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Editorial

We are grateful to Hugh Macdonald for allowing us to reproduce his portrait of Harriet Smithson on the inside front cover. The painting is anonymous (and merely bears, on the back, the inscription "Miss Sipson, femme de Berlioz"), but may well be the work of Pierre-Roch Vigneron (1789-1872), who is known to have painted actors and singers. Harriet is here as accompaniment to Pepijn van Doesberg's pioneering article – the result of research not carried out before - on her appearances in Amsterdam. On the front cover is the famous drawing of Berlioz made at La Côte St André some time in the 1840s, and now in the Musée Berlioz. The back cover reproduces the title page of the Berlin libretto of *Faust's Verdammung* (1847, from the Staatsbibliothek, Berlin), one of the illustrations to the latest instalment of Gunther Braam's magisterial survey of the work's reception in German (see also Miscellany).

Catherine Massip, head of the Department of Music at the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, has kindly written for us an appreciation of the late Pierre Citron (translated by Peter Bloom). We are also pleased to print the text of Ian Ritchie's after-dinner speech given at the Members Weekend in 2010, Antoine Troncy's account of Catherine Reboul-Berlioz's legacy to the Musée Berlioz, Christopher Follett's article on Berlioz and John Martin, a review from the Manchester Guardian of 1882 (discovered by Linda Edmonson), and report by Michel Austin on a recent performance. Miscellany pays tribute to that great teacher and musicologist Ian Kemp, and adds some personal reminiscences of Pierre Citron.

Finally, and as always, we should like to thank our designer Bryan Sherwood for the skill and care and taste he lavishes on the production of the Bulletin, which would be so much less presentable without him.

Pierre Citron (1919-2010)

Catherine Massip
Translated by Peter Bloom

Pierre Citron (1919-2010)

For music-lovers in France, the name Pierre Citron will forever be associated with two marvellous little essays, one on François Couperin, the other on Bela Bartók, both of which appeared in the delightful but now defunct collection known as *Solfèges*. Those elegant pages, teeming with intelligence and ideas, opened countless readers' eyes and ears to these figures, especially Couperin. Aware that recent studies may have superseded aspects of his work, he was especially pleased, as we could tell, when admirers of those earlier books mentioned their enthusiasm for them.

We rediscovered his warm and welcoming smile in 1997, when he became one of the founding members of the Comité International Hector Berlioz established in that year by Jean-Pierre Angremy (then President of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France) and by Georges-François Hirsch (then Director of the Orchestre de Paris), in order to plan and in due course celebrate the bicentenary of 2003.

It was clear, from the beginning, that the editing of Berlioz's complete correspondence, begun by Pierre Citron in the 1960s, created a kind of intellectual bond between him and those who assisted him in the editorial process over the years, among them François Lesure, Yves Gérard, and Hugh Macdonald. At the beginning of the first volume of the *Correspondance Générale*, Citron declares: "The renewal of our knowledge of the Romantic period is closely associated with the publication of the complete correspondence of the great artists of the time." We owe to him the bringing to fruition of this incomparable research tool, with its carefully planned critical apparatus, its useful biographies and chronologies, and its detailed index of works and names. It is not difficult to imagine how pleased he must have been to see this enterprise reach completion with the appearance of the supplementary eighth volume in 2003.

To Pierre Citron we owe several of the major publications which led up to the bicentenary, including the *Calendrier Berlioz* (appearing as *Cahiers Berlioz*, no. 4, in 2000) - a precious chronology that only such a knowledgeable specialist could have conceived, having himself edited a masterful edition of the *Mémoires*, in 1991 - and the *Dictionnaire Berlioz* (in which he was assisted by Cécile Reynaud, Peter Bloom, and Jean-Pierre Bartoli). It is less well known, but no less notable, that he proofread the extant volumes of the ongoing *Critique Musicale* initiated by Yves Gérard and H. Robert Cohen and now directed by Anne Bongrain, and brought to the texts and annotations an astonishing knowledge of French literature. Enjoying, with Berlioz, a classical culture nurtured by La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière, among many others, Citron (as the writer of this notice as well as its translator, both members of the editorial board, can attest) was the sole reader to detect innumerable reminiscences and allusions, intentional or subconscious, in the vivid prose of his hero, whose ironic sense of humour he also shared.

Pierre Citron, author of a dissertation on "The Poetry of Paris in French Literature from Rousseau to Balzac," was professor at the University of Clermont-Ferrand before becoming, in the 1970s, one of the founders of the University of the Sorbonne-Nouvelle, Paris III. An indefatigable scholar, he was the ideal person for monumental projects such as the new editions of Balzac's *Comédie humaine*, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's *Contes cruels* , and the correspondence of Jean Giono, as well as that writer's works, for the *Bibliothèque de la Pléiade*. I discovered quite by chance one day, overhearing a conversation between him and David Cairns, that all three of us had in common a love of Giono's *Le Hussard sur le toit* and its lyricism and its idealism which, ultimately, are not so different from Berlioz's.

Pierre Citron was a passionate music-lover. I often saw him in the audience, at concerts of the Orchestre de Paris, in the company of his grandson. Profoundly devoted to his native mountains, and to those arid lands of Haute-Provence, where he followed the footsteps of his beloved Giono, he now rests in the little Haute-Provence village of Montjustin, to whose rebirth he contributed so much.

Harriet Smithson in Amsterdam

Pepijn van Doesburg

Berlioz and Harriet Smithson

In September 1827 Berlioz attended *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* performed by a visiting English theatre company in Paris. He was immediately infatuated not only with Shakespeare but also with Harriet Smithson, a relatively obscure actress from Ireland who soon became the star of the troupe; even guest appearances by actors as famous as William Macready and Edmund Kean could not dim her glory.

In the spring of 1828, while performances by the English Theatre continued, Berlioz came to live across the street from Harriet in rue Richelieu; he could see her come and go and extinguish her light in the evening. He organised a concert of his own works on 26 May 1828 in the vain hope of attracting her attention. From the summer of 1828 on, Harriet was absent from Paris much of the time, touring the French provinces. In a letter dated 6 October, she mentions for the first time a project to perform in the as yet undivided Netherlands: Brussels and Rotterdam.[1] About the same time, Charles Kemble, director of Covent Garden, offered her an engagement at his theatre in London.

Only around the turn of the year did Berlioz seem to have sought direct contact with Harriet, who by now was back in Paris. He got to know Turner, Harriet's agent (she had sacked Abbott) and the man who would be in charge of the forthcoming journey to Brussels. Turner gave him false hope, claiming that Harriet only awaited the right occasion to speak with him freely about Berlioz.[2]

By 2 February, Harriet's plans had changed: instead of going to Brussels, she would leave for Amsterdam "in four days".[3] Turner, who was now entrusted with her affairs in Amsterdam, expected to send Berlioz good news from Holland: Harriet would surely speak about him, and in Amsterdam Turner would hand her a written declaration of love from the young composer, who moreover had a score of his *Huit scènes de Faust* ready, inscribed with her initials, to send to her. But Harriet's departure was postponed several times, and she even appeared with Abbott in a benefit for the poor on 25 February at the Opéra-Comique.

1. Raby, *Fair* Ophelia, p. 101 and p. 198 n. 45.
2. Letter to Édouard Rocher, 11 January 1829, *CG* I, p. 228.
3. Letter to Humbert Ferrand, 2 February 1829, *CG* I, p. 231.

Berlioz, who still hoped to attract her attention by means of his music, succeeded in having his overture *Waverley* inserted in the programme, but to no effect.

During the last days of February, Berlioz's hopes were brutally annihilated. Unable to wait any longer, he had written a note to Harriet, begging her for a single word in reply, only to discover that Harriet's servants had received orders not to accept any letters from him. On the subject of a liaison with Berlioz, Harriet was reported to have said: "Nothing is more impossible".[4] On 3 March Harriet finally left for Amsterdam. Nothing was certain about her returning to Paris: she had accepted the offer from Covent Garden, where she would go following her stay in Amsterdam. Nevertheless, for another year Berlioz remained obsessed by the absent Harriet.

What happened to Harriet in the two months between her departure from Paris and her arrival in London? Amsterdam was the first city outside France where she performed with her newly acquired reputation, and the only city outside France and the British Isles where she appeared at all. Amsterdam must have been on Berlioz's mind during these months. In this article I have tried to summarize the information I could gather on this episode, which is not dealt with in Peter Raby's biography of Harriet.[5]

English theatre in Amsterdam

The first decades of the nineteenth century witnessed a growing interest in Shakespeare's plays in the Netherlands, although only Dutch translations of adaptations reached the stage, tailored either by Jean-François Ducis (*Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*) or by Christian Felix Weiße (*Romeo and Juliet*), both of whom did their best to fit the original texts into a classical framework. In 1811, while Holland was governed by King Louis, Napoleon's brother, the great French actor François-Joseph Talma performed Ducis' version of *Hamlet* in French in Amsterdam. Interest in all things British increased rapidly after Napoleon's defeat and the end of British isolation from the continent.

An English company of actors led by their manager, Samson Penley, had been the first to try their luck in the Netherlands. From May to July 1814 they gave some twenty performances in the German Theatre in Amsterdam, offering almost exclusively lowbrow comedy and

4. Letter to Albert du Boys, 2 March 1829, *CG* I, p. 236.

5. Peter Raby, *'Fair Ophelia': A Life of Harriet Smithson Berlioz*. Cambridge, 1982. Chapter 6 (p. 105) ends with Harriet's departure from Paris, chapter 7 (p. 106) opens with her debut at Covent Garden.

melodrama, although *Hamlet* was performed on 23 May.[6] After their stay in Amsterdam, the company moved on to Brussels where they were joined by the great Charles Kemble and where five of Shakespeare's plays were performed.[7] (It was Penley as well who in 1822 organised the stormy first season of an English company in Paris, thereby preparing the breakthrough of the English theatre in the French capital in 1827.)

The next manager who ventured to cross the Channel was Joseph Smithson, Harriet's brother. As an actor, Joseph had made his appearance in Covent Garden in 1822, but he was "something of an adventurer, and his speculations in management tended to take him abroad".[8] He organised a season in Boulogne and Calais in 1824, where Harriet also performed a few evenings; it was her first visit to the continent.

Two years later, from April to June 1826, Joseph Smithson brought an English company to Amsterdam.[9] The brothers S. and W. Chapman and Miss Emery were the main actors in the troupe, joined in May by the famous Junius Brutus Booth, who in 1814, as a young man, had been of the party as well.[10] Performing for almost thirty evenings, the company offered no fewer than nine different plays by Shakespeare (*Othello*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *Richard III*). At the end of May, however, they got into trouble. The Chapman brothers and Booth returned to England leaving their colleagues without a first-rate actor. At the same time Joseph Smithson was discredited (in what way remains unclear) and forced to resign. Moreover, Benjamin Suggit Nayler, an English "teacher of elocution" based in Amsterdam, who had the habit of reciting fragments of Shakespeare's plays in public, published a scathing review of the first twelve performances in the form of a 44-page pamphlet that he sold in the theatre foyer itself, during performances.[11] This action provoked indignant reactions,[12] but the harm was done. The company

6. Thus the first professional performance of a Shakespeare play by English actors on the continent took place in Amsterdam, not in Brussels, as Raby states on p. 46.
7. On this tour, see Willem Schrickx, "A Shakespeare season on the continent: Brussels 1814 and its prelude in Amsterdam", *Neophilologus*, 1977, pp. 619-640.
8. Raby, p. 31.
9. Raby, p. 33 incorrectly states that he was in the Netherlands in 1821.
10. Booth became the head of a famous family of actors, one of his sons achieving notoriety by assassinating president Abraham Lincoln.
11. *A review of the English Performances, which have taken place in Amsterdam from the first to the twelveth inclusive* (copy Royal Library, The Hague).
12. See the pamphlet, *A Letter addressed to Mr. B. S. Nayler, teacher of Elocution – on his Review of the English Performances*, by H.H. Atkins, member of the English company (copy City Archives, Amsterdam), and an anonymous letter to the editor in the *Algemeen Nieuws- en Advertentie-blad*, 4 June 1826.

suffered serious financial losses; and, after a few benefit performances in order to pay off some of the debts, the curtain fell.

Interestingly, Nayler later remembered that Harriet Smithson had joined her brother's company for a few nights in Amsterdam, after it had run into difficulties.[13] Unfortunately no playbills or reviews of the later performances of the troupe have survived, so Nayler's recollections remain the only evidence for Harriet's first appearance in Amsterdam.

Harriet Smithson in Amsterdam

How different was Harriet's stature when she returned to Amsterdam in 1829, after her triumphs in Paris! It is not known exactly how connections with Amsterdam were established, but an undated prospectus announcing the arrival of the English company in Amsterdam suggests that she was engaged by popular demand.[14] Surprisingly, it was not Turner who acted as the company's manager, but one W.H. Brien. As for the company itself, the supporting actors were supposed to come from England, making the exact connection with the company in Paris uncertain.[15] On 11 February 1829, the first announcement – in English – of the English Theatre appeared in the daily *Amsterdamsche Courant*:

> W. H. BRIEN, of the English Theatre at Paris, has the honor to inform the Public of Amsterdam, that he has succeeded in engaging Miss. SMITHSON (who has been so enthusiastically received at Paris,) to give twelve Representations in this City previous to her appearance in Londen [*sic*], and that she will have the honor to make her debut on Thuesday [*sic*] the 17th inst, in SHAKESPEARE'S, Tragedy, of ROMEO AND JULIET. […]

The date of 17 February corresponds well with Harriet's first projected departure from Paris around 6 February. However, "many of the Actors […] having been detained on their Voyage from England" and "in consequence of the non-arrival of several members of the Company", the

13. Nayler, *A memoir of miss Smithson, leading actress of the English tragedians in Amsterdam*, p. 5 (copy Library of the University of Amsterdam).

14. A copy of this *Prospectus of a Subscription for Twelve Representations of the English Drama in Amsterdam* (City Archives, Amsterdam) includes a handwritten list of twelve plays, presumably a projected playlist for the performances of the English Theatre: *Romeo and Juliet*, *Jane Shore*, *Isabella*, *Evadne*, *Hamlet*, *Adelgilda*, *Venice Preserved*, *Othello*, *Fazio*, *Bertram*, *The Stranger*, *The Merchant of Venice*.

15. The company included Mr Aubrey, Beresford, Broad, Dale, Deville, Forde, Hay, Hield, Malcolm, Oldfield, Walker and Wilson, Mrs Broad and Hield, Miss Cathcart and Fowler.

opening night had to be postponed several times. Harriet apparently stayed in Paris for as long as the rest of the troupe had not yet arrived in Amsterdam, performing in the benefit performance at the Opéra-Comique on 25 February, when Berlioz's overture *Waverley* was played.

Meanwhile, in Amsterdam, Nayler once again made himself heard. He had detected a certain amount of scepticism among the upper classes in Amsterdam about Harriet's triumphs in Paris, a scepticism caused by the fact that she was "not much thought of in London". In a new pamphlet, entitled *A memoir of miss Smithson, leading actress of the English tragedians in Amsterdam* and dated 17 February 1829, he took up the cudgels for Harriet, whom he seems to have met personally on some past occasion. In view of her forthcoming appearance in Amsterdam, he offered a few biographical details and quoted from laudatory reviews of her performances in France.[16] Nayler assured his readers that Abbott had been engaged as well, but though there were rumours of Macready, Miss Foote, or even Kean planning to call on Amsterdam, he tempered expectations: "First-rate London talent we must not even hope to see – Amsterdam Receipts cannot afford remunerations adequate to their Style of living".[17] All he could do for now was wait: "I have been to the *Arms of Amsterdam* to inquire if Mr. Brien, the Manager, has arrived – 'No, sir! but he is expected tomorrow.' 'Has Miss Smithson come?' 'No, Sir! but she will certainly be here tomorrow.' 'Is the Company not yet arrived, from London?' 'No, Sir! but Mr. Dale expects them tomorrow.'"[18]

As we have seen, Harriet finally left Paris on 3 March, perhaps accompanied by her mother and her crippled younger sister; she must have reached Amsterdam about three days later, taking her lodgings in Het Wapen van Amsterdam (The Arms of Amsterdam). The opening of the English Theatre "in the course of the ensuing week" was announced in the *Amsterdamsche Courant* of 6 March. Owing to Harriet's engagement in London, the subscription series had to be reduced from twelve performances to eight, which would take place at the German Theatre (baptised English Theatre for the occasion). For the opening night *Romeo and Juliet* was abandoned, presumably because Abbott had not yet arrived, and *Jane Shore* by Rowe was chosen instead, a tragedy more clearly centred around the female protagonist - the play that had been one of Harriet's greatest successes in Paris.[19] On 13 March "a numerous and

16. The biographical details were based on *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography*.
17. Nayler, *A Memoir*, p. 12.
18. Nayler, *A Memoir*, p. 14.
19. See Raby, p. 86, 89.

ENGLISH THEATRE

Amstelstraat.

The Second appearance of Miſs *SMITHSON*.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17th, 1829.

Will be presented OTWAY'S Tragedy of

VENICE PRESERVED.

The Doge of Venice	Mr.	Renault	Mr. Hay.
Priuli	« Beresford.	Spinosa	« Wilson.
Jaffier	« Hield.	Elliot	« Malcolm.
Pierre	« Dale.	Officer	« Forde.
Bedamar	« Aubrey.	Belvidera	MISS SMITHSON.

After which the petite Comedy entitled:

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Sir Charles Rackett	Mr. Hield.	Mrs. Dimity	Miss Cathcart.
Druggett	« Hay.	LADY RACKETT	by Miss SMITHSON.
Mrs. Druggett	Mrs. Broad.		

The DIRECTOR takes this oportunity of announcing to the Subscribers and the Public that, in consequence of the unavoidable delay that has already taken place, he will be unable to give more than eight representations, in all of which Miss SMITHSON will have the honor to appear, previous to her engagement at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden London.

Messrs DIEDERICHS, BROTHERS (of whom the *Books of the Plays* may be had French and English, and of whom every information may be obtained) still continue to receive the names of Ladies and Gentlemen who may be desirous to become Subscribers.

Places may be taken daily at the Theatre.

Orchestra *f* 4.- Balcon *f* 3.25. Loge *f* 2.50.
Parterre *f* 1.75. Gallerie-Loge *f* 1.25.
Gallerie *f* 1.

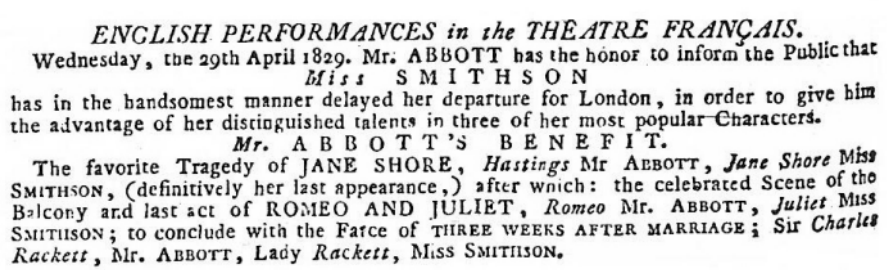
THE PERFORMANCE TO COMMENCE AT ½ PAST 6 PRECISELY.

At Amsterdam, by DIEDERICHS BROTHERS, Booksellers on the Bloemmarkt, N°. 228.

highly distinguished audience"[20] flocked to the theatre, curious to see the star actress for the first time. This performance must have been a success, for *Jane Shore* was repeated on 27 March. The other plays offered to the subscribing audience were those in which Harriet had been particularly successful in Paris: she appeared as Belvidera in Otway's *Venice Preserved* (17 March), as Juliet in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (20 March, with John Dale as Romeo), as Mrs Haller in Kotzebue's *The Stranger* (24 and 31 March) and as Imogine in Maturin's *Bertram* (30 March). An extra, non-subscription performance of *Venice Preserved* was offered at the city's French Theatre on 23 March. Every performance ended with an afterpiece, usually a farce, in which Harriet would often appear as well.

From several sides we learn that Harriet was indisposed throughout this whole series of performances. Her illness grew worse; a third performance of *The Stranger*, on 3 April, the last subscription performance, had to make do without her. The English Theatre was

20. *Arnhemsche Courant*, 28 March 1829.



ENGLISH PERFORMANCES in the THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

Wednesday, the 29th April 1829. Mr. ABBOTT has the honor to inform the Public that *Miss* SMITHSON has in the handsomest manner delayed her departure for London, in order to give him the advantage of her distinguished talents in three of her most popular Characters.

Mr. ABBOTT'S BENEFIT.

The favorite Tragedy of JANE SHORE, *Hastings* Mr ABBOTT, *Jane Shore* Miss SMITHSON, (definitively her last appearance,) after which: the celebrated Scene of the Balcony and last act of ROMEO AND JULIET, *Romeo* Mr. ABBOTT, *Juliet* Miss SMITHSON; to conclude with the Farce of THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE; Sir *Charles Rackett*, Mr. ABBOTT, Lady *Rackett*, Miss SMITHSON.

supposed to close on 7 April with Harriet's benefit performance, but owing to her illness the evening had to be postponed. It is not known what she was suffering from, but she consulted Professor Thijssen, city doctor and professor at the university.[21]

Meanwhile, William Abbott had finally arrived, and a new subscription series by the English company was organised, this time at the French Theatre. Harriet was apparently persuaded to stay for a few more performances now that Abbott was there to support her, and her departure for London was duly postponed. Abbott appeared twice in *Hamlet* without the still ailing Harriet, Ophelia being played by Miss Cathcart. After her recovery Harriet appeared in Cowley's *The Belle's Stratagem* (21 April), *Venice Preserved* (24 April), and two more performances of *The Stranger* (15 and 22 April, the latter **"**being positively the *last night* of her engagement"). Her benefit ("positively the last night she can have the honor of appearing in Amsterdam"), billing Southerne's *Isabella* and Ophelia's mad scene from *Hamlet*, finally took place on 27 April to a full house, the audience even filling the orchestra. Subsequently we find Harriet again having delayed her departure for London "in the handsomest manner", in order to appear in Abbott's benefit on 29 April ("definitively her last appearance"): *Jane Shore* was played again, followed by the balcony scene and last act from *Romeo and Juliet*. After this performance Harriet left for England.

Jacob van Lennep

It is impossible to get a complete picture of Harriet's critical reception in Amsterdam. As a result of the disastrous economic situation in the

21. In an anonymous letter to the *Algemeen Nieuws- en Advertentieblad*, 22 April 1829, her treatment was presented as an example of irregularity on the part of Thijssen, who as a city doctor and professor was not entitled to have a civil practice.

Jacob van Lennep
1802-1868

Netherlands following the Napoleonic period, there was no press tradition comparable to that in London or Paris, and theatre reviews were rare. Art, literature and science magazines were few and mostly short-lived. On the other hand, foreign newspapers were widespread, so Harriet's reputation must have been, before her arrival.

The only theatrical magazine at the time, Anton Cramer's *De Arke Noach's*, did not include a review of the English performances, "although it would have been our pleasure to offer something about the so highly gifted Miss Smithson, the woman whose language we have not mastered, but who as Jane Shore (we saw her as such) made herself clear to us. All too clear, I dare say, for the suffering Jane Shore has been constantly present in our minds ever since".[22]

A short anonymous review in the *Arnhemsche Courant*, covering the first three performances, praised Harriet's charming looks, striking mime, natural delivery, and effective gestures.[23] However, the review went on,

22. *De Arke Noach's,* 1829, Nr. 2, p. 52-53.
23. *Arnhemsche Courant*, 28 March 1829.

her acting would have gained from better supporting actors, for the weak cast (with the exception of Dale) caused her Juliet to impress less than her Jane Shore.

But it was *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, a weekly magazine for arts and sciences, mouthpiece of the Dutch romantic movement, that published lengthy reviews of the English performances. They can be ascribed to Jacob van Lennep (1802-1868), co-editor of the magazine, whose historical novels in the manner of Sir Walter Scott were soon to make him one of Holland's most popular authors. He was an admirer of Shakespeare and gave lectures at the English Literary Society in Amsterdam, reciting, like Nayler, excerpts from the plays.[24]

Van Lennep was highly impressed by Harriet's Jane Shore: "Beyond all praise is the art that Miss Smithson displayed in her assigned character. Her refined and pure taste sensed all the nuances of so difficult a role and presented them with refinement, delicacy and feeling".[25] She was at her best in the last act: "Only a woman such as she could remain in the same dreary situation during a whole act, starving and creeping about on the floor, and still captivate the attention of the audience in such a way as to make one forget all the extraneous decoration, the inept acting of the others in the cast, the hall where one sat, indeed Miss Smithson herself, in order to mourn over the pitiable fate of Jane Shore. […] All these tones, all these modulations, so elusive and so differentiated, Miss Smithson knows how to express with the utmost accuracy, without an unavailing gesture, by her charming, clear voice and by the power of two beautiful eyes. Her pretty waist and noble features, and the correctness of her movements, contribute not a little by adding a degree of perfection to the whole that would not easily be found in others".[26] He recommended that Dutch actresses study her acting.

After attending *Venice Preserved*, Van Lennep comes to the conclusion that Harriet is at her best in emotionally affecting situations. "Whenever she has to weep, she does not seek to indicate this with her hands or shoulders; she does not contort herself, she does not make ghastly faces, she does nothing of the sort: she weeps, that is all one can say, and all she needs to do". In the more energetic passages, her creeping over the floor, her tearing out of her hair, may be less satisfying to those of classical taste – but still, who can deny its effectiveness? "There was no

25. Mentioned in *Leven van R.C. Bakhuizen van den Brink* by E.J. Potgieter (1808-1875). In 1852 Van Lennep made a fairly faithful translation of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the preface he remembered the pleasure Miss Smithson had given him as Juliet years before.
26. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 25 March 1829, p. 454.
27. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 25 March 1829, p. 455-456.

spectator that did not start with fright when, at hearing Jaffier's name in the fifth act, she gave that heart-rending cry that still resounds in our ears; but who, all in all, would wish she had not given that cry?'[27]

Van Lennep comments only briefly on Harriet's Juliet, a role in which she revealed new aspects of her talent. "Her scene on the balcony was most charming; in the scene with the nurse […] she proved herself to be grace itself, whereas in that terrible scene in which, before drinking the sleeping draught, she is seized by hesitation and frenzy, she acted with all the power and expression that art's perfection demands".[28]

Van Lennep was equally impressed by Harriet as Mrs Haller in *The Stranger*. The role, "which to us so often seemed objectionable, indeed repulsive, has been completely recreated by her, and at the performance it captivated even us, […] enemies of the Kotzebusian genre as we are. That modesty, that humbleness, that timidity in the repentance of the guilty woman, was expressed by Miss Smithson with a genuineness beyond all description.'[29] The end of the play was much more satisfying than normally, thanks to Harriet's moving pantomime.

For Harriet's performance as Imogine in *Bertram*, Van Lennep referred to a long review in the *Arnhemsche Courant* that he apparently agreed with. The anonymous critic was overwhelmed by Harriet's acting, especially in the mad scene. "As an artist she combines everything an actress needs: a fine figure, a frank countenance on which her emotions can be read in speaking features, and which without doubt makes her understood by the spectator who is less familiar with the English language, a striking glance of the eye, natural gestures, in keeping with the tone of her words, and finally an alto voice that she adapts musically to the character of each phrase, and which sounds in turn soft and touching or frightening and powerful, but always harmonious".[30]

Back to Van Lennep's own reviews. Although he did not write at length about the afterpieces that were offered, Harriet's superior acting in *The Wedding Day*, *The Day after the Wedding* and *Simpson & Co* made him wonder whether she would excel even more in comedy than in tragedy. He got the chance to answer that question when *The Belle's Stratagem* was performed, the sole comedy offered by the company.

He was appalled by it. "Truly, never have we witnessed such a miserable piece as the above-mentioned *favourite* (!) *comedy* […]".[31] He felt sad that an artist like Harriet Smithson could debase her extraordinary

28. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 1 April 1829, p. 471.
29. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 15 April 1829, p. 501.
30. *Arnhemsche Courant*, 11 April 1829.
31. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 29 April 1829, p. 529.

gifts to such an extent. “True, she represented the simpleton to perfection and made the spectators laugh, yet how can her self-respect be flattered by a smile prompted by wretched pranks and unseemly manners? […] In the section of her role where she spoke with her normal dignity and natural talent, her eyes remained covered by a mask, and the absence of those two powerful interpreters did the performance no good”.[32] Neither did Van Lennep like the minuet danced by Harriet in the fourth act: “We earnestly recommend her: let her dance no more! Let her pursue no laurels she does not deserve, thereby missing the crowns of honour one would so gladly throw at her.’[33]

Van Lennep was more enthusiastic about *Isabella*, but the unbounded admiration for the earlier performances seems to have waned a little. “In this tragedy the interest increases continually, and the knot is tied ingeniously and unravelled with delicacy. However, Isabella’s condition after the return of her first husband is too gruesome to be watched for the length of two acts, and, despite the masterly acting of Miss Smithson, that long-drawn madness offered less pleasure than the first acts of the piece, in which she only figures as a mourning widow and a fond mother”.[34] Finally, Van Lennep was even less pleased by the Ophelia scene, and for the first time he actually criticized her acting. “In Ophelia’s insanity we would have desired a little more melancholy, a little more pathos: in our opinion Miss Smithson did not perform that role fantastically or meltingly enough.’[35]

In his reviews for *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, Van Lennep focused on Harriet’s superior acting. “Affected by her indisposition, surrounded by people who seem to have been born for anything except the acting profession, on a stage where scene-shifter and scene-painter vie with each other in contributing most to reducing the illusion, she conquers all obstacles […]”.[36] Few words were devoted to the rest of the company: “This tragedy [*Romeo and Juliet*] belongs to those by the Bard of Avon that have suffered least at the hands of *arrangers*; yet, all the more was it tortured by the ridiculous interpreters to whom it was entrusted last 20th of March. We must exclude Mr Dale, who acted the lead role with tact, though it is beyond his powers, and Mr Hield, who, though hardly able to produce a sound owing to a heavy cold, nevertheless showed by play of

32. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 29 April 1829, p. 532-533.
33. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 29 April 1829, p. 532-533.
34. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 6 May 1829, p. 546.
35. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 6 May 1829, p. 547.
36. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 1 April 1829, p. 468.
37. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 1 april 1829, p. 470.

gesture and bearing that the role of the witty Mercutio had not been unjustly confided to him".[37] Van Lennep, with Chapman's and Booth's interpretations of 1826 in mind, thought Abbott adequate as Hamlet but not exceptional. His deliberate delivery of the text made a certain impression, although "at a performance like this the mind takes more pleasure than the heart".[38] But he was a useful antagonist to Harriet: "The presence of Abbott, who performed both main roles [in *The Stranger* and *Romeo and Juliet*] with much tact and power of expression, seemed moreover to enable her to act with more ease, while her enchanting cooperation continued to exert a similar influence on his efforts".[39]

Epilogue

After Harriet's departure from Amsterdam, the English Theatre still had some performances to go, but only one of them, on 2 May, came about; the next performance, announced for 6 May, was cancelled.[40] Apparently interest waned without Harriet, and the company, with Abbott, moved on to the city of Leiden for three more performances. Here they probably fared no better, for at the third evening, on 15 May, the company simply failed to show up![41]

In London, Harriet's illness during her stay in Amsterdam was put forward as the reason for her delayed arrival. However, the London press was as sceptical about this as they were about her successes abroad.[42] On 11 May Harriet finally made her debut at Covent Garden, again opening with *Jane Shore*. She was only moderately successful, and after the closing of the season there was no demand for her talent in the London theatres anymore. After touring the country extensively, Harriet decided to try her luck once more in Paris. When she returned there at the end of March 1830, after more than a year's absence, Berlioz had just fallen in love with Camille Moke and had temporarily lost interest in Harriet.

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38. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 15 April 1829, p. 505.
39. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 6 mei 1829, p. 533-534.
40. *De Nederlandsche Mercurius*, 13 May 1829, p. 569.
41. According to a handwritten note on the handbill, preserved in the Library of the University of Amsterdam. Six month later, in November 1829, another English company starring Charles Kean and Miss F.H. Kelly arrived in Amsterdam. They performed, among other plays, Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*, but after six performances the director absconded, taking with him all the money of the undertaking and leaving the actors without payment. This seems to have been the last time an English theatre company performed in Amsterdam for a long time to come.
42. Raby, p. 106, 108.

Ian Ritchie

In Quest of Beauty

Ian Ritchie

Ladies and Gentlemen - I am greatly flattered by the invitation to speak to you at this mid-point in your important deliberations. It was wisely suggested that I need not talk specifically about Berlioz and Shakespeare, because I am probably the person in this room least qualified to do so, and rather that I might tell you something about my life in the field of producing and developing arts, managing music organisations and directing festivals. I can hardly ignore the presence of these towering creative figures, who are here in spirit as your main guests throughout the weekend, or avoid meeting them both somewhere along the route of this particular journey. There are many times when I and my colleagues working in the arts feel that we are entrenched on a battlefield or picking our way through a minefield, but overall I prefer to view my landscape as arcadian – verdant, flourishing, vibrant, nourishing – and surely that is the most important reason to work in this field: to travel its never-ending paths in quest of beauty.

I shall cheat a little and not attempt to give a clear definition of beauty, because others' efforts to do so have already filled libraries, but I will make the sweeping assertion that beauty is inseparable from art. For proof, you need to look no further than to your central characters of Berlioz and Shakespeare: when Berlioz encountered the actress Harriet Smithson for the first time, playing Shakespeare, he saw the playwright's genius absolutely personified in this woman – art and beauty merged into one.

Looking back over my own journey, I recall that my earliest pleasures and abilities were to be found in cooking and singing: I was probably about 12 years old when I first produced a dinner for some tolerant guests of my parents; and I regularly devised musical entertainments, initially for home consumption and then more publicly during my years at school and university. These two things have remained congruent and intertwined all my life, cooking as a hobby and music as my profession. I have always

regarded my commissioning of new work and choosing repertoire for orchestral seasons and festival programmes as comparable to preparing and serving food and wine – essential ingredients and essential nourishment, in both cases. And I wholeheartedly agree with the architect Frank Lloyd Wright, who once said: *"*dining is and always was a great artistic opportunity*"*. Having a lovely meal at the heart of studying great music and literature is indeed fitting and an artistic opportunity too good to miss.

35 years ago, in my final year at Cambridge, I began to get to know Berlioz better, as one of my set texts were the *Memoirs*, brilliantly translated by David Cairns; and David himself came to give a superb lecture which I have always remembered. In those days I was still harbouring ambitions to sing professionally, but the realisation gradually but painfully dawned on me that I was not destined to be the next Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau or even to scale the foothills of his Mount Olympus. So I went to work for Universal Edition as Promotion Manager and I found myself steeped in some of the most difficult and incomprehensible music ever written. I grew to know it, to like much of it and even to love some of it. This was the late 1970s, a time when the three points of what Benjamin Britten described as music's sacred triangle – the composer, the performer and the audience – had never been more alienated each from the other. For all their tearing up of historic conventions, using new vocabulary and redefining aesthetics, I still believe that those composers, the very antithesis of Britten, were nevertheless in pursuit of beauty of one kind or another – because they are artists.

Before heading north to run the Scottish Chamber Orchestra in 1984, I spent a year as Artistic Director of the City of London Festival, to which I would return more than 20 years later. It was then that I first came under the spell of Byron and came close to pulling off a production of *Manfred*, but was defeated in the struggle to find the last bits of sponsorship on which the Festival depended – and nothing has changed in that respect, I must say. But two summers later I travelled to Switzerland, for the first time finding myself in the shadow of the Jungfrau, where *Manfred* was set and, indeed, written. This place, I discovered, was one of the cradles of Romanticism and epitomised the quest for beauty: it was not only Byron who stopped here and then passed through this beautiful landscape, but also Goethe, Wordsworth and Turner who came before him and the likes of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Nietzsche – the list goes on – who followed in their footsteps.

Byron had just spent weeks with the Shelleys on Lake Geneva in creative ferment, wrestling with Prometheus, half man and half god:

Lord Byron, FRS (1788 – 1824)

Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound* found its time again, as the Greek gods came to symbolise the heroic human potential of late 18th and early 19th century Europe; Goethe, Beethoven and others had already picked up the theme and, in those intense weeks on Lake Geneva, Mary Shelley created her *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus*, Percy embarked on *Prometheus Unbound* and Byron wrote his own *Prometheus.* His poem was relatively restrained by comparison with the unfettered personal outpouring which immediately followed, his *Manfred* (or Man Freed, as he surely meant it). This great but rambling self-reflection, set on the slopes of the Jungfrau from which the poet in his remorse threatens to throw himself into the valley below, shows Byron's brand of romanticism at its most over-reaching.

Some years later Robert Browning wrote these lines in one of his poems: *"*Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,/Or what's a heaven for?*"* Whilst Byron tended to go too far, Browning offers a manageable Romanticism which reaches into the beyond but without

over-balancing, and his should be the mission statement for all of us who work in the arts.

I go back to the Jungfrau region every summer and the ghosts of great artists who travelled there before have certainly fed into some of my programmes for the City of London Festival. I took a poet, a composer and a photographer with me in 2007 and gave them each a copy of *Manfred* as their only preparatory homework: in the 2008 Festival we premiered the resulting new work, a melodrama depicting Byron's early 19th century journey from London, in disgrace, to Switzerland and the Jungfrau, then on to Italy.

Many years later, when Nietzsche followed exactly these same paths through the Swiss Alps and stopped to gaze at the Jungfrau mountain, he even tried his hand at composing some piano music – entitled *Manfred Meditation*, appropriately enough – and he sent the result to Wagner who apparently rolled around on the floor in helpless laughter, which I find hard to picture. In his *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music*, Nietzsche argues that the tragedy of Ancient Greece was the highest form of art, due to its mixture of both Apollonian and Dionysian elements into one seamless whole, allowing the spectator to experience the full spectrum of the human condition. Apollo and Dionysus, not Prometheus, are the Olympian gods which bring us to the heart of the matter, I feel. Great art has surely always required emotion, expression and extroversion – the Dionysian – to coexist with form, structure and containment – the Apollonian: true beauty springs from both of them.

In my recent City of London Festivals I have to some extent turned or returned to nature for inspiration. Last year it was bees: dance is their artform of choice – when they find a new source of nectar, they do the waggle dance to guide their colleagues to the flowers in question – but we commissioned an art installation, poetry and music, placed working beehives on the roofs of many important City buildings, and discovered that it was none other than Christopher Wren himself who invented a transparent hive for the observation of bees. This year we celebrated birds, which are nature's musicians and the source of inspiration for many composers and other artists, classical and indigenous, whose work we brought from Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific. Bees and birds can certainly lead us in quest of beauty.

2012 will be the Festival's 50th anniversary and you will probably be interested to hear that we shall be presenting Berlioz' *Requiem* twice in St Paul's Cathedral, with the LSO and Colin Davis, on the opening nights, 25th and 26th June. Wags among you, who know the echoing acoustics of the Cathedral, might say that you can hear the music more than once

without having to come back the next evening. But the performances will, hopefully, be recorded for posterity and the occasions themselves will be spectacular. There are other important plans, among which we hope will be the London premiere of a recent work which I saw in Sweden – in Stockholm's Central Station – called *Dawn of Galamanta.* This was a collaboration between physically disabled artists of all disciplines working with able-bodied musicians to produce a wonderful new work under the guidance of Christian Lindberg, who conducted it. One actress came to the front of the stage, rose out of her wheelchair, struck an extraordinary pose and captivated the audience with a gesture which said "I am beautiful" – so she was, for all of us in the audience, and so was the piece.

Over the past 15 years I have been involved with a couple of projects in which new musical instruments have been developed using the latest technologies to allow people with very limited movement to make music, not only in schools or in special centres for young people but also potentially at the highest adult professional level. The most important of these has involved the former trumpeter, Clarence Adoo, who was driving back from a concert with the Northern Symphonia when his car overturned on black ice; he has remained paralysed from the neck down ever since. Not to be defeated, this remarkable man has been determined to continue to make music and we have helped in the development of an instrument for him to play which draws upon advanced technology: this is called *Headspace* and has also given its name to his ensemble of professional brass playing colleagues for which new music has been specially written. Ten years on, Clarence returned to the professional platform and played his new instrument in the closing concert of the 2005 St Magnus Festival in Orkney, which I was directing. For 2012, the Golden Jubilee of the City of London Festival, we hope to commission a new work for the Headspace Ensemble and present it as part of a wider exploration of the aesthetic and creative opportunities to be found at this new musical frontier.

The development of this and other instruments not only involves more people in music making but also offers an extended palate for composers: it follows, therefore, that it should make demands too on the conservatoires to extend their teaching and on orchestras to extend their instrumental range. If Berlioz was with us now, he would surely have been as interested today in extending the possibilities of the orchestra, taking advantage of the latest technologies, as he was 150 years ago. Why has the symphony orchestra, which was developed over time by composers from

the 17th century onwards, especially by Berlioz of course, been frozen in the shape and form that was demanded by composers a century ago?

We associate Berlioz with growing the orchestra, always looking to add new instuments and promoting their development, in his quest for beauty. But we should not forget that big orchestras were already very much in evidence in France. In the late 18th century, when Haydn wrote his Paris symphonies for the Concerts de la Loge Olympique, directed by the larger-than-life Chevalier de St Georges, records show that these works were first performed by an orchestra which included no fewer than 40 violins and 10 double basses – greater than the forces normally deployed by any of today's major ensembles, and no fewer than those found in the New Philharmonic Society's orchestra which Berlioz conducted in London in the 1850s.

My career has taken me into the management of smaller-scale orchestras, but size is not everything. About 10 years ago I spent a year and a half advising a chamber orchestra that had taken up residence in Imperial College and set up a joint physics and music professorship for Jonathan Harvey in partnership with the RCM, a musical cuckoo in the scientific nest of Imperial. Jonathan introduces new technologies and new instruments into the orchestra to extend the range of musical colours and sounds available to him. This orchestra fell victim to an earlier Arts Council purge, but I am certain that Berlioz would have wanted to work in this way and perhaps we owe it to him to find a way back into the orchestral family for Clarence Adoo and his Headspace. These are messages which we shall be giving out at the heart of our 2012 Festival alongside those epic performances of the Berlioz *Requiem.*

Now I am in danger of displaying a Dionysian disregard for your Apollonian and, I must say very sensible, instruction to speak for 15 minutes. Apollo therefore demands that I wrap up my words and return you to the feast. I said that I would not attempt to give a clear definition of beauty, but perhaps Apollo and Dionysus together can do that for us: the sythesis of perfect form and flowing energy. Our quest is perhaps to reach beyond our grasp, comprehend Nietzsche's theatre and strive for Browning's heaven. And on that note, I propose a Dionysian toast to Berlioz, Shakespeare, art and beauty.

Admiration or Damnation?
A review of the reception in Germany of early performances of *La Damnation de Faust*

Gunther Braam

Part 1 – France, Russia and Prussia (1846-1847) *(continued)*

III – Prussia
Berlin, 19 June 1847 *(continued)*

Ludwig Rellstab and Berlioz

Rellstab at last. As mentioned earlier,[1] Ludwig Rellstab had from 1830 to 1841 regularly reported on Berlioz's activities in Paris in his journal *Iris*. But already from 3 November 1826 onwards he had been publishing his criticisms in the *Vossische Zeitung*, the best-selling daily of Berlin. Thus, his opinion on music became very influential – to an extent that he could dare to mount what can only be called a full-scale crusade against Spontini, which eventually earned Rellstab six days in prison. Today, we can hardly understand how theatre – and writing about theatre, and opera in particular – could so easily become an affair of state in Prussia at that time. To a modern reader Rellstab's criticisms, read individually, apart from some outdated features typical of many 19th-century newspaper articles (long and pseudo-philosophical padding) and despite (or because of ...?) their sometimes very aggressive tone, are "a good read" and have a comparatively clear style of their own[2] – comparable perhaps to Jules Janin's articles. But, like those by Janin, Rellstab's articles suffer from inconsistency when put next to each other. It has been said that Janin's opinion could be "bought",[3] and a perennial reproach of the Paris press, made mostly by German writers of course (e.g. Rellstab himself, cf. Kossak's *Aphorismen* below), was that of "camaraderie": articles written to oblige a colleague or an artist. If Rellstab was spared that explicit public reproach, his adversaries could not possibly refrain, tongue in cheek, from remarking that so far as Meyerbeer was concerned, he made the step from Saul to Paul without much trouble.

1. cf. *Bulletin* no. 184, p. 19.
2.This impression of mine is confirmed by Kirchmeyer, p. 538. For Kirchmeyer cf. *Bulletin* no. 184, p.18 note 3.
3. See e.g. Janin's varying "opinion" on Paganini.

Figure 25. Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860).

One of these pamphlets against Rellstab is *Aphorismen über Rellstab's Kunstkritik* (Berlin: C. W. Esslinger, 1846) by his colleague, the Berlin music critic Carl Ludwig Ernst Kossak (1814-1880), whose articles were published in the *NBMZ*, the *Zeitungshalle* and elsewhere, and who founded in 1851 yet another Berlin musical journal, called *Echo*.[4] In his 31-page *Aphorismen* Kossak sets out to demonstrate the lack of consistency in Rellstab's criticism by comparing texts taken from *Iris*,

4. For a short biography of Kossak and his review of *La Damnation de Faust* cf. below.

Vossische and Rellstab's collected letters from Paris, the *Pariser Briefe*. The seven short chapters bear the titles "*Meyerbeer*", "*Hector Berlioz*", "*Richard Wagner*", "*Perception of Modern Artists*", "*Integrity, Virtuosity*", "*The Art of Singing, Schubert, Chopin, Another Quotation*" and "*Conclusion.*" In order to place Rellstab's article on Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* better in context, we quote the first part of the chapter on Meyerbeer, followed by the whole chapter on Berlioz:

C.[arl Ludwig] Ernst Kossak, *Aphorismen über Rellstab's Kunstkritik* (Berlin: C. W. Esslinger, 1846), pp. 4-5:

Meyerbeer.

On 20 June 1832 Robert der Teufel was performed in Berlin for the first time, Die Hugenotten in May 1842, in December 1844 Feldlager in Schlesien, text by L. Rellstab.

> *Iris.* Volume 3 [= 1832]. No. 27. On *Robert der Teufel*.
> The reputation of this opera is completely artificially fabricated […] kept alive by bribable or deluded French critics and by an unprecedentedly rich décor. The uncouth voluptuous curiosity, the masses without any education in art will therefore continue for a while to luxuriate in these sets and in the raging instruments. The connoisseur, however, puts the work aside with a frown and deplores that theatre directors without self-esteem (or even worse) squander space, time and resources, which should be put to better use, in such a way as to spoil yet more the taste for the noble and sublime in art by performing works that are only held together by superficial means.
>
> *Voss.*[ische] *Zeit.*[ung] 8 June 1839.
> During the ballet of the nuns [of *Robert le diable*] the present critic left the house, assured that he had fullfilled his duty, after the ordeal of listening for so long to unnatural music accompanying the most nonsensical situations. What is the value of art without a single trace of nature and beauty, soul and expression, but full of mannerism, affectation, lies and an empty, pathological aiming at superficial success?! Posterity will see operas like Robert der Teufel, most of Bellini's works and Spontini's last operas, each in a different way, as testimony to our artistic taste, against which we contemporaries cannot protest too much.
>
> *Voss.*[ische] *Zeit.*[ung] 26 May 1842.
> We confess willingly that, as regards the structure and realization of the work (The Huguenots), though much may not be in accordance with our own views, on the whole the work's value lies in an individual characteristic invention, embracing both charming gracefulness and harsh

and grotesque force, often culminating in true beauty, deeply affecting and stirring.

Recently the critic has finally abandoned his former opinions to such an extent that we can, instead of providing another quotation, simply cite the following simple fact: Rellstab the critic provides the creator of Robert der Teufel with the libretto of the Feldlager in Schlesien.

Are we to believe that an inner development is the cause of this change of mind? It must have occurred in the years 1839-42 – consequently Rellstab's criticisms of masters and works ranked by him on the same level as Robert der Teufel should now meet with greater approval as well – in which case he has abandoned for good his former principles. None of that, however, is true – the reviews from 1832 and those from 1846 are as like as two peas."

C.[arl Ludwig] Ernst Kossak, *Aphorismen über Rellstab's Kunstkritik* (Berlin: C. W. Esslinger, 1846), p. 8-10:

Hector Berlioz.

If there is any composer at all in whom reflection has taken possession of art, it is Berlioz. Nature had endowed him with a decided leaning towards the characteristic, so that he has felt an inner urge to pave a new way for himself by speculation ever since. The later works of Beethoven were indicators for him that a further development of music would be achieved by the opening up of forms and means. Thus he sought to make up his mind by years of study and by his own practical works, and to develop form and means for his own intentions. Firstly, Berlioz wants to use the orchestral masses to achieve dramatic effects, without the use of words; this striving is based on his belief that the highest achievement in musical composition is revealed in the symphony. In his artistic impulse he wants to encompass everything. He wants to express not only the secrets of the human soul, but also the secrets of nature, by musical combinations: there is no feeling, no mood, no thought that cannot be manifested in musical terms. If it is an old truth that no new tendency breaks through without struggle, it is equally true that it does not fulfil its aim without erring. One should not despise hypotheses in art and science. America was discovered because of a hypothesis, too, says Novalis.[5] It is usually nothing more than a deep inner laziness that opposes such tendencies, and thus in Germany there are certain people of half-knowledge, or rather quarter-knowledge […] who are concerned to condemn Berlioz. The results of his prolonged researches and efforts are to hand in the form of his comprehensive treatise on instrumentation. Anyone who is persuaded

5. Novalis, i.e. Friedrich Leopold Freiherr von Hardenberg (1772-1801), poet and, with Tieck and the brothers Schlegel, one of the founders of the German romantic movement. The quotation is taken from the 5th dialogue of the *Fragmente vermischten Inhalts* in: Novalis, *Schriften. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Tieck und Fr. Schlegel. Vierte vermehrte Auflage. Zweiter Theil.* (Berlin: G. Reimer, 1826), p. 161: "*Hypothesen sind Netze, nur der wird fangen, der auswirft; Ist nicht Amerika selbst durch Hypothese gefunden?*"

of the importance of the precise knowledge of, and the historical approach to, the products of the past for the creative artist, as well as for the musical craftsman and critic, will realise, after perusing Berlioz's book, the diligence and attentiveness with which this thoughtful yet fantastic spirit has observed and registered subtleties of all kinds in the works of the old and the new, though we cannot deny that, here and there, in particular with reference to Haydn, he has been unfair.

In his critiques Rellstab likes to avoid entering specifically into persons and works. For him, there are only two tendencies, the Classical and those who continue to work in its forms,[6] and the modern noise-makers, a class which numbers among them indiscriminately the Italian, French and German Masters, where they depart from the above-mentioned tendency. The pattern is as follows:

> *Voss.*[ische] *Zeit.*[ung] 22 February 1840.
> The chief sign of a poor creative spirit is the piling up of all possible means of force and brilliance; only a bad painter puts all the most glaring colours on the canvas at the same time and as thickly and blatantly as possible. All that remained for a composer would thus be a fabricated reputation? There is one thing indeed that would remain for him, because a reputation cannot be made of nothing. What remains is a talent, a vigorous artistic striving for the new, the unheard of, which, by great effort, often creates something striking, occasionally even something beautiful, and above all the striving to rise above the shallow and the insipid.

The critic, showing off by using well-worked and often hackneyed phrases, eventually creates harsh contradictions. At first Berlioz is proved to suffer from poverty of creative spirit, on grounds which usually indicate only technical inexperience; however, eventually this want of creative genius is what his art is all about, which is after all and always an act of fantasy, as we have pointed out above. Finally, he is allowed to be striving to rise above the *shallow*, and therefore to be *deep*, and to eschew the *insipid*, and therefore to be *sublime*. Here striving is already achieving! But in that case, what is to be denied, what to be accepted?

As if Berlioz's music was nothing but a wild pell-mell of all the instruments! What poetry there is in the famous March of the Pilgrims in the Harold Symphony! Despite the use of full orchestra, a tender romantic perfume suffuses this composition. What sublime élan there is in the Lear overture, a piece of music written in none of the traditional forms, which in the repetition and combination of themes follows the shape neither of the sonata nor that of the rondeau, yet nonetheless astonishes us by the grandeur of its ideas and their comprehensibility. An error in detail is no proof against the total striving of a spirit, because every human spirit hesitates before it recognizes the limitations of its talents, the constraints of its psychological make-up […]. Berlioz's choice of

6. There should be a comma before "*und die modernen Lärmmacher*" in the original.

subjects alien to his natural disposition must be mentioned here, such as the domain of humour, and also his deficient treatment of the human voice, and finally his failure to appreciate the limits in the realm of orchestral effects. For since it can be proved, historically as well as aesthetically, that the highest form of art is the dramatic and that all arts aspire to it (as in nature the imperfect organisms are refined to become the perfect organism of man), so the artist, like the critic, should not obstinately try to attain the highest perfection in a domain for which he lacks the means.

However, when the critic compares Berlioz to a bad painter putting all the most glaring colours on the canvas at the same time as thickly and blatantly as possible, our advice to him is to be more careful with comparisons to the sphere of colour, otherwise he will risk repeating what happened in a review this June, in which one read: *In the memory of the undersigned some pieces are still scintillating with vague yet brilliant colours.*[7] May the critic no longer withhold his views on the essence of colour from the opticians; maybe this science will be more grateful to him than the science of logic, which despairingly rebels against linking the terms *vague* and *brilliant*.[8]"

In the chapter "*Integrität. Virtuosität.*" ("*Integrity, Virtuosity.*") Kossak quotes, on pp. 18-19, a long paragraph from the chapter on pianos in Berlioz's *Treatise* ("*Berlioz Instrumentation. Berlin bei Schlesinger. Seite 109.*"[9]) in which Berlioz demands total fidelity to the composer's intentions, comparing it with two excerpts from Rellstab's reviews, in the first of which Rellstab confesses that he detests those who demand immutability in the products of the great masters – a view which he, Rellstab, subsequently contradicts in the second quotation.

From these examples, taken from a critique of Rellstab the critic by one of his Berlin *confrères*, it becomes clear that what Berlioz had to fear from Rellstab was his unpredictability.

Kirchmeyer[10] in his portrait of Rellstab (which seems fair and unbiased), claims that except in Berlin, Rellstab received nothing but derision and mockery: he was the proverbial Berlin musical conservatism in person. To Leipzig, or Saxony in general, Berlin was – so far as music was concerned – the province where Haydn was the model master and late Schubert and Beethoven much too avant-garde. In Berlin itself, however, Rellstab's word was law, and no one would utter an opinion before HE had uttered *his*.

7. Italics by the present author.
8. Italics by the present author.
9. p. 109-110 to be exact.
10. Kirchmeyer, p. 536.

(2) Ludwig Rellstab in the *Vossische Zeitung*

21 June 1847, *Vossische Zeitung*, no. 141, p. 7-8:
Concert. – Hektor Berlioz: Faust's Verdammung.
Seldom have we had a more difficult task in putting into words the impression a work of art has made on us; more than ever must we hope for the reader's indulgence when we have to be content with a few passing suggestions, especially since on this occasion, in particular, pressing projects and events are severely reducing the time available. We hardly know how and where to begin to master this subject, which offers enough material for a whole book, since – as must be our duty – we would want to name in each and every case the origin of an effect and give graphic proofs justifying our opinion of the whole with reference to details. The best means of forming an unbroken thread of understanding will be to try to make up our mind on the basic impulse of the work, that is, the *composer* and his very *significant*, yet also divergent, perhaps even aberrant spirit. It appears to us that his artistic nature is of a receptivity more ardent and fantastic than creative, more a *poetic* than a *musical* understanding in giving musical *expression* to what excites him. From this mixture of poetic receptivity and the gift of musical expression derives the whole of his being. He is born on the borderline of the two arts; neither of the two wishes to acknowledge him completely or completely to deny him his civil rights. The material world is capable of so many thousand combinations that we should be less surprised at this *new* combination (one not of kind but of exceptional degree) than rejoice in it. Every individuality has its own rights, and the stronger its characteristics, the more remarkable its influence on the arts; even if these views do not pave our way straightforwardly, we will always gain much in following them. Thus, whatever objections we will raise from our point of view against the poet or the musician, when we will frequently acknowledge him but perhaps even more often have to reject him, on the whole we wish to greet his fantastic appearance in the intellectual realm as warmly as possible.

Perhaps the present attempt to display the primary conditions of his artistic nature will help to solve many contradictions which leap at us at first sight as being uncouth and unintelligible in his work. Firstly, there is one circumstance in particular which is inimical to the work in Germany, for which we cannot blame the foreigner, but the consequences of which he will nevertheless have to bear – the *poem*. Before us we have *Göthe's [sic] Faust*, yet a poem which is foreign to this artist and which in many aspects eludes him completely, so that even He,[11] whose prime demand was a considered clarity in the most profound turbulence, would reject it with the utmost displeasure as a misshapen bastard of his art. We had the impression of contemplating a beloved, sacred, beautiful countenance in a distorting mirror - the more recognisable, the more frightful. This applies to the poem as a whole as in detail. Thus, by translation into French and a supposed

11. Rellstab writes "*Er*" with a capital "*E*" to refer to Goethe.

re-translation into German, which had to be adapted to the music, we re-encounter not only all these entirely beautiful songs, in some verses word for word, in others cruelly twisted in metre and spirit, but also other passages of this wonderful text. What has occurred in individual verses also applies to whole scenes and their connexions; the beautiful, perfect poetic body, the divine poetic soul, subjected to Procrustean torture, sometimes distorted by stretching, sometimes truncated. Neither do we wish to blame the translator here: on the contrary, we think he has only accomplished what was *possible*. For the *printed* text, however, it would have been better to leave the songs untouched as the poet had written them, as everybody knows them, despite the additions necessitated by the nature of the French language.

Now to the *music* itself. Its errors and beauties were explained to us, as mentioned earlier, by the predominately *poetic* excitability of the composer, which for him becomes most easily manifest in *musical* forms. However, not every poem can be painted nor can every painting become a poem, and likewise here, on many occasions, the potentialities of one art cannot fulfil the demands of the other. Music is primarily the expression of a *direct sensation*; a second and lesser task is that of fantastic painting, the reflection of impressions of the senses. The latter is easier to achieve, which is the reason why the majority of musicians, particularly since Weber's *Freischütz* and *Oberon*, turn in that direction. It is true that in this a rich and multiform area is revealed and a much more appropriate range of means is presented; however, one also enters a maze whose tortuous paths can lead far away from the pure and most sublime aims. This province of music is most accessible, most inviting for a *poetic* fantasy. A greater freedom from rules, and an often necessary shapelessness, both permit one to assume a colourful and well-creased costume, which suits everybody and in which mobility is much freer. Thus, it is in this respect, because his inclination and his nature here become closely united, that the composer has decidedly produced the best, and sometimes most admirable achievements, in his work. It is here where almost all his musical portrayals of the spirit-world belong; he succeeds better in his dream images than in his depictions of real life; e.g. Faust's dream of Gretchen, a dance (waltz) built entirely on a mysteriously humming, steady pedal-note (as it were the irresistible fetters of slumber that tether thought and will). It flutters about like moths in the moonlight. Similarly, the fluttering of the *approaching* will-o'-the-wisps under Mephistopheles's command, not the subsequent dance of the will-o'-the-wisps itself, which seems to us of inferior quality. And so with many more similar passages; yet in many others the composer fails *here* as well. He produces the strange without at the same time the beautiful; being *inventive* is very easy if one is not or does not want anything else but that. To give an example of this as well, we take the scene in which Faust is, according to the libretto, passionately searching the interior of Margarethe's chamber, as a total failure, both musically as well as in its poetic conception. It sounds like a completely arbitrary connection of notes; we know very well what the composer *wanted*; this arbitrariness is to express a wise choice, a law, a

character that is only *apparently* unorganic; yet he might have *wanted* it but, in our view, he has not *achieved* it. Moreover this scene, even perceived and received according to *his* intentions, does not give the slightest indication of what a German reader feels when he enters with *Göthe's* Faust into Margarethe's chamber:

Hier bildete Natur in leichten Träumen
Den eingebornen Engel aus![12]

How sweet this indulgence in dreaming! Rather than contemplating it in silent absorption, the composer's music *rummages* the chamber. Nor does it convey what Mephistopheles says: "Nicht jedes Mädchen hält so rein" – true, a difficult task to express this in music, perhaps even impossible. Thus he substituted the accident of the apparition by its cause and nature. And it is this mistake that he often makes because of his inclination towards depiction of *exterior* aspects, and because of the *seemingly* greater agility of musical invention in that field. This error of *exterior* decoration becomes most prominent when there is no need for it at all, e.g. in that very same scene, when he indicates nightfall with a military retreat, a march echoing through the streets, something which, moreover, he uses later to indicate Gretchen's recollections of that fatal evening. Even worse is the use of horn calls in the forest when Faust receives from Mephistopheles the news of Gretchen's terrible fate. These are *poetic* blunders, aberrations of artistic judgment; they can still merge with musical beauty and in some cases they do. But in our view this work also contains many musical aberrations and disappointments, often next to parts of great beauty. The composer presents himself the least as a musician where he should do so the most, when *direct feelings* are to be expressed. Thus one of the feeblest numbers is the duet and trio of Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles which brings the third part to a close: apart from the terrible trampling underfoot of Göthe's poem, which occurs here, by the complete transformation of the situation as well as by the chorus of the neighbours. Everything tender, sweet and holy that has been used by Göthe to perfume this atmosphere is smashed with the blows of a cudgel.

Hardly less striking, but easier to understand, is the fact that the poet and composer (are the two indeed one?) has used his main forces to enlarge upon a spectral sketch in which Göthe, with two strokes of his pen, opened before us the realm of ghastly miracles (Faust and Mephistopheles thundering overhead on black horses), painting terrifying scenes with words and notes. However we must acknowledge that one can find, in the music as well as in the poem, great beauties isolated within this series of horrifying pictures, and yet we ask only this question: "Does a Hell Breughel[13] mark the summit of painting?" Among the

12. The correct quotation of Faust's words is: "*Natur! Hier bildetest in leichten Träumen / Den eingebornen Engel aus!*" („*O Nature! Here didst thou in visions airy / Mould her, an angel in nativity.*") (scene *Abend. Ein kleines reinliches Zimmer.*)

13. "*Höllenbreughel*" is the accepted nickname of the Dutch painter Pieter Bruegel, called Pieter Bruegel the younger (c. 1564-1638), in order to avoid confusion with his father Pieter Bruegel the elder (c. 1525/1530-1569), called "*Bauernbreughel*".

songs there is not one that could remotely please us, least of all the King of Thule. Here the French conception can nowhere meet the German poet, and the thoughts and feelings have remained as unfamiliar as the language. The effects often touch on quite the contrary of what we require. Here we stop; even in such an extensive review we could only single out some aspects; most points of judgments remained untouched. Let me recapitulate our overall impression. Based *solely* on the music, the work is mostly weak; in combination with poetry it produces many a beautiful miracle. Everywhere a rich spirit, striving for the sublime, is manifest; but in his passionate vehemence he errs much too often in his aim and his means. In any case he is worth infinitely more than the merely superficial sensuous shallowness and almost total emptiness of a large part of recent French music. If the composer fails to develop and to form a strong individuality, he remains nevertheless a highly important, if oppositional, element in the ferment of the intellectual battles of our artistic development, and we have to concede to him a leading place "among the spirits, who deny"[14]. Let this be our honest German word to him, and we gladly offer our German hand in cordiality. Combat, but without hostility! Let this be our watchword. *L. Rellstab.*

Note: It is interesting to see that Rellstab does not give the names of the soloists.

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The next review, the third, was published in the *APZ*. The author is still unknown; he signed all other reviews of musical events in that journal during Berlioz's stay in Berlin with his siglia "*2*": *Die Hugenotten*, 8 June, the public meeting of the Royal Academy of the Arts, 11 June, *Die Vestalin*, 13 June, the concert by Dobrzynski, 14 June, Baron Klesheim's soirée, 16 June, *Robert der Teufel*, 25 June 1847[15]. Kirchmeyer says that J. B. Rousseau, an Austrian by birth, who had written an annihilating review of Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer* in the *APZ* of 10 January 1844 (pp. 63-64), had "in about 1845" returned to Vienna, but unfortunately does not give the name of Rousseau's successor at the *APZ*[16]. Three and a half years later, the review of Wagner's *Rienzi* in Berlin, published in the *APZ* of 28 October 1847, is signed "*2*". Could the author be Ludwig Klein (b. 1810)?

14. In Goethe's drama, in the scene *Studirzimmer*, it is Mephistopheles who introduces himself with these words: "*Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint!*" ("*I am the Spirit that always denies!*").
15. *APZ* nos. 161 (12 June 1847) for the *Hugenotten*, 163 (14 June 1847) for the Royal Academy, 165 (16 June 1847) for the *Vestalin*, 166 (17 June 1847) for Dobrzynski, 170 (21 June 1847) for Klesheim and 178 (29 June 1847) for *Robert* respectively. Cf. the Berlin chronology in *Bulletin* no. 184, pp. 26-34.
16. Kirchmeyer, p. 541.

(3) "*2*" in the *Allgemeine Preußische Zeitung*

22 June 1847, *Allgemeine Preußische Zeitung*, no. 171, Dritte Beilage, p. 1218:
News of Science and the Arts.
Royal Opera House.
Faust's Verdammung. Legend in four parts. Music by Hektor Berlioz.
(19 June.)

After a concert (according to a biography of *Berlioz*)[17] which this artist gave in the hall of the Conservatoire (in *Paris*) - in which among other works the Fantastic Symphony: *Episode in the life of an artist*, with its second part: *Return to life* was performed - after the audience left, *Paganini* came and fell prostrate before *Berlioz*, as if he were a god in the realm of sound. The next day the artist received a letter from *Paganini*, which began with the following words: "*Beethoven* being dead, only *Berlioz* could make him live again, and I have enjoyed your divine composition which is worthy of a genius such as yours." Attached was a 20.000 Fr. note, which *Paganini* modestly offered to his younger friend for the box he had occupied. According to the same biography, *Berlioz* himself calls *Beethoven* his *father*, *Gluck* his god and *Weber* his friend.

As far as *Paganini's* admiration of *Berlioz* is concerned, it can be as easily explained as *Berlioz's* passionate veneration of *Gluck*, *Weber* and *Beethoven*. We for our part agree with the latter yet *not* with the former and are in no way able to see *Berlioz* as a *child of Beethoven* (or only a spoilt one). *Berlioz* and *Beethoven*! North Pole and South Pole could hardly be further opposed to each other than these two natures; *Beethoven*, the inspired and inspiring singer, *Berlioz*, the man of cool intellect, *Beethoven* with his touching creations which well from his soul and penetrate into the depths of hearts, *Berlioz* with his *unmusical* products which he has wrested from his mind, which breathe glacially upon one's feelings and which are barren of any musical appeal. Yes – even if it may sound paradoxical – *Berlioz's* music is the *most unmusical* music that exists! There is hardly a trace of a natural melody and harmony, of song and rhythm, nothing in it is felt or perceived, everything is affected, artificial, unnatural, the result of cold reflection and clever speculation! But what use is it to prove a non-existent relation with words when it is in any case refuted by *works*!

We are truly not one of those men who don't want to be disturbed and who consider that the classical composers, and in particular Beethoven, have exhausted all musical forms and means, so we duly acknowledge *Berlioz's* struggle to search for a further development of music by extending forms and means, a struggle which seems justified by the later creations of *Beethoven*; nor do we deny that *Berlioz* has been successful in paving new ways in the art of

17. The complete first paragraph of this review is, apart from the text in brackets and the very last sentence, a word by word quotation taken from the very end of the Berlioz-article in: Gustav Schilling, *Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften, oder Universal-Lexcion der Tonkunst. Supplement-Band.* (Stuttgart: Franz Heinrich Köhler, 1842), p. 33-38 (cf. also Braam/Jacobshagen, p. 83-87).

orchestration by developing a deeper insight into the character of the most unusual, often rarest instruments which he employs and by his really admirably adventurous gift for combining them so as to create very original effects; but neither do we *fail* to recognize the poverty of his *creative* spirit, which will hardly allow him to produce true works of art, yet he will always succeed, given his craving for the new and unknown and his adventurous talent for novel instrumental combinations in order to create something astonishing.[18] So, if *Berlioz's*[19] compositions do not hold any absolute artistic value, they are nevertheless of a certain importance, at the same time of practical use, for the general development of art, in as much as they can, as experiments with new tendencies, help creative talents to follow the newly paved paths in a way that is more beneficial for art, so as to reach an aim which *Berlioz*, through his lack of imagination and taste, has sought in vain.

From this point of view, *Faust's Verdammung*, the composer's latest work, also deserves to be called a remarkable phenomenon, if as a work of art in its own right it cannot claim any respect. So, we will readily acknowledge that it contains new and highly characteristic features, in particular as far as orchestration is concerned, even that there are certain isolated musical beauties; but these parts never emerge untainted by irritating features. The bizarre, affected, *unbeautiful* prevails too much, so that the total impression of the work, which at the most may foster the enthusiasm of certain blasé amateur musicians, for the true connoisseur will appear uncomfortable to the highest degree, an impression which seems further increased by the gross mutilation suffered by *Göthe*'s poem.

With regard to the performance, the local forces of the theatre were obviously struggling to meet the composer's demands, which on the whole they succeeded in doing, considering the difficulties in the work because of the unnatural treatment of the voices and the ensemble. The soloists: Dlle. [Clara] *Brexendorff* (Gretchen) and the Mssrs [Robert] *Kraus*, [Louis] *Böticher* and [August] *Fischer* (Faust, Mephistopheles and Brander), as well as the choirs and the orchestra conducted by the composer, did everything within their power. 2.

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Once again a little behind events was the *AmZ*, which reported Berlioz's arrival in Berlin two and a half weeks after he had actually arrived – and indeed after the concert had taken place:

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18. "2" is contradicting himself here in the original as well – no wonder, in a sentence of 147 words, which ends as follows: "[...] *die Armuth des* schaffenden *Geistes, die ihm wahrhafte Kunstwerke zu produziren nicht leicht gestatten dürfte, obwohl es ihm bei seinem Drange nach Neuem, Unerhörtem und, bei seinem spekulativem Combinations-Talente, Frappantes zu erzeugen, stets glücken wird.*"

19. The original has a comma here ("*Berlioz,* ") instead of an apostrophe ("*Berlioz'* "), needed to indicate the genitive case.

23 June 1847, *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, vol. 49, no. 25, col. 438:
"*Feuilleton.* [...] *Berlioz*, coming from St. Petersburg, has arrived in Berlin, where he will, at the explicit command of the king, perform his Faust music."

On the last page of the same issue of the *AmZ*, we see that Berlioz's publisher Schlesinger tried to make the best of Berlioz's presence in Berlin:

23 June 1847, *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, vol. 49, no. 25, col. 440:
Available at all leading music-shops:
New Works
by
HECTOR BERLIOZ:
Le Carneval romain p. l'Orchestre 3 Thlr., p. Piano à 4 mains p. Pixis. 1 Thlr.
Sinfonie fantastique arr. p. Piano par Liszt : Marche au supplice (also à 4 mains) à 17½ Sgr., Un bal. 20 Sgr.
Aufforderung zum Tanz by C. M. v. Weber, f. great orchestra b. Berlioz, 3 1/3 Thlr.
Die moderne Instrumentation u. Orchestration nebst vielen Beispielen aus den Partituren der grössten Meister. 10 Thlr. Grand traité d'Orchestration et d'instrumentation avec un grand nombre d'exemples. 10 Thlr.
Berlin.
Schlesinger'sche Buch- und Musikhandlung.

Two days after Rellstab's review, his former colleague at the *Vossische Zeitung*, Dr. Otto W. Lange (b. 1815), published his own report in the *NBMZ*, the fourth Berlin review.

(4) Dr. Otto W. Lange in the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*

23 June 1847, *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, vol. 1, no. 25, p. 213-214:
This is not a report about an opera, but about music performed in the opera house, music that could possibly be an opera. On the 19th Hector Berlioz performed his much discussed work, *The Banishment of Faust.*[20] Hector Berlioz is an important, outstanding talent, yet not an outstanding genius. If it is true that every artist is more or less a product of his times, so that he cannot escape their influence, this is particularly true of *Berlioz*. Looking back in history, we find that great, talented creative artists have never detached themselves from the spirit of their times, but have only been favoured in as much as they themselves have created and carried their times with them. The times did not take them by storm because there were

20. *Faust's Verbannung* in the original, instead of the correct *Faust's Verdammung*, probably a compositor's error.

no storms. The present times, their spirit, are powerful, *they* carry men with them, not men *them*. The paths are laid out for the political, literary and artistic world, the gateway to them lies open, yet the paths have still to be paved. There lies the duty of the present. How much work there is to be done! How much rubble there is to be cleared away, and what a strange sight it must be to a distant and dispassionate observer of all this turmoil! Our artists should continue to be kept on the leading-rein of their great predecessors; yet these have passed into the realm of shadows. The living stand alone, and the times demand of them individuality and originality. There can nowadays be no artist wandering in the temple of the muses silent and unnoticed. Everything affects him and he is conscious of everything. Thus *Berlioz* is a living image of his time. *Berlioz* ponders, reflects, searches and in so doing forgets the most elementary requirement of art: perspicuity.[21] Many contemporary spirits come to mind: Eugen Sue, George Sand, Bettina [von Arnim], [Ludwig] Börne, Heine etc. What are they but blossoms of their time! The prose of the present, socialism, shall be embodied in art. But this cannot be achieved in music. Nevertheless, music lives and moves in the sphere of the present.

Faust is neither a secular oratorio nor a melodrama. For the former, it lacks a formal structure, and as a melodrama it contains too much music and too little poetry. We can very well imagine how an artist of exuberant and wild fantasy would feel drawn to setting the Faust legend in music. Yet in order to clothe the basic idea in a perfect artistic form it is necessary to understand its intellectual content and to treat the more sensual and popular elements as mere decoration. However, *Berlioz* makes these the centre of interest. Ghostly dances, will-o'-the-wisps and devilry of all kinds are set in the foreground. But in any case, how could Faust's practical knowledge and the diplomatic skill of Mephistopheles ever be set to music. This dilemma is the reason for the composer's failure. So it seems utterly wrong to choose Göthe's poem as a basis in the first place. We shall not mention the mutilation Göthe's poem has suffered. Only a Frenchman would take such liberties. Admittedly the libretto says, 'From the French by Mr. Minzlaff.'[22] *Berlioz* has adapted the text from a French translation of Göthe's poem, and from this a German fabricates a new translation using Göthe's poem again.

Let us take a closer look at the work, one which we do not venture to review in every detail without studying the score: this we are unable to do, and have only heard a single performance. Faust finds himself in a wide plain in Hungary, where Göthe's scenes of the soldiers and the peasants are merged into one. After rather a disagreeable treatment of that situation, there sounds a Hungarian march,

21. "*Anschauung*" ("*perception*", "*contemplation*", "*intuition*") in the original text. It is difficult to say what Lange wants to say exactly. Maybe he rather means "*Anschaulichkeit*" ("*clearness*", "*vividness*").

22. cf. the facsimile of the original printed libretto sold in Berlin below (reproduced on the back cover of this issue). The translator's correct name is Dr. Karl Rudolf Münzloff (1811-1883), correspondent of the *Petersburger Zeitung* and head librarian of the Imperial Public Library in St. Petersburg.

whose melody (the so-called Ragoczy) is of national origin and which *Berlioz* has orchestrated very cleverly and piquantly. It is here that *Berlioz* is in his element. There must be few artists who are as familiar with the nature of instruments as *Berlioz*. A score by Berlioz and one by Gluck or Mozart! Who would deny that for an artist fully conversant with these technical-mechanical aspects of the arts, whole new worlds are revealed, and that in this respect music can in general be led along unknown paths! But to us it seems impossible to use this talent alone to achieve everything. Who would think of portraying musically every rustling of the wind, babbling of water, flickering of light! And yet we have to admit that it is possible to achieve much more in this field than we observe in the works of the greatest masters of the art. The scene in which Mephistopheles reveals to Faust that Gretchen will soon be his:

Der See vertheilt die Fluth, Um den grünenden Hügel Glänzen flüssige Spiegel Hell in purpurner Glut![23]	[Le lac étend ses flots a l'entour des montagnes; dans les vertes campagnes il serpente en ruisseaux.]	[The lake spreads its waters round the mountains; in the green countryside it winds in streams.]

and when afterwards the spirits hover around Faust and disappear one after another, this is novel, imaginative and individual to the highest degree. One visualizes the spirits and forms a picturesque impression of the whole situation. The instrumentation, in the most unexpected combinations, confronts the listener. One is instinctively drawn into the picture. All the same, we must point out that our great masters, Haydn and Beethoven in particular, knew how to depict such situations with the strictest attention to artistic form, whereas Berlioz stupefies, irritates and befuddles with his formlessness. One may say with Faust:

Man sehnt sich nach des Lebens Bächen, Ach! nach des Lebens Quelle hin![24]	[Man yearns to reach life's flowing sources, Ah! to the fount of life attain.]

Berlioz is incapable of creating a truly beautiful melodic form. And indeed we did not encounter a single melody to warm or soothe us. No sooner does the composer make an effort in that direction than some fanciful caprice comes to his mind; a blaring trumpet or trombone enters and shatters the illusion. Why is it not possible to bridle such an eccentric, wild fantasy? Whenever *Berlioz* feels obliged to create a well-defined shape, as in Brander's song: "Es lebte nur von Fett und Butter", or: "Es war einmal ein König", or: "Es war ein König in Thule", the wild rhythm crushes every note; if it were possible, the singer would have to split his tongue in two just to indicate the note, which is immediately swallowed in haste, as one wave swallows the next. What a complete contrast to the melodies of Count Radczivil, even if we cannot agree with his interpretation in every respect

23 For these lines of the Berlin libretto, translated from the French text, there is no direct equivalent in Goethe's poem.
24. Faust's words in the scene *Studirzimmer*.

either. The chorus "Rings dehnt sich Wald und Feld" (Göthe has: Schwindet ihr dunkeln Wölbungen) is musical drivel. One would prefer gentle caresses. *Berlioz* has no concept of the individual modelling of ensembles. The final scene of the third act is a musical scandal. Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles sing a Terzett, vividly coloured by the instruments. *Sometimes* one can find warmth and intimacy of melodic expression in the French. Here we look for it in vain. "O meines Lebens Stern bist du mir endlich erschienen, Liebe, heilige Liebe nur dir will ich dienen." It should be possible, in our view, to shape a suitable cantilena. Love's powerful breath bears Gretchen heavenwards on frantic trills. The duet of Faust and Gretchen in the same act possesses superficial dramatic liveliness, but superficial only, and completely fails towards the end. One of *Berlioz's* peculiar methods of producing effects consists, among other means, of departing entirely from so-called natural harmonies, which form the basis of the whole nature of our music, so that empty fourths and fifths fill almost a whole scene (cf. the twelfth scene in the third act[25]).

Let us stop here. We do not fail to acknowledge the composer's individual talent and originality. He has his own particular characteristics, and he will surely not fail to be an important influence on a later era of music, if we are approaching such a new epoch. He is a kind of assiduous, highly remarkable master-builder of art. He supplies the art under construction with the most useful stones. The inventive realization of the ground plan, however, will be left for a later age, which will use the material for its ideas with intelligence. As far as the performance is concerned (Faust Mr. [Robert] *Kraus*, Gretchen Mlle. [Clara] *Brexendorff*, Mephisto Mr. [Louis] *Bötticher*, Brander Mr. [August] *Fischer*, Chorus of the Theatre and the Royal Orchestra), the composer will probably not be entirely satisfied. Yet one should bear in mind the novelty and difficulty of the task, and the short time for rehearsal. We are impressed that the task as a whole was exercised satisfactorily.
Dr. [Otto W.] *L.*[ange]"

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In the same issue, immediately following this review, Berlioz is mentioned as member of the audience at a concert given by the Konzertmeister Karl Möser (1774-1851) and his son August (1825-1859), a violinist like his father. The reporter "*L. R.*" is probably Ludwig Rellstab.

23 June 1847, *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, vol. 1, no. 25, p. 214:
Concerts. On Monday 14th Mr. *Aug. Möser* had invited a number of music connoisseurs and music friends (the counts Westmoreland and Wielhorski, Meyerbeer, Berlioz and others) for a concert-déjeuner in the concert hall of the Schauspielhaus. The first course was an overture, the composer of which was Mr. *Möser* the *father*. The thoughts in it were neither so deep as a well nor so wide as

25. Scène XII, *Evocation. Menuet des follets. Sérénade de Méphistophélès.*

a church-door, to use Mercutio's words, and just enough to sound well.[26] Then Mr. *Möser* the son played three brilliant pieces for violin; a concerto (two movements, first *Allegro* and *Adagio*), variations on the G-string, which demand eminent skill, and his Fantasy on themes from the Freischütz. He played with metallic energy, with metallic splendour and with metallic varnish; but we would have appreciated some soft silver glimpse of *melting* metal. To give an impression we would say: he played like Therese Milanollo's husband;[27] or: his playing is a *bronze* statue, hers a statue of soft caric *marble*; or: his playing is sculpture, hers is painting, a whole gallery of female shapes, ranging from a devout Virgin Mary to a gallant amazon. As an accessory we noted that someone had put a hat on Maria Weber's[28] bust. Maybe in order to enable him to take off his hat to our modern artistic achievements?? L. R.

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Carl Ludwig Ernst Kossak

On the same day, the first instalment of the fifth review, by Carl Ludwig Ernst Kossak, was published in the supplement to the *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle.* Kossak was born on 4 August 1814 in Marienwerder, son of a Prussian civil servant. From a very early age he showed a great interest in piano music (Thalberg and Hummel were his favourites) and literature, especially Shakespeare, Byron, and later Dickens. After he had passed his *Abitur* in Danzig, he studied the classics at Berlin University, to become – or rather to end up as – a piano teacher, from 1838 onwards. His career as a writer began in 1839 with a collection of stories called *Genrebilder*, published under the pseudonym "*L. Ernst.*", Ernst being the christian name of one of his younger brothers. Later he would sign as "*L. Ernst Kossak*" and eventually "*E. Kossak*". Kossak was a democrat and joined the newly founded anti-conservative *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle* in 1846, supplying the music criticism until 1848, when the newspaper was closed after the revolution. In 1848 Kossak collaborated, for a short time only, with the famous Berlin satirist Adolf Glaßbrenner (1810-1876) in the latter's *Freie Blätter*, and from 1849 he was responsible for the *feuilleton* in the *Constitutionelle Zeitung*, another left-wing publication which lasted

26. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, act 3, scene 1, Mercutio, describing the wound he has received from Tybalt's sword: "*No,'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve:* [...]"

27. The famous violonist and infant prodigy Teresa Domenica Milanollo (1827-1904) toured Europe with her sister Maria Milanollo (1832-1848), also a violinist. Teresa got married in 1857, so what "*L. R.*" is trying to say is: Young Möser played as if he was a male version of Teresa Milanollo.

28. The composer Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826) of course.

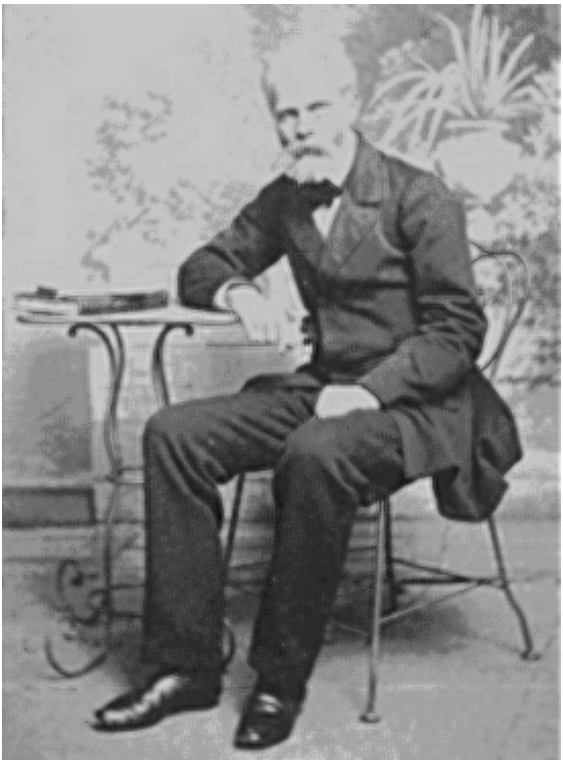

Figure 26.
Carl Ludwig Ernst Kossak (1814-1880)
Photograph by Lehmann, Berlin (1860s).

only until 1851. It is because of that period that he was, and still is, referred to as the founder of the German *feuilleton*, and it has been said that what Jules Janin did for the actor Rachel in his articles in the *Journal des débats* (the "discovery" of Rachel for the Parisians) Kossak did for the singer Pauline Viardot-Garcia in his *feuilletons* for the Berliners. Kossak also contributed to the *Schachzeitung* and to the *Berliner Feuerspritze*. Then he had a stroke of luck: an admirer bequeathed him a large sum of money, which enabled him to found his own political paper, the *Berliner Montagspost* in December 1854, which he directed until 1867. He also contributed to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the *Hartung'sche Zeitung* (Königsberg), to *Ueber Land und Meer* (Stuttgart) as well as to the famous *Gartenlaube* (Leipzig), in 1859 and 1861, but most important was his affiliation with the *Schlesische Zeitung* (Breslau, now Wroclaw). It was the latter paper that made Kossak the first German feuilletonist with a fixed annual income and that granted him a pension when he could no longer fulfil his duties owing to a stroke he suffered in autumn 1867. After that stroke, the last of several he had suffered from

1857 onwards, he was paralysed, like Heine (to whom he had paid a visit in the *Matratzengruft* in Paris in 1855), until his death on 3 January 1880.[29]

(5) Carl Ludwig Ernst Kossak in the *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle*

23 June 1847, *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle [Beilage]*, no. 144, [no pagination]:
Fausts Verdammung by Hector Berlioz.
This is now the second time that the famous critic and composer has visited Berlin. Previously, he performed an overture to Lear, fragments from his two symphonies Childe Harold and Romeo and Juliet, as well as a Requiem; now we have heard the afore-mentioned larger work. And with his new appearance, the old controversial questions are raised, parties re-form, there appear admirers who place him next to Beethoven, scoffers who do not blush to insist that he is a charlatan, and feeble-minded, who would like to put an end to all new art which would go beyond what pleases them personally, and finally those who would like to see the beginning of a new era in the arts with our guest. Now if one examines coolly and calmly *Berlioz's* aspirations and accomplishments, one cannot avoid the following thought: he belongs to those who actively contribute to the development of the arts, who exercise a stimulating force on their contemporaries and who provide struggling artists with much to think about. For our part, we cannot evade the image that these eruptions of a volcanic nature, like lava, are a molten mass, slowly moving magma, terrifying its surroundings and now and then setting ablaze the work of men, providing the splendid drama of a conflagration. But lava only glows by night, and once day has broken on it, all that remains is a dark, shapeless mass. One day, however, this lava will have crumbled, and on its surface there will spring up delicate flowers, which will be plucked by the connoisseur hand of a great musical genius and will be woven into a scented wreath. The path of the philosopher and the artist runs between tombstones and foundered monuments.

It seems that *Hector Berlioz's* principle is to find new forms by breaking the traditional rhythms and by richer combination of the instruments. The former part of this principle is *false*, the latter is *true*, and this will lift it above the ephemeral.

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29. Information on Kossak's life is taken from: A. Rutari, *Ernst Kossak. Eine Schilderung seines Lebens und seiner Werke* (Berlin: Richard Eckstein Nachfolger (Carl Hammer), 1884), and: Heinz Knobloch (ed.), *Ernst Kossak, Aus dem Papierkorbe eines Journalsten. Feuilletons* (Berlin: Eulenspiegel Verlag, 1974), p. 261-[275]. In this compilation of feuilletons by Kossak, a list of books in which he republished his best articles is given on p. [175]. Thanks to this bibliographical information, a first edition of his *Pariser Stereoskopen* (Berlin: Franz Stage, 1855) was purchased by the present author. It gives some nice impressions of Paris in 1855 seen by a left- wing Prussian journalist and satirist, a rare beast indeed. Berlioz is mentioned once: in the first article Kossak describes the noise in the streets in the morning, especially the cries of the women selling oranges, crying in "*I-Dur*" ("*I Major*"), "*a Paris key not used before, highly recommended to Mssrs. Halévy and Berlioz.*" (p. 10).

In one aspect of his art, Berlioz moves forward, while going backwards in another. That is the reason why in all his doings there is an unholy turmoil, of which he is perhaps not clearly aware, but which causes the most painful impressions among his attentive listeners.

Rhythm is the law that governs the world. The astronomer counting the golden roundelay above his unsleeping head, and the philosopher observing the horde of his brilliant thoughts passing by, both discover a certain rhythm, a logic of stars and of thoughts. And yet if music should want to abandon rhythm, and if heavenly bodies create a symphony of their movements, why should not harmonies on earth do so? *Berlioz* will be unable to prove this philosophically, let alone through his creations. The artistic spirit, if a wise legislator and true creator, freely chooses the form at the same time as the subject, and is obedient to the form as long as it acknowledges the subject. However, it must be called an objectionable tyranny to introduce whim, this product of a sick heart and fantasy, as ruler into the well-designed structure of someone else's masterpiece.

Music without rhythm will never be able to transcend the character of mere fancy.[30] What would be the use of this method applied to a dramatic concept, which by nature has to obey certain rhetorical rules, in particular when the human voice stirs feelings and illustrate passions? Should the great thinkers, our immortal teachers, have for thousands of years made their philosophy agree with nature in vain? How could such an individual endeavour be classified other than as a degeneration of the human mind? An excellent doctor and expert in the psychic states of the mind has written: "Those mental derangements which are generated by a fully developed and advanced excitement of the brain can be labelled as lunacy or idiocy, if they are located exclusively in the principal organ of all mental faculty and action of life and if none of the other secondary nervous systems interfere dominantly or influentially. Such pure forms of mental disorder are by their symptoms the most interesting, the most noteworthy, but also the rarest. We label the most striking disturbances of this kind as lunacy and idiocy. In these cases the mixture of the rational and irrational, of wit and witlessness, is inseparable to such a degree that a clear definition of such a state of mind becomes almost impossible, although one has to accept its existence, no matter how difficult it remains to define the border line."[31] Should we apply this to Berlioz?

We should like to counter the famous saying: No great genius without a dash of madness with its inversion: No great madness without a dash of genius!

If we now turn from the negative side of our artist to his positive aspects, he comes to us charged with rich gifts. Every musician of skill and aspiration will know his great treatise on the art of instrumentation (published in Berlin by Schlesinger, in French and German by Grünbaum). Quite apart from this work,

30. The original German has a misprint here, "*Gevatter*" ("*godfather*") instead of "*Charakter*", as a postscript in the second instalment of Kossak's article explains (cf. below).

31. Despite the best efforts of Google to scan the printed knowledge of the world, this quotation has not yet been identified on the internet.

his compositions are comparable to a course of experimental instrumentation, a restless striving after an extension of what exists already, and, by new combinations, to depict new states of mind and nature, which have until now either been remote from music or have been expressed only inadequately. This is where *Berlioz* has become engrossed to such an extent that he has pushed into the background the simplest and most noble instrument, the human voice, and summoned up vast masses where a sigh and a natural sound would be of greater effect. May the striving and talented disciples of composition not pass this important phenomenon by with a genteel shrug of the shoulders, or they will, unjustifiably, treat with contempt a bubbling hot spring which might infuse many of them with new strength. A practical composer who approaches *Berlioz* with critical caution can learn an incredible amount from him, for many years of study have made him a great expert in instruments and their possibilities.

Let us now turn to the work itself and so try to justify our assertions. A first glance at the libretto compels us to abandon any illusion that we are dealing with a poem close to the German popular legend. The basis for the text is the translation of Faust by *Gerard de Nerval*, which is unknown to us, the first, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and ninth scenes are by a Mr *Gandonnière* and the rest by *Hector Berlioz* himself.[32] One cannot speak of it as a plant on Goethe's ground; it is Faust pickled for the muse of Mr *Hector Berlioz*. We will not charge him with the crime of *damning* Faust, for we shall see below that he has the most convincing reasons for doing so. This Gallimathias was in turn captured by a Russian, according to the libretto, *Mr Minzlaff*,[33] in whose soul there live the remnants of a sense of shame before the great Goethe, and who has, to the best of his capabilities, rendered the text back into Goethe's language; however it was not possible to prevent a great deal of Berlioz and Siberia slipping into it as well. (*To be continued*.)

The second and final instalment followed the next day:

24 June 1847, *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle [Beilage]*, no. 145, [no pagination]:
Fausts Verdammung by Hector Berlioz.

Continued from no. 144.

The work begins without overture in a general shambles of all instruments; and without the guiding baton, no beat could be distinguished. Faust sings:

Der Winter zog hinweg, der Lenz ist wieder[34] da,
Befreit sind Ström' und Bäche wieder.

Here, as subsequently, we shall have to ask the benevolent reader to act as a dramatic ragpicker, for lack of space does not permit us to place Goethe's noble drapery next to these shreds of language. This number is set in a Hungarian plain,

32. Kossak took this as well as other information (cf. footnote 37 and 39) from the review of the Paris premiere of the work published in the *AmZ* of 13 January 1847 (cf. *Bulletin* no. 181, p. 11).
33. cf. footnote 22.
34. This "*wieder*" is not in the original Berlin libretto.

which is where Faust has repaired to, probably to get away from neo-French music. The scene under the linden tree transfers us, linguistically, straight to Kamchatka:

> Der Schäfer putzt[35] sich zum Tanz
> Band und Flitter ziert seinen Kranz;
> Ei, wie schmuck war der Bursche angezogen,
> Schon um die Linde war es voll.

Faust is gazing enviously upon this cheerful scene, when martial music is heard and a troop of Hungarian cavalry crosses the plain. Here we encounter the first stroke of genius. After the words: "Froh pocht beim Schlachtruf das Herz der Genossen", Berlioz has the orchestra play *in unison* with enormous, increasing impetus, with Faust ending: "Doch das meine bleibt kalt, selbst dem Ruhme verschlossen!"[36] A striking passage for its originality and a touch of melancholy. The first part comes to a close with the well-known and most imaginatively orchestrated Ragoczimarch.

We find Faust again in Northern Germany, about to swallow poison. The Easter Hymn, this time conceived mournfully instead of in victorious tones (for we have to relinquish all common conceptions), interrupts him and Mephisto appears with a grotesque blast of janissary music, in order to guide the scholar – why this sentimental worm is so described we do not know – to Auerbach's Cellar. Brander sings the song of the rat in the den. There is an impressive drunkenness in this song and we would credit the composer with this as a clever intention, if all the following were not of the same character. One need only have heard this, have witnessed with revulsion this mangling of language to retain a lifelong horror of such rhythmic confusion. There follows Mephisto's Song of the Flea. Beethoven's setting of this song surpasses those by Lindpaintner and Radziwill as far they surpass this by the French Romantic. In the seventh scene Faust slumbers beneath flowers:

> Mephistopheles:
> Die Lüfte kosen
> Hier zärtlich mit den Rosen,
> Blumen spendet ihm Duft,
> Liebreich säusle die Luft.

It is an excellent idea to illustrate the sinister, demonic aspects of the situation by an accompaniment of three trombones and a valve trumpet. There are many opportunities for richly coloured orchestration in the chorus of the sylphs and gnomes, too, despite the voices remaining completely incomprehensible, even with the libretto to hand. The spirits hovering around Faust are expressed very

35. "*putzte*" in the original Berlin libretto, thus two syllables instead of the mono-syllabic "*putzt*".
36. *NBE 8a*, p. 55, bars 202-203 for the crescendo, followed by: "*Le mien seul reste froid, insensible à la gloire.*"

beautifully and evocatively, so that even without the guiding text we would say: these are ethereal, flickering images! The soldiers' chorus, sung together with a students' chorus of assembled scraps of Latin, real caterwauling, brings this part to a close.

In Part Three, Faust slips into Gretchen's chamber, and Gretchen sings the King of Thule. If anywhere it is here that the composer shows his complete ignorance of the essence of lyric music and the nature of the human voice. We are sorry that an impudent member of the claque, whom this journal has had to reprimand as impertinent on other occasions, provoked a unanimous manifestation of disapproval by the audience. This demonstration carries weight in as much as the audience was the most judicious that we have ever seen assembled in the opera house. However, the audience's sense of justice honoured, with lively applause immediately afterwards, the clever introduction to the dance of the will-o'-the-wisps, whereas the dance itself did not stand up to the expectations of Berlioz's originality in that genre. The succeeding duet of Gretchen and Faust has some refreshing phrases full of charm, although it never develops into a formally organized duet. A chorus of neighbours breaking in separates the two lovers. We learn from the French text that Gretchen's mother bears the name Madame *Oppenheim*.[37]

Gretchen's song: Dahin ist meine Ruhe, opens the last Part, while the chorus of soldiers from the Second Part passes in the far distance. A nice idea, if only the composer, due to his poverty of melodic invention, would let us appreciate this with our ear rather then by intellectual reflection. We must thank him more for what he has *intended* to achieve than what he has actually achieved. Faust himself is raging against storming nature, when Mephisto enters, reporting that Gretchen has been sentenced to death for having poisoned her mother; at the same time the cunning creature seizes the moment to link the salvation of Gretchen to the sale of Faust's soul. Faust gives his signature. A booming gong stroke, and Mephisto calls for the black horses Giaur and Vortex. The clattering of the approaching monsters is splendidly depicted. The gallop begins. There is a truly magnificent contrast with the melancholy entreating chorus of the women in front of the cross:

Sancta Maria ora pro nobis,
Sancta Magdalena ora pro nobis.

The scene becomes more and more occluded, soft sounds of the passing-bell are heard in the distance, rattling skeletons fly past and with the cry: Jetzt ist er mein, Mephisto drags the damned soul down into hell. Now at last we grasp the reason why Faust, harmless *au fond*, has to go to hell; for *Hector Berlioz* could not let pass the occasion of taking a hearty farewell from the listener with all his orchestral forces. Absolution and celestial mildness for Gretchen at the end; as for Faust, listen to this: in order to leave a truly hellish impression, Berlioz has

37. In the original Berlin libretto, the name "*Oppenheim*" is indeed not mentioned; the line reads: "*Holla, Frau Nachbarin, sie treibt es kraus.*" Again, Kossak gets this information from the article in the *AmZ* of 13 January 1847 (cf. *Bulletin* no. 181, p. 14).

the spirits in Pandaemonium sing neither French, nor Russian; he uses an offspring of the brain of the madman *Swedenborg*,[38] who has never undergone the water therapy that would have done him so much good. The spirits sing in what according to Swedenborg is the language of hell. If *Berlioz* fancies this to be impressive devilry, he is wrong; the idea is too silly to elicit anything but inextinguishable laughter. We quote this passage from an excerpt given in the Breitkopf-Härtel music newspaper,[39] since the embarrassed German libretto cuts us short with an etc.[40] and some of the words translated into German.

> The Princes of Hell to Mephistopheles.
> *Irkimour sat rahyk? irkimour Mephisto?.*
> Mephistopheles.
> *Irkimour sat rahyk.*
> The Princes.
> *Biar neir orakai Faust undo voll isto?.*
> Mephistopheles.
> *Faust undo voll isto!*
> The Princes. *Uraiké?* Mephistopheles. *Uraiké!*
> The Princes. *Muraiké?* Mephistopheles. *Muraiké !*
> All hell with frantic enthusiasm.
> *Tradouin marexil. Trudinxé burrudixe!*
> *Fory my dinkorlitz. Hor meak omévixe!*
> *Uraiké, muraiké* etc.

One does not quite see why Berlioz should not have his devils make use of that wind instrument used by a devil in Dante's Inferno to announce the retreat.[41] A bucket of cold water for this passage, too silly for serious refutation.

Dissolution of rhythm and melody all over the place! and where there is an effect, it is in most cases only with these fundamental artistic forces! Everywhere a storm-tide of instruments fighting not with but against the voices. Grimacing instead of rhetoric, but everywhere below the surface a sinister, insistent, grinding obsession. "Es nährt das Leben wundersame Käuze" says Shakespeare;[42] it is necessary for Berlioz to contribute to building the temple of

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38. Emanuel Swedenborg, Swedish scientist and theologian (1688-1772). He gives a vivid description of hell in his eyewitness-report (!) *De Caelo et Ejus Mirabilibus et de inferno, ex Auditis et Visis*, published in 1758.

39. Kossak quotes again from the *AmZ* of 13 January 1847 (cf. *Bulletin* no. 181, p. 16).

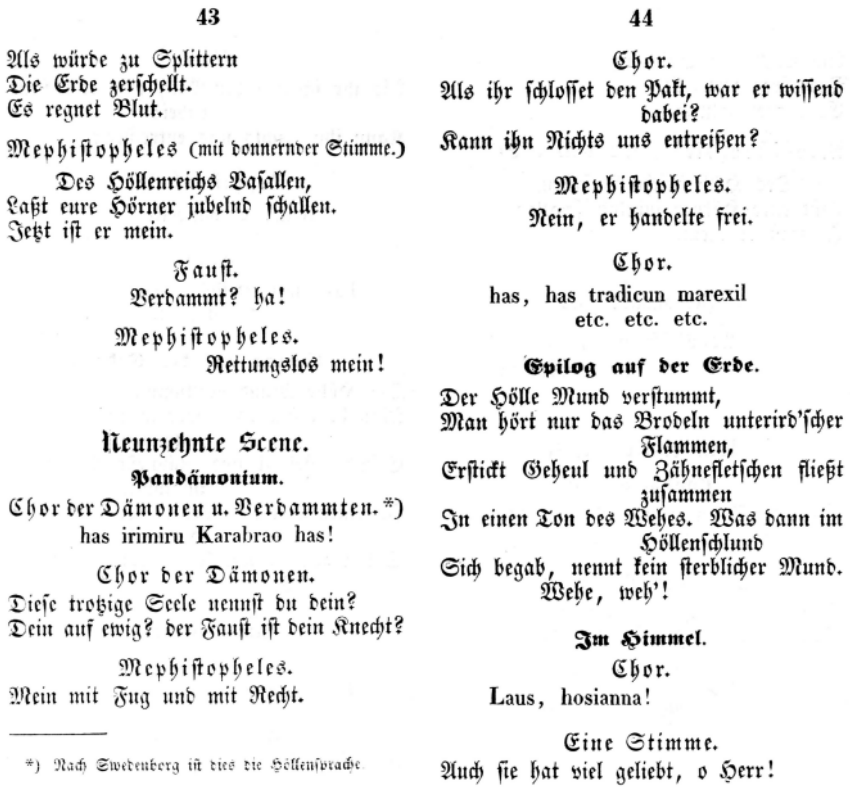
40. cf. the facsimile of p. 44 of the original Berlin libretto (Fig. 28) below.

41.The very last verse (no. 139) of canto XXI of Dante's *Inferno* describes how Malacoda, leader of a platoon of devils, "*dal cul fatto trombetta*" (a scene one will look for in vain among Gustave Doré's illustrations ... and of course impossible to translate – there are ladies present!) as a reply to his devils, which had greeted him by putting their tongues out at him.

42. "*Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time*" (*The Merchant of Venice*, act I, scene i, line 51). Kossak does not use the "standard" German Shakespeare translation by Schlegel, Tieck and Baudissin, which reads: "*Natur bringt wunderliche Käuz an's Licht*". The present author is very grateful to Lucy Warrack for having identified the quotation.

the arts. We come back to what we said in the introduction: posterity will know how to segregate *use* from *abuse*.

Considerable forces had been called upon for this performance. The make-up of the orchestra was similar to the one during the composer's last sojourn. However, we did notice not as many timpani (we counted only four), and it seemed to us that the wind instruments were employed in less overwhelming numbers. Eight double basses, roughly a dozen cellos and violins, with proportionate violas, did not, however, produce the proper effect of a string quartet, which we see once and for all as the basis of music. We would have wished, in order to experience an example of an orchestration of truly nervous force, that this group had played the opening D minor chord of the *Don Giovanni* overture. That single chord, played by *that ensemble*, would have crushed the whole of the Berlioz. The composer conducted the orchestra, under him chorus director Elsler led the choirs. Our singers [Robert] *Kraus* (Faust), [Louis]



43

Als würde zu Splittern
Die Erde zerſchellt.
Es regnet Blut.

Mephiſtopheles (mit donnernder Stimme.)

Des Höllenreichs Vaſallen,
Laßt eure Hörner jubelnd ſchallen.
Jetzt iſt er mein.

Fauſt.

Verdammt? ha!

Mephiſtopheles.

Rettungslos mein!

Neunzehnte Scene.

Pandämonium.

Chor der Dämonen u. Verdammten. *)

has irimiru Karabrao has!

Chor der Dämonen.

Dieſe trotzige Seele nennſt du dein?
Dein auf ewig? der Fauſt iſt dein Knecht?

Mephiſtopheles.

Mein mit Fug und mit Recht.

*) Nach Swedenborg iſt dies die Höllenſprache

44

Chor.

Als ihr ſchloſſet den Pakt, war er wiſſend dabei?
Kann ihn Nichts uns entreißen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Nein, er handelte frei.

Chor.

has, has tradicun marexil
etc. etc. etc.

Epilog auf der Erde.

Der Hölle Mund verſtummt,
Man hört nur das Brodeln unterird'ſcher Flammen,
Erſtickt Geheul und Zähneſletſchen fließt zuſammen
In einen Ton des Wehes. Was dann im Höllenſchlund
Sich begab, nennt kein ſterblicher Mund.
Wehe, weh'!

Im Himmel.

Chor.

Laus, hosianna!

Eine Stimme.

Auch ſie hat viel geliebt, o Herr!

Figure 27. Pages 43 and 44 of the libretto of the Berlin performance of *La Damnation de Faust*. Note the threefold "*etc.*" on page 44, replacing the whole text in Swedenborg's language of hell.

Böttticher (Mephisto), [August] *Fischer* (Brandes [*sic*]), Frl. [Clara] *Brexendorf* (Gretchen) must have sweated blood. How can a singer sing what is not song!! But these gallants boldly stood the test, as did the choirs and the orchestra. It remains remarkable that there was no confusion, though there were mistakes.
His Majesty the King attended the concert. Among those present could be seen Alexander von Humboldt, the deputy [Hermann] von Beckerath and Count Westmoreland, as well as many local scholars and artists.
Ernst Kossak.
Note. In yesterday's issue on *Faust's Verdammung* read: instead of *Gevatter* [godfather], *Charakter* [character].

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Two days later, with Berlioz still in town, the older sister of the *NBMZ*, the *BMZ* offered the reader the following, and sixth, review, by Flodoard Geyer (1811-1872), who contributed as a critic to the *Spenersche Zeitung*, the *NBMZ* and the *Deutscher Reichsanzeiger*. He was founder and leader of the Academic Men's Chorus and later became professor at the *Sternsches Konservatorium* in Berlin. In the present context it may be of interest that among Geyer's compositions there is an overture to Shakespeare's *King Lear*.[43] If Rellstab puts the emphasis in the closing phrases of his review on the fact that he, the German, addresses Berlioz, the Frenchman, and stretches out, at least in print, his hand, Geyer, as we will see, makes a firm statement in the first part of his text that Berlioz the Frenchman has the entire German people against him.

(6) Flodoard Geyer in the *Berliner Musikalische Zeitung*

26 June 1847, *Berliner Musikalische Zeitung*, vol. 4, no. 26, p. [1]-[3]:
Faust's Verdammung.
Legend in four parts.
From the French by Minzloff,
Music by Hector Berlioz.
Concert performance at the Royal Opera on 19 June.
This truly German doctor, so famous that even boys have heard of him, who to be a complete human being lacks only one among his many qualities, and that is

43. Carl Dahlhaus (ed.), *Studien zur Musikgeschichte Berlins im frühen 19. Jahrhundert* (Regensburg: Gustav Bose, 1980), p. 105. The four-hand piano arrangement of that overture was announced in the *BMZ* no. 17 of 18 May 1844, p. [3]. Another composition by Geyer, *Maria Stuart*, is mentioned in the *NZfM* of 27 December 1836, p. 210.

old Adam's temptation, which like everyone else he cannot resist, this profoundly cultivated spirit, who would be a god did he not have to be human, this Faust is seized here by the scruff of the neck by a Frenchman and contorted before our eyes into a hideously whining lover, of whom one would not know what to think, had one not been taught by a certain Göthe. Or does Mr Berlioz not want us to call on Göthe in support, since Mr Berlioz's Faust is just a stupid fool, and even the name of the beloved poet is not mentioned anywhere in the libretto or on the hand-bill; and without Göthe – why should this Faust bother us with his love-making, a commonplace story? *Wozu der Lärm*,[44] we must ask with Mephisto, this ludicrous demon? But that this legend, which after all is an old one and which can be interpreted anew by everybody, including by a Frenchman, is nevertheless based on Göthe's Faust, can be deduced by the fact that Mr. Berlioz has set to music roughly the same musical parts as Lindpaintner and Radziwill, only that now, after it has been translated into French, we are given a re-translation into German, so that as a natural consequence it now appears to have been chased into purgatory and back again, goods with a French stamp on it which we should leer at covetously, so Mr. Berlioz might presume, given our crazy gallomania, despite the fact that we have our dear genius Göthe at heart and mind! Oh no, Mr. B., create your own Faust and summon a hundred thousand devils for it! *But in the name of the German people: do not lay hands on the German Faust!*

He who has a heart, he who possesses a sensitivity whose strings are sounded by a tender loving breeze, he whose soul is filled with an unconscious yearning for a spiritual world, with a notion of something higher, which we cannot know but believe in, which is able to fill the gaps in human nature that need an inner language, the musical language of feeling – he will be able, like Faust, to act as a musical individuality, because he is not just an intellectual being, no longer only a thoughtful scholastic philosopher. But a composer who is to give a soul to *such* a Faust must possess the same heart, the same feeling, the same soul. In order to depict successfully the truth of a situation, such a composer has to experience or have experienced the same situation. A depth of feeling of such strength that, not to speak presumptuously, is found in German poets and composers alone, and which is the least characteristic feature of the French nation – how, I ask, should Mr. Berlioz, a Frenchman, be capable of *that*, he who gives proof that, like his fellow countrymen, he sacrifices art to a suitable means – that he sacrifices art to effect? Lo and behold, a Frenchman acting as a German, and what a difference there is between German and French art! If Mr. Berlioz were chosen to represent the latter, it would be the most crass, materialistic straining after effect ever heard of in any field of art. Yet in order to vindicate the great French composers such as Lulli, Mehul, Grétry, Catel, Boieldieu, Le Sueur, Cherubini, Auber et al. we have to shift our glance away from the glories of the past, because had they striven for effect so much, and if their combined faculties in this field could be amalgamated into a single mind, this quintessence of effect would still be a mere monad in comparison to the bubbling witch's cauldron of Mr. Berlioz.

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44. "*Wherefore this noise?*" are Mephistopheles' first words to Faust in the scene *Studirzimmer*.

Now, to leave the general for the particular, the subject can be divided into two main parts: the dramatic and the musical part of our review. Since I have in the previous paragraphs expressed myself on the relationship and the difference between the two Fausts, the German and the French, the reader may be so kind as to follow me to Mr. Berlioz's point of view, i.e. in his interpretation. He will then easily be able to form an opinion of his own.

For this purpose it is necessary to accept everything as it is, without asking too many questions on the admissibility of the form in which the legend is dramatized. At the beginning, Faust appears on a plain in Hungary. This country is notoriously not so far away as Siberia, where the Wandering Jew travelled. But why here? Because Hungarian *cavalrymen* are supposed to roam the said plain – and why this? so as to allow Mr. Berlioz to insert a Hungarian march based on the melody of an old war song known in Hungary under the name of Rakoczy (as is explained in the libretto).[45] And the thoroughly German scene under the linden tree, Mr. Berlioz? "Well, now. See here! I don't care about your Germany. My own fist created my own Faust,[46] and anyway he'll be in his study immediately afterwards, which as far as I'm concerned may as well be situated in north Germany." Faust, an unrecognised genius, is grieving despite his hypochondria;[47] why? nobody knows; in short he is consumed with longing – typically German; finally he has a drink – again, typically German. All at once the choir rouses him: "Christ is risen", and restores in him faith and hope; however, love is missing. Suddenly there appears (I am following the libretto) Mr. Mephistopheles, presenting himself as an old acquaintance, and well enough known to the reader from Göthe. Thank Göthe! – for without him, we would not know, from Mr. Berlioz's text, what to make of it. It is *he* who introduces him now to the world, at first to a pub: Ah, this must be Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig? Correct. He doesn't like that too much. "Hast du kein still verborgenes Thal." Ah, I understand. To the river Elbe; there the blessings of love will overcome him! Without having seen his Gretchen, of whom the Sylphs whisper to him, he suddenly cries out, strangely: "Margarethe!" – a remarkable dream, which not only conjures up the picture but also the name of the unknown beloved! I can spare the reader and myself how the story continues, since it is very well known; still, passing over other trite details of the libretto, as briefly as possible, only this: without the mediation of Göthe, a German spirit is almost offended by this mawkishly whining and *sensually* covetous Faust of Mr. Berlioz. Is not his love sheer lust?

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45. On p. 5 of the original Berlin libretto it says: "*(Orchester allein.) / Ungrischer* [sic!] *Marsch. / (Das Thema dieses Marsches ist die Melodie eines / alten Kriegsliedes, in Ungarn unter der Benennung /* Rakoczy *bekannt.)*"

46. A pun, in the original: "*Mein Faust ist auf meine Faust gemacht*, ...".

47. The original German sentence does not make sense either: "*Faust, eine unbekannte Grösse, grämt sich trotz dem besten Hypochonder; worüber?*" One is inclined to believe that the compositor misread a word in Geyer's handwritten manuscript of this article and set "*Hypochonder*" instead. Cf. the similar case of *Gevatter – Charakter* in Kossak's review.

Man, for his imagination, inevitably needs symbols. The Bible depicts it with the image of the snake, Göthe with the image of a character. Furthermore, the secret threads of sensuous infatuation have been presented by him as hidden seductive spiritual forces. How similar the smoothness and suppleness in the two symbols. Mr. Berlioz, however, depicts mostly the image of *terror*, using his own fantastic language, the language of hell according to Swedenborg: *"has irimiru Karabrao has*" etc.,[48] thus bordering on the other extreme, where seriousness and faith end and absurdity begins. Such materialistic conceptions are precarious, at least in times such as ours. Or does Mr. B really believe in this? One thinks of the choirs of hell greeting poor Faust: "*has, has tradicun marexil*"![49] what materialism! An artist has to believe in his work, otherwise it is a lie. One has to assume this from such a thoughtful musician as Mr. Berlioz. Surely he has had a glimpse of hell, if he has not gone to hell himself!

The music, to come at last to the second part of our review, is crafted with the utmost diligence and, apart from the treatment of the text, with the most gratifying knowledge of instrumental technique. The most astonishing effects take shape before our ears; *not to acknowledge this would be unjust*. And far be it from me to reprimand anybody for making use of effects at all; yet their application aesthetically in the wrong places, in unsuitable situations – this must always be called in question. Mr. Berlioz tries to shape everything differently from anybody else, and in his hermitage he indulges in very strange broodings. He shakes even what is most solid, the double bass, by letting it perform mannerisms such as beating the weak half of the bar.[50] The violins, usually the captains in the orchestral choir, step back and let the wind instruments have the leading part. The basses, in a strange kind of independence, draw sombre fundamental lines into the picture, quite frequently highly unsuitable (as in Gretchen's songs), certainly very impressive and gloomily effective for the uninitiated, speaking purely from a musical point of view. Piccolo, trombones, tamtam, in short: everything in abundance and more! Thus, given the sheer number of effects, there will always be some ingenious traits of instrumentation to be found, and these were recognized and acknowledged by the audience, which was small in number but evidently well-informed, with appropriate applause, as with the Hungarian march (in part), the Dance of the Sylphs with the harp playing mostly *harmonics*, a waltz, the invocation of the will-o'-the-wisps, in short mostly the purely instrumental parts. However, as far as the singing is concerned, there are bitter examples of the consequences of crossing, capriciously and irritatingly, the borderline of beauty, abandoning simplicity and truth. What is successfully achieved in this field is too little to justify overlooking the failures and all that runs contrary to common conceptions; the orchestra sometimes actually hostilely confronts the vocal parts. Mr. Berlioz spoils every cantilena he

48. Here, Geyer quotes directly from p. 43 of the original Berlin libretto (cf. Fig. 28).
49. Unlike Kossak, Geyer does not seem to have had available the article in the *AmZ* of 13 January 1847, but only the original Berlin libretto, p. 44 ths time.
50. Geyer may be referring to the introduction of scène XII Evocation (*NBE8a*, p. 273).

has begun as if he regretted it. He deliberately tramples on the most beautiful blossoms. Such a jumble of modulation, such a fever of changing time-signatures, such ferocious accentuation, such topsy-turvy declamation, very often whole phrases on one single note and stifled under the protracted sigh of no matter what wind instrument; such loathsome obtrusiveness of the double basses – how could this make singing possible at all! to say nothing of the ensemble. If we were to take the above path, following Mr. Berlioz's own ways, we would find here, accepting his own conception, singular ingenious features as well, e.g. the tenors in the peasants' chorus, the choirs: "Lasst uns vertrauen seinen heiligen Worten", "Raset der Sturm", "Hoher Burgen Zinnen", the beginning of the trio: "Himmlisches Bild" and the chorus "Sancta Maria"

The complete failures, however, are the German songs, especially the much treasured "Es war ein König von Thule." Finally among the most blatant effects are the musical retreat, the trumpets accompanying the song "Meine Ruhe ist hin", the exchanges with Faust accompanied by horns from a distant hunt, the ride to hell, the six part recitative (that is to say, executed by six parts in unison) and so forth. And the fugues, singled out in the programme, may be marked by a large question mark, too. The Amen fugue was not played.

The composer had been allowed the Royal Opera House, a token of esteem for his talent which he will appreciate. May he see to it that the same favour is bestowed upon German artists in his native country.

The artists were the Royal Orchestra (14 first violins, 9 double basses, 2 pairs of timpani etc.) and the theatre choir, as well as Miss [Clara] *Brexendorf* (Margarethe) and Messrs [Robert] *Kraus* (Faust), [Louis] *Bötticher* (Mephistopheles) and [August] *Fischer* (Brander) conducted by Mr. Berlioz himself, and the performance must be called successful, considering the composer's great demands.
Flod. Geyer.

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The musical press outside Berlin (i.e. in Leipzig) did not take a particular interest in the Berlin performance of the *Damnation*: Firstly, the work itself had already been thoroughly reviewed when performed in Paris and subsequently in Russia, and secondly, the Berlin papers were read in reading rooms and cafés in Leipzig and beyond as well, so that the interested reader would be sufficiently informed by the six long reviews in the *Spenersche*, the *Vossische*, the *APZ*, the *NBMZ*, the *BZH* and the *BMZ*. The first impression a music-lover in Leipzig could form of the Berlin concert would have been based on the following two notes in the *Signale*, probably by Carl Gaillard, but maybe by Bartholf Senff [51]

51. cf. *Bulletin* no. 184, p. 17.

himself, for they are little else but reports taken from Berlin papers, of which the first is a model of the laconic style of that newspaper mentioned above:

June 1847,[52] ***Signale für die musikalische Welt*****, vol. 5, no. 27, p. 212:**
Berlioz has arrived in Berlin to make some noise there.

The second note quotes from Kossak's critique in the *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle*. Underlined, by the present author, are those sentences which were subsequently quoted in the *NZfM* of 5 July 1847 as well:

June 1847, *Signale für die musikalische Welt*, vol. 5, no. 29, p. 230:
Hector Berlioz has failed completely in Berlin with his *Faust*. The Opus begins, as a critic of the Zeitungshalle[53] remarks, without overture, *in a general shambles of all instruments*; without the guiding baton, no beat could be distinguished. The spirits sing in what according to Swedenborg is the language of hell. If *Berlioz* fancies this to be impressive devilry, he is wrong; the idea is too silly to elicit anything but inextinguishable laughter. And one does not quite see why Berlioz should not have his *devils* make use of *that wind instrument* used by a devil in Dante's Inferno to announce the retreat. – Dissolution of rhythm and melody all over the place! Everywhere a storm-tide of instruments fighting not with but against the voices. Grimacing instead of rhetoric, but everywhere below the surface a sinister, insistent, grinding obsession.

For the above-mentioned reasons it is also no surprise that the following note is all the *AmZ* had to say about Berlioz's Berlin experience:

30 June 1847, *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, vol. 49, no. 26, col. 454:
Feuilleton. [...] *Berlioz's* Faust music has been performed in Berlin under the direction of the composer without earning particular applause.

The *NZfM* did not publish a full-scale review of the Berlin performance either. Instead, as in the *Signale*, some sentences from the review by Ernst Kossak published in the *Berliner Zeitungs-Halle* were quoted. The sentences underlined by the present author had already been quoted in the *Signale* of June 1847 (cf. above).

52. The *Signale* always bears the month but unfortunately not the day on the title-page. It is likely that in 1847 no. 27 was published on c. 10 June and no. 29 on c. 25 June.
53. cf. above *BZH* of 23 and 24 June 1847.

5 July 1847, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, vol. 27, no. 2, p. 11-12:
Daily news.
Voyages, Concerts, Engagements etc. Berlioz performed his Faust in Berlin on 19th of June. E. Kossak says in his review:
"It seems that Berlioz's principle is to find new forms by breaking the traditional rhythms and by richer combination of the instruments. The former part of this principle is *false*, the latter is *true*, and this will lift it above the ephemeral.

In one aspect of his art, Berlioz moves forward, while going backwards in another. That is the reason why in all his doings there is an unholy turmoil, of which he is perhaps not clearly aware, but which causes the most painful impressions among his attentive listeners." Of the libretto Kossak says that one cannot speak of it as a plant on Goethe's ground, but that it is Faust pickled for the muse of Mr Hector Berlioz. About the music K. remarks at the end: "Dissolution of rhythm and melody all over the place! and where there is an effect, it is in most cases only with these fundamental artistic forces! Everywhere a storm-tide of instruments fighting not with but against the voices. Grimacing instead of rhetoric, but everywhere below the surface a sinister, insistent, grinding obsession."

Berlin – *post festum*

Berlioz left Berlin for Paris after the 27th June 1847, the day when, together with Meyerbeer, he paid a visit to Humboldt. The traces the performance of *La Damnation de Faust* in the Prussian capital had left in the form of reviews were nothing to show off with back in Paris; but his decoration with the *Roter-Adler Orden 3. Klasse* by the King of Prussia was. As pointed out in his diaries, Meyerbeer had told Humboldt of Berlioz's desire to have that decoration on 25 June 1847. Next day Humboldt informed Meyerbeer that the king had indeed deigned to confer the decoration on Berlioz. On the same day, 26 June, Meyerbeer told Berlioz about the king's decision. Meyerbeer, in a letter written on 27 June, shared the news with his Paris confidant and secretary Gouin. Thus, if Gouin informed journalists of his acquaintance, the Paris press would have been able to spread the news from c. 1 July onwards. The first trace we have been able to find in the German musical press, however, was published only two weeks later – and not in a Berlin but in a Leipzig paper! – and almost a month before the decoration was announced in the *APZ* of 11 August 1847 (cf. below).

14 July 1847, *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, vol. 49, no. 28, col. 485:
Feuilleton. [...] *Berlioz* has had the Order of the Red Eagle conferred on him by the King of Prussia.

Berlioz himself mentions it for the first time more than two weeks later in a letter written in Paris to his sister Nanci on 31 July 1847: "*Tu sais que le Roi de Prusse m'a décoré de l'aigle Rouge de 3e classe ... cela a fait une rumeur extraordinaire à Berlin; cette décoration ne se donnant que très rarement et toujours en commençant par le 4e classe.*" Well ... if one reads through the 1847 volume of the *APZ*, one gets the impression that every week several persons were decorated with that order: The news was usually printed on the title page of the *APZ*, next to official news of Royal guests arriving in or leaving Berlin – and the latest results of the state lottery. If one believes the information provided by a collector of old decorations, roughly 1,600 persons received this order (*3. Klasse*) in the eight years 1847 to 1854, which results in an average of 200 persons a year or c. 4 a week. Thus, the reason for the "*rumeur extraordinaire*" was probably rather that Berlioz, a Frenchman!, and an artist!!, was decorated at all, despite the fact that his concert had drawn only a small audience, that the critics agreed that the work was a failure, apart from a few beautiful moments, and that Berlioz would have done better not to choose Faust as subject of his oratorio in the first place.

Owing to its great length we have had to defer the conclusion of this part of Gunther Braam's survey of the reception of The Damnation of Faust *in Germany till a later issue of the Bulletin. The final instalment will round off 1847, then, having mentioned briefly the performances in Leipzig (Parts 1 and 2 of the work), Dresden and Weimar, in 1853, 1854 and 1857 respectively, concentrate on the last performance given in Berlioz's lifetime, in Vienna in 1866, as reflected in Hanslick's review and in an anecdotal report by a member of the orchestra. (Ed.)*

The Damnation: a view from Manchester

We are grateful to Linda Edmonson for letting us know of this report, from the Manchester Guardian of 12 January 1882.

See also Miscellany, pp.71-2, where Bernard Shaw's analysis of Hallé's interpretation of the work is quoted. (Ed.)

MR. C. HALLE'S GRAND CONCERTS.

BERLIOZ'S FAUST.

Now that "Faust" has been heard three or four times its merits are more obvious than when it was first given. One can hardly say that the execution is better than it was, for, in truth, Mr. Hallé had so carefully rehearsed it that full justice was given to the music when he introduced it to his audience. But we are certainly better able to survey the work as a whole as we gradually become familiar with it. The plan is laid out on no recognised system. The composer has presented us with his own idea of the "Faust" legend, and not only modified it to suit his own requirements, but takes us with him to scenes where at least Goethe's treatment of the subject supplies no warrant. Berlioz's musical forms are his own also. We do not either enjoy or comprehend at first much that we hear. It is only as the work becomes gradually known that we discover symmetry as well as design in what originally seemed both fantastic and formless. But we must grasp the whole compass of his various scenes. They do not admit of subdivision, and he has so keen a sense of what is dramatic that it is impossible to separate any portion from the whole without injury to the general effect. The "Ballet des Sylphs" has an infinitely greater interest when heard as part of that mystic and unholy scene of enchantment of which it is a portion, than when given as a member in a miscellaneous programme; and even the soul-stirring "Rakoczy" March—almost dragged into "Faust" as it is—has a wonderful *eclat* there which proves how true the

instincts of the composer were. But everything else is compressed in a series of scenes, the interest of which is, in each, as a whole. The sudden transitions are amongst the chief elements of success. The "Easter Hymn" would probably not impress us as it does but for the contrast which it receives, first in its opposition to the Mephistophelean idea, and later, from the roystering revelry in the Leipsic beer-cellar. When this has passed away, a scene of pastoral life enables us to enjoy perhaps the most thoroughly musician-like portion of the whole. Faust's dream is a creation of exquisite loveliness, sufficient to justify the claims of its composer to rank amongst the great composers. The "King of Thule" ballad has a setting of the tenderest beauty, wonderfully set off by the wailing reiteration of the theme by the solo viola, as later in the work, Margaret's other song gains half its effect from a similar *obbligato* accompaniment by—we think—the Cor Anglaise. Of the picturesque use of the orchestra generally we need scarcely speak. Whatever Berlioz may not have been, he has always been recognised as a master here. Even his contemporaries, who denied him much else, admitted so much. Instances of original treatment are everywhere to be found. The discord which announces the presence of Mephistopheles comes on us with almost the force and suddenness of a pistol shot. The uncomfortable sensations suggested so vividly by the detached violin phrases in the "Flea" song we have before alluded to; while the curious cross *tempi* in the fiend serenade and elsewhere are used with a boldness which almost produces a new musical sensation. Perhaps the love scene in the third part is the least successful effort in this remarkable work. We feel here the need of scene and action. With Faust and Margaret before us in flesh and blood we cannot help comparing the poverty of effect with that superb scene where Gounod has told the tale of the maiden's fall. And yet, while we

still adhere to our preference to the version of "Faust" which the latter composer has given us, it is only just to add that we are now able to discover also how much he owed to the earlier setting of Berlioz. Every now and then we discover something which, without being quite like anything in Gounod, is suggestive of movements of his which, hitherto, have been thought to be not only original but unique. The "Chorus of Soldiers" in Berlioz's "Faust" is a striking instance of this. It is not the air certainly which we can accuse Gounod of having appropriated in his own chorus, but we cannot doubt that the rhythm and general swing, if we may so express it, are derived from Berlioz.

But our purpose is not to write an essay on the merits of "Faust," or on the characteristics of Berlioz, though with the materials we now have this would be no difficult matter. Our readers have opportunities of forming opinions such as have never before, or elsewhere, been afforded. The fame of Berlioz is in the hands of the present generation. The revival now going on presents his claims to consideration with a completeness which admits of no possible extenuation. Whether it will pass away leaving little trace behind or establish the fame of Berlioz beyond doubt or cavil remains to be seen. Possibly another generation may elapse, and another revival give our children sensations still new as now. If this should be the case, however, the "music of the future" will leave us still ample time for the enjoyment of that of the past, which, like everything else, must give way to new and continually newer forms, such as only gradually can we reconcile ourselves to. The principals were as before—Miss Mary Davies and Messrs. Lloyd, Hilton, and Santley,—each and all of whom, like all concerned, deserve every praise.

Musée Hector Berlioz acquires important legacy

Antoine Troncy

Catherine Reboul-Berlioz-Vercier, great-great-great-niece of Hector Berlioz (and great-great-granddaughter of Nanci Pal, sister of the composer), who, sadly, died in August 2010, has bequeathed to the Berlioz Museum a considerable legacy of Berlioz family letters (almost five hundred) and various archive documents.

The legacy includes a dozen letters by Berlioz as well as more than fifty from a wide range of personalities in the world of music and the arts of the time, written to the composer by such figures as Legouvé, Reyer and Signol, and 48 letters from Berlioz's son Louis to his father. There are almost 150 letters from the composer's other sister Adèle and from numerous members of the family: Nanci and Camille Pal, Joséphine and Nancy Suat (Adèle's children by her husband Marc Suat), Nicolas and Félix Marmion (Berlioz's maternal grandfather and maternal uncle respectively) and even a manuscript of Hector's younger brother Prosper Berlioz and of the Berlioz family's beloved housekeeper Monique Nety. The legacy also includes letters from friends of the Berlioz and Pal families such as Nancy Clappier (who corresponded regularly with Nanci), books of verse-letters by Nicolas Marmion, and part of Berlioz's sister Nanci's fabled diary covering the period 1824-29, as well as several batches of legal documents concerning the inheritances of Nicolas Marmion, Louis-Joseph and Joséphine Marmion, and the sale of properties including the Jacques farm at Murianette. In addition to these family documents, there are several printed scores, letters in the hand of persons at present unknown, and collections of pictures.

These documents will doubtless enable us to get an even better idea of the relations between members of the Berlioz family, as witnessed by two particularly moving letters: first, a letter dated March 13 1869 in which Joséphine Suat-Chapot gives her cousin Mathilde an account of the dying moments of their uncle Hector, expressing regret that she did not actually witness the composer's last breath: "We can at least console ourselves, though, in the knowledge that his end was peaceful and that he died without any great suffering"; and, second, a letter in which Louis declares his filial love for his father: "I love my father, I love my friend, I love the creator of that unforgettable adagio […] I love you with all my strength because I love you, I don't know why". As for the "Statistical [misspelt] Register of All the Properties Owned by the Nobleman Joseph Berlioz [Hector's grandfather] in the territory of La Côte" in 1789 [the title page

COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE
TRANSATLANTIQUE

8, Place Vendôme.

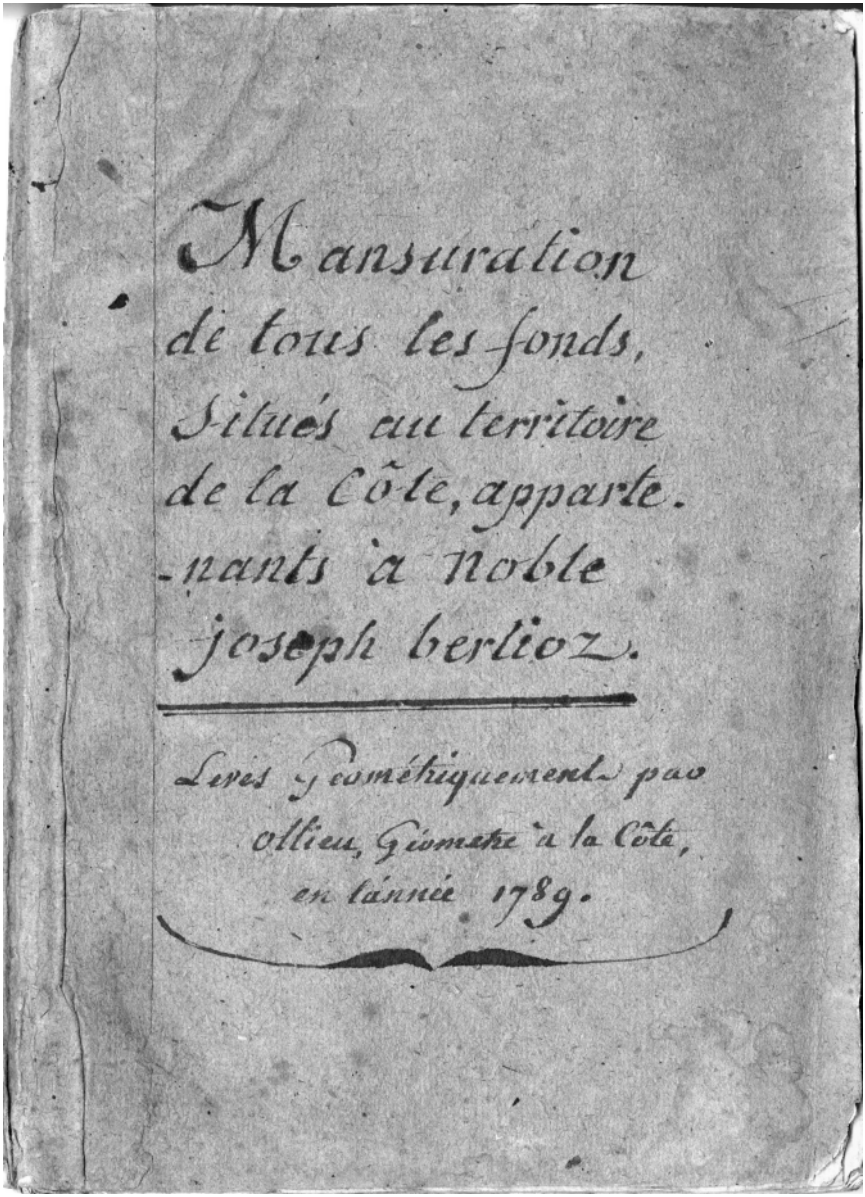
Paris, le _____ 18__

Vendredi

J'aime mon père, j'aime mon ami, j'aime le créateur de l'Insondable adagio (que j'ai entendu souvent, joué sur le piano) j'aime de toutes mes forces, toi, parceque je t'aime, je ne sais pourquoi,
ta solitude me pèse, je comprends et je partage ton ennui, tes souffrances, je sens plus que jamais le fardeau de la fatalité.

Faire mes prières, c'est m'dire ouvre un ouvrage de Shakespeare chaque soir je ne le puis plus, je ne dois pas le faire. Le sentier enlève si haut et retombe la Vérité la première dans la boue, fatigue et enlève la force des pensées

The first page of an undated letter (? September 1865) from Louis Berlioz to his father.


Mansuration
de tous les fonds,
situés au territoire
de la Côte, apparte.
-nants à Noble
joseph berlioz.

Levés Géométriquement par
ollieu, Géomètre à la Côte,
en l'année 1789.

is reproduced here], it should allow us to reassess the financial situation of the Berlioz family, based on all the property they owned at La Côte-Saint-André and nearby Saint-Etienne-de-Saint-Geoirs at the end of the 18th century.

Of course the content of some of these precious manuscripts is already known, having appeared in the composer's *Correspondance générale.* In addition, the collection has been consulted by various writers, including David Cairns*, who made use of it in his biography of Berlioz (identifying and dating many of the documents), and by Pascal Beyls, who published some of the material in his books on Nicolas Marmion and Nancy Clappier.

The Musée Berlioz, which has been engaged in a programme of digitalising its entire archival collection for the past two years, hopes that that will ensure speedy access to this remarkable collection for a greater number of interested people. However, before we can put it on line, we have to go through the process of identification, dating, inventoring and transcription for each and every document. Christopher Follett, of the Berlioz Society, has kindly agreed to come to La Côte for a month next spring to help the museum with this Cyclopean project.

Thanks to this wonderfully generous bequest from Catherine Vercier we will now be able to bring together in the birthplace of the composer – which has recently been elevated by the French Ministry of Culture to the status of « Maison des Illustres » – the Chapot family's legacy** (representing the present main body of the Musée Hector-Berlioz's collections) and part of the Reboul-Berlioz family's.

**Before starting to write his biography of Berlioz, David Cairns spent many weeks in the 1970s identifying and transcribing documents in the Paris apartment of Catherine's mother Yvonne Reboul-Berlioz, the collection's owner. The collection (of which Catherine's was an important part) is also described in an article* ("The Reboul-Berlioz Collection"*) which he contributed to Peter Bloom's* Berlioz Studies *(Cambridge 1992). (Ed.)*

***Abbé Robert Chapot – a descendant on Berlioz's sister Adèle's side of the family – gave a large quantity of letters and documents to the Musée in 1981. The Abbé's nephew, great-great-grandson of Adèle, is M. Alain Rousselon, a former chairman of the Association Nationale Hector Berlioz, whom members of the Berlioz Society met at Meylan in August 2009 during the Festival Berlioz. (Ed.)*

Berlioz and John Martin: Visions of the Apocalypse in Music and Painting

Christopher Follett

The vast, cataclysmic scenes of apocalyptic destruction and biblical catastrophe portrayed in the vivid canvases of the British 19th-century painter John Martin readily bring to mind some of Berlioz's more monumental music. Martin's mighty *The Great Day of his Wrath* – a veritable *Dies irae* – and *Pandemonium* pictures could be seen as a painterly vision of parts of the *Symphonie fantastique, Grande Messe des Morts* and The Ride to the Abyss in *La Damnation de Faust* in particular. Not that Berlioz, who was well acquainted with Martin's art, was always completely happy about the analogy.

Martin (1789-1854), one of the most popular artists in Europe in his time, was known to and influenced the art of numerous contemporaries, including Victor Hugo and Berlioz. In 1835 the Louvre staged an exhibition of Martin's large, dramatic canvases, which Berlioz must surely have attended. Tate Britain in London is currently showing a major exhibition of these works, entitled *John Martin: Apocalypse.*

During his stay in London in June 1851 Berlioz attended the Charity Children's Concert at St Paul's Cathedral, which had an enormous impact

on him and led him to add a chorus of 600 children to his *Te Deum.* He returned home on a Thames riverboat after the concert, retiring to bed at his lodgings in Queen Anne Street W1 after being soaked to the skin in a torrential rainstorm. During the night Berlioz had a powerful dream, which he describes in *Les Soirées de l'orchestre*:

> But nights following days like that know no sleep. The resounding clamour of "All people that on earth do dwell" revolved endlessly in my head, and St Paul's whirled before me. Once again I was there, in the cathedral. But now by a strange transformation it had become Pandemonium; it was the scene of Martin's famous picture. Instead of the archbishop, there was Satan enthroned, and grouped round him, instead of the thousands of worshippers and children, the fiery eyes of unnumbered demons and the damned gleamed from the heart of the visible darkness, and the whole iron amphitheatre on which the millions sat vibrated terrifyingly and gave forth ghastly harmonies.

In 1844, the German Romantic poet Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), a friend of Berlioz, analysed the *Grande Messe des Morts* in an article on the "Musical Season in Paris" in the *Augsburger Zeitung*. "Here is the beat of a bird's wing that reveals not a usual songbird, but a colossal nightingale – a lark the size of an eagle, as was said to exist in the primeval world," Heine wrote. "Yes, Berlioz's music makes something of a prehistoric impression on me, possibly even antediluvian. It reminds me of extinct animals, of legendary kingdoms and crimes, of collections of impossible mythic extravagances: Babylon, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis, Niniveh, the wonders of Mizraim, as we see in the paintings of the Englishman Martin. Indeed, if we look around for an analogy to the art of painting, we find the most similarities between Berlioz and that amazing British painter: the same sense of the formidable, the gigantic, the tangibly incalculable. In one case garish effects of light and shadow, in another jarring orchestration; in one a slight bit of melody, in another a bit of colour, in neither any beauty and absolutely no emotion…"

Heine compared Martin's art with the music of Berlioz, which he said suggested rather "the stupendous passions of the early world" than any known form of classic or romantic art. "We find elective affinity allied to the most perfect resemblance between Berlioz and the wild Briton. In the one are startling effects of light and shade, in the other a crash and clang of instruments; the latter with little melody, and the former almost without colour." He adds: "And what a commonsense, everyday, modern man

beside these two madmen of genius [*fous de génie*] is Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy."

In his *Lutèce : Lettres sur la vie politique, artistique et sociale de France,* Heine reiterated similar comments, comparing Berlioz with Martin, to which Berlioz made the following rejoinder in the Postscript of the *Memoirs* : "In his book […] Heine goes on to compare me with the eccentric Englishman, and claims that I have *little melody* and that I am *completely devoid of simplicity*. Three weeks after *Lutèce* was published the first performance of *L'Enfance du Christ* took place. The day after, I received a letter from Heine in which he apologised profusely for having misjudged me. […] I went to visit him and he started again blaming himself. […] I said, "You are always thinking of the *Witches' Sabbath* and the *March to the Scaffold* of my *Symphonie fantastique* or the *Dies irae* and the *Lacrymosa* of my *Requiem*. But I believe I can write and have written works of a very different character."

Sources:

Robert Tissot : *Hector Berlioz et John Martin - deux artistes du Sublime et de l'Insolite* (Grenoble, *Les Cahiers du CRHIPA*, 2009)

David Cairns: Berlioz *Servitude and Greatness*, p. 462 (Penguin Books)
hberlioz.com website

John Martin: Apocalypse is at Tate Britain until January 15 2012

Symphonie Fantastique, Tristia
Usher Hall, Edinburgh,
City Halls, Glasgow,
6 and 7 October 2011
Robin Ticciati,
Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Chorus
(chorus master, Gregory Batsleer)

Robin Ticciati

Michel Austin

The SCO's 2011/12 programme gives a significant place to the music of Berlioz. Concerts later in the season will include *Les Nuits d'été*, sung by Karen Cargill, the Love Scene from *Roméo et Juliette*, and the *Rêverie et Caprice* played by Alexander Janiczek. Robin Ticciati will be the conductor in every case; he has already demonstrated to Scottish audiences his natural understanding of the music of Berlioz, with outstanding performances of *l'Enfance du Christ* early in 2010.

For their opening concert at the Usher Hall the SCO offered as main work the *Symphonie Fantastique*, but this was preceded by a comparative rarity, the three choral works with orchestra which Berlioz published in 1852 under the name *Tristia*. The three pieces were originally composed separately, the *Méditation religieuse*, a setting of a poem by Thomas Moore, in 1831, the other two Shakespearean pieces, *La mort d'Ophélie* and the *Marche funèbre pour la dernière scène d'Hamlet*, in 1842 and 1844 respectively, and both of them were revised in 1848. Yet, as often with Berlioz, pieces that were initially conceived separately feel in their final version as though they had always belonged together; they form a natural progression, in expressive content, in the musical forces deployed, and in their unusual key relationships, ascending semitonally from G major to A flat major to A minor. Reflective, concise, highly charged but understated, these are among the deepest and most affecting works Berlioz ever composed. They all begin and end quietly, and are hardly calculated to rouse audiences to demonstrative outbursts, which may explain the comparative rarity of performances. To be able to hear them in concert was therefore a considerable bonus – Berlioz himself never heard them performed.

The performance of the *Symphonie Fantastique* was a first for the SCO, and they very nearly succeeded in making the audience forget that they are a chamber orchestra. There was a full array of wind, percussion, and brass (tubas, not ophicleides), and two harps, but the string section was their regular complement of 10-8-6-6-4. It should be said that at no point did the strings feel undernourished, and they sounded particularly fine in the 3rd movement. But one could not help wondering what the work would have sounded like with a string complement of 15-15-10-11-9, which is what Berlioz specifies as a minimum in his published score of 1845. The strings were certainly at a disadvantage in the last movement at the point when the *Dies Irae* (wind and brass) and the *Ronde du Sabbat* (strings, flute and piccolo) are joined together. The wind writing of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, varied and resourceful throughout, is one of the many wonders of this extraordinary score, and the SCO players were excellent. But why on earth was the oboe left in the orchestra next to the cor anglais in their dialogue at the start of the 3rd movement, when Berlioz asks for the oboe player to be placed behind the scene and only return to the orchestra once the opening passage is over? The sense of space and distance which Berlioz wanted to convey by such simple means was lost, and it is hard to understand why.

There was much to be enjoyed in a thoughtful and thought-provoking performance, far superior to the rather showy rendering of the work in this same hall by Gustavo Dudamel three years ago. Ticciati showed great attention both to detail (such as in the phrasing of the numerous hairpins in the *idée fixe* in the first movement, often elided in performance) and to the overall design of the work. The slow movement, the heart and pivot of the work in its progression from the dreams of the first two movements to the nightmare of the last two, was particularly fine. But one might remark that both the *Marche au Supplice* and the *Songe d'une Nuit du Sabbat* were taken fractionally faster than the tempo indicated by Berlioz – minim = 72 for the march, and dotted crotchet = 104 for the main tempo of the last movement. At Berlioz's steady tempo the music can be made to sound even more menacing.

For both conductor and orchestra the performance in Edinburgh was, if not their first, probably not their last, word on the subject, and one was left wanting to hear the work played all over again. Lucky those who were able to hear and compare the Glasgow performance the following day, and in a more sympathetic and communicative acoustic than that of the Usher Hall. After the second performance the work was recorded, for release on CD some time in 2012, a recording one looks forward to with keen anticipation.

Miscellany

David Cairns

Ian Kemp

With the death of Ian Kemp in September, at the age of 80, Berlioz has lost one of his most devoted and knowledgeable advocates. Ian loved Berlioz's music passionately, with a deep, emotional commitment – I remember his exclamation, "What a composer!", as we left for the interval during a concert performance of *The Trojans*, after the scene of Cassandra and the Trojan women. But he also had a well-studied, precise and highly articulate understanding of what made Berlioz the composer he was, how the music was constructed, why it was so good, and he communicated that understanding to a whole generation of students whom he taught at Aberdeen, Cambridge, Leeds, and Manchester.

Ian Kemp defended Berlioz fiercely against his detractors, converting many to the music (including the vice-chancellor of Leeds University, Edward Boyle, who till then had thought it "grand but amateurish"). An article by Rupert Christiansen in *The Spectator* provoked this characteristic rejoinder:

> In his review of David Cairns's biography of Berlioz Rupert Christiansen reminds us that the earth is flat – that of all great composers Berlioz is still the one about whom a critic can dredge up ancient canards and feel satisfied about it. There is, evidently, a Berlioz "problem" – lying in his tendency to "vulgarity", technical "incompetencies", his failure to "sustain his noblest ambitions". Where did Mr Christiansen get this rubbish from? Perhaps he's been reading too many books, especially those upholding the "drawing-room manners" he sets such store by. As for Berlioz's supposed lapses in this respect, you'd have thought they'd qualify him for applause.

And as for his "shaky technique", if Mr Christiansen would cite chapter and verse I'll prove him wrong.

Perhaps wisely, the critic refrained from doing so, and held his peace.

Had Ian's last years not been blighted by illness (during which he was solaced by the love and unwavering support of his wife, the conductor Sian Edwards), he might have completed the analysis of Berlioz's harmonic procedures that he planned to write. As it is, his published Berlioz legacy consists chiefly of the volume *Songs for Solo Voice and Orchestra* which he edited for the *New Berlioz Edition*, and the Cambridge Opera Handbook on *Les Troyens*. Those who knew this warm and witty man will miss him sorely.

Pierre Citron

When I was working on my biography of Berlioz, I saw a good deal of Pierre Citron (of whom we publish an appreciation by Catherine Massip in this issue) and benefited immeasurably from my contacts with this friendly and brilliant man, both at the Bibliothèque Nationale and at the apartment of Yvonne Reboul-Berlioz – where I remember her exclaiming admiringly, after a visit from him, "Que cet homme est épatant!" He *was* – stunning, wonderful, splendid, or however you translate that expressive adjective.

I believe it was only when he became editor of the *Correspondance générale d'Hector Berlioz* that this great Balzac specialist fell fully under Berlioz's spell. Thereafter he worked valiantly and tirelessly for him, and all of us owe him a huge debt. For those who knew Citron at all well, he was excellent company. Having spent much of the war in England as a member of de Gaulle's Free French, he leavened his profound and precise scholarship with a remarkable command of English slang and a gratifyingly broad sense of humour.

He was a wit as well as a polymath. The paper on "Musical Characters and the Role of Music in Parisian Comic Theatre, 1830-40", based on the most scrupulous research, that he read at the conference on "Music in Paris in the Eighteen-Thirties" organised by Peter Bloom at Smith College in 1980 was one of the funniest I have ever heard. At the same conference he set the hall "on a roar" when, in a moment of silence as Robert Cohen, seated at the lectern, was preparing his talk on Dantan jeune's caricature busts, light from below casting a sinister gleam on his bearded face, Citron called out: "Robert le Diable!" John Warrack recalls him coming up during a tea-break and asking, with mock politeness: "Would you care for a little lemon with your tea?"

Damnation or Admiration

It's a saddening experience to read the reviews of *The Damnation of Faust* quoted in Gunther Braam's account of the work's reception in Berlin in 1847, especially if one remembers Berlioz's response to the city when he first visited it, four years earlier: "Few if any capitals can boast comparable resources. Music there is part of the air you breathe; you absorb it through the very pores of your skin". You can understand why an adaptation of Goethe based only on Part 1 of *Faust* would scandalise the self-appointed guardians of Germany's sacred heritage. But - to take just one of their objections to the score - how, you wonder, could they possibly find no melody whatsoever in a work which Sir Thomas Beecham would later describe, with reason, as "a bunch of the loveliest tunes in existence"?

But Berlin, as Gunther makes clear, was also a citadel of musical conservatism; as late as the beginning of the 20th century, Wagner's music was excluded from the syllabus of its conservatoire. Against the damning verdicts of the Berlin critics may be set Peter Cornelius's opinion, twenty years later, that the *Damnation* was "one of our great musical masterpieces, to be ranked with *The Creation*, Handel's oratorios and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony", or Hans von Bülow's rapturous letters to Liszt describing the impact of Berlioz's music (including *The Damnation of Faust*) on the Dresden public in 1854. In the years following the composer's death, all his most dedicated champions, apart from Edouard Colonne in Paris – Bülow, Charles Hallé, Felix Mottl, Hans Richter, Mahler, Weingartner – were German. Germans too were most of the conductors who performed his music in England in the late 19th century: Richter again, William Ganz, August Manns. And, of course, Hallé. The review of a Manchester performance of the *Damnation* conducted by Hallé in 1882 that we reproduce in this issue of the Bulletin (pp.57-9) prompts me to quote Bernard Shaw, writing in *The World* a decade later:

> When [Hallé] first introduced The Damnation of Faust here, there were no rival performances to compare with that of the Manchester band. Now the work is a stock piece at the Albert Hall and the Richter concerts; and it has been heard at the Crystal Palace. The result is that London is utterly eclipsed and brought to naught. In vain does Mr Barnby guarantee metronomic regularity of *tempo* and accurate execution of every note in the score: the work is usually received at the Albert Hall as an unaffectedly pious composition in the oratorio style. Richter, by dint of incessant vigilance and urgency, only gets here and there a stroke of fancy, power or delicacy out of his orchestra in its own despite. Mr Manns conducts Faust conscientiously, but without opposing any really sympathetic knowledge

to the blank ignorance of the orchestra. Hallé simply indicates the quietest, amblingest *tempos* at his ease, and the score comes to life in the hands of players who understand every bar of it, and individualize every phrase.

The Hungarian March, taken at about half the speed at which Lamoureux vainly tries to make it "go", is encored with yells – literally with yells – in St James's Hall.

Nobody mistakes the Amen parody for a highly becoming interlude of sacred music, nor misses the diabolic *élan* of the serenade, the subtler imaginative qualities of the supernatural choruses and dances, or the originality and pathos of the music of Faust and Margaret. Here is the experimental verification of my contention that no precision in execution or ability in conducting can, in performing Berlioz's music, supply the want of knowledge on the part of the band of the intention of every orchestral touch.

[…] The long and short of the matter is that our London men do not know the works of Berlioz and the Manchester men do.

(*Music in London, 1890-94,* vol.2, p.10)

To return to Berlin: the idea so confidently propounded in those reviews – that Berlioz's music was, at its best, no more than a presage of better things to come, pointing the way forward for composers who would have the genius and skill and taste that he lacked – was something of a commonplace of 19th-century criticism. Beethoven's later works were regular recipients of the same kind of helpful comment. I am reminded of the wretched Fétis' patronising disposal of the C sharp minor quartet, where Beethoven is acknowledged to have attempted to widen the boundaries of musical expression and form but to have failed dismally, his attempt ruined by a mass of errors from which greater knowledge and a more thorough schooling might have saved him. To adapt Berlioz's exasperated exclamation in the *Memoirs* about singers and their presumption: "Critics – what a race!"

A Correction

The full title of the compendium edited by David Charlton and Katharine Ellis that was referred to on p.22 of Bulletin 186 is *The Musical Voyager: Berlioz in Europe*.

Fauſt's Verdammung.

[La Damnation de Faust]

Legende

in vier Theilen.

Muſik von Hektor Berlioz.

Nach dem Franzöſiſchen

von

Hrn. Minzlaff.

Berlin, 1847.

(Preis: 5 Silbergroſchen.)