

Great Performers

Friday Evening, October 13, 2006, from 6:45 to 7:30

Pre-concert lecture,
“Reflections on Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony,”
by James Hepokoski

London Symphony Orchestra

BERNARD HAITINK, *Conductor*

All-Beethoven program

Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21 (1799–1800)

Leonore Overture No. 3, Op. 72a (1805–06)

Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92 (1811–12)

JAMES HEPOKOSKI, Professor of Music at Yale University, is a specialist in symphonic and chamber music in the late-eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He graduated from the University of Minnesota and went on to complete his graduate work at Harvard University, where he received the Ph.D. in 1979. After teaching at the Oberlin College Conservatory from 1978 to 1988 and the University of Minnesota School of Music from 1988 to 1999, he joined the Yale faculty in 1999 after two half-years of visiting professorships. At Yale he teaches a wide variety of music courses, ranging from two semesters of a much-praised survey of European music history (1600 to the present), to graduate and undergraduate seminars on Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mahler, and many other composers and styles. Students have remarked on his “lively and entertaining lectures,” which often illuminate central aesthetic and historical points embedded in the central classical repertory. An expert in musical style and its cultural implications, Professor Hepokoski has studied the music of Western European and nationalist cultures for decades, and he has also published widely on Italian opera. He has been the co-editor of a leading musicological journal, *19th-Century Music*, since 1992. He is the author of five books and several dozen articles on a broad range of musical topics.

— FINAL VERSION —
(Revised)
— AS READS —

James Hepokoski
Lincoln Center
13 October 2006
6:45 p.m.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7
(Bernard Haitink, London Symphony Orchestra)

Welcome once again to Lincoln Center, and welcome to the completion this evening of Bernard Haitink's Beethoven-Symphony series with the London Symphony Orchestra—the final concert of the five that have been presented during the past week. All nine symphonies ^{the towering nine} within a single week—the very heart and center of the symphonic repertory, without which heart and center the rest of that repertory, often responding in obvious ways to those towering nine, seems inconceivable. Tonight we hear two highly contrasting symphonies: the more restrained and classicizing First Symphony from 1799-1800—this is where Beethoven the Symphonist began, the young and fiery virtuoso bursting with confidence and promise—and the full-blown powerhouse of the Seventh Symphony composed in 1811-12, at that time a ~~colossal~~ ^{colossal} culmination of the now-almost-completely deaf composer's redefinition of the breadth and seriousness of the symphony over the prior decade. As Beethoven himself called the newly written Seventh in 1815, when he was casting about for a possible publisher in England, this work is “a grand symphony in A major (one of my most excellent works).” If anything, that was an understatement. And it is on that symphony, Beethoven's Seventh, that I'd like to focus in this preconcert talk.

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 1, P-Theme, 0:00—0:44]

[original CD:TRACK 1, 3:40-4:22]

That was, of course, the main theme from the first movement. From our vantage point in 2006, knowing this symphony so well as one of the canonic classics (recorded and performed by just about every conductor and every orchestra for most of the past century—this is the recording of Riccardo Muti with the Philadelphia Orchestra), ^{from our vantage point} it might be difficult to imagine how unusual, how completely *eccentric*, this leading-idea idea from the first movement—and much else in the

symphony—originally seemed to listeners in their earliest Viennese performances in 1813 and 1814, and indeed throughout the next ^{several} ~~few~~ decades. To ^{those first audiences, much of} ~~them~~, the Seventh was ~~a~~ strange piece. ^{very strange.}

Nearly all listeners heard that first-movement theme as rustic, rural, dance-like: you've probably read in ~~numerous~~ program notes that Berlioz famously described it as a curious peasant-dance (a *ronde des paysans*), and while defending the Seventh Symphony against disapproving French critics he mentioned that "I have heard this theme *ridiculed* because of its rustic simplicity." Thus the early charge throughout Europe that this theme is not really "symphonic," that it is not at all the style of theme appropriate to the first movement of such a massive symphony. And to complicate matters further, when that fresh and innocent A-major flute theme suddenly erupts into the full orchestra ^{-- as we heard --} driven forward by those famously yelping horns, *fortissimo*, its initially rustic character hyper-inflates into the colossal, gets a bracing charge of muscle, ~~and~~ plunges into full-throated drive ahead, as if crying, "Onward!" What's *that* all about?

Such features and others like them presented ^{many} nineteenth-century listeners with a puzzle. The Seventh Symphony's ideas were certainly vivid and certainly magnificent throughout. But did they *mean* anything? Was there a transcendent "*poetic idea*" behind these sounds? What was Beethoven really trying to say? Was he seeking to represent a concrete conceptual topic in the manner of what was then called a "characteristic symphony" (one that was programmatic or illustrative of something outside the music)? Concealed programmaticism was suspected from the start, especially since Beethoven had built his grandest symphonies up to that point around poetically representational features: the *Eroica* Third Symphony, with its battle, its funeral march, and its apotheosis-finale; the C-minor Fifth Symphony (grappling with Fate and overcoming it); the *Pastoral* Sixth with its nature-scene movement titles. Surely this new Seventh, it was thought, must also "mean" something? But Beethoven never revealed what it was! The Seventh obviously had important things on its mind, and it was idiosyncratically vivid in its contrasting details—compellingly intense and yet so strange in its many diverse parts. And so the discussions began that Beethoven *must* have been guided by some ^{underlying} ~~unifying~~ poetic concept, some pictorial idea. But what could it have been? Surely it's not a blank—surely this symphony is not "about" *nothing*.

And so began the practice of seeking to decode the implications of the Seventh—in effect to read a story into it. Nearly ^{all commentators over} ~~everyone~~ ^{have} ~~for~~ the past two centuries—~~has~~ agreed on the starting-points for any such deciphering. The most common impressions of the symphony are

that whatever else might be behind it, it does not seem to tell a “personalized” tale of any single individual or single hero. Instead of that, the Seventh gives us an imposing set of “*epic*” tableaux, as though it were abstractly embodying four complementary stages of a communal “festival”—something “ceremonial” or ^{something} “ritualized” that featured, above all, obsessively repeated dance-like rhythms and ideas in each of its four movements—one recalls Wagner’s famous remark about the Seventh being “the apotheosis of the dance.”

And while the process from movement to movement may not be linear in the manner of a *narrative* (as it had been in the *Eroica*, in the Fifth, and in the Sixth), the final movement, at least, has commonly been interpreted as an unleashed bacchanale, an orgiastic frenzy, part ecstatic physical joy, part terrifying pandemonium:

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 2, 0:00—0:50]

[original: Track 4, 0:00—0:48]

The fourth movement as something ultimately wild, something disturbingly over-the-top, something that eventually self-extinguishes, at the end, into utter destruction. Is all of this dance-rhythmic energy, in all of the movements, to be heard *only* as abstract, *only* as music closed in on itself without a concrete image behind it—all that magnificent sound and fury, . . . maybe . . . signifying nothing? The Seventh has remained cryptic on that account, and there are other factors that *add* to its mystery. One is that around 1812 Beethoven composed the Seventh and the Eighth Symphonies as a complementary pair (opus 92 and opus 93), just as he had done with the Fifth and the Sixth (opus 67 and opus 68). But how might the Seventh and the very different Eighth be interrelated? As Tovey put it, if the immense Seventh seemed “too big” for its time, the diminutive Eighth seemed “too small” in its “mechanistic,” ironic, classicizing tone. Do elements in the Eighth somehow provide a clue to those in the Seventh? And vice versa? How is that even possible?

By the mid-1820s, with Beethoven still alive, two differing, but very notable, “programmatic” interpretations of the Seventh were being advanced in Germanic music journals—attempting to solve the mystery of what the impressive but sphinxlike Seventh actually intended to convey. The first was suggested in 1824, in Berlin, by the famous theorist and Beethoven commentator Adolph Bernhard Marx. This was truly an “epic” symphony, Marx

declared. The introduction, he thought, leads us far away from ourselves and our prosaic everyday worlds—and into a romantic epic—a Moorish epic, no less. “On horseback to the old romantic land!” cried Marx, echoing lines from Christoph Martin Wieland’s epic poem from 1780, *Oberon*. In the first movement Marx heard rustic peasant-folk (the main flute theme) suddenly swept off into ancient romantic battle into faraway, non-European lands (the yelping horns), while in the wild finale the “southern folk,” he wrote, are now unleashed to revel in a scene of “Bacchic tumult,” a wildness otherwise unavailable, it seems, to the more controlled Austrians and Germans.

Marx’s long-ago-and-far-away imagery of exotic chivalry-battle seems not to have caught hold with the public, but a different interpretation from the 1820s certainly did. This was the influential reading of the Seventh proposed in Germany by one C. F. Ebers in 1825—an interpretation also alluded to later, in 1841, by Robert Schumann and one that continued to surface among still other commentators at midcentury: it was obviously a well-known reading, although one based on pure speculation. According to this 1825 proposal—now mostly forgotten today—the Seventh’s secret was that it depicted a rural wedding celebration in its various phases: the initial arrival of the guests and their preparations, the joyous peasant-wedding itself (first movement), and, ultimately, in the finale, a post-wedding, drunken bacchanale in which “all propriety is forgotten” and, in the finale “tables, mirrors, and candlesticks” are even flung about and destroyed with intoxicated abandon. (Interestingly, over fifty years later, in 1877, the Viennese composer Karl Goldmark would actually produce what he called the “Rustic Wedding Symphony” (*Ländliche Hochzeit*), probably, I would think, with that nineteenth-century reading of Beethoven’s Seventh in his mind.)

The linchpin of any such fanciful interpretation—the village wedding—focused on the impression provided by the long, slow introduction to the first movement—unmistakably that of high expectation and the general assembling or preparatory gathering-together of the musical forces in anticipation of the symphony-to-follow. Thus in the 1825 “wedding-celebration” reading, Ebers proposed some concrete imagery for the symphony’s very first sounds—the beginning of the slow introduction. What he imagined were the French doors of a large reception hall suddenly thrown open; the elders entering and starting to set things in order before the peasant wedding; and, before long, guests beginning to arrive, rapidly ascending ^{the steps} via the famous rising sixteenth-note scales on which all writers commented, the rising scales referred to

again and again in early commentaries as “staircases.” So let’s listen to a bit of ^{the} ~~that~~ opening ^{of the Seventh} with Ebers’s imaginary interpretive frame in mind: the flinging open of the various doors, one after another; the preparations of the elders; and the celebrated scalar staircases, commented upon for much of the rest of the century.

guests first ascending the stairs — from faraway — at a distance,
[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 3, 0:00—1:11] Then: “right here!”

[original: TRACK, 1 0:00--1:05]

And of course around two minutes later, at the end of this lengthy introduction, Beethoven’s ~~extraordinarily~~ quiet and expectant music gives the strong impression of every musical aspect being carefully, carefully set in place, double- and triple-checked for register and sonority, as if awaiting the official onset of something—the official “go!”-signal—and then setting off into the ^{Vivace} first-movement theme proper. For Ebers ^{in 1825 and the} and those following the now-forgotten “wedding-celebration” interpretation, it was an easy matter to imagine that one is making those last-minute checks—chairs, tables, clean aisles, necessary attendants, tablecloths, napkins, knives, forks....all “in place”? “Everybody all set”?—before the ceremony begins, with the Vivace theme in the flute, perhaps, in Ebers’s imagination, as the shy and blushing bride. ^{official} ^{the beginning} ^{of the ceremony.}

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 4, 0:00—1:28 end of intro and start of Vivace]

[original: TRACK 1, 2:55—4:20, fade-out]

The blushing bride apparently greeted with a welcome roar by the rough-and-tumble guests? Well, one can easily get carried away here, and in fact ^{as I'm sure that you suspect} there is no reason to give any credence to Ebers’s imagined wedding-pictures from 1825, even as we acknowledge that those images persisted in some circles throughout much of the nineteenth century. The fact is that there is no evidence whatever for any such “wedding” intention on Beethoven’s part—and of course such interpretations are not at all in vogue today, in the wake of a more purely formalist, twentieth-century, and highly abstract modernism. Still, that Beethoven is creating a sense of high and suspenseful, preparatory expectation here could hardly be clearer. Hence the “ceremonial” tone that all commentators hear in

the introduction and opening Vivace. But the precise imagery^{in all this}—if there is any at all—is underdetermined, not clearly attached, so far as we know, to any specific representation.

So where does that leave us? Back *only* to a musical abstraction? Not necessarily. That the Seventh in some obvious sense calls attention to its “ceremonial” qualities, its formalized, ritualized, or even communal implications, remains with us. To miss that is to miss everything. But then—then—then we remember that the composition and performance of any symphony is *itself* ceremonial. A symphony (and an orchestral concert) is a public ritual-event for composers, performers, and audience^s alike, with specified protocol and behavior. (Sometimes these rituals even involve preconcert talks!) And with that thought another possible reading, a more nuanced and modern one^{that} begins to emerge as a possibility.


Perhaps we could set aside all naively concrete imagery, weddings and such, to suggest that Beethoven's Seventh could be grasped as a musical celebration of the “epic ceremony” of the genre of the *symphony* itself—of the symphony, say, in 1811, 1812, 1813, now at its most-fully realized state of historical development. From this perspective, and without sidelining other possibilities, the Seventh might be “about” itself being unfolded in time as a ritualized event proceeding in ritualized stages; music about itself in the solemn yet *festive* “act” of its own performance—along with the public, communal circumstances of that performance, and along with the high magnitude of the aesthetic claims that such a work as Beethoven's Seventh is making upon us. We might wish to regard it as “music about music” (or music about “symphony-ness” or “about” the public, ceremonial act of creating or attending to *this* work of music specifically). And we can also realize that this broad, *structural* metaphor of *musical* ceremony (Beethoven's Seventh as pointing to its own *sonic presence*)—this metaphor of *musical* ceremony is readily applicable to, but not limited to, just about any other important and celebratory ceremony of humankind that one can imagine—Marx's 1824 romantic Moorish epic, Ebers's 1825 peasant-wedding, and many more besides.

In turn, such imagery inevitably suggests that there must *someone* behind the scenes who is actually making this festival event happen. In other words, it suggests the setting-into-life of music through the will of a powerful, virtually cosmic *creator*—an image that Beethoven would return to more explicitly in the Ninth Symphony around a decade later. Music as cosmos—music as a created world—music as ritual—the composer as creator, existing apart from his creation, but calling it into life in huge strokes....in huge “Let It Be!” strokes. The very opening of the symphony, for example, can suggest exactly this—the “Let It Be!” forceful blow of the first A-major chord (the symphony's

ground and tonic), then the A major chord's release of the single-voiced oboe-melody, the first thematic sign of creation. Here at the beginning we get a sense of temporal expanse and space, of breadth, of *vastness* being created—of a clearing of ceremonial space. And each of the widely spaced *forte* chords—about eight seconds apart from each other—give us the ~~sense~~^{impression} of another sudden, creative impulse from the composer-creator on high, with a mighty hand stunning the initially static A-major chord into harmonic motion forward...here with the tempo just beginning to stir out of initial stasis into a kind of *cosmic* slowness:

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 5 0:00—1:00]

[Muti, track 1, opening 0:00—1:00 , fade-out]


And then, in the rest of the introduction, the staircases of musical preparation, the assembling of all the musical and orchestral forces necessary to carry out the symphony proper—at the end all double- and triple-checked, as we've heard—and then setting out into the main action, the A-major Vivace itself. And the first movement of the Seventh then proceeds with an obsessive frenzy of rhythm (), driven forward in waves, ever-present, ~~propelled~~^{re-energized} here and there by additional, impulsive shock-blows from the creative hand commanding all of this into life. Such an effect happens clearly, for example, at the crucial moment of recapitulation, two-thirds of the way into the first movement, where the main theme, now *fortissimo*, is driven onward by the same convulsive hammer-blows from on high:

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 6, 0:00—0:36]

[original: TRACK 1: 9:38—10:15, fade-out]

With this broader metaphor in place—potent creator *charging* a potent creation from above—we can suggest one way of hearing this “epic” or communal symphony as a whole. This is because each of the four movements, each with its particular set of obsessively reiterated rhythmic cells, gives us the impression of being built out of the same (or very similar) ingredients. It's as if, in each movement, the same basic elements (the same teeming, elemental stuff of creation) were being recast or re-used to produce very differing results.


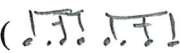
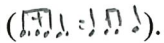
If I may once again suggest a fundamental image for this entire symphony, then, it is that of a mighty creator (Beethoven in self-referential mode)—a mighty creator gathering up his handful of elemental materials (think of a bundle of sticks) and throwing them down to earth in the creation of the first movement. Then at the end of the completed movement picking up that creation again and throwing the same constituent parts down a second time—*voilà!*—to produce an astonishingly different, maximally contrasting second movement. And then----a third. And--^{the impact of} a concluding finale. But always with the same materials, jarred with each creative throw into new configurations, new recastings. If so, then we have four complementary “epic” movements that are all different but all “the same” with regard to their basic building-blocks.

Let me suggest briefly how this might work with the second movement, the famous Allegretto—the minor-key movement immediately encored at the Seventh’s premiere in 1813. The rhythmically charged first movement () has just finished celebrating the bright, three-sharp key of *A major*. ^{A major} Now in the second, unexpectedly, all that major-mode brightness collapses with the sudden pang—the stinging shock—of a stark *A-minor* chord in the winds....a forlorn, minor-mode outcry now showing us the dark underside of what we have been hearing in the first movement. All that had been sunny and major collapses at once into darkness and loss:

Now — “let THIS be!”

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 7, 0:00—0:54]

[original: Muti, TRACK 2, 0:00-0:50, fade-out

Grim indeed. But the elementary particles are not new. The second movement’s opening wind-chord pang of shock—the glaring *A-minor* chord that also returns eight minutes later as that movement’s very last sound (the same entrance and exit portals to the second movement)—is the stark obverse of the opening *A-major* chord that ^{had begun} ~~began~~ the first movement’s introduction (“Let it Be!”), and the obsessive rhythm of this second movement () is of course the obsessive rhythm of the first movement () flattened out into somber processional of sorrow and loss (). Comparing the second movement with the first is like taking a sleeve and pulling it inside-out—it’s the same and yet totally different, the exact opposite of the first movement, but built from essentially the same musical-modular ideas. What *was* bright and festive *there* is turned dark and ominous *here*. And with that new creative recasting we find ourselves caught up in unstoppable, ~~mechanical~~ repetitive gears, as the music repeats the

obsessive rhythmic idea and grows in waves of nightmarish accumulation, now laying out in the second movement a minor-mode, prison-house world—what Theodor Adorno in the twentieth century characterized as “objective doom.”

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 8, 0:00—0:33]

[original: Muti, TRACK 2, 2:22—2:52, fade-out]

Twice within this haunted, ^{pitch-black} ~~negative~~ vision of the second movement Beethoven gives us what might appear to be two rays of light—two similar A-major “trio” passages, *alternative passages*, that might at first seem to be sections of affirmative *consolation*, lifting us out of the oppressive burden of the second movement’s *minor* and back into the first movement’s tonic A major. But these two ^{broad strokes} passages of major-mode relief in the second movement are ^{in fact,} ~~themselves~~ ~~also shot through with loss and sorrow, serving as “if only”~~ visions of what can no longer be. On the one hand, the A-major principal consolation-melody, carried by the clarinet, pointedly recalls the opening of the first movement’s introduction—the symphony’s first sounds, the A-major *oboe* melody of the initial measures: Here in the second movement the ^{consolation =} music fleetingly “remembers back” to the promise of the opening pages of the symphony, its original moment of major-mode ^{but a hope} hope, now ^{minor-mode} lost in the second movement. On the other hand, this brighter A-major clarinet idea here is still underpinned with that obsessive funereal rhythm, *pizzicato* in the basses, that dominates the shackled second movement (♩ ♯♯ ♯ ♯♯)—a throbbing reminder of the pervasive sorrow of the second movement, persisting even here in the ^{supposed} consolation as a grounding negative reality. The A major here, dreaming of an escape back to the beginning, when all was promise, is exposed in the throbbing bass pizzicatos as ^{only} a mirage, an ^{only} illusion, a vision of now what cannot be:

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK 9, 0:00—1:53]

[original: Muti, Disc 1, track 2, 3:12---5:04]

AT the end: The Dream Darkens, Collapses, Vanishes, is brusquely swept aside by brute reality

waking up from the dream

Similar things can be demonstrated with the third movement's whirlwind scherzo and its twice-recurring, static trio....and with the rhythmically frenzied finale, where the slow dactyls of the second movement (♩ ♪ ♪) are accelerated in the manic dactyls of the fourth (♩ ♪ ♪). And so each movement of the epic and ceremonial Seventh can be heard as ingenious rearrangements of the same rhythmic, harmonic, and textural source-materials-----four creative "throws" of the same generative particles by the hand of the creator Beethoven from above, all to embody the celebration of the ritual-event of the symphony itself.


~~Here~~ I'd like to end with one final example of the very audible cross-references between the movements—too irresistible not to mention and yet once pointed out impossible not to notice as one hears the whole of the Seventh. At the end of the first movement and at the end of the finale (in both of their codas—right at the ends of each movement, first and fourth), Beethoven composed two very *unusual* "special-effect" passages that in their sheer strangeness were obviously meant to call attention to themselves and then, once the second one appears in the same structural spot at the end of the finale, to interrelate the one to ~~the~~ the other—again as the same sort of unconventional gesture grounded in similar compositional gestures. Think of these two brief passages and their outcomes as Beethoven's two "signatures" on his masterpiece—virtually an announcement from Beethoven: "I as Creator can do anything! Watch me! Listen to this! Be astonished!"

Both signature-passages, ^{sounded} ~~present~~ at the ends of the first and last movements, play on the idea of the *lowest* orchestral part (cellos and basses), the parts that normally provide a stable floor for the instruments above, suddenly becoming queasy and uncertain....the solid floor below starts to wobble, to repeat a short, eccentrically oscillating figure over and over and over again....and we're at once caught up in its local vertigo. Moreover, in both the first movement and the finale, each wobbly-bass moment begins with Beethoven pointing us directly toward it in a hushed *pianissimo* (*shhhhh! listen to this!!!*) and then building the texture above each wobbly repetition into a grand *crescendo*, finally breaking free into emphatically *fortissimo* cadences to end each movement in a roar of ecstatic triumph. The first signature moment comes at the end of the *first* movement—in the coda—with an elevenfold repetition of the queasy bass-oscillation in *crescendo*. This is of course the famous passage about which Carl Maria von Weber is supposed to have remarked, "Beethoven is now ready for the madhouse!" Listen to the purposely bizarre,

wobbly bass, as if the music has suddenly gotten stuck into stubborn circles—but then breaks exultantly free from its oddly mechanical whirlpool into celebratory, horn-led cadences

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK **10**, 0:00—1:04]

[original CD: TRACK 1: 12:11—13:18—end of track]

That's the signature-moment at the end of the first movement. And Beethoven plants its unmistakable complement at the end of the finale—that is, at the end of the whole symphony—in precisely the same structural spot, the coda. Here the queasy bass-wobble, introduced again with a hush (*shhhh!*) is a simple oscillation between two notes, the dominant pitch and its chromatic lower neighbor, over and over again, like the moving floor of a funhouse ()--signing-off with maximum eccentricity on this over-the-top, bacchanale finale—and of course reminding us of the earlier signature-passage from the first movement. Listen to the bass, with its persistent, queasy wobble:

[MUSIC: Burned CD TRACK **11**, 0:00—1:05]

[original: TRACK 4: 7:28—8:35 to end of track]---break free—ecstatic cadences—horn-led

“Signed: Ludwig von Beethoven, Summer 1812.” Again the image here and throughout the Seventh is that of the creative master, in control of everything, producing an epic, ceremonial symphony (a celebration of the symphony, a celebration of the public concert) and quite literally showing us *how* a creator of such a ritual can bring such a work to life through the astonishing recrafting of the same basic materials, four times, into four very different but yet, beneath the surface, very similar, very complementary movements. “The apotheosis of the dance,” said Wagner, but we might think of it today as *the apotheosis of the symphony* calling attention to itself, pointing to itself, enjoying itself unfolding in ritualized time in the ecstatic manner of a festive celebration. This brings me to the end of my talk this evening, and now it's time for us to go and hear this Seventh Symphony (performed along with the First Symphony and the Third *Leonore* Overture). Our own ritual ceremony—this evening—is only beginning.

END

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