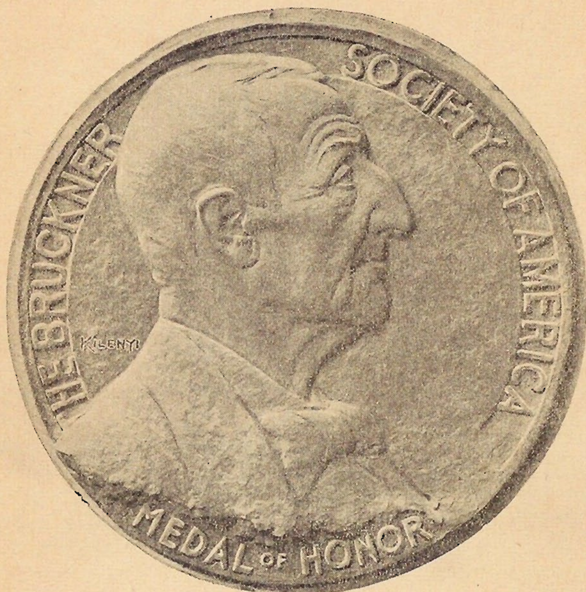
Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

MUSIC, MAHLER, AND MYSTICISM

BRUCKNER'S MUSICAL WORLD

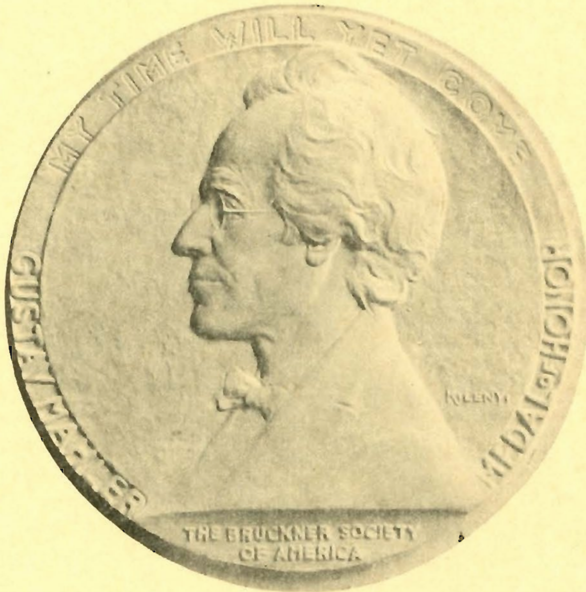
THE MESSAGE OF BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONIES

THE CASE FOR BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

December 1936

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

Last year was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Gustav Mahler. This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death.

This splendid Exclusive Medal of Honor by the internationally famous American sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, is the Bruckner Society's proud contribution to American recognition of the Mahler significance of the years 1935 and 1936.

The new Mahler Medal of Honor will be awarded annually to the conductor who accomplished most during the preceding musical season towards furthering the general appreciation of Mahler's art in the United States.

// CHORD AND DISCORD
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PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

I. THE LIBERATION OF ANTON BRUCKNER

On March 1, 1936, a distinguished audience, the elite of German and Austrian music-lovers, sat in the historic concert-hall of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig eagerly awaiting the world premiere of Bruckner's *Fourth (Romantic) Symphony* in the original version. That they were thoroughly familiar with the symphony in a form which Europe's tonal experts had long hailed as faultless may be taken for granted. It was one of the two major works of the master which, by virtue of frequency and regularity of performance through the years, have come closest to achieving a permanent place in the world's standard symphonic repertoire. Naturally, therefore, many in the audience questioned the wisdom of burdening the rising, but still struggling cause of Bruckner's art with a fresh basis for controversy, particularly over a work which had already attained universal esteem.

Nevertheless Hans Weisbach, the conductor of this advertised "first performance anywhere", confidently launched into a series of prefatory remarks, explaining the cause and aim of the performance about to be given. Knowing he was addressing a multitude of musical scholars he did not hesitate to engage in a technical discussion, the detailed citation of which, however, would be out-of-place in this brief report. The gist of his remarks was: "I assure you you are about to experience an amazing revelation. To prepare you for it I shall first have the orchestra play for you alternately three representative excerpts as they appear in each of the versions. I need hardly call your attention to such matters as deliberate omissions in the current version (one of them 48 measures long) which impair the formal coherence of the symphony as originally conceived by Bruckner; nor innumerable changes in dynamics which lessen its elemental power; nor mincing, asthmatic phrasing-marks which rob it of much melodic breadth; nor false tempo and metronomic indications which further distort its general character; nor even the suppression of many subordinate thematic particles which the misguided, though well-intentioned "editors" of Bruckner's day deemed contrapuntally too rugged and disturbing for the public's ear. A greater injustice than any of these has been done Bruckner's art by the Wagnerian veil which was cast over his original musical idiom half a century ago. As you listen to Bruckner's own version of the *Romantic Symphony* you will mark the complete absence of those Wagnerian characteristics or mannerisms so noticeable in the adulterated version the world has long accepted as Bruckner's own."

Then turning to the orchestra this conductor began the strange, fragmentary prelude he had proposed. His listeners followed every note with rapt attention, carefully comparing the new with the old. Thus even before the performance of the symphony as a whole they gathered from the numerous, fresh, vital beauties of these fragments that they were about to experience the first true revelation of a great masterpiece which they had hitherto known only in a skillfully garbled version. In that audience there were Bruckner enthusiasts who had devoted many years of their lives to the construction and publication of careful analyses of the master's music. To them this restored *Fourth Symphony* meant that all prevailing judgments based on the old version would have to be reweighed and often replaced with new ones. Clearly, two generations of Bruckner disciples had connived to suppress a host of facts indispensable to a truthful estimate of the work. The disconcerting result was that every commentary upon it already published would have to be stamped with a confession of futility: "This analysis is not based upon Bruckner's own version of the symphony."

To bring home to American music-lovers the full significance of this amazing, new development a single instance will suffice. No less an authority than Donald Francis Tovey, brilliant author of the recently published *Essays in Musical Analysis*, was victimized by the traditional, accepted version of Bruckner's *Fourth*. His sympathetic analysis of the symphony in its garbled form reveals him as an enthusiastic admirer of Bruckner's noble musical conceptions and of the grandeur of his symphonic architecture. Yet the marked Wagnerian orchestral idiom of that version prompted Mr. Tovey to recommend Bruckner's symphonies to those who, bored by an eternally fixed Wagnerian concert-fare consisting of a few "bleeding chunks" torn from the body of the music-dramas, would welcome a whole symphony so consummately conceived in the Wagnerian idiom that the mighty man of Bayreuth might credibly and creditably have signed his name to it. The knowledge that so eminent a musical authority as Mr. Tovey qualifies his praise of Bruckner only because of this disturbing presence of the Wagnerian orchestral manner, should gladden the heart of every Bruckner devotee, for that sole adverse criticism may now be dismissed once for all with the falsified, Wagnerized musical text upon which it is based.

The titanic musical spirit of Bruckner, a veritable "Prometheus Bound," tortured by the chains which have so long imprisoned it, is free at last. There is some comfort in the thought that its sufferings have not been in vain, for they have furnished the world of music with facts that prove beyond further argument that the composer's orchestral technique is not a mere supplementary factor coloring his symphonic creation, but an integral portion of the very conception of the symphony itself.

II. BRUCKNER'S ORCHESTRAL LANGUAGE

Music-lovers have been led to believe that Bruckner knew practically nothing about instrumentation before he entered upon his study of musical theory under the young Wagnerian enthusiast, Otto Kitzler. The fact that Bruckner, then almost forty years old, had been assiduously engaged upon various forms of composition for not less than twenty-five years should have long ere this aroused lively doubt as to

the validity of such a conclusion. A glance at the list of his creative efforts previous to his studies with Kitzler reveals no less than fifteen compositions in which various combinations of instruments are employed. It is to be expected that this music, chronologically considered, should show a steady growth in the composer's mastery of instrumental technique. The surprising thing about it is the strangeness of its idiom for the day in which it was written. Its precocious roughnesses, (grammatical defects, when viewed in the light of the meticulous, rather stereotyped orchestral art of the early post-Beethovenian period) could not have struck Kitzler, the passionate admirer of the stupendous Tannhaeuser and Lohengrin scores, as pitifully helpless. We know from Kitzler's own report that he had initiated Bruckner into these earlier Wagnerian orchestral mysteries and then persuaded him to apply his new knowledge to the composition of a symphony, only to find the result puzzlingly disappointing. It did not occur to Kitzler that the failure of the Wagnerian idiom to inspire Bruckner may have been due to a fundamental trait in the Austrian's genius diametrically opposed to the prodigious heaping up of rich instrumental colors that characterized the productions of the great music-dramatist. Kitzler was not only German-born; his musical education was wholly German. His career, swiftly carrying him from city to city in the most impressionable years of his life, converted him into a thorough cosmopolitan. How could such a mentor have understood the inclinations or possibilities of Bruckner, the unsophisticated, rugged, pious Upper Austrian provincial, whose genius hailed from a totally different world of the spirit?

Had Kitzler understood Schubert as well as he did Wagner he might have had some clue to Bruckner's soul. Yet even that knowledge would have helped him to but a partial realization of the deep, tranquil splendors of tonal affirmation which were the roots of Bruckner's still unsuspected symphonic power. Bruckner's musical heritage coincided with Schubert's in every respect universally regarded as native to the soil of upper Austria. An inexhaustible fund of spontaneous melody and a predilection for colorful, elusive harmony mark the musical expression of both these Austrian masters. Schubert, however, truly Viennese, always remained predominantly lyric. The literary background was the constant source and motive power of Schubert's inspiration, proving him the complete romanticist. The poetic text, which lent Schubert's genius wings, was the very influence which kept Bruckner's absolute-musical genius chained to earth until his fortieth year. The paramount determinant of Bruckner's expression is something even more elemental, more primitive than the well of pure emotion from which Schubert drew his countless measures of unprecedented charm. Homophony, which attained its first spring through Haydn, its early summer blossom through Mozart, and its full bloom through Beethoven, still filled the garden of music tended by the early romanticists who followed, conjuring it to fresh, luxurious hues, by a thousand and one subtleties of formal trimming and cross-plantation.

Sechter, the contrapuntal master to whom Schubert turned in the last weeks of his short life, has told us how that young genius, already the creator of great symphonies, hoped to achieve deeper, loftier expression through an intensive study of the polyphonic art almost scornfully neglected by the classic masters before him. A mastery of the externals of polyphony is possible in early years. Bach and Wagner both

knew their counterpoint thoroughly at eighteen, but a *Kunst der Fuge* or a *Meistersinger Prelude*, creations that rose not out of the grammar but rather out of the poetry of polyphony, is a fruition that can attend maturity alone. Bach's genius, absolute-musical, attained its perfect flower in the concentrated poetry of a fugue-sequence; the mastersinger Wagner's music-dramatic genius is crystallized in the many-voiced, yet wordless ballad narrative eloquently related in his romantic *Prelude*.

When Bruckner wrote his inane trial symphony at Kitzler's request he was already a master of the poetry of polyphony in the field of devotional music. An examination of the score of his *Mass in Bb Minor*, composed ten years earlier, proves this. The peculiarly unbalanced orchestra he employed for this work was contrary to the ideal which the instrumentation of his day had set itself. The luxuriously blended orchestral tone, evoked by the homophonic heritage which was still the melodic ideal, never had a place in Bruckner's musical visions. A combination of instruments which included 2 trumpets and 3 trombones, and yet lacked clarinets and horns, seemed to him natural and desirable for that first of his major works. Only a careful study of the use to which he put this extraordinary group will reveal that it was not a helpless tyro but an artist with definite purpose who penned this unusual score. Bruckner was all the more the true artist because he did not lean on tradition for even this initial "detail" of the work. The score is virtually bare of *tutti* passages, for the massed application of so motley an orchestral gathering would obviously have proved disastrous. This alone shows that the composer was aware of the unprecedented nature of his own musical idiom. Many of his early church compositions (*Mass*, 1846; *Aequale*, 1847; *Requiem*, 1848; *114th Psalm*, 1852; *Vor Arneth's Grab*, 1854; *Libera*, 1854; *Cantata*, *Auf Brueder*, 1854) employ groups of three trombones or horns in brief, antiphonal outbursts, the like of which is not to be found in the instrumentation of the masters since Bach's time. Something of this technique of sounding instruments alternately in contrasted family units rather than in sonorously massed harmony, survived in the pre-classical suites of the 17th century Italian masters, to sound a last, brilliant echo in the alternate *tutti* and concertant passages of the orchestral concertos of Bach and Handel. To grasp this style in its full flourish, however, it is necessary to go back to the prodigally varied choral accomplishments of the age of Giovanni Gabrieli, great Venetian contemporary of Palestrina. Of Gabrieli's art Ambros speaks as follows in his monumental *History of Music*, "His fascination consists in the magic play of contrasted, opposing choral groups which he assembles alternately from the high and low voices. He differed from Palestrina as the consummate draughtsman differs from the enchanting colorist."

That is also the fundamental difference between Wagner's and Bruckner's orchestral languages. The former heaps up almost stupefying effects of instrumental color, the latter applies his orchestral resources with a rigid, almost austere economy, foreshadowing the twentieth century ideal of instrumentation which despises as "bad art" a mere doubling of instruments detrimental to the straightforward clarity of a melodic line. In this one great variance between the technical methods of the two masters lies the key to the mystery of the garbling of Bruckner's original versions by his Wagnerian-minded disciples. Their motives cannot be questioned. They loved Bruckner, "not wisely, but too well." Although they realized the beauty and grandeur of his musical

ideas, they failed completely to grasp the prophetic, inviolable truth of his method of expression. It remains only for the musical historian to discover whether Bruckner, a very sick, old man, with no thought left for anything but his God and his unfinished *Ninth Symphony*, was completely unaware of the rather furtive activities of Loewe and Schalk "in his behalf", or whether knowing just what was going on, the master decided it would be best to let the matter rest and trust to the future to set it right. Certainly, it was not out of vanity that he willed his original manuscripts to the Viennese National Library. Was it not his unspoken wish that that great institution should at the proper time publish all his work as he had actually conceived it? Can anyone at this date question the value of such publication to the cause of art?

—Gabriel Engel

BRUCKNER'S *MASS IN E MINOR* (AMERICAN PREMIERE)

Several prominent church musicians in this country had been planning during the past few seasons to perform Bruckner's great *Mass in E Minor*. Seventy years had passed since its composition. Yet America had never heard it. Its performance was one of the dearest wishes of the late James P. Dunn, brilliant American composer and musical director.

The unusual difficulties of this *Mass* demanded long and careful preparation. They required not only a fine choir and soloists, but above all a leader who was both a thorough musician and a firm believer in the greatness of Bruckner's sacred music. Such a leader was James P. Dunn, whose dream of producing the *Mass in E. Minor* untimely death rendered forever impossible of realization.

Such a leader, too, is Raymond Nold, musical director of the musically famous Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in New York City. To the first-rate singers of his church the difficulties of Bruckner's score were comparatively simple to master. Thus it came about, as a joyful surprise, that the *Mass in E Minor* was given at the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, Jan. 12, 1936. It was a historic occasion, the significance of which was re-echoed when the work was sung again at the same church on April 26.

Meanwhile Bruckner's *First Mass* (in D Minor) in some respects the most impressive of all his sacred compositions, still awaits its first hearing in America. Will Mr. Nold, whose interest in Bruckner's church music finally brought about the performance of the *Mass in E Minor*, soon also add this most neglected of the world's great masses to the distinguished repertoire of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin?

MUSIC, MAHLER, AND MYSTICISM

I. THE BASIC NATURE OF MUSIC

Before I begin to speak of Gustav Mahler and his work I shall have to dispel several prevailing illusions which education and enviroment have rendered an almost integral part of our general mental make-up.

First: the illusion that music is an art, if art is, as Webster's Standard Dictionary will have it, "the power or quality of perceiving and transcribing the beautiful or esthetic in nature".

The nightingale makes music, beautiful music; yet we can hardly imagine it as "perceiving and transcribing" anything, for it will sing in a covered cage—yes, it will go on singing even though blinded.

Primitive Australian negroes make music, singing with abandon and playing their crude instruments. Ask these uncultivated musicians whether they are "transcribing the beautiful or esthetic" by means of melodic or rhythmic sounds; they will not even know what you mean. Ask them why they sing and play at all; they will answer (as the Hopi Indians actually did) "We don't know".

Indeed, do we, intellectual products of an enlightened civilization, really know why we make music? Can we explain exactly why we sing in church, why we intone the national anthem when the flag goes by, why we feel the urge to dance when the jazzband strikes up? No, we can no more fathom the mysterious prime source of music than the nightingale, for music-making is with us no less the expression of an unknown urge than it is with the feathered warbler.

Therefore music, its very origin beyond our knowledge, cannot be an art at all. The expert, however, insists that it is an art, because it obeys the "eternal and universal laws of beauty and esthetics." Answering him I say, "The laws to which you refer are anything but eternal and universal. To the Chinese, who were already saturated with a highly developed and complicated system of civilization when the forefathers of Richard Wagner were still cavemen, the music of that great composer sounds barbarous. On the other hand, to us, comparatively immature offspring of the younger Western civilization, the music of the Chinese sounds undeveloped and dull. These so-called laws of yours, then, are not really universal. —Are they eternal? The laws of harmony, counterpoint, the eight-measure period, sonata-form, etc., were evolved artificially not more than a mere two or three hundred years ago and have been subject to continuous change during every generation since. —Now what of esthetics? This 'science or theory of the beautiful in taste and art' (as Webster's puts it) is no science at all. It is a round-game, like bridge. Laws? Why, the real musician creates his work as spontaneously as the nightingale sings its songs, or as the Australian Negro creates his song-and-dance symphony of drums and shouts. The process involves no rules, neither eternal nor universal".

Another illusion that cramps our musical outlook is the notion that the nightingale or the Australian Negro or (to approach our own state) an Irish or Czechoslovakian peasant has a simple, uncomplicated mind, while a great scientist or a big-business "dictator" has a manifold, complicated brain. If anything, just the contrary is true. We, highly civilized folk, brought up in and limited by that drab gaoler of the imagin-

ation known as "common sense" and "pure reason"—we are growing ever more simple and uncomplicated mentally. Modern ethnology has proved that primitive man, like the animal, is very complicated—in fact, complex. Actual experience, the memory of the past, dreams and illusions, are an ever present, tangible vivid reality to the primitive. We representatives of a single-tracked rationalism are virtually incapable of realizing so rich a complex of mental imagery as the "savage" possesses.

Therefore it is difficult for us to appreciate the presence of such a complex in the musical expression of the primitives. Textbooks on musical history teach us that the music of the primitives is strictly homophonous, presenting only a single melody at a time, without any harmonic accompaniment. This view is, to say the least, inaccurate. Some of you will perhaps remember the record of the Javanese Gamelang-Orchestra which I played for you during a former lecture to illustrate a phase of the psychology of polyphony. The so-called "melody" was the smallest item in that symphony of bells; yet what a tempest of varied rhythms raged about the "melody!" Its intricacies seemed to us the frenzied expression of madness.

Yes, madness—that is just what the primitive complexity of mind appears to us. The madman's mind does not distinguish between dream reality, between memory and present experience. These are one indivisible unit to him—and so they are to the creative artist, too, particularly to the musician. Thus our convenient concept of the "simple savage" is only another mistaken illusion.

Still another illusion under which we labor is: that songs, especially folk-songs, were engendered by words or poems. "Hurrah!" is a primitive song. Do you know what "Hurrah" means? If you think so, try to explain it by exact definition; you will see how helpless our language is when it attempts to clarify the confusion of urges that produce the outburst "Hurrah!" Nevertheless you are sure that you can realize the complex of feelings, thoughts, and urges that find such expression. The two meaningless syllables "Hur-rah" represent the whole complex. This definition, advanced by the noted psychologist Jung, may help us to understand it: "A symbol is the best possible expression or formula of a relatively unknown fact, which however is perceived as existent. The cross is a symbol if it is the evident expression of an unknown and inexplicable, mystical or transcendental, i.e., psychological, fact."

The *symbol* stands for a complex, which cannot be explained but which can be expressed, either visibly, by an image, or audibly, by sounds. Cross and churchbells are related symbols.

"Hurrah", the symbol, is "Hurrah", the music.

The song of the nightingale is the symbolic expression of the complex of its feelings. The calls, shouts, and even the wordless songs of the primitives have such significance. These symbols existed as sounds before words or word-producing thoughts were born.

The first words ever pronounced still denoted vague complexes: hurrah, alas, God, love, kill, etc. Later words of symbolic import became current (sweetheart, flower, moon, sun, sea, earth) preserving their symbolic character to this very day.

The primitives would mingle such words with the meaningless syllables, such as *lalala* or *hurrah*, which they shouted in the course of their singing.

As time went on other words related to the same complex became associated with the original word, but incoherent words with symbolic meaning have never ceased to characterize these complexes. Thus the folksongs of the whole world are pregnant with meaning, even though they are deficient in logic and grammar. They are not the product of concentrated thoughts, but rather the expression of expansive feelings.

If you will grant that the complex of mind, emotion, and urge may be identified by the term "soul", you will find Schiller's poetic definition highly illuminating and precise:

"*Spricht die Seele, so spricht, ach, schon die Seele nicht mehr*". (If the soul speaks, then it is—alas—no longer the soul that speaks)—only mere intellect.

If music speaks, i.e., if it tries to communicate ideas, descriptions, or anything of extra-musical nature, then it can no longer be pure music.

To sum up, then: music is basically not an art, but an expression of a primeval urge. There are no general rules for making music. Basically, it is not linear melody, expressive of linear thought, but rather (as the expression of a multifarious complex) an apparently lawless compact of rhythms and melodies. If it evokes verbal interpolations, these are incoherent words, having no intellectual, but merely a symbolic, meaning.

II. RATIONALISM vs. MYSTICISM

Now you may ask: "How and why did our Western music attain its linearity, as revealed in the work of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven, and—what has all this chatter of yours to do with Gustav Mahler, anyhow?"

First, to explain those phenomena, Gluck and Mozart.

Our European forefathers had minds as complex as those of the primitives. In fact, during the Middle Ages this complex mind constructed the tremendously complex Gothic cathedrals; it experienced the complex vision of eternity in Dante's *Divine Comedy;* it created the irrefutable philosophy of omnipresence as expounded by Meister Eckhardt. The man of the Middle Ages felt that he was an integral part of nature, of the universe, and of eternity, centered in God, the Omnipresent, of Whom man is an essential expression (*unio mystica*). To him, too, as to God Himself, the past and the present, dreams and ideas, were an actual, living experience, tangible and evident by itself.

This multifarious composition of mind expressed itself in a multifarious music. The polyphonic organ and the many-voiced sacred choruses were the final product of this music based on the folksongs, which also were originally polyphonic.

Yet again we must correct a prevalent misconception: that of the simplicity of the original European folk-songs. Our knowledge of the European continent in the early Middle Ages comes to us through Roman descriptions alone. In their colonies the Romans educated the population

in the essentials of Roman mentality. That was the cultural aim of the ancient, traditional Greco-Roman mental training, as it had been summed up in that terribly mechanistic system of behaviorism by Aristotle. Yes, Aristotle, the "father of logic", was the school-tyrant who disrupted our coherence with the universe and eternity; who cramped our transcendental powers, our breadth of vision, our emotions and our faith. For almost two thousand years the civilized world submitted to his tyranny. Our music was only an incidental victim in the holocaust of cultural reconstruction. In Greek the word "monotonous" means single-tuned, and that is exactly the way Greek music sounds. Just as Aristotle sought to train the civilized mind to think only a single thought at a time, so Greco-Roman music sought to express only a single feeling, using but one tune at a time. This is called "homophony", single-tuned music, the contrary of polyphony, many-tuned music.

The European continent surrendered to that utterly simple, logical system. Only the Britons (though they were also Roman provincials) and the Scandinavian tribes did not. Among them, during the Middle Ages, the original polyphonic folksong survived. Their singers kept improvising counter-tunes to the standard melodies. Later the Italians, very significantly, called this process counterpoint: *contra punto alla mente*, counterpoint according to the mind. To Victor Lederer and Guido Adler, both contemporaries, compatriots, and friends of Mahler, must go the credit for the discovery of these important facts. They proved that this folksong-polyphony was brought over to the continent by the bards, minstrels, and trouveres, making it possible for the European to give vent to his inborn feeling in the manner of his original, i.e., aboriginal, polyphonic mind.

Dunstable, Ockenheim, Josquin de Pres, Adrian Willaert are the expression of that Gothic mind. They pave the way for the great Orlando Lasso and Palestrina. These in turn press onward and upward toward that gigantic mystic, J. S. Bach.

A hundred years before Bach was born, European music had come to a fresh crisis. As early as the 14th century there spread from Italy a new wave of rational liberalism. Again the profound *unio mystica* of man, nature, and God succumbed to a sober, dreary matter-of-factness tantamount to a rebirth of the Greek mentality. The mystics were supplanted by the Protestants—Dante by Macchiavelli, Palestrina by Monteverdi. Aristotle became the fad more than he had ever been before. Rationalism prepared the scientific age. Common-sense was once more the reigning tyrant. The decline of the Western world began.

The European mind, confined now to thinking and feeling in terms of logic, of matter-of-factness, became single-tracked. As it might think of only one thing and feel but one thing at a time, insubordinate feelings and thoughts, which threatened to interfere with the one painstakingly isolated, legitimate thought, were inexorably subordinated, becoming a mere psychological accompaniment.

This reborn single-tracked mentality had to be expressed by a correspondingly single-tracked music. Thus a new species of homophony, an offspring of polyphony, arose in Florence. One melody only was permitted to sing. The other melodies were turned into tonal freaks, called chords and harmonies.

Monsieur Jean Philippe Rameau reduced these freaks to a system "according to their natural principles."

That happened in 1722.

Thus our "eternal" and "natural" musical system (staunchly defended by the rationalists today) is hardly more than 200 years old.

Progress marched on with seven-league boots. By mistake Grand Opera was invented (it is still a mistake in this Year of Grace, 1936.) It was Grand Opera that established the sovereignty of homophony in music.

There were no complex characters then, either in life or on the stage. A human being was good or bad, haughty or humble, strong or weak, harsh or soft, but nothing more. Naturally, the music composed to fit such characters was linear, i.e., one-tracked.

But, Nature, driven out with a pitchfork, will return again.

The French Revolution, which marked the climax of rationalism, proclaimed Reason as the world's sole ruling divinity. Yet before that arrogant proclamation was made, Hume in England and Herder in Germany had already undermined the fundamentals of rationalism and paved the way for modern psychology. Even some of the Encyclopedists, bulwarks of orthodox rationalism, honestly admitted that the human soul was not as simple as reason would have it. Courageous poets began to bask in the light of Shakespeare, that portrayer *par excellence* of complex humanity.

In music Gluck and Mozart ventured to penetrate unprobed regions of the human soul. Thus the subconscious, officially "discovered" (so to speak) about a hundred and thirty years later, already attained musical expression when the world was still gripped by the most sturdy rationalism.

Nature continued to battle the drab pitchforks of the rationalists. The light of science grew ever brighter. Science was, as it is today, and will be tomorrow, the broadening influence that restores to man's mind its mystic union with God and Nature.

Our own age (I mean the period after the World War) is anti-rationalistic. If my interpretation is correct, we have grown mystic-minded again. Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and Zionism are transcendental tendencies, like occultism, theosophy, astrology, parapsychology, and other complex superstitions. It is very significant, for instance, that medicine today uses methods (exercises, breathing, massage, diets, vitamins, hormones, etc.) which the witchdoctors of the aborigines have been using instinctively for centuries. The miracles of higher mathematics, the x-ray, radio, radium, electricity, the theory of relativity— all these are as many proofs of the teachings of the wise men of the Middle Ages as they are refutations of the humdrum platitudes of the outspoken rationalists. Enlightened by the modern research of Frazer, Levy-Bruehl, Boas, Frobenius, etc., into the occult powers of the so-called primitive mind, we envy the "savages" their rich complex of mental power. We are even proud if that clown of modern science, the psychoanalyst, reveals the presence of some funny complex in our mental make-up.

The truth is, we have become complex again! ! !

Julius Caesar and Napoleon (two arch-rationalists) won worldwide admiration because they were able to dictate five or six letters at once. Our respect for this attainment of the two great leaders vanishes im-

mediately when we consider how many thoughts and feelings go whirling through the brain and heart of a New York girl as she drives her car down Sixth Avenue.

Gears, gas, steering-wheel, cars right, cars left, cars in front, cars behind (seen through the mirror) pillars, traffic lights, traffic police signalling, pedestrians everywhere; vanity-mirror, lipstick, conversation with the boy friend, consulting the watch, fear of being late—and as though that were not enough, she turns on the radio, loosing a fresh host of concepts; jazzband, tango, chorus-melody, symbolic words with double-meanings in connection with the boy friend and herself; vision of another boy friend; of dancing to the same song, of petting with a stranger; vision of the lighted dance-floor and the dinner table, smell of cocktail and chicken liver; the rhythmic urge of the tango against the rhythm of the motor, counterpoint of rhythms on the street, etc., etc.

After all, Julius Caesar and Napoleon dictated their letters in the safety of their offices, while the girl, if she loses control for one second only, may crash to death—and she knows that, also—subconsciously.

III. MAHLER THE MYSTIC

Now we come to Gustav Mahler.

The development of our music from Gluck and Mozart to Richard Wagner and Debussy paralleled the scientific enrichment of our mind during the Nineteenth Century. The difference between "*Oh vieni, non tardar* in *Figaro* and *Isoldes Liebestod* is only a difference of degree and not of pedigree. The basis of Wagner's and Debussy's music is still linear. It is still the rationalistic stylization of the dominant thought and feeling, subordinating side-thoughts and secondary feelings.

But the rebirth of the mentality of the Middle Ages was already imminent. The German Romanticists, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, reopened the way for it through their philosophy. Dostojewsky painstakingly portrayed the complex and the complexity of the eternally primitive Russian. The growing interest in the exploration of national and racial folklore did the rest. A new world outlook, a new view of nature had come to mankind. He had experienced a new expansion of the soul into the omnipresence of God.

It happened at that time, that a boy of six, living in the small town of Kalischt in Moravia, was asked, "What would you like to be when you grow up?" The boy did not answer, "A soldier", or "A trolley car conductor", or "A physician," or even "A musician". He bluntly said, "A martyr".

This unusual boy was Gustav Mahler. Though a Jew by birth, the child was clearly Catholic-minded, because to be a martyr means to die for mankind and attain the complete mystic union with God. It means the absorption of the limited individual into the infinite universe.

Strange desire for a little Jewish boy, was it not? Yet not so strange in Moravia. There the soil is saturated with mysticism. To you in America, Moravians mean merely the sect of the United Brethren, those descendants of Protestant pilgrims who left their native country as martyrs to their religious conviction—but I know their inmost nature.

I led a company of them during the war. They were outwardly just simple people, but in reality their mental background was tremendously broad. Their folksongs and their folk tales are no less great than the more widely known songs and tales of Russia. Their thoughts and their deeds embrace the universe. To them even the petty military service in the Austrian army had the meaning of a great human communion. My boys, Czechoslovakians as well as Germans, were martyrs. They knew they were and they were glad of it.

Like New York, Vienna is a melting pot of races and nations. In Vienna the restlessness of Western civilization blends with the fatalistic quietism of the Near East.

It was in Vienna that Mahler's personality developed. He was, to be sure, a director and conductor of Grand Opera. His destiny, however, was not the singing stage, but pure, *absolute* music. Thus he felt compelled to convert his very first opera, *Das klagende Lied*, into a symphony. Its universal meaning swept aside the narrow limits and conventions of the stage.

The stage wants matter-of-factness, a story, clearly developed according to the rules patterning the material conflicts of individual life. *The Barber of Seville* has such a story (no less than *Parsifal.*) If operas have some general or universal revelation to make they do so by showing an individual as the representative of the general. Tristan and Isolde are individual representatives of sensuous love in general. Figaro (in *Marriage of Figaro*)is the representative of the witty proletarian fighting serfdom. To Mahler, the mystic, the individual meant little. He longed to express humanity itself directly.

To him music was not the expression of an individual, but the general expression of omnipresent humanity, incorporeal, yet charged with primeval dynamics. His transcendental dreams were not suited to the stage at all. How, for instance, could a solitary trumpeter or a French-horn player, in theatrical costume and make-up, midst some poorly individualized theatrical scenery, sound the *grosse Appell*, the fanfare of Supreme Judgment, without appearing ridiculous? How could an operatic chorus in costume and make-up represent, with its clumsy antics, all humanity arising from the tomb? The mere thought of such a caricature makes one shiver.

Where the whole universe is the stage, no painted background can replace the infinity of our imagination.

Yet a theatrical producer, whom Reinhardt's glory deprives of sleep, may object to Mahler's use of military signals, implying that Mahler thought in terms of individualized symbols, "soldiers of life", in short, outspoken dramatic characters.

Go slowly, Mr. Producer.

Mahler used military signals to express the universal roll-call of humanity. He did more. Like Beethoven he used the martial march rhythm as the symbol of ever progressing humanity. Mahler's military signals and marches are of anything but an individualizing nature.

That brings us to the core of our problem.

The painter of the Middle Ages (and even of the Renaissance) portrayed the characters of the Bible in the costumes and features of his own

times. His complex mind experienced both past and dreams as real and ever present. The "Green Pastures", a modern product of a similar mentality, portrays the characters of the Bible (even "the Lawd") as modern American Negroes of Harlem.

Mahler did exactly the same thing when portraying mankind itself. He was a mystic. As a mystic he felt past and present, illusions and facts, this world and the next world, as a present unity. He, like the mediaeval painters and sculptors, could express this unity only by using his own personal experience.

"The real mystic is a *real* realist," remarked a highly cultured lady of New York recently, in speaking of Meister Eckhardt and Jacob Boehme.

Mahler photographed life, or the essence of life, as it really is, bare and crude, jüst as he experienced it. At the same time he enlarged that photograph to its utmost transcendental complexity.

He grew up near the military barracks. Consequently the whole world became a kind of military barracks to him, with all humanity as its infinite army. It is this army that marches so realistically to battle in the mighty Finale of the Resurrection Symphony. Beneath this complexity of battle is felt the mystic urge towards universal martyrdom. In Bruckner's symphonies the military march may even have a chorale background. It is logical that after the battle God should sound His roll-call in military style. It is logical that the busy life of mankind should be expressed in the rustic waltz (*Laendler*) of the Moravian peasants, with a background suggestive of the great Pan, to symbolize all nature. The music achieves increased grandeur through its gigantic orchestral demands, especially through its consummately varied and powerful use of the percussion, most primitive of instrumental families.

Mahler is in no respect a beautifier. He takes his photographs, but will not retouch them. Thus in his work vulgar prototypes are expressed by vulgar music. That these vulgar bits are sometimes exaggerated through orchestral magnification is not his fault. He is no artist; he is a savage giving expression to his complex experience. Sincere music is not a beauty parlor for ugly experiences. Furthermore, the bitter sarcasm with which Mahler reveals all mankind as marching along in military rank and file or merrily tripping about a dance-floor as broad as the universe does not render his photographic enlargements more palatable to squeamish estheticians. Such courageous expression of actual life may be the result of Mahler's intense study of Dostojewsky, the comprehensive analyst of the mystic depths in human life. From him also comes that amazing technical daring reborn in Mahler's reckless treatment of the prevailing laws of harmony and counterpoint. Today Mahler's musical idiom sounds quite tame and conservative to some of us, but I remember, as a boy, having been thrilled by his harmonic daring. To describe this freedom as the first manifestation of our new, modern mentality seems entirely just to me. The sincere, though cruel, confession that the essence of our Austrian life is in reality not the much heralded *Gemuetlichkeit*, as embodied in elegant, light-hearted musical comedy, but rather the tragic struggle of an ingenuous nation against the hardships of mental serfdom—this confession set our minds free. There is an interesting little story which circulates among our young musicians. During a "social" at Schoenberg's Mahler, in the course of a conversation with young Anton Webern, alluded to Dostojewsky. Webern, beyond

his depth, frankly confessed, "I fear, I'm not up to that as yet". Mahler turned to Schoenberg harshly: "Schoenberg, what's the matter with you, teaching these boys harmony and counterpoint, instead of giving them Dostojewsky and more Dostojewsky". Apparently Schoenberg has not read Dostojewsky to this very day—but the younger musicians of Vienna have. Karl Kraus, the philosopher, has done much for them, also. Yet sarcasm and irony and their transcendental projection, so prevalent in Dostojewsky, were not exclusively Mahler's personal hobby. They are a feature and experience all Austrians have in common.

Where else in the world can you find a popular song such as this? "Sell my clothes, I'm riding up to heaven", or "I'll tear a chunk out of the world and throw it in her face," or "There will always be wine, but I'll be no more; there will always be pretty girls, but we'll be here no more, hollohdero". Where else can one imagine a drunken night-club singer, having fallen into a pit, in which there are heaped up corpses, victims of the plague, and having slept quietly all night, waking up in the morning, crawling out of the pest-hole, and composing the immortal folksong: "O du lieber Augustin"? Where else could that have happened but in Vienna? Mahler's life in his symphonies is a genuine product of that selfsame temperament.

Yet Mahler, a product rather of the intellectual metropolis Vienna than of the country Austria, was very intellectual too.

Bruckner, a veritable reincarnation of medieval monkhood, was an Upper Austrian peasant in both his life and his music. His mystical faith was the naive faith and the ingenuous transcendentalism that had passed down to him through innumerable generations. The Catholicism of Mahler, the Jewish convert, was more militant, alert, enthusiastic, and fanatical. Bruckner never could have conceived humanity as an ever marching army and the Last Judgment as God's own court-martial, concepts which Mahler embodied in his *Second Symphony*. Bruckner could never have combined God's own anthem, *Veni creator spiritus*, with a rather theatrical, though profound, apotheosis of Goethe's *Faust*, as Mahler did in his *Eighth Symphony*.

Bruckner would have shrunk from the reckless buoyancy which makes the Transfiguration in Mahler's mystic experience so extremely human and realistic. Mahler's affinity with Dostojewsky, who transposed the divine character of Jesus Christ into the petty frame of semi-modern society in his *Idiot*, is striking.

Hear how realistically he portrays the human soul, dreaming, like a child, of Eternity! *Roeschen* as soul is a perfect nature-symbol. The faith that sways the soul is almost a childish stubbornness. In the infinite distance beams the "little lamp" of eternal life. We glimpse God the Father and His Judgment Angel. The song is a vision of the Milky Way.

Here is music not as art but as nature in its role as the mystic background of life. The so-called laws of esthetics are invalid here. The words are disconnected utterances, mere symbols, not a means toward intellectual understanding. Here the polyphony of the primeval folksong becomes the polyphony of our technical age, which is mentally primitive, like the Middle Ages.

IV. MAHLER'S SIGNIFICANCE TO AMERICAN MUSIC

I am not sure whether Mahler as a composer will ever be popular with the matinee-audiences of Carnegie Hall, but of this, I am sure.

If young American composers must study some foreign composer in order to create American music, then that European should be Gustav Mahler.

I have already hinted at the resemblance of the melting-pot, Vienna, to the melting-pot, New York. Despite our Protestant majority and the strong Jewish element in our American musical life, the Mystic mind is a predominant feature of "God's own country", as America is significantly called. I, at least, have found in no other country of the world so many who were inclined to mysticism, often without even being aware of it. I have found many here, who know Meister Eckhardt and Jacob Boehme better than Europeans, even Germans, usually do. In no other country is the word "background", a keyword of transcendentalism, as prevalent as here. Nevertheless, the American is a scion of extreme realism and common sense. He has even the courage to disregard esthetics and to be as vulgar and as sentimental as he pleases. Inspired by the immensity of his country he creates immense cathedrals of science, skyscrapers, and Boulder Dams, the Gothic art of today. Here again he touches the transcendental, as Mahler does in his gigantic symphonies.

The only music America has created thus far is her dance-music and her folksongs. The fact that both are polyphonic in nature is highly pertinent to this discussion of Mahler. Dance-music and polyphonic folk-songs constitute the thematic fundamentals of Mahler's music.

Why toy with analogies when we have facts to present? When WABC asked the radio-audience to vote for the symphonic composer they liked best, Anton Bruckner was well up among the favorites. Beethoven and Wagner are nationally advertised, like Sunkist Oranges or General Motors, but the humble Bruckner—exclude the few who read the publications of the Bruckner Society, and almost nobody knows of him. Compared with the performances given Beethoven and Brahms those granted Bruckner are very, very few in number—far fewer in fact, than the number to which he seems entitled by public vote. Yes, Bruckner already has his following in this country, a following of staunch conviction.

As to Mahler, most scorned and neglected of our step-children, how would the American audience vote, were he performed even as often as Bruckner? Mahler, mystic and realist, friend and disciple of Bruckner, had much in common with the genius of his spiritual teacher. Yet Mahler is easier to understand. He is closer than Bruckner to the American spirit, with its complex of crowded life, skyscrapers, motoring, and Nature-worship.

To young American composers for whom the study of Brahms, Debussy, Casella, and Strawinsky has failed to prove the touchstone of individual creative inspiration, I would say:

"Study Mahler. You will be amazed by his affinity with your own ideas and your own mentality. Study his principles and his methods. Study him carefully and critically. Then put his scores aside. Forget him—and be YOURSELF."

—Ernst Lert

BRUCKNER'S MUSICAL WORLD

I was singularly privileged ten years ago with an opportunity to voice my faith in Bruckner before a distinguished assemblage of Austrian and German music-lovers gathered about the master's reopened tomb at St. Florian. The faith I then professed has grown deeper, if possible, during the intervening years, which I have spent in the constant study of Bruckner's mighty symphonies—faith in their unrivalled musical splendor.

We, who revere the art of Bruckner, also believe implicitly in the genius and significance of Wagner and Brahms, his two great contemporaries. We believe that to each of the three belongs a place of immeasurable historic and esthetic importance in the musical development of the nineteenth century. Yet Bruckner means something more to us than either Wagner or Brahms. For us his music is something entirely apart, a purer music than that of those two masters, who so overshadowed his art during the years in which he produced his greatest symphonies. We believe that Bruckner's music represents not only the culmination of all musical expression in the latter half of the nineteenth century, but also the purest embodiment of the very spirit of music, a tonal incarnation of a loftiness matched by the last quartets of Beethoven and Bach's noblest works alone. We believe that his symphonies are of millennial, not to say eternal, scope; that they will never age with the flight of years, but (like Plato's Dialogues) retain their freshness as long as mankind survives.

"The nature of a man's philosophy depends upon his own nature", said Fichte. The nature of a composer's works also depends upon his own nature. What then was the nature of this man Bruckner?

Much that smacks of the grotesque has been said about him. Some ask us to believe that he was indeed a great composer, but at the same time just a simple creature like the peasant or the typical village school-master of his native upper Austria; that Bruckner the man was like the countless thousands of his rustic compatriots; that, in short, every provincial Upper Austrian was essentially a "Bruckner", the master himself differing from the country school-master not in quality, but rather in the quantitative degree to which he possessed the outstanding traits of this widespread "Bruckner" type. To this very day one may hear the people of the Linz-St. Florian district talk of "our Toni". The familiarity certainly proves their affection, but it reveals no less surely a complete ignorance of Bruckner's artistic caliber.

It is inconceivable that anyone may be a great composer and yet, in all other respects, just an every-day, average human. Surely, artist and man are not to be differentiated nor separated from each other in so nonchalant a manner. Particularly false, when applied to Bruckner, is this legend of the great musician, who was just an ordinary sort of man—that is, unless by "man" we refer to the way he acted in company, or the clothes he wore, rather than to his attitude to the world in which he lived, to the cosmos surrounding it, and to the metaphysical or eternal lying beyond.

What sort of man, then, was Bruckner? All who knew him were impressed with his deep piety. Piety, in its deepest sense, is the conviction that there exists a super-earthly Power in the face of which all that

is merely earthly becomes as naught, and yet that there is some mystic link between this spiritual Power and what is merely of the earth. The ability to envision and realize this Power from the Beyond in the Here is the kernel of piety. Let it not be thought that this piety, this gift of super-earthly vision, is an everyday occurrence. It is far more than a theory-propped affirmation of some creed-bound phenomenon. It predicates that the soul of the truly pious being must burn inextinguishably with faith in a reality beyond that of the senses. It demands soul, phantasy, the ability to universalize, a boundless sense of coherence, an unerring gift for discerning essentials. This piety requires, above all, greatness of soul. Perhaps spiritual greatness may also arise from other sources, but there can be no doubt that that soul is truly great which can trace step for step the path from reality to super-reality. This piety alone suffices to prove its possessor a being far above the ordinary. Bruckner's was such piety; he was a great being, even outside his music.

A philosopher is one who can formulate his relationship to the world in systematic thought, one who can translate his world-feeling into world-concepts. The philosopher, however, does not stand alone in his possession of a world-outlook. Bruckner was no philosopher. Yet he had an outlook upon the world so consummate that philosophers might well have envied him for it. Perhaps I should not say that Bruckner *had* such an outlook, but rather, that he personified it, for what is a man if he is not his outlook upon things? Bruckner's view was that of the mystic, for whom the earthly world is a mere shadow.

A man's attitude towards music and the world are inseparable. What he demands of music depends upon how he regards the cosmos and God. Much like the mystic's view of the world, there is a view of music which will not permit intrusion upon the art by the realm of things, of happenings, or of experiences of the ego. Such was Bruckner's outlook upon music. He had no so-called philosophy or esthetics of music, a dialectical presentation of the essence of the art. Nevertheless the basic secret of music was known to him—the secret that the tonal realm is one apart from all that which is describable as nature or soul, matters that may be, more or less adequately, clarified by verbal concepts. Bruckner knew the secret of the basic autonomy of music without having been able to formulate it in the manner of an esthetician. Yet since he never expressed this knowledge in so many words, how may we affirm with certainty that he possessed it? Should we deduce his musical views from his tonal creations, we would only be going about in a *circulus vitiosus*. There is, happily, a better means of ascertaining what he understood by music and what he expected of it—his decades of unceasing musical study. No one to-day will dare to say that such study was necessary for him because he was insufficiently gifted musically. If music had meant for him merely the art of representing nature or personal experiences in tone, he would have dispensed with the bulk of that long period of "preparatory" study (it lasted more than thirty years) which, naturally, struck misunderstanding observers as grotesque, if not actually pathological in character. He need only have studied nature and the soul before venturing upon symphonic composition. It was not nature in tone, but rather the very nature of music that he sought to fathom, as he analyzed again and again, with infinite care and patience, every known principle of harmony and counterpoint. However superfluous these protracted studies may seem to have been, Bruckner's zeal in their pursuit,

once stupidly attributed to the "village organist's" feeling of inferiority, reveals one thing: his belief in the impersonality, autonomy, and complete self-sufficiency of music.

Just as the composer's attitude towards music is closely akin to his view of the world, so the nature of his musical creation depends upon his musical outlook. Of course, the prime prerequisite for musical creation is the possession of a musical creative gift, without which even the soundest outlook upon the art will avail one but little in the actual creation of valid tonal works. On the other hand it is possible for the gifted composer to create good music, even though his musical outlook be false and unsound. Many a composer, who has given expression to a faulty musical esthetics, has nevertheless instinctively taken the correct road in his musical creation. Wagner's splendid *Walkuere* score came into existence despite its composer's false tonal esthetics, musical views which he later altered. When a highly gifted composer also possesses a sound view of the nature, purport, and aim of music, as Bruckner did, he cannot fail to produce eminently musical music. To be sure, all music is musical, absolute, autonomous—the bad as well as the good, the music reflecting a faulty as well as that reflecting a sound musical outlook. Indeed nothing but music can take place during the unfolding of any music. Yet the purely musical quality of different compositions will necessarily vary in degree. Just as there are distinguishable different degrees of reality, so is it possible to differentiate between varying degrees of musical quality as represented in the comparative musical autonomy of various compositions. All music is autonomous, absolute, but some music is more absolute, more autonomous than other music. Bruckner's music has always been regarded as particularly "unliterary", and what, in the final analysis, can the term "unliterary" music signify but autonomous music? Even Bruckner's outspoken enemies, who opposed his symphonies out of honest misunderstanding, felt that here was a composer who drew so little upon the things and feelings of this world for his inspiration, that those who listened to his music from any "literary", i.e., extra-musical viewpoint whatsoever, found themselves completely at a loss for even the most general literary (programmatic) background that might throw light upon the music's content. Thus when those who believed themselves enthusiasts for Bruckner's art, actually strove to circulate such extra-musical explanations to sanction their fealty to the master in the eyes of a sceptical musical world, they did his cause more harm than good. They loved him, to be sure, but understood him perhaps even less than his enemies, who denied and persecuted him openly for a reason which, however cruel, was founded in truth. The reason was this: Bruckner's music was, as every unprejudiced hearer could clearly feel, literally overflowing with sheer music, that is, with absolute-musical content, and hence was but music, with no significance beyond itself.

Among all musical creations, which reflect, as they must, varying degrees of absoluteness, the great symphonies of Bruckner belong to the most absolute which the sway of the spirit of music over the mind has ever produced. Bruckner's music is unalloyed music incarnate.

Still this music is at the same time the expression of the man Bruckner, though not in the sense that it reflects or portrays his personal feelings, as if the composer had sought by means of it to reveal himself and his soul. The man Bruckner does find expression in his music, an ex-

pression unwilled, one which could not have been conjured up by conscious purpose. The soul of the man Bruckner rested securely on a plane beyond the earthly. It was upon that plane that his entire will and being were focused. Therefore music meant to him a realm apart, an independent world of impersonal spirituality. That such was his view of music and that his music was indeed an expression of that world, these truths constitute the revelation of his individual personality, a personality wholly impersonal, beyond the personal. Only such an individuality could have been the source of music so wholly impersonal, so supremely autonomous as the symphonies of Anton Bruckner.

—Felix M. Gatz

THE MESSAGE OF BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONIES

(A tribute delivered by Felix M. Gatz at St. Florian, July 1926)

"When I am no more, tell the world of my suffering and persecution," Bruckner once said.

Why was Bruckner persecuted?

Because he was, more than we others, just a stranger, a visitor on earth. His whole being was rooted in the cosmic, the transcendental. He was, in the deepest sense, a mystic.

Every mystic is inevitably a hermit amongst men. He beholds the earth with the eyes of one who dwells in the Absolute.

This great loneliness of the mystic was intensified in Bruckner's case, because he was born into a completely unmystical age. That age could not but feel that he was a protest against it—a living denunciation of it.

Yet Bruckner's age was, in the light of some of its foremost representatives, one of romanticism.

Bruckner was no romanticist, however. All romanticism, gripped by a yearning for the infinite, gazes into the boundless Distance; but Bruckner's entire being was actually rooted there. He was at home in the Absolute, just as we, every-day beings, are at home in earthly surroundings. Compared with Bruckner's world even the romanticism of his age was earthly.

Furthermore, his age was intoxicated with its visions of beauty.

Bruckner's tonal visions are not merely of great beauty. There is inherent in their beauty a religious, ethical force as well.

His age was predominantly materialistic. It did not believe in the soul. It would not even countenance the possibility of existence in the Spirit. Nevertheless Bruckner the mystic proclaimed the reality of the soul. He believed in it implicitly.

Bruckner was a mystic—and there is a deep community between mysticism and music. For mysticism, as for music, the substantial world is non-existent. When Bruckner proclaimed the reality of the Spirit, he did not endeavor to shape this belief in the language of tone, in the manner of so many other composers, who pretend to the musical portrayal

of extra-musical concepts. He proclaimed the world of the Spirit, by merely setting his tonal visions before us. These visions, lacking any extra-musical content whatsoever and baffling all attempts to discover such content, constitute Bruckner's direct testimony to the existence of a spiritual world.

Bruckner purged music of the mundane essence with which it had been adulterated by a materialistic age.

Unlike Wagner, who proclaimed his mission to the world in daring manifestos, Bruckner was too unconscious an instrument of the Spirit to have been able to frame in words the revelation which was his to impart.

Those who opposed him out of hostility to his art naturally did not dare arraign the pre-eminently spiritual quality of his music—hence their intense hatred of this being who was loftier than the age in which he was destined to play his transcendental role.

At last our own age, rebelling against the false soverignty of materialism and positivism, is slowly beginning to glimpse Bruckner's mystic, superearthly world.

Here in St. Florian the master spent his years of boyhood and youth. Here he labored through the years in which youth ripened to manhood.

St. Florian was to him a Holy Grail. As its envoy he went forth into the world beyond the monastery. During many decades of bitter striving he would often return to St. Florian, seeking peace and consolation. And when his mission on earth had been fulfilled, he was brought back, at his own wish, to this place to find eternal rest, as befitted a devout member of the sacred band of St. Florian.

Few musicians have lived a life so completely identified with their artistry as Bruckner's. He lived in music alone; music was the expression of his great, universal, mystic-religious, transcendental world-experience. Only those, who understand that experience, may grasp the full significance of Bruckner's art. Therefore, let us strive ever more earnestly to fathom that realm of the Spirit, the world of Bruckner's revelation.

That such a world really exists—that is the message of his great symphonies.

DR. FELIX GATZ TO LECTURE ON BRUCKNER

During the current season Dr. Felix Gatz, noted Bruckner conductor, will deliver a series of lectures on Bruckner under the auspices of the Guild for Musicians. For further information address Erminie Kahn, The Guild for Musicians, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57 St., N. Y. C.

THE CONCERT MASS

The ascent of the soul *per aspera ad astra*, the spiritual theme of the symphony since Beethoven's *Fifth*, had attained its utmost grandeur in the first eight symphonies of Bruckner. Yet not until Fate abruptly tore the pen from Bruckner's fingers as he was working upon a fourth movement for his *Ninth Symphony* was the world granted the opportunity of hearing how satisfyingly complete a symphony could sound even though it closed with a deeply sustained, slow movement. Later Mahler, realizing its splendid, unhackneyed *Finale* possibilities, adopted the *Adagio* character for the closing movement of his *Ninth Symphony*. Because of its unmistakably soaring optimism we justly call such a *Finale* an *Adagio of Affirmation*.

We know that the Mass, the first extended form perfected in the history of music, inspired great composers to their highest achievement centuries before the symphony came into existence. The exalted triumph of the spirit which marks the close of the *Mass* is the prototype of the symphonic *Adagio of Affirmation*. When Bruckner's *Ninth* and Mahler's *Ninth* shall have attained the classic status promised by their deep impression upon every audience thus far, the close kinship they reveal between the greatest of sacred and worldly musical forms is destined to bring the *Mass* into a symphonic prominence resulting in the immeasurable enrichment of the concert repertoire. The marked trend of present-day humanity towards mysticism already suggests the feasibility of such a revolution in symphonic practice. Why restrict universal devotional masterpieces (such as Bach's *B Minor Mass*, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, and Brahms' *Requiem*) to a single, post-seasonal or Holy Day performance each year? Why keep the doors of the concert-hall inexorably closed to new sacred works of imposing, symphonic stature? Time and again the world's greatest composers have shown that sacred texts may also be poems inspiring the creation of giant choral symphonies. In our own day the triumph of Dumler's *Stabat Mater* (at the last Cincinnati May Music Festival) revealed the fact that even jazz-infested America has something of major caliber to offer the world in the field of devotional music.

Dumler is a unique, significant figure in American serious composition. Master of the language of the huge, modern symphony orchestra, he has chosen the larger, sacred musical forms (particularly the *Mass*)as his vehicles of expression. The success of his great *Stabat Mater* has already aroused wide interest in his other works, among which the *Mass of the Triumphant Cross*, conceived in the symphonic idiom and intended for concert performance, especially deserves the attention of all lovers of serious music.

THE KILENYI MEDAL AWARDS (1935–1936)

In recognition of their distinguished services in furthering the general appreciation of Bruckner's and Mahler's art in the United States the following conductors have been awarded the Kilenyi Exclusive Medal of Honor for the season 1935–1936:

The Bruckner Medal: Koussevitzky, Klemperer, Ormandy, O'Connell.

The Mahler Medal: Bodanzky, Gabrilowitsch, Koussevitzky, Mengelberg, Walter.

THE BRUCKNER FESTIVAL IN LINZ

(British Comment)

Our English attitude to Bruckner is a curious one: he has been condemned and dismissed almost without a hearing. Few of the most experienced concert-goers have heard more than three of his symphonies, yet on that little evidence the English public as a whole has dubbed him a long-winded bore and steadfastly refused to give him a further hearing. The musical man in the street has, by some unaccountable whim, lumped Bruckner together with Mahler into a sort of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" partnership and two great and entirely dissimilar Austrian masters are banished as one tedious bore from our concert halls. Our attitude is unjustified and presumptuous in the extreme: quite apart from the intrinsic worth of the music as such it stubbornly disregards the opinions of many of the greatest musicians of the last sixty years. . . .

Is it likely, we must ask ourselves, that the opinion of all these men of knowledge, discernment, and experience who have studied Bruckner's symphonies is wrong, and that a few casual English concert-goers who have heard isolated and perhaps inadequate performances of two or three of the symphonies are right? The experience of hearing six of Bruckner's major works and several minor ones within five days has proved convincingly enough that he is almost grotesquely underestimated in England. The time has come when not only England but the musical world as a whole must hear and judge Bruckner anew.

Bruckner in England, W. L.
THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,
August 14, 1936.

The Bruckner Festival at Linz last week was a decisive experience for most of those who came to Austria doubting Bruckner, and a triumphant celebration for those who were already Brucknerians. Here, in Upper Austria, is the setting for Bruckner's music, here that atmosphere of leisure and composure without which his works cannot be fully appreciated. . . .

Piety, baroque splendour, rusticity, are qualities inherent in Bruckner's music; such was his environment. His love for a festive volume of sound was encouraged by the glorious effect of the *organo pleno* at St. Florian. But Bruckner's music is magnificent in a deeper sense. He is great because his symphonic conceptions are the mightiest since Beethoven—even though one may subscribe to Hugo Wolf's searching criticism that Bruckner's relation to Beethoven is that of Grabbe to Shakespeare—and because his music has often an ecstasy that Brahms, for instance, never approached.

A Memorable Experience,
WILLIAM GLOCK, *The Observer*, (*London*)
July 26, 1936.

Performances Announced for Season 1936-1937

Koussevitzky: Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, Bruckner's *Eighth*, Mahler's *Fifth*.

Ormandy: Bruckner's *Seventh*, Mahler's *Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen*, the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth*.

THE CASE FOR BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

Tried by a former generation for alleged insubordination against the "laws of music", particularly for repeated, felonious assaults upon the venerable form of the symphony, Bruckner and Mahler were found guilty after a swift, superficial hearing and virtually banished from the concert-hall. Finally the scattered Brucknerites of a new generation, having found united expression in the Bruckner Society of America, clamored for an adequate re-hearing of the evidence in the case before a new, unbiased jury, the serious music-lovers of today. They insisted that even the summations (reviews) by the critics of the past were, at best, those of prosecutors; *that, therefore, only the case against Bruckner and Mahler had been presented before sentence was passed.*

In the retrial of Bruckner and Mahler by the present generation of music-lovers, a new verdict depends not so much upon any fresh evidence that has been presented, but rather upon the weight of unwavering corroboration by a formidable array of new, unimpeachable witnesses re-interpreting the old facts (the scores of the symphonies). The evidence for Bruckner and Mahler at the present hearing consists of the interpretations given their symphonies by such witnesses as Bodanzky, Goossens, Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Lange, Leschke, Mitropoulos, Ormandy, Rodzinski, Stock, Stokowski, Toscanini, van Hoogstraten, and Walter. The new, favorable, often enthusiastic summations are the published utterances of practically every critic of importance in the United-States. The public is the jury. Its reactions, expressed by applause, are also reported in the words of the critics.

Thus the following brief excerpts from reviews by outstanding musical commentators constitute a faithful record of the popular and critical reception accorded the works of both Bruckner and Mahler at each performance by a major American symphonic organization during the past five years. Such a record should go far to prove that our serious music-lovers are now prepared to give the entire life-work of these two giant symphonists an unprejudiced, consecutive hearing. Time and again, after fine performances of this or that individual symphony by Bruckner or Mahler, important critics of our day have said, "This symphony should be heard more often." Finally Mr. Sanborn, of the N. Y. World-Telegram, has come into the open, the first American commentator to champion a complete Bruckner cycle. His valiant appeal in this connection is part of the present record.

Chronologically, our Bruckner excerpts begin with the memorable series of performances of Bruckner's *Seventh* by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Toscanini in March, 1931, shortly after the Bruckner Society of America was founded. It seems particularly fitting and significant that the Bruckner Renaissance in America should have been ushered in under the baton of the most illustrious conductor of our generation. The fervent espousal of the master's long neglected cause by Mr. Toscanini, a cause to which the supreme maestro has added a most arresting contribution with each succeeding season, will always be remembered as one of the real milestones on the path of American musical progress during the first half of the Twentieth Century.

For Mahler our record harks back to the prophetic series of performances of the *Symphony of a Thousand* in Philadelphia and New York under Stokowski almost twenty years ago. The conductor's own description

of the public's reception of this gigantic work is cited here. Important milestones in Bruckner and Mahler progress in America are the recent RCA Victor phonograph recordings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and Mahler's *Second* as performed by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under that brilliant young Bruckner-Mahler enthusiast, Eugene Ormandy.

THE CASE FOR ANTON BRUCKNER

I. THE PUBLIC'S VERDICT

F MINOR MASS (Bodanzky, Leschke.)

And it is safe to say that few of the recent attempts to endear the music of this simple, devout Austrian to the local public are likelier to bear fruit than this first performance in New York of the Mass in F Minor . . .
—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. *World-Telegram, October 26, 1931.*

The Mass certainly left a deep and lasting impression on the audience; the genuine spontaneous applause was proof of it.
—HERMANN GENSS, *A Henry F. Budde Publication*, February 7, 1936, San Francisco.

The San Francisco Symphony, the Municipal Chorus, and four soloists ,with Hans Leschke conducting, presented the Bruckner Mass in F Minor at the third municipal concert, January 28th, at the Civic Auditorium to a large and enthusiastic audience.
—*Musical West*, February 1936

THIRD SYMPHONY (Stock.)

Dr. Stock should take courage from the reaction of last night's audience and play us more Bruckner.
—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald Examiner*, January 13, 1933.

FOURTH SYMPHONY
(van Hoogstraten, Koussevitzky, Rodzinski, Stock, Toscanini.)

. . . While a considerable congregation of displaced Stadiumites listened with unmistakable interest.
—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. *World-Telegram*, July 13, 1931.

The applause at the end testified as much.
—H. T. PARKER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 15, 1932.

The concert was well attended and the applause, particularly after Bruckner, long and enthusiastic.
—HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, N. Y. *Times*, November 25, 1932.

The orchestra rose to acknowledge the continued applause.
—M. M., *Musical America*, March 15, 1935

. . . since it met much favor with the public, it is safe to predict that it will be heard again on programs at some future time.
—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, March 8, 1935

FIFTH SYMPHONY
(Goossens, Klemperer, Walter.)

That Cincinnati audiences are appreciative of good music was proved by the reception accorded the symphony, one never before heard here.
—LILLIAN TYLER PLAGSTEDT, *Cincinnati Post*, December 2, 1932

The control that subdued the beginnings of the final crescendo and made possible the blaze of power which ended it and which brought a burst of applause and "bravos" from a large audience was masterly.
—HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, N. Y. *Times*, January 13, 1933

The audience in its enthusiasm, not only applauded but cheered—a heartening record for Bruckner in our incredulous city.
—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. *World-Telegram*, January 16, 1933

Tumultuous applause rewarded the conductor and his splendid orchestra.
—JOACHIM H. MEYER, N. Y. *Staats Zeitung u. Herold*, January 16, 1933.

The finale with horns, trumpets and trombones lined up on an elevation at the back, was vociferous and roused yesterday's audience to enthusiastic applause.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*, January 26, 1935

Mr. Klemperer . . . conducted the orchestra from memory, with an authority so complete and an understanding so vivid and profound that against all odds, and for long movements, he carried his audience with him.
—OLIN DOWNES, N. Y. *Times*, January 30, 1935

The great audience, irresistibly stirred by the blaze of the auxiliary brasses of the concluding pages, applauded the performance heartily.
—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. *World-Telegram*, January 30, 1935

SIXTH SYMPHONY (Goossens.)

How much the Bruckner A Major Symphony affected the receipts cannot be estimated, but the writer feels sure it was materially responsible for the presence of many.
—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, January 12, 1935

. . . its enthusiastic reception by its audiences owed much to the spirited, sensitive and warmly understanding interpretation which Mr. Goossens accorded it.
—S. T. Wilson, *Musical America*, January 25, 1935

SEVENTH SYMPHONY

(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, Toscanini.)

The applause at the conclusion of the symphony was earnest and prolonged and, though no doubt it was intended in part for Mr. Toscanini and the players of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, much of it certainly was a tribute to Bruckner.
—Edward Cushing, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*, March 5, 1931.

It is further testimony to an inextinguishable demand for Bruckner that an hour-long symphony, without cuts, by a composer who remains outside the pale of the generally sanctioned and approved, has been heard and acclaimed by a modern audience.
—Olin Downes, *Symphonic Broadcasts*

It was a most wonderful performance, which aroused much enthusiasm for the work, its composer, the orchestra, and its splendid conductor.
—Victor Nilsson, *The Minneapolis Journal*, April 7, 1934

At all events the performance of Bruckner's Symphony in E Major brought the first really spontaneous applause from the Friday afternoon audience at Symphony Hall.
—L. L. Sloper, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 27, 1934

Forty-eight years ago the Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner virtually emptied the old Music Hall. Yesterday afternoon it provoked the heartiest applause of the current season of the Symphony concerts.
—Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post*, October 27, 1934

When Otto Klemperer played Bruckner with the Philharmonic in the fall it was liked; when he played it with the Philadelphia last week it was liked; and when Maestro Toscanini opened his first concert with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, that was not only liked but loved.
—Marcia Davenport, *The Stage*, March 1935

Bruckner's music has not always had so cordial a reception from the public as was given by the audience yesterday.
—Alexander Williams, *Boston Herald*, March 7 1936

But the interpretation was such that at the end there was long applause, a special demonstration of approval of the playing, and, without doubt, of Bruckner. This was tribute to Mr. Koussevitzky's courage in selecting the work and the eloquence of its presentation. The audience of this concert was a very large one, and its pleasure was manifest.
—Olin Downes, *New York Times*, March 15 1936

The large audience applauded the symphony heartily.
—P. S., *World-Telegram*, March 14 1936

It is recorded that when Bruckner's seventh symphony was first played here, in November, 1886, one-third of the audience left the hall before it reached its eventual end. Yesterday the case was quite different, the warmth of the demonstration at the end of the work suggesting that a good many concert goers have come to appreciate the beauties of this work.
—Francis D. Perkins, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*, March 15 1936

EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Walter.)

For no two composers, up and down the world have conductors fought more manfully. Now at last, in Europe and in America, this persistence is prevailing. In New York, Boston and Chicago, reviewers oftener than lay listeners have been the antagonists. Now, more accustomed, audiences are hearing for themselves.
—H. T. Parker, *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 23, 1932

The orchestra played throughout with memorable eloquence; and the audience manifested its appreciation of the chance to hear on one program two of the outstanding symphonic utterances of the 19th century.
—*Herald Tribune*, November 15, 1935

For all that, the audience was sensible last night of a significant artistic experience.
—Olin Downes, *New York Times*, November 15, 1935

The audience was a large one and applauded Mr. Klemperer fervently after both compositions.
—Winthrop Sargeant, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*, November 15, 1935

NINTH SYMPHONY (Klemperer, Stock.)

(a) Loewe version; (b) Original version

(a) The Bruckner symphony brought great satisfaction to Mr. Stock's audience
—Eugene Stinson, *Chicago Daily News*, Nov. 17, 1933

(b) With both of these works (Beethoven's Fifth and Bruckner's Ninth) he made a powerful impression.
—Olin Downes, *New York Times*, Oct. 12, 1934

(b) The Bruckner was received last night by a large audience with hearty approval.
—Henriette Weber, *Evening Journal*, October 12, 1934

(a) Striking evidence of the city's artistic growth was to be discovered last night in Orchestra Hall when the gathering assembled to honor the memory of Theodore Thomas received the "unfinished" symphony of Bruckner with cheers and shouting.
—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Examiner*, Jan. 3, 1936

QUINTET (Balendonck, Lange.)

As for the audience—it listened with apparently serious attention for nearly two and one half hours to the weighty program and accorded it generous applause.
—JAMES P. DUNN, January 15, 1933

It was played with great care for its harmonic structure and melodic contents and a technical smoothness that incited plaudits.
—*Newark Evening News*, January 15, 1933

The audience found it (Adagio) particularly to its liking.
—R. C. B., *World-Telegram*, February 9, 1934

II. THE CRITIC'S SUMMATION

F MINOR MASS
(Friends of Music, Bodanzky)
(San Francisco Municipal Chorus & Symphony, Leschke.)

Yesterday's carefully prepared performance proved a powerfully convincing presentation of the lofty musical and spiritual qualities of the F Minor Mass, and unless all indications are deceptive, the "Friends of Music" should include the work in their regular repertoire.
—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung u. Herold*, Oct. 26, 1931

But on the whole the Mass justified the claims of the Brucknerites.
—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*, Oct. 26, 1931

Bruckner's Mass should be repeated in the not distant future and before a much larger audience. Its beauty and its many distinctive qualities make one hope Pierre Monteux may permit us to hear a Bruckner symphony before the year is out.
—MARJORIE M. FISHER, *San Francisco News Chronicle*, Jan. 29, 1936

I am sure that we will hear more of Bruckner's compositions in the future, especially his symphonies. . . .
—HERMANN GENSS, *A Henry F. Budde Publication*, Feb. 7, 1936

This first presentation was accomplished with so much musical intelligence and the response to its beauties was so complete we feel sure it will be repeated in the future—we might well say we hope soon.
—*Musical West*, February 1936

THIRD SYMPHONY (Stock.)

Does not Bruckner deserve to rank among the immortals?
—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, January 13, 1933

FOURTH SYMPHONY
(van Hoogstraten, Koussevitzky, Rodzinski, Stock, Toscanini.)

The Symphony . . . improves upon acquaintance.
—FRANCIS PERKINS, *Herald Tribune*, July 13, 1931

Bruckner now seems destined to become an integral part of our musical life.
—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, July 13, 1931

There are very few dull moments and upon repetition we are sure that we shall find even more beauties to extol.
—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, March, 1935

Nevertheless I should not like to miss hearing it whenever Mr. Stock plays it . . .
—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*, March 8, 1935

FIFTH SYMPHONY
(Goossens, Klemperer, Walter.)

Let no one stay away through fear of Bruckner.
—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, December 2, 1932

Bruckner—the complete symphonic Bruckner—deserves to be better known. One of the most remarkable composers of the nineteenth century, he has never in this country received his due. . . .
—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*, January 13, 1933

Such music, however, should not be permitted to lie in prolonged slumber. Certainly it ought to be preserved in these barren times and offered periodically for the consideration of concert audiences.
—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*, January 13, 1933

But one such theme as the broad, unisonous melody of the Adagio is worth a multitude of the starved and tortuous works that have passed for symphonies in Central Europe since Bruckner laid down his pen.
—OSCAR THOMPSON, *New York Evening Post*, January 16, 1933

SIXTH SYMPHONY (Goossens.)

Upon hearing a symphony by a neglected composer of the stature of Bruckner, one is tempted to wonder whether he would receive public acceptance if he were played as often as his contemporary Brahms, for example.
—FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Times Star*, January 25, 1935

SEVENTH SYMPHONY
(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, Toscanini.)

It would be well, therefore, if audiences could know more than they do of Bruckner's symphonies.

—Olin Downes, *New York Times*, March 5, 1931

It is many years since I heard a Bruckner symphony and it is my opinion that we might with advantage have enjoyed, or otherwise, more of these great masterpieces.

—James Davies, *Minneapolis Tribune*, April 7, 1934

It is interesting to see this composer coming more and more into the light of public survey, nearly forty years after his death.

—Frances Boardman, *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, April 7, 1934

He is eminently to be commended for presenting this symphony, and all others of Bruckner that he may choose.

—Cyrus W. Durgin, *Boston Globe*, October 27, 1934

According to these signs . . . Dr. Koussevitzky need have no further hesitation about presenting Bruckner.

—Moses Smith, *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 27, 1934

Those of us who are always eager for a broadening of the local symphonic repertoire and who, in particular, would like to see Bruckner's music established beyond ill-considered question and cavil, owe a big debt of gratitude this season to Otto Klemperer and Arturo Toscanini.

—Pitts Sanborn, *World-Telegram*, January 25, 1935

The work is so filled with beauty that it should be played at the Bowl this summer and again to an audience familiar with its greatness next season.

—Isabel Morse Jones, *Los Angeles Times*, March, 1936

EIGHTH SYMPHONY
(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Walter.)

To the many to whom Bruckner is still a problematic composer whose symphonies are barren tonal deserts with but sparsely sowed oases, this symphony should provide material for conclusive proof of the Austrian's right to be classed with the immortals of music.

—J. D. Bohm, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, October 27, 1933

If anyone of the nine Bruckner symphonies is destined to silence the stupid chatter of certain would-be authorities concerning "the naivete and crudity of the man and composer, Anton Bruckner" it is this gigantic C. Minor Symphony.

—J. H. Meyer, *New York Staats-Zeitung*, October 27, 1933

This symphony should be heard oftener.

—Pitts Sanborn, *World-Telegram*, November 15, 1935

NINTH SYMPHONY (Klemperer, Stock.)
(a) Loewe version; (b) original version

(a) After the riotous regime of ultra modernity and atonality in the realm of music, the works of not only Bruckner, but also those of Mahler should at last come into their own.

—Ralph Lewando, *Pittsburgh Post*

(b) Thus restored and justified, the Symphony seems more than ever to be one of the noblest musical legacies of the 19th century.

—Lawrence Gilman, *Herald Tribune*, October 13, 1934

(b) We have deeper respect for Bruckner after hearing the magnificent performance of last night . . . All the Bruckner symphonies should be repeated. Repetition is the best test of their worth.

—W. J. Henderson, *N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 12, 1934

QUINTET (Chicago String Quartet.)

It is a beautiful work, and it should be played frequently though it is a difficult one.

—Eugene Stinson, *Chicago Daily News*, April 18, 1932

WHY NOT A BRUCKNER CYCLE?

Bruckner is no longer the bugaboo of local audiences he once was. A distinct Bruckner following is even in the making, and that is as it should be. In Central Europe, Bruckner's place as a symphonist is taken as much for granted as Schubert's or Brahms'! What we need here is more such Bruckner performances as Mr. Klemperer has favored us with.

And these performances ought not to be limited to the Fourth (Romantic) Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Symphonies which have become relatively familiar to our public. Bruckner's First Symphony has yet to be played in America. Certainly we should hear it, if only for historical reasons. Then there are the neglected Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth.

I should be the last man to plead for an all-Bruckner symphonic program. Beethoven himself suffers from that dire test. But I would gladly advocate a Bruckner cycle, under the direction of a sympathetic and competent conductor, offering a chronological view of the nine symphonies, combined in varied programs with appropriate music by other composers.

Then we might escape forever from the shadow of the cold shoulder Brahms turned on Bruckner—"These gigantic snakes of symphonies . . . And Bruckner's work

immortal—or even symphonies at all! It is enough to make one laugh!" Thus wrote Brahms to Richard Specht. We can afford to forgive Brahms these words for the very works' sake, but we can ill afford to share his opinion.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, November 4, 1934

Indeed, New York might profitably be treated to a cycle of Bruckner's symphonies (only one to a program, however) a musical gift of which we stand much more in need than we do of another Beethoven or Brahms cycle.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, November 15, 1935

THE CASE FOR GUSTAV MAHLER

I. THE PUBLIC'S VERDICT

FIRST SYMPHONY

(Mitropoulos, Stock, Unger, Walter.)

. . . and a large gathering showed its pleasure.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, October 13, 1933

. . . admirably performed it stirred the audience to an enthusiasm easy to understand.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, October 13, 1933

. . . but he secured so vivid and animated a performance of his First Symphony that our audience was won.

—EDWARD EVANS, *The Daily Mail* (London) April 17, 1934

There was no lack of enthusiasm in the audience at yesterday afternoon's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Conducting his second and final program here, Dimitri Mitropoulos had scarcely brought the first movement of the opening number of the concert, the First Symphony of Mahler, to an end when the audience broke into an appreciable round of applause—sufficient to induce the conductor to bow acknowledgement. The same procedure was repeated after the Scherzo. Upraised arms and a shortened pause prevented a recurrence after the slow movement. But when the last movement had run its stormy course there was a prolonged demonstration, in which some cheers and foot-stamping were audible amid the hand-clapping, and which lasted long enough to bring the conductor back to the stage no less than four times.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*, February 1 1936

And this tumult and shouting came upon the heels of a symphony of the too-long disparaged Gustav Mahler, the First, in D major.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*, February 1 1936

This symphony had been discovered for Boston by Pierre Monteux in 1923; since then it has been permitted to gather figurative dust in the library of Symphony Hall. Yesterday, quite surprisingly, it proved a vehicle in which Mr. Mitropoulos could ride to an unequivocal success with his audience, a triumph which must be shared by composer and conductor.

—WARREN STORY SMITH, *Boston Post*, February 1 1936

A Mahler symphony is not exactly the best vehicle with which to make a popular sensation, but the superb performance of the first symphony proved the reverse.

—ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*, February 1, 1936

Our boasted musical progress probably has some basis in fact. The Mahler symphony, which has had but one previous hearing and has been gathering dust on the shelves of the orchestra's library for twenty-four years, could not have pleased the last generation of Symphony patrons as much as it did those gathered last night in Orchestra Hall.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Examiner*, March 6 1936

The great warmth with which he was applauded by many in the audience after the symphony had in it too, I am convinced, a generous admiration for the work itself.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*, March 6 1936

SECOND (RESURRECTION SYMPHONY)

(Klemperer, Ormandy, Rodzinski, Walter)

The audience last night was most attentive and applauded long and vigorously when the symphony was finished.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*, February 24, 1933

A magnificent performance of the Second Symphony by Gustav Mahler aroused an unusually large Friday night audience at Northrup auditorium to delighted enthusiasm.

—FRANCES BOARDMAN, *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Dec. 8 1934

Mr. Ormandy was called out several times to enthusiastic rounds of applause.

—*The Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia, March 9, 1935

The audience was enthusiastic and recalled conductor and soloists many times at the close of the concert.

—SAMUEL L. LACIAR, *Phila. Evening Ledger*, March 9 1935

It shook the audience, and resulted in a prolonged demonstration before anyone left the hall.

—Olin Downes, *New York Times*, December 13, 1935

Mahler's Second Symphony may still be considered difficult and ponderous music in some quarters but there was no doubt of its spontaneous effect on its hearers last night.

—Winthrop Sargeant, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*, Dec. 13, 1935

There was an ovation at the end of the performance.

—*New York Times*, December 16, 1935

An enthusiastic audience gave conductor and participants many curtain calls as evidence of its liking for the Mahler work and its presentation.

—E. B., *Cleveland News*, January 3, 1936

FOURTH SYMPHONY (Rodzinski)

Miss Zaruhi Elmassian . . . shared the triumphant burst of applause which greeted the closing measures.

—Carl Bronson, *Los Angeles Express Herald*, January 1, 1932

FIFTH SYMPHONY (Walter)

It was not inevitable, however, that the audience should stay to cheer the symphony. Yet this is exactly what happened.

—Pitts Sanborn, *World-Telegram*, February 12, 1932

The audience applauded with greatest enthusiasm.

—Joachim H. Meyer, N. Y. *Staats Zeitung*, February 12, 1932

SEVENTH SYMPHONY (Reiner, Stock.)

Enthusiasm was too general and appreciation too convincingly demonstrated to be argued down. . . .

—George A. Leighton, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, March 7, 1931

. . . and the audience liked it.

—Edward Moore, *Chicago Tribune*, March 3, 1933

EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Stokowski, 1916; Goossens, 1931)

We have seldom seen an audience display such enthusiasm as did the audience in Music Hall last night.

—Olin Downes, N. Y. *Times*, May 7, 1931 (Cincinnati May Festival)

The work had a run (Philadelphia, 1916) which for a mere symphony, was equivalent to the triumphant persistence of *The Green Pastures*. The Academy of Music was jammed at all performances. For hours before the doors were opened, a line of intending ticket buyers stretched around the corner of Locust Street and far up the block along Broad, waiting patiently in the raw spring wind. Even the traffic policemen outside the Academy were excited about the attraction and spoke of it almost as respectfully as if it had been a prize fight.

In the following month, The Society of Friends of Music imported Mr. Stokowski with his army of excutants to New York and the work was disclosed to this capital at a memorable concert in the Metropolitan Opera House.

—Lawrence Gilman, *Herald Tribune*, May 10, 1931

The first performance of Mahler's Eighth (Symphony of a Thousand) was given under Mahler's direction in Munich on September 12, 1910.

Wrote Leopold Stokowski who was present:

> After the performance the vast audience sprang to its feet, and a scene of such enthusiasm ensued as one sees only once in a lifetime. To those who realized, in part at least, the inner sadness of Mahler's life, there was something infinitely tragic in his figure at that moment of supreme triumph.

Concerning the nine performances of Mahler's Eighth in Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Stokowski relates:

> When we played Mahler's Eighth Symphony it made an impression on the public unlike anything else I have ever experienced. There seems to be a human quality about this work which so deeply moved the public that the greater part of the listiners were in tears at the end of the performance. This happened at all nine performances we gave; so it was not due to an accidental emotion on one particular date.

In an interview with William Engle, feature writer of the New York World Telegram, Mr. Arthur Judson described the above series of performances as the most memorable mile-stone of his managerial career. Only two performances had been scheduled. Quoting the Telegram of December 19, 1933:

> Philadelphia, the first night, was dumfounded. Then it was jubilant. Instead of two performances, ten were given and the town celebrated as though the Athletics had won the pennant. In New York the Friends of Music heeded. They engaged Mr. Judson to bring the production here, and in a special train the huge cast came to storm and conquer the Metropolitan.

NINTH SYMPHONY (Koussevitzky)

The enthusiastic audience recalled Dr. Koussevitzky two or three times.

—Philip Hale, *Boston Herald*, October 17, 1931

No one, accustomed to the performance of music in concert halls, might doubt the tense absorption of the audience . . . As its listening was eloquent, so was its final applause.
—H. T. Parker, *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 17, 1931

What is more significant, the audience, few of whom can have heard it before, applauded with a warmth seldom bestowed here on an unfamiliar work.
—P. R., *Boston Globe*, October 17, 1931

A Friday afternoon audience found as little room for apathy as did that of Saturday evening; with equal enthusiasm both received this first American performance of Mahler's last symphony.
—A. H. Meyer, *Musical America*, October 25, 1931

This symphony has given many a music lover hereabouts an entirely new view of Mahler . . . The shining faces, the enthusiastic comment in the halls, were proof last evening, if proof were needed, beyond that of the upswelling applause itself.
—A. H. Meyer, *Boston Evening Transcript*, Nov. 10, 1931

As for the public, given the chance, it might express a preference for Mahler.
—Edward Cushing, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, Nov. 20, 1931

And the public bestowed upon Gustav Mahler's swan-song, the conductor, and his players the enthusiastic applause which was deserved.
—Joachim H. Meyer, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, November 20, 1931

The apparently genuine enthusiasm of the audience must have been balm to Koussevitzky's pioneering heart.
—Musical Courier, *November 28, 1931*

Musicians welcomed a second hearing . . . and many were standing in the crowded house . . . First and last the triumph was Mahler's.
—W. B. Chase, *New York Times*, January 10, 1932

The audience, too, seemed deeply interested and gave eloquent applause to the music and its vivid and colorful performance.
—*Musical Courier*, January 16, 1932

Perhaps this did not entirely save the movement, but it made an audience listen with respect amounting to homage, and it showed what an orchestra like the Boston Symphony, dominated by a lofty interpretive conception, could do.
—Olin Downes, *New York Times*, April 3, 1936

Some of the audience were evidently pleased, for there was a good deal of applause.
—Alexander Williams, *Boston Herald*, March 28 1936

. . . and this adagio made new friends for the music of Mahler.
—Robert A. Simon, *The New Yorker*, April 11, 1936

DAS LIED VON DER ERDE
(Koussevitzky, Walter)

The audience was deeply impressed.
—Philip Hale, *Boston Herald*, Dec. 27, 1930

The tension of those final words and sounds over, applause came. Not tentatively but in volume. Of bowing and acknowledgements there seemed no end until all on the platform were on their feet.
—A. H. Meyer, *Boston Evening Transcript*, December 27, 1930

The audience received all artists, not excluding the pianist-conductor Bruno Walter, with deep enthusiasm.
—*New York Post*, December 21, 1934

The audience expressed its approval of the performance in no uncertain manner.
—W. J. Henderson, *N. Y. Sun*, Dec. 21, 1934

KINDERTOTENLIEDER (Klemperer)

To these beautiful settings of Rueckert's poems she (Mme. Branzell) brought not only beauty of voice and style, but a true penetration of their spiritual nature. Her great art won her repeated calls at the conclusion of the cycle.
—A., *Musical America*, February 15, 1935

She put so much of herself into her singing that she moved the audience to long applause. Mr. Klemperer conducted the cycle with all the enthusiasm of an ardent Mahlerite. . . . .
—W. J. Henderson, *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 30, 1935

II. THE CRITIC'S SUMMATION

FIRST SYMPHONY
(Mitropoulos, Stock, Unger, Walter)

The homely tenderness, the folk-like humor, the long, nostalgic reveries, the poignant brooding of the music at its best—these qualities are not easily to be forgotten.
—Lawrence Gilman, *Herald Tribune*, October 13, 1933

At one time, I too, in less mature judgment, denied Mahler any outstanding worth at all, except that he had mastered a method of clever and colorful orchestration. I feel that I have come to see more than that in Mahler.
—Leonard Liebling, *Musical Courier*, October 21, 1933

The performance suggested that this symphony, given a fair chance, might vie in popularity with the later symphonies of Tschaikowsky.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, October 13, 1933

Mahler's music is still *sub judice* in this country, but his music only needs interpretations such as that given last night for it to be as popular here as it is in Austria and Holland.

—*Sheffield Telegraph* (England), April 17, 1934

The result was a brilliant performance which may result in more curiosity in Mahler and his symphonies than has so far been shown in England.

—*Star*, (London) April 17, 1934

It has begun to justify the faith that musicians have had in it. And it needs but more frequent performances in order that the popular regard toward it continue to rise.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*, February 1, 1936

Stock was in his most enthusiastic mood and made of the symphony something so vital and colorful as to wish for a repetition of the Mahler D Major symphony at some time not too far distant.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, March 6, 1936

SECOND (RESURRECTION) SYMPHONY (Klemperer, Ormandy, Rodzinski, Walter)

Last night this tone picture was irresistible.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, December 13, 1935

The Resurrection symphony is a musical epic that seems destined to achieve a permanent place in the repertoire of great symphonic literature.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, December 13, 1935

All of us who are interested in a wholesome extension of the symphonic repertory and at the same time in seeing justice done to the works of an important composer at whom many New Yorkers still look askance . . . are bound to be deeply grateful to the Philharmonic Symphony and Otto Klemperer for such a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony . . .

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, December 13, 1935

FIFTH SYMPHONY (Walter)

In the art of applying the most telling instrumental colors, in the alchemy of uniting independent tone colors, Gustav Mahler finds his equal in Richard Strauss alone.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, Feb. 12, 1932

All honor to Mr. Walter for not passing it by in the interest of the facile plaudits that he can always capture with the overdriven symphonies of Beethoven and of Brahms.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*, Feb. 12, 1932

SEVENTH SYMPHONY (Reiner, Stock.)

One ends by being charmed, delighted and stimulated by his work, though America has been slow to accept it. I hope Doctor Stock repeats it.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, March 3, 1933

EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Stokowski, 1916; Goossens, 1931)

The writer heard the symphony for the first time. He could listen with a clear and unprepared mind to the sheer effect of the music and performance and that effect was overwhelming . . . He (Mahler) saw mighty visions and he believed, and there is that in his music . . . that makes fault-finding with detail or measuring with a yardstick seem somewhat petty.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, May 7, 1931

For here, take it all in all, is one of the noblest scores of our time. In it, now and again, are pages of unforgettable beauty—inspirations of which their creator might justifiably have said, with the singer of the Odes of Solomon, "So are the wings of spirit over my heart, and I have been set on His immortal pinions."

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*, May 10, 1931

NINTH SYMPHONY (Koussevitzky)

It impressed one hearing it for the first time as a masterpiece deserving a permanent place in the repertory and frequent performances . . . One can only repeat that yesterday's performance . . . proved that Mahler is a genius to be classed with Brahms, possibly in some ways above him.

—P. R., *Boston Globe*, Oct. 17, 1931

This Adagio found its way so deeply into the consciousness of hearers that even after an intermission, so exquisite a gem as Wagner's Siegfried Idyll seemed commonplace and ordinary in comparison.

—A. H. MEYER, *Musical America*, October 25, 1931

To Doctor Koussevitzky, then, our full gratitude for having given us in The Song of the Earth and now in the Ninth Symphony, the two works of Mahler's maturity and prime, in which he sounded a note unheard since Beethoven wrote his last sonatas and quartets.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*, October 17, 1931

But length is a relative thing. Die Meistersinger is almost twice as long as Thais, but not everyone would believe it without a stopwatch . . . Mahler's instrumental demands in this score are not exorbitant and anyone of our major orchestras could have met them without turning any grayer than usual the hair of the trustees . . . It should be added to the repertoire of other symphonic bodies, and it should be heard again; for it is a remarkable score.

—Lawrence Gilman, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Nov. 20, 1931

Too little has been written of Mahler's superb instrumentation; of its eschewing of filling-in effects such as often clutter up the scores of Strauss . . . After the profound utterances of Mahler, Ravel's pretty work seemed doubly trivial.

—Jerome D. Bohm, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, January 10, 1932

While thanking Doctor Koussevitzky for the opportunity once more to hear this Ninth Symphony, is it out of place to suggest that there are five completed symphonies of Mahler that Boston does not know and others that it has not heard in years?

—Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post*, December 9, 1933

DAS LIED VON DER ERDE
(Koussevitzky, Walter)

It was in December—two years ago—that Doctor Koussevitzky introduced Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde to Boston. In accordance with his wise custom, a work once introduced, remains not on the shelves to gather dust but is brought forth for repeated hearings. And again at the close of 1930 a December audience was the gainer.

—A. H. Meyer, *Boston Evening Transcript*, Dec. 27, 1930

Just as the essence of Beethoven's Ninth, aside from all purely musical values, is highest enthusiasm, so that of Das Lied von der Erde is most intense spiritual pain . . . It is a work that moves us more deeply at each new hearing.

—Paul Bekker, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, December 21, 1934

Thus heard, the passion and the beauty of the music, its delicate fantasy, its secret ecstacies, and insuperable grief and, at the last, its mystical assuaging piece, were often overmastering.

—Lawrence Gilman, *Herald Tribune*, December 21, 1934

KINDERTOTENLIEDER (Klemperer)

Both these masters (Bruckner and Mahler) are still step children of our audiences . . . It merely signifies that the enigmatic phenomenon characterizing progress of the art in Europe is being reenacted here. Sincerity and simplicity have always been the last to win recognition. Therefore it is all the more necessary to keep spreading their precious gospel tirelessly and unceasingly, in eloquent and accurate revelations.

—Paul Bekker, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, January 30, 1935

But it is not easy to imagine that any concertgoer could hear unmoved these songs of elegiacal and sad sincerity. . . .

—Lawrence Gilman, *Herald Tribune*, January 30, 1935

BODANZKY PAYS TRIBUTE TO MAHLER

It must have been a great joy to America's outstanding Wagnerian interpreter, Artur Bodanzky, to conduct the picked band of instrumentalists which NBC placed at his disposal on Oct. 8 last. Mr. Bodanzky's exacting position with the Metropolitan Opera Company has rarely afforded him the opportunity to perform music independent of the singing stage. A devoted Mahler disciple, he longed to pay tribute to the memory of his beloved master, especially during the present season, marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the symphonist's death. It was the fervor of Bodanzky's sincere Mahler worship which those wonderful strings sang when he led them through the simple, heartfelt measures of the *Adagietto* from the *Fifth Symphony*.. The studio applause which greeted both this excerpt and another less familiar Mahler fragment, the final movement of the *Fourth Symphony* (*The Ode to Heavenly Joy*) the solo voice rendered with unforgettable eloquence by Helen Traubel, was no less enthusiastic than that evoked by the universally familiar Wagnerian pieces which made up the remainder of the program.

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction

ANTON BRUCKNER—EIGHTH SYMPHONY

Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York; Otto Klemperer, conductor; New York, Nov. 14, 15, 1935.

Last night in Carnegie Hall Otto Klemperer led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in a memorable performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

. . . The mystical slow movements and wild scherzi seldom fail us. Some rank the slow movement of the Seventh above the corresponding section of any of the others. Others estimate the symphony heard last night as the greatest of the nine. Mr. Klemperer's performance might have revived this argument rather than settled it, for he interpreted the music with such color and rapt vision and communicative emotion that for the moment, whatever individual preference might have been, the Eighth Symphony towered as Bruckner's masterpiece.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

As a result, the symphony made a deep impression. Especially in the great Adagio, one of the longest slow movements in existence, the solemnity and profound expressiveness of the music achieved their maximum effect.

The orchestra played throughout with memorable beauty and eloquence; and the audience manifested its appreciation of the chance to hear in one program two (Bruckner's Eighth and Beethoven's Seventh) of the outstanding symphonic utterances of the nineteenth century.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

Bruckner, far more than Brahms, continued the classical conception of the symphony as a monumental work consisting of the development of short, simple melodic motives. His symphonies, like Beethoven's in this respect, are more remarkable for their architectural sweep than for the instrinsic appeal or interest of their thematic material. The Eighth Symphony is no exception to this rule. Despite its enormous length, its themes are direct and concise statements, very dry and impersonal by comparison with the sensuous, emotional Lied-melodies of Brahms and the late Romantic symphonists. The significance of the work lies in the tremendous texture that has been woven from these slight ingredients. The similarities of developmental method in this work and in the Seventh of Beethoven were striking to those who looked for them last night. Both symphonies are masterpieces of structure. The audience was a large one and applauded Mr. Klemperer fervently after both compositions.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*

Of Mr. Klemperer's concerts here this autumn, last evening's was easily the most successful. He had works to deal with for which he evidently felt abundant affection, and they rewarded him by bringing out his best qualities as conductor.

The performance of the Bruckner Eighth was one to treasure in the memory. Of Bruckner's nine symphonies the Eighth is perhaps the most ingratiating. There are in particular the rustic humors of the scherzo and the splendid sonorities of the finale. And between these the seraphic adagio chants its superearthly tidings.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*

GUSTAV MAHLER—SECOND SYMPHONY

Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Otto Klemperer, conductor; assisting artists, Suzanne Fisher, soprano, Enid Szantho, contralto, Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, conductor; New York, December 12, 13, 15 (The last of these performances was broadcast over the Columbia Network).

A performance of Mahler's "Resurrection" symphony, which was sheer tonal drama, overwhelming in its intensity and sweep of vision, was given by Otto Klemperer, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, and Susanne Fisher and Enid Szantho, solo singers, last night in Carnegie Hall. This performance, above all the performance of the colossal finale, revealed Mahler, as it did Mr. Klemperer, in a new light. It shook the audience, and resulted in a prolonged demonstration before any one left the hall.

. . . The purpose of the symphony has been fully explained: Mahler's conception of the struggles and the needs, the terrors and supplications of the human soul; of the careless and perpetual dance of life (second movement); of the incurable frivolity and aimlessness of the crowd (third movement); of the dread summons to the quick and the dead; the calls through space and time; the procession of those who pass before the Judgment Seat; and rest and transfigurations, to salvos of orchestral and choral tone. Last night this tone picture was irresistible.

. . . This performance was one of the historic musical occasions that will not be forgotten and will always appear significant in the musical annals of the city.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

All of us are interested in a wholesome extension of the symphonic repertory and at the same time in seeing justice done to the works of an important composer at whom many New Yorkers still look askance—in other words, the late Gustav Mahler—are bound to be deeply grateful to the Philharmonic-Symphony Society and Otto Klemperer for such a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, in C Minor, as was offered in Carnegie Hall last evening.

Here the Mahler symphonies are still rarities and still caviar to the general public, so the presentation of one of them by a first-rate orchestra, under the direction of a capable conductor who understands and sympathizes with these works, is an event of prime artistic importance.

Last evening's performance of the "Resurrection" symphony was one of the most magnificent ever accorded any work here or elsewhere. Mr. Klemperer obviously concentrated his best abilities on the task of conducting it, and there was more in his contribution than searching knowledge, infectious enthusiasm, triumphant energy and complete technical mastery.

In view of the extraordinary quality of the performance I have no intention of embarking on even a few words of reappraisal of the symphony itself, more than to reaffirm my belief that it is worthy of such exalted treatment.

The Philharmonic-Symphony men gave Mr. Klemperer whole-heartedly what he asked of them; the chorus of the Schola Cantorum fairly outdid itself in the apocalyptic pages of the finale, and there were interesting soloists.

—Pitts Sanborn, *N. Y. World-Telegram*

Mahler's gigantic "Resurrection" symphony, the second in C minor, had last night in Carnegie Hall what was certainly one of its finest performances within the memory of many a New York Mahlerite . . . From the start of the initial allegro to the final pealing union of chorus, orchestra and organ, the tremendous work was held to a logical plan of dramatic, thematic and dynamic evolution that clarified its intricacies and provided an extraordinarily lucid delineation of the composer's message.

About the handling of detail there was also much to be admired. The remarkable iridescent instrumentation of the scherzo, which arises from the chameleon-like interplay of contrapuntal tone colors and dynamic shadings, was projected with great sensitiveness. And the apocalyptic vision of the last two movements gained greatly from the beautifully subdued entrance of the chorus, the finely adjusted role of the off-stage orchestra, and many other such elements of interpretation. . . .

Very fittingly this monumental expression of Mahler's mystical genius, which in itself is a sufficiently taxing experience for one evening, was allowed to stand alone on the program. Its effect was indeed such that the addition of anything else would have seemed an irrelevancy. The "Resurrection" symphony is a musical epic that seems destined to achieve a permanent place in the repertoire of great symphonic literature.

—Winthrop Sargeant, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*

ANTON BRUCKNER—NINTH SYMPHONY

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor, Chicago, January 2 and 3, 1936. (Concerts in memory of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Theodore Thomas.)

The elegiac beauty of the symphony's slow movement fits it admirably for its central place in the scheme of the commemorative concert.

Both the Bruckner and the Strauss are excellent examples of the way the Thomas tradition has been carried on by his successor.

—Edward Barry, *Tribune* January 3, 1936

To return to the Bruckner Symphony, we found anew great beauty in the first and second movements, nobility and much melodic flow in the last movement. The scherzo is a delightful fantasie and the wedlock of oboe and clarinet were so charmingly phrased, suggesting ancient woodland sprites and elves, coursing over hill and forest playing their reeds in whimsical strains.

—Herman Devries, *American*, January 3, 1936

Striking evidence of the city's artistic growth was to be discovered last night in Orchestra Hall when the gathering, assembled to do honor to the memory of Theodore Thomas, received the "unfinished" symphony of Bruckner with cheers and shouting. Thirty-two years ago it was first heard in America under the baton of Thomas, and some wag among the critics remarked, "Bruckner may not have finished his ninth symphony but what there was of it quite finished the listeners."

The musical public of three decades ago is regarded today as having demonstrated great patience in its pursuit of culture. Yet Bruckner was too much for them. The public of today is reputed to lack endurance when faced with lengthy works. But the symphony their fathers rejected they accepted with enthusiasm.

Now a recognized masterpiece, this great work is one of the mighty tonal edifices that perpetuate Vienna's fame as the center and source of the greatest music Europe produced during the nineteenth century. Its splendors have revealed themselves slowly to a world bedazzled by a Wagnerian idiom of which Bruckner was himself a profound admirer.

The slow movement of this symphony bears witness to this admiration. Its first theme is a veritable wedding of Isolde and Parsifal. But there are other themes in this section that bear no quotation marks, while the brazen splendors of the final climax have a spiritual significance quite other than that attached by Wagner to the same ideas.

The Scherzo is, of course, a new page in music, a revelation of beauty quite unvisioned by other masters. It is at once sardonic and angelic, old and young, disillusioned and aspiring: and these spiritual contrasts achieve a bewildering wealth of melodic imagery set in a harmonic scheme that often anticipates the impressionists in its delicacy and as often rivals the classicists in its power.

How does it happen that Bruckner has no musical descendants? No one has followed the paths he blazed. Yet they seem to lead to regions of the mind and soul that are infinitely alluring.

The performance was worthy of the work. Stock used the limitless and flawless technical resource at his command to achieve orchestral colors and proportions of astonishing beauty. Just as a study in orchestral effect, he made this reading a textbook of possibilities tried and untried.

As a re-creative artist, endowed with the imagination to penetrate to the heart of this amazing score, to discover its somber drama so strangely shot through with romance, to follow it from tragedy to transfiguration, he again showed himself the genius needing but the challenge of such a page to lift him above the facility of a routine that has perfected every means within the scope of his art.

—Glenn Dillard Gunn, *Chicago Examiner*

GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Alma Babb, Nevada van der Veer, Cleveland Philharmonic Chorus; Griffith J. Jones, conductor. January 2, 4, 1936. (first performance in Cleveland).

Dr. Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra are to be congratulated for presenting the Gustav Mahler Second Symphony at Severance Hall as they did last night.

Why such a beautiful, interesting and monumental work has not been given here before probably is no mystery. For one thing it is devilishly difficult.

But now we have heard this much discussed music, a magnificent performance of it, too.

Mahler lived in the heart of Vienna for many years and it is declared by some that the structure of this work really is a panorama of Vienna of the nineteenth century. And while there is waltz time in it, there is no hint of the Straussian lilt.

The first three movements, entirely orchestral, are wide contrasts in musical expression. The dirges and march rhythms of the first, with here and there swift surges of triumph, are sharply different from the leisurely andante with its dance tunes and its exquisite pizzicato passages. The scherzo, set forth in three-part time, presents St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes.

The contralto solo is embodied in the fourth movement, Mme. Van Der Veer meeting the requirements of the difficult passages with fine artistry. The fifth movement, following without pause, brought into play the chorus as well as the beautiful voice of Miss Babb. She sang with much feeling and with fine effect.

The two voices and the chorus, with the orchestra and organ in the last movement, built up a climax that was inspiring and thrilling. The chorus, trained by Griffith J. Jones sang beautifully the ethereal muted passages. It was powerful and effective in the tumultuous climax, with the surging impulses of the orchestra added to the chiming of bells and the peal of the organ. The horn passages with the echoing brasses off-stage were artistically done.

An enthusiastic audience gave conductor and participants many curtain calls as evidence of its liking for the Mahler work and its presentation.

—E. B., *Cleveland News*

Five movements make up this symphony. The last movement, in the Beethoven Ninth Symphony manner, demands a huge chorus and two soloists, a soprano and a contralto. Six French horns, six trumpets, and an inflated battery of percussion, added to the customary orchestra, sing the epic grandeurs of this unique composer.

Why Mahler must be explained is, however, beyond our comprehension. This symphony is clear as crystal. All you have to do is to settle down for an hour and three-quarters of grandiose music-making. Having made up your mind to that, you can watch the panorama of all Nineteenth Century mid-European music pass before you.

It was no inconsiderable task to perform the work and we are glad to have had it in Cleveland. Mahler once said, "My time will come." Has it? This reviewer is unable to say. But, by all means, hear this symphony. It will be performed again tomorrow afternoon and should be part of your musical experience.

—Denoe Leedy, *Cleveland Press*

ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. January 17, 1936.

For this manifestation of zeal, as well as for the recorded performance of the work, Mr. Ormandy was presented on this occasion

with the medal of the Bruckner Society of America, bestowal being made in a brief and particularly happy speech by Elbert L. Carpenter, President of the Orchestral Association of Minneapolis, Inc. In responding, Mr. Ormandy paid special tribute to his colleagues of the orchestra.

The performance on this occasion deserved all that could be said in praise. At least one listener felt that if the composer had always been so appreciatively, clearly and dramatically dealt with by conductors, there might perhaps have been no need of organizations to promote his popularity.

—FRANCES BOARDMAN,
The Saint Paul Pioneer Press

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony filled the whole of the first part of the program and filled it with distinction.

Eugene Ormandy has shown himself a safe and sane champion of Bruckner; both in his public and private life he has stoutly maintained Bruckner's right to a place side by side with the immortals among the symphonists. It was this that caused him a year or so ago to make the Bruckner record that caused so much favorable comment abroad.

No matter what we may think of the symphony heard Friday night there comes pealing out of it the spirit of a man who in spite of misfortunes and neglect, retained a wonderfully optimistic view of life.

—JAMES DAVIES, *The Minneapolis Tribune*

The performance of Bruckner's mighty symphony No. 7 in E Major filled the first half of the program and was now once more heard in breathless silence in an interpretation on every hand superior to the ones previously heard here. It revealed the work in all its serene and truthful beauty. What is the use bringing so many reservations and exceptions to light whenever a new musical genius is rising to full recognition? As for instance Bruckner's peasant origin. Was there not once upon a time a shepherd king named David who must have been a peasant also and who yet through his lyrical outpourings won undying fame and who organized the world's first gigantic ensemble of musical instruments? He was like David in his humility of self confessions and in his ardor of praising the Divinity eternal with harps, strings and cymbals.

—VICTOR NILSSON, *The Minneapolis Journal*

It was an interpretation of great breadth and dignity, of felicitous detail and of marvelously plastic response to the baton in every measure. If anything could win over skeptics to the Bruckner faith, a form of worship which already has many loyal parishioners, this interpretation could do so.

—JOHN R. SHERMAN, *The Minneapolis Star*

ANTON BRUCKNER— F MINOR MASS

San Francisco Orchestra and San Francisco Municipal Chorus, Hans Leschke, conductor; Soloists: Esther Green, Radiana Pazmor, Raymond Marlowe, Everett Foster; Uda Waldrop, Organist. Third Municipal Concert, San Francisco, January 28, 1936.

Bruckner's Mass in F minor which Dr. Hans Leschke introduced to San Franciscans last night is unquestionably the most grateful of any of the compositions in this form yet presented on one of our concert stages.

The presentation in the Exposition Auditorium called to our attention not only the beauty of the music, but the excellent work Dr. Leschke has done with the Municipal Chorus.

The Bruckner score is one of tremendous beauty, melodically and harmonically.

—MARJORY M. FISHER, *San Francisco News*

A Kyrie and Gloria of severe plainness lead up to a grandiose climax in a Credo of almost unparalleled depth, power, fervor and glory, and the solid nobility of the short Sanctus and Agnus Dei brings the whole to a just and perfect conclusion.

There are no superfluous notes.

—ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, *San Francisco News Chronicle*

Anton Bruckner's gigantic Mass was magnificently performed by Dr. Hans Leschke with the Municipal Chorus and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It took a long time to make us acquainted with Bruckner, and Dr. Leschke deserves the full credit for this introduction . . . . Dr. Leschke united all the beauties of this colossal work, the contrapuntal intricacies, the dynamic changes, the climaxes of this majestic Musiccosmos to a most impressive efficacy with perfect understanding of this music.

—HERMANN GENSS,
Henry F. Budde Publication

A towering work, conceived in the loftiest musical mood, the mass is a complete union of orchestra, chorus and solo parts. In true religious significance it is not meant that one part predominate over another, except at brief and rare intervals perhaps, when a solo voice proclaims a phrase which is immediately taken up by the chorus as a whole. At times some may have felt the orchestra drowned all else, but a careful analysis of its musical importance justified the volume. The orchestral structure must be heard to understand the full beauty of the work, even if the instrumental part be a succession of broken octaves, insistent, strident even, or ascending and descending scales.

—*Musical West, February, 1936*

GUSTAV MAHLER—
FIRST SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor, January 31 and February 1, 1936. The last performance was broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company chain.

The fact that enjoyment of this music is becoming more widespread indicates that if the listener will hear it sympathetically instead of challengingly, the style makes its effect.

The opening movement of the First Symphony, for example, may have seemed too unvaried from moment to moment. Yet when the movement had run its course the listener realized how entranced he had been, as by a fairy-tale heard in childhood.

It speaks in its own right, and it speaks convincingly.

Especially when it is as beautifully played as it was yesterday, when the orchestra was at the top of its bent and the conductor assisted the musicians by giving them free rein. There was the greatest clarity in the presentation under Mr. Mitropoulos's hands; and the listener was forcefully reminded that Mahler is not necessarily obscure. The horns have rarely sounded more hauntingly beautiful than in the music of the first movement, previously mentioned.
—Moses Smith, *Boston Evening Transcript*

There is the passion for nature, beautifully and hauntingly expressed in the first movement, and in the Scherzo the attempt to seek forgetfulness in the pleasures of the folk. The third movement brings the bitter irony, the contempt for the tawdriness of life, and here as later Mahler writes tawdry music when it suits his purpose. In the Finale comes the note of victory, here couched in terms of grandiosity rather than of grandeur, perhaps, but uplifting all the same as Mr. Mitropoulos lent it his own fires.

In the demonstration which followed the men in the orchestra joined in the applause.
—Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post*

ANTON BRUCKNER—
SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Boston, March 6, 7, 1936; Brooklyn, March 13; New York, March 14. (The performance given in Boston March 7 was broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co. chain.)

If the opening measures of Anton Bruckner's E Major symphony, played by Dr. Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, had only served to emphasize the rich and luminous tone-quality of the strings, the performance would have been worth the journey. But this was not the only page of the symphony, or the only orchestral effect, to ravish the ears. The whole composition was given tonal glory by the orchestra, which has no peer today for homogeneity and balance of tone, and distinction and finish of style.

—Olin Downes, *N. Y. Times*

Both as to magnitude and substance, it made the rest of the program appear puny by contrast.

Anyone who attempts to express a moderate opinion of Bruckner these days must expect to be grievously assaulted. By the devout Brucknerites he is considered a scoundrel, and in the eyes of the Bruckner-haters he is at best a fool. For Bruckner is still a "cause," an artist whose music is not yet accepted without reservation. Where Wagner is concerned, all sorts of qualifications may be stated complacently. For Wagner is no longer a cause. But most people are either ferociously for or viciously against Bruckner.

What sensitive person even today who professes fair-mindedness could hear such a grandiose score as the Seventh Symphony and not be impressed by Bruckner's impassioned striving?

—C. W. D., *The Boston Globe*

But the nobly eloquent adagio makes up for much of these shortcomings; its depth and poignancy of musical utterance, its rare blend of pathos and solemn, imposing dignity were generally realized in yesterday's praiseworthy interpretation.
—Francis D. Perkins, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Mr. Koussevitzky elected to open his program with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, to which he brought not only the tonal beauties of his orchestra, but his own instinct for recognizing and giving suitable prominence to every strand of melody in a composition.

—P. S., *N. Y. World-Telegram*

Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday seemed to come yet nearer to the heart of the music than he did a year ago.

Ideally, this symphony and the Eighth as well should form a whole concert; there is music enough, both in quality and in quantity, and there might well be an intermission after the second movement.
—Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post*

Yesterday the Seventh Symphony made a deep impression, whether because of the intrinsic loveliness of much of the music or because of the superb performance by the orchestra would be hard to say.

The performance yesterday, under Dr. Koussevitzky, was remarkable even for this orchestra. The score was adhered to faithfully. The music sounded with incomparable richness and poetic feeling. Dr. Koussevitzky has done a splendid piece of work in the interpretation of this symphony.

—Alexander Williams, *Boston Herald*

GUSTAV MAHLER—LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Soloist, Nelson Eddy. March 6, 1936.

Furthermore we may say that at no time has Mr. Ormandy given finer artistic support to a visiting artist than he gave the young singer who rendered the "Songs of a Wayfarer" by Mahler, and two arias by Mozart and Meyerbeer.

—James Davis, *The Minneapolis Tribune*

His first selections were "Songs of a Wayfarer" by Gustav Mahler and they were on the program in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the composer's death.

The orchestra played them superbly and Mr. Eddy's rich voice, his easy way of singing, were equally good. The songs were written by Mahler when he was 24 years old and a rejected suitor. Beautiful, sad songs in German, Mr. Eddy made them the best things on his afternoon program.

These songs, so lacking in cloying sentimentality, but so sharp with sentiment were an excellent choice for a concert with the orchestra.

—Kathryn Gorman, *The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

It is understood the song cycle "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," by Mahler, was as new to the soloist as it was to the orchestra and the audience, but he found just the right folkwise tone for it, which depicts Mahler's own unhappy love in a manner as close to the folk as is most of his musical output. The rough and ready effects were not unconscious with the singer. He meant them like that and they were properly there, with the naivete of a man of the people who communicates with nature in general, but especially with the birds and flowers about the aching soreness of his heart. Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra gave a splendid accompaniment.

—Victor Nilsson, *The Minneapolis Journal*

Nelson Eddy, the magnetic soloist, was again sincere and modest in all his artistic work, but added security gave from the beginning an assurance that brought him closer to his task as well as to his audience. This was noticeable at once in his handling of the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." His understanding of this music of underlying folk sentiment had fresher naivete and carried deeper conviction.

—Victor Nilsson, *The Mineapolis Journal*

The cycle itself is a romantically melancholy retrospect on a love affair that soured, richly orchestrated, vividly descriptive.

—John K. Sherman, *The Minneapolis Star*

ANTON BRUCKNER—SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor (Two performances during March, 1936.)

It was an occasion . . . another sold-out house with the audience keenly aware of the music values offered. The program was the deeply reverent and very long Seventh Symphony by Anton Bruckner and the soloist played the Brahms second concerto in B-flat major. Both soloist and conductor had unusual ovations.

Klemperer was obviously enjoying the sensation of conducting the Bruckner symphony for the first time in Los Angeles. It required extra men in the wood-wind and brass sections and herculean playing from the strings. The effect was that of a gigantic organ, exactly the result Bruckner expected.

It was given a tonal magnificence with great restraint. It was apparent that Klemperer was on ground sacred to him.

It is not often that a conductor and a composer so belong to each other as Klemperer to Bruckner.

—Isabel Morse Jones, *Los Angeles Times*

GUSTAV MAHLER—NINTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; March 27, 28, 1936. The last performance was broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company chain; Finale Adagio, N. Y. April 2, 1936.

In the adagio of the Ninth Symphony, conducted with profound sympathy by Mr. Koussevitzky, and played with glowing and transparent tonal texture by the superb orchestra, Mahler attains in the concluding measures the inexpressible peace he so fervently has desired. But the music which preceded the ineffable last page of the score is imbued with a longing for happiness so poignantly expressed that one feels that a being so sensitive could only find relief in just such a tonal Nirvana as he has finally created for himself.

—Jerome D. Bohm, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

A greater interpretive problem was the slow movement of Mahler's Ninth Symphony—music which so imperatively requires the understanding and re-creative attitude of the conductor. The movement is too long and has its weakness, but the thought is noble and its expression of a touching pathos. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted as if he were communicating alone with Mahler's spirit.

—Olin Downes, *N. Y. Times*

Someone said that Mahler was a sixth-rate brain with a first-rate technic of composition. The remark was as cruel as it was flippant, misleading and superficial. . . . The chances are Mahler has no parallel in musical history; he was a man buffeted by life, always with a thought of the release that death would bring. In the Ninth Symphony this preoccupation is the dominating mood. "Morbid, unhealthy," the casual concert-goer would say. Yet that probably is not the case. Mahler's attitude was one that only a few mortals ever thoroughly understand; most of us think too much of the goodness of life. But he appeared to find in death all the peace, the beauty that he considered life to have denied him. What is more, so puissant were his gifts as an imaginative artist, he sublimated his attitude to ineffable exaltation. The first and last movements of the Ninth Symphony so overwhelming, so confident of what lies beyond the setting sun, leave one with neither the heart nor the words to attempt so futile a thing as description. As Lawrence Gilman said of "Tristan and Isolde," this is no longer music but experience.

—C. W. D., *Boston Globe*

There may be pretty little theoretical debates about the practice of playing a single movement from a symphony, but the adagio stood on its own convincingly. When it ended, there was a moment of silence. The professional Mahlerites will argue that the audience was still because it was under a spell; the Mahler maulers may suggest that the gathering didn't applaud because it didn't know that the piece was over. Whatever the reason for the hush, the performance was one of the season's best quarter-hours.

—Robert A. Simon, *The New Yorker*

Throughout his composing career he wrote, if not for the elect, at least for the initiated, for those who were prepared to meet him half-way and heed the spirit of his music as well as the letter of it. For him a symphony was not merely a matter of tonal design; it was the musical record of a spiritual experience, and the spiritual experience thus recorded was in its essentials always the same. Like many another artist in the pre-war period, Mahler was oppressed by the tragedy of human existance; and he ended, as did Beethoven before him, in seeking an escape from the world of reality.

For those, who have the ear, or perhaps the will to hear, this nobly sorrowful symphony may make an appeal unparalleled by that of any music other than the works it most resembles, the final quartets of Beethoven.

Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post.*

Whether the performance of the movement would have satisfied the connoisseurs of Mahler and Mahler-conducting I do not know, but to me it seemed like a superb piece of work on the part of conductor and orchestra.

—B. H. Haggin, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

GUSTAV MAHLER—FIRST SYMPHONY

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor. Chicago, March 5, 6, 26, 1936.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the Chicago Symphony Orchestra performed the Mahler First Symphony—just why this charming and melodious piece of character writing has been allowed to repose in the archives of the librarian is a question that only Meister Stock could answer satisfactorily. However, we are grateful for its revival.

The first movement was reminiscent exactly of the title intended to represent "The Awakening of Nature at Early Dawn;" the second, the Scherzo continues its harmonious and graceful journey through the field, coming at last to the hunter, being taken to his grave by the beasts of the forest, and is fascinatingly orchestrated to follow the quasi sad and jovial burial of the hunter by his intended victims.

The last movement, not so inspired as its predecessors, nevertheless reveals Mahler, even at the age of 28 when he conceived his Symphony in D Major, a composer of striking talent and absolute originality.

—Herman Devries, *Chicago American*

Mahler, writing an ode to youth, caught and sustained a mood of anticipation and of eagerness. If he made his musical ideas simple, that effect derived from their folksong quality. He turned to his native Bohemia for much of his melodic material, which is not new, to be sure. But it is new to write a humorous slow movement, which he did with consummate skill, caricaturing the fugue, quite gently and genially, and parading as solo instrument many orchestral voices that rarely emerge from the ensemble.

The success of the ancient novelty was not decided until the storm and stress of the finale was resolved into a long Chopin-like melody, the one obviously sentimental moment which the composer permitted himself. This captured the sympathies of the audience, and the foyer echoed with their praise during the intermission.

—Glenn Dillard Gunn, *Chicago Examiner*

Nevertheless it was right for Mr. Stock to revive a symphony which has so much that is evocative and so much that is provocative. . . . And those of us to whom his music does not speak with immediate vindication may yet be drawn into the fold of Mahlerism if Mr. Stock continues with so much fidelity and zeal to point out the brilliance of his devices and suppress their unemotional monotony.

—Eugene Stinson, *Chicago News*

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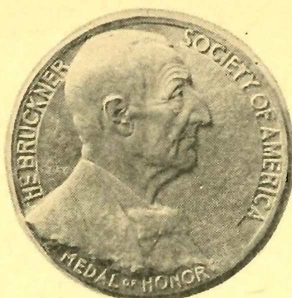

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