that those of my works of that period which live on because they still mean something are mainly operas, songs, and choruses, in which significance is a product of the musical interpretation of literary matter. The relatively few specimens of "absolute" music which I then composed appear to me now of somewhat lesser interest.

Significance is much more directly attached to the works of the "twelve-tone" period, as the employment of new, untried meth-
odds and of unconventional idioms immediately suggests novel thought and thus some measure of importance. How much importance will depend, of course, on the individual accomplishment. (By the way, I realize that this discussion may startle the average "music lover" who approves of traditional works because they "say something" to him, while he rejects modern music for the opposite reason. I am quite sure that his rationalization is wrong, for he accepts the fact that the traditional idiom to which he grew accustomed through life-long habit leaves him indifferent to a manifestation of the soothing power of sheer beauty, while the unfamiliar new idiom threatens his complacency because he cannot apprehend its significance, and so he blames it for not having any and for being ugly.)

While in the twelve-tone works significance accrued almost by itself, simplicity and monumentality were for a long time beyond reach, which again blocked the road to the symphonic style. The intricacy of the twelve-tone technique lends itself very readily to the minute precision of chamber music, but the broad strokes necessary for the truly symphonic style are hard to execute with a delicate brush meant to draw the subtle lineaments of microscopic detail. It may well be that for this reason neither Schoenberg nor Berg wrote a symphony. The work that Webern left under this title is chamber music in form and style, and a symphony merely in name.

Only when I approached the stylistic synthesis which I have tried to describe above did I dare to think again in symphonic lines. A first attempt was made in 1942 with the "symphonic movement in the form of variations on a North Carolina folk-song, 'I Wonder as I Wander.'" In this piece the desirable simplicity was granted by the majestic outline of the fascinating old song. By 1947 I thought I had become ready for a symphony on the grand scale. My Fourth Symphony was not any longer based on a twelve-tone row, which gave me the necessary freedom to manipulate tonal masses in order to obtain broad contour. At the
same time the density of motivic relationships and the prevailingly contrapuntal texture are manifestly a result of my twelve-tone experience.

The Fifth Symphony, completed in 1949, is based on similar stylistic premises, though it is on a smaller scale, less rambling and exuberant, rather "classical" in its relative restraint and formal discipline.

Ever since I had come to the Twin Cities in 1942, I found in regard to all my activities inestimable spiritual and practical help and encouragement through the friendship with which Dimitri Mitropoulos, then conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, distinguished me.

In 1947 I decided to give reality to my life-long desire of residing in a southern climate and moved to Los Angeles. California had attracted me even before I had come to America, and my wish to be at home there became imperative when I had acquainted myself with that country on my travels in the United States. In 1944 I had written another cycle of songs to my own words, "The Ballad of the Railroads." The subject matter was the travel to the enchanting western shore, geographically much less explicit than the vignettes of my Austrian travel book, and more subjectively lyrical. I followed it up with a quasi-documentary treatment of the same theme in an a cappella choral work, called "The Santa Fé Time Table," the text of which consists of the station names of the Santa Fé Railroad from Albuquerque to Los Angeles. The fascinating motet in which Josquin de Prés had set to music the names of Christ's ancestors as listed in the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew inspired me to try my hand at an expressive interpretation of so objective a text as the time table of the Santa Fé Railroad, which had intrigued my imagination ever since I had seen pictures of it as a little boy.

Los Angeles offered various opportunities for performances of chamber music, which induced me to write several works for this medium. On a larger scale, a piano concerto, a concerto for two
pianos and orchestra, a concerto for harp, and one for violin and piano (the last two with chamber orchestra) were the results of commissions that I received. I finally succeeded in writing a one-act opera, "Dark Waters," which was practical enough to be realized by the typical opera workshop as it has developed in recent years in this country. The work, a brief tragedy with overtones of both psychological and criminal mystery, was conceived with the special possibilities of television in mind, but so far has been produced on the stage only.

In 1950 I resumed contacts with Europe after an absence of thirteen years. The unbroken vitality of the old continent in absorbing new creation, the eager search for new ideas, and the astonishingly revived capacity for artistic production impressed me a great deal. The experience especially revitalized my interest in opera on a grand scale, and it is to this I seem to be turning my attention at the time of this writing.

Some of my time in America was devoted to literary formulations of my ideas. A comprehensive summary of these is set forth in *Music Here and Now*, a book which grew out of my lectures on contemporary music in Vienna. My work in the twelve-tone technique was accompanied by a series of papers. The evolution of my theories on that subject may be found in the three most important of these essays: a small textbook under the title "Studies in Counterpoint," a paper on cadential formations in atonality, prepared for the American Musicological Society, and an article on new developments in the twelve-tone technique, published in the *Music Review*.

**Conclusion.** If a composer changes the style of his writing, he usually causes bewilderment among his contemporaries. He seems to compare unfavorably with the great masters of the past whose work appears to us as a well rounded, logically organized unit. We are likely to minimize the differences between the various phases through which these composers have passed, partly be-
cause the distance in time makes the differences seem negligible, partly because we know the outcome and can interpret various turns and twists in the evolution of an artist as integrated into the historical picture, and finally because the unity of a personality that has reached fulfillment in history impresses itself forcefully even upon divergent utterances of that personality. From history books we gather that Beethoven's work unfolded in three periods, but even an intelligent musician playing through Beethoven's sonatas in chronological order would have trouble in pointing out the lines of demarcation between those periods. We are aware of a difference between Mozart's early little symphonies and his six quartets dedicated to Haydn, but we ascribe it readily to the natural growth of the composer, whose identity overshadows the contrast. Contemporary observers had a different impression. They felt that Mozart had fairly radically changed his style, and most of them regretted this. However, in all these cases the changes took place within the province of the same musical idiom. Basic vocabulary and syntax are the same in Mozart's early and late works. In the latter the vocabulary is enriched by elements that were used rarely or not at all in the former, and the syntax has become more complex, but the frame of reference is identical. The same is true of Beethoven's evolution.

We have to go back to the time of Monteverdi in order to find a transition from one idiom to another similar to that which has taken place in the work of Arnold Schoenberg. The lack of permanent commentary, i.e., musical criticism, upon the production of that time makes it difficult to judge how contemporaries at large were impressed by Monteverdi's shifting into the idiom of tonality, which can be most clearly seen in his operatic output. Of course, his new style was not at all unprepared for, and people conversant with the chain of chromatic experiments from Clemens non Papa, Cyprien de Rore, and Willaert to Gesualdo may not have been particularly surprised by the language of "Orfeo." But neither was Schoenberg's move into atonality unprepared.
for. Familiarity with Wagner, Strauss, Mahler, and Debussy could have cushioned public opinion against the shock of Schoenberg's Piano Pieces, Opus 11. It may well be that the resonance that modern musical criticism provides for momentary excitement and ephemeral nervous reactions has magnified the shock beyond its actual proportions.

Throughout the history of music up to the present, changes within the style of any composer have always followed the direction from simple and traditional features to more complex and novel forms of expression. Contemporary observers have usually interpreted these transitions as symptoms of decline in the creative power, which the composer wanted to cover up by sensation-mongering or intellectual speculation. From an historical distance these transitions appear as progress. No one today would doubt that Beethoven's "Eroica" is more significant than his First Symphony, and that it denotes a phenomenal progress in the growth of the composer. Contemporary critics, however, deplored the idea that Beethoven, the creator of the lovely C major Symphony, had seen fit to produce a bizarre and ugly monster just because his vanity would not tolerate his abiding by the tested traditions.

The term "progress" may be applied in the history of art only if we agree on a connotation different from that used in the field of material accomplishments. While railroads nowadays obviously are better than they were a hundred years ago—a statement which can be measured accurately in terms of their efficiency in accomplishing what they were designed for—no one in his right senses would claim that the symphony has made similar progress from Mozart to Mahler. The perfect work of art can never be superseded by a later creation, because its perfection is measurable only within its own frame of reference. We would find Beethoven's string quartets perfect even if we did not know that many other composers wrote inferior quartets. We do not have to compare them with anything in order to realize their greatness,
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and actually we never do so, as we select from the past only the best anyway. If we speak of progress in art, we simply take cognizance of the fact that various phenomena follow each other in time, without implying that the subsequent is better than the precedent.

However, since the lines of evolution within the individual as well as within larger spans usually go from the simple to the more complex, we are wont to assume that the complex constitutes a progress over the simple. In the history of music there are only a very few points at which this line is broken. The first point was reached when the subtle and sophisticated melodic design of the Gregorian Chant gave way to the early crude attempts at polyphony. A new peak of complexity was the amazing contrapuntal art of the fifteenth century. Palestrina's style is a phenomenon worth studying because it demonstrates the typical dialectics of the concept of progress in art. Seen from the angle of his own time, Palestrina's art does not exhibit an increase of complexity, as it subjects the fantastic features of Gothic polyphony to rigid simplification. It does not even partake of the chromatic experiments of some of Palestrina's contemporaries which might be interpreted as continuing the trend of complexity inasmuch as they added to the vocabulary of music. However, in the light of later history Palestrina appears as a progressive composer, since his discipline and clear procedure have become the guiding lights for the later development of the new idiom of tonality, although he was opposed to the revolutionary experiments which put tonality into the saddle.

The best known of these apparent breaks of historical continuity is the leap from the complexity of Bach's awesome polyphonic constructions into the childlike primitivism of the galant style. Progress in the direction of increasing complexity set in as soon as Mozart discovered Bach and started the long process of integrating fugue and sonata, which was most energetically pushed forward by the later Beethoven and eventually led to Schoenberg.
The term complexity has been used in this discussion to designate not only complication of texture in the form of polyphonic devices, but also rhythmic subtlety and richness of vocabulary. In all these respects atonal music, as inaugurated by Schoenberg, ranks among the most complex phenomena in the history of music. Considering analogous historical situations, we may not be surprised at noticing today a new emergence of simplicity. For approximately twenty years music has gone through a period of reaction against the complexity of the atonal style and the twelve-tone technique. This reaction seems to be conspicuously different from similar processes in the past inasmuch as it was not a new generation of composers that has instigated a new, simple style; on the contrary, almost all of the leading composers started with a complicated method and worked toward the simple. Bartók, Hindemith, Milhaud, and Strawinsky may serve as examples. Even Alban Berg might be quoted here, and Schoenberg's "Ode to Napoleon" seems to indicate that its creator was not indifferent to this trend. Webern was to my knowledge the only one who never was tempted to deviate from the highly complex style.

The new simplicity displayed by the older and younger composers alike differs from similar movements in the past in that it is not confined to a simplification of texture, but retrogresses to an older status of the musical language by restituting tonality. The post-Bachian primitivism cannot be used for comparison because the musical idiom did not change. It was tonal before and after. A hypothetically similar case would have existed if seventeenth-century composers, frightened by Monteverdi's innovations, had returned to the modal style of Palestrina. It is this attempt at recapturing previous conditions which imparts to the new simplicity an unpleasant reactionary flavor.

This analysis of the contemporary scene is the result of the many long meditations that have constantly accompanied my work in the twelve-tone technique. Belonging to a younger generation than Schoenberg and his immediate disciples, I realize...
that the complex atonal style will give way to new forms of expression and that music may have a fresh start with less complicated elements. However, I think that any such start must take into account atonality and twelve-tone technique instead of evading the issue. Schoenberg may be compared with Bach in that both have brought a long process to completion. Bach has accomplished the integration of the old polyphonic tradition into tonality, and Schoenberg has completed the merger of fugue and sonata. But in this very act Schoenberg has also decisively transformed the musical language, creating atonality, which Bach did not do. Had Bach created a new idiom, we may be sure that the new simplicity of the Mannheim school would have had to take cognizance of it, and geniuses like Haydn and Mozart would undoubtedly have utilized it.

Reviewing my own development as a composer, I observe that it did not follow the pattern set by the majority of my contemporaries. My reaction against the complexity of the atonal style occurred earlier and was more thorough than was the case with most of them, but it was only temporary. When I embarked on my romantic phase, I was reactionary with a vengeance, while the other composers, in my opinion, tried to return gradually to milder phases of atonality and eventually to settle down in a style that is basically tonal, retaining some of the elements of atonality as stimulating spices. My romantic period, however, was governed by the theory that it ought to be possible to recapture the original, unadulterated sense of the old vocabulary through a fresh, primeval experience. This new, unprejudiced approach was supposed to nullify the attrition of the material, which, according to the atonalists, made the search for a new material necessary. One may say that this was a rather uncompromisingly reactionary theory, not easy to understand at a time when the general trend toward simplicity had not yet gained the upper hand.

As soon as this happened, I was already moving in the opposite direction, again swimming up-stream. Unlike the composers
of a slightly older generation, I had my period of reaction behind me when I consciously and conscientiously approached the complications of the twelve-tone technique. Thus I hope that I shall not fall prey to the false simplicity that in my opinion characterizes the greater part of contemporary music. When I succeed in formulating a less complicated style, it will be genuine—so I hope—because it will be matured through my experience of the past twenty years.

It may be said that the ultimate value of music, and thus its success in this world, does not depend upon its fitting into artificial patterns derived from a more or less arbitrary interpretation of historical situations. Assuming that such patterns actually exist, genius could be defined as the sovereign power that cuts across the patterns and creates a new historical situation. The listeners, whose reactions are supposed to decide ultimately whether or not music lives, are not aware of the subtle interplay of trends and countertrends anyway. True—but one may not be aware of a trend and yet be a part of it. Furthermore, public opinion, as voiced by critics and commentators and amplified through the loudspeakers of publicity, has a noticeable influence on the shape of musical life. Undoubtedly in the early twenties audiences at large were considerably more receptive to advanced types of modern music than they have been ever since. While public opinion then encouraged the production of such music against the resistance of more conservative elements, critics later became skeptical, publishers hesitant, and interpreting artists timid.

When all is said and done, we have to admit that the ultimate criterion of artistic value is embodied in an element of vitality which seems to defy further analysis, and this is where the present self-analysis must come to an end. Aesthetic investigation reveals the artistic perfection of the “Eroica” to the last detail. Psychological study may explain accurately what musical factors produce the imposing, invigorating, uplifting effect of that composition.
But no analysis whatsoever will unveil the mystery of its uniqueness. Even the most accomplished composer who would apply religiously the findings of the most minute analyses could not turn out a second "Eroica." One may call the agency productive of this mysterious ingredient "inspiration," which is substituting one unknown quantity for another. The only control that a composer has over the factor of inspiration is that he must not release any musical thoughts until he is absolutely convinced that they completely satisfy his inner vision. To put it in simple terms, he must like what he has written to such an extent that even after thorough search of his conscience he would not consider changing a single note. If he does that, he has done all that is humanly possible. Whether the criteria by which his nature compels him to decide what he likes are the right ones in order to endow his work with greatness and vitality is a matter of divine grace. If the grace is with him, it makes no difference whatever whether he feeds on unhappy love affairs, on walks through the woods, or on the study of mediaeval music.

Composers who have great facility in writing music are in danger of neglecting the postulate of unremitting self-criticism, because they are able to turn out satisfactory music without much effort. The greatest masters, like Mozart and Schubert, did not always escape that danger. I am aware of being a facile composer and of having issued perhaps a considerable number of works which do not live up to the standards set forth above. History teaches that the most inspired and vital works of the great composers rarely have met with immediate success. Lesser products of their pens and many average works of their less inspired contemporaries have been much better received. Undoubtedly this is equally true of our own time.

When I thus leave ultimate judgment to history, as I must, it may be questioned to what purpose I have submitted this work. Here again I may be allowed to invoke the verdict of time. While the verbalized utterances of composers are frequently dismissed
by contemporaries as attempts at defending their dubious position through subjective rationalization, posterity just as frequently applies itself with eagerness to the scrutiny of such utterances, for it sees in them documents highly informative of the ideas that moved these composers while they were still alive, and therefore likely to contribute to the true perception of their musical work.

Aptos—Palo Alto, California
June 1946
Revised and brought up to date in
Los Angeles, July 1952

ERNST KRENEK'S COMPOSITIONS¹

1a Double Fugue for piano, 1918.
2 Sonata in E-flat major (No. 1), for piano, 1919. (UE)
3 Sonata in F-sharp minor for violin and piano, 1919.
4 Serenade for clarinet, violin, viola, and cello, 1919.
5 Five Sonatinas for piano, 1920.
6 First String Quartet, 1921. (UE)
7 First Symphony, 1921.
8 Second String Quartet, 1921.
9 Songs (G. H. Goering), 1921. (UE, partly)
10 Concerto Grosso (No. 1) for six solo instruments and string orchestra, 1921.
11 Symphonic Music for nine instruments, 1922. (UE)
12 Second Symphony, 1922. (UE)
13 Toccata and Chaconne for piano, 1922. (UE)
13a Little Suite (appendix to Opus 13), 1922. (UE)
14 "Zwingburg" (The Tyrant's Castle), scenic cantata, 1922. (UE)
15 Songs (F. Werfel), 1922. (UE, partly)

¹List indicating Opus number, year of origin, and publisher. For private reasons Mr. Krenek has refrained from attaching Opus numbers to his compositions after the Seventh String Quartet.
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16 Third Symphony, 1922.
17 “Der Sprung über den Schatten” (The Leap over the Shadow), comic opera, 1923. (UE)
18 Piano Concerto in F-sharp major (No. 1), 1923. (UE)
19 Songs (O. Krzyzanowski), 1923. (UE, partly)
20 Third String Quartet, 1923. (UE)
21 “Orpheus und Eurydike” (Orpheus and Eurydice), opera (O. Kokoschka), 1923. (UE)
22 Three choruses a cappella (M. Claudius), 1923. (UE)
23 (Withdrawn)
25 Concerto Grosso No. 2, 1924. (UE)
26 Two Suites for piano, 1924. (UE)
27 Concertino for flute, violin, cembalo (or piano), and string orchestra, 1924. (UE)
28 Little Suite for clarinet and piano, 1924.
29 Concerto for violin and orchestra, 1924. (UE)
30 Songs (G. H. Goering, H. Reinhart), 1924.
31 Seven Pieces for orchestra, 1924.
32 Four small choruses for men’s voices a cappella with contralto solo (F. Hoelderlin), 1924. (UE)
33 Sonata for violin solo, 1924-25.
34 “Symphonie pour instruments à vent et batterie” (Symphony for wind instruments and percussion), 1924-25.
36 “Bluff,” operetta (Gribble and Levetzow), (sketch), 1924-25.
37 “Mammon,” ballet, 1925.
38 “Der vertauschte Cupido” (The exchanged Cupid), ballet, after Rameau, 1925.
39 Five Pieces for piano, 1925. (UE)
40 “Vom lieben Augustin,” incidental music, 1925.
41 Suite from Opus 40, for Viennese “Schrammel” ensemble, 1925. (UE)
42 “Die Rache des verhöhnten Liebhabers” (The spurned lover’s vengeance), incidental music, 1925.
43 “Das Gotteskind” (God’s child), incidental music, 1925.

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"Der Triumph der Empfindsamkeit" (The triumph of sensitivity), accompanying music to the play by Goethe, 1926.

Suite from Opus 43, 1925. (UE)

Three Marches for band, 1926. (UE)

"Jonny spielt auf" (Jonny strikes up), opera, 1925-26. (UE)

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," accompanying music to the play by Shakespeare, 1926.

Suite from opus 41, 1925. (UE)

Three Marches for band, 1926. (UE)

"lonny spielt auf!" (lonny strikes up), opera, 1925-26. (UE)

"A Midsummernight's Dream," accompanying music to the play by Shakespeare, 1926.

Four mixed choruses a cappella (Goethe), 1926. (UE)

"O Lacrimosa . . .," three songs (R. M. Rilke), 1926. (UE)

"Der Diktator" (The dictator), tragic opera, 1926. (UE)

"Das geheime Koenigreich" (The secret kingdom), fairy tale opera, 1926-27. (UE)

Little Cantata for mixed chorus a cappella (Goethe), 1927.

Intrada for wind instruments, 1927.

"Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre," accompanying music to a puppet production of the play by M. Achard, 1927.

Four Songs (poets of the seventeenth century), 1927. (UE)

Potpourri for orchestra, 1927. (UE)

"Schwergewicht, oder die Ehre der Nation" (Heavyweight, or the pride of the nation), operetta, 1927. (UE)

Three Songs (Goethe), 1927. (UE)

"Monologue of Stella" (Goethe), concert aria, 1928. (UE)

Little Symphony, 1928. (UE)

Sonata No. 2 for piano, 1928. (UE)

"Leben des Orest" (Life of Orestes), grand opera, 1928-29. (UE)

Three mixed choruses a cappella (G. Keller), 1929. (UE)

"Reisebuch aus den österreichischen Alpen" (Travelbook from the Austrian Alps), cycle of songs, 1929. (UE)

Fantasy for violin, cello, and piano, 1929.

"Fiedellieder" (Fiddle songs) (Th. Storm, Th. Mommsen), 1930. (UE)

Fifth String Quartet, 1930. (UE)

Opera (without title; see p. 21.)

"Durch die Nacht" (Through the night), cycle of songs (K. Kraus), 1930-31. (UE)

"Die Nachtigall" (The nightingale), concert aria (K. Kraus), 1931. (UE)

Theme and thirteen variations for orchestra, 1931. (UE)

Four Bagatelles (Sonata) for piano, four hands, 1931.
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71 "Gesänge des späten Jahres" (Songs of the late year), cycle of songs, 1931. (UE, partly)
72 "Kantate von der Vergänglichkeit des Erdlichen" (Cantata on the transitoriness of earthly things), for mixed chorus, soprano solo, and piano (poets of the seventeenth century), 1932. (UE)
73 "Karl V." (Charles V), stage work with music, 1930-33. (UE)
74 "Jagd im Winter" (Hunt in winter time), for men's chorus (F. Grillparzer), 1933.
75 "Das Schweigen" (Silence), song (Gemmingen), 1933.
76 "Während der Trennung" (During separation), duet (Fleming), 1933.
77 "Cephalus and Procris), opera (R. Kueflerle), 1933-34.
78 Sixth String Quartet, 1936. (UE)
79 Twelve Variations for piano, 1937.
80 "Campana Marzio" (March Field), overture, 1937.
81 Piano Concerto No. 2, 1937.
82 Five Songs (F. Kafka), 1937-38.
85 "Eight Column Line," ballet, 1939.
86 Symphonic Piece for string orchestra, 1939.
87 Two choruses for women's voices a cappella on Elizabethan poems (W. Drummond, Sir W. Raleigh), 1939.
88 Little Concerto for piano, organ, and chamber orchestra, 1939-40.
89 "Proprium missae in festo SS. Innocentium" for women's voices a cappella, 1940. Los Angeles: AMI.
90 "Tarquin," drama with music (E. Lavery), 1940.
91 "La Corona," seven sonnets (J. Donne) for mezzo-soprano, baritone, organ, and percussion, 1941.
91a "The Holy Ghost's Ark," aria (J. Donne) for mezzo-soprano and four instruments, 1941.
92 No. 2a Sonatina for flute and viola, 1942.
- 2b same for flute and clarinet, 1942.
- 3 Sonata for viola solo, 1942.
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93 "Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetae," for mixed chorus a cappella, 1941-42.

94 "I wonder as I wander," symphonic movement in form of variations on a folk tune from North Carolina, for orchestra, 1942.

95 Cantata for wartime, for women’s voices and orchestra (H. Melville), 1943.

96 Seventh String Quartet, 1943-44. (UE)
Five Prayers for women’s voices a cappella (J. Donne), 1944.
Sonata for violin and piano, 1944-45. (UE)
"Hurricane"—Variations for piano, 1944.
"The Santa Fe Time Table," for mixed chorus a cappella, 1945.
Etude for coloratura soprano and contralto a cappella, 1945.
"In Paradisum," motet for women’s voices a cappella, 1946.
Piano Concerto No. 3, 1946.
"O would I were," canon for mixed chorus a cappella, 1946. New York: Music Press (Mercury).
Trio for violin, clarinet, and piano, 1946.
"What Price Confidence?" comic opera for four singers and piano, 1945-46.
Four Songs (G. M. Hopkins), 1946-47.
Fourth Symphony, 1947.
Sonata for violin solo, 1948.
Five Pieces for strings, 1948.
Sonata for viola and piano, 1948. Los Angeles: AMI.
String Trio, 1948.
Fifth Symphony, 1947-49.
Sonata No. 5 for piano, 1950.
"Parvula corona musicalis ad honorem Johannis Sebastiani Bach" (Little musical wreath in honor of J. S. Bach) for violin, viola, and cello, 1950.
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Piano Concerto No. 4, 1950.
Double Concerto for violin, piano, and small orchestra, 1950.
Concerto for harp and chamber orchestra, 1951.
Concerto for two pianos and orchestra, 1951.
Sonata No. 6 for piano, 1951.
"Medea," dramatic monologue for soprano and orchestra (Euripides—R. Jeffers), 1951.
Quintet for wind instruments, 1951.
Sinfonietta ("A Brasileira—The Brasilian") for string orchestra, 1952.
Two sacred songs (Ecclesiasticus, Psalm no. 104), 1952.

DISCOGRAPHY

KLEINE SUITE, Op. 13a, piano
Jesús María Sanromá, Victor 15862, Victor Album Number 646
Eduard Erdmann, Parlophone 95108
STRING QUARTET NO. 3, Op. 20
Waltz (only)
Amar-Hindemith String Quartet, Polydor 66201 (nonelectrical recording)
DIE JAHRESZEITEN ("The Seasons"), Op. 35 (4 choruses a cappella)
Hamline University Chorus, New Records LP 306
FUNF KLAVIERSTUCKE, Op. 39
Ernst Krenek, Society of Participating Artists 4, ¼5,† LP
MARCH No. 1 (from Drei Marsche für Blasorchester, Op. 44)
*Orchestra conducted by Dauber, Gramophone AM 1928
JONNY SPIELT AUF, Op. 45
Orchestral selections (Fantasia)
* Dajos Bela Orchestra, Parlophone 10698; Odeon 0-6666; American Decca 25785; Parlophone E11098
Leb' wohl, mein Schatz (Blues and Song)
Nun ist die Geige mein (Triumphal Song)
* Ludwig Hoffmann, Parlophone 10698; Odeon 0-6565; American Decca 25003

*Out of print.
† Mislabeled by manufacturer.
SELF-ANALYSIS

—Arranged for violin and piano

• D. Weismann, Gramophone EG 690 : AM 953
Drei gemischte Chöre, Op. 63 (Texts: G. Keller)
—No. 2 (Zur Erntezeit)
  No. 3 (Schifferliedchen)
Hamline University Chorus, New Records LP 305

TWELVE SHORT PIANO PIECES, Op. 83
—Eleven only
  Ernst Krenek, Set X-171; American Columbia 17200/1D
—No. 4 (only), The Moon Rises (Not in Set X-171; Paraclete 51)
  E. Eaton
Sonata No. 3, Op. 92, No. 4, piano
  Ernst Krenek, Society of Participating Artists 4,† LP

LAMENTATIO JEREMIAE PROPHETAE, Op. 93, chorus a cappella, New
  Records LP 306
—Selections
  Hamline University Chorus

SYMPHONIC ELEGY FOR STRING ORCHESTRA (In Memoriam, Anton von
  Webern)
  Dimitri Mitropoulos, N.Y. Philharmonic-Symphony, Columbia LP:
    ML 4524

EIGHT PIANO PIECES
  Ernst Krenek, Society of Participating Artists 4, 1/2† LP

Sonata No. 4, piano
  J. Abramowitsch, Music Library 7014, LP

Sonata for Viola and Piano
  Ferenc Molnar and Jane Hohfeld, Music Library 12
  Michael Mann and Yalta Menuhin, Deutsche Gramaphon Geselles-
  chaft 2954

Schubert, Sonata in C Major ("Unfinished"), Completed by Krenek
  Ray Lev, Concert Hall-B3

* Out of print.
† Mislabelled by manufacturer.