

that every check to population growth so far observed has been due to a shortage of cultivable land is a complete distortion of the facts. Nearly all the checks to population growth which have been observed in history and in the modern world have been in countries with abundant reserves of uncultivated land or with industrial resources enabling them to obtain by exchange all the food they want. The reason for cessation or slowing down of population growth has rarely, if ever, had anything to do with a shortage of cultivable land.

Finally, as for the statement that food supplies can only increase in arithmetical progression, this is based on no evidence whatsoever. Malthus needed it to complete his mathematical syllogism and invented it for the purpose. This is a subject on which a good deal of information has become available since Malthus wrote and is another of the subjects on which Dr McCleary fails to inform his readers. On the same land and without any additional labour, agricultural output increases steadily in a geometrical progression. In most European countries this has been at the rate of about one per cent per annum, but it has often been higher. Denmark and Japan, for instance, have shown a figure of two per cent per annum, and most of the modern progressive agricultural countries now have a figure of nearly three per cent per annum. This figure, it should be noticed, is higher than any rate of population growth ever recorded.

What is in question is not the world's *capacity* to produce sufficient food: it is our *will* to do so.

COLIN CLARK

MOZART IN SALZBURG. By Max Kenyon. (Putnam; 2 is.)

The first four hundred numbers in Köchel's catalogue refer to works written before Mozart had settled in Vienna at the age of twenty-five. This enormous list contains little of the music through which he is known and loved today, except some of the early piano sonatas, which are more often execrated by the youthful than loved by the elderly. Though precociously imitative, Mozart was not so early-flowering a genius as Schubert, Mendelssohn or William Walton, and very few of these works composed while he dwelt in Salzburg can be called 'of genius'; the few exceptions all belong to the close of that period. It is good to find this opinion confirmed by Mr Kenyon. As a child-prodigy Wolfgang was no different from the two Wesleys or the little Crotch. When one recalls editions of his earliest trifles headed 'Mozart der Wunderknabe', one is grateful to read the sane statement: 'Among prodigies he was merely a prodigy; it is among men that he is unique'.

This is not to deny that much in his Salzburg works foreshadows greater things, nor that, if he had died before 1781, we should not have recognised that great unwritten music had been lost. Indeed, movements full of lyrical charm or buoyant spirits abound in the symphonies, con-

certos, divertimentos and quartets of his years fifteen to twenty-five, and before moving to Vienna he was to produce in the E and A minor sonatas, the *Sinfonia concertante* and the D minor *Kyrie*, works of the very first rank, though Mr Kenyon overrates the E flat concerto K.271 and the concerto for two pianos by placing them on the same level as these. A childhood's freshness is indeed often felt in these movements which has departed from the sterner utterances of his maturity.

Save in the excellent first two volumes of Wyzewa and Saint-Foix's work, which came out in 1910 (Mr Kenyon does not include in his bibliography the 1936 edition which contains some modifications of the original), from which, by omitting the analyses, a connected presentation of these Salzburg years could be extracted, the first twenty years of Mozart's composing life have never been studied and general works had tended to pass rather perfunctorily over them. If Mr Kenyon had filled this gap—and the present book shows that he has the ability to fill it—he would have done something very valuable. Instead, he has elected to chat about Salzburg, about the Mozart family circle and its concomitant cronies, and to study—with a lightness that suggests he is terribly afraid of appearing high-brow—not Mozart's output as a whole between 1762 and 1781, but only those parts of it that he composed in the prince-bishopric, excluding those other works that were written during the journeys to Paris, London, Italy, Vienna and elsewhere that took him momentarily away from it—works which nevertheless belong to his 'Salzburg period' as completely as those written in the city. This distinction is quite unreal and mars what might have been a very fine book. For instance, Mozart wrote two sets of string quartets in 1772-1773, and possibly four others (K.Anh.210-213) in Milan and Vienna, but consideration of these significant works is excluded by the arbitrary conditions Mr Kenyon sets himself. Yet these quartets belong as much to the Mozart of the Salzburg years as the string quintet K.174, composed in that city in 1773 and contemporary with them, which he mentions and even quotes (though he omits reference to it in his index). The important Mannheim and Paris music is left out altogether, and it is only by misplacing in Salzburg the D minor *Kyrie* which was written in Munich that he is able to justify mention of this great work. Equally meaningless is the inclusion of the violin and viola duets and the so-called 'C minor' mass, which belong to his mature Vienna period, merely because he composed the former and conducted the first performance of the latter (composed in Vienna!) during his last visit to Salzburg, in 1783, nearly three years after he had shaken its dust from his feet. The work which Mr Kenyon is so well qualified to undertake still remains to be done.

His object, he says, is 'to pick out the works written in Salzburg which have proved to be immortal' and 'try to show their importance in relation

to his total output'. The choice he makes within these limits is good, yet a lover of this early music will miss certain gems like the symphonies in E flat and A, K.132 and 134, or the less striking but nevertheless interesting first two violin concertos, of which the B flat has a beautiful *andante* like a passage from *Orfeo*, Act II.

He perpetuates a hoary and misleading legend when he speaks of Mozart 'writing a strong and living symphonic movement during a game of billiards' (or was it ninepins or bowls?), apparently an allusion to the apocryphal story about the Don Giovanni overture. It is a pity that such Rochlitzisms should be resuscitated at this late hour. And Mozart did not use K.184 for *King Thamos*; he used it as an overture for incidental music to a play called *Lanassa*—a German translation of a drama by Lemierre—the rest of the music being taken from the older *Thamos* numbers. It was Otto Bacher, who discovered the score, not Einstein, who attributed the arrangement to Böhm, and there is no evidence that it was made by Schikaneder; the arrangement was made some time after 1785.

The French pianist who visited Salzburg in 1777 was Mlle Jeune-homme (Mozart calls her 'die Jenomy'), not Lejeunehomme, and 'Chobot' (p. 103) should be 'Chabot' (the duchess of Rohan-Chabot). His Augsburg cousin was not 'Thekla from Basle'; 'die Bäsle' was her nickname. He was christened John Chrysostom because he was born on that saint's feast. There is no mention of Einstein's Köchel in the bibliography.

The historical and social background of Salzburg intrudes quite a lot and does not fit in very happily with the discussion of Mozart's movements and music. It is related in an amused tone, as if it was all rather ridiculously Ruritanian; even Archbishop Firmian's expulsion of his Protestant subjects is recounted as if it were something pleasantly humorous. The Englishman's traditional amusement at 'these foreigners' flows just beneath the surface of much of the pages devoted to history. There is a theological (?) criticism of what Leopold meant (or what the author decides he meant) when he wrote: 'Thy Will be done', followed by Mr Kenyon's pronouncement on what he ought to have meant, and Mr Kenyon's profession of faith may be inferred from the following: 'Wolfgang escaped into the sunlight of the moral conceptions voiced in *The Magic Flute*, but Leopold never knew an alternative to his strict Roman Catholicism'. A remark like: 'The family life of the Mozarts was as spotless as their Catholicism' (not 'Roman' this time) 'was above reproach', is frankly silly. His self-imposed limitations spare us his views on that really dark moment in Wolfgang's private life when, after the favourable reception of his Paris symphony, he withdrew into the Palais Royal garden to say a chaplet of thanksgiving.

Mr Kenyon is far better than this when he settles down to his real business, which is not that of a social historian or anecdotist or utterer of

theological asides or even appraiser of Count Arco's kick, but music historian and critic. The author of a book on harpsichord music comes to the fore in the pages—perhaps the most original in the book—in which he discusses for what instrument Mozart's early keyboard sonatas were written. Here he gives us something valuable, found nowhere else. And when his asides concern the character of Mozart's music and not his father's ethics or religion, e.g. the contrast with Haydn and the *rapprochement* with Purcell (p. 106), his recognition in our hero's music of a 'tangible, . . . immediate, tactile' quality (p. 165), a source of 'magic' which some of the greatest composers do not possess at all, and this definition of the conditions for a music's survival: 'If we ask of music that it should survive, we mean that it should still be of use to us. It is not only sheer merit which keeps a work "immortal" . . . but also its powers of adaptability to a constantly changing musical scene' (p. 163), we regret all the more that he should waste his time and talents, as Hoffmeister told Mozart to do, on 'writing popular'.

He goes most deeply into the essence of his theme in the following passage which shows him at his best:

'This abortive love for Aloysia Weber may have made a greater mark on Mozart because of his early death. That is to say, the proportion of his days clouded over was the greater in that the total of them was smaller. Composers who lived past forty had time for their personalities to absorb the stresses of the past. . . . Mozart was as resilient as any, much more so than some. But even if the thorn in his heart was there for no longer than was proper for a Trollope hero, it was there for a greater proportion of what was only a short manhood lived in circumstances which forbade his ever forgetting' (p. 162).

We would give much of the 'Ruritanianising' and musings on moral matters for a few more reflections like these.

The illustrations are numerous, unconventional and excellent.

C. M. GIRDLESTONE

THE REVELATIONS OF MECHTILD OF MAGDEBURG. Translated by Lucy Menzies. (Longmans; 18s.)

For those who only know her writings from the brief excerpts which have from time to time appeared in English, *The Revelations of Mechtild of Magdeburg* will even at a first reading provide a moving and exciting experience. Hitherto her book has been treated as if its chief interest might lie in the possibility that it was known in the contemporary Latin translation to Dante, and that Mechtild was the *donna soletta* to whom he so tenderly alludes in the *Purgatorio*: this may be so, and very often the daring sweep of her visions of heaven and hell call to mind the Divine Comedy. Living in the same age, both writers were drawn to the same