The First of Two Parts

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
1756-1956

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THE two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, celebrated January 27, 1956, commemorates one of the most prolific artists the world has known. When less than thirty-six years later he died, he left to the world a legacy of more than six hundred compositions in virtually every form available in his century; and as in his own time many of these works were recognized as masterpieces his position in the history of music seemed assured.

Yet even in his own day Mozart was a curiously controversial figure, and a controversial figure he has remained. Even now, with all the materials that the revived interest in the eighteenth century has made available, he receives less critical attention than, say, Bach or Beethoven; and in the nineteenth century he seemed for a while almost in danger of being allowed to remain unheard.

In his lifetime he was indeed recognized as a great master; but he never achieved the universal acclaim of Joseph Haydn or of the much smaller genius C. P. E. Bach. His two most brilliant operas, although they scored resounding success in Prague, had only a *succès d'estime* in Vienna; and *The Magic Flute,* although it became a general favorite, made its way at first rather slowly. The mysterious and romantic circumstances of his death, together with its pathetic earliness, caused a wave of interest that might have resulted in an adequately high estimate of his achievement; but within the first quarter of the nineteenth century all the reputations of the eighteenth were overshadowed by the tumultuous genius of Beethoven. Beethoven may or may not have been "the man who freed music"; but certainly after him musical ideas changed, and music took a different course—a course which carried it far from the ideals of Mozart. Throughout the nineteenth century the history of his reputation is one of decline and neglect; his work, except for a few not very characteristic sonatas and concertos,[1] remained generally unknown and unheard. When he was praised, it was often for the wrong reasons; Schumann's comment on "the Grecian lightness and grace" of the daemonic G-minor symphony is typical, as are Wagner's remarks on Mozart as a composer of pure music.

With the twentieth century there came a change. It is a fact of aesthetic history that about a century is required for an artistic era to be seen in proper perspective; and the twentieth century, while engaged in demolishing nineteenth century reputations, began more or less systematically to restore those of the eighteenth. The result was that many reputations which seemed hopelessly faded began to flower again. In literature, one thinks of Pope; in music of Haydn. Naturally, much of this revived interest was focused on Mozart; and the more that was learned of him and his milieu the less tenable the received opinion of the nineteenth century became. The publication of Abert's great revision of Jahn's biography (1923-24) may be said to mark an epoch in the reputation of Mozart; after Abert the old clichés could not be uttered with conviction. Abert's work was added to by Wyzewa and St. Foix in their monumental five-volume critical biography, only recently completed; and the labors of the late Alfred Einstein bore fruit in the revised index to Mozart's works and in his brilliant *Mozart: His Character, His Work* (English translation, 1945), the best brief study. Emily Anderson's "courageous" (I use Einstein's word) translation of the letters, still the only collection that is really complete,[2] is an invaluable source for the knowledge of Mozart's character and artistic ideals. Two music publishers have announced forthcoming complete editions; the piano works have now been recorded entire, with complete recordings by other artists promised; and the project of recording all of Mozart's compositions has recently been announced. With the materials already at hand there is no longer excuse for ignorance; and the next few years may see the virtual exhaustion of our sources of knowledge.

With so much work already completed or in progress, such a summary as I propose to offer here might seem superfluous. I believe, however, there is a place for it. In spite of all the recent soundly based revaluation, in some quarters the old misconceptions linger on; and it can do no harm and might even be useful to sum up in rather popular form a few of the many advances that have been made in the last fifty years in understanding Mozart the man, his milieu, and his artistic ideals and accomplishments. I therefore propose in the following pages to attempt such a summary. Obviously in such short space not all relevant topics can be covered; nor is this the place for minute technical analysis. I shall confine myself largely to the character of the man, introducing the music chiefly where it seems to reflect and proceed from the character; and I shall do so under four headings: The Incredible Child, The Young Rebel, Moment of Triumph, and Defeat and Immortality.

I. THE INCREDIBLE CHILD

There is one fact about Mozart that nearly everyone knows; that he was an infant prodigy. This was true in his own time as well as in ours, and in both has been to him at once an advantage and a disadvantage. In his own day I think it often led to difficulties in getting jobs; potential patrons who had been charmed by the delightful and docile child found the little, ugly, and somewhat forbidding young man less attractive; in ours it has led to the reiteration of the now completely exploded notion that Mozart is the type of artist born into the world with his talent complete, who accordingly remained a sort of divine child all his life. I encountered this notion, for instance, not long ago in an essay by Aldous Huxley, who knows enough music to know better, in which Mozart was used to exemplify the artist who did not change and deepen in insight as he matured, with Goya and Beethoven providing the contrasting examples. As a matter of fact I am slightly skeptical that such an artist has ever existed—Felix Mendelssohn perhaps comes the nearest to providing an

This portrait of Mozart was painted when the musical giant was 21. He died when he was 36.

example—and it is certainly not true of Mozart. One has only to compare the works, not of his childhood but of his early maturity with such productions as the last concertos and *The Magic Flute* to be convinced of this. And if there is any doubt about using music for an example of deepening insight, comparison of the letters from the same periods gives all the confirmatory evidence one needs.

ACTUALLY, although Mozart was a prodigy, he was by no means a unique one. Many later students have been deceived by the superlatives of his father Leopold, forgetting, apparently, that the father, who was also their business manager, was bound to puff his talented children for all he was worth. Even Leopold admits that when Johann Schobert heard Wolfgang's childish compositions he would do nothing but laugh; and the circumstances of his admission to the Academy of Bologna are now known to be quite different from the representations of his father. What appears to be the most reliable verdict we have comes from the English savant Daines Barrington, who during the Mozarts' stay in England subjected young Wolfgang to a thorough examination; and although he concluded that the child was remarkably gifted, he spoke with much more reserve of the quality of the musical ideas displayed in his improvisation than of his mastery of musical technique. Actually, had Mozart died before he was twenty some of his compositions would probably have appeared now and then on historical programs as examples of amazing precocity, which, like the poems of Chatterton, occasionally attained real artistic worth. If he had died before his last year our verdict on him would be considerably different from what it now is. In composition, at least, his precocity cannot compare with that of Mendelssohn and Schubert, who well before they were twenty produced works that they were hardly to surpass; and even Erich Korngold, who ultimately subsided into Hollywood, before he was twenty produced two operas which achieved a European reputation.

The value of Mozart's *Wanderjahre*, then, lies not in what he gave but in what he received; and what he received might have wrecked rather than helped him if it had not been for one power which he possessed in extraordinary measure—the power to assimilate what was useful to him and reject what was not. France, Italy, Holland, England—all these countries had distinct musical styles, and to all of them the young musician had to conform himself, in order that his concerts might pay and the grand tour might proceed. Such a proceeding might well have resulted in the kind of musical sciolism that issues in competent superficiality—a style and no style, so to speak. What actually happened was that out of this mélange Mozart seized on the work of two composers who were best suited to give him what he required—John Christian Bach, and Johann Schobert.

SO MUCH has been written on the influence of J. C. Bach on Mozart that here it can be dismissed in a few words. In him, Mozart found many of the qualities that he most desired in himself: smoothness, graciousness, tenderness, simple but very noble melody, and above all complete mastery of all the elements of composition. It is easy to forget when listening to John Christian's music that he was successively the pupil of his great father, of his learned brother, Philip Emanual, and of the great contrapuntal authority Padre Martini; it is only when one realizes the complete confidence with which he moves in all departments of composition that one realizes the craftsmanship that undergirds his simplest harmonic and melodic progression. John Christian is sometimes superficial and he is sometimes dull; but he is always superbly competent, and at his best he rises to a graciousness and charm that without ever completely transcending the eighteenth century ideal of social music carries it to its extreme limit. Mozart's continuing admiration and affection for him are attested by the well-known letter in which, learning of Bach's death in 1782, he writes, "What a loss to the musical world!" and in his music to the end of his life, where in some of the very best of his latest works we from time to time become aware of the dear and kind paternal figure of the older man standing at his shoulder. Thus, in the first movement and finale of the great string trio in E-flat, K.563, John Christian is present—a John Christian spiritualized and transfigured, indeed, but still recognizable; and even in the finale of the last piano con-

certo, K.595, we have a sort of celestial version of one of John Christian's delightful "hunts."

John Christian Bach's reputation has by now been restored, and he has even been enjoying a modest revival. No such good fortune has befallen his rival for the young Mozart's musical affections, Johann Schobert. A search of the most recent catalogue of long-playing records fails to reveal a single work of his; and apart from a few sonatas that occasionally wander into historical collections no recent edition is available. Yet he deserves attention no less than Bach. John Christian was a man of great talent, charming and gracious; Schobert had more than a touch of genius, and it was a genius about as different from John Christian's as can be imagined. For Schobert is often wild, impassioned, and daemonic; little is known of his antecedents and background, but he gives every evidence of having been deeply affected by that extraordinary intellectual and artistic explosion, the *Sturm und Drang*. Even in his gayer moments he is thick, rich, and heavy. In three of his sonatas in particular—those in A, C-minor, and D-minor he looks forward, not only to such works as the slow movement of Mozart's concerto in A, K.488, and the minuet of the clarinet quintet but to Schubert and even Chopin. For his contemporaries he was too "dark"; it was, however, just this aspect of his work that attracted the young Mozart, who had in himself much of the dark and daemonic.

But it was not only to the young Mozart that Schobert appealed; his interest in him continued throughout his life. In 1778 he is buying in Paris copies of Schobert's sonatas to teach to his pupils; in 1781 in Vienna he composes, in haste and ill-temper, his piano and violin sonata in G-major-minor, in which the G-minor allegro quite evidently sets off from the fine first movement of Schobert's sonata for the same instruments in D-minor; and even a work so late as the piano quartet in E-flat, K.493, written in 1786, is, as Einstein notes, indebted not only for the mood but even the harmony and movement of its opening to a similar composition in the same key by Schobert. A good deal of the work of Mozart's maturity, even after he had encountered and assimilated the two much greater men, Joseph Haydn and J. S. Bach, can be explained as a sort of union between the graciousness of John Christian and the passion of Schobert. Gluck, Philip Emanual Bach, Johann Michael Haydn, Eckard, K. F. Abel, the Stamitzes and the Mannheim school, and a host of other musicians, major and minor, undoubtedly contributed to the incredibly rich texture of Mozart's mature style; but except for J. S. Bach and Joseph Haydn none were to make contributions so large or so lasting as Johann Schobert and John Christian Bach.

When Mozart returned from his early travels, then, his contribution to music had not been large. He returned, however, a true internationalist—that ideal of the Enlightenment—but above all with a centralizing point for all his multifarious acquisitions in a theory of style. This theory, which he had absorbed from J. C. Bach, he was only once thereafter to abandon, and that briefly. This is the credit side of the ledger, and its importance is evident; it has to be balanced against the fact that his health had been permanently impaired, and that the seeds of the restlessness which was to disturb him for the rest of his life had been implanted in him. We can only conjecture what turn his genius would have taken had he been left to mature in Salzburg; one thing, however, seems nearly certain—he would have lived longer.

II. THE YOUNG REBEL

In 1777, young Mozart set out on a tour of the principal cities of Germany and France. He was financed in this venture by his father, who sent his mother along, obviously to keep an eye on a son whose judgment he did not trust. Relations between the Mozarts, especially Wolfgang, and the new Archbishop of Salzburg had for some time been strained; the same was true of their relations with the other musicians at the Salzburg court; the objectives of the trip, therefore, were to find Wolfgang a position in a more congenial environment than Salzburg, and incidentally to make money from his concerts and compositions.

The trip can be followed in detail in the Mozart correspondence. It is a record of disaster. Mozart and his mother evidently set out in the highest spirits, fully confident that the world lay open before him, and Wolfgang at least delighted to be released from old Leopold's strict control. The record of the journey in the letters, particularly those of Leopold, would be high comedy, were it not for the disastrous ending. Leopold's growing uneasiness when he realizes that not only is his son failing to make money and secure a position but seems not even very much interested in doing so; his bewilderment when he finds that his wife is not acting as a suitable chaperon, but seems to be entirely unable to restrain Wolfgang's often disreputable pranks; his horror at Wolfgang's harebrained scheme of forming a traveling company of musicians, with himself as composer-conductor-impresario and the Weber family, whom Leopold knew and distrusted, as artists; and above all the bland way in which Wolfgang ignores or brushes aside his nearly frantic appeals and protestations make reading almost as good as if it came from a novel by Fielding or Smollett. How poor Frau Mozart, who was to die before the journey ended, felt about it, it is hard to say; she appears to have felt a kind of appalled admiration at the conduct of her wayward son.

One curious fact about the trip emerges. Everyone was eager to hear Mozart play, and after hearing him was astonished at the result; but no one was eager to give him money for the privilege, much less to offer him a job. The letters report instance after instance of polite evasion, courteous delay, and hollow compliment. The young man, whose perceptions were quick, soon became aware of what was happening, and from his reports so did his father. Leopold was inclined to blame his son for the failure, attributing it to his inattention to business, and his spending his time, as he confessed in one of the most amusing of his letters, with people like the Cannabichs

> without any difficulty, but quite easily [perpetrating]—rhymes, the same being, moreover, sheer garbage, that is, on such subjects as [matter deleted in the interests of decency] and that too in thoughts, words—but not in deeds. I should not have behaved so godlessly, however, if our ringleader, known under the name of Lisel . . . had not egged me on and incited me. . . . I confess all these sins and transgressions from the bottom of my heart and in the hope of having to confess them very often, I firmly resolve to go on with the sinful life which I have begun.

Leopold was of course partly right; but I believe that he misunderstood his son's motives, which were not solely those of a young man for the first time freed from parental control and sowing a modest crop of wild oats.

What is the reason, then, for this astonishing fact—that an artist who already had an international reputation and could at a moment's notice give evidence of a mastery of his art surpassing that of most of his contemporaries received on this whole long journey the offer of only one job, a not very attractive one in France? For a time I suspected that Hieronymus Colloredo, the Archbishop of Salzburg, had sent word ahead of the travelers about his unprofitable servant. I now believe this no longer; such conduct would have been beneath the Archbishop's dignity, just as the Mozart family was beneath his notice. The answer I think appears very clearly in the letters: Mozart had become infected with the revolutionary equalitarianism that was sweeping Europe at this time, and simply did not care to conceal it sufficiently to make himself palatable to noble patrons.

Much has been made of Beethoven's independent attitude toward the nobility, as

in the well-known anecdote of his refusing to step aside for them at court and reproving Goethe for doing so.[3] His conduct is no more striking and a good deal less dangerous than Mozart's when the latter was somewhat crudely twitted by some young noblemen for wearing the Order of the Golden Spur. Mozart either did not know or did not care that this order, awarded by the Pope for artistic merit, had become something of a joke. After one of these young men had derisively undertaken to have his goldsmith make the cross for himself, Mozart concluded the discussion with these words:

> It would be easier for me to obtain all the orders which it is possible for you to win than for you to become what I am, even if you were to die twice and be born again. Take a pinch of snuff on that.

Then taking up his hat and sword he left, saying, "I shall see you all tomorrow." These are not conciliatory words; they might, in fact, have cost us all Mozart's later work. His letters both on this journey and later are a veritable repertory of tales and scandal that reflect discredit on the nobility. And his notorious scheme for forming a traveling company of musicians with Aloyisa Weber as prima donna was obviously formed not solely (as most biographers seem to believe) because of his love for her, but also as a desperate attempt to break away altogether from patronage and to relieve the distresses of the Weber family, upon whom he looked as the victims of oppression.

If further confirmation is needed it is provided by the letter in which Baron Grimm urges Leopold to get his unmanageable son home from Paris. The polite phrases of the letter but thinly mask Grimm's burning irritation; and its upshot is, "I cannot help your son because he refuses to be helped." Independence—that was the young man's ideal; and his despair at having to return to Salzburg with his tail between his legs, to accept again his condition of servitude does not have to be imagined; it can be seen in the famous letter he wrote the Abbé Bullinger after it was evident that he would have to return.[4]

He did not remain there long. After the moderate success of *Idomeneo* in Munich in 1780, the Salzburg Archepiscopal court moved, early in 1781, to Vienna, where Mozart broke for good with the Archbishop. From what has been said before, it is plain that this break was the logical outcome of the ideas and attitudes which had been developing in the young master since he had reached his maturity. It is obvious that he had not planned the break in any definite way, any more than he planned the kicking that was, in the course of it, administered to him, possibly at the Archbishop's instance, by Count Arco. What happened was that Mozart waited until an appropriate time and confronted Colloredo with an ultimatum: either he would be at liberty to do virtually what he pleased, or the Archbishop could look for another organist for his chapel. The Archbishop chose the second alternative, and from that time until the end of his life, Mozart was a free agent.

What we know of the circumstances of the break comes exclusively from the side of the Mozarts. It is as one would expect highly favorable to the Mozart family and highly unfavorable to Colloredo. Actually, Colloredo appears to have been hardly as black as the Mozarts painted him. He had acted with considerable magnanimity in taking the recalcitrant Wolfgang back into his service after the abortive tour of 1777-8, and there is evidence that he recognized something of the value of Mozart's composition and performance. It was his misfortune rather than his fault that one of his servants, whose position in his household was above the cooks but below the lackeys, happened to be infected with equalitarianism, and incidentally was a great genius. Had his court organist been a docile mediocrity, Hieronymus Colloredo might have been remembered if at all as what he undoubtedly was—a fairly enlightened prince of the church with a taste for Italian rather than German music. As it is he seems destined to remain, like Coleridge's "person on business from Porlock" one of the eternal symbols of complacent stupidity harassing genius.

And what of the music composed during these years? Does it show any of the restlessness and rebelliousness that we have seen in the letters and the life? This is a question that requires great care in answering. There is a sort of naiveté, into which critics of Mozart seem especially prone to fall, which leads an interpreter to associate events in an artist's life with the expressive form which his art assumes. Thus, commentators seize eagerly upon the agitated works of Mozart's years of misery, and tend to express surprise at those which appear serene. This procedure seems very dubious to me, and I want to try to avoid it here. The case seems to be something as follows: During the years I have been discussing—roughly 1773-1781—Mozart produced much music of many kinds. A large part of this music is in his so-called "galant" style, in which he is desperately trying to please at any cost, a practice which, in a letter to his father, he later officially abjured. Some, notably his church works, he produced for specified occasions and surroundings, and so was chiefly trying to fulfill certain set conditions. Among the compositions of these years, however, are a number that surprise and startle by their sombre violence. As early as 1773 he had produced a series of symphonies, of which the best known is the "little" G-minor (K.183), which depart very far from the symphonic conventions of the day. In particular this G-minor work, from its strident opening unisons to its savage closing chords, seems designed not only to express the darker emotions but to shock and startle. Even the slow movement, by convention supposed to give gracious relief, in spite of its slow tempo continues the agitation of the first. In its almost unrelieved darkness and fury, this symphony is clearly a work of *Sturm und Drang*. It has, moreover, a defiant air; Mozart is casting it in the teeth of the audience, let them like it or not as they please.

Even in the more galant works that follow, this mood continues to appear, until it finally culminates, not in a symphony or a quartet, forms which Mozart had not yet fully mastered, but in a form which he had—the pianoforte sonata. This is the sonata in A-minor, one of the group composed in Paris in 1778. It looks very strange among its companions, which in general strive to please by gracious charm, and include one (the celebrated A-major with the Turkish rondo) which is as galant as anything Mozart ever wrote. The first movement seems to revel in harsh and grating effects, and allows the hearer no moment of rest from its first shrill dissonance to its driving coda. The slow movement is restless and wandering, with an explosion in its middle section that reminds one of the romance of the much later D-minor concerto. The final presto drives ahead from the uncanny quiet of its opening to its fortissimo close, never for a moment relaxing the tension of the urgent rhythm with which it begins. It is unquestionably a mood picture, in which the more troubled emotions determine the coloring; and it is no less an experiment in fitting these emotions into the sonata form, the first I believe in which its composer is wholly successful. And yet this difficult, sombre, and violent work still appears in collections "of sonatas of medium difficulty for the pianoforte"!

It is safe to say, then, that the same restless, rebellious spirit that is manifested in the letters and the events recorded by biography appears in the music of these years. This is I think much safer than to find in the music any direct reflection of the tragic or disturbing experiences of Mozart's physical life. The spirit of rebellion had penetrated his whole nature, expressing itself in his art as well as in his words and conduct.

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Darío, the Nicaraguan, who picked up the Spanish banner and rose to the occasion. In brilliant Alexandrine verses he thanked the Northern Monarch on behalf of Mother Spain; on behalf of the glories crowning her brave men of war at Lepanto, Flanders, Mexico, and Peru; on behalf of Cervantes and Velázquez; of Isabel the Catholic, and Christopher the Dreamer; on behalf of the gallant blood of a golden race and of Spain's symbolical lion; and on behalf of the flowers of Andalusia and of Granada's Moorish Alhambra. To Don Quixote, Darío refers in this poem only by allusion. In reply to King Oscar's gallant words of "Long Live Spain," our poet gives him assurance that, as long as there are dreams to be dreamed and a passion to fire man's imagination; as long as there is a lofty pursuit and an impossible deed to be turned into reality; as long as there is yet a new world to be discovered, Spain will live.

The "Ode to Roosevelt," voicing "a continental protest" against the Panama affair of 1903, is another interesting poem on a Hispanic theme. The fighting spirit of this poem, coupled with the general indignation which Theodore Roosevelt's actions and words aroused in Spanish America, turned this ode into something like an international hymn of the Hispanic world. Darío once wrote in the preface to one of his books, "I am not a poet for the masses, but I know that I must unavoidably go to them." And indeed he did, for there is no poem in the Spanish language that has aroused more mass popularity, at least at the time of its appearance, than his "Ode to Roosevelt." This poem, however, is far from being one of his best. It is a resounding protest, the voice of a continent, if you wish; but it certainly is not that supreme expression of poetic beauty which we have come to expect of the creations of Rubén Darío.

The poet's deep concern for the fate of his people, for the destiny of the Hispanic world, constitutes a persistent note in a number of compositions the subtlety of whose poetic beauty has deprived them of wide popularity. In his poem entitled "The Swans," for example, we find very much the same concern and feeling of alarm as in the "Ode to Roosevelt," but here these sentiments are expressed in terms of poetic images rather than of poetized dagger-thrusts. To quote three of its stanzas in a word for word translation: "A northern mist fills us with sadness; our roses are wilting, our palms hold their heads low. Hardly an illusion sooths our brows; we are the beggars of our own poor souls . . . The children of Hispania, scattered in two worlds, gaze upon the orient of their fatal destiny; with the interrogative signs of my patrician swans I pose the question before the Sphinx . . ." To be sure, the question which the poet poses bears on the fate which awaits the Hispanic world in the face of the threat which the Hispanic people of the time saw in the Colossus of the North. And the answer to this question comes in typical Rubén Darían imagery and faith in the latent strength of his race: "A black swan replied: 'Night always announces day.' Then added a white swan: 'Dawn is immortal! Dawn is immortal!' Oh sunny lands of harmony, hope still is yours in Pandora's Box."

The note of faith in his people, which is dominant in this poem and in others of a racial character, constitutes the main theme of a long composition, "Salutación del Optimista," which is one of Darío's greatest poems. Written in 1905, in lofty hexameter verses which have been likened to the voices from a sermon resounding within the nave of a great cathedral, Darío addresses the people of Hispania:

> Inclitas razas ubérrimas, sangre de Hispana fecunda,
> Espíritus fraternos, luminosas almas, salve!

After this introductory salutation, the poet announces the dawn of a new era as foretold by "muffled rumblings which are heard within the entrails of the world." Then he exalts the glorious heritage of the Spanish race, and in vigorous terms undertakes to dispell the note of pessimism which still lingers in some quarters of Spain. Finally, he goes into his actual message, which is in the form of an exhortation to the Hispanic world to unite in order to meet the great events which are to come with the approaching new era. The following comment by Pedro Salinas may give us an idea of the effect which this poem produced in the mind of another great poet of the Spanish world:

> In this composition Spanish lyric poetry exhales a breath so far-reaching, so noble, and so robust, as had never before risen from its breast . . . No matter how vast the Hispanic World, scattered as it is in two continents, the voice of this poem is endowed with enough power to shake its most distant corners . . . We now see Darío as he had never before been seen. In the manner of a great political orator, he stands upon an ideal platform suspended between ancestral Hispania and the young Hispanic American nations. And from there his voice descends upon the people of two worlds.

Despite the loftiness both of the tone and message of "The Optimist's Salutation," I must confess that, of all of Darío's poems of racial character, my own favorite is his "Litany to our Lord Don Quixote." There is no social message in it, and much less a program of action; it contains nothing but poetry itself in terms of a heart throbbing with the sorrows and the uncertainties of life, and also with the idealism which is symbolized in the noble figure of Don Quixote. In an intimate moment of despair and gloom, the poet lifts his soul to our Lord Don Quixote on behalf of a troubled world: "Pray for us who are hungry for life, our souls groping and our faith lost . . . for we are without soul, without life, without Quixote, with neither feet nor wings, with neither Sancho nor God." (Isaac Goldberg's translation.)

My purpose in these articles has been to present some specific aspects of Rubén Darío's poetic personality rather than a bird's eye view of his work as a whole. However, in view of the fact that the very nature of Darío's art has kept him from becoming better known outside of the Hispanic world, I feel that it is only a duty on my part to submit a general evaluation of Rubén Darío in terms of what he means to Spanish literature as a whole, considering both the negative and the positive aspects. Despite his many attributes as a superb literary artist, he was not endowed with that great singleness of purpose which is necessary for such creations of universal proportions as have been left to mankind by Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, or Milton. Darío's genius was kin to that of Lope de Vega; neither Lope nor Darío can lay claim to an individual masterpiece of monumental proportions, but the work of either, taken as a whole, does constitute a monumental contribution to the Spanish literary world. Moreover, Darío, like Góngora, opened new horizons to be explored and led the way in the creation of a new poetic sensitivity and the establishment of a new style. For this reason, Darío's contribution to Spanish literature is not limited to the forty-odd volumes of verse and prose which flowed from his pen. Indeed his contribution must be measured in terms of an entire generation of high-ranking poets and writers in both Spain and the New World who are avowed disciples of the great Nicaraguan. The literary revolution created by Darío marks a turning point in Spanish literature, and easily constitutes one of the most brilliant chapters in the literary history of the Hispanic World.

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[1]It is perhaps significant that in the nineteenth century only two of the concertos were generally known, the D-minor and the "Coronation"; the first one of the least typical, the second one of the weakest of his works in this form.

[2]A new German edition is in progress.

[3]See Thayer-Krehbeil, *The Life of Ludwig van Beethoven.* II, 226-7.

[4] Anderson, II, 879-85.