

Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL
MET-EMPSYCHOSIS

BRUCKNER STUDY: *DAS KECKE BESERL*

THE GRAND *TE DEUM*

BRUCKNER'S *SIXTH*

MAHLER'S *SECOND*

PROPHETS, SCRIBES, AND PHARISEES

DUMLER'S *STABAT MATER*

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

FRIEND OF TOSCANINI

December 1935

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

This year marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Gustav Mahler. Next year will be 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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MET-EMPSYCHOSIS FROM IMPRESARIO TO DIRECTOR

Nobody will deny that Mr. Gatti-Casazza's twenty-seven years' general-management of the Metropolitan raised American opera production to a high level.

Permit me: I am this nobody.

The crisis which has so long gripped the American singing-stage is being discussed with ever growing intensity in our newspapers and musical journals. The example set by the Met, where the most experienced impresario, the most lavishly paid conductor, the most highly publicized star, the most bombastic scenic artist, the most stylistically affected choir-master, and the most saccharine-sweet ballet-mistress have each performed his or her part with such outstanding excellence that the opera house has literally rung with the claque's salvos of applause, richly confirmed by subsequent showers of press clippings singing their praises of the prowess of individual participants—all this shows conclusively that just because of these many uncoordinated virtues, an evening of opera may make upon an audience the impression of a variety show rather than of a thoroughly unified dramatic experience. Both press and public feel ever more clearly the need of an authoritative influence capable of exerting the inexorable "high pressure" that will weld all these separate factors into that ideal unity of music, action, staging, and scenic decoration, which has been the universal aim of the singing-stage ever since the production of the first Florentine operas more than three hundred years ago.

The critic, failing to find upon the large advance poster any name, the bearer of which may be held responsible for the absence of that desired unity, timidly asks the press-agent of the Met about this mysterious personage. The press-agent meets his question with an evasive smile. Of course, there is a man present at the opera-house who is intended to answer the critic's description, but he has been placed in an impossible position. Mr. Gatti had bought the name of this man in Europe because it was one of the "proprieties" for a great opera-house also to boast a famous dramatic director. He had entered the name of this man in an obscure corner of each opera program as responsible for the production, even though he had not granted him a single rehearsal for nineteen out of twenty such performances.

The man (and his colleagues) whose authority in leading European opera-houses was at least on a par with that of Mr. Gatti and his favorite conductors (yes, usually beyond it) was here permitted no say in the

choice of singers, dancers, conductors, or scenic artists for "his" production. Yet he was required to render the most complicated opera fit for public performance within ten or twelve hours (three or four rehearsals) while his colleagues of the speaking-stage were being granted at least seventy rehearsal-hours for the preparation of the simplest play. Thus came about that incredible phenomenon: the most celebrated pioneers of operatic production in Europe "broke down" at the Met.

Some of these agreed to the prostitution of their names with a smile, content to draw their munificent weekly check. Others rebelled and were peremptorily dismissed. How could the press-agent tell the critic that the man, whose duty it was to make each performance a unified artwork, stood powerless before the anti-artistic excesses of conductors, prima-donnas, choir-directors, ballet-mistresses, and decorators, because the impresario was assiduously busy preventing men, who had themselves been general-managers of opera-houses, from attaining any real authority at the Met? The press-agent knew too well that neither the impresario nor the conductors, nor the stars, to say nothing of the others, would countenance the transfer of any of their precious lines of praise to the credit of the "stage-manager." (What a stupid title, after all, that is!) Yet whenever the critic was displeased with something, whether it had to do with the orchestra, or the chorus, or the ballet, or the so-called "stage-business" of the stars, then, yes, only then, because someone had to be the scape-goat, the unfortunate "stage-director" was brought into the lime-light.

It is merely a new application of the old Agrippa-fable: the limbs, the visible, tangible parts of the body, still feel they can get along without the invisible mind, the spirit (which controls the body). They are not aware that, bereft of the domination of the mind, they cannot achieve coordination; that they must appear idiotic, even functioning in a self-destructive manner.

Such is the condition to which the operatic theatre of America has sunk.

The audience and critic of the legitimate theatre know better that a theatrical production requires a brain both to inspire and control the stars and other artists participating in the play. They call this dominating mind the Director. Even the movie fans have learned to discriminate clearly between the productions of a King Vidor and an Ernst Lubitsch. This is because the general-managers of the legitimate theatres and the movies give their directors not only full authority over all the phases of drama and picture production but also full credit in the eyes of public and press. The symbol of this recognition is the appearance of the director's name conspicuously printed on all the programs. His authority is also emphasized in the contracts of the stars, and this feature of the agreement is strictly adhered to.

In short, *the director is the dictator of the production.*

In the field of opera, with the exception of a single feature, the capabilities of a director parallel exactly those of the director of a play or a movie. The sole difference springs from one added qualification he must possess in order to fulfill the far more complex and difficult demands of his work. He must also be a thorough musician. Thus the operatic director must be a potential conductor, scene-painter, singer, ballet-master, and choir-master, all rolled into one. Yet he must not only represent a successful blend of these several faculties, but he must also be able to place this harmonious complex of talent

completely at the service of its sovereign, the dramatic requirements of the opera. To most people such a storehouse of innate abilities and acquired culture in the person of a single human being may seem next to impossible. Beyond a doubt, it is very rare. Yet the evolution of the opera in Germany and Russia has shown that it is not only possible, but perfectly natural and felicitous.

Just what are the duties and powers of such a director?

A young Ph.D., I found myself at 24 operatic and dramatic director at the newly-erected 2,000,000 Mark municipal theatre of Freiburg in Germany. This little city of less than 100,000 inhabitants voted its theatre (this was before the Great War!) an annual subsidy of M600,000. (To give Americans a clear idea of what this meant: if New York had a municipal opera-house it would, proportionately, have to subsidize it to the extent of \$15,000,000 per annum.)

"Article Four" of my contract with the city of Freiburg was brief and unequivocal, reading: "The said official is to be in sole charge of the repertoire, the stage-direction, the engagement and casting of players and singers; he is also to be in charge of all the various activities involved in the preparation and performance of each work."

Although this contract conferred a jurisdiction of unusual scope even for a German artistic institution, it was representative in its main feature, the revelation of the director's position as one of unquestionable authority. It was the unifying influence of this supreme office that raised the German opera-house to the highest place in the realm of the singing-stage. (Moscow merely followed the example set by Vienna and Munich.)

Since opera, according to the early Florentines, and Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, etc., is primarily a dramatic artwork rendered more intensely expressive by the emotional power of appropriate music, it is wholly logical, and in agreement with the conception of those masters that the one responsible for the entire production should be the dramatic director. Until Wagner's time the conductor was scarcely more than the leading fiddler. The librettist, the author of the histrionic share of the opera, was the real master and creator of the production.

Thus it is a foregone conclusion that the director should have the right, as a creative artist, to select in person the material from which he must shape his artwork. He chooses the operas he will produce, not from a merely musical viewpoint, but also with an eye to their dramatic effectiveness. He alone solves the "fate-problem" of each production: *the casting*. This means only the right to engage for each opera the conductor with the best equipment for realizing musically the director's *vision* of the work, the scenic artist with the temperament corresponding to its style, and the actor-singers with the individuality closest to the drama's various roles. Responsible for the composite success of the production, the director will naturally "cast" his artists in such a manner as to produce the best possible united result. His success is the success of the production as a whole. His duty, in a word, is to secure the logical integrity of the performance. Therefore he (and not the conductor) must have charge of the whole work of dramaturgical organization. If "cuts" are to be made, they must be made, above all, with an eye to dramatic integrity, a point-of-view totally foreign to conductors. (Proof: the traditional "cuts," made by conductors, transformed music-dramatic masterpieces such as *Così Fan Tutte* and *Rigoletto* into stupid freaks of opera. Even Mahler, when he arranged Weber's

Three Pintos, was as helpless as an amateur in his treatment of **the** libretto.)

With the actors he has himself chosen and trained, the **director** may hold as many rehearsals as necessary to render an opera ready for public presentation. In consultation with the conductor, he may **also** share in shaping the music-dramatic interpretation. It is for the **director** to determine the size, distribution, and application of the chorus. It is for him to breathe dramatic life into the chorus. Since the **dance** is also an integral part of the drama, the ballet-master must be **guided** by the director's sovereign dramatic conception. The **director alone** must decide upon the scenery, for he is supreme over the little **world** in which the entire dramatic action is to take place. He **sketches the** plans for the scenery and selects the painter or architect best fitted to realize these sketches in stage pictures, costumes, and props, just as a conscientious master-builder executes faithfully the ideas of the **one** for whom he is to erect a particular building. Since the **lighting effects** constitute an inseparable feature of the action, bringing certain **groups** out into bold relief, while obscuring others, these also must be dictated by the director alone.

(Quite a job, eh?)

Thus it is easy to understand why most conductors and impresarios resist as long as they can the engagement by their opera-house of a **man** possessing such wide dramatic jurisdiction. If forced to endure **his** presence, they do their utmost to curb his powers at every opportunity. Perhaps it is only human for them to treat him in this manner. **Yet** to the truly great conductor artistic integrity is more important **than** personal ambition and popular applause. As a matter of fact **such** conductors have always demanded a competent dramatic director to give visual life to the drama they themselves experience so **overwhelmingly** in tone alone. Mahler engaged Roller. When Toscanini undertook the artistic direction of La Scala in 1921, he immediately summoned the most able directors he knew, giving them the widest powers in their sphere of action.

In 1907, when Gatti-Casazza entered upon his office of **General-Manager** of the Metropolitan Opera Company, his very first move was a colossal programmatic gesture. He engaged the two truly **greatest** operatic conductors of the age, Gustav Mahler and Arturo Toscanini.

In those days Toscanini was just attaining his full artistic **stature**. Italian by birth, cosmopolitan by genius, an artist fanatically **faithful** to the composer and his score, he is today, as ever, a thorough **classicist** of music-dramatic interpretation. With uncanny clarity of vision **he** presents an opera just as the author conceived it, inexorably **subordinating**, first himself, and then all the participants to that prime conception. To him the entire artwork is the complete, totalitarian, **objective** realization of the author's vision.

When he arrived in New York, Gustav Mahler was at the **height** of his career. He had just resigned the general-management of the Viennese Imperial Opera, which he had raised in ten years from an institution of petty pomp to the most revolutionary artistic theatre of Europe. For him also, as for Toscanini, the integral artwork was **the** goal of operatic production. Yet in the attainment of this aim, **felt** Mahler, the work of the author was not to be the sole guide. In **contrast** to Toscanini he was subjective, an interpretive artist of his **time**, a romanticist. He expounded an artwork with the heart, brain, and

nervous system of the twentieth century, in short, out of the time-bound environment into which Providence had cast him.

When Mahler and Toscanini began their engagement in New York, there were still no professional, creative operatic-directors. The conductor and the stage-manager performed the little work of that genre that was then considered necessary. Toscanini, a veritable torrent of music, struggled with bitter despair to achieve the true visual realization. Though he instinctively knew the truth when presented before him, he himself could not create it upon the stage. He was too much a musician for such an achievement.

Not even the mighty Wagner had been able to realize his scenic visions at Bayreuth, where the works to be produced were in every detail his own. He fell prey to uncertainty, changing the "stage-business" from one day to the next, until his own confusion led to confusion among the actors. Finally, in desperation, he called upon an obscure ballet-master from Dessau to help him out of his trouble. Nature itself seems to have decreed that the more powerfully a human is gripped by the musical vision of a dramatic master-work, the weaker grows his grasp upon the many links constituting the logical chain of its dramatic action.

Toscanini experienced this and became nervous, violent, and tyrannical. In vain the diplomatic Mr. Gatti sought to lure his friend to some artistic compromise. It came to pass very suddenly at a rehearsal of *Boris Godunow*; Toscanini, with a last backward glance of utter despair, fled the Metropolitan forever.

Mahler, continually on the alert analyzing, understood this artistic problem better than the impulsive Toscanini. He had even stated in writing, "that the musician lives only inwardly and therefore possesses but little capability of grasping the outer world." For this reason, while director of the Vienna Opera he had relied upon the painter, Alfred Roller, for the visual realization of the integral artwork. Arriving at the Met he immediately felt the need of once more having Roller as collaborator. Mahler to Roller:

Owing to the absolute incompetence and dishonesty of those who have for many years past had full control of its artistic and financial destinies (I refer to the directors, stage-managers, decorators, etc., a group consisting almost entirely of Europeans) the Metropolitan is in an extremely sad state.

The audience and all those whose will the operatic artist must take into account (not least among these factors being the Board of Directors, mostly multi-millionaires) are somewhat spoiled through having been hoodwinked; yet in contrast to our own audience and Board at Vienna, they are still unsuited, hungry for new expression, and to the highest degree, anxious to learn. . . .

But now for the crux of the matter!

I have convinced the gentlemen of the Board (particularly the one with most authority among them) that the stage here needs, above all, a new master, and that I know of only one who, both as artist and man, has the qualifications necessary to pull the Metropolitan wagon out of the ditch. At the same time necessity demands (and I am still busy convincing them from this angle) that the stage and everything connected with it should be unconditionally subjected to the authority of this man. In short, they are to create here a position just like the one I have always felt you occupied in Vienna. I could write much more in this vein, but believe the following hints will suffice.

You will find here abundant wealth and the best society—no intrigue—no red-tape—in a word, the finest field of activity that I could wish for you. Could I personally take over the direction of the Metropolitan I would not waste a moment writing this; but since you will have to deal with a total stranger (the Italian from the Scala or someone else) I must warn you to be on your guard. Above all should the interview between you and Mr. Cortenec reach the actual discussion of an official contract be sure to insist upon authority that will leave you complete freedom of action in all matters pertaining to the stage—at least, a position equal to the one you have in Vienna.

When Mahler engaged this painter as his "chief-stage-manager" his mind was functioning much as had Wagner's before him. In reality, the painter as stage-manager is equivalent to the ballet-master as stage manager. Both feel music as "sounding form" (a literal translation of Hanslick's famous phrase "toenende Form") just as a musician would feel it. Both translate it, to the best of their ability, into "visual form," i.e., rhythmically motivated gestures. The productions of the Mahler-Roller collaboration at the Viennese Opera far excelled all previous operatic productions. Those two succeeded in blending sound and scene into a striking semblance of unity. Yet it remained at its best a twin-conception, lacking the deciding, unifying influence: one controlling mind that could have united the flowing music and motionless scenery by means of that main-artery of dramatic life, *action*. That for which Toscanini had instinctively called, though in vain; that which Mahler mistakenly thought he had found in Roller, was this mind, known here as the Dramatic Director, in Europe as the *Oberregisseur*.

The influence of Mahler's operatic reforms upon Germany was evidenced by the rise of the Dramatic Director in Central Europe. Occasionally, this man was the general-manager of the stage. The outstanding directors of the German singing-stage were not impresarios but artists. They were directors of experience, particularly in the legitimate theatre, their work in staging the plays of Shakespeare and Ibsen proving an ideal preparation for producing the music-dramas of Wagner and Verdi, if (if!) they happened also to be good musicians. They represented that controlling mind, that harmonious complex of talents that could successfully cope with the problem of music-dramatic unification.

In 1907, had Mr. Gatti been such a director he would have engaged Alfred Roller or some other capable artist to execute his conceptions of scenic decoration. Then, just as the German operatic directors did, he would have placed himself at the head of his "company" and undertaken to shape each artwork in his repertoire according to his own visual conception. In such a case both Mahler and Toscanini would have served him gladly and faithfully.

Mr. Gatti, however, was an impresario.

The managerial "Board" of the Met suddenly experienced an attack of "cold feet" when the question of Roller's engagement once more became a topic of serious discussion. Mahler to Roller:

Things here have suddenly taken a turn which I cannot as yet fully grasp. Only this much is clear to me: somebody seems to have upset all my plans. The hostility towards my proposition has become particularly noticeable ever since Cottenet's visit to Vienna. What happened there? Has he seen you? To whom else has he spoken? I have not been able thus far to find out anything about the whole matter, which in itself seems good cause for suspicion. I now feel a marked coolness in the attitude of the Board towards me.

Mahler was disappointed. He lost faith in his American mission. He resigned.

The futile experiment with Toscanini and Mahler over, Mr. Gatti turned back with extreme relief to the "good old" operatic routine. The heavens beamed once more, full of "stars," who could now not only give full vent here to the artistic vices for which Europe, thanks to the revelations of Toscanini and Mahler, had sharply disciplined them, but could even win through these very excesses high press-praise and a plethora of dollars. Mr. Gatti now engaged as his orchestral leaders those typical "second conductors" who kiss the prima donna's hand and, smiling sweetly, help sustain the famous tenor's most ab-

struse florid displays until they "ring the bell," to the boisterous applause of the topmost gallery. To such mediocre talents he even sacrificed the only real conductor still at the Met: the Mahler-pupil, Artur Bodanzky.

Meanwhile the Met watched with jealous eye that no opposition arise to contest its sovereign monopoly. When Arthur Hammerstein suddenly began to produce operas at the "Manhattan" in so arresting a manner as to "show up" the truly sad artistic conditions at the Met as compared with his more vital productions, adapted to American needs, the Met, strangely enough, felt no urge to profit by his splendid example. It is rumored that Hammerstein, for a monetary consideration of not less than seven figures, agreed to desist from opera entirely, thus rescuing the Met from dangerous competition. Again the Met sighed with relief, turned over on its other side, and yawned, "Here I lie midst all that's mine; let—me—sleep!"

Lofty skyscrapers, emblems of a new order, sprang up all about the Met and far beyond it. Nearly thirty years of the greatest world-wide, moral, artistic, political, economic, and spiritual upheavals passed it by. The Met slumbered on. A new generation, hungry for new life, beat at its gates, crying for the artistic expression of its own mighty impulses and ideas. The Met, fast asleep, heard it not. The new generation turned to Ziegfeld. Today the Met still lies sleeping, just as it did when Toscanini and Mahler left it. At that time some of its features bore at least the semblance of life. The De Reszkes were, somehow, representative of that time, the expression of a country completely dependent upon operatic importations from Europe. Today, however, that age and its manner are dead and buried. Even our most sentimental old "uncles and aunts" would be extremely disappointed if Emma Calve and Enrico Caruso returned just as they were. Victoriana have only museum-interest for today. Thanks to the Metropolitan Opera Company and its General Manager, present-day American operatic production, "from coast to coast," is just a museum of operatic art that has-been—a museum of operatic masks and shades.

Quod Erat Demonstrandum . . .

Will things be different, now that Mr. Gatti has left the sinking ship? Will the Board prove that Mr. Gatti was in reality solely responsible for the sere artistic standards of the Met, or that, after all, he merely carried out the wishes of the Board, even though they were contrary to his personal convictions? Mr. Johnson has already been obliged to promise that he, as General Manager, will continue along the lines so long and so unwaveringly pursued by his predecessor, Mr. Gatti. Alas, Mr. Johnson is saddled with a still narrower Board of vigilants to watch every step he takes. He will have to reckon with many a thick strand of Met polity which will resist to the last hair's breadth any attempt to effect their attenuation. He will find that by the mere engagement of young American singers nothing more decisive will be accomplished than by the importation of a revolving stage to mimic the superficially clever tricks of Berlin snob-directors. The logic and psychology of the American, qualified by his individual temperament and his unique spiritual and economic background, are fundamentally different from those of the European. This is a paramount truth, which only the "guest" virtuoso, who brings with him his foreign bag of tricks, and the chronic snob, who talks of transplanting Bayreuth, Salzburg, and La Scala on American soil, fail to grasp. For the man who

can feel the living pulse of his surroundings because he instinctively understands them, neither spaghetti nor Salzburger Nockerl taste genuine on Broadway. Let the American singer study his art according to the Italian method, if he will. Still he cannot study *Carmen* in Paris, the *Ring* in Berlin, *Aida* in Milan, and *Rosenkavalier* in Vienna without producing a hopelessly amateurish hash of styles in New York. Broadway adapts to the atmosphere of Broadway every play that hails from overseas. Even Shakespeare is subjected to adaptation nowadays, because the inviolate originals are no longer suited to the living stage. Verdi's operas, "germanized" by Franz Werfel, experienced a new renaissance in Germany through that dramatic transformation. New Yorkers remember how the Russians "russified" *Carmen* to suit their own needs. For my part, I can imagine a production of Wagner's *Ring* so burningly vital to the American spirit as to offer successful competition in this respect even to the Odets and O'Neills. Yes, a *Ring* completely in the American spirit. I can also imagine (nay, I feel sure) that a production of "Figaro's Wedding," adapted to and inspired by the American spirit, would finally furnish American composers with that elusive inspiration which they have never been able to get from the falsified operatic imports of the Met.

Robust American common sense can do nothing with the weary romanticism of the Old World. If Dame Opera is ever to play a vital part in the development of American culture, she must, like every immigrant, be cast into the melting-pot to suffer a complete alchemical re-birth. Any other process, the attempt to cover her wrinkles with the mask of false youth included, is just as hopeless as the attempt to cure a deadly cancer by the application of cosmetics.

—ERNST LERT

(Tr. by Gabriel Engel)

ANTONIA BRICO PERFORMS BRUCKNER'S ROMANTIC

Hats off, Brucknerites, to Antonia Brico, gallant conductress of the New York Women's Symphony Orchestra! Of the summer echoes of last season's Bruckner activity those that emanated from the enchanting sway of her baton were not only the most amazing but also the most joyful. Twice in rapid succession, despite the most trying handicaps a conductor ever had to face, Miss Brico "did and dared" for an ideal cause in which she believed implicitly. Concerning the first of her two performances of the *Romantic* with the New York Civic Orchestra at the Museum of Natural History and City College, Mr. Charles C. Fite, who was present, has kindly written us the following report:

I have just heard a performance of the Bruckner Symphony No. 4, given by the New York Civic Orchestra, Antonia Brico conducting. It received at her hands an eloquent and dramatic reading, and the audience was quick to recognize and respond to the sincere enthusiasm of the conductor for this magnificent work. Having attended the rehearsals I can attest to the many difficulties she encountered in bringing the symphony before the audience of the New York Civic Orchestra.

For over a year now she has been endeavoring to overcome this many-sided opposition to the works of Bruckner, for whom she has an especial sympathy and understanding, as she studied conducting for many years in Bayreuth, with Dr. Karl Muck, whose authority on the works of Bruckner need scarcely be mentioned.

To achieve, in the face of persistent opposition, such a signal success with this work of genius deserves, I think, recognition from those who have at heart the interest of spreading the gospel of Bruckner. Many musicians of taste and discrimination who heard the performance this afternoon share my opinion with me.

THE GRAND *TE DEUM**

After composing his F-minor Mass in 1867, Bruckner could no longer resist the beckoning allurements of the larger purely instrumental forms and devoted himself almost exclusively to the creation of gigantic symphonies. Many years passed, years so full of bitter disappointment, that only the firm faith so convincingly voiced in the "Credo" of that mass sustained him from an abject surrender to the trials heaped upon him by inscrutable Circumstance.

Symphony after symphony issued from his inspired pen, mighty works of apostolic fervor, that brought him not a single farthing of material reward but a superabundance of scorn, works which no one cared to play and, with but one exception, the Third (*Wagner*) Symphony, no one even dared to publish.

In 1884, sixty years old, still obscure, and hardly even dreaming that world-wide recognition was already hovering over his humble threshold, he wrote with characteristic brevity, "My *Seventh Symphony* is finished, and also a grand *Te Deum*." The whole musical cosmos now knows how he was whirled to the dizzyest heights of fame on the wings of that same *Seventh Symphony* ere the year was out. The *Te Deum* that lay finished beside that score bore the significant inscription, O.A.M.D.G., *omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Bruckner, the veritable Job of music, ecstatic in his praise of God! And then, like a miracle from Above, the boon of sudden fame!

Another ten years passed. The *Eighth Symphony*, hailed as the "crown of nineteenth century music," had been given to the world. Finally, the Ninth, unfinished and yet strangely complete, a Farewell symphony dedicated in advance, as the evening prayer of a trusting child, to "Dear God." Here was the ultimate proof that Anton Bruckner's unswerving faith had been to his art all that the most dauntless courage could ever be to a valiant fighter.

As though it were truly blessed and inviolate, Bruckner's great song of gratitude, often called the world's finest *Te Deum*, was his only work destined to triumph without critical hostility. When one considers the endless procession of performances given it in the musical centres of German Europe one stands aghast at the intensity of the Viennese prejudice that compelled Bruckner to confine its initial Austrian hearing to a small group of friends. So marked, indeed, was this prejudice that the composer could see only enemies in the personnel of the Viennese orchestras and consequently had the accompaniment played not by an orchestra, but by two of his devoted pupils who had arranged the score for piano, four hands. Yet developments soon showed that for once Bruckner need not have feared animosity. Before so overwhelmingly sincere a message as this even the habitually caustic tongue of that most rabid anti-Brucknerite, the conductor von Buelow, could utter no bitter criticism. Von Buelow actually praised the *Te Deum* highly and urged prominent conductors to include it in their repertoire.

The fine tribute paid it by Gustav Mahler upon the occasion of its premiere at Hamburg on April 15th, 1892, must have been typical of the welcome given this sacred classic throughout Europe. We quote it in part

*Marking the Japanese premiere performance of Bruckner's *Te Deum* in Osaka, Jan. 26, 1935, by the Takarazuka Symphony Society, Jos. Laska conducting.

because Mahler understood the artist in Bruckner perhaps better than anyone else, and because he was, in addition, himself a great composer and one of the world's most eminent conductors:

Revered Master!

I am happy that I may at last tell you this: I have performed one of your works. Yesterday (Good Friday) I conducted your splendid and mighty *Te Deum*. Singers, orchestra, and audience alike were overwhelmed by the nobility and perfection of your conceptions. The performance itself closed with that phenomenon which I regard as the highest tribute that can be paid a work of musical art. The audience remained seated, silent and motionless, and not until the conductor and participants rose to leave their places did the storm of applause break loose.

The most memorable performance of the *Te Deum* took place on January 12th, 1896, at Vienna. A few moments before the first note sounded a wheel-chair was rolled into the concert hall. In it reclined an old, broken man, his emaciated countenance already touched by the sombre fingers of imminent dissolution. It was the aged Bruckner. Then as the glorious strains of his score rose towards Heaven his lips, framed in a transfigured smile, tremblingly followed each sacred syllable. Yes, this music was his own contribution to the greater glory of God! This and that other, his Ninth Symphony, almost finished, the whole essence of his life as a mortal.

—GABRIEL ENGEL

Friend of Toscanini

Most of those who had the good fortune to encounter the irresistible sincerity and personal charm of the late Max Smith were not surprised to know that a deep friendship had sprung up between him and Toscanini. They recognized that the striking modesty characterizing all his expressions of opinion on matters of art was but the index of a true knowledge, tempered by the consciousness that human wisdom is inevitably limited.

Yet, to Toscanini, Max Smith must have meant far more than the sum of such qualities. Completely understood by none, the thirst of genius for sympathetic companionship is as difficult to appease as it is insatiable. There have always been mortals for whom this yearning never found fulfilment. Those (and alas! they are almost all of us) for whom devotion to greatness is too closely akin to an alienating sense of awe, can never comprehend that phase of Anton Bruckner's communion with God that found in the Eternal Father alone the possibility of a supreme companionship midst utter human solitude. To them is only granted the beautiful result of this amazing companionship of the spirit, those warm, lofty strains of the Bruckner adagios that recount so eloquently the miraculous moments during which the naive symphonist traversed super-earthly highways hand in hand with his Friend, "der liebe Gott."

Max Smith experienced fully this transcendental quality in Bruckner's art. It was in great measure through him that his friend Toscanini was won to that effort to transmit the Bruckner revelation which led to the most soul-stirring readings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and *Romantic* symphonies music-lovers have ever heard.

Whenever Toscanini plays Bruckner he will remember his departed American friend to whom Bruckner meant so much—and each such performance will become a towering monument to the memory of Max Smith.

BRUCKNER'S *SIXTH**

The amazing neglect of Bruckner's First and Sixth Symphonies by the music world of the last half-century clearly proves the accuracy of the composer's own estimate of these two works. The first, which he described as "daring," has been very rarely performed in Europe and never in America; the sixth, which he called "the most daring," has suffered a neglect almost as complete.

Although there was a solitary performance of the two short and simple middle movements of the sixth during Bruckner's lifetime the event was anything but a tribute to a gigantic creative artist. The flat rejection of the stupendous first and last movements by the friendly conductor, Jahn, only served to emphasize the fact that the composer's descriptive phrase, "most daring," actually meant "reserved for the future."

Three years after Bruckner's death occurred the pioneer unveiling of the work as an integral symphony. Gustav Mahler performed it in Vienna, only to discover that the time had not yet come for the world to grasp its still strange beauties. When Josef Stranksy gave the symphony its American premiere in 1912 the result was even more discouraging.

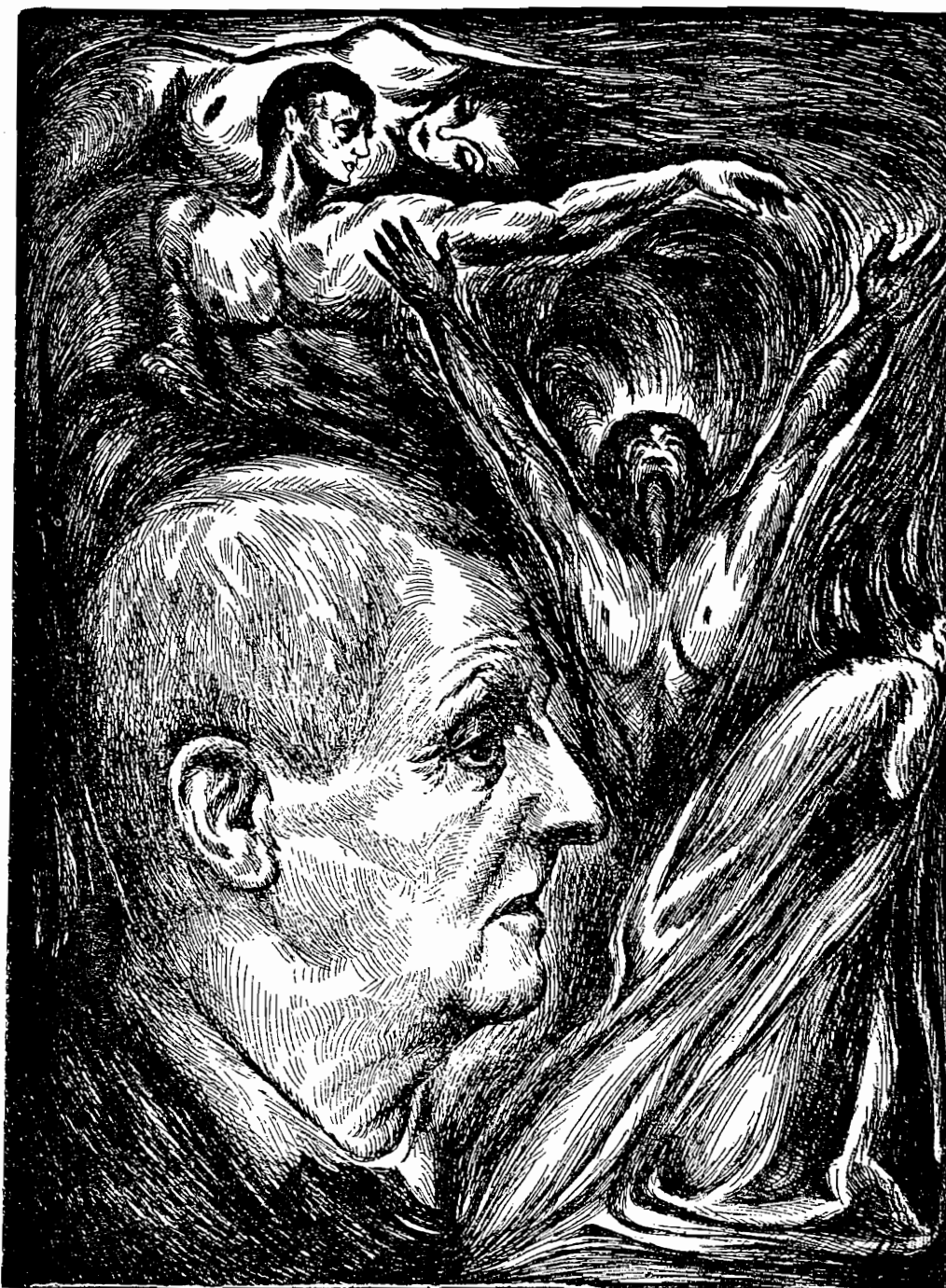
Since then Bruckner's greatest symphonies, the seventh, eighth and ninth, have won magnificent triumphs in this country and opened a gateway to the proper appreciation of the sixth which, in many respects, is an indispensable prelude to its mighty followers.

In this symphony, for the first time since Beethoven, the themes and motives of each movement are evolved out of one central idea, probably inspired by an Austrian military signal (the Retreat), and every theme and motive that succeeds it is logically derived from it.

Hitherto all symphonies had conformed to a striking artistic hindrance, inherent in that tradition-bound conception of symphonic structure which demanded a recapitulation of the themes introduced in the opening section of the first movement. As early as his Fourth Symphony (the Romantic) Bruckner showed a desire to cast aside these traditional chains. A mere repetition of previously stated ideas after their possibilities had already been thoroughly developed struck him as absurd and contrary to the highest ideals of art. Axiomatic though it may seem today, it required the supreme courage and conviction of a great reformer to bring to a successful issue the introduction of a principle so revolutionary at the time of its inception. In acclaiming his eighth and ninth symphonies the world has by now unquestionably indorsed this Bruckner contribution to musical culture, but it still seems necessary for lovers of the art to realize that the original manifesto of the new symphonic principle is to be found in the almost totally unknown sixth symphony.

The usual detailed program analysis as a preface to a first hearing of this symphony would only handicap the mind of the listener. He should surrender his emotions freely and entirely to the music, for it requires not explanation but sincere spiritual communion. As Donald Francis Tovey urges in his recently published analysis of this symphony, "Listen to it with reverence; for the composer meant what he said, and he is speaking of sacred things."

*Marking the first performances of Bruckner's *Sixth* in Cincinnati, Jan. 11, 12, 1935 (See *Symphonic Chronicle*).



From the etching by Francis Coradai

BRUCKNER STUDY: DAS KECKE BESERL

The American artist, Francis Coradai, is a great music-lover, whose excellent portraits of noted living musicians have earned him wide-spread recognition as "the artist of the musicians." The present *Bruckner Study* is one of a comprehensive series, "Great Composers and Their Work". Mr. Coradai is a symbolist. He has made the symbolism of his Bruckner etching particularly pertinent to *Das kecke Beserl* (the First Symphony) the detailed explanation of which is the task of the following article.

BRUCKNER STUDY: *DAS KECKE BESERL*

When fame suddenly came to brighten Bruckner's last years celebrated conductors began clamoring for his still unknown earliest works. Bruckner then took down from its dusty shelf the score of his *First Symphony* and showed it to that popular orchestral leader, Hans Richter. The latter, expecting to see a fresh sample of typical Bruckner tonal magnificence, scanned it with growing wonder, casting incredulous glances back and forth from the great composer to this music he had once composed. At length unable to contain his surprise and delight Richter exclaimed, "Professor, you must have been madly in love when you wrote this symphony!"

"Yes, I was always madly in love in those days," sighed Bruckner, swayed by an irresistible tide of bitter-sweet memories.

Love and Bruckner! How incompatible the combination must seem to those who know him only through the soaring splendor of his later symphonies! They may, in too hasty judgment, brand the *First* as immature, basing their verdict on the very qualities which lend the work marked individuality. Yet immaturity is the one criticism that can be confidently dismissed in the estimate of any of Bruckner's nine numbered symphonies. He wrote no symphonies before he had completely mastered all the technical and formal requirements of symphonic expression. When he suppressed his two earliest attempts in the grand orchestral form, he did so only because he considered them spiritually unworthy of rank among his nine mature symphonies. Bruckner's own attitude towards the *First* as an authentic personal expression is beyond doubt, for the dedication of this work to the University of Vienna was his proud, grateful reply upon being awarded the honorary doctor's degree, a distinction which he (naively enough) deemed the crowning honor of his career.

The *First* will present no mystifying features to those thoroughly familiar with the incidents of Bruckner's life immediately surrounding the origin of that symphony. When Richter characterized it in effect as a love-symphony, he at once saw revealed a totally new vista of Bruckner's spiritual life. Eager to be the first to present this to the world he hurriedly thrust the score under his arm and was making off with it, when Bruckner exclaimed in alarm, "But, Mr. Conductor, *the fresh young girlie* has to be polished first!" (No English translation can hope to do justice to the original homely Upper-Austrian slang, *Das kecke Beserl*, which became henceforth the universally accepted nickname of the *First Symphony*).

Did Bruckner in uttering this curious phrase (with his characteristically whimsical humor) refer only to the fact that this work was his youngest legitimate symphonic offspring? All the experts concede the nickname an apt description of the opening theme, claiming that circumstance as the origin of the phrase itself in Bruckner's mind. Having gone so far, is it necessary to stop, for fear lest the sacred principles of absolute music be violated? In accordance with the tenets of post-classical symphonic analysis this portrait of an exasperating, yet charming, young female, may logically be regarded as the principal text or topic of the whole work. It is not improbable that the habitually laconic composer compressed within these five homely syllables the emotional essence of a fascinating chapter of autobiography, a series of incidents, which he might well

have wished hidden from the world, and yet which, as romantic memories, he had been unable to keep from welling up out of the depths of his soul in the shape of tone. Thus it came about that the *First Symphony* sang the saga of Anton Bruckner, the frustrated lover, and yet, through renunciation, the great hero. The acceptance of this explanation of the symphony's meaning is advisable not only because of the ample corroboration it finds in Bruckner's experiences, but also because it will accomplish much towards allaying the wonder how so uniquely daring and human a work could spring from the soul of a man still thought to be a species of musical ostrich, his head deep in the dust of contrapuntal analysis.

II

At least five of the purely occasional Bruckner compositions preceding *Das kecke Besehl* were dedicated to women. Nevertheless the man who practiced the organ and piano thirteen hours a day and submitted seventeen bookfuls of exercises for a single lesson in theory had had no time for an all-absorbing affair of the heart. His long years of study over Bruckner suddenly saw himself with terror as a man well on towards middle age and utterly alone in an unfriendly world. Faced with such a realization so shy a creature must have cast many a longing glance back towards the humble security he had enjoyed during the ten preceding years at the monastery of St. Florian.

As he now worked upon his *Mass in D Minor*, his first serious attempt at independent expression, he felt that retreat was impossible. He had, after many bitter years of inner conflict, become convinced that music was the calling for which Providence had intended him. The thought that he had done all that was humanly possible to prepare himself for that service was comforting. Even in his earliest years as organist at the monastery he had had a premonition that his musical mission was not to find fulfilment in the creation of sacred works. With irrepressible longing he dreamed of the greater world without. Deep beneath the monk-like exterior of the man there slumbered an adventurous soul. Now and then it would awake at the touch of some tale of daring and he would furtively plan to seek his fortune in far-off countries. Sometimes even America seemed to beckon to him, saying, "Come. The road to success is not as difficult here as in your beloved native Austria."

Harassed by petty worries he saw in his loneliness the worst enemy to his peace of mind. The man who had fancied himself in love with almost every pretty face he had gazed upon now began earnestly looking about him for the ideal help-mate to share his troubles. Everyone knew that Bruckner was contemplating marriage when he suddenly transformed the bachelor disorder of his humble rooms to the tell-tale neatness of a snug little home with complete kitchen equipment. Had they known that he had been compelled to borrow on his modest insurance policy the sum required for this transformation, they would have been doubly sure.

Love of woman in the devastatingly passionate sense characteristic of a Wagner was an emotional upheaval totally beyond the pale of Bruckner's comprehension. To him the bond of matrimony was holy in the deepest sense. The sympathetic smiles of the fair sex had always seemed intensely pleasant to him, but had hitherto elicited no more serious response from him than the devotional gift of a prayer-book or the fluttering dedication of a *Staendchen*.

When he left St. Florian to take up his abode in the neighboring

provincial city of Linz, his position as organist (*cantor*) made him the logical substitute in the parish school whenever the ailing principal was too sick to attend. Thus the shy church-musician came face to face with the rising belles of the town, to find the charm of their blue eyes and blond hair highly disturbing from an every-day ex-cathedral viewpoint.

As these girls blossomed into the courtship stage a year or two later the lonely Bruckner's increasingly frequent presence at social gatherings and dances would call forth an exchange of knowing smiles and pointed glances among the townsfolk. He was well beyond the age deemed suitable for a proper match; he was strikingly eccentric in dress and manner; yet out of a natural mischievousness (or was it only good-natured courtesy?) some of the prettiest maidens encouraged him by repeatedly accepting him as dancing partner. One of these, a certain Rosa von Dierger, led him on mercilessly, until she knew he was just about to propose. Then she cruelly informed him that her hand had already been promised to a likely young druggist. Bitterly the disappointed Bruckner wrote to his dearest friend Weinwurm, a musician in Vienna:

I am terribly discouraged and sad. False world! Worthless baggage! But you too must have come to know it as such.

Much to the amusement of his acquaintances in Linz he was unable to hide his indignation at having been "cast aside for a mere salve-smearer," as he contemptuously expressed it.

His heart was not broken, however, for he at once succumbed to the siren voice of his comely alto soloist, Marie Gaertner. For weeks he pursued her, blushing at every turn like a youth in the throes of calf-love. At length unable longer to guard his "secret" (of course, it was the talk of the town) he determined to confide in her. He would woo her as a great musician, a heroic figure; then the success of his suit would be certain. Accordingly, he invited Marie and some of her girl friends to a special recital at the cathedral during which he would reveal his marvelous gift of improvisation. Sensing a lark they tripped tittering into church. Bruckner had already begun playing and was completely absorbed in the vast world of his musical fantasy. Bach and Beethoven alone before him had possessed such powers of improvisation. Theme after theme emerged and grew to tremendous stature beneath his inspired touch. Now it was a song which, beginning as a mere breath of ethereal sweetness, flowered into the warm melancholy of a song of unutterable yearning; and now it was a triumphant blare of trumpets such as might accompany the storming of a citadel, rather than the capture of a maiden's heart. Finally came the last cadence and, as it died away, the organist, exhausted, groped forth into stark wakefulness, like a somnambulist shaking off the weird, subconscious spell which had gripped him. But where now were the cries of enthusiasm and admiration for which he had so earnestly striven? Not a sound greeted his ear. The girls, frightened or bored (he never knew which) had fled quietly, leaving him alone with his fantasy.

No doubt Marie was sufficiently musical to appreciate and admire Bruckner's superb accomplishments as an organist. Already at this time, according to subsequent reports of concert appearances he made in England and France, he was probably without a peer among the church-musicians of Europe. Yet in the eyes of this young girl no artistic virtues could erase the hopeless stigma of Bruckner's personal eccentricity. Refusing him as gently as she could she must have thought, "How can a girl marry a man whose very genius seems to betray him to the ridicule of his acquaintances?"

The laughter he aroused was not always confined to his abnormal conduct in moments of complete absorption. Had he been wise enough to maintain a more dignified air in his every-day associations with the fair sex he might have attained the complacency of a comfortable marriage in Linz. It is fortunate for art that he unwittingly acted the clown in the company of girls, for those supreme last symphonic adagios, very apothecoses of human loneliness would have been impossible of realization for any save a soul transfigured by a lifetime of combined social and sexual frustration.

Misled, perhaps, by the well-meant advice of boastful younger acquaintances he came to sound the depths of futility in his desperate efforts to win the esteem of almost any young girl. Most of his piano pupils were about sixteen. One of these, Emma Thaner, years after Bruckner had passed away, was asked by his biographer Goellerich to relate some outstanding impressions she still retained of him. She said:

Love played many a prank upon him. I believe he was in love with every one of his girl pupils who had passed her sixteenth year, though it was the dark-eyed, black-haired ones whom he preferred above the others. . . .

I can still see him before me, telling about his experiences and enlivening his stories with expressive gestures, while he would cast frequent side-long glances towards a large mirror. He loved to talk about his "conquests" (as he called them) which were in reality only his pursuit of this or that girl (she might have been a servant-girl for all he cared, so long as she was pretty). How happy he was when at a turning of the way, his "victim" would finally bend her head nervously in answer to his effusively "polite" greeting, giving him (as he called it) "a smile full of meaning." Invariably he would end these stories in a voice raised to an exultant pitch, exclaiming triumphantly, "I'm a regular devil, I am! A regular devil!" Then he would gaze at himself in the mirror with frank admiration.*

The pathos of this childlike, Platonic soul feverishly masquerading as a Casanova is beyond words. Clearly, at this stage of his life Bruckner was not only helpless in his interpretation of the values of every-day life (particularly those connected with the fair sex) but exhibited even less sense of balance, if possible, in evaluating his own inner self. Thus he represented the human embodiment of complete spiritual bewilderment.

Years later, when he would purposely choose for his symphonic workshop a household in which there dwelt at least one attractive young female, he had once more regained the comparative composure of his pre-Linzian years. Then he understood that woman for him was merely that subtle influence which could shed fresh light and warmth over his symphonic labors in moments when his unalterable solitude became too cold and lonely to bear. Before the peace of such self-understanding came to him he had experienced fully the tragedy of unrequited love and enforced renunciation. The long, rapidly changing line of his imagined sweethearts reveals him, much as Beethoven had been before him, a man of inextinguishable longing for love, of no charm for woman, of insufficient wile to offset this handicap, and hence a man fated to a life-long, tortured celibacy.

At the time he was contemplating the composition of his *First Symphony* Bruckner was psychologically ready for the one outstanding amorous experience of his life. The coincidence that this came to him during the colorful days surrounding the world-premiere of *Tristan* only brings out in stronger relief the chasm that separated his soul from that of Wagner. He experienced nothing that can even remotely be compared to a love like *Tristan's* for *Isolde* or, for that matter, Richard's for Mathilde. Instead of the concentrated intensity of one tragic affair

*Goellerich—Auer: *Anton Bruckner*, Part III, Vol. 1; Gustav Bosse Verlag, Regensburg, Germany.

Bruckner had a dozen or more of successive minor disappointments culminating in one last unforgettable seizure of unrequited love. Though he buried forever beneath the laconic record of this affair all serious hope of the ideal union of his longing, he drew from it an inspiration no less important for his future work than Mathilde had proven for Wagner's. After the finale, opening movement, and scherzo of his *First* lay completed, a vivid record of his desperate effort to achieve a spiritual triumph over a thousand and one petty outward frustrations, he wrote his first great *Adagio* under the spell of the deepest love for woman of which he was capable, the love he felt for the pretty seventeen-year-old Josefine Lang.

Since no Bruckner biographer has hitherto seen fit to stress the possible influence this series of amorous adventures exerted upon his *First Symphony* and, perhaps his whole symphonic stature, it will be for the reader to judge, after having followed the few incidents described above, whether they may not be logically linked with the *First* and that curious nickname, *das kecke Beserl*, which Bruckner involuntarily allowed to escape his lips at the moment the impetuous Hans Richter put the score of the symphony under his arm.

III

It was a genius, embittered and yet strangely impregnated by what he considered the deceitfulness of "that baggage", the world, who turned again to his art for consolation. In the grip of the most turbulently conflicting emotions he sensed that the austerity of a religious work would be an impossible achievement. Why not try a symphony again? Swiftly, as though evoked by the very thought, theme after theme sprang into being in his fantasy; themes of tremendously contrasted character, ranging from the most hateful anger to the most tender affection, from the most rugged heroic power to the most delicately lilting charm; themes which so clearly mirrored incidents deeply engraved upon his consciousness that he knew they had literally sprung, not from his mind, but from those experiences themselves. One by one (he seemed to himself only the passive medium of the whole phenomenon) he set them down on paper, while an inner voice said to him, "This is the essence of your own symphony, drawn from the deepest recesses of your soul. It is already finished and you need only write it down."

As he studied the themes a fresh revelation of the utmost significance dawned upon him. He saw that each one was not only a concise song in itself, but that it bristled with an irresistible urge towards increased fulfilment. Its constituting motives, its dominating rhythm, its individual harmonic characteristics, all demanded free progress along a great symphonic line. This line he knew was the spine of the whole symphony to be. Now he could clearly hear the opening theme sounding its onward path straight to the point of departure, at which a fresh theme sprang up, ready to carry the growing message forward with renewed vitality. This, then, was the true symphonic revelation: no mere statement of themes, but an actual gathering of the symphonic forces. How inevitable seemed now to him the grim conflict joined by a host of hurtling thematic fragments in the process of development! Even the moment of silence marking the end of a movement was to be a climax rich in suspense! What if a movement was finished? The themes must go on and on, radiating the increased power of the original message, producing in their career a thousand and one generations of melody all born of that single initial melody, just as the universe was born of the thought "In the

beginning". Yes, the themes must go ever onward, to be united again only in that ultimate melodic fulfilment attained at the triumphant close of the whole symphony.

Ernest Newman, in that remarkable little book, *The Unconscious Beethoven*, has shown how that first rough, one-staved sketch of the *Eroica* places beyond controversy the conclusion that Beethoven's symphonic inspiration was not a composite of ideas which occurred to him piece-meal, to be eventually welded together by mere skill. The amazing truth is that the whole structure of the composition (Mr. Newman used only the "exposition section" of the opening movement for his illustration) embracing the various themes, their junction through motivated particles, their contrasts of every nature, in short, the whole work practically down to its minutest details, was an integral inspiration. Only such a comprehensive inspiration could have ensured the symphony that unfalteringly poetic quality that sets it high above all questioning from a formal viewpoint. The content, the original inspiration, determined the form in every respect. Comparison with other symphonies revealed it as revolutionary. Hence appreciation was long withheld from it.

Richter was not the only conductor who immediately recognized the fascinatingly individual quality of *Das kecke Besehl*. Levi, of *Parsifal* renown, also was enchanted by it and wished to perform it at once. Knowing Bruckner's penchant for revision before permitting a public performance of any of his works, Levi feared for the integrity of this earliest, almost un-Bruckner-like symphony. He entreated Bruckner "not to change a note, for it is all good just as it stands." He need not have feared, however. The different versions of many of his works that Bruckner left the world reveal that he made no changes affecting the initial conception of any of them, for a symphony was to him truly an integral artwork.

—GABRIEL ENGEL

Our Younger Musicians to Study Bruckner and Mahler

One of the most convincing signs of the steady growth of American Bruckner and Mahler appreciation is the surprising announcement recently made by Leon Barzin, the enterprising conductor of the National Orchestral Association, that he will include two Bruckner and three Mahler symphonies in his rehearsal repertoire this season. The fact that this fine organization of the most serious and talented younger musicians of our country is regarded much as a preparatory school for the leading American symphony orchestras tends to stress the important role Bruckner and Mahler are to play on the programs of the major musical organizations in the United States.

MAHLER'S SECOND

I. AN INTERPRETIVE NOTE

Much, perhaps too much, commentary has been published concerning Mahler's *Second Symphony*, three movements of which, because of the poetic texts with which they are intimately associated, need no spiritual analysis whatsoever. One of these, the *Scherzo*, that electrifying tonal embodiment of the most bitter cynicism, that veritable orgy of ugly grimaces at the apparent spiritual worthlessness of mankind, is fortunately permitted to unfold the terrible scroll of its sermon unaided by an actual verbal accompaniment. Hence, for a full appreciation of the significance of this movement, a previous acquaintance with one of Mahler's songs, *The Fish-Sermon of St. Anthony*, is necessary. The music of this song is literally transplanted to the wonderfully diabolical *Scherzo* of the *Resurrection Symphony*. No analysis of the whole work can claim validity without citing at least some portions of the text of that song in connection with this purely instrumental *Scherzo*. The stupendous choral *Finale* and the naive song of prophecy which precedes it require no explanation beyond the texts to which they are set.

Upon the first two movements alone need additional light from without be cast. The second, simple in structure and of the purest melodic character from beginning to end, is amazing only because of the undeniable individuality it maintains midst an unwavering sweetness utterly opposed to all that the world of music has come to regard as of authentically Mahler-quality. To find the explanation of this phenomenon one need only follow the composer's own comprehensive hint, "I have lived my works. Those who know me will understand them."

Vienna, the wonder-city that had been the center of his boyhood dreams, to become in his subsequent student years at the conservatory and university the blissful realization of those dreams, represented the one great happy adventure young Mahler had had with the outer world. Hence, this *Idyll*, which is the tonal expression of that experience, is marked by none of that pain-wracked loneliness which characterizes the bulk of Mahler's music. It exhales that cheerful, life-loving atmosphere which found infinitely charming expression at the hands of all the great masters of music whom good fortune had cast under the magic spell of Vienna. What could Vienna of the Eighties have meant to a young and unsophisticated creative musical genius? The naive contentment of Haydn, the tender, ethereal grace of Mozart, the unquenchable goblin laughter of Beethoven, the nostalgic yearning of Schubert, the vivid, healthy pulse of Johann Strauss, the soaring optimistic song of Bruckner, the deep, restrained pathos of Brahms. Young Mahler's soul thrilled to all these musical wonders, absorbing them as the very essence of Vienna. They were inseparably part of him when he merged them all into a new, integral creation. Such is the subtle alchemy of this perfect *Idyll*.

Few are aware that Mahler ever tried his hand at poetry. The handful of verses of his that survive indicate a technical proficiency that could have come only from considerable practice. Perhaps, on the whole, literature has lost nothing by the shyness which caused Mahler to suppress practically all of his efforts at literary expression. Yet for a closer understanding of his music, still so enigmatical to many, his ventures into verse might have proven highly illuminating. Fortunately,

one short extant poem, composed during the period when he was planning his *Resurrection Symphony*, seems to throw some light upon the colossal first movement, the only direct clue to the dark, ominous character of which is the one phrase, "*Death-Celebration.*" The poem speaks for itself, as well as for the frame of mind in which the symphony was conceived.

The night looks softly down from distances
 Eternal with her thousand golden eyes,
 And weary mortals shut their eyes in sleep
 To know once more some happiness forgotten.
 See you the silent, gloomy wanderer?
 Abandoned is the path he takes and lonely,
 Unmarked for distance or direction;
 And oh! no star illuminates his way,
 A way so long, so far from guardian spirits,
 And voices versed in soft deceit sound, luring,
 'When will this long and futile journey end?
 Will not the wanderer rest from all his suffering?'
 The Sphinx stares grimly, ominous with question,
 Her stony, blank gray eyes tell nothing,—nothing.
 No single, saving sign, no ray of light—
 And if I solve it not—my life must pay.

II. "MY TIME WILL YET COME"

When Mahler finished his *First Symphony* he wrote to his dearest friend:

You alone will understand it, because you know me. To others it will sound strange.
 That was half a century ago.

After a recent performance of the work by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Bruno Walter one of the foremost American critics said:

At one time I, too, in less mature judgment, denied Mahler any outstanding worth at all, except that he had mastered a method of colorful orchestration. I feel that I have come to see more than that in Mahler.

Upon the same occasion another critic predicted for the *First Symphony* a popularity rivalling that of Tschaikowsky's *Pathétique*.

Mahler went on to compose symphony after symphony, and as his individuality attained more and more vivid expression the misunderstanding of his listeners increased. Twenty years after his *First* he completed his *Sixth Symphony*, that gloomy composition generally known as the *Tragic*. One of his friends, shocked by the extreme bitterness which swayed this work to its ultimate echo, asked him reproachfully, "How could a man as kind-hearted as you have written a symphony so full of bitterness?"

Mahler replied, "It is the sum of all the suffering I have had to endure at the hands of life."

Yet, of all his symphonies, this is the only one that ends on a note of pessimism. Even that tempest of spiritual pain, *Das Lied von der Erde*, subsides midst a rainbow of hope, the promise of eternal rebirth.

The *Ninth*, the last completed symphony Mahler left the world, is a deep, soul-stirring paean of faith, such as most would associate only with that great symphonic voice of unshakable affirmation, Anton Bruckner.

Because Mahler was one of the world's foremost conductors hosts of music-lovers admired him, but, almost without exception, these greeted his creative efforts with pitying bewilderment. Mahler, understanding their failure to understand him, smiled wistfully and said, "My time will yet come."

He did not live to share the instant triumph of *Das Lied von der Erde*, a victory confirmed by every subsequent performance given the work down to this very day. Since his death the progress of most of his music in the public esteem has been slow but sure, bearing out his own patient prophecy in that famous laconic utterance of confidence, "My time will yet come."

Yet in the case of one of his symphonies, the *Second*, that prophecy was never pertinent. From the very first hearing given this stupendous choral work (Richard Strauss himself conducted the premiere at Hamburg in 1895) each performance has lent it added lustre until its unflinching human appeal has stamped it as an undeniable classic of the symphonic repertoire. Curiously enough, this *Second* is spiritually Mahler's first symphony, conceived and planned several years before he began to write his real *First Symphony*. Thus it is in every way the true "open sesame" to the understanding of all his works.

July 7, 1935, marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of Mahler's birth. Serious American music-lovers of the future will be proud to know that the highest tribute paid this great, still neglected Austrian composer upon the occasion of this anniversary must be credited to the American business organization which ventured to make and publish at considerable expense a magnificent recording of this entire colossal symphony.

In the name of the present generation of American music-lovers, The Bruckner Society of America wishes herewith to confess a mighty debt of gratitude to the Victor Company for this first infallible opportunity to obtain at private leisure a thorough introduction to the symphonic achievement of Gustav Mahler, certainly one of the richest artistic legacies of all time.

—GABRIEL ENGEL

THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDS

In recognition of their distinguished services in furthering the general appreciation of Mahler's art in the United States, Artur Bodanzky, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Otto Klemperer, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, William Mengelberg, and Bruno Walter will be awarded the new Exclusive Mahler Medal of Honor.

PERFORMANCES ANNOUNCED FOR SEASON 1935-1936

- Bruckner's *Eighth*: N. Y. Philharmonic, Otto Klemperer, Nov. 14, 15.
Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky (no date set as yet).
- Mahler's *Second*: N. Y. Philharmonic, Klemperer, Dec. 12, 13, 15
Cleveland Symphony, Rodzinski, (No date).
- Mahler's *Fourth*: Cleveland Symphony, Rodzinski, (No date)
- Mahler's *Fifth* or *Ninth*: Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky, (No date)

PROPHETS, SCRIBES, AND PHARISEES

The sad lapses abounding in practically every new, "popular" book about music still go unchallenged in most of the magazine and newspaper columns devoted to the review of such publications. Therefore even so cautious a rebuke as that of Peter Bowdoin in the *Herald-Tribune* book-section (Sept. 22, 1935) seems a welcome forecast of more honest days to come. Weighing the relative virtues and shortcomings of Theodore M. Finney's recent *History of Music*, Mr. Bowdoin remarks:

There are, however, errors in the matter of emphasis. For instance, neither Rossini, nor Bruckner is accorded anything like adequate treatment, and the paragraph devoted to Gustav Mahler is somewhat misleading.

The frequent practice of coupling famous names in the history of musical art has produced results ranging from the highly felicitous to the painfully ridiculous. To illustrate the first type, Lawrence Gilman, in a nation-wide broadcast last season, linked the names of Bach, Beethoven, and Bruckner as those of the three who had attained the most universal musical expression of human faith. As for the second type, Mr. Bowdoin is doubtless familiar with that incredible marriage of names that occurred somewhat over a century ago at the world premiere of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, when some of the most popular arias of Rossini were sandwiched in between sections of the *Mass* to circumvent the impatience of the musical public.

There is little doubt as to how the serious music-lover of to-day will receive Mr. Bowdoin's impulsive concatenation of names cited above. The sudden appearance of Rossini's name much as that of a new "senior member" in an already well-known symphonic "partnership" is, perhaps, purely accidental. Yet were it not so it would mark the reviewer as a friend of Bruckner and Mahler anxious to deliver a careful thrust in behalf of their art. Had he omitted the name of Rossini (or any similarly towering genius neglected by Mr. Finney) he might have been compelled to face the jibes of those of his colleagues who still regard the mere united mention of Bruckner and Mahler in a spirit of homage as the flaunting of a despicable musical banner. Certainly, Mr. Bowdoin's arraignment of the "single paragraph" devoted to Gustav Mahler as "misleading" is a miracle of drollery, impossible of any other interpretation.

"But why pick on Mr. Finney? Who is *he*, anyhow?" some may ask. To them we make reply, "Big or small, Peter Bowdoin tackles them, one and all." In proof of which the following:

John Erskine, one of the greatest American music educators since Helen of Troy, has just put his stamp of approval upon a species of imported *Musical Companion*, after diplomatically editing it into a condition of at least no mean proportions. Abbreviated by Prof. Erskine to a mere 548 pages, this *Musical Companion* devotes only a single sentence to Bruckner's art, blotting it out, so to speak, with one contemptuous flourish of the pen. What has Mr. Bowdoin to say of this sweeping *Musical Companion*? Well, here is the keynote of his review. (*Herald Tribune*, Books, Oct. 20).

This work presents in an engaging manner a great deal of information usually to be had from text books. Unfortunately, a generous share of misinformation is also offered.

Then follows an arraignment of various phases of narrowness and ignorance exhibited by some of the *Companion's* contributors, in the course of which the well-known Edward J. Dent, author of a section

devoted to the opera is subjected to an unfavorable comparison with Donald Francis Tovey. In this manner, the name of a truly illustrious British musical authority, conspicuous because of his complete absence from Prof. Erskine's symphony in high tea, is injected into the discussion. Irresistibly there looms up the thought that, with the exception of Olga Samaroff Stokowski's chapter on music in the United States, Mr. Tovey could have undertaken single-handed a far more authoritative treatment of every topic presented in the *Companion*. Then, however, we would have been deprived of Prof. Erskine's painstaking and "engaging" work of edition, ("a deed of mercy", Mr. Bowdoin calls it.)

Mr. Harrison's (one of the seven British contributors) contempt for Liszt as a symphonist, his sweeping dismissal of Bruckner's symphonies, his unwise remarks about the symphonies of Chausson and d'Indy are other examples of an unfortunate insularity.

And that is not all, but enough to cause us to wonder whether, this being, after all, a bitterly serious discussion, we are not attaching too much importance to so amusing *A Musical Companion*.

Fortunately all the neglect and opprobrium of present-day text-book musical historians writing in English is amply compensated by the rich recognition accorded Bruckner's art in the recently published *Essays in Musical Analysis* by Donald Francis Tovey.† Every word concerning music uttered by this man, accepted by such authorities as Lawrence Gilman and Ernest Newman as the supreme music-critical English voice, must carry tremendous weight. For this reason the fifteen pages of almost unqualified praise which he devotes to Bruckner's art represent the highest literary recognition the master has as yet gained outside of Austria and Germany.

Alas, America can boast no Donald Francis Tovey. The comparatively uncultivated soil of the New World can hardly be expected to produce such a phenomenon of encyclopedic musical attainments as is this remarkable man, equally pre-eminent as conductor, theorist, esthetician, and educator. Our professional musical educators thus far can lay but little claim to having advanced the art materially among us. Fascinating volumes of psychology might be written to explain their failure in this regard, but nothing, we fear, that would adequately exonerate them. That the art has not stagnated altogether in America is because there have always been among our men of affairs progressive music-lovers prepared to serve the cause of artistic progress even to the point of self-sacrifice. Men and women, of deeds rather than words, these have nevertheless undertaken now and then to transmit their fervor to others by means of the printed word. It is the few books by such pioneers of art (and not the futile texts penned or edited by our learned fossils) that have proven our only truthful literary contributions to musical progress. The martyred Harriet Lanier's *Musical Verities* is a heart-rending record of a true artistic pioneer's career of self-sacrifice in the cause of musical progress. Every serious music-lover of America should read this book with reverence.

Harriet Lanier is no longer among us; but the pioneer soul is eternal. Such a soul is Charles O'Connell, whose recent *Book of the Symphony** is the open sesame to a world of good music long hampered on its way to American hearts by sniping professors, whose notion of true homage

†Donald Francis Tovey: *Essays in Musical Analysis* (2 vols.) Oxford University Press, London, 1935.

*Charles O'Connell: *The Victor Book of the Symphony* [with a foreword by Leopold Stokowski] Simon and Schuster, New York, 1935.

to Beethoven is to turn his art into bullets for use against the artistic progress of his successors.

Before discussing his significant *Book of the Symphony*, just a word about Charles O'Connell, the man of deeds. Serious music-lovers of this country owe him a debt of eternal gratitude because he was mainly instrumental in bringing about the long awaited publication of complete phonographic recordings of the symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler. The praise due him in this connection is all the greater, since his efforts in behalf of these neglected symphonic giants have been so magnificently successful in a decade still resounding with heated propaganda for and against their compositions.

It is a great joy at last to be able to report complete recordings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and Mahler's *Second*, both by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. (See *Symphonic Chronicle*.)

Although only the Mahler work has been released as yet, we may confidently anticipate from its unsurpassed brilliancy that the Bruckner recording will prove not only a real joy to those relatively few Americans, who have long known and loved Bruckner's music, but also a decisive revelation to those, less adequately acquainted, who still hesitate in granting the master a triumphal entry into musical Valhalla.

In Mr. O'Connell's *Book of the Symphony* Bruckner has been honored with a biography, a full-page portrait, and a sympathetic, though necessarily brief analysis of the *Romantic Symphony*. Yet to the serious music-lover this book is far more than a witness of the final lifting of "recording" barriers against Bruckner and Mahler. It embraces lucid, concise analyses not only of the older symphonic classics, but also of the most important contributions to the orchestral repertoire since Beethoven. These analyses include Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony*, Brahms' *First Symphony*, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, Strauss' *Heldenleben*, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*, Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, and Holst's *Planets*, all of them contributions of the utmost importance to the development of the modern symphonic language. No masterpiece, even though less epoch-making, has been forgotten by Mr. O'Connell.

Therefore this book seems to us the true "musical companion." Leopold Stokowski, one of America's foremost champions of musical progress, in describing Mr. O'Connell's *Book of the Symphony*, has, perhaps unintentionally, revealed just what a "musical companion", worthy of such a title, should be.

In simple language it gives the technical background of symphonic music so that even an inexperienced music lover can understand and enjoy it. In reading it his mind and emotions will be stimulated so that his pleasure in listening to the music afterwards will be greater.

The parts of this book which tell of the imaginative and poetic side of music are in themselves a kind of music expressed through words.

One has the impression that the author feels that music is chiefly a thing of sensuous pleasure and that no matter how great or small may be the technical knowledge of the hearer music should be enjoyed through the senses and the imagination.

Except in purely program music the book does not paint pictures or tell stories about music but aims to suggest images and lines of thought that will give the music lover a point of departure for his own imaginative flight.

This book is equally interesting and illuminating to the professional musician and to the music lover who has not yet had the opportunity of studying the nature of music technically but whose pleasure in listening to music will be increased if his imagination and emotions are prepared and stimulated by someone who approaches music as directly and yet as profoundly as Charles O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell's brief presentation of Bruckner begins confidently,

"Anton Bruckner, one of the most important composers of the last hundred years." His estimate of Mahler, colored by the "Mahler debatability" prevailing to-day, ends honestly with the following statement: "In spite of public receptivity, conductors as a rule have neglected Mahler's works until comparatively recent months; and we must half-sadly, half-hopefully join in his own frequent and confident declaration: *Meine Zeit wird noch kommen* (My time will yet come.) There are indications that his time is imminent." Musical historians, who can devote only a page or two to these symphonic giants, should profit by this fair and dignified attitude of Mr. O'Connell. Recognition such as he gives Bruckner and Mahler is the least that is compatible with the esteem their works are steadily gaining among most serious music-lovers.

Historians, the scope of whose work permits more detailed attention to Bruckner, may well take their key-note from the fifteen pages of appreciation devoted by that great musical authority, Donald Francis Tovey, to a discussion of Bruckner's most and least known works, the *Fourth* and *Sixth* symphonies. Mr. Tovey continually emphasizes the element of critical prejudice that has hindered the general understanding of Bruckner's art. To those who object to the composer's manner of orchestration he says: "The scores bristle (as Weingartner says) with abnormalities, but the quintessence of orchestral quality is manifest in every line. Nothing is more astonishing than the way in which *naïvetés* that look on paper (and sound on the pianoforte) as if they really 'will never do', become augustly romantic in the orchestra if their execution is not hurried. We must clear our minds of other wrong points of view than mere prejudices if we are to understand Bruckner." Concerning Bruckner's dreaded, yet almost totally unknown *Sixth* he says, after reiterating the warning relative to prejudice and wrong point of view, "If we treat this symphony as a kind of music we have never heard before, I have no doubt that its high quality will strike us at every moment."

—GABRIEL ENGEL

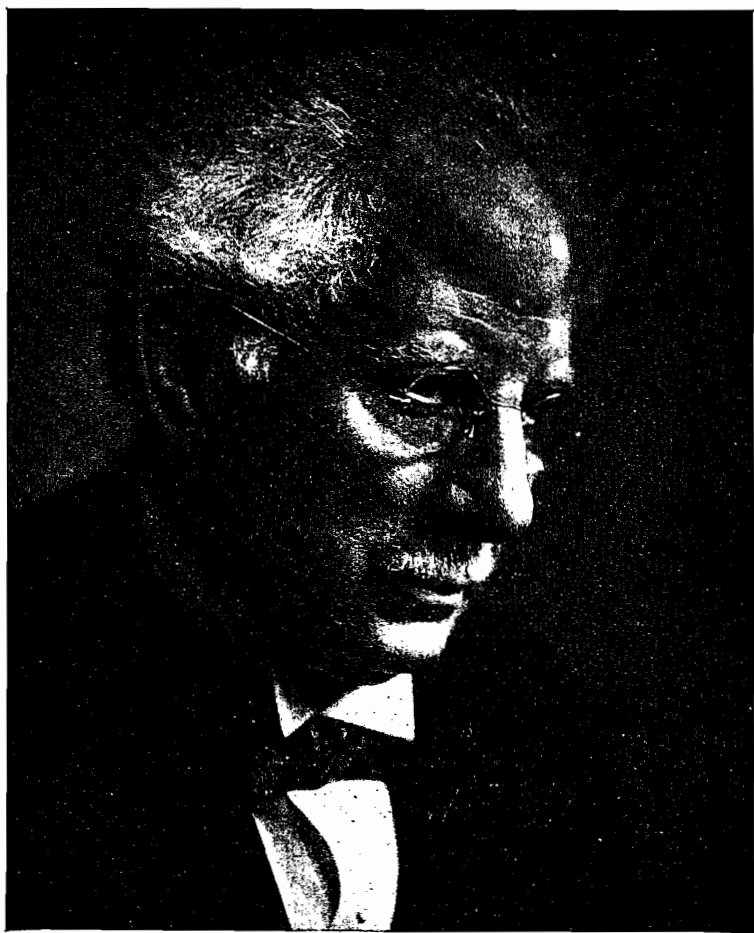
A MESSAGE FROM BRUNO WALTER

How much the absence of Bruno Walter from the rostrum of Philharmonic conductors this season has probably cost lovers of the art of Bruckner and Mahler in America is vividly suggested beneath the lines of the following message to the Bruckner Society from that great disciple of those two symphonic masters.

First of all there was a Bruckner Festival in Linz on July 27, at which I performed the *Fourth* and *Ninth*. On Aug. 18, during the *Salzburger Festspiele* I performed the *Fourth* of Bruckner. Further, I began my concerts in Amsterdam on Oct. 3 with Bruckner's *Fourth* and repeated it at Haarlem, Oct. 8, The Hague, Oct. 12, Amsterdam (*Volkskonzert*) Oct. 13. On Oct. 20 I conducted Mahler's *First* at Amsterdam. I shall also perform it at Winterthur (Switzerland) on Jan. 29. In February, date still open, I shall perform Mahler's *Ninth* at Amsterdam. I shall do Bruckner's *Ninth* and the *Te Deum* in Vienna (Philharmonic Concert). There I shall also conduct a Mahler Festival in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death, doing the *Second* on April 26, the *Eighth* on May 15 and 16, and *Das Lied von der Erde* on May 24.

These are the dates fixed until now; maybe, there will be more.

Dear Mr. Walter, we hope there will be more, yes, many, many more. Yet had we only as much as you have recounted, we should consider ourselves lucky indeed. A happy sojourn to you in the Old World—and may we have you with us again next season!



MARTIN G. DUMLER

Long respected as that of one of America's foremost composers of sacred music, the name of Martin G. Dumler has suddenly attained world fame through the triumphant headlines and reviews devoted to the premiere of his *Stabat Mater* at the recent historic May Music Festival in Cincinnati (May 25, 1935). The unqualified success of this extended sacred composition at an important concert performance stamps it as a work of universal art, a significant contribution of our own day to that proud, slender array of thoroughly human, super-ritual scores that have found but few worthy companions since the great religious compositions of Bruckner.

DUMLER'S *STABAT MATER*

The "Stabat Mater" is perhaps the most human as well as one of the most famous of medieval sacred poems. The poet, Jacopone da Todi (-1306), compressed within its few brief stanzas the very essence of the universal Christian creed of his age. It is not the grim tragedy of the Crucifixion nor the awesome vision of Judgment Day that dominates the emotional quality of the text. These, presented in a single phrase, become in reality mere details of religious symbolism. The poet's central theme is the Mother and her sorrows. The pathos of her plight is the inspiration of the tender lyricism with which he has filled most of the stanzas.

Eloquent witnesses of the permanence and inexhaustibility of the poem's human message are the elaborate musical settings of the Stabat Mater by outstanding composers of every generation. The composer of the present setting, actuated by the directness characteristic of our own day, has purposely chosen for each stanza the simplest and most concise musical form suited to the unhampered expression of the poet's words. He has avoided any attempt to enhance by undue expansion or realistic exaggeration tremendous dramatic features latent in the text and has assured a predominantly lyric quality to his composition by allotting four of its ten sections to each of the four solo singers, respectively. His instrumental introductions and interludes never exceed the few measures absolutely necessary to a satisfactory knitting of the swiftly changing imagery of the text.

The first four stanzas may be regarded as a unit. They contain all of the poem that is narrative. The third stanza, purely lyric, is a skilful interpolation by the poet.

The interruption by this inner note softens the cruel pain of the incident being described and dictates to the composer the only logical setting for the entire narrative section of the poem, a mystic one.

Thus a mere whisper in the deepest strings announces the beginning of the story. Seven times in succession (religious tradition speaks of the Seven Sorrows of the Mother) with increasing intensity, sounds the insistently gloomy theme:

Adagio lamentoso

Bass Clarinet
Violas

The half of Vc & Basses

ppp

Above its first repetition, softly lamenting, rise the mingled voices of the violas and bass clarinet. A chorale of dark timbre emerging from this culminates in an impressive climax at the sixth recurrence of the *ostinato*, the sombre tones of the horns and trombones dominating. As the scene of infinite sorrow sinks into the background the chorus, unaccompanied, very softly begins the opening stanza.

Occasional dramatic outbursts in the orchestra show that the deep emotionalism of the tale is beyond the power of human restraint, but these are always brief, being almost immediately stilled to preserve intact the general mystic spell. Thus, for a moment only, the following sharp motive in the horns suggests realistically in the first stanza the pain caused by the piercing sword:

The second stanza (chorus) is a benediction of the sorrowing Mother. The agitated pulsation which the music gradually attains reflects the effect of her inconsolable sadness upon humanity. Thus the way is prepared for the poet's fervent, lyric apostrophe to the Mother (third stanza, Soprano Solo). The word "tanto" marks a moment of great dramatic intensity. The horns in unison burst forth from the harmonic grandeur of the full orchestra to intone a motive so prophetic and austere as almost completely to shatter the lyric mood;

yet before another word has been sung the ominous cloud begins to pass. A single sustained tone (violins, trumpets and horns) suffices to restore an atmosphere of tender melancholy.

The grim details of her Son's sufferings fill the fourth stanza. Above an orchestral background rich in dark motives, the chorus sings a sturdy melody in clear canon style. So natural and appropriate is the device in this case, however, that the technical skill involved in no wise distracts the listener's attention from the poetic message underlying the music. When the last lingering word "spiritum" dies away, the orchestral background has once more become veiled and mystic. A long sustained tone in the low woodwind, motivated fragments in the horns, whispered mutterings in the timpani, suddenly silenced strings, such are the composer's means of restoring mysticism at the close of this extremely agitated stanza.

Stanzas 5, 6, and 7 form the second unit. The dominating characteristic of this group is lyric. The music of stanza 5 is so steeped in the transfigured quality of the text that only the characteristic orchestral background identifies it as an inseparable portion of the Stabat Mater. There is a striking contrast between the simple, tuneful melody sung by the solo tenor voice and the subtle, ceaselessly undulating melodic line used in the orchestral accompaniment.

The sixth stanza (chorus) knits closely the three cardinal elements of the poem, the Mother's sorrow, the Son's suffering, and humanity's boundless sympathy. The music is at first in the major mode, radiant and calm; then after a skillful interlude consisting of an insistent, brief motive (horn) it becomes rhythmically agitated and darker (minor). The rising tide of agitation culminates in a sorrowful, sustained burst of tone in the full orchestra. Sudden silence follows. Then, as though from an infinite distance, the chorus, unaccompanied, whisperingly re-echoes the last line of the text.



Thus, masterfully, without superficial artifice, is restored the initial radiant atmosphere of the music.

The brief melody of yearning sadness, with which the horns introduce the seventh stanza (Bass Solo) serves as principal motive for the orchestral accompaniment.

Alternating between horn and trombone, it is heard again and again, surrounded each time by new, subordinate ideas and instrumental colors. Increasingly impressive with each recurrence, it attains particularly deep significance at the very end, sounded by muted trombones above a subdued roll of the timpani. Meanwhile a softly wailing motive, already established, continues in the strings, lending a touch of realism to an otherwise mystic scene of restrained melancholy.

Stanzas 8, 9, and 10 form the third and last main section of the composition. They are dominated by a great religious ecstasy, the faith in immortality and the vision of Paradise. In the eighth stanza (Solo Quartette) like irresistible rays of light suddenly penetrating the heavy gloom that can no longer imprison them, an upward-leaping motive of two tones is sharply uttered in rapid succession by horns, bassoons, clarinets, and oboes, over a sustained bass in the organ. Then follows a simple chorale, ideally suited to the ecstatic text, foretelling the ultimate glory of the soul.

The harp, the light, liquid tone of which dominates the instrumental background of the ninth stanza (Alto Solo) strengthens the new note of spiritual elevation sounded in the preceding chorale. Characteristic phrases, which were expressions of sadness in previous stanzas, become transformed, in the course of this song, to gracious heralds of the miracle of salvation.

The tenth stanza (Soli and Chorus) is the poem's sublime final revelation. Here, perhaps more than in any other stanza, the composer has shown his consummate grasp of the spiritual dimensions of the Stabat

Mater. He has refrained from the traditional "art" method of matching the text, image for image, or color for color. He has chosen instead an unassuming setting, steadily increasing in mystic intensity as it rises, from a stately and solemn introduction in the low brass,

Maestoso

Trb's & *f*
Tuba

over skillfully merged fugues and chorales, to an ecstatic song of Paradise.

The work closes with the distant, veiled jubilations of cherubim voices re-echoing mankind's fervent "Amen" unto all Eternity.

mp A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

mp A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

mp A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

mp A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

piu p A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

piu p A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

piu p A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

piu p A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

49 *p* *ppp*

Timp *pp*

Basses arco

Stabat Mater

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta Crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.</p> | <p>At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.</p> |
| <p>2. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quae moerebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.</p> | <p>Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.</p> |
| <p>3. Quis est homo qui non fletet,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?</p> | <p>Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?</p> |
| <p>4. Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.</p> | <p>Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child.
All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.</p> |
| <p>5. Eja Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum legeam:
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi placeam.</p> | <p>O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.</p> |
| <p>6. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide;
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.</p> | <p>Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Savior crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.</p> |
| <p>7. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero,
Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.</p> | <p>Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.</p> |
| <p>8. Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere:
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
At plagas recolare.</p> | <p>Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine:
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.</p> |
| <p>9. Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me Cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.
Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.</p> | <p>Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very Blood away:
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In that awful Judgment Day.</p> |
| <p>10. Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriae.
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animae donecetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.</p> | <p>Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory:
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.</p> |

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction

ANTON BRUCKNER—

NINTH SYMPHONY

(Original Version, Amer. Premiere)

Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Otto Klemperer, Conductor; New York, October 11, 12, 13, 14, 1934. The last performance was broadcast over the entire Columbia network.

Mr. Klemperer presented only two symphonies last night. The first was the Ninth of Bruckner in its original version; the second was the Fifth of Beethoven. With both of these works he made a powerful impression.

Whatever Loewe's alterations may have been, it cannot be said that the effect of the *Ninth Symphony*, as a symphony, is so very different from what we know. The principal revelations were Mr. Klemperer's. The slow movement, as it now stands, is the climax of the unfinished work and must surely rank as one of the greatest of all Bruckner adagios. There are only two that approach it in greatness. They are the slow movements of the *Seventh* and *Eighth* symphonies.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

Mr. Klemperer should receive the gratitude of all music-lovers for his devoted and eloquent performance at last night's Philharmonic-Symphony concert of Bruckner's seldom heard Symphony No. 9, that symphony which is sometimes known as the 'Unfinished.'

...Hearing Bruckner's symphonies we realize how deep his feeling can be, how lofty a beauty he could summon to his measures, how blazing a splendor touches the pinnacles of certain towering movements in his symphonies. He holds and stirs us in a way peculiar to himself when we listen to such things as the *Dirge* in the *Seventh Symphony*, the slow movement of the *Eighth*, the closing pages of the *Adagio* of the *Ninth*, which we heard last evening—music of a valedictory tenderness, full of the sense of reconciliation and appeasement, tranquil, not of this world; music that searches the very heart of beauty.

This is not the place to go into technical detail concerning Loewe's unauthorized, injudicious, and impertinent editing of Bruckner's score—an exposition which may better await the space and leisure of next Sunday's column. But those who best know the symphony must have been struck last night by an added intensification, an uncompromising forthrightness of musical speech, a power and abrupt directness which they had not observed in it before—with good reason, for the well meaning Loewe had not seen fit to let us hear them.

Thus restored and justified, the Symphony seems more than ever to be, at its best, one of the noblest musical legacies of the nineteenth century. The heroic and passionate first move-

ment with its tremendous chief theme; the irresistible Scherzo; the haunting, subliminal *Adagio*—these are such pages as only Bruckner could have imagined and set down.

Especially in the mythical close of the great *Adagio*, with its musing, consolatory tenderness, one felt again that Bruckner had come close to entering the inner chamber of that "Palace of Wisdom" known to William Blake, or at least that he had beheld the distant turrets shining in the evening light.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

...The scherzo, freed from Berlioz decoration, has a rugged strength and moments of genuine beauty. The *adagio*, with which the work was left uncompleted, is a movement of worth and it brings the symphony to a lingering and memorable close. One wonders what could have followed fittingly, albeit Bruckner himself wrote at least one much more beautiful slow movement.

Mr. Klemperer did the composer valuable service in producing his music as he wrote it. We have a deeper respect for Bruckner after hearing the magnificent performance of last night. The orchestra covered itself with glory. Its tone was gorgeous and in balance and clarity it left nothing to be desired. All the Bruckner symphonies should be heard. Repetition is the best test of their worth.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *The New York Sun*

Thanks to Mr. Klemperer, we have had Bruckner's ninth symphony in its original edition. There used to be a legend that Bruckner was a stodgy composer, and it requires a convincing musician like Mr. Klemperer to illuminate the streaks of genius in Bruckner's music. Who started the local propaganda against Bruckner—or why—I don't know. But some of the most effective pamphleteering ever done hereabouts has been issued by the Bruckner Society of America, whose journal, *Chord and Discord*, will interest you in Bruckner and persuade you to hear his works, free from bias of every kind.

Cleared of misguided revisions by enthusiastic but apparently dumb apostles, Bruckner's ninth symphony proved its claim to a place in the live repertoire. I don't think that Bruckner is an acquired taste, because the great passages are eloquent and the draggy episodes are obvious. His music isn't a mathematical enigma, and even at a first hearing, it's not difficult to decide whether you wish to take it or leave it. When it's projected as brilliantly as it was by Mr. Klemperer and The Philharmonic-Symphony, it's easier to take than to leave.

—ROBERT A. SIMON, *The New Yorker*

We Brucknerites were treated to high festivities in Carnegie Hall last evening. That pro-

phet and apostle of the Viennese symphonist, Otto Klemperer, directed the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra in a performance of Bruckner's unfinished symphony, No. 9, which will not be forgotten by any sensitive listener.

It seems, however, that more ado than necessary has been made over Loewe's emendations; that far from overlaying with plush Bruckner's austere measures his actual changes were relatively few and unimportant.

Be that as it may, the three complete movements in whatever version constitute an eminently impressive work. The scherzo is one of the most individual of symphonic movements, as the adagio is one of the most exalted. —PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*

The Philharmonic played the extremely difficult music superbly, dividing the honors equally with Mr. Klemperer, who is demonstrating with every occasion of closer acquaintance that he is a distinguished baton leader.

The Bruckner was received last night by a large audience with hearty approval. It is sonorous and impressive.

—HENRIETTE WEBER, *Evening Journal*

ANTON BRUCKNER—

SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Boston, October 26th and 27th, 1934.

Dr. Koussevitzky's performance breathed an almost apostolic fervor, but that after all is a characteristic of every interpretation of a strongly willed conductor, and one of Dr. Koussevitzky's foremost traits. He is eminently to be commended for presenting this symphony, and all others of Bruckner that he may choose. It is especially desirable to hear occasionally the music of composers whose rank is contended. And that of Bruckner is debated even 40 years after his death.

—C. W. D., *The Boston Globe*

Since Dr. Serge Koussevitzky became conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he has placed on its programs the Fourth and the Eighth Symphonies of Bruckner. He once proposed the Ninth, but withdrew it. At the head of the list of compositions for the third pair of Symphony Hall concerts of the season (Oct. 26-27) stood Bruckner's Seventh, in E major, unheard in Boston since the legendary days of Dr. Muck.

At all events, the performance of Bruckner's Symphony in E major brought the first really spontaneous applause of the season from the Friday afternoon audience at Symphony Hall. And not solely, let us believe, because of the sonorous peroration. For there was much to give pleasure in the performance of the first two movements, which contain the finest pages of the score. They are marked by worthy material, imaginative development, a firm construction, rich and colorful harmonies and a superb sonority.

The Scherzo and the Finale are less impressive. But you can't always have the pure metal, as we had been reminded a week before, by the latter part of the "Eroica". And if Wagner could write the Ride of the Valkyries, why should not Bruckner be permitted the Scherzo and the Finale of this symphony, with their heavy-footed gayety?

It should be recognized, though, that the Friends of Bruckner owe a heavy debt of thanks to conductor and orchestra for their presentation, which was remarkable for its beauty of tone and for its exquisitely subtle expressiveness. —S. L. SLOPER, *Christian Science Monitor*

At yesterday's matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the same audience which, on two previous occasions, had "sat on its hands" (in the pungent backstage expression), now applauded Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra with the greatest enthusiasm.

According to these signs, which will certainly be repeated with greater vividness tonight, Dr. Koussevitzky now need have no further hesitation about presenting more Bruckner . . . The worst of the struggle is over. For now the audience is, as the advertisements would say, Bruckner-conscious. What is more, the audience likes the feeling!

By general agreement, and by the evidence of one's ears, the best of the symphony is the slow movement. Here is music of such tremendous spiritual and emotional power that it may be compared not only with the "Ring" of Wagner, Bruckner's idol, but also with the greatest slow movements of Beethoven. Throughout the slow movement of the Bruckner symphony, indeed, one's thoughts recurred to the slow movement of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony as the only suitable comparison. The themes have nobility and dignity as well as beauty. They are heartfelt; but the composer does not slop over. The movement has astonishing breadth, which a slow pace should accentuate in performance.

. . . The total net impression of the symphony was one of spiritual and emotional uplift.

The performance as has been suggested, was usually true to Bruckner's intention. It was one of the greater and more noble achievements of Dr. Koussevitzky and his magnificent orchestra.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*

Forty-eight years ago the Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner virtually emptied the old Music Hall. Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall it provoked the heartiest applause of the current season of the Symphony concerts.

. . . As a melodist Bruckner ranks high. In the first subject of the first movement he is heir to Schubert. In the great themes of the solemn Adagio, one of the topmost summits of symphonic music, he recalls the profundities and the spiritual calms of Beethoven (as well as certain harmonic and orchestral idioms of his idol Wagner), and in the Scherzo, one of the few that have carried on the tradition estab-

lished by the master of Bonn, we think again of all three composers. Yet through it all Bruckner is himself. The music is his. None of it is actually reminiscent.

...Not even Wagner himself contrived more beautiful sonorities for the multiplied brass than did Bruckner in his Adagio; and yesterday Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra evoked in this movement sounds of surpassing beauty.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER—

DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Maria Olzewska and Frederick Jagel, soloists. New York, December 20, 21, 1934.

The world has not yet arrived at a clear understanding of Mahler's works, let alone a just verdict of their worth. Therefore we should be thankful to be reminded by even an occasional performance that Mahler lived, still persists, and will survive beyond the present artistic confusion.

Das Lied von der Erde is especially valid as such a reminder. It is a work of masterly caliber, from the point-of-view of structure as well as content, not wavering even in its minutest detail. Its consummate union of text and score renders it particularly accessible even to the listener to whom Mahler's tone-world is still strange. Thus it assumes an unusual place in the literature of music, its message and effect transcending the boundaries of the merely musical.

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—pain caused not by sorrow or disillusion, but by a boundless human sympathy, by an excessive love of the world, by an overwhelming realization that all life is moribund! Transfigured by this quality of compassion, the work scales the barriers of the mundane, becoming a veritable greeting to the Hereafter, a mystic paean to the glory of eternal rebirth.

It is a work which moves us more deeply at each new hearing. Bruno Walter knows well how to reveal it in all its unique beauty. He has grasped that tenderness, that air of doleful meditation, that transcendental grace, and that impetuous passion, which are the peculiar qualities of this soul-piercing score—a score, one might say, written in blood. He has made himself in this instance so wholly one with the composer that his reading inevitably evokes the conviction of authenticity.

—PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*
(Translated by Gabriel Engel)

It was the orchestra, last evening, that spoke the bitter and poignant and renunciatory thoughts of Mahler; and it was Bruno Walter who shaped and colored and released their utterance. Thus heard, the passion and the beauty of the music, its delicate fantasy, its

secret ecstasies and insuperable grief, and, at the last, its mystical, assuaging peace, were often overmastering.

It is odd to find adult human beings still refusing contact with imaginative expressions of intellectual and spiritual traits which they cannot, as good citizens and conscientious taxpayers, indorse or enjoy. Yet such music as this of Mahler's brings us inescapably face to face with the conclusion that there is no profit in bothering with works of art at all unless you are able and willing to project yourself into another mental world than your own: to see life and destiny from the standpoint of a temperament that may be fundamentally alien to everything that you believe in and esteem; to lend and steep yourself until you understand and know and feel.

This music of Mahler's poses such a problem. It gives us the quintessence of a difficult and baffling nature. For Mahler was one of those introvert and solitary dreamers whose voice comes to us today from what we take to be a vanished world, irrecoverable, increasingly remote, steeped in the pathos of distance. And yet, inexplicably enough, that world is not really either lost or irrecoverable; it is all about us still, in many spirits and imaginations. Our problem—when those who are native to that world are rare and sensitive artists—is to know and understand them as they try with desperation, and often with resulting beauty and rarest genius, to find their peace among the mysteries of existence.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" is a setting for tenor, contralto and orchestra of six texts which he took from Hans Bethge's "Chinesische Floete," a collection of adaptations of old Chinese poems. Mahler further altered them to "express one predominating idea—withdrawal from the world." "Dark is life, is death" is the refrain of the first poem; "I seek rest for my lonely heart," one reads in the last; and the work is an embodiment in tone of this sickness at heart which was Mahler's—an embodiment in music of poignant beauty and, withal, of great continence and distinction.

Mr. Walter, who conducted the premiere in 1911, achieved a superb performance from the orchestra.

—B. H. HAGGIN, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

Such a program was ideal for the broodingly imaginative Mahler. . . . The "Lied" has charming pastoral moods, lyrical ecstasy, moments of deep richness, of tender pity and resignation. The orchestration is of rare appeal and richness. This music cannot fail to move the sensitive listener.

—LEONARD LIEBLING, *N. Y. American*

There is in his music a vividness of almost morbid imagery, written in an unforced modern vein, and, as Mahler himself summed it up, it expresses one distinct thought—that of withdrawal from the world. Visions of an end of mortal life stalk ineluctably through the pages of the score, which is divided into six

sections, each being musical portraits of old Chinese poems selected by Mahler . . .

Maria Olszewska sang her three poems in a clear, expressive voice and Frederick Jaegel's sound dramatic tones fitted well into the text. The audience received all artists, not excluding pianist-conductor Bruno Walter, with deep enthusiasm. —*New York Post*

In the song "Of Beauty" and still more in the "Farewell", Mahler surpassed himself and made music of compelling power and eloquence. . . . That the composition would be well performed last evening was a foregone conclusion. It has long been dear to Mr. Walter's heart. He had at his command an admirable orchestra and two good solo singers in Mme. Olszewska, contralto, and Frederick Jaegel, a tenor who has of late shown growth in artistic stature.

Yet, last evening's performance of the "Lied", which, in spite of its dimensions, often has the intimate quality of chamber music, even surpassed the earlier ones in its sensitive and searching beauty.

Mr. Walter, a disciple of Mahler, conducted the "world premiere" at Munich on November 10, 1911 and he conducted it again last evening with, so to say, the intelligence of love. The orchestra, for its part, played with an excellence that included a rare finesse. —*PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. World-Telegram*

GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

Minneapolis Symphony, Eugene Ormandy, conductor, assisted by Symphony Chorus, Rupert Sircom, director. Soloists: Ann O'Malley Gallogly, contralto; Corinne Frank Bowen, soprano. Minneapolis, December 7, 1934, Jan. 2 and 18, 1935. (The last of the performances was broadcast over the Columbia network.)

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

As he did on one previous occasion—the performance last spring of Bruckner's *Seventh Symphony*—Mr. Ormandy prefaced Friday's presentation with a brief, eloquent and distinctly helpful commentary on the composer and his work. He threw real light on Mahler's extraordinary sensitiveness, and on his passionate musical honesty, relating these characteristics to the nature of his composition.

The unfolding of this work is strangely eloquent as a historical document. How amazingly the world of music changed between the advent of Beethoven's great choral symphony, and the making of this one by Mahler—and largely because of the single fact that Richard Wagner had lived! But viewed with insight, it discloses far more than musical evolution: it is a panorama of Vienna in the Nineteenth century, that alembic in which all the arts, and all the facts of a complex social scene, achieved distillation into an indescribable but unmistakable blend.

In the music you hear not only the sumptuous measures written by a man used to the sophistications of great opera houses and concert stages; you hear, too, the poignant simplicity of folk-singing, and the endearing strains of the Laendler, those deliberate triple-time dances of rural Austria which were sublimated, in urban surroundings, into the inimitable Viennese waltz. —*FRANCES BOARDMAN
The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

The most stately and convincing section of the whole symphony is the opening of the fourth movement with the contralto solo, superbly sung by Mrs. Ann O'Malley Gallogly, establishing a mood that, quiet as it happens to be, contains a splendor reaching up into ethereal heights. The choral effects were achieved beautifully, the cohesion of thought is noteworthy, the whole expounded with a richness of harmonic beauty that gave it both dignity and nobility.

There was everything in the last movement that touches the heart or head of man. We heard the trampling of warring legions, sections that recalled the call of the hunter; pastoral scenes intermingled with a quiet religious ecstasy.

—*JAMES DAVIES, The Minneapolis Tribune*

The first "pop" of the year brought a repetition of Mahler's *Second Symphony*. . . . A novel experience for the audience was that of suppressing its usual coughs and sneezes so that the work could be recorded from actual performance, which was successfully done.

—*JOHN K. SHERMAN, Musical America*

ANTON BRUCKNER— SIXTH SYMPHONY

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, Conductor—Cincinnati, Jan. 11, 12, 1935.

The opening number was the Bruckner symphony No. 6, in A major, exquisitely interpreted and played, and said to be the first complete performance in Cincinnati.

—*M. D., Musical Courier*

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 . . .

The work was played extremely well and owes much of the interest it evoked to the spirited, scholarly, and polished interpretation given it by Eugene Goossens.

—*GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, The Enquirer*

Perhaps the most noteworthy achievement of the day was Mr. Goossens' reading of the Bruckner Symphony which has not been presented here before. Certain judicious cuts reduced the playing time of the work without destroying any of its merit and its enthusiastic reception by its audiences owed much to the spirited, sensitive and warmly understanding and colorful interpretation which Mr. Goossens accorded it. —*S. T. WILSON, Musical America*

The stubborn history of Bruckner's cheerful Sixth Symphony, played in Cincinnati yesterday for the first time over fifty years after its completion, merely accords with the treatment given to all of that master's works, not only during his lifetime but since his death. A typical Austrian, he could not help feeling that conditions, so far as they affected the performance of his symphonies, were hopeless, but not serious.

Unlike a number of Bruckner's symphonies, the Sixth, owing to its moderate length, does not tend to tire the average listener by its diffuseness and abundance of material. This symphony, called by Bruckner his most daring, exhibits his tendency to create a co-ordination between the several movements and to throw back the center of interest to the later ones. In doing so he produces a cumulative effect extending to the closing measures of the finale. To Mr. Goossens belongs high praise for his reading, which brought out all of the color and simplicity of this expanse of tone. 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*

ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Arturo Toscanini, Conductor; New York, January 24, 25, 26, 27, 1935. (Last performance broadcast over Columbia Network).

This symphony, previously performed here by Toscanini in recent years, is the work that paved the way for Bruckner's world-fame. It is, of all his symphonies, the richest in tonal beauty; the spell of its sensuous magic is the most overwhelming. All that is peculiarly Bruckner-like is here revealed in perfectly disciplined balance. The *adagio*, associated with the death of Richard Wagner, will continue to sound as long as mankind has ears with which to hear.

Toscanini's love for this particular Bruckner symphony is not hard to understand in the light of the inspiring response its wondrous Austrian melody evoked in the soul of the Italian genius of musical interpretation.

Time did not permit the critic to hear *Salome's Dance* and the Respighi transcription. Yet he must confess; even granted sufficient time he would not have stayed to listen. There are impressions which one should not permit to be disturbed. To such impressions belongs the splendor of this Bruckner performance by Toscanini.

PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*
(Translated by Gabriel Engel)

If anyone doubted the growing ability of the American musical public to take punishment in the form of the heaviest symphonic stuff, he might consider with awe the increasing ap-

petite for Bruckner. They take it, they like it. 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 of the season with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, that was not only liked, but loved. The performance, of course, was nerve-tingling. All the variations of color and quality and volume without which Bruckner (or anything else) is soporific came out in the minuteness of perfection that Maestro lavishes on everything. Under this magic, the Bruckner took on power and expressiveness; its big crescendos were glorious. But it was in the long, usually insufferable passages of vague discursiveness in woodwinds that the symphony came alive. Here the instruments were utterly conversational in quality, and one followed them, accordingly, with closest attention.

—MARCIA DAVENPORT, *The Stage, Mar. 1935*

The effect of last night's performance was not confined to the peaks of the symphony. Mr. Toscanini made it extraordinarily cohesive and gave it an almost unbroken arch, even in the finale.

. . . Grandeur, an indescribable, flooding beauty characterized the performance as a whole. In moments, when the brass nearly blew through the velvet of the tone, it was expressive of a prophetic force if not frenzy.

The net result of the performance was one that brought the most indifferent or even antagonistic strangely near to Bruckner . . .

Mr. Toscanini has repeatedly played Bruckner's Seventh here, but where sheer feeling and revelations are concerned, he does not seem before to have equaled the mood and power of this reading.

—OLIN DOWNES, *The New York Times*

The unapproachable Toscanini has returned and last night he conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in one of those extraordinary performances which will never be forgotten by music-lovers of this fortunate generation so long as they have life and memory. Hale and vigorous and poised, the great musician achieved again that incredible completeness of realization to which he has accustomed us.

And there was the subtler and profounder miracle that was wrought in the great Dirge of Bruckner's symphony, wherein the composer paid his tribute to the memory of Wagner. As Mr. Toscanini played last night this valedictory *Adagio*, one could not doubt that both the elegy and the elegist wore for him the spiritual image of that grief and tenderness and exaltation which this music speaks.

Sitting before such miracles, one thought of Goethe's profound and searching words, that "everything perfect of its kind must go beyond its kind—it must be something else, incomparable".

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

There ensued a revelation of such impelling genius that even I, who confess a dissension in the opinion that Bruckner's music is immortal, was persuaded to an irresistible acclaim of its immensity. The Seventh symphony (E major) which had always seemed so repetitious and verbose, save in the majestic and poignant Adagio attained such ennobling and heroic proportions under Mr. Toscanini as to confound the most analytical of commentators.

—JULIAN SEAMAN, *Daily Mirror*

It is a monumental symphony, a little large in its architectural spans for an audience that lives in skyscrapers and prefers cocktails to the more philosophical beverages of the Teutons, a symphony that requires its listeners to follow its leisurely, profound and unaffected utterances with attention and imagination. It is not music for the "tired business man," or his carefully marcelled wife, and that may explain some of the coldness, in spite of the glamor of a Toscanini interpretation, with which the fashionable Thursday-nighters received it.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

Those of us who are always eager for a broadening of the local symphonic repertory 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—to Mr. Klemperer for giving us the Bruckner ninth in October, and to Mr. Toscanini for giving us the Bruckner seventh at the four concerts he has conducted so far this season for the Philharmonic-Symphony.

To dwell at this late date on all that Mr. Toscanini brings to the interpretation of a symphony by Bruckner or all that the orchestra gives him in response would be an impertinence even if it were a possibility. Suffice it that his most essential qualification is his acute and unflinching sense of design.

Bruckner does possess structure, though he is no obvious and tight constructionist of the Brahms type. That, however, is a fact which eludes inferior conductors, though luckily it does not elude men of the musical imagination and keen discernment of a Toscanini or a Klemperer.

When Mr. Toscanini discovers for us the splendors of the Seventh Symphony, we learn how far afield, for instance, has strayed that gentle Brahmin of London, Mr. H. C. Colles, who likens Bruckner's music to "an organist's improvisation".

—PITTS SANBORN, *World Telegram*

ANTON BRUCKNER—
FIFTH SYMPHONY
GUSTAV MAHLER—
KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Philadelphia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, Conductor; Karin Branzell, Soloist; New York, January 29, 1935.

An unforgettable experience: fully a quarter of a century ago; the intimate, smaller hall of the Berlin Kuenstlerhaus; Mahler himself at the piano; Johannes Meschaert singing; nothing but compositions of Mahler, among them the Kindertotenlieder. There has never been a greater master of the art of song than Meschaert. None of his successors is even even nearly comparable to him. And yet his voice was the least significant thing about his artistry, or perhaps, it had become so merged with the spiritual that the listener completely forgot its corporeal origin.

Yesterday Karin Branzell sang the *Kindertotenlieder*. She sang; that was the first mistake. To sing songs does not mean to produce rich tones. It means to declaim texts; to declaim them with so insatiable, so fanatic an intensity that the words assume tone-wings and begin to sway in musical sound.

Second mistake: the *Kindertotenlieder* must be sung by a deep male voice. It is not alone the context of these songs that makes their performance by the voice of a woman irritating. Their very instrumentation calls for a man's voice—the sound of a female voice is unavoidably obscured by the orchestral background, if the conductor is faithful to the dynamics of the score . . . That Klemperer would handle its wealth of instrumental subtlety with the keenest and most sympathetic understanding, was a foregone conclusion. His reading was exemplary in the shaping not only of each phrase, but also of the broad melodic lines so characteristic of Mahler's music.

Klemperer deserves signal praise for braving the peril to his American popularity by his performances of Bruckner and Mahler. Both these masters are still (more or less) step-children of our audiences. It is not easy to understand why this should be so, for they are in reality the least difficult of composers to grasp, being free from all artificiality and intricacy.

It merely signifies that the enigmatic phenomenon characterizing progress of the art in Europe is being re-enacted 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*
(Translated by Gabriel Engel)

The subject of the tonal discourse was the Bruckner Fifth Symphony, which contains many of the greatest of this composer's pages. The symphony was given a performance probably unsurpassable by Mr. Klemperer, who previously, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, had given a memorable reading of Bruckner's Ninth.

Mr. Klemperer showed that he had in his soul the unworldliness which is so rare and essential for Bruckner's interpretation. He thought aloud with the composer, spoke with Bruckner's voice as though this were his own

native speech, 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*

Mahler himself conducted their ("Kindertotenlieder") first performance here a quarter century ago when he was leader of the Philharmonic, and the singular Ludwig Wullner sang the voice parts. On that occasion the program carried, as it did last night, this note copied from the flyleaf of the score: "These five songs are conceived as a unit, an indivisible whole, and their continuity at a performance should be preserved by the prohibition of interruptions of any kind—applause, for instance—at the end of a number."

The composer's wishes were observed last night. But it is not easy to imagine that any concertgoer could hear unmoved these songs of elegiac and sad sincerity—music torn from the depths of a dread and sorrow that were not less grievous for being felt through the imagination.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

Mahler set Ruckert's verses while in fear of the death of a little daughter.

Mme. Branzell sang the songs with persuasive sincerity and with much vocal art. She put so much of herself into her singing that she moved the audience to long continued applause. Mr. Klemperer conducted the cycle with all the enthusiasm of an ardent Mahlerite and generally with good effect.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*

A finer delivery of Mahler's touching song cycle than that given by Miss Branzell we have never heard. To those beautiful settings of Ruckert's poems she brought not only beauty of voice and style, but a true penetration of their spiritual nature. Her great art won her repeated recalls at the conclusion of the cycle. Mr. Klemperer's exposition of the orchestral part was as perfect in its way as was Miss Branzell's singing.

—A., *Musical America*

An unofficial Bruckner festival got under way when Mr. Toscanini returned to us, for following his four performances of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, we had the Fifth Symphony directed by Mr. Klemperer in his newest guise—that of visiting conductor with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Undoubtedly there'll be more Bruckner as the winter proceeds, and it looks like a big year for the Brucknerians.

In spite of Mr. Toscanini's miracles with the seventh symphony and the cheers which rewarded Mr. Klemperer's peroration of the fifth, Bruckner still has to be sold to many auditors. I used to listen to the warnings of people who told me that Bruckner was dull as ditch-water and approximately as deep. Then I read the scholarly and intelligent (the adjectives are not necessarily synonymous)

screeds of the Bruckner Society and became convinced that if I didn't care for Bruckner's music, the fault wasn't Bruckner's.

Mahler, who seems to be a sort of vice-president on the Bruckner ticket, also appeared on Mr. Klemperer's program when Mme. Branzell sang the "Kindertotenlieder." The eminent contralto was in fine voice and has become fashionably slim. She sang her texts with charming restraint, and Mr. Klemperer contributed his astonishing gifts to the orchestral music.

—ROBERT A. SIMON, *The New Yorker*

It was remarked that two composers who are still looked at somewhat askance in this country, despite the support of specially organized societies, Mahler and Bruckner, actually figured in the same program, taking up the greater part of it.

Mr. Klemperer, with his devotion to Bruckner's music, his sympathetic insight into its peculiarities, and his sovereign sense of style, read the symphony with authority, obtaining from the orchestra a masterly execution.

The great audience, irresistibly stirred by the blare of the auxiliary brasses of the concluding pages, applauded the performance heartily.

The *Kindertotenlieder* represent Mahler at his tenderest and most appealing.

—P.S., *N. Y. World-Telegram*

Performances of "Kindertotenlieder" and Bruckner's Fifth were given in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Bulletin wrote, January 26, 1935, as follows:

The Bruckner symphony, given an analytical and illuminative reading by the German conductor and splendidly played under his direction, provided thrills in the working out of its intricate and complicated construction, with profuse instrumentation which most of the time is on a large and imposing scale. There are many tonal contrasts with much use of the pizzicato in various instruments and choirs. . . . The finale, with horns, trumpets and trombones lined up on an elevation at the back, was vociferous and thrilling and roused yesterday's audience to enthusiastic applause at the tumultuous conclusion of the performance.

ANTON BRUCKNER— FOURTH SYMPHONY

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor; Chicago, March 7, 8, 1935.

The highlight of the evening was the Bruckner Romantic Symphony, not often heard in Orchestra Hall and yet very much worth while, for we found a great deal in it to admire. There are very few dull moments and upon repetition we are sure we shall find even more beauties to extol.

Last night's performance reacquainted us with the art of Bruckner—the much-discussed

—for his partisans believe in him so strongly; yet every one is not wedded to his muse. We enjoyed hearing his symphony and since it met much favor with the public it is safe to predict that it will be heard again on the programs at some future time.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*

The conductor had earlier achieved a success with Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, and the long drawn melodies and colorful Wagnerian orchestration were found to have a direct popular appeal. The orchestra arose to acknowledge the continued applause.

—M. M., *Musical America*

It was Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, otherwise known as the "Romantic", revived after a silence of nineteen years. In fact this was only the third time that it had ever appeared on these programs.

Bruckner's was a manner of composition that would seem almost to have disappeared from the earth, leisurely, calm, spacious, taking little thought to dramatic climax and much to what the composer considered musical fitness. That there were a few instances with reminders of Wagner's music in them showed his artistic sympathies, though his personal tendencies ran in another direction. It, too, was another interesting performance.

—EDWARD MOORE, *Chicago Tribune*

I realize that for the present, at least, I am a person to whom Bruckner's idiom is a foreign one. It is not that his music is difficult to follow, but that it is difficult to penetrate. I can enjoy his panoramic view and I can be stirred by the colossal passages of the first movement, or by the beautifully made theme that opens the andante. The ingeniousness of the trio in the scherzo is agreeable, and other signs of Bruckner's highly complicated naivete are enjoyable, just as his honesty is admirable and just as the spaciousness of his thought must be respected . . .

Nevertheless I should not like to miss hearing it whenever Mr. Stock plays it, and especially whenever he plays it so magnificently as he did last night.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*

GUSTAV MAHLER—

SECOND SYMPHONY

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Agnes Davis, Kathryn Meisle, Strawbridge and Clothier Chorus. Philadelphia, March 8 and 9, 1935.

Written elaborately, as it is, with many profuse and powerful effects, the symphony is noticeable for the prevalence of melody, the dissonance that might have been expected from its composer being seldom conspicuous. Intended to picture the death of a hero, the opening denotes his struggle, with some impressive (funeral) march passages and a chorale that is greatly emphasized in the last movement, and throughout there is contrast of the

melodic and the dramatic, often with impressively telling effect.

A real "tune" introduces the second part, or movement—*andante moderato*—with some charming measures for 'cellos and pizzicati strings. The third, the scherzo of the work, is followed without interruption by "Primal Light", in which the contralto has the first solo passage, an alluring melody to a text from old German folk-poetry. This was very expressively sung by Miss Meisle, in warm and beautifully rich, smoothly-flowing tones.

Mr. Ormandy was called out several times, to enthusiastic rounds of applause, and while he sought, by means of gesture and arm-extending, to include musicians, soloists and chorus in reception of the ovation, quite evident was the fact that he was being personally congratulated for his most comprehensive, illuminating and notably effective conducting of the performance.

—*The Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia

The gigantic finale, the longest movement of the work and the one in which the resurrection and final triumph are portrayed, opens with a wildly surging section in scherzo form in the full orchestra, which is followed by the chorale from the first movement, but much clearer here than at the beginning. Trumpets and horns off stage sound the Great Summons, and the chorus enters almost unaccompanied, one of the most beautiful effects of the entire work. There are soprano and contralto solos with chorus and a fine duet between the solo voices, all of which were splendidly done by Miss Davis and Miss Meisle. The close is a song of triumph by the chorus, and the work ends with pealing of bells and jubilant music in the orchestra.

Mr. Ormandy conducted the work without score, a huge task in itself, and had evidently made a very careful study of all the details of the symphony, as every cue was given to orchestra and singers and the dynamics carefully indicated. The Strawbridge and Clothier Chorus sang very well, showing a good quality of tone and admirable balance, especially in the softer passages. The audience was enthusiastic and recalled conductor and soloists many times at the close of the concert.

—SAMUEL L. LACIAR, *Evening Ledger*

GUSTAV MAHLER—

SECOND SYMPHONY

Los Angeles Philharmonic, Otto Klemperer, Conductor; Los Angeles, May 24, 25, 1935. Chorus, Los Angeles Oratorio Society; Soloists, Blythe Taylor Burns, Soprano; Clemence Gifford, Contralto.

The Philharmonic brought its sixteenth season to a close in Shrine Auditorium on May 24 and 25 amid applause for Otto Klemperer and the orchestra.

The last pair of concerts was eventful in that Mahler's] much-praised and much-maligned *Second Symphony* was given its first Los Angeles performance. The performance had many

points of high merit. Of the five movements far the best result was achieved in the slow and unsophisticated second.

The Saturday night series ended the week previously, when Schoenberg's *Suite in Old Style* for string orchestra was given its first local performance. The composer was present and bowed his acknowledgment from the stage.

—HAL D. CRAIN, *Musical America*

MARTIN G. DUMLER—

STABAT MATER (Premiere)

Cincinnati Symphony, May Festival Chorus, Eugene Goossens, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Helen Jepson, Kathryn Meisle, Richard Crooks, Keith Falkner; Cincinnati, May 25, 1935.

Earlier in the evening the chorus presented him (Goossens) a wreath along with many floral tributes for Martin G. Dumler, who was called to the stage after the world premiere of his arresting and memorable "Stabat Mater".

The Dumler work served to present for the first time during this Festival the gorgeous voice of Kathryn Meisle. Exceptionally fine were the other soloists, Helen Jepson, Richard Crooks, and Keith Falkner, while chorus and orchestra were quick to respond to Mr. Goossens' baton during the performance of this work of a native Cincinnati.

—VALERIA ADLER, *Cincinnati Post*

It was gratifying to hear this work and to be sincerely justified in pronouncing it worthy in every way of the acclaim it received.

It is reverential, sympathetic and thoroughly musical throughout, with attractive orchestration, and is so arranged in sections as to admit the performance of separate units at different occasions.

Although essentially Church music, Dr. Dumler's work expresses the human side of this great historical picture with a vividness that is readily to be understood. It is inspirational and thoughtful, at the same time affording pleasure in hearing.

—*Cincinnati Fine Arts Journal*

The management of the Festival Association has much to be proud of, but of nothing more so than having programmed Martin G. Dumler's *Stabat Mater*, one of the two works presented at the evening concert.

As heard last evening and under the inspiration of a superb performance, few will deny its sincerity, scholarly background, adherence to the drama of the text, and the telling power of its final climax. Last evening's presentation resulted in a veritable ovation for the composer. He was recalled to the stage; the audience rose in recognition of both the composition and its creator; there were presentations of flowers and wreaths, and a prolonged ovation.

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *The Enquirer*

Dr. Martin G. Dumler, a composer of decided originality and distinguished musical understanding, chooses the field of ecclesiastical music for his compositions. His "Stabat Mater" is very reverent, very sympathetic and finely musical. It follows closely the vibrant words of the ancient hymn furnishing the text, combining with the serious, sacred character of the music an inspired manner of treating the subject.—The orchestration, amply sustaining and not too florid, is admirable. Dr. Dumler received an enthusiastic ovation which brought him to the platform.

—NINA PUGH SMITH, *Times Star*

Dr. Dumler writes with remarkable naturalness, with a sure hand in his choral parts, contrapuntal dexterity and a really admirable feeling for orchestral investiture. . . . The finale, *Christe cum sis hinc exire*, for solo voices and chorus, with its well managed fugal writing, the composer builds to a stupendous climax on a series of *Amens* in the solo parts, against sustained chords in chorus, orchestra and organ, concluding on a fortissimo F Sharp Major chord.

—A. WALTER KRAMER, *Musical America*

In all probability, Music Hall has never been the scene of a similar triumph for a Cincinnati composer. The applause was deafening, and audience, orchestra and chorus all rose to do honor to a man to whom music is life and who was reaping the fruits of his years of labor.

This "Stabat Mater" is built more on the order of the Gregorian chant—a touch of the medieval—from which it glides to the percussion and amplitude of the modern orchestra and vocal consonance. Melodic and majestic in its unfolding, it leads to climactic effects that show a masterly musical mind. The work was given a splendid performance.

—*Musical Leader*

In Memoriam

EMANUEL DE M. BARUCH	1935	H. T. PARKER	1934
OTTO H. KAHN	1934	EGON POLLAK	1933
HARRIET B. LANIER	1931	MAX SMITH	1935
MRS. JOSEPH LEIDY	1933	LUDWIG VOGELSTEIN	1934
MAX LOEWENTHAL	1933	JAKOB WASSERMANN	1933



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