and as the volume proceeds into the 1950s, a dizzyingly packed performance schedule and easy access to the telephone take a toll: the letters grow short, with major gaps in time, and they yield a less coherent story. As a result, the first half of the book provides the most gratifying experience for the reader. Yet there are gems from the later years as well, especially in Bernstein's long and loving correspondence with his wife.

Bernstein's undergraduate experience at Harvard is chronicled vividly. Writing in 1937 to Sid Ramin, a childhood friend from Roxbury who later became the orchestrator of *West Side Story,* he described how to reach his room in Eliot House from the Harvard Square T stop. Walk down Dunster Street "*as far as you can,*" Bernstein directed Ramin. "Go to G (gee) entry, walk up to Room 41 (all doors are marked) and knock vigorously. Voilà." Even at this early date, a solid network of personal relationships was in place, whether with childhood friends like Ramin, Beatrice Gordon, or Mildred Spiegel; the piano teacher Helen Coates (who later became Bernstein's lifelong personal assistant); or a growing number of professional musicians, including the conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos and the composer Aaron Copland.

Bernstein struggled with Harvard's music department, which was then quite conservative. "[Tillman] Merritt hates me, but Mother loves me. [Walter] Piston doubts me, but Copland encourages me," he lamented in 1938 to Kenneth Ehrman, a friend from Eliot House. "I hate the Harvard Music Department. You can quote that.... I hate it because it is stupid & high-schoolish and 'disciplinary' and prim and foolish and academic and stolid and fussy." Yet Bernstein already had a knack for seizing the limelight, which trumped his frustrations. "I've graduated with a bang," he reported in another letter to Ehrman. "An incredible A in the Government course, and a cum laude. A great class day skit which I performed to a roaring crowd through a mike, and got in some parting cracks...at the old school and its officials."

By his early twenties, Bernstein was still a kid in many ways, yet on the verge of becoming a household name. "I bruised my metacarpal (!) playing baseball this afternoon. All of which makes good for concerto-playing the 25th!" he wrote in 1941 to Shirley Gabis, a close friend from Philadelphia, as he graduated from the Curtis Institute of Music with a master's degree in conducting. Two years later, Bernstein was appointed assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic and wrote a beguiling account of his ineffectual negotiations with Arthur Judson, the Philharmonic's powerful manager, in a letter to his mentor Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "Believe me, I tried very hard to feel like Koussevitzky while I was in the Judson office," the young musician declared, "but I was only Leonard Bernstein, and I had to act as I did." That same fall, he described his modest apartment in the Carnegie Hall studios, which at that point had no furniture. "My shirts are all in suitcases," he reported to his friend Renée Longy Miquelle, director of the Longy School of Music in Cambridge, which had been founded by her father. Within a few months of signing a contract with the Philharmonic—while still living out of a suitcase—Bernstein famously substituted for Bruno Walter and made such a splash that he inspired a rave review on the front page of the *The New York Times.*

Correspondence with Aaron Copland threads through the book, starting with Bernstein's Harvard years. An intense romantic liaison existed alongside a rewarding professional partnership. "What terrifying letters you write," declared Copland in 1940, "fit for the flames is what they are." Those letters also chronicle the degree to which Bernstein served as a central advocate for Copland's music, conducting it around the world and eventually programming it frequently with the Philharmonic. In 1947, as part of an important series of postwar concerts that helped reopen transatlantic musical networks, Bernstein conducted the European premiere of Copland's Third Symphony in Prague with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. "First I must say it's a wonderful work," he reported to Copland. "Coming to know it so much better I find in it new lights and shades—and new faults," launching an audacious critique. "Sweetie, the end is a sin. You've got to change....We must talk – about the whole last movement, in fact." As time passed, the emotional intensity of Bernstein's correspondence with Copland dimmed, even as the fundamental tie remained strong. Yet there were ambivalences on both sides. When Felicia Bernstein died of cancer in 1978—a loss from which Bernstein never fully recovered—Cop-

Chapter & Verse

Correspondence on not-so-famous lost words

Thomas Gutheil seeks the name "of a (regrettably not recent) science-fiction story in which it is proposed that cancers exert psychological as well as physical damage and the physician has to enter into essentially telepathic contact with the patient to combat this."

Robert Kemp would like to learn the origin of an expression frequently used by his father: "Such is life in a large city with many inhabitants."

Bill Hopkins hopes someone can identify this prayer: "Lord, if only I have you,/ I make no demands of Heaven and Earth./ When my body and soul fade away,/ You, God, are ever my heart's comfort, and my portion.// When I have you, Lord Jesus,/ What should I ask of Heaven?/ How could I find delight/ in the turmoil of this vile world?/ When my body and soul fade away/ and the night of death sets in,/ you are yet my life.// Happy the man who carries Jesus/ Deep in the chamber of his heart!/ He will have fulfillment,/ He will lack no treasure,/ So long as he finds shelter and protection/ In God the Lord."

Eliot Kieval asks when the late Pete Seeger '40 first emblazoned on his banjo the declaration, "This machine surrounds hate and forces it to surrender," and whether that saying was original with him or derived in part or in whole from someone else.

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