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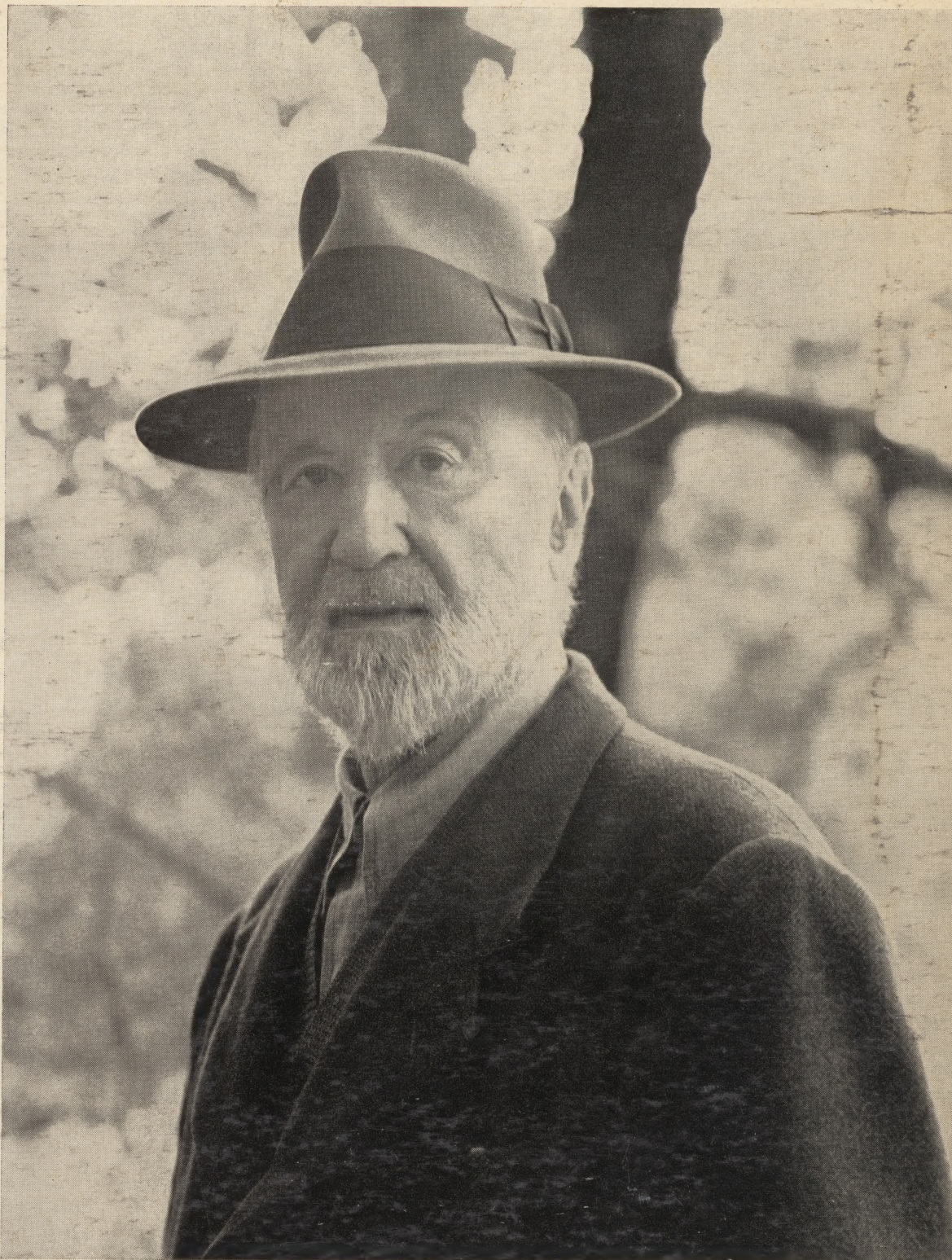
# CHARLES IVES

## Symphony No. 2

(1897-1902)

Leonard Bernstein

New York Philharmonic





## CHARLES IVES: SYMPHONY NO. 2

## NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, LEONARD BERNSTEIN, CONDUCTOR

THE FOLLOWING COMMENTS ON CHARLES IVES and his music made by Leonard Bernstein at a New York Philharmonic concert, preceding a performance of Charles Ives' Second Symphony.

... Actually, most of the shouting about Ives is based on his pioneering: like his experiments with atonality even before Schoenberg formulated his ideas: like his experiments with free dissonance half a century ago; his experiments with multiple rhythms, with two or more pieces of music going at the same time; with new techniques of piano-writing, using fists and palms and rulers. But the real measure of his greatness is that those works of his that do not rely on such experimentation—works which employ the normal procedures of music as he found them—still, for all their simplicity and easy listenability, succeed in carrying a strongly personal and original message. This Second Symphony is such a work. It contains few, if any, problems of dissonance or modernistic techniques; its only problem is one of attitude—our attitude, as well as his. Let us try to identify ourselves with young Ives; a mere 27 years old, living in a country and a community where being a musician was then considered vaguely reprehensible; and trying withal to record the sound-images of his world. Those images were a combination of the great works of the German tradition—Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner—plus the local music he lived with—hymns, folk-songs, patriotic songs and marches, college songs, and the like. All of this can be found in this Second Symphony from Beethoven's Fifth to *Turkey in the Straw*. But it all comes out Ivesian, somehow transmogrified into his own personal statement. It's really astonishing.

For example, Beethoven's Fifth. Ives had an obsession about those famous four notes, which keep turning up in various works of his. He had some kind of association between those notes and the philosophy of transcendentalism he inherited from Emerson, Thoreau and company. But when you hear those notes in the third movement, you will hear them hushed and mystic—and they're mixed up with the kind of church organ-playing with which he was familiar. Very different from Beethoven's fierce original statement.

There's Brahms quoted in this movement, too—a fragment from his First Symphony—but in Ives' hands it's quite another story, joined on as it is to another quoted fragment from *America the Beautiful*.

Then there are other references: to Brahms' Third Symphony; to Wagner's *Tristan* and his *Walküre*, to Bach, to Bruckner, and even to Dvořák's *New World* Symphony—an odd inter-change of nationalism, that one. But the Ives symphony never sounds like Brahms and Wagner, and the rest—it sounds like Ives. It has all the freshness of a naive American wandering in the grand palaces of Europe, like some of Henry James' Americans abroad, or, perhaps more like Mark Twain's Innocents. The European spirit has been Americanized, just as a Bach chorale gets Americanized into a Methodist hymn; it achieves a new total quality. In fact,

Ives goes even further, by tossing odd bits of Americana into this European soup-pot, thus making a new brew out of it: very American in flavor, like speaking French with an American accent, or better still, like speaking English with a Yankee twang. The list of these oddments of Americana is very curious; besides *America the Beautiful* and *Turkey in the Straw* you'll also hear *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* used here and there as a bass line, and finally emerging triumphant at the end; you'll hear the *Camptown Races*; five or six hymn-tunes, including *Bringing In the Sheaves* and *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*. Then you'll hear phrases that sound very Stephen Fosterish, like a mixture of *Swanee River* and *Old Black Joe*. There's a delicate little touch of *Long, Long Ago*, a wild sudden reference to *Reveille*, and a number of college songs, including one old Dartmouth favorite that turns out to be the trio of the second movement.\*

And all this, alongside Bach, Brahms and Wagner, instead of making a hodge-podge, turns out to make a real work, original, eccentric, naive, and as full of charm as an old lace valentine, or a New England village green. And on top of all this, there is always that fresh, awkward, endearing primitive style of his, where all the rules get broken. There are *gauche* endings, unfinished phrases, wrong voice-leading, inexplicable orchestration—for instance, the big climax of the third movement is played by the strings only; now no modern professional composer would have missed the chance for a big noise there by the whole orchestra. There are those strange personal jokes of his—burlesques, take-offs, deliberate infringements of conventionality, deliberately intended to shock—like the very last chord of the whole piece, full of wrong notes, incongruous as a Marx Brothers routine, completely out of style and out of context, and containing every note of the chromatic scale but one. So he ends his symphony, with a yelp of laughter.

In short, this Symphony adds up to a sort of personal memoir of Ives' own musical experience. In a way, it is music about other music, rather than about anything programmatic. When you hear *Turkey in the Straw* in this Symphony, you are not supposed to visualize a barn-dance; rather try to feel the impact of such a tune on one particular composer's consciousness, at a given moment in American cultural history, when anything that was any good at all had to come from Europe. That's what's so touching about all this use of Americana; it comes to us full of Ives' brave resolve to be American, to write American music in the face of a diffident and uninterested world.

But all the brave resolves in the world won't make good music; nor will patriotic songs, or reverent gestures toward Bach. It's talent that counts in the end, and talent is what Ives had.

IN 1945 Arnold Schoenberg jotted down five enigmas which subsequently found their way into print: "There is a great man living in this country—a composer. He has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and to learn. He

\*"Where, Oh Where, Are the Pea-Green Freshmen?"

responds to negligence by contempt. He is not forced to accept praise or blame. His name is Ives." Schoenberg and Ives were born the same year (1874); they were both musical revolutionaries and, as Henry Cowell, Lou Harrison and other devout Ivesians never tire of pointing out, Ives very frequently beat Schoenberg to the punch in discovering new musical devices. But it is difficult to imagine two more disparate artists: Schoenberg with his apostolic zeal, his rage for form and order, his inescapable sense of the rich tradition of German romanticism in which his art was rooted; and Charles Ives who, like Emily Dickinson, was content to practice his art in solitude, who largely rejected the laws of conventional form and would certainly never straight-jacket himself with the laws of twelve-tone form, who had no long musical traditions either to plague him or buoy him up—only the first-hand knowledge that America had a music of its own and the determination to evoke that music as it had never been evoked before.

Ives was born in Danbury, Connecticut, and lived most of his life within a brief radius of that rural birthplace. He had a sound musical education from his father, a man whose bold ideas affected his son too deeply to be dislodged when Ives later attended Yale and studied with Horatio Parker, the dispenser of Victorian oratorios. Even before his Yale days Ives was making daring musical experiments. Following graduation, the young man made the (for him) extraordinarily right decision of earning his living in the insurance business and thereby protecting himself from the temptation of compromising his musical vision. He composed on weekends or in the evening after coming home from the office, and over the years amassed an impressive list of compositions, a few of which he published at his own expense, although a great many are still in manuscript. Ives was a very successful insurance man and retired in 1930, at the age of fifty-six. All money from his own compositions he gave to performers, or musical organizations, or young composers.

As with many of his larger works, the chronology of Ives' Second Symphony is a rather complicated matter. The work was largely composed in 1897, although some of the last movement dates as far back as 1889 and the score was not completed until 1901, with some further polishing taking place in 1909. For many years it lay, with dozens of other manuscripts, quietly gathering dust. According to Henry and Sidney Cowell (*Charles Ives and his Music*, Oxford University Press, 1955) its long period of dormancy was interrupted when Walter Damrosch asked to see the work. Ives sent it to him and never got it back. When, in 1951, Leonard Bernstein gave the Symphony its first hearing as an entity the score had to be copied from an earlier "pencil score" which Ives apparently preferred to the slightly revised "ink score" he had sent to Damrosch. The news that the Second Symphony was at last to be performed, by one of the great symphony orchestras and in Carnegie Hall (where Ives had attended many concerts in his younger days, and must-despite his aloofness and ironic turn of mind—often have dreamed of

hearing his own music performed) caused considerable stir in the Ives household. But, through some complexity of reaction which perhaps can never be fully explained, the seventy-seven year old composer grew more and more upset at the idea of attending this first performance of a work so closely connected with his youth. Although Leonard Bernstein offered to conduct a private performance for Ives, in the darkened hall where he could confront this long-neglected child of his brain intimately and alone, the composer was unable to bring himself to go.

And thus it was Mrs. Ives, sitting in a box near the stage, who accepted the great waves of applause by which the Carnegie Hall audience signaled their delight with the Second Symphony. The Cowells have described the scene vividly: "At the end of the performance Bernstein applauded the players and then turned toward the Ives box to join in the wild and prolonged applause that rose from the hall. Realizing that Mrs. Ives was not grasping its extent, a guest touched her arm to suggest she turn away from the stage to see the cheering, clapping audience below her which rose in the distance to the remote galleries. The warmth and excitement suddenly reached her and she said in a heart-breaking tone of pure surprise:

"Why, they like it, don't they!"

A few days later, when the Symphony was broadcast, Ives took the bull by the horns, went into the kitchen of his home in Redding, Connecticut, and listened to his music on the maid's radio.

"He was so happy about the quality of the performance, which was far finer than anything he ever expected that he emerged from the kitchen doing an awkward little jig of pleasure and vindication. This seems to have been the only unqualified pleasure in an orchestra performance that Ives ever had."

*Andante Moderato*. This movement, "from an organ sonata played in part at Centre Church" (New Haven, where Ives was organist during his Yale days) is a working out of one solemn, almost baroque theme, for a long time given entirely to the strings, contrapuntal and stately, but with bits of staccato interstices that are Ivesian. The music reaches a strong climax (without any significant addition to its instrumentation) and pauses for a moment of a cadence like those used by pre-baroque vocal composers. Then the stately melody returns, is taken up in "quasi recitative" by an oboe, and leads without pause into the second movement.

*Allegro*. The contrast between this and the preceding movement is liable to be disconcerting to those who are unfamiliar with Ives' habitual refusal to be "decorous." The first theme is lively, satirical, Ivesian to its core—expressing, in slightly irreverent voice, the spirit of rural New England. Soon we hear the first phrase of the hymn *Bringing in the Sheaves*, but the continuation is Ives' own invention. A new episode introduces a new mood, delightful, easy, "well-bred," in which a duet for two oboes alternates with a lovely tune played by the strings. This brief episode is repeated, the duet now being given to the flutes. After an extended working-out of a sort of three-note version of the "knock-

ing" theme in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and a wisp of a suggestion of Brahms, a broad, trombone-laden climax is reached, and a recapitulation of sorts occurs (even the sheaves are brought in once again). The movement closes vigorously.

*Adagio cantabile*. This movement also originated in an organ composition, a prelude played in Centre Church in 1896, scored in 1902, and "copied with slight revision" in 1909. A few bars of introduction lead to a string melody, prayerful and laden with memory (possibly the memory of Ives' father, who died in 1894). Then, surprisingly, a few bars from the slow movement of Brahms' First Symphony echo in the flute and are gone almost before one is aware of them. There is nothing satirical in this quotation—it meant something to Ives, and meant it deeply. The quotation occurs again in a solo cello after a brief forte passage. There is also an allusion to *America the Beautiful* towards the end of the movement. This *Adagio* is by no means untroubled, and much of it builds up through one of Ives' favorite devices: an alternation of brief, loud passages with more extended lyrical ones.

*Lento maestoso*. The practice of following one slow movement with another is, to say the least, not common, but this piece is less an independent movement than a prelude or introduction to the riotous finale. The solemn theme of the first movement is recalled in the horns, and there are hints of other earlier material. A powerful build-up leads back to the first movement theme once more and, after some wrenching dissonances, the brief interlude ends in a gradual decrescendo.

*Allegro molto vivace*. The rollicking, dance-like mood of the second movement returns in the final one, as the horns give out a phrase of *Camptown Races*, and piccolo and snare drum follow it up with some fife-and-drum rhythms. Ives himself describes the ensuing episode in a note in the published score; "The second theme of the last movement is partly from an early short piece called: *The American Woods (Brookfield)*. The part suggesting a Stephen Foster tune, while over it the old farmers fiddled a barn dance with all its gigs, gallops and reels, was played in Danbury on the Old Wooster House Band Stand in 1889." The second Foster tune is, of course, *Old Black Joe*. A fluttering woodwind section suggests the barn-dance. The music grows faster and more contrapuntal, the trombones give out hints of *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*. From this point on we have a kind of superbly planned free-for-all, each choir of the orchestra going its separate way and yet wonderfully "working" with the others. At the supreme point of this "disunity" the chauvinistic *Columbia* tune is quoted, in good earnest now, by the richly-blasting brass, the whole orchestra swirling around it. Just as the listener is settling back, pleased with the tune and with himself and ready for a noble, Tchaikovskian cadence there is a pause:

*Reveille* sounds in the trumpet, and the whole orchestra gives out one final, raucous chord-cluster, whose nose-thumbing intention can hardly be mistaken. And that final chord is not only the signature of Charles Ives, written out large in a fair hand, but the not-so-tender requiem to Horatio Parker and his nineteenth century.

David Johnson

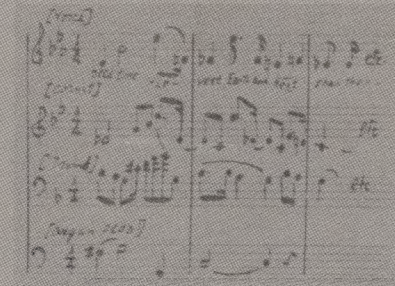


# An American Innovator, Charles Ives

Success in Business as a Parallel for Daring in Music—Anticipations of New Steps Abroad—A Study of the Composer and His Materials

By GODDARD LIEBERSON

IN the year 1894, Debussy heard the first performance of his 'L'Après-midi d'un faune'; Richard Strauss had plans for a tone-poem to be called 'Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche'; the Metropolitan Opera performed 'Elaine', an opera by a composer named Benberg; Arnold Schönberg was twenty years old and had not yet written 'Verklärte Nacht'; Igor Stravinsky was twelve years old and was not to begin serious study of music for seven more years; Alban Berg was doing the things that other nine-year-old boys did in Vienna, and listened to his brother Charley take his music lessons; and in England, the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, still not quite complete, kept the later Victorians in a constant state of amusement. In the same year, a twenty-year-old American composed a song called 'Song for Harvest Season', the words being a stanza from an old hymn, and the music written for voice, cornet, trombone and organ pedal simultaneously in the keys of E♭, B♭, F, and C:



This experiment in polytonality may or may not have amused Charles Ives's teacher, Horatio Parker. But whether it did or not, it was inevitable that young Ives should have been doing such experimenting. It was inherent to his spirit, and his intellect: an expression of the early training which he had received from his father, who was a bandmaster and music teacher in Danbury, Conn., where Charles Ives was born.

The elder Ives provided his son with an early musical education and doubtlessly communicated to him some of his own feelings about tonal experimentation. For the senior Ives was a courageous assayer of new musical speech, delving into the possibilities of tone divisions, quarter-tones, polytonality, atonality, and acoustics. It was his wont to place sections of his band on balconies of different levels in order to test the result of sound coming from different planes or distances. He also experimented with chords built of fourths and fifths and exhibited a constant curiosity about the possibilities of new sounds through new orchestral combinations. At the same time, he trained his son in harmony, counterpoint, and instrumentation, and acquainted him with the best in musical literature.

When Ives entered Yale University in 1894, he was already a well-equipped

musician, but he continued his music studies with Dudley Buck (organ) and Horatio W. Parker (composition). During his four years in college, he was the organist at St. Thomas's Church in New Haven, and for a number of years following was an organist in several different cities. Indeed, a few editions of *Who's Who* reveal Charles E. Ives as an organist in Albany. Upon graduation from Yale in 1898, he went into business as a clerk for the Mutual Life Insurance Company. He held this position until 1906 and then assisted in forming the firm of Ives & Myrick, and remained a senior partner of this firm until 1930 when ill health caused him to give up active work. From 1898 to 1930, you might have come across the name of Charles Ives in a published collection of '114 Songs', or, if you happened to read the *Eastern Underwriter*, as the signature on an article called "The Amount to Carry—Measuring the Prospect"!

The fact that Ives was a successful business man and, at the same time, a daring innovator in music, has been a source of wonderment to nearly everyone but the person in question. Ives's reason for entering business was a simple one: it merely meant a financial security which would leave him free to compose music as he chose, a real necessity to a person of his character. He may also have felt that the "business" of music was far more odious than the business of insurance. Nicolas Slonimsky in an article for the *Boston Evening Transcript* even suggested that Ives's business experience had a good effect on his music. On this point, he wrote: "It is probable that his (Ives's) business activity created a sense of potential reality in him that made him try unusual methods in musical composition; for if new prospects are found in business, why not new ears in music?" But whatever the reason, one thing is certain, that Ives, long before anyone else, wrote music which defied certain conventions no less than it broke through to paths which for others were unperceived until years after he had walked them.

### A Personal Style

However, it is ridiculous to think of Ives only as a chronological phenomenon, for his music manifests a style which is unmistakably new and individual whether he is writing so-called tone clusters or the simplest harmonic progression. It is merely incidental that Ives preceded Schönberg and Stravinsky in new musical devices which won a certain amount of glory for the two Europeans; the significant point is that Ives was not even considered in America until the break-down of conventions was imported from other shores! In fact, no better example of the mouldy proverb "a prophet without honor, etc." could be found; for when Charles Ives was finally played in Europe, some of



Charles Ives: A Rare Photograph of the American Composer. In the Background Is a Characteristic Ives Score: Note the "All Han[d]s on Deck"!

the most sedate critics found in his music the justification for calling America a musical country. In Paris, Paul Le Flem wrote the following for the *Comœdia*: "... Charles Ives seems to have created, before the 'Sacre du Printemps', a style which by its audacities, places its author among the pioneers. He appears among his compatriots as the one most spontaneously gifted, whose daring, sometimes awkward, is never in contradiction with the aspiration of his feeling". A reviewer for *Les Dernières Nouvelles* wrote: "Ives is not imitative; he has something to say. He is a musical artist painter, if such an expression can be used, an impressionist not without a mixture of naive realism; his art is at times awkward and raw, but in him there is real power and true invention... which does not follow either the fashion or authorities. Ives is, perhaps, the only one among the American composers whose art is truly national". Alfred Einstein, in writing about American music, said: "Charles Ives is, in my estimation, the most original and national". The *Sovietskaya Musika* in Moscow: "After MacDowell, Ives is undoubtedly the brightest figure on the American musical horizon". From the *Hamburger Freudblatt*: "In Ives... one finds a strong, high-moving sentiment, free from the banalities of better known works. This concert is the first indication that America has anything to offer in music". Willi Reich, in connection with a concert in Vienna: "Ives has kept himself apart from European influence, and has worked out his own

peculiar style in advance of the development of others. Ives... stands as the leader and inspiration of the younger generation of American composers..." In fairness, it must be said that certain critics in America, once given a chance to hear the music of Ives, waxed just as enthusiastic as their European confreres, if with less willingness to place Ives's status in the world scene of music.

Yet Ives has never attempted to obtain critical appraisal of his work. On the contrary, he is probably the most aloof of all composers on this score. It has even been reported that he allows no newspapers or magazines of any kind in his home save the *London Spectator*. Ives has always resisted any infringement on his privacy, as a person or as a composer. Had he wished to cut the capers of the typical salon composer, Ives could have years ago found recognition for himself on the grounds of being "unique" or on some other equally sensational count. But he is even indifferent to performances of his own work and seems to be satisfied solely with the writing of his music. Any notices of his works in newspapers or magazines usually comes to his attention only through the action of thoughtful friends. Henry Bellamann tells, in an article for *The Musical Quarterly*, of an incident occasioned by his asking Ives to have a photograph made to accompany an article: "The explosion was terrifying. For days he went about pointing a derisive finger at me, muttering, 'That man collects photographs'."

## The Ives Country

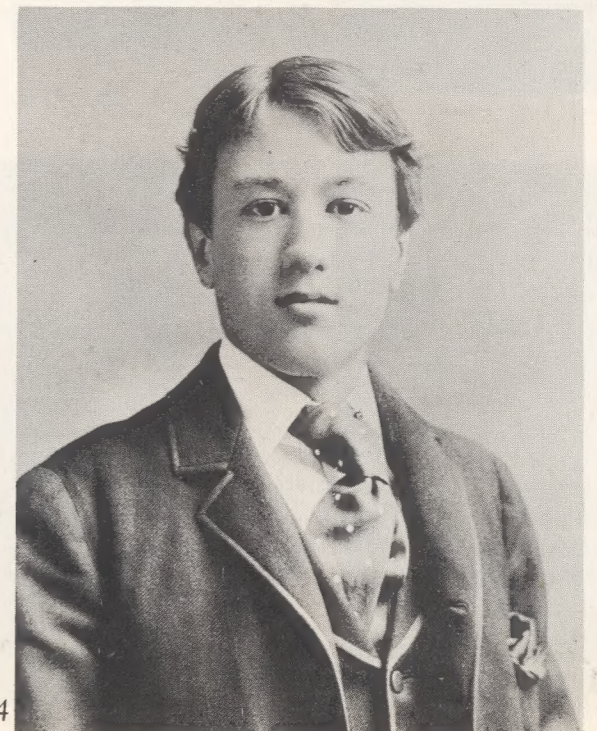
In the compilation of this portfolio, Columbia Records gratefully acknowledges the kind cooperation and assistance of Mrs. Charles E. Ives, her nephews, Bigelow and Chester Ives, and John Kirkpatrick, curator of the Ives Collection at Yale University.

THE CHARLES IVES COUNTRY SPRAWLS ERRATICALLY FROM NEW ENGLAND TO NEW YORK CITY. It is bounded on the north by the Berkshire Mountain ranges, on the east by Yale University's quadrangles, on the west by the Housatonic River and, on the south, by Manhattan's financial district. A wooded camp meeting ground, a collegiate baseball field, his shingled summer house... the Nassau Street site of his flourishing insurance agency... these are landmarks in the Ives geography. The companion soundscapes—the small town bands, the hymns, the college songs—echo in Ives' compositions.

His manuscript scores and other significant materials, now carefully harbored in an Ives Collection at Yale University, mirror the composer's achievements. Other, homelier documents—a living room library, a childhood photograph, a work piano, a faded railroad timetable—reflect the man. They are portrayed here, as they still exist, in his Connecticut summer home, in the heartland of the Ives country.

Deborah Ishlon

1. Capitol of the Ives Country, the white frame house in Danbury, where the composer was born. Built in 1780, it is the oldest Danbury residence still occupied by a family related to the builders. The Ives dining room was the site of Danbury's first savings bank, its living room, the home of the first local Sunday School.
2. Brookside Park in West Redding, Connecticut, a camp meeting ground that resounded with the hymns that so influenced Charles Ives. As a boy, he visited the Park frequently with his father, riding down from Danbury in "the steam cars" or by horse and carriage.
3. A triumphant duo: the victorious battery for the Hopkins Grammar School team, after an historic defeat of the Yale freshmen in the spring of 1894. Pitcher Ives is standing at the left.
4. Charles Ives at eighteen.
5. Charles Ives at Yale with his roommate, Mandeville Mullally, a photograph he titled "... Oct. 1894, 76 South Middle and natives."





6

6. The house in West Redding, built by Ives five years after his marriage. The modest, almost Spartan house was designed by Mr. and Mrs. Ives, completed with the aid of an architect—the enthusiastic but untried planners had failed to provide any closets. The intrusion of a paved road below the property, the advent of automobiles, and worse, airplanes, were all vastly irritating to Ives, who experimented readily with new sounds but preferred old ways of living. He owned no radio or phonograph, submitted only grudgingly to a telephone—a party line.

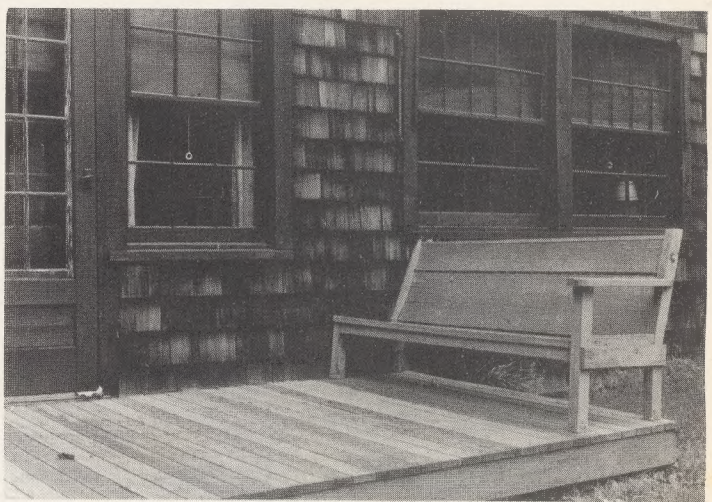
6a. Mr. and Mrs. Ives, at home in the early Twenties.



6a

6b. A favorite resting place . . . the wooden bench outside the house. Early in his residence, Ives wrote out what he may never have followed—a whimsical “schedule” which began at 6:30 A.M.—“Up and at ‘em,” allowed for fifteen minutes of Bach before breakfast, farm chores, three hours of “hard work” at composing, half an hour to “loaf” and half an hour of preprandial “rest (hard work).”

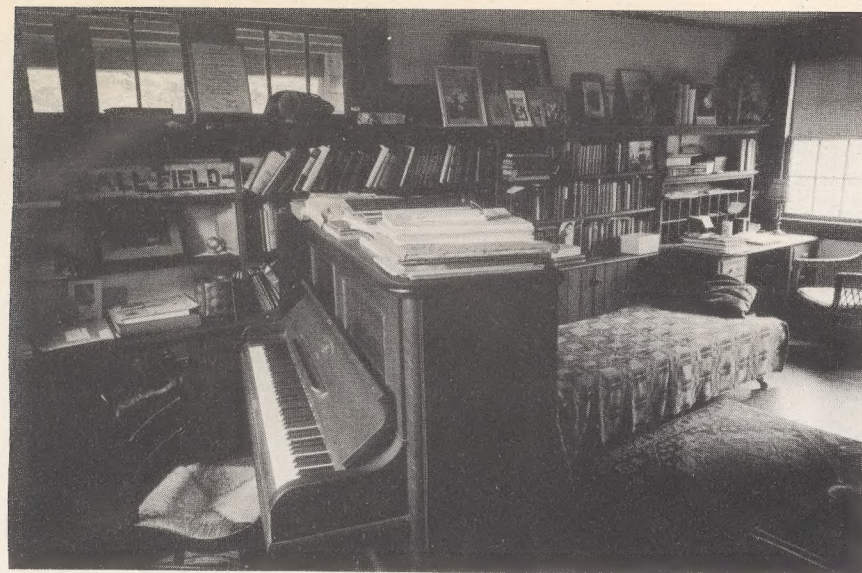
6c. A benign New England landscape—the living room view affords a glimpse of distant Pine Mountain, where Charles Ives and his brother had a camping retreat.



6b



6c



7

7. The Ives music room, ringed with shelves, books, posters, photographs . . . whatever happened to interest him.

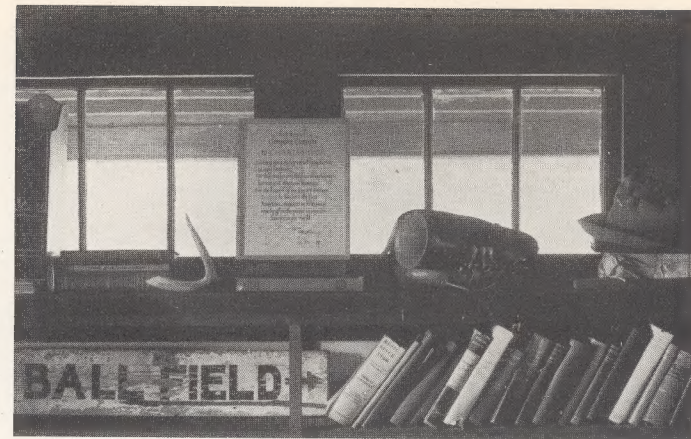
8. An Ives composition in objects . . . a shelf above his music room piano with a characteristic clutter of cherished objects: the time-scarred sign from some now-unidentifiable “Ball Field,” his father’s Union Army cornet and a thoroughly battered felt hat, Ives’ favorite headgear.

9. A stereopticon photograph of Ives’ father and other members of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery Band.

10. Commentary on the commuter’s lot . . . an ancient marker on the wall behind Ives’ music room piano. A daily traveler to New York during the summer, Ives boarded the train with his scores, worked steadily en route to and from the city.

11. The Ives living room. His customary seat was the wall bench near the window. Reading aloud here was a great family pastime. The Ives library was extensive . . . the shelves studded with volumes by Thoreau, Emerson, Edmund Burke, Trollope, Dickens, Voltaire, Charles Lamb, Turgenev, Cooper, Thackeray, Plato, to name only a few.

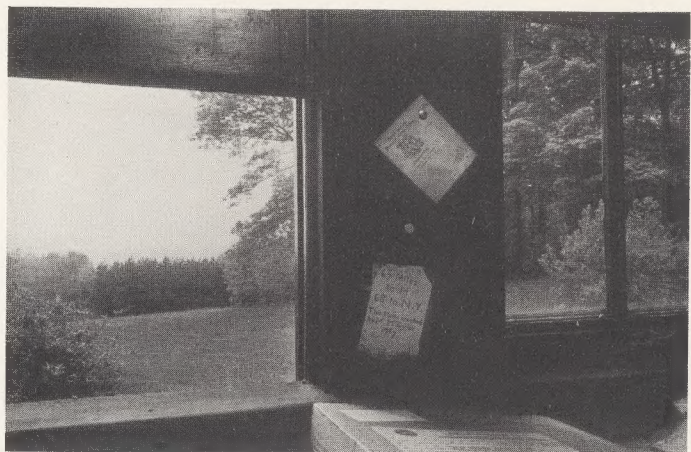
11a. A standard New England Hymnal, circa 1858—possibly “the long green book” to which Ives refers as a source of material for his Second Symphony . . . found on the living room table, along with a typical Ivesian variety of reading matter—poems of Tennyson, a biography of Beethoven by French composer Vincent d’Indy—and “A Century of American Life Insurance.”



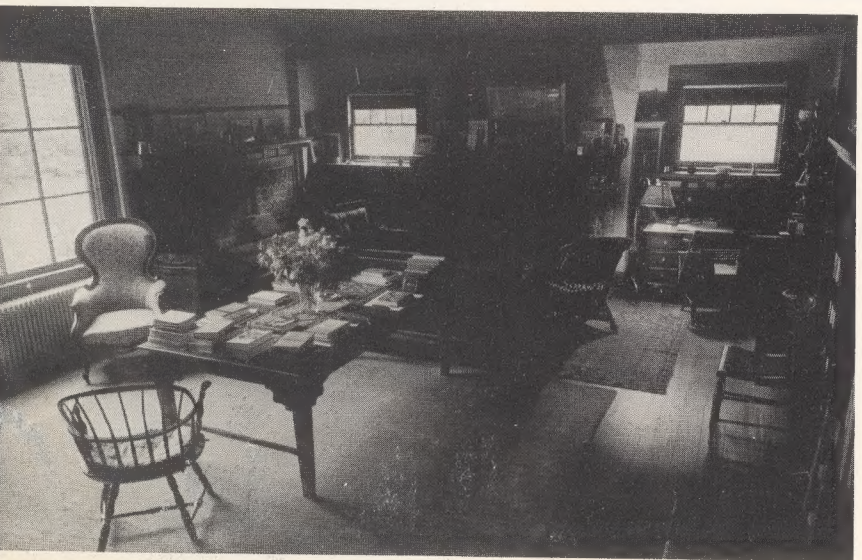
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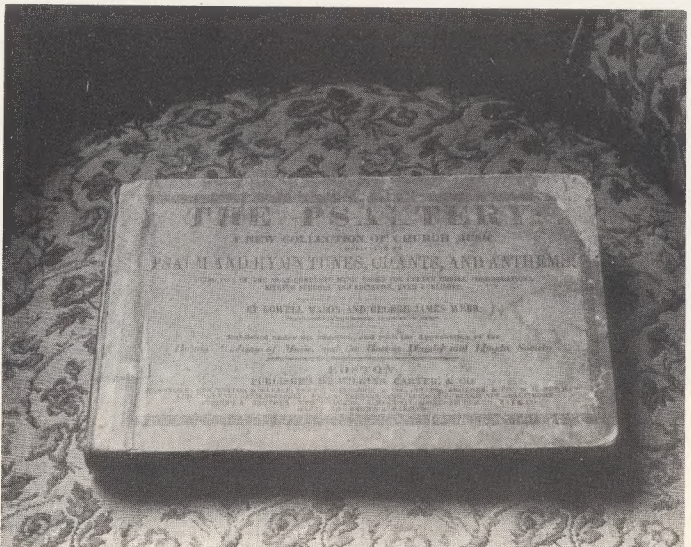
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11



11a



12

**A SUGGESTION FOR A 20TH AMENDMENT**

The following letter was sent to eight leading New York newspapers a few months ago. To the best of their knowledge, it is the only copy of the paper which has been preserved. It should not be assumed that these papers did not see it; it is possible that they were opposed to it; they may have thought, probably with good reason, that the plan was not worth reprinting. However, whatever the reason, the fact that it was not printed would indicate that the editors are not especially interested in the idea. Hence the means of preservation by a circular is vital.

**If you won't read all of this, read that part in large print—at least read the proposed 20th amendment.** If you do not believe in the idea fundamentally—near this way, or better, at least read the plan and your objections and then present them in any open and fair way you can.

**If you believe in the plan show it in return; then give your name on the opposite side as indicated and mail it to the President.**

The following contains an attempt to suggest a 20TH AMENDMENT to the Federal Constitution—AN ATTEMPT to change the Federal Constitution—TO REDUCE to a minimum the number of political parties in the United States and to secure to the people the right of free access to greater truths and greater freedom.

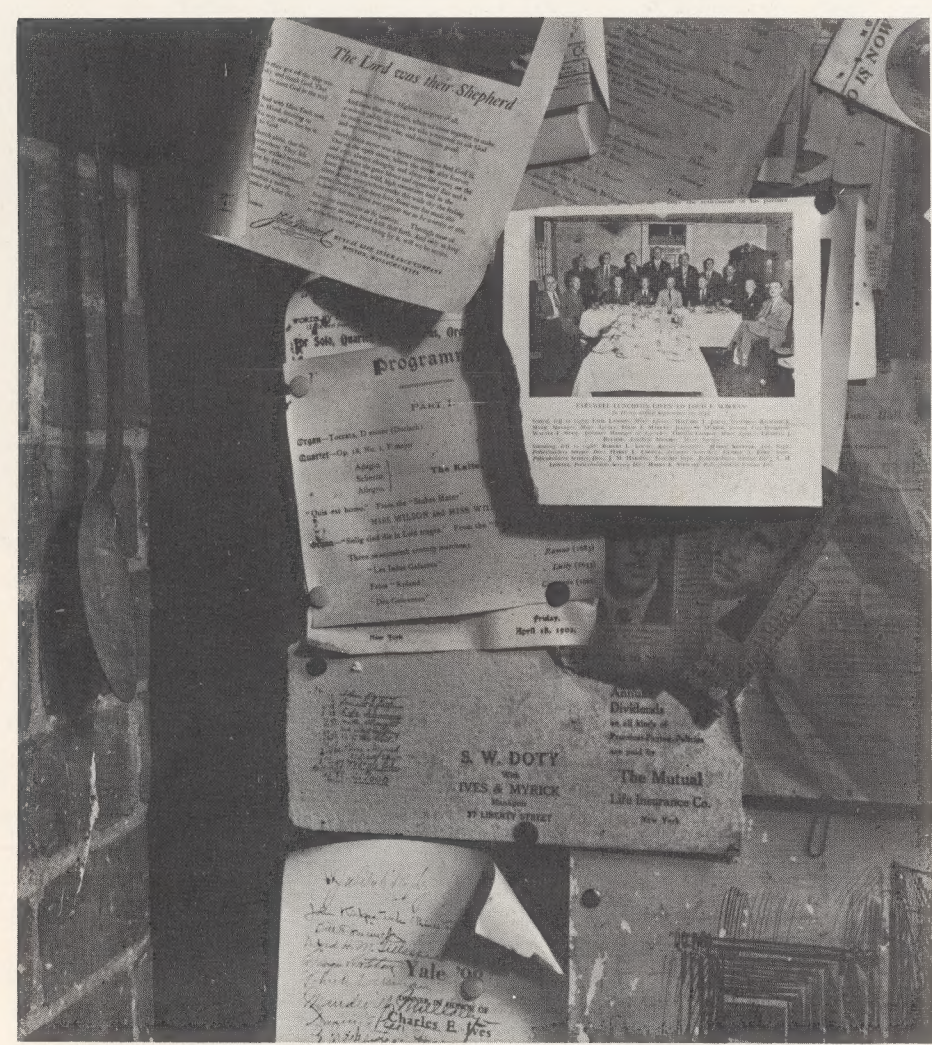
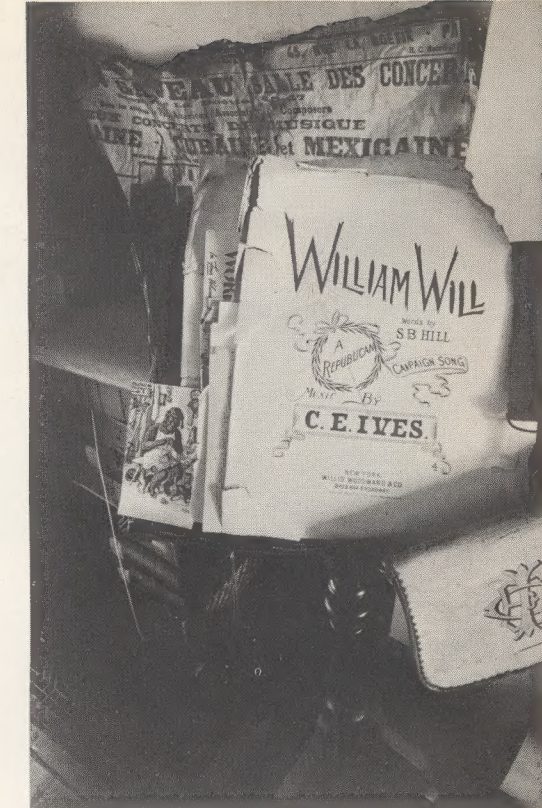
It is a political party, together with a small number of candidates, are by their own declarations and by the common good—of the people and of the people before them—to be held for any of their ill and political party purposes; it is a political party and it is a political party which will eventually obtain the control of those countries or other world all political parties.

We urge the Republican party will not become so overconfident about the proposed amendment that it will claim a prior right to be a monopoly.

But seriously—it is so and it is generally so, that a disorganized and unorganized party in this and other countries is the INEVITABLE RESULT OF THE MASSES TO BE MORE SCIENTIFICALLY TRUE AND OF GREATER VALUE TO THE HUMANITY OF THE WORLD THAN THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF THE INDIVIDUAL MAN—BUT IN THE HANDS OF THE POLITICAL PARTY.

It is the only way to secure to the people the right of free access to greater truths and greater freedom. It is the only way to secure to the people the right of free access to greater truths and greater freedom. It is the only way to secure to the people the right of free access to greater truths and greater freedom.

13



14

- 12. Still hanging on the wall of his music room—Charles Ives' class baseball cap. He was a star pitcher of the Yale '98 Senior Class team.
- 13a. No escapist from the world about him, Charles Ives had an impassioned concern for political affairs. His activities encompassed the formulation, private printing and extensive distribution of a proposed 20th Amendment to the Constitution, as well as the composition of a Republican campaign song for William McKinley, shown here with the aging leather music case carried by his father in the Civil War.
- 14. A profile of Charles Ives, Businessman. Tacked—as so many things were—to a door panel of the music room are these evidences of his active non-musical life . . . a desk blotter from the Ives and Myrick firm . . . an insurance company advertisement . . . a photograph of a farewell dinner gathering in the Home Office.
- 14a. The entrance to Charles Ives' New York offices. Ives & Myrick was, at the time of his retirement, the largest insurance agency in the country.



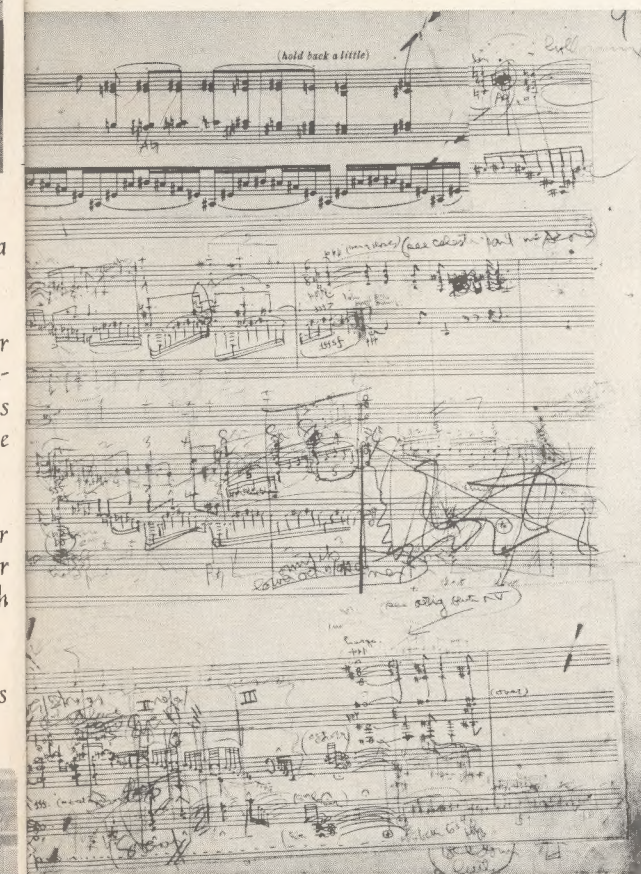
14a



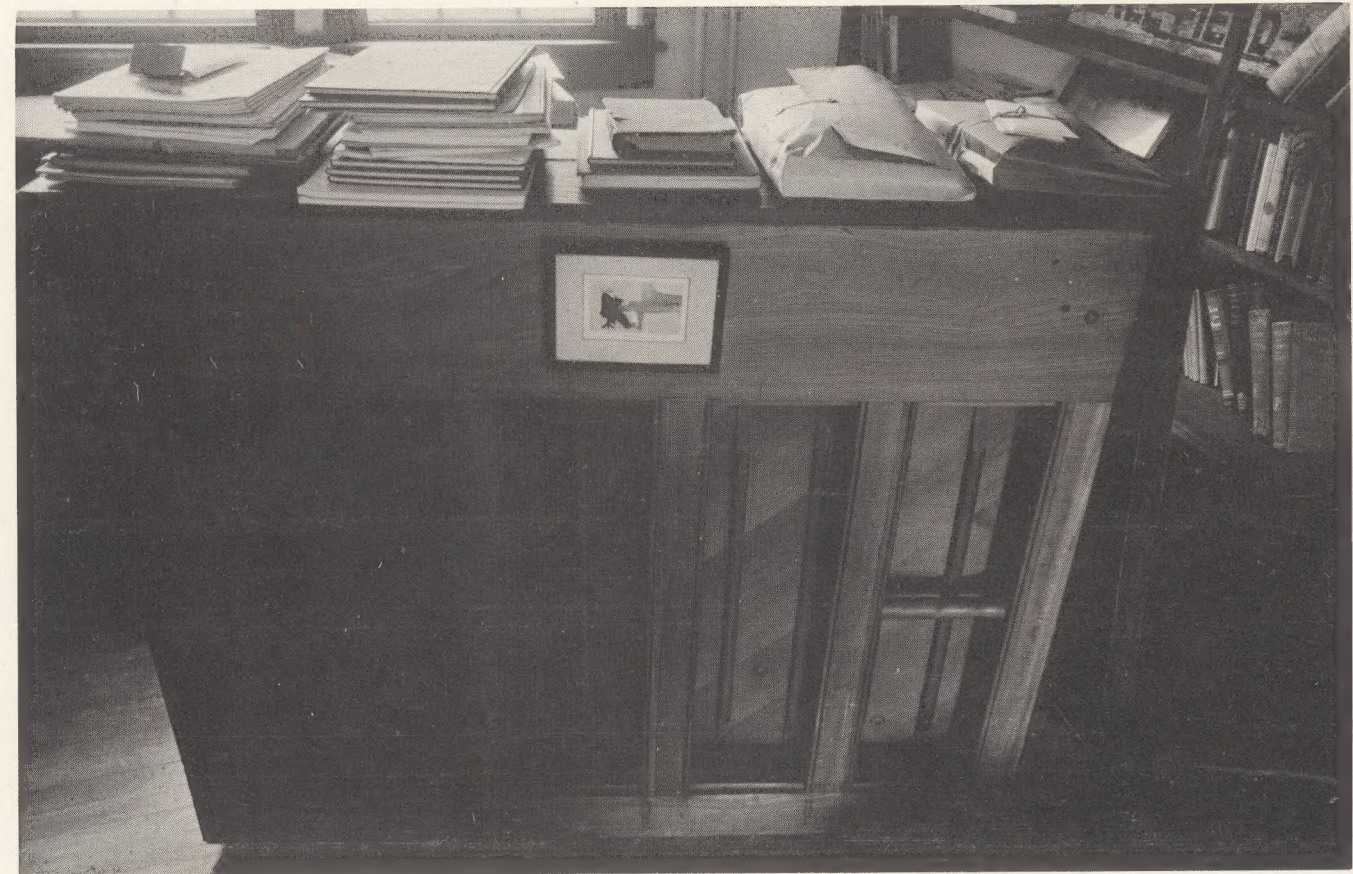
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15a



16



16a

The photographs and illustrations numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6a, 9, 13, 14a, 15, 15a, and 16 are from the Ives family and Ives Collection of the Library of the School of Music at Yale University. Those numbered 6a, 6b, 6c, 7, 8, 10, 11, 11a, 12, 13a were photographed for this volume by Lee Friedlander.

- 15. The Ives family. Mrs. Ives with daughter Edith, circa 1915. Mr. Ives with Edith, a passport photograph, 1924.
- 16. A typical Ives manuscript—this one for "The Celestial Railroad" crosshatched with marginal notes.
- 16a. A study in contrasts . . . on the upright piano in Ives' music room, a drawing of Brahms, symbol of the great European classic tradition . . . at his elbow, the signboard for a playground of his New England youth . . . an admixture that is, perhaps, the quintessential Ives.

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- II - Allegro

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Side 2  
XSM 50057

1. III - Adagio cantabile
2. IV - Lento maestoso
- V - Allegro molto vivace

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