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Anton Bruckner, Sacred Tonality, and Parsifal's Redemption

Spiritual Enfleshment and the Musical *Via Positiva*

I.

Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances. (Exod. 15:20)

David and all Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of wood, on harps and lutes and timbrels and cornets and cymbals. . . . And when they that carried the ark of the Lord had gone six paces, he sacrificed an ox and a ram: and David danced with all his might before the Lord. (2 Sam. 6:5, 13-14)

MUSIC SPEAKS TO BOTH PARTS OF MAN, the bodily and the spiritual: addressed to his sense of hearing, it reaches and fills the ear of the soul.¹ A healthy people make good music, and the Jews, of course, are no exception: in their centuries of worship they have fashioned rhythms and melodies for every nuance of mood and message conveyed through their holy scriptures. In the best music, there is no opposition between the sensuous and the sacred. Man is not a soul

imprisoned in the body, a distant participant of the agent intellect moving toward reunification with it. Man is, and reaches his perfection by being to the fullest, an *embodied spirit*, a spirit that in its very essence is the formative, life-giving principle of the flesh united to it, with all the fleshly powers and susceptibilities. Music at its most perfect imitates this union. It mysteriously speaks to man at the intersection of spirit and flesh as if it were the native language of the composite, a privileged means by which the intimate union of body and soul can be experientially felt and intuitively known, even furthered in secondary perfection. "Rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful," Socrates says to Glaucon.² Think again of the Hebrew chanting of the Psalms: is it not the case that by singing the songs of Zion, dancing in celebration, soul and body are brought into harmony, confirmed in their natural togetherness—the body ennobled by participating in the higher world of devotion, the soul's motions redounding, in turn, more deeply into the body's powers? One might even attribute to music the lofty function of an ongoing enfleshment of spirit and inspiriting of flesh. Good music is incarnate and incarnative.³

By being and doing this, music imitates at a distance the Incarnation of our Lord, the eternal Son of God's having taken flesh of the Virgin Mary, uniting in one suppositum the divine and human natures, analogous to the union of intellect and body in the human suppositum.⁴ The advent of the Lord opens before our eyes (and ears) an understanding of man infinitely more profound than the pagan world could have known. In his *Exhortation to the Heathen*, Clement of Alexandria rhapsodizes about the mystical symphony of the *Logos*, Jesus Christ:

Behold the might of the new song! It has made men out of stones, men out of beasts. . . . It also composed the universe into melodious order, and tuned the discord of the elements

to harmonious arrangement, so that the whole world might become harmony. . . . And He who is of David, and yet before him, the Word of God . . . having tuned by the Holy Spirit the universe, yes, and the little world of man, body and soul together, makes melody to God on this instrument of many tones, and to this instrument (I mean man) he sings accordant: "For thou art my harp, and pipe, and temple"—a harp for harmony, a pipe by reason of the Spirit, a temple by reason of the word. . . . A beautiful breathing instrument of music the Lord made man, after His own image.⁵

Since it is "only in the mystery of the Word made flesh that light is shed on the mystery of man,"⁶ a denial of the Incarnation leads to the corruption of true anthropology, to the point of undermining not only the full truth of man revealed in the Gospels, but also those partial truths discovered by the pagan philosophers in the centuries before the birth of Jesus. Rejecting the Incarnation after it has been made known to the world puts one on a perilous course toward the rejection of man as embodied spirit, with the result either of exalting a flesh cut off from spirit and antagonistic to it or exalting a spirit ill at ease with flesh and contemptuous of its demands. These anthropological errors have their exact aural equivalents and symbols in visceral, genital music (rock, pop, rap, etc.) and the ghostly sound of atonal or dodecaphonic or aleatory music.⁷ In this article, I will speak primarily about the significance of the latter distortion, but it will not be difficult to see the application that could be made to the former, which is its inverse image.

II.

*I love my thought and live for it.*⁸

It was a composer named Arnold Schoenberg who, more than any other, inaugurated the rationalism of atonality. Early in his career he

did write some lovely music—a string quartet in D major (1899), for example, that hints at the grace and playfulness of Schubert. His most famous tonal work, the string sextet *Verklärte Nacht*, op. 4 (also 1899), has moments of exquisite lyricism. The same can be said of the early works of Schoenberg's disciples Anton Webern and Alban Berg.⁹ Webern composed a set of lieder not unworthy of Hugo Wolf, a quartet movement bursting with Wagnerian pathos, and a pas-sacaglia that could have been Busoni's or Reger's; Berg composed lieder in the style of Strauss's *Four Last Songs* and a piano sonata whose intricate lines evidence a high degree of contrapuntal skill. One can understand why Gustav Mahler initially supported the endeavors of Schoenberg and his circle. Later on, however, Mahler, who remained committed to the Romantic tradition even as he bade it a pained farewell, was to find it impossible to come to terms with the burgeoning incoherence of the works of Schoenberg that appeared shortly before Mahler's death in 1911.

What happened between 1899 and 1911? The answer has its roots in the quintessential high romantic opera, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, completed in 1860 and premiered in 1865. To depict every shade of sensual love and touch every emotion from the tenderest to the most passionate, Wagner employed a style more fluid, more chromatic, than any composer had ever done, using murky dissonance and the urge for its resolution in a ceaselessly spiraling pattern to build up tension and induce a hypnotic atmosphere of yearning.¹⁰ Postponement of harmonic resolution, a poignant symbol of frustrated love, is carried to enormous lengths; tonality hangs on the brink, ready to collapse into chaos. In the operas that followed, Wagner stepped back somewhat from the harmonic experimentation of *Tristan* in order to concentrate his attention on refining other elements of music drama, such as maximizing the variety and variability of leitmotifs, incorporating "academic" counterpoint, and employing diatonic melodies orchestrated with unexpected economy. In his last opera, *Parsifal* (completed in 1882), passages of a sim-

plicity and tonal clarity are found far removed from the dense fog, provocative sensualism, and mental agony of *Tristan*.

Yet it was not from *Parsifal*'s reassertion of triad and chorale but from *Tristan*'s amorphous opulence that Schoenberg took his stylistic point of departure. The chromaticism and formal experimentation of his early works went beyond the already remote Wagnerian boundaries, as can be heard in his String Quartet no. 1 in D Minor, op. 7 (1905), a tone-poem full of disjointed phrases, nervous twitches, and a dizzying loss of tonal centeredness. The birth of "free tonality" is often presented as a breakthrough that occurred at the level of cerebral problems and solutions, but more was involved in the genesis of this quartet than intellectual free play. Jottings in the composer's 1904–05 sketchbook concerning the emergent Quartet no. 1—"rebellion, defiance, longing, enthusiasm; feeling of oppression, despair; fear of being engulfed . . . extreme sensual intoxication" and so forth¹¹—suggest that the style of this work was also the outcome of psychological and moral crises in Schoenberg's private life. This was in fact the case, not only for this quartet, but for many later works as well.¹²

In 1907, Schoenberg experienced a sort of musical nervous breakdown, becoming convinced that the romantic style had been exhausted. If music was to move beyond hackneyed conventions, a totally different path had to be staked out. Schoenberg asked himself: Why should dissonances be resolved at all? Why not let music wander in and out of tonality, like a dream in which events have no particular order or logic? Wouldn't this allow the composer to express his immediate thoughts and feelings, whether they are coherent and beautiful or not? This artistic attitude is appropriately called "expressionism." In such music, the use of key signatures and their inherent hierarchy of tones would be superfluous. Thus, in the final movement of String Quartet no. 2 in F[#] Minor, op. 10 (1908), Schoenberg omits a key signature, writes music with no reference to key, and introduces a soprano soloist who makes her entrance with words

well suited to the nebulous, disoriented sound-world: "I feel the air of another planet. The friendly faces that were turned towards me even lately, are now fading into darkness. The trees and paths I knew and loved so well are barely visible. . . ." The poem closes: "I am afloat upon a sea of crystal splendor, I am only a sparkle of the holy fire, I am only a roaring of the holy voice."¹³

Music's "emancipation" from tonality was, so Schoenberg felt, the sole path open to a solitary creator facing the bankruptcy of late Romanticism. This idea could only have been entertained by one who believed that tonality is conventional, subjective and relative, not objective and absolute—in other words, that music is pure artifice, a work of mind and mind alone. If this were true, the composer confronted with blank paper would seem to have the frightening task of creating his work, his sound-world, *ex nihilo*—a task doomed to failure from the start. With art no less than nature, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*. No creature can *create*, in the strict sense of the word. The gift of being, pure and simple, no less than the natures that receive being, are the work of the Divine Artist alone; human artists can only *make* things, employing forms and materials from the world around them and within them.¹⁴ Human artistry, however, includes not only the godlike power to inform with a new order and reform an existent order but also the demonic power to deform and disfigure. In a letter written to a critic, Tolkien observed that in his fictional world, as in our real world, the forces of evil cannot create, they can only maim what has already been made, citing Frodo's words to Sam: "The Shadow that bred them can only mock, it cannot make real new things of its own. I don't think it gave life to the Orcs, it only ruined them and twisted them."¹⁵ As time was to prove, Schoenberg's newly discovered planet is inhospitable to normal human life, though it has plenty of space for explorers. The earliest "free atonal" works not only sound alien but also take alienation as their theme. The monodrama *Erwartung*, op. 17 (1909) depicts a lone woman wandering in a forest, madly searching for her lover, whom she finds dead near

the house of the woman who stole him from her. Donald Jay Grout defines the subject matter of atonal expressionism to be

man as he exists in the modern world and is described by twentieth-century psychology: isolated, helpless in the grip of forces he does not understand, prey to inner conflict, tension, anxiety, fear, and all the elemental irrational drives of the subconscious, and in irritated rebellion against established order and accepted forms.¹⁶

The compositions of 1909 "show Schoenberg struggling to break free from the functions and hierarchies of the tonal system and the extended, balanced forms it implied, and seeking an inner language, where all certainty is lost and the ego enters into crisis."¹⁷ *Pierrot lunaire*, op. 21 (1912), the best known of Schoenberg's predodecaphonic works, has been described as "the bizarre stories, melancholia and jokes of a disintegrating personality."¹⁸

Many are the parallels between Schoenberg's eventual aesthetic theory and Kant's subjectivist account of the beautiful and, more fundamentally, that strain of phenomenism or idealism traceable to Kant.¹⁹ The Kantian divide between the world in itself and the world as we experience it deepens further the Cartesian dichotomy of soul and body, consciousness and a *res extensa* not reducible to consciousness. This basic dichotomy in place, there is no end to the process of divorce: concept and emotion, knowledge and feeling, law and spontaneity—all are placed at odds, without possibility of reconciliation. A false anthropology can never bring these spheres together. The one or the other tends to be enthroned as "real," and then the contrary element is reduced to the one so enthroned: the really real is the bodily, while consciousness or thought is an epiphenomenon of matter (Cartesian dualism's atheistic-positivistic side); or the really real is consciousness, while matter, and everything having to do with bodies and my body, is projected by consciousness (Cartesian dualism's phenomenological-idealist side). From the latter perspec-

tive, it begins to seem as though emotion or feeling were nothing other than a dim echo of intellection, burdened by a vulgar attachment to the here and now. Things like whistling and dancing are entirely here-and-now events having no other purpose than delight, which makes them very suspicious to an earnest rationalist. The legend that an ironic Queen of Sweden charged Descartes with the task of composing verses for a court ballet (*La naissance de la paix*, performed in Stockholm, December 1649) because he himself refused to take part in the dance is something one wishes could be true, since, in a way, it encapsulates the fundamental problem of Cartesianism. Dancing is done in company, with music, and the whole body is involved; penning a text, like solving an equation, is the detached occupation of an intellectual sitting at a desk.²⁰

Schoenberg took his stand first on one side of the Cartesian divide, then on the other, thereby demonstrating a false extreme's uncanny ability to flip into its contrary. In the large-scale works of his "romantic" phase—the tone-poem *Pelleas und Melisande* (1902–03), the cantata *Gurrelieder* (1900–11)—the style is hyperemotional and self-indulgent, the music heaves and lurches, a barely controlled outpouring of sound. One misses a luminous architecture, a sense of underlying gravity, an informing soul-principle. A composer who keeps going in this direction might end up thinking tonal music itself is somehow at fault and has to be deconstructed or denied, much as a man of loose morals can easily turn misogynist, though the fault is in him, not in woman. An eccentric modern composer, Kaikhorsu Sorabji, on the last page of a gigantic work called *Opus Clavicebalisticum*, scribbled "The spirit that denies!" underneath an excruciating chord combining all twelve tones of the scale played *fffff*. This motto could be taken as archetypal of music that scorns tonality: it is spirit denying flesh, at the expense of its own fullness of being. For although one might think that a chord comprising all twelve tones would say more than a chord comprising three or four, the exact opposite is true: the triad in its clarity can speak of infinitely many

things, whereas all the notes played at once speak only of mud and noise. (The same mistake can be seen in the naive child who thinks that if blue and yellow mixed together make so beautiful a color as green, then all the colors mixed together will make the most beautiful color of all.) Contrast this with the grinding polytonal chord at the climax of the third movement of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. Here we have dissonance, but placed in context, for a lofty and intelligible reason: the anguish is taken into the innermost heart, borne heroically, and finally answered in the still, small voice of God. There is exhaustion, but also liberation; defiance, but also submission.

The spirit of denial invoked explicitly by Sorabji and implicitly by many a modern composer is another name for the devil, whom St. Ignatius of Loyola described as "the enemy of human nature." Ignatius here spoke with the instinct of Catholic tradition, which cherishes the legend that Lucifer's revolt was directed at God's eternal decree to take on flesh for the salvation of subangelic creatures. The devil revolts against the human nature so loved by God that he sent his only Son to dwell among us, to sing the Hebrew psalms and dance at the wedding feast.²¹ The devil has no feast because he is not humble enough to sit at the table as an invited guest, like the composer who sits humbly before the tonal scales and their primacy; he has no melody to sing because a melody, being determinate, binds its singer to a structure that does not depend on his will; he has no wedding to dance at, because a person who will not dance at a wedding should not come—I am speaking, of course, of a real dance, and of a guest with the talent to do it. Dancing demands laying aside one's idiomatic steps to adopt the spirit and form of the dance.

Schoenberg, as we have seen, became convinced that the tonal system itself was to blame for the crisis of expression and had to be scrapped in favor of a "new music" that would have the democratic simplicity of letting every tone be free and equal—in his own phrase, the "emancipation of the dissonance." At the premiere of his song

cycle *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten* on January 15, 1910, Schoenberg announced that he was conscious of “having broken through all boundaries of a by-gone aesthetic.” In championing such a project, he was thoroughly a child of that *fin de siècle* Vienna that produced the motto emblazoned on the futuristic Sezession hall: “To each age, its art; to art, its freedom.”²² Absolute freedom in music and absolute equality of tones is, however, as destructive as absolute freedom in politics and absolute individualism, and for much the same reason. At this time, Schoenberg’s friend Kandinsky, who began his career as a painter with an impressionistic style not far from Pissarro’s or Monet’s, unveiled his first experiments with abstractionism, the dismantling of natural forms and their arbitrary geometrical reconfiguration. Schoenberg’s friends and contemporaries Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele also had painterly gifts, but each followed the winding path of subjectivism—Klimt, the most talented, in the direction of looser form and a preoccupation with eroticism, Schiele in the direction of misanthropy and sexual obsessions that make his work nauseating to behold, Kokoschka in the direction of spatially dislocated fantasy. Schoenberg himself was an amateur painter whose Edvard Munch-like portraits and ethereal landscapes could well be taken as visualizations of the early atonal works. In all of these artists and their work one can see the imprint of multiple dualisms: woman against man, individual against society, convention against nature, tradition against freedom, and at bottom, spirit, mind, will, against flesh, bodiliness, incarnation.

Like the contemporaneous revolutions in painting and architecture, Schoenberg’s revolution in music was a new brand of Cartesian intellectualism built upon a dualistic anthropology. An admiring music historian hears in the *Six Little Piano Pieces*, op. 19 (1911), “the urge to total introversion”; the composer seems “intent on attaining a chill abstraction” and the music, in most instances, “takes on a chill, severe” aspect.²³ The first piece “avoid[s] any unifying elements”; in the second, we hear “the stubborn but irregular repetition

of a major third, which fragments of melody interrupt only to be sucked back into the trance-like reiteration”; in the final piece of the set, “motionless planes of sound set against one another create a chill, insubstantial timbre which hovers on the edge of silence.” The music of the second of the *Five Piano Pieces*, op. 23 (1920–23), “erupts in violent gestures” and closes with a dodecaphonic waltz, an undanceable dance. Regarding the *Suite for Piano*, op. 25 (1921–23), with its traditionally rhythmized yet atonal movements, the critic accurately observes: “The effect is to produce a disturbing sense of alienation, since these 18th century forms produce tonal expectations which the music systematically denies.” What *are* these tonal expectations? One could give textbook definitions, but finally, they are something one *feels* in the gut, one *knows* to be right.²⁴ Atonal music, particularly after Schoenberg’s unveiling of the twelve-tone system in 1923, is the work of disembodied Cartesian consciousness. To the satisfaction of its adherents, here at last is music born of that “pure reason” over which man enjoys apparent sovereignty.²⁵ In reality, it is music of alienation, of separation from oneself—the supreme artistic testament to uncompromising spiritualism. It is disturbing because it is disincarnate, frozen, at cross-purposes to the fires of life, the embers of affection. It shares the ateleological immateriality and immobility of mathematics. Once again, we cannot fail to be reminded of Descartes’ resolution to banish from natural philosophy all traces of formal and final causality, leaving only raw matter and mechanical agency. But good music is as teleological, as dependent on form and goal, as nature herself, whereas bad music is like Aristotle’s “misbegotten monsters” that, at times, occur when something goes wrong in the process of generation.

In 1917, Schoenberg began to write an oratorio on the subject of Jacob’s ladder—*Die Jakobsleiter*—characterized by its author as “the union of sober, skeptical awareness of reality with faith.”²⁶ He could not complete it, and much of the project remained in sketch form. This might be viewed as poetic justice. One can climb up to heaven

on a Jacob's ladder of beauty, but there is no ladder of ugliness, or if there is, it leads downward. Schoenberg later attempted another large-scale religious work, the opera *Moses und Aron* (1930–32). Once again, he could not bring it to completion; Act III was left a fragment at the time of his death. The opera's doom was dictated by the impossibility of working around "some almost incomprehensible contradictions in the Bible."²⁷ Perhaps the difficulty stemmed rather from the aesthetic problem he inaugurated, which the opera's anti-lyricism and fragmentary fate symbolize with eerie accuracy. Moses is afraid to undertake the divine commission because he cannot speak well. By the providence of God, he finds in Aaron a man who can be his interpreter. Faced with a crisis of communication, Schoenberg, unlike Moses, finds no one who can understand the music he feels commanded to produce,²⁸ for it is no longer a *language* fraught with intrinsic meaning, but the clash and clang of bare notes, like a group of letters thrown together at random. "Everything I have written has a certain inward similarity to myself," he once remarked.²⁹ As a baffled believer, the Schoenberg of *Die Jakobsleiter* and *Moses und Aron* was trying to express his faith in a transcendent God—yet by means of music incapable of expressing anything but incoherence and confusion, despairing of the "ancient beauty ever new." When music abuses the inner nature of its forms and materials, it can only unsettle and disquiet the soul of the listener. Such feelings do not betoken good art; they rather signify psychological disorder, the flight from truth. It may well be true that—as Wilfrid Mellers wrote about the cacophonous Viola Concerto of the Russian modernist Alfred Schnittke—"death and destruction meet in this concerto with neurasthenically disturbing intensity,"³⁰ but one must question whether a concerto that engages the mystery of death and destruction must literally imitate its theme by dealing death to beauty and order. Mahler, too, illustrates death and destruction in his Ninth Symphony, but with a deep instinct for beauty he never totally abandons the anchor of key structures, however much he pushes against

the bounds of harmony. His musical argument is all the more powerful when it wrestles against and ultimately affirms the godlike certainties of the tonal law.

Does this mean that composers are never permitted to write music about the irrational? Must they simply avoid anything dark, sinister, disorderly, depraved? Of course not, and there is no great composer, theorist, or moralist who thought so. In a famous letter, Mozart, outlining to his father a poetics of musical theatre, has this to say about how he represents the ugliness of Osman's anger in *Abduction from the Seraglio*:

As Osman's rage gradually increases, there comes (just when the aria seems to be at an end) the allegro assai, which is in a totally different tempo and in a different key; this is bound to be very effective. For just as a man in such a towering rage oversteps all the bounds of order, moderation and propriety and completely forgets himself, so must the music forget itself. But since passions, whether violent or not, must never be expressed to the point of exciting disgust, and as music, even in the most terrible situations, must never offend the ear, but must please the listener, or in other words must never cease to be *music*, so I have chosen a key remote from F (in which the aria is written) but one related to it—not the nearest, D minor, but the more remote A minor.³¹

Here we meet the governing principle of fine art: reason paying heed to nature—to human nature, which seeks the beautiful in body and soul, and to the nature of sound, which dictates rules of beauty, however varied their application will be in different ages.³² It is not the role of intelligence to fabricate the laws and limits of nature but to handle, with taste and imagination, the inexhaustible wealth of material placed by divine largesse at every artist's disposal. Although his works abound with novelties and a rare psychological penetration, the goal of Mozart's striving was not originality, but perfection

and beauty.³³ This judgment applies to *all* great artists, not excluding revolutionaries like Beethoven and Mahler, who innovated precisely to enhance the grandeur, subtlety, and communicability of forms and materials inherited from the past—germs of limitless potential in the hands of able cultivators. One meets with the same paradox of innovative traditionalism or traditional innovation in contemporary composers who resisted, or escaped from, the siren song of atonality.³⁴

Consider the remarks of a contemporary composer from England, Frederick Stocken:

It always amazes me how such disparate musical styles as baroque, classic, and romantic (in fact all music from Josquin to Bruckner) have far more that unite them than separated them. In this period of some five hundred years, in a period in which music retained faith in its musical laws, the supremacy of the so-called musical triad (otherwise known as the common chord) remained involved, the key system was expanded though never changed, and the hierarchy of chordal relationships within keys remained constant. In terms of basic musical structures, the form and chordal procedure of a Josquin motet work in a surprisingly similar way as in a Bruckner symphony. True—and astonishing.

But what happened when music entered the twentieth century? Those laws . . . were rejected. Is it mere coincidence that in the very year, 1907, that Schoenberg began ripping the intestines out of music in his first atonal compositions, Pope St. Pius X was issuing his encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*, against Modernism? To the casual historical observer the activities of an atonal composer and a Pope shoring up the theological purity of the Catholic Faith would seem entirely separate. But . . . it is only too easy to see that there may be a link, a spiritual causal relationship between the decline in Catholic, and indeed all Christian, belief in the West, and the collapse of music.³⁵

III.

E. Michael Jones identifies Wagner as a major force in the dissolution and eventual rejection of tonality, and with it Christian morality, by means of his ever looser tonal vocabulary, the latent eroticism of his music, and the explicitly erotic content of some of his libretti. Through all of these, he conveys the message that freedom demands (or fate determines) the trespassing of hallowed boundaries in order to answer the invincible call of *eros*. Wagner's musical relativism fittingly symbolizes the immoral ideal of love he pursued in his private life, and through his impure music and libretti he disposes the listener to a like impurity of soul.³⁶

This is not, however, the whole story. In his autobiography, Wagner describes how, as a boy, he "gazed with agonized sympathy" on the crucifix in his church. At the age of 36, he began extensive sketches for a music drama to be titled "Jesus of Nazareth" and completed the libretto—a harmony of the four Gospel accounts (among which, apparently, he did not find the "incomprehensible contradictions" that were later to plague Schoenberg's encounter with Exodus). All of Wagner's friends thought light of the project and, with no hope of success, he turned his attention elsewhere. Later he wrote a massive choral-orchestral work, *The Love Feast of the Twelve Apostles*, which premiered at the Dresden Frauenkirche on July 6, 1843, and involved 1,200 male singers and one hundred musicians. In his 1880 essay "Religion and Art," we find an unambiguous statement that Jesus Christ is the "all-loving Saviour" who was "born to suffer and die for mankind, redeeming the human race through His blood."³⁷ *Parsifal*, the pinnacle of Wagner's achievement, has among its central themes the winning of wisdom through compassion ("durch Mitleid wissend"), the renunciation of impure carnal love, and the acceptance of a fraternal love that puts the redemption of sinners and sufferers before one's own desires. (One should also recall the arduous ascent from the worldly lust of Venusberg to the spiritual freedom won by repentance dramatized in *Tannhäuser*, an

opera that features the invocation of the Virgin Mary at two crucial moments, as well as a penitential pilgrimage to the pope in Rome.) The final scene of *Parsifal* is not a *Liebestod*, much less a bordello; it is an *agape*-feast, a communal adoration of the mystical chalice of the Savior's blood, "a fountainhead of pity, which streams through the human species."³⁸ In the strange heterodox way he understood it, Good Friday was the most important day of the year for Wagner, and he observed it with sober recollection. It was this sort of thing that earned Nietzsche's wrath against Wagner, and rightly so, given Nietzsche's hatred for the notion of *Mitleid*, of suffering with and for one's fellow men—to him, the most despicable of Christianity's ideals, the pathetic weakness that exalts suffering and cosuffering.³⁹

It cannot be denied that a state or threat of conflict between spirit and flesh, thought and feeling, freedom and fate, serves as the premise for most of Wagner's operas, reflecting his belief that irreconcilable earthly oppositions can only be transcended in a mystical unity won by eternally faithful love, however profane a love this may be in *Der fliegende Holländer* or *Tristan und Isolde*. Where Jones goes wrong is in attributing to Wagner the intention of promoting a secret idolatry of the irrational and the erotic, paving the way for their total emancipation and triumph. On the contrary, *Parsifal* was designed expressly as a testament to the triumph of pure love over tormented lust, presence of mind over loss of self-control (a theme portrayed in the magic garden scene of Act II, where the flower maidens and afterwards Kundry attempt, but fail, to seduce the protagonist), simple faith over world-weary pessimism, perseverance in questing over resignation to fate. These are some of the major themes of Mahler's music as well, and his symphonies in this respect share more in common *spiritually* with Bruckner's—and Bruckner's symphonies with Wagner's operas—than a superficial comparison might suggest.⁴⁰ It was more than a catchy tune that drew Bruckner to take up the *Liebestod* for organ improvisation during communion⁴¹ and more than artistic homage that led him, in the Seventh Sym-

phony, to mourn Wagner's death by a passage of extraordinary poignancy. At the same time, it must have been something other than mere aesthetic reasons that motivated him to remove all quotations of Wagner from the final version of his Third Symphony—an increasingly strong sense, perhaps, that his music had a higher destiny, a divine purpose ill served by quoting a profane master, however esteemed.

Wagner's faith was psychologically real, but it was not a real faith because it was his own product, the product of a syncretizing genius capable of expressing the limits of human experience or, at least, what may be called its *dramatic* limits. In him the spiritual was always immersed in the sensual; he found God, to the extent that he found him, through the satisfaction and disappointment of *eros*, the ecstasy of the loss of identity and time and the correspondingly intense suffering of the return of time and identity. Wagner knew the divinely beautiful in—and in spite of—the embraces of his mistress, barely making it past the lowest rung of the erotic ladder described by Plato and Plotinus.⁴² For this reason, his music is not humanist, but his god is much smaller than a god should be, smaller than the living and true God. It is for this reason, too, that his musical-dramatic portrait of the Grail fellowship and their liberation by Parsifal tastes of mysticism without mystery. There is no *drama* as such in the quiet fervor of a Christian, the daily chanting of a monk, the faithful love of husband and wife.⁴³ It is for similar reasons that the modern novel, following a path of mythical realism, is compelled to be a literature of tragedy, sensualism, and decadence. Modern drama, a hard master, demands the perpetual sacrifice of reality to "realism." The reality of the mystical domain, the domain of grace, is dramatically unrepresentable for the same reason that predications about God are cognitively impoverished and defective.

IV.

*Whenever Bruckner improvised on the organ, he spent some time in prayer beforehand, and by all accounts this was no mere word-saying but a complete immersion in a meditative process which took him beyond the confines of the physical world. Bruckner's pupils speak of times when in the middle of a lesson they suddenly became aware that his mind and spirit were no longer with them: the church bells had rung, and Bruckner was praying.*⁴⁴

A grateful nation has honored Bruckner as *der Musikant Gottes*, the musician of God.⁴⁵ This nickname is entirely fitting. How can one talk about Bruckner's music without speaking continually of the divine, of glory and terror, bliss and despair, longing and surcease of longing, consolation dawning on the dark night, half-recalled dreams of heaven, the heart losing and finding, straying and returning, of invisible (and inaudible) realities, and of visible realities seen with the eyes of faith? Bruckner's vivid musical imagination is indebted to his lifelong internalizing of the Catholic liturgy as a church organist—the gently flowing rhythms and melodies of the Mass from *Introibo ad altare Dei to Deo gratias*, the speech, song, and silence, the majestic Ordinary, the awesome Sequences. The significance of his Fourth Symphony's title, "Romantic," has nothing to do with the hypertrophic introspection and self-lacerations of the "romanticism" then in full bloom. Bruckner had in mind the medieval romance, with its courteous knights and dames, great hunts and banquets, castles and cathedrals—perhaps, too, the quest for the Holy Grail.⁴⁶ Commentators rightly downplay the notion of programs for the symphonies, since Bruckner hardly ever attempts tone-painting and pursues a loftier goal than storytelling.⁴⁷ But I think we would be mistaken to presume that the one program Bruckner assigned and never retracted was given at whim and without personal significance. The literary genre of romance, with all the imagery and feelings associated with it, was undoubtedly highly congenial to him. At the end of his

life, while hard at work on the Ninth Symphony, Bruckner considered composing an opera—the title *Astra*, the plot, in his own words, "à la Lohengrin, romantic, full of the mystery of religion, and completely free from all that is impure."⁴⁸ Given the "impurity" of human language about the mystery of religion, it seems hardly accidental that he never wrote the opera. The words would have gotten in the way. A narrative and theatrical enterprise would have gone against the distinctive grain of his musical spirituality, which reaches into a domain inaccessible to words and their distracting particularity. One might even say that Bruckner succeeded where Wagner had failed. Wagner could not get past the dimension of words, narrative, and drama, for his "theology" was naively cataphatic. For this reason he could speak convincingly only of man-made gods, not of the true God beyond and within. It is chiefly for this reason that a believer cannot but find *Parsifal* wanting, however splendidly it may depict certain aspects of the truth.

The Eighth Symphony is, in fact, Bruckner's *Parsifal*—a Catholic *Parsifal*—where the libretto has fallen by the wayside because no word, no utterance that limits itself in subject and predicate, can express the truth Bruckner has darkly seen with eyes of faith, has felt in his lonely and hopeful heart. Behold how Bruckner transforms the raw materials of romantic introspectiveness and introversion, the looking within and turning to one's self (an echo of the Cartesian "turn inward"?), into *ex-spectatio*, *extroversio*, a turning outwards to the divine. "I have not yet begun to speak, and behold, Yahweh, you know my speech altogether. You hem me in behind and before, you have placed your hand upon me" (Ps. 138:4-5). Grace anticipates, follows after, endures throughout any human effort; God's actuality precedes, sustains, concludes all potentiality. Bruckner's symphonies, each in its way a moving image of eternity, illustrate this truth. He manages to put into music the doctrine of grace: "You hem me in behind and before." The end of a Bruckner symphony is the extroversio of the beginning's introversion. Creation—nonbeing

emerging from its sleep—has been led by the surprising pathways of providence to its final re-creation after the last judgment, when God will be all in all: “In my beginning is my end.”⁴⁹ Indeed, Bruckner’s works constitute an entire theology in musical terms: creation, fall, redemption, and glory. At their deepest level, the symphonies are constructed along the lines of a contemplative-active polarity that brings to light the unspoken theological premises of the art of music itself.⁵⁰ The adagio is an image of contemplation, of something that *must be* and that we gaze upon lovingly (as St. Thomas says, “in the contemplative life is beauty pure and essential found”⁵¹), while the scherzo is an image of action, of something *we must do* and are zealous to bring about (e.g., the “hunting scherzo” of the Fourth), or at any rate, something *being done*, to which we must react in a suitable way—at times, a fearful presence that has to be confronted, a chalice of suffering that has to be drunk (e.g., the scherzo of the Ninth). As is fitting, the opening and closing movements are a combination of both active and contemplative strains, a closer imitation of earthly life that is never simply one or the other. The middle movements thus enable one to *feel* a purity of purpose, of motive and motion, that is only accessible through concentration and abstraction. Taken as a whole, each symphony is “one gigantic arch which starts on earth in the midst of suffering humanity, sweeps up towards the heavens to the very Throne of Grace, and returns to earth with a message of peace.”⁵²

Music such as Bruckner’s is a wordless *via positiva* that picks up where the *via negativa* leaves off. But because music is temporal and thus hemmed in by silence before and after, there is in it simultaneously the rapture of expressing what words cannot express, and the sadness of the time by which music is encompassed and which triumphs over it.

Words move, music moves
Only in time; but that which is only living
Can only die.

.....
Ridiculous the waste sad time
Stretching before and after.⁵³

But there is something more. A plummet from divine ecstasy imitates the Incarnation. The Son did not grasp at his equality with the Father but took the form of a slave—temporal form and its limits, the limits of speech and emotion and Hebrew song—and took upon himself the death of the cross, and for this humiliation won the glorious name that is above all other names, winning for us a hidden name that is above our worldly name. By the impetuous and gentle force of grace, the saints, though driven from Eden and fallen from ecstasy, imbue the most trivial things of earthly life with intimations of immortality, making them messengers of heaven. In the same way the soul that has made the pilgrimage of a Bruckner symphony returns from it changed, his hearing for the divine heightened. That is why each subsequent listening is, or can be, more of a discovery, a fresher exposure, than the former. At a first listening to Bruckner one is *least* hearing it for the first time; at the tenth listening, one is finally hearing it for the first time.

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.⁵⁴

A growing familiarity with melodies, harmonies, and inner voices makes it possible to glimpse ever more clearly a world whose imperishable grandeur, shining through transfigured wounds, is the model and salvation of this fragile world. The blood of the Lamb is not spilled to no purpose, but is caught in a chalice of blessing and poured out upon the soul to purify her of profane noise, of the hearing that is not listening.⁵⁵ The first hearing of Bruckner is not fully a listening because too much is being “said” and we are too little pre-

pared to take it in. As we receive it more deeply, we listen more lovingly and hear the composer speaking the cosmic language of the Creator.

The terrifying vision of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony is at the same time a privileged vision of the beginning and the end, the dawning of the world and its final resting in God.⁵⁶ In this symphony, as also in the Ninth that followed but could not be completed, Beethoven's Promethean straining, his storming of heaven, is absorbed and overcome in the childlike faith that takes heaven by love.⁵⁷ Far from excluding tragedy, this love is interwoven with it. There are moments in the Eighth Symphony when the yearning and the pain are nearly too much to bear, the sense of tragedy stronger than anything Nietzsche could evoke. Nietzsche dwelt upon the birth of tragedy, but he did not understand its death—he did not understand the Death, most painful, most desolate, most incomprehensible, that breaks the dominion of fate and evil, shattering the cycles of birth and decay, flattening the hopeless Buddhist circle into a straight line from *fiat lux* to *lumen gloriae*.⁵⁸ What is missing from Nietzsche is above all *hope*, the vital force that carries us already into the blessed now of God while we are yet plunged in the ever dissipating now of time. He who lacks hope is prisoner of an impersonal fate that deprives him of a destiny beyond the dissipated now, the moment that slips through one's fingers like sand from an endless shore. Evil robs the now of its share of eternity, it makes of time not a moving image of eternity but a motionless and meaningless grid. Hope, in contrast, is "a little slip of a girl" (Péguy), with a little girl's energy and laughter and joy. It is the virtue of hope that enables us and impels us to look forward to heaven and the transformation of this body of death into a glorified body, the icon of a blessed soul (Rom. 7:24; 1 Cor. 15:42-58). Hope makes it possible for us to say, with full conviction, *Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi saeculi*. Against this theological background, the remark of a musician-critic becomes all the more striking:

It is entirely possible that Schoenberg invented atonal music because it is music that gets rid of all "hope," whereas tonal music, no matter how somber, by its very nature always has "hope" (the consolation of tonality). Atonal music is *music without consolation*, and thus exactly expresses the hopelessness and despair that so many people felt in the 20th century. No other music does this.⁵⁹

It is the music of a nightmare world where no loving Father shares his joy, no Savior shows the way, no Spirit seals the promise—a world without certainty of truth, promise of life, hope of resurrection.

In view of the profound hope inscribed in Bruckner's music, it cannot be coincidental that Gustav Mahler chose to title his Second Symphony *The Resurrection*, nor that in it he seems to paraphrase a passage from Bruckner's Seventh and use it for much the same expressive purpose.⁶⁰ It would be an unforgivable oversimplification to contrast these composers in a black-and-white manner. No one has expressed better than Bruno Walter how they differ from each other and yet how deeply they are at one in their pursuit of the *unum necessarium*:

At bottom Bruckner's spirit was repose, Mahler's unrest. With Bruckner the most impassioned movement has a foundation of certainty; not even Mahler's inmost depths remain undisturbed. . . . Mahler's noble peace and solemnity, his lofty transfiguration are the fruits of conquest; with Bruckner they are innate gifts. Bruckner's musical message stems from the sphere of the saints; in Mahler speaks the impassioned prophet. He is ever renewing the battle, ending in mild resignation, while Bruckner's tone-world radiates unshakable, consoling affirmation. . . . He did not have to struggle toward God; he believed. Mahler sought God. He searched in himself, in Nature, in the messages of poets and thinkers. He strove for steadfastness while he swung between assurance and doubt. . . . Change characterized Mahler's life; constancy

Bruckner's. In a certain sense this is also true of their work. Bruckner sang of his God and for his God, Who ever and unalterably occupied his soul. Mahler struggled toward Him. Not constancy, but change ruled his inner life, hence also his music. . . .⁶¹

Placing the accent on difference, Schönzeler argues that "Bruckner's symphonies all have an underlying calm, and progress with inexorable steadiness of pulse from initial problem to ultimate solution," while "Mahler's symphonies are quite devoid of this calmness and inner balance, and in the end the problem presented at the outset remains unsolved and insoluble."⁶² So sweeping a judgment begs to be qualified, and is to some extent belied by Schönzeler's description of the Scherzo of Bruckner's Ninth:

The main section of the Scherzo, if it can still be called a dance, is more in the nature of a giants' dance for it has some almost terrifying moments. Nor is this impression relieved by the Trio, the swiftest movement which Bruckner ever composed, for instead of bringing the customary relaxation of tension it provides a sort of supernatural vision of shadowy shapes flitting by.⁶³

"Some almost terrifying moments" surely understates the fact, if the music is played as it ought to be. The manner in which Bruckner distorts the tonal scale while the drum batters away induces a frightening instability and disorientation not much different from what Mahler will give us in larger and dizzier doses. And the likeness extends to more than the tragic. The adagios of Mahler's Fourth and Fifth give us a serenity and bliss as sweet as the sweetest in Bruckner; the finale of the Second asserts a faith as pure, if not as orthodox; the Ninth reconciles death and life after a mighty conflict from which life and the affirmation of life emerge supreme: *mors et vita duello / conflixere mirando / dux vitae mortuus / regnat vivus* (Death and

life have contended in that stupendous combat: The Prince of life, who died, reigns immortal). It would be truer to say that *both* Bruckner and Mahler pose humanly insoluble problems to which they do not find or expect to find human solutions; the answers, unexpected, undeserved, sometimes barely heard, are given from above, at once utterly satisfying and unfathomable.

But Bruckner is not the only companion in the *sacra conversazione* of the finale of Mahler's Second; Wagner and Beethoven are present as well. The exchange between the soprano and alto soloists is, both musically and textually, a deliberate reclaiming and sacralization of the *Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde*.

<i>Chorus & Soprano:</i>	Rise again, yes, you shall rise again, My dust, after short rest! Immortal life, immortal life He who called you will grant to you. To bloom again are you sown! The Lord of the Harvest goes And gathers in us who died, like sheaves.
<i>Alto:</i>	O believe, my heart, believe: Nothing is lost with you! What you desired is yours! What you loved for, What you fought for!
<i>Soprano:</i>	O believe, You were not born in vain! You have not lived in vain, Suffered in vain!

Mahler's fear that the finale would be regarded (and therefore misunderstood) as an imitation of the finale of Beethoven's Ninth indicates another connection. Schiller's "Ode to Joy" is theological in a broad sense ("She [joy] gave zest for life to the lowliest, and the cherub stands before God"; "Brothers, surely a loving Father dwells

above the canopy of stars⁶⁴), but tainted with humanistic pantheism. The theme is not resurrection but secular celebration, political festivity, smelling strongly of 1789 (“Daughter of Elysium, we approach thy shrine, o goddess, drunk with fiery rapture”; “Be embraced, ye millions, take this kiss for all the world!”⁶⁵). Insofar as *eros* bears the likeness of divinity, Wagner’s *Liebestod*, too, is theological, but tainted with the equation of love and death, an equation that views love as immanent within life and thereby destroys the concept of love as “stronger than death” (Song 8:6). On a higher plane, beyond *eros*, beyond the *allzumenschliches*, Mahler’s finale tentatively achieves the synthesis of *Liebestod* and “Ode to Joy”: one must die in order to live, and this life is a life of divine love. The power of resurrective grace that gives one a “claim” to eternity is explicitly brought to the fore, as in the words sung by the alto soloist in the symphony’s fourth movement, *Urlicht*, “primal light”:

Man lies in deepest need,
 Man lies in deepest pain.
 Yes, I would rather be in heaven!

.....

I am from God and will return to God.
 The dear God will give me a tiny light,
 Will light me to eternal, blessed life!⁶⁶

Stripped of all pretensions, Schiller’s humanism and Wagner’s eroticism stand revealed for what they truly are: pale images of everlasting life in God, the source of freedom, the summit of *eros*.⁶⁷ What the votary of joy and the tormented lover wanted to say and yet could not, began to be uttered by Mahler *the pilgrim*. In his pilgrimage of suffering, which was to become still more intense (as witnessed in the Ninth), he had glimpsed the meaning of creation. This ultimate meaning is something no soloist or choir can express in words, no more than a theologian can express the divine essence. Hence, in the Ninth, as in the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh, the vocal forces on which

Mahler so often relied were left aside; the symphony had to negate the discrete language of the poets and follow the speechless *via positiva* of absolute music.

As the very same descriptions can be applied, with even greater justice, to Bruckner’s entire symphonic corpus, one sees yet again the spiritual affinity between him and Mahler, despite their differences. The Bruckner symphonies imitate in music the hypostatic union in which all that is man’s is taken up, healed, and divinized by the Father’s beloved Son. Life triumphs over death, love over solitude, meaning over chaos, heaven over hell, but only because life goes into death and transforms it, love goes into solitude and fills it, meaning descends into chaos and illuminates it, heaven reaches into earthly hell, deeper still into Sheol, and rescues the soul athirst for the living God. Mahler’s symphonies—especially the Second, Fifth, and Ninth—express much the same *kenosis*, the same triumph.

Bruckner was a musical theologian in the way that Thérèse was a biographical theologian—she who wrote no treatises but spoke in her everyday language of what she experienced in her life, he who wrote no books but spoke in wordless symphonies of what he believed. “The mystic connection between the inner life of a composer and his music makes it possible to discover his soul in his work.”⁶⁸ Thérèse taught us to do everything with love and for love, showing us in her own life how it could be done; Bruckner conveys *in feeling* what it means to turn to God in faith, worship him in fear, and embrace him in love. A Bruckner symphony beckons the listener to self-effacement before the mystery of God; in “wordless jubilation,” it hymns the pleasing sacrifice and surrender to the divine lover.

The poet Goffried Benn, in a significant speech on growing old, has made a penetrating remark on works of art and their meaning. It contains a statement, and a question which he does not answer. This unanswered question is the chief point. Benn says: “One thing is clear: when something is finished, it

must be perfect—but what then?” This is not the tone of someone who thinks a work of art meaningful in itself. To be sure, the question “What then?” is flung into a world that promptly falls mute. “Then” we ought to be able to celebrate, festively commemorate affirmation of the meaning of the world—in the happiness of contemplating something that is not the work of art, but that is brought into view by that work. Perhaps also—in a rare, special case—it should be possible “then” to offer up the completed work as a consecrated gift and sacrifice in the precise meaning of the word. Phidias, when he completed the Athene Promachos, knew the answer to the question “What then?” Bach knew it too, and Bruckner.⁶⁹

The *Te Deum* was offered up by its author to the “dear Lord,” and appeared in print with the subtitle: O.A.M.D.G., *omnes ad majorem Dei gloriam*.⁷⁰ While working on his last symphony, Bruckner confided to his biographer August Göllerich: “You see, I have already dedicated two symphonies [the Seventh and the Eighth] to earthly majesties, poor King Ludwig as royal patron of the arts, and our illustrious, dear Emperor [Franz Josef I] as the highest earthly majesty, and now I am dedicating my last work to the majesty of all majesties, our dear Lord God and hoping that he will grant me enough time to complete it.”⁷¹ In the event, he shortened the dedication: “To the good Lord, if He will accept it.”

V

Music and silence are in fact ordered toward one another in a unique way. Both noise and total silence destroy all possibility of mutual understanding, because they destroy both speaking and hearing.⁷²

Unexpectedly, we have come full circle, back to Schoenberg. For Schoenberg lowered music into a silent grave because he could no longer speak the language of creation, while Bruckner surrounds and

interrupts his richly tonal music with silences because he speaks of God, whose uncreated music, the inner Trinitarian *communicatio*, is unheard by human ears.

God is honored by silence—not that we can say or seek nothing about Him, but rather that whatsoever we say or seek of Him, we should understand how far short our comprehension falls. Thus it is said in Ecclesiasticus (43:32): “Glorify the Lord as much as you can; for He will yet far exceed, and His magnificence is wonderful: blessing the Lord, exalt Him as much as you can, for He is above all praise.”⁷³

All of Bruckner’s music has silence as its essential condition, its seedbed: “In the opening bars of most of his works, it is ‘not a symphony which starts, but the very beginning of music itself.’”⁷⁴ And within the works, he “encompasses the entire cosmos, from minus infinity to plus infinity.” How different is Schoenberg’s music! Recall Petazzi’s description of a piano piece wherein “motionless planes of sound set against one another create a chill, insubstantial timbre which hovers on the edge of silence.”⁷⁵ This is not at all the same kind of silence; it is at the furthest remove from *sacrum silentium*. “The stubborn but irregular repetition of a major third, which fragments of melody interrupt only to be sucked back into the trance-like reiteration”⁷⁶—what does this have in common with the exultant pulsing of radiant major triads that fill the air with glory at the end of so many of Bruckner’s movements? In truth, there is nothing in common. The one reiterates in a vain effort to find some meaning by mere repetition (Hegel’s “schlechte Unendlichkeit”), the other reiterates an abundance, indeed *superabundance* of meaning, immediately heard, never forgotten.

Notice what Schönzeler says, speaking of the *Te Deum*: “Its contrasts . . . make an indescribable impression on the listener, filling him with awe and reverence and awakening in him a realisation of human insignificance.”⁷⁷ The final phrase is worth pondering: man is

not, and in Bruckner is decisively never, the *mensura omnium*. As the Book of Wisdom declares, it is God who creates all things “in number, weight, and measure” (11:20). As tonality is a potent symbol of the unchanging order of divine providence, atonality, in its opposition to natural principles of music, becomes an equally potent symbol of primeval falsehood: man the creator of meaning, man the measure of all things. When man alone measures, the music loses measure; man cannot create *ex nihilo*, he can only create nihilism. What is spoken wholly from oneself is a lie. The devil was a murderer from the beginning, a liar and the father of lies, because he speaks from himself, and his word is one of denial (cf. John 8:44). But as denial is parasitical upon affirmation and falsehood upon truth, so is nihilism upon faith and atonality upon tonality. Evil has no existence of itself, it must ride piggyback on the good; disorder can only survive by retaining some vestige of order. Berg’s quasi-tonal Violin Concerto speaks to us most directly, piercing right to the heart, when its composer surprises us with quotations of a Carinthian folk tune and the Bach chorale *Es ist genug*.

Tonality, with all the regularities it implies, is enough; there is no need to reject it, there is need of embracing it and working with it. Then the music can be about life and subcreation, not “death and destruction.”⁷⁸ Then, too, there can be not only music for the Mass and for the sanctuary of the contemplative soul who wanders in the alpine heights of faith; there can be the foot-stamping, rollicking songs of a country inn. “Strange as it may seem”—for he was not exactly slender and lithe—

Bruckner also appears to have been an enthusiastic and, by some accounts, quite proficient dancer, and there is frequent mention in the memoirs of his friends and students of his predilection for this kind of entertainment. Particularly during the carnival period he was a frequent guest at the various balls and similar functions, not only as a young man, but even when he was already well in his fifties.⁷⁹

The Messiah who graced the wedding at Cana, who first revealed his glory in the midst of feasting, drinking, singing, and dancing, would surely have smiled upon this humble victory of incarnation. “I will build thee again, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel: thou shalt again be adorned with thy timbrels, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry. . . . Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, the young men and old men together” (Jer. 31:4, 13).

Tonality is the musical equivalent of the gift of being: it is there, in reality, before we awaken to it, without our choosing it, and it imposes a “natural law” upon us—the law of receiving the gift with gratitude, letting it germinate and fructify in the heart, and then casting its seeds into the world, to reproduce there the image of the love that was first and is always given. Tonality is thus, for those whose ears are attuned to its message, a symbol of all that is given in the bodily creation and its resplendent recreation in Christ, the Word made flesh, soundless light made audible and opaque. Within this orderly cosmos of the gift is limitless room for the exercise of a grateful freedom. Within the gift of hierarchical harmony is a gentle but insistent invitation to make music that will last, even in the memory of the new heavens and the new earth. “It is only in the ultimate vision of God, when, according to Hippolytus, the Logos is ‘the holy leader of the dance,’ that man redeemed will join in the easy rhythms of truth and that, as we are told in the epitaph of Niketoras, we shall ‘dance with the choirs of the saints.’”⁸⁰

Notes

For many ideas in this article, I am indebted to conversations with Timothy Kelly. Thanks are also due to Fr. Basil Cole for his comments on an earlier draft.

1. In the prologue to *Summa theologiae* (ST) Ia, q. 75, Thomas Aquinas speaks of man as *ex spirituali et corporali substantia compositur*. See ST IIa-IIae, q. 25, a. 7, where good men are said to judge primary in themselves the *rationalem naturam*, whereas the bad judge to be primary in themselves the *naturam sensitivam et corporalem*. What is really required is to bring these two into perfect harmony, and that is an effect of all the virtues, each in its own way.

2. *The Republic* 401d, Jowett's translation.
3. For a compatible alternative account of what music is and does, see Josef Pieper's "Thoughts About Music" in *Only the Lover Sings*, trans. Lothar Krauth (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1990), 39–51. Agreeing with Schopenhauer that music "does not speak of things but tells of weal and woe," Pieper argues that "music lays bare man's inner existential condition [vis-à-vis the good], removing veil and façade (and it cannot be otherwise), while this same inner condition receives from music the most direct impulses, for better or worse" (p. 50). On theories of and attitudes toward music, see Basil Cole, *Music and Morals: A Theological Appraisal of the Moral and Psychological Effects of Music* (New York: Alba House, 1993).
4. See *Summa contra gentiles*, book 4, chap. 41: "In all created things nothing bears so great a resemblance to this [hypostatic] union, as the union of soul and body. . . . Hence, on account of this resemblance between the two unions, Athanasius says in his Creed: As a rational soul and flesh are one man, so God and man are one Christ." See also *ST IIIa*, q. 2, a. 1, ad 2.
5. Clement of Alexandria, *Exhortation to the Heathen*, in *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, ed. Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson, vol. 2: *Fathers of the Second Century: Hermas, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus, and Clement of Alexandria* (Peabody, Mass.: Hendrickson, 1994), 172, translation slightly modified.
6. Second Vatican Council, *Gaudium et Spes* (Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, 1965), no. 22.
7. "Atonal" describes music written with no reference to mode or key and hence, no systematic use of traditional harmony. "Dodecaphonic" refers to a method whereby a piece of music is generated from the horizontal and vertical permutations of a pre-arranged series or row consisting of the twelve notes of the chromatic scale in any order chosen by the composer. The radical serial movement championed by Pierre Boulez was to carry this principle to its "logical" conclusion by serializing every aspect of music—not only melody and harmony, but rhythm, dynamics, timbre, and so forth. "Aleatory" describes a work or passage where music is only partially notated, and its realization is left to random gestures of the performers. All three methods deny in principle a regular precedence of one note in a scale over other notes (e.g., tonic, dominant, subdominant).
8. "Ich liebe meinen Gedanken und lebe für ihn!" Sung by Moses in Schoenberg's opera *Moses und Aron*, libretto by the composer. The opera is an inverted allegory in which Moses, the law-giver, represents the modern composer who, rather than receiving a law from nature or God, creates his own law and tries to impose it on the people, but without success.
9. For a brief biography of all three men, see Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*, rev. ed. (New York: W. W. Norton, 1981), 595–612. Documentation on Schoenberg's life and works is available from the Arnold Schoenberg Center in Vienna (www.schoenberg.at), from which I have drawn many details in the course of this article.

10. This sentence adapts the description given in *The Grove Concise Dictionary of Music*, ed. Stanley Sadie, rev. ed. (London: Macmillan, 1994), s.v. Wagner.
11. See "Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, The String Quartets: A Documentary Study," accompanying the complete quartets on four CDs (Deutsche Grammophon 419 994–2), 236–37.
12. See the chapter on Schoenberg in E. Michael Jones, *Dionysos Rising: The Birth of Cultural Revolution Out of the Spirit of Music* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1994), 99–137.
13. "Ich fühle luft von anderem planeten. / Mir blassen durch das dunkel die gesichter / Die freundlich eben noch sich zu mir drehten. / Und bäum und wege die ich liebte fahlen / Dass ich sie kaum mehr kenne"; "In einem meer kristallinen glanzes schwimme—/ Ich bin ein funke nur vom heiligen feuer / Ich bin ein dröhnen nur der heiligen stimme" (from a poem by Stefan George, as capitalized in the original). See "The String Quartets: A Documentary Study," 48–49.
14. See *ST Ia*, q. 45, aa. 1, 2, and 5.
15. *The Letters of J. R. R. Tolkien*, ed. Humphrey Carpenter (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1981), 191. Furthermore, if we excluded the pranks of John Cage, no composer has yet succeeded in writing a piece that altogether dispenses with the ingredients of rhythm or pitch. Composers are already fundamentally limited by their materials and their intrinsic potentialities. The only question is whether he will use them well or poorly. It is for the same reason that no painter has yet invented an image whose elements bear no resemblance whatsoever to elements encountered in the world.
16. Donald Jay Grout, *A History of Western Music*, rev. ed. (New York: W. W. Norton, 1973), 206.
17. Paolo Petazzi, notes to *Schoenberg: The Piano Music* (Deutsche Grammophon 423 249–2), 2.
18. *The Grove Concise Dictionary of Music*, s.v. Schoenberg.
19. "A judgment of taste is an aesthetic judgment, i.e. a judgment that rests on subjective bases. . . . In thinking of beauty, a formal subjective purposiveness, we are not at all thinking of a perfection in the object" (Immanuel Kant, *Critique of Judgment*, trans. Werner S. Pluhar [Indianapolis, Ind.: Hackett, 1987], §6, p. 54; cf. §1, p. 44). When we speak of "the beautiful" as if it were objective, we are merely voicing how we are affected by the presentation; the mind "feels its own state" (§1, p. 44), it issues a reflexive statement about itself (§58, p. 224), it remains wholly indifferent to the object's existence (§5, p. 51; cf. §2, p. 46).
20. The attribution to Descartes appears to be no longer tenable; see Richard A. Watson, *Descartes's Ballet* (South Bend, Ind.: St. Augustine's Press, 2004).
21. For a beautiful meditation on dance as "sacral play" and metaphor of the spiritual life, see the chapter "The Heavenly Dance" in Hugo Rahner, *Man at Play*, trans. Brian Battershaw and Edward Quinn (New York: Herder and Herder, 1967), 65–90.
22. For a vivid evocation of the period, see Carl Schorske, *Fin-de-siècle Vienna: Politics and Culture* (New York: Vintage, 1981).
23. Petazzi, notes to *Schoenberg: The Piano Music*, 4.

24. As the pagan philosophers had already realized through experiments with stringed instruments, there are laws of sound and of tonality that can be empirically discovered and mathematically formulated. These ancient insights into the objective nature of musical tones, melodies, and note combinations were refined and amplified by a long line of subsequent thinkers, including Augustine, Boethius, and the composer Rameau. More recently, the objective grounds for the subjective perception of rightness in music has been the focus of important, if little known, studies, such as Molly Gustin's *Tonality* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1969) and two books by Victor Zuckerkandl, *Sound and Symbol* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1969, see especially 11–71), and *The Sense of Music* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1971, see especially 11–79).
25. It cannot be denied that Schoenberg's atonal works emerge from and appeal to more than pure intellect, since music cannot exist except as sensibly perceived and experienced, and thus taken into the inner life of man where it is capable of eliciting a response of the whole person. A purely intellectual music would ipso facto be mathematics and nothing else. Nevertheless, atonal music is intelligible and communicative *only* to the extent that it is tonal (i.e., only so far as remnants, echoes, associations, expectations of tonality, and regular rhythm are played upon). Indeed, in their cumulative effect on the listener, Schoenberg's expressionist works (e.g., *Erwartung*, *Die glückliche Hand*, *Pierrot lunaire*) have a spiritual-sensual power comparable to that of traditional music—yet the effect produced in a sensitive listener is one of disorientation, dread, nausea. It is the sound of unsoundness, a musical representation of mental derangement.
26. Schoenberg had converted to Lutheranism in 1898, seemingly for cultural reasons, but returned to the practice of Judaism in 1933, upon his emigration from Berlin to the United States. At the time of his death in 1951, he left incomplete a set of religious poems, the last work to receive an opus number (50). The second in the set was Psalm 130, the "De profundis," in Hebrew.
27. Schoenberg, *Great Composers*, 612.
28. This is no exaggerated turn of phrase; Schoenberg once wrote, speaking of his shift from tonality to atonality: "The Supreme Commander had ordered me on a higher road." "I believe what I do and do only what I believe; and woe to anybody who lays hands on my faith." "It is my historic duty to write what my destiny orders me to write" (*ibid.*, 596, 602).
29. *Ibid.*, 599. At the peak of the opera, Moses comes down the mountain and finds the people celebrating in an erotic orgy, driven wild by human sacrifice and lust. Later, Moses exclaims: "I love my thought and live for it." Jones comments: "Moses/Schoenberg's deepest wish is not to proclaim the law of God, which in musical terms would have been analogous to the diatonic scale and, therefore, not 'his' idea. His deepest wish is rather to impose his 'idea' on reality in a purely arbitrary and violent way. . . . Schoenberg's solution is to kill the dancing girls, kill harmony, reimpose the law, which is Moses/Schoenberg's 'thought.' Like Shylock, Schoenberg can say: 'I

- crave the law.' . . . It [this law] is not an attempt to discover an order in nature, because the experience of the past half-century had convinced the moderns that there was no order in nature. The only order in the universe is the one we impose" (Jones, *Dionysos Rising*, 134).
30. Wilfrid Mellers, notes on Giya Kancheli, *Vom Winde beweint* and Alfred Schnittke, *Konzert für Viola und Orchester* (ECM 78118-21471-2), no pagination.
31. Quoted in Giorgio Pestelli, *The Age of Mozart and Beethoven*, trans. Eric Cross (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 279. The phrase "poetics of musical theatre" is Pestelli's.
32. At a concert years ago, I overheard a woman behind me talking about a lecture on contemporary music she had attended, in which the lecturer delivered the hackneyed line: "Beethoven's music was novel and unwelcome in his own day, but eventually people came to appreciate it," insinuating that we simpletons writhe at atonal music, but in a more enlightened century concerts of Schoenberg will sell out. This claim contains a lack of sense pungent enough to make one faint. There is a breaking point after which experimentation turns into ugliness, just as medical technology reaches a point after which humanitarian service turns into demonic manipulation. Górecki, Tavener, Pärt, and other "traditional" living composers take the art of music in new directions, as Rilke, Claudel, and Eliot had done for the art of poetry, but they never violate the basic principles of their respective arts. That is the crucial difference between originality and willfulness masquerading as innovation.
33. See Alfred Einstein, *Mozart, His Character, His Work*, trans. Arthur Mendel and Nathan Broder (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1945), 140–41; cf. 108–43. See also Pestelli, *Age of Mozart and Beethoven*, 138; Cuthbert Girdlestone, *Mozart and His Piano Concertos*, 2nd ed. (New York: Dover Publications, 1964), 13–70, 349–50.
34. As examples, one might mention Benjamin Britten, Paul Hindemith, Igor Stravinsky, Dmitri Shostakovich, François Poulenc, and Arvo Pärt.
35. "The Christian Art of Music," *The Catholic Faith* 6, no. 4 (July/August 2000): 22.
36. The argument is presented at length in Jones, *Dionysos Rising*. In spite of my reservations about Jones's reliance on the genetic fallacy (if y comes from x, and y is bad, therefore, x must be bad, which seems cousin to the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*), I do agree with his contention that Wagnerian ideology included a pronounced eroticism, and that there are verifiable connections in the nineteenth century between novel sexual experimentation, contempt for Christianity, and musical degeneration.
37. For an overview of Wagner's syncretistic religious beliefs, see Patrick Kavanaugh, *Spiritual Lives of the Great Composers*, rev. ed. (Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan, 1996), 102–9. No one pretends that Wagner was a devout Christian; there has never been so great an egotist and anti-Semite in the history of Western music, and few could have been more erotically insatiable. My point is that a fair assessment of his work, as of his life, has to take into account not only what Wagner was and did, but also what he aspired toward and longed for. Even Jones admits as much; cf. *Dionysos Rising*, 73–74, 102.

38. Wagner's words, quoted in Kavanaugh, *Spiritual Lives*, 107.
39. It would be interesting to take up the much-debated question of the extent to which *Parsifal* can be considered a Christian pageant. Many commentators deny that it is, but for much the same specious reason that they deny the sincerity of Mahler's conversion to Catholicism—viz., resistance to the slightest suggestion that the Christian religion was of central importance to these, and many other romantic, composers. Nietzsche, no meager critic, thought *Parsifal* nothing short of a Catholic manifesto. Nietzsche's full critique is presented in *The Case of Wagner*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Vintage/Random House, 1967), 153–92 (the earlier pages are Kaufmann's translation of *The Birth of Tragedy*).
40. It is worthy to note that Bruckner's style, which has often seemed Wagnerian to listeners, came to maturity independently of exposure to Wagner's music, which he had not seen nor heard until his thirty-ninth year, when the music of *Tannhäuser* came to his attention. "Perhaps the nearest approach to the truth would be to say that, as a kindred spirit, Wagner provided the stimulus which allowed ideas that were latent within Bruckner himself to pour forth." Hans-Hubert Schönzeler, *Bruckner* (London: Calder and Boyars, 1970), 43.
41. Bruckner did not pay any attention to the actual story of *Tristan* (see *ibid.*, 46), but that is not the point; I am speaking of a strictly musical kinship suggestive of a parallel vision of musical meaning and purpose.
42. See Diotima's speech recounted in the *Symposium*, 201D–212A, and Socrates' speech on *eros* in the *Phaedrus*, 244A–257B; Plotinus's *Ennead* I.6 on beauty, V.8 on intelligible beauty, and III.5 on love.
43. But there *is* abundant drama in the sacred liturgy, when celebrated with due splendor and solemnity. On Holy Saturday, 2000, a friend and I attended a memorable performance of *Parsifal* in Vienna. Right after the final bars had been played, I had to rush off to sing for the Vigil Mass at the Kapuzinerkirche a few blocks away. The night was an overwhelming experience of the difference between nature and grace, art and reality. With strains of *Parsifal* still ringing in my ears, I stood among the other people huddled in front of the church, surrounded by darkness, while the new fire was ignited and the great candle pierced and lit and borne in procession to the altar: Christ the true light, truly immolated for us, truly given to us in the Eucharist. Where the opera ended in story—*Parsifal's* assumption of the Grail kingship and the liberation of the knights from the weary darkness into which they had fallen under Amfortas, symbol of sinful humanity—the Vigil began in reality, with the Exsultet, the chanting of the prophecies, the blessing of the water, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, culminating in solemn Lauds. It was all that Wagnerian pseudo-mysticism wanted to evoke but could never attain. Yet the contrast also brought home to me how easily the sympathetic soul could find in *Parsifal* a dusty icon of the reality, a simulacrum of the supernatural.
44. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 137.
45. A *Musikant* is not a professional urban musician but a rustic performer who plays for church processions, country dances, and other events of the common people. This

- nuance is important if one wants to catch the phrase's playful combination of pride, reverence, and down-to-earth familiarity. Much has been written about Bruckner's unshakable faith and profound love of God, to which many letters, episodes, and anecdotes bear witness. A good summary may be found in Kavanaugh, *Spiritual Lives*, 130–38. "Bruckner is perhaps the only great composer of his century whose entire musical output is determined by his religious faith" (*ibid.*, 134). Derek Watson's excellent biography *Bruckner* (New York: Schirmer, 1997), also accurately reports Bruckner's religious motivations.
46. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 78.
47. Thus Bruckner could have made his own the description Beethoven gave of his Pastoral Symphony: "more expression of feeling than painting." See Barry Cooper, *Beethoven* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 175–76.
48. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 99.
49. T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*, "East Coker," in *The Complete Poems and Plays 1909–1950* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch, n.d.), 123.
50. On the sacrality inherent in the very nature of music, see the fine essay of Robert R. Reilly, "Is Music Sacred?" in *Surprised by Beauty: A Listener's Guide to the Recovery of Modern Music* (Washington, D.C.: Morley Books, 2002), 18–27.
51. *ST* IIa–IIae, q. 180, a. 2, ad 3.
52. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 169.
53. Eliot, *Four Quartets*, "Burnt Norton," in *Complete Poems and Plays*, 121, 122.
54. Eliot, *Four Quartets*, "Little Gidding," in *Complete Poems and Plays*, 144.
55. Cf. Pieper, "Music and Silence," in *Only the Lover Sings*, 55–56.
56. Bruckner said of this symphony: "My Eighth is a mystery." One cannot imagine a greater distance between the aura of this lightning remark—one of the few of its kind from the composer—and the loquacious egoism of Wagner when contemplating his brainchildren. It was no different with the founder of the Second Viennese School: "Schoenberg's egomania approached Wagner's" (Schoenberg, *Great Composers*, 596; see the quotations he collects).
57. However heterodox his theological opinions may have been, Beethoven's Prometheanism found an opposing force in his earnest faith in the eternal Father and his habit of turning to God in prayer, especially in times of suffering—though no one attempts to portray him as the devout, law-abiding Catholic that Bruckner was. On Beethoven's piety and theological views, see *The Beethoven Compendium*, ed. Barry Cooper (London: Thames and Hudson, 1996), 145–48; Kavanaugh, *Spiritual Lives*, 54–62; Maynard Solomon, "Beethoven: The Quest for Faith," in *Beethoven Essays* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1988), 216–29.
58. As Timothy Radcliffe observes: "St. Augustine wrote that the history of humanity is like a musical score which gives a place for all the discords and disharmonies of human failure, but which finally leads to a harmonic resolution, in which everything has its place. In his wonderful work, *De Musica*, he wrote that 'Dissonance can be redeemed without being obliterated.' The story of redemption is like a great sym-

- phony which embraces all our errors, our bum notes, and in which beauty finally triumphs. The victory is not that God wipes out our wrong notes, or pretends that they never happened, but that He finds a place for them in the musical score that redeems them." Timothy Radcliffe, *I Call You Friends* (New York: Continuum, 2001), 107.
59. John Franklin, "Music" in *Thoughts and Visions* (www.thoughtsandvisions.com/#thoughts), p. 50. Compare the remark of Furtwängler: "For all its excitement (which can be carried to the limits of human understanding) every masterpiece of tonal music radiates a profound, unshakeable, penetrating peace" (cited in Watson, *Bruckner*, x).
 60. At about twelve minutes into the first movement (mm. 233–48), Bruckner calls forth crushing dissonances from the full orchestra. Near the end of the first movement of Mahler's Second (section 20, *Molto pesante*), the mighty jarring chords that prepare for the return of the opening theme show a pronounced similarity to the Bruckner passage. Could this be allusion or recollection? Bruckner sustains these chords with some instruments while others are tracing scales (the immutable ground sustaining the struggle in the realm of change) to mark the half-way point of the pilgrimage of the soul evoked in the first movement—the point at which the soul is most burdened by its trials. Mahler handles it differently, repeating the chords again and again, as if to emphasize the sheer weight of pain, the nailing of hands and feet to a cross. In a penetrating speech from 1940, Bruno Walter, a personal friend of Mahler's, described the latter's Second as "the symphony which, more vividly than all his other works, reveals his affinity with Bruckner," asserting that "we find in one of his main works, the *Second*, indications of a deeper, essential kinship" (published in *Chord and Discord* 2.2 [1940] and available at many sites on the Web, e.g., www.uv.es/~calaforr/walter.html).
 61. In the Bruno Walter 1940 address already cited.
 62. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 148.
 63. *Ibid.*, 161.
 64. "Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben, / Und der Cherub steht vor Gott"; "Brüder—überm Sternenzelt / Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen!"
 65. "Tochter aus Elysium, / Wir betreten feuertrunken / Himmlische, dein Heiligtum"; "Seid umschlungen, Millionen! / Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!" Again, as with his religious views, Beethoven's political views were complex and not always consistent, as Cooper notes (*Beethoven Compendium*, 143–45; more detail may be found in Cooper's full biography); cf. the sensitive treatment of Beethoven's conflicting thoughts on Napoleon in Thomas Sipe, *Beethoven: Eroica Symphony* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 1–53.
 66. "Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not! / Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein! / Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein! . . . Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott! / Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben, / Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig selig Leben!"

67. For an unrivaled discussion of divine *eros*, see Denys Turner's *Eros and Allegory: Medieval Exegesis of the Song of Songs* (Kalamazoo, Mich.: Cistercian Publications, 1995), 25–70.
68. Bruno Walter in the 1940 address earlier cited.
69. Josef Pieper, *Happiness and Contemplation*, trans. Richard and Clara Winston (South Bend, Ind.: St. Augustine's Press, 1998), 96–97.
70. See Holger Schneider, "Bruckner's Major Sacred Music in the Vicissitudes of a Quarter Century," notes to Hänssler CD 98.119 (the *Tē Deum* conducted by Helmuth Rilling), 13.
71. In company with Bruckner's biographers in general, Watson (42) and Schönzeler (108) refer to this conversation but neither quotes it in full. The translation here is taken from an anonymous commentary of the Munich Philharmonic: www.muenchnerphilharmoniker.de/online/english/werkarchiv.php3?ID=457 (accessed February 5, 2005).
72. Pieper, *Only the Lover Sings*, 55. He continues, with rock or other forms of noise in mind: "To the extent that it is more than mere entertainment of intoxicating rhythmic noise, music is alone in creating a particular kind of silence, though by no means soundlessly. . . . It makes a listening silence possible, but a silence that listens to more than simply sound and melody."
73. Thomas Aquinas, *In Boethii De Trinitate*, q. 2, a. 1, ad 6.
74. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 147, quoting Halm.
75. Petazzi, notes to *Schoenberg: The Piano Music*, 3.
76. *Ibid.*
77. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 80. Schönzeler's reaction to the *Tē Deum* was by no means atypical. Taking up the printed score, Mahler exclaimed that the work had been written not, as the cover said, "for choir, soloists and orchestra, organ ad lib.," but "for the tongues of angels, for seekers after God, for tortured hearts and flame-chastened souls" (cited in Schneider, "Bruckner's Major Sacred Music," 13).
78. From Meller's description of Schnittke's *Viola Concerto* (see note 30, above).
79. Schönzeler, *Bruckner*, 112–13.
80. Rahner, *Man at Play*, 66–67.