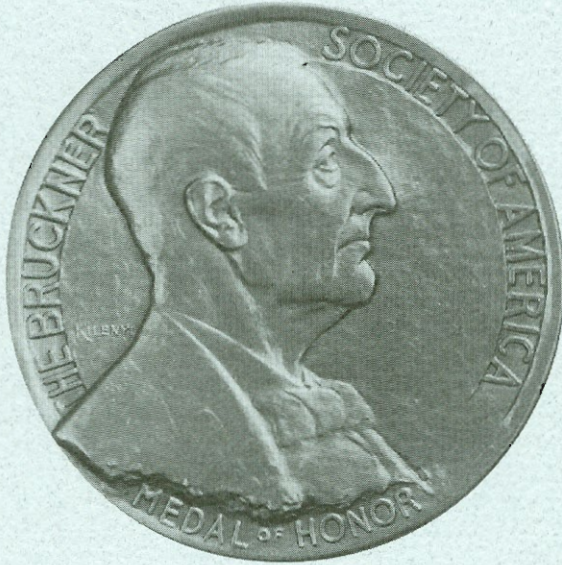


CHORD AND DISCORD



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

1998

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

CHORD AND DISCORD

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IN MEMORIAM

This final issue of *Chord and Discord* is dedicated to the memory of Jack Diether, a frequent contributor of scholarly articles to this journal and its editor at the time of his death. He was the author of album notes for numerous recordings as well as program notes for various symphony orchestras and wrote the scripts for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for *Portrait of Anton Bruckner* (1967), *Portrait of Gustav Mahler* (1968), *Life of Beethoven* (1970), *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1972), *Edward Elgar, Portrait of an Enigma* (1973). He was founder of New York Mahlerites in the mid-70s, member of Gustav Mahler Society, USA, Music Critics Association, Musical Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, and Dancing Critics Association. In *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, 8th edition, his 1969 *Chord and Discord* article, "Notes on Some Mahler Juvenilia", is given special praise.

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MAHLER'S RÜBEZAHL: AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

by DIKA NEWLIN

In 1958, Donald Mitchell had to write, concerning the manuscript of Mahler's RÜBEZAHL libretto, "There is no account of its fate."¹ Since then, a copy of the libretto—unfortunately, not accompanied by a score—has come to light among the papers left behind by Alma Mahler. A microfilm of this material is available in the Music Division of the New York Public Library. While the libretto as we have it is not quite complete, it gives us a fairly clear picture of what the work was planned to be.

We first hear of the idea of a fairy-tale opera by Mahler in 1879. At that time, Mahler and Hugo Wolf were still good friends. Alma Mahler tells the following story:

One day, . . . Wolf got the idea of writing a fairy-tale opera. This was long before Humperdinck and undoubtedly an original inspiration. They considered many themes and finally hit on Rübèzähl. Mahler was young and impulsive and he began on the libretto that very night and finished it the next day. In all innocence he took it to Wolf for him to see. But Wolf also had made a start and was so put out by Mahler's having stolen a march on him that he threw up the whole idea and never forgave him. Outwardly they remained on friendly terms for some time longer, but they avoided each other's society. Many years later they met on the way to the *Festspielhaus* at Bayreuth and passed by with a curt: 'Hallo.'²

This account is not entirely accurate. For one thing, the idea of a fairy-tale opera was not exactly an "original inspiration." Even the Rübèzähl theme, as Mitchell points out, had been used in opera before; works by Joseph Schuster (1789), Wilhelm Würfel (1824) and Friedrich von Flotow (1853) have the mythical mountain spirit as protagonist. It seems unlikely, too, that Mahler wrote the libretto overnight—though admittedly certain flaws in its composition suggest hasty writing. On the basis of available information (Mrs. Mahler's comments, letters to Anton Krisper and Friedrich Löhr, a remark in Natalie Bauer-Lechner's memoirs), we might prepare the following chronology, as suggested by Mitchell: 1879—genesis of idea; 1880 or 1881—preparation of text; 1882—work on music; 1885—abandonment of project. But, many years later, Mahler had still not forgotten the work. He even searched out the libretto for Max Marschalk, the Berlin critic and composer, who, he thought, might want to set it to music. Later, though, Mahler conceded that it might be difficult to do anything worthwhile

¹Donald Mitchell, *Gustav Mahler, The Early Years* (London, 1958), p. 57.

²Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler, Memories and Letters*, (tr. Basil Creighton, London, 1946), p. 53.

with this “youthful fantasy.” Yet it seems that, as Mitchell has convincingly stated, the work, “however defective when viewed dispassionately, still retained for him a certain glamour. It is impossible, despite the frustrating absence of the music, not to feel RÜBEZAHN as a work of special significance in Mahler’s early development. He never did, in fact, quite grow out of it.”³

We know little of what the music of RÜBEZAHN was like. Paul Stefan mentions that the main theme of “Maitanz im Grünen” (March 5, 1880; later known as “Hans und Grethe”) was used as a chorus. We find this passage in Scene 4, in the “ring-around-the-rosy” chorus of the Attendants. The text is identical with that of the song:

Ringel, ringel reih’n!
Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge sich ein!

Later in the scene, Emma drifts dreamily into further reminiscences of the song:

Und ist doch der Mai so grün
Und die Lüfte, sie zieh’n—

and:

Wer ein liebes Liebchen küsst,
Wie glücklich der ist.

Another textural parallel—suggesting, possibly, a musical similarity—may be found in Scene 5. Ratibor, pining for the absent Emma, sings:

In Busch seh’ ich ihr Haar nur weh’n—
am Himmel ihr blauen Augen steh’n
Und mag ich träumen oder wachen
Mir klinget immer ihr silbern Lachen!

Compare the following lines from the third song of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*:

Wenn ich in den Himmel seh’
Seh’ ich zwei blauen Augen steh’n!
O weh! o weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh’,
Seh’ ich von fern das blonde Haar
im Winde weh’n!
O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr’
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt’, ich läg auf der schwarzen Bahr,
könnt nimmer, nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

In more general terms, Paul Stefan states (basing his information on comments gleaned from Mahler’s friends), “The bright humour, and the dark, biting perverse style à la Callot, which we know from the

³Mitchell, *op.cit.*, p. 139.

lyrical and symphonic works, existed already in RÜBEZAHL. Especially a March of the Suitors (Scene 1: D.N.) is remembered as accompanied in the maddest of moods."⁴

With these few hints, we must be content. The music of RÜBEZAHL is gone forever, but all the more must we appreciate the unique contribution of Julia Morrison, who has made Mahler's drama live again for the modern reader.

Foreword

BY Julia Morrison

To what extent is one justified in trying to improve a script such as this RÜBEZAHL which Mahler left? I decided that if I were going to work with it at all, I must take the chance of making it as good as its potential would allow but without violation of any of Mahler's aesthetic intentions. His script bears many traces of rapid composition: character development and differentiation, dramatic progression, economy, and diction are not given their due because of this, probably, and it is such flaws that I have tried to lessen.

Neither strict translation nor adaptation, this English work might rather be called a version just as many folk tales, among them FAUST, HALFCHICK, RAPUNZEL and RÜBEZAHL, exist in many forms—versions. Here, my purpose has been to stay as close to Mahler's work as I could but to take liberties where necessary to make a work which is more singable, speakable, believable, economical, etc. Such liberties include:

Differentiating characters via speech patterns of various sorts, having them speak in manners of dissimilar epochs.

Giving *Rübezahl's* character an especial timeless quality, also setting him more apart, by framing his words in a distinctive kind of period English.

Retaining passages crossed out in the original script. Since much of Mahler's work is still missing, all that exists and is unreplaced and useful should be kept.

Revising some verse forms, using rhyme more freely and less frequently, employing occasional prose for variety; and changing punctuation—mainly reducing the number of exclamation points!

Completing stage directions where needed.

Adding twentieth-century American lines to the chant, "Ring Around the Rosy," (page 18), to round it off and add portent.

Altering the sequence of the last pages in Mahler's script; this is indicated here within the English version.

Unfortunately, we have no "Prologue", rather only some tantalizing references to it, as on pages 9, 15, and 17. We know from at least one

⁴Paul Stefan, *Gustav Mahler, A Study of His Personality and Work* (tr. T. E. Clark, New York, 1913), p. 21.

German form of the tale that Rûbezahl changed himself into a laborer in order to live with human beings and so learn about them: thus, the Charcoal Burner referred to on page 9 is consistent. Also, as on pages 7 and 9, the Princess (Emma) was first seen by Rûbezahl while at play and with her attendants. It is strange that no character, even Emma, ever refers to or addresses Rûbezahl by name until the crowd scene at the end of Mahler's work; in the old tale, in one form at least, no character uses the name at all, and even the narrator is sparing with it. In one version, Emma creates several kinds of messenger: bee, cricket, magpie, and horse.

Mahler quotes his own song exactly on page 21. (See Dika Newlin, "Mahler's RÛBEZAHL: AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION," above.) This seems promising as a personal and fitting variation.

All page references in this Foreword refer to my English version, RÛBEZAHL, TURNIP COUNT

RÛBEZAHL, TURNIP COUNT

A Libretto by GUSTAV MAHLER

English Version by JULIA MORRISON

characters

King	Kunigund
Servant	Ratibor
Chancellor	The Shepherd
Court Marshal	Falcon
Prince Alpha	Horse
Prince Beta	Sparrowhawk
Prince Gamma	Ministers
Emma	Courtiers
Rûbezahl	Servants
Brinhild	Elves
Irmentraut	Spirits
Adelheit	Rural People
Edelgard	Wedding Guests

Scene One

(Throne room in the royal palace. Ministers, courtiers, servants. KING enters in a dressing gown, crown upon his head; in his right hand is the scepter, in his left is the imperial orb.)

EVERYONE
(hymn-like)

O King! O King!
To you we homage bring.
God grant long life to you.
May good health be yours, too.

KING

Thank you, my dear subjects. I always strive to rule with wisdom and mercy.

(to SERVANT)

Is my daughter Emma up yet?

SERVANT

Early this morning she went down to the forest with her attendants.

KING

What else has been happening in my kingdom? Haven't any widows and orphans been oppressed? Or merchants been plundered? Woe to doers of wrong!

CHANCELLOR

Your wisdom spreads peace and justice among your subjects. A profound calm prevails here.

KING

And another thing: I am informed that lately the spirits of forest and mountains have been haunting the minds of my people. What is this? Are all my scientists and scholars sleeping? I want the newest results of scientific study to be made known in every corner of my realm. If need be, they should be distributed in writing!

Enlightenment! Enlightenment!

MINISTERS

Our Lord and King, your will

We hasten to fulfill.

(MINISTERS exit)

(COURT MARSHAL enters)

COURT MARSHAL

Three princes just arrived from Greece, await in hope they may approach your throne, your Majesty.

Will you receive them now?

KING

Bring them to me. I'll receive them here and now!

(COURT MARSHAL exits.

KING sits on throne.

March-type music.)

The princes, ALPHA, BETA,

GAMMA, enter)

ALPHA BETA GAMMA

Hail, hail, O King!

EVERYONE

Hail!

(music stops)

ALPHA

(stepping forward; with pathos)

Near bright Eurota's waves agleam with swords

There, where greatest heroes' spirits wander,

I grew up to fight the foe with courage.
 Loftiest bards for my deeds scarce find words!
 My father sits upon his country's throne.
 I am Alpha, his beloved son the first.

KING

Take a rest, after such a long journey. Prince Alpha, welcome to my
 flourishing land! That speech wasn't long. Do sit down.

(indicates a seat next to his throne)

BETA

(stepping forward)

In Arcadia's verdant valleys
 Where the flowers are sweetly nodding.
 And the songs of nightingales
 Flow into the tenderest hearts,
 Rocked by zephyrs gently smiling
 Stood my cradle, promise-filled.

Where hearts are all charmed and enchanted,
 There my victories are willed.
 Hellas' valleys proudly call me
 Sweet Arcadia's noblest son.
 But my father, with affection,
 Simply call me: Beta-kon.

KING

You just sit down with us, Prince Beta-kon. It's plain to see that you're
 a worthy son.

GAMMA

(stepping forward)

By nature I'm rather silent and shy,
 And not very fluent in my speech.
 My name is Gamma. I've come here from Greece.
 My royal father sends regards to you.

KING

Be seated, noble Prince. When you return
 Please lay our thanks at your royal father's feet.
 Now tell me, worthy princes that you are:
 Why have you journeyed to us from so far?

ALPHA -

O King, the fame of your daughter's beauty has spread even to Greece.
 It made our thoughts soar on such mighty pinions that they carried us
 immediately to the Bohemian Mountains.
 So here we are, ready to try our luck.

KING

Alas, poor Princes, you simply do not know how hard-hearted against
 all men my daughter Emma is. Not one has yet succeeded in winning
 her favor. Each suitor has been driven off in disgrace and ridicule.

GAMMA

Well, leave that to me. Much speechmaking I gladly turn over to others, but when it's a matter of capturing a woman's heart, I know how to hold my own.

KING

All right, try your luck, then!

EMMA
(offstage)

Father! Father!

KING

Ah ha! Here she comes!

(EMMA storms in wildly. When she sees the princes, she stops short.)

Now, my dear, what's the matter?

EMMA

Oh! Father, there are ghosts in the woods.
And we we only wanted—

KING

—You wanted what?

EMMA

We only wanted (quickly) to take a walk.
Then out of the mountains came a shriek.
With a scornful sneer and a ghostly squeak
It, It chased us around. Then all at once,
We came flying out of the woods in a bound.

KING

But, dear child, aren't you old enough now to be giving up all this nonsense? Again, you've let yourself be uh, terrified or uh, d-d-distressed and uh, f-f-f-frightened by a simple falling rock.

EMMA

But Father! I heard the voice of the Mountain Spirit, and it was perfectly clear.

KING

No. It must have been the wind, or some other natural sound.

ALPHA

In truth, she is a maiden fair.

BETA

I've never seen a lovelier.

EMMA

Who are these dreadful men, anyway?
They look at me as if I were for sale!

KING

More suitors for your hand, my dear.
These three are princes, who were lured from Greece
When they heard the news of your beauty.

Ooooooh! I feel very strange.

EMMA

Well, here's your chance.
So try your luck!

KING
(to the PRINCES)

(The PRINCES approach EMMA)
ALPHA
(with a grand gesture)

The greatest hero of the age
Approaches, shy, his lovely sweet.
He who was never overwhelmed
Now lies quite vanquished at thy feet.

Hot the clash of gleaming swords,
Hot the spearheads flailed above
The foemen's heads in a wild affray,
But hotter yet my fervent love.

EMMA

Well, well, Prince, that's very nice.
But must you say it twice!
Let's get on now.

(ALPHA, offended, sits.)
BETA

Not with slaughter of the foe,
Not with clang of mighty swords,
Not with grim and bloody words,
Will I my beloved woo.

Where the nightingales are singing
And the zephyrs softly blow,
Where the flowers are sweetly blooming,
There I pray my fate to know.

EMMA

Prince Number Two, your words display good will.
But why should I grant any wish of yours?

(She makes gesture of dismissal.)
BETA, offended, sits beside ALPHA.)
GAMMA

O perfect maiden, fair to see,
Only my eyes may speak to thee.

(stammering)

My sinful heart with passion throbs,
My soul is in a fevered daze.

EMMA
(laughing)

Your words are shortest of all, Prince,
So you merit the longest praise.

ALPHA
(insistently)
Yet now, my Angel, may I hope?

EMMA
Of all the men I've ever met
(PRINCES approach, interested)
I think you three are the most absurd.
(EMMA laughs uncontrollably.
PRINCES step back.)

BETA
Woe! Alack! Are those your final words?

KING
(softly; to EMMA)
If you keep talking like this
You'll drive these suitors away, too.

EMMA
(stamping her foot)
So—why didn't they stay in Greece?
I do not want them here.
I never sent for them

ALPHA BETA GAMMA
(to each other)
How very strange!
How unusual!
Odd!

(Their voices fade to a murmur.
Violent commotion offstage.)
COURT MARSHAL
(offstage)
Stand back there! How dare you presume—
(The door is flung open hastily.
RÜBEZahl enters. He wears a
long, fox-red beard and looks exactly
like the CHARCOAL BURNER in the
"Prologue." With his club he fends off
the COURT MARSHAL who follows
him anxiously.)
RÜBEZahl

Begone, thou dog.
(COURT MARSHAL shrinks back in
fright. RÜBEZahl steps forward.
Confusion.)

KING
What is this piece of riff-raff?
RÜBEZahl
(looking around in amazement)

Aha! Here see I round about
 Yet more fayre ladies, flowre harvesters
 Like as her without in forest wyde.
 Knew I not this bee the upper world,
 Yet would I think me in my turnip field.
 But dallies here that selfsame damzell?
 How now: what is it with those little men?
 Meseemeth they bee pyning after lasses!

(spies EMMA; rushes joyfully to her.)

Lo! Her I do espy, the timid fawne!

(taking her hands)

O lovely lady, wilt thou with me come?

(EMMA screams and faints.)

She falls to ground. What ho! Cannot ye stand?

KING

(very upset)

What stupid babblings!

He acts as if this were a stable.

(Everyone moves to attack RÜBEZAHL.
 He draws himself up tall and laughs vigorously.)

RÜBEZAHL

Haha, haha!

Herewith come the worms, acreeping.

Avast! Withdraw! Else bee your bones abroken.

(All shrink back, terrified. KING flees farthest, followed closely by PRINCES.)

KING

(onstage but hidden)

Now then! Quick! Stop all this!

Throw him in prison. He'll pay with his life.

(Crowd tries to press forward at RÜBEZAHL. He grows more and more angry.)

RÜBEZAHL

Ha! Foolish groundlings. Ha! Ay me!

Drawe abacke, ye cursed miscreaunts!

How like a swarm of flies they buzz about.

(Lifts EMMA in his arms.)

Come thou with me. Leave them to murmur here.

(RÜBEZAHL disappears with EMMA through the ceiling of the great hall. EVERYONE stares after him, motionless and confused.)

curtain

Scene Two

(RÜBEZAHL'S subterranean kingdom. Fantastic splendor, grottoes, arbored walks. EMMA lies unconscious on a couch of flowers. RÜBEZAHL stands shyly beside her, leaning on his club, at a loss as to how to proceed.)

RÜBEZAHL

Alas, she lies all whyte and still.
How can I help the girl?
What ails me now—my selfe is straunge
And swiftly beats my hart, my hart.

Sithens thou didst gaze on me that while
All courage hath me fled.
Meseemeth now I bee thy prisoner
Whylest thou bee lost in heavye sleep.

A prisoner? Yea, now I understand
What in that Upper World poore men must do.
For me it is to seeke the fayrest flowres
Like poor wights I saw sporting in the forest.
(He looks at his club.)

But lo! Why are ye in my hand?
Alas, I wote not why yet am I sternly warned.
Avast! Thou art no prise.
Begone from me!

(Throws the club away. Bends over EMMA.)

Why are so tightly closed her eyes?
The lips so firmly prest. Bittre my grieve.
So lies the damzell there in dreadfull sleepe.
Ay me! Could she be dead?

(Kneels beside her.)

So holie were it now with her to dy,
Thus for to win the fraile and silent maid.
(He lifts her head and presses close.
EMMA opens her eyes.)

EMMA

Oh!

(RÜBEZAHL starts back, then stands embarrassed.)

Where am I? Oh! It seems so strange.
(She sees him.)

Woe is me! And it's not a dream.
(She springs from the couch. Bursts into tears.)

RÜBEZAHL

What means these painful tears? What sorrows?
 Tell, O tell the cause. Can I thee soothe?
 Here stands thy slave afire with eagerness
 Abold to serve, all wishes to performe.

EMMA

Get away from me! How dare you come so near?
 O Father, if I'd only listened.
 You villain, have you forced me from my home
 Just to kill me with your horrible presence?

RÜBEZAHL

(stepping backward, shy and embarrassed.)

Hast dreadful hate for me?

EMMA

(in violent rage)

How can you ask that, foul betrayer?
 You broke into our peaceful fold like a ravenous wolf.
 Why are you up on our earth anyway, monster?
 Say exactly now: what do you want from me?

RÜBEZAHL

(disconcerted)

I What want I from thee?
 That truly know I not.
 But wait: yet can I say!

EMMA

Stupid spirit!
 So tell me. That is, if you really know.
 Do I always have to ask you twice?

RÜBEZAHL

I alas in truth, it is forgot.

EMMA

O monster. If you are that dense
 Can't you at least restrain your tongue!
 O Brinhild, Brinhild, truest friend!
 And each of my dear sisters.
 O Edelgard and Irmentraut!
 Where are you? How can I find you?
 I'll never hear your songs again
 and never see you. Nevermore!

(Weeping, she throws herself on the couch.)

RÜBEZAHL

(with joy)

Must you on your sisters think?
 Behold: I go to fetch them!

Tarry yet awhile, my noble maid.
Right speedily am I away and back. An instant more—
(he rushes out)

EMMA

(on the couch; burying her head)

How could this have happened to me?
I wish that I were dead
And free from all these pains.

(cries)

CHORUS OF ELVES

(Offstage. As they sing, the light
turns to a rosy twilight. EMMA
ceases weeping as she falls asleep.)

Evening now is softly falling,
Bathing flowers with dew and stilling
Pains from days of burning sun,
Floating in to blossomy bowers,
Lingering with woodland lovers,
Stroking them with tender hand.
Evening's husky wing is spreading
Over valley, stream and meadow.
Softly glows the moon's full shine.
Rose and grape, grown tired of climbing,
Close their eyes now, gently smiling,
And forgetting all their pain.

Down your tender cheeks so glowing,
Bitter tears are swiftly flowing,
Poor grief-stricken mortal maid!
Sleep, yet sleep, and have no fearing,
For the sun has left our mooring.
Evening brings the mildest tide.
Heia, heia
Eia popeia.

(EMMA is asleep. Deep twilight. In
the background her dream-picture
suddenly appears glowing: RATIBOR
lies under trees, gazing up at the sky
through the leaves. EMMA talks in
her sleep.)

EMMA

How fine he looks in this rosy light.
I'm here, beloved Ratibor.
Come on. Can't you see me?
Down here in the valley.
Why can't he find me?
Here there lower farther now!

Come on! Come! I cannot reach you, dear.
 Don't you see: I am in chains,
 Imprisoned here by floral ties.
 Please come.
 Won't you lie down with me?
 But watch out, my darling: there are nettles here.
 Come, come, please come!

(stretches out her arms as if to embrace him; RÜBEZAHL enters)

RÜBEZAHL

Behold: I am returned.

But say: bee I not quickly back to take my place?

(The apparition stops abruptly. Stage assumes its former lighting, etc. EMMA, awakened by RÜBEZAHL'S voice, jumps up. Realizing that she has just reached out for him, she turns away blushing, eyes down-cast.)

RÜBEZAHL

Girl, what meanes all this?

Art reft of tongue?

Look round about.

Here is devise for pleasure, thy tyme to passe.

(EMMA does not look at him.)

Lo verily! thy sisters do appear.

EMMA

(She turns quickly to look, but is disappointed.)

Are you trying to make a fool of me now?

RÜBEZAHL

So heare me then!

All in this basket rest those thou lov'st deare,

To be possest by thee.

Onely take this wand

And touche the turnips there.

(hands her a wand)

Withal they will arise about thee here.

But prithe, lady, touche them not againe;

Lest their eyeliddes then be closed

And to their graves they reele,

Once more turnips to bee,

Ere scattered are as dust.

EMMA

(She snatches the wand from him.)

Is this perhaps another one of your jokes?

(She hurries to the basket; touches a turnip.)

O please, dear Brinhild, come

BRINHILD appears. They embrace.)
(to RÜBEZAHL)

How can I ever thank you?

RÜBEZAHL

It is but well I wote my meet reward!

EMMA
(to BRINHILD)

Beloved sister, aren't you thrilled?

Now I can summon them all—right here!—to me.

(She runs to the basket, touches one
turnip after another.)

O Edelgard and Irmentraut,
O Adelheit and Kunigund,
Come, please come. Return to me.

(With each name she says, another
ATTENDANT appears. Finally all
are present, just as they were in the
"Prologue." Embraces, kisses.)

EMMA
(to RÜBEZAHL)

So, that is good. Very good indeed. Now, you can just go.

Yes! Leave. Why should you have to stay?

(impatiently)

Get out! Leave us in peace. We don't need you.

RÜBEZAHL
(Depressed, he looks at EMMA in
surprise.)

Lady, what boots it thee thy soule
With restlesse anguish often so to stir?

EMMA
(restrained)

Didn't you hear me; why do you just stand there?

Just go on out and pick us some flowers.

RÜBEZAHL
(bewildered)

But whereto howso flowres, deare lady?

EMMA

Now! To decorate our hair.

RÜBEZAHL
(to himself)

How I do feel me. No, I wote not how.

EMMA
(at the very edge of her patience)

Will you get going? And don't keep us waiting!

RÜBEZAHL
(sighing)

Tender lady, soft! forgive!
Skill have I not but yet will lerne
That I may serve thy every neede.

(he exits)

EMMA

At last the stupid fellow is gone.
Now you must tell me everything.
O say: did Father scold because
I am no longer at his side?

BRINHILD

At first he was startled and troubled,
But then those emotions subsided.
And through all his land he gave order:
The one who would free you be given
His own Princess Emma as bride.
Then from every suitor came swearing
And oaths he would find you or die.

EMMA
(quickly)

And Ratibor?

BRINHILD

What a fool!
He sits in the woods, weeping, moaning,
And nobody knows what is wrong.

EMMA

If he only knew that I am here
He'd speed right now to rescue me.

BRINHILD

Instead, he waits in deathly fear.

EMMA

Oh, how I wish that I were free.

(with sudden decision)

Still, now I'm sure: he'll rescue me,
Or else I never could be free.

(hurries to the basket)

Now, dear little wand, grant me this wish:
Compose an invocation for my knight.

(She touches a turnip. A
SPARROWHAWK flies out.)

Fly, O fly, fly far and free,
Free and fast as you can fly
To my dear love so loyal and true,
Lying under the greenwood tree.
Yes! Fly to my dear Ratibor.
Alight and whisper in his ear:
Your Emma is a prisoner
In the Spirit-King's domain.

She prays that you will rescue her,
Make her your bride, and still all pain.

Fly, O fly, fly far and free,
Lead my knight to victory!

(SPARROWHAWK flies away)

EMMA

(to the ATTENDANTS)

Come on, take hands, and form a ring;
Let us rejoice and dance and sing.

(EMMA and ATTENDANTS take hands
and sing the song from the "Prologue".
As they dance and sing: the

curtain

Scene Three

(This does not exist in the original
manuscript as it is known now.
These lines are written at the end of
Scene Two, however, and might
have been the germ of the missing
scene:

Page 25 diagonally in the margin:

A cunning little bee so fine and pert,
Will be my faithful messenger.

(These lines supposedly belong to
EMMA.)

Scene Four

(RÜBEZAHL'S subterranean king-
dom. The stage is empty.)
CHORUS OF SPIRITS
(offstage)

(The text is missing)

EMMA

(fleeing across the stage in sudden
terror; ATTENDANTS trip along
behind her, and they are now old and
disfigured)

Help! Help! Spirit, you are master of these witches.
Exorcise these horrible specters.

ATTENDANTS
(in confused exclamations)

Why do you run
With cries of doom?
We don't pursue!
Stay here with us.

EMMA

What do you want?
I don't know you
With those wrinkled brows
And cheeks so pale.

ATTENDANTS

Youth must fade.
Virtue must stay.
You want to play with us no more?
We cannot please you further?
Well then, beware the day when *we* judge *you!*

(They threaten EMMA with their
crutches.)

EMMA

In heaven's name, leave me alone.

ATTENDANTS
(scolding)

You must dance and play.
We will not free you.
Since you made us, so you now must bear us,
So out of your life you cannot force us!
We too had youth and grace. But now we're old.

EMMA

Get away from me, you spooky pests.

ATTENDANTS
(crowding around her)

Let's all admire her dainty airs and graces.
This sugar doll can't bear our ugly faces.

(they hug EMMA)

Stop screaming now. Come here: it's nice and cozy;
So we can skip to ring-around-the-rosy.

(they start dancing with EMMA)

Ring-around-the-rosy,
Pockets full of posy.
Ashes! Ashes! All fall down.
A happy girl will frisk with us.
Come on: dance!

(EMMA screams, frees herself and
falls.)

RÜBEZAHN
(entering quickly.
to ATTENDANTS)

Bee banisht now to lumpes of earth, bee dust
Forlorne, to sleepe as ere you were created.

(ATTENDANTS, making strange
sounds, sink to the ground and
change to a small heap of dried
turnips. RÜBEZahl bends over
EMMA and lifts her.)

RÜBEZahl

My deare, have done with dreading:
Those fearfull hags are vanisht.

(EMMA regains consciousness.)

Thou art nathlesse trembling!

EMMA

Are they really gone?

RÜBEZahl

Look you now. They are as once they were.
The turnips, too, have gone, returned to dust.
Becalm ye, sweet fayre childe.

EMMA
(horrified)

Such a gruesome place.
Malicious Spirit, you have deceived me.

RÜBEZahl

I acted onely as thou didst demand.
What is it with thee, then?

EMMA
(enraged)

Spirit, that was unfair.
You tricked me horribly.

RÜBEZahl

Thy attendants I brought at thy request.
A sport for thee made I as best I could.

EMMA
(sobbing)

And I am left alone again in this ghastly cave.

RÜBEZahl

Tyme hast thou now to think.
I wait on thy command.
My Spirit Realm would I transform for thee!
Behold yon basket, to the brim 'tis filled.
A word, and any wish is thine anew.

EMMA
(angrily)

What should I do with these flickering shadows,
These creatures which have no flesh nor blood,
These pictures which have no bad nor good,
That are here today but tomorrow gone?

RÜBEZAHL

What bee here lacking in my lands?
 Asked I not all my regiments
 Over thee to hover at all tymes?

EMMA

An empty picture is no good to me.
 Your magic is most sickening.
 I have no real life here, only a dream.
 Free me from this annoying custody.
 Otherwise I'll die of the privation.

RÜBEZAHL

Before thee fades away my spirit vigor.
 Helpless then I, like to a childe so feeble.
 Hast thou not word for me like mine for thee,
 My goodly workes all proven so sincerely?
 Before thee fades away my spirit fyre.
 Helpless then I, like to a childe so faint.

EMMA

Free me from this annoying custody.
 Otherwise I'll die of the privation.

RÜBEZAHL

This dying—woulde it be so deeply sadde?
 Meseemeth more 'tis love itself attains.

EMMA

You monster, get away from me,
 So I won't have to look at you again.
 You are a total loss to me
 Because your nature is a mystery.

(violently)

Get out of here. Leave me to myself.

RÜBEZAHL

I wait upon thy merest whim.
 Though farre I bee, thou hast my thoughts.
 But now, this while, may I not serve—

EMMA

—Create some earthly flowers for me.
 I'm lonely for those fragrances
 That remind me of my homeland.
 Let them share my sorrow now.

(RÜBEZAHL exits sadly)

(Here there is probably another gap in the script. At the beginning of this scene, an empty stage was called for, but stage directions indicate otherwise now.)

EMMA
(reclines on her couch of flowers)

Surround me with your bliss,
Beloved loneliness.
Bring dreams of earthly suns
And forest holidays.

(The music leads into a gentle,
dreamy tune. Pause. EMMA sings to
herself.)

EMMA
"But in May the world is green
And the zephyrs do blow."
(she sits up)

Will I ever see you again,
Green country of my home?
Am I trapped here in the shadows?
Will I come back to life?

"In the sweetest lover's kiss
What splendors, what bliss. . ."

O darling love, once mine so dear,
Have you now forgotten me?
(after a while)

Or—did my message get lost?
Could it be my messenger didn't sing it?
(She jumps up, violently.)

Yes, of course: my message was lost.
My bird didn't reach the lights of earth.
I'll send a stronger messenger right now
To take the information to my love.
(She hurries to the basket and
touches a turnip with the wand.)

Falcon clever, strong and white,
Fly forth with boldest flight.
Fly to my dear Ratibor,
Fly and whisper in his ear:
Your Emma is a prisoner
In the Spirit-King's domain.
She prays that you will rescue her,
Make her your bride, and still all pain.

Fly, O noble falcon, free,
Lead my knight to victory!
(FALCON flies off. EMMA gazes
after it.)

EMMA

Ah, to have wings like those!
Then I'd soon reach my goal.
But—could I ride on his back?

(Sudden decision. Joyous.)

But yes! I'll rush to Ratibor. Why not!
I'll simply make myself a horse. And then
Let him bear me far from this evil land.

(Hurries to the basket.

RÜBEZAHL enters with a huge bouquet. EMMA is frightened and angry.)

Oh! Monster! Are you here again?
Such a troublesome thing.

(RÜBEZAHL looks at her in surprise. She brings herself under control.)

I mean to say: uh, your service was quite fast.

RÜBEZAHL
(very shyly)

Lady, here bee as thou not long hath wished
The fayrest flowres of my purest fields.
Lest these be fewer than thou hast desired
Still more remain, full bloomes to fetch for thee.

EMMA

Ha ha ha!

A thousand instead of a small bouquet.

(RÜBEZAHL looks at her, astonished.
She collects herself.)

Give it here! It's huge, I must admit,
But still it pleases me nonetheless.

(to herself)

Now, feminine wiles, stand by me.

(aloud)

Indeed, you show great faithfulness.

I know the two of us will get along.

But how much do you love me?:

That is what you'll have to prove.

So go out to your fields

And count each turnip you own,

Missing not a one.

Should you miss even *one*,

(glances toward basket, laughing)

You will be at the end of your luck.

RÜBEZAHL
(enchanted)

With brightly glowing fyres I burn for thee.

Shouldst thou command, all mountains would I raise.

(RÜBEZAHL dashes out.)

EMMA

(She goes to the basket, which now contains but one turnip. Joyously.)

And you, my last remaining dear,
Change to a wingèd horse right now.
Then take me quickly away
To the man I love so well.

(She touches the turnip. A small white HORSE appears. She mounts it.)

Fly, you noble steed, fly free.
Take me from this hellish place.

(She flies off on the HORSE.)

curtain

Scene Five

(An open forest clearing in the Giants' Mountains. In the background, on high cliffs, is a castle. Spring landscape, cowbells, hunting horns, shepherd's pipe.

Pastorale.

RATIBOR enters, in thought.)

RATIBOR

From every side the word resounds:
Spring has come. The spring is here!
This message cannot be destroyed.
But why must my old grief arise?

You call: "Come to my budding fields!"
Still, could I find oblivion there,
Since Emma's trace is all around:
Her white hands beckon me;
The bush waves like her hair;
The heavens are her eyes.
No matter if I dream or wake,
Her silver laugh is always here.

(He sits by a linden tree. Evening falls. A SHEPHERD passes by with his flock; he waves a greeting to RATIBOR.)

RATIBOR

Farewell, my good shepherd.
Be watchful! Guard your sheep.
Count all your precious lambs
That not a one be stolen.
The wolf is full of rage and spite
And will give you only loss.

(Pause. A hunting horn sounds.)

The hunting horn sadly wanders around
 As if it were helping me seek my love.
 And all the nearby beechtrees and firs
 Are telling my tear-soaked adventure.

(The white FALCON flies in.)

FALCON

Ratibor!

RATIBOR

(surprisedly looking up and about)

Who is it calling that unhappy name?

FALCON

Emma!

(pause)

Your Emma is a prisoner.
 In the Spirit-King's domain.
 She prays that you will rescue her,
 Make her your bride, and still all pain.

RATIBOR

(leaping up)

What's this? Can a bird be talking?

Or am I caught in a dream?

Speak on, wingèd messenger,

Let me hear your sweet account

Of my little partner's news.

FALCON

Your Emma is a prisoner

RATIBOR

But tell me where. And who has her in prison?

FALCON

In the Spirit-King's domain.

RATIBOR

What should I do? How can I help her?

How can I find my darling pixie?

FALCON

She prays that you will rescue her,
 Make her your bride, and still all pain.

RATIBOR

(angrily)

Stop that ceaseless chatter. Only tell me

What's wrong now with my little chicken.

FALCON

Your Emma is a prisoner.

RATIBOR

No more! That song of yours is an outrage.

(FALCON flies away. RATIBOR paces, highly excited.)

This news gives me new life and power.
 O noblest of hours that I have waited for!
 She's alive. She loves me. How can I contain it!
 O, such a blissful Maytime.
 What wouldn't I dare to rescue her!
 My lady, since you've helped thus far,
 Allow me to ask one question — one —:
 How should I set out to free you?
 Help *me* now, dear sweet maiden.

(EMMA enters on the HORSE. RATIBOR rushes to her, helps her dismount. Kissing, embracing, etc., during the following)

EMMA

Thank heaven to be back here again.

RATIBOR

You're safe in my arms now.

EMMA

Oh! Warm me on your breast.

RATIBOR

My queen.

EMMA

My lord and master.

RATIBOR

I can't believe it. A dream, it's a dream!

EMMA

Let's dream in our heavenly room.

RATIBOR

May I never awaken then!

EMMA

This dreamer makes me want to laugh.

RATIBOR

O blue eyes. O round cheeks.

EMMA

Breast to breast. Mouth to mouth.

RATIBOR

Most charmed of figures. Now just let me die!

EMMA

My kiss would resurrect you.

RATIBOR

Ecstatic love. O blissful wooing.

EMMA

Oho! It's time for a merry hunt in the hedges.

(She breaks away and runs off.)

You'd better catch me if you want to have me.

Come forth, brave huntsman.

(leaping over a ditch)
 Leap over that ditch and come after me.
 RATIBOR
 You'll soon see just how *I* can leap.
 (He is over the ditch and after her.)
 EMMA
 (off ahead again; laughing at him)

Ha ha. Ha ha. Faster!
 Or else I'll be flying far from *your* nest!
 RATIBOR
 (He swerves so he confronts and catches her while in motion.)

Ah, now I have you. And you'll stay right here.
 (pulls her down to him; they sit.)

My dear girl, how I love you!
 EMMA
 If you're my sweetheart — kiss me.
 RATIBOR
 A thousand times each instant.
 EMMA
 I can do that better than you.
 I will cover you with kisses:
 Just tell me which kind you like best.
 RATIBOR
 Try, then. I'll tell you the kind, and keep count.
 EMMA
 How grand it is here, playing man and wife.
 (KING enters. He looks at them a while, then bursts into deep laughter.)
 KING
 Come here! Come here! Everyone come!
 Something wonderful is here. Come!
 (The stage gradually fills. EMMA jumps up and embraces the KING warmly.)
 KING
 Now for the joyous wedding feast.
 And all of you will be our guests.
 EMMA
 My dear, dear father, I have you again.
 KING
 Now I can close my eyes in peace.
 EMMA
 Why are your eyelids so swollen and red?
 KING
 From all the sleepless nights I've had.

EMMA

And your hair: why has it grown so white?

KING

From the three winters since your flight.

EMMA

Here on your face I see many a crease.

KING

Yes. Those are the three years of your loss.

EMMA

(startled)

Three years, you say?!

KING

Why, didn't you know that?

It really was three years.

EMMA

Dreadful! And it seemed like just three days.

BRINHILD

It's true: three times our meadows have turned green

Since the day you were stolen from us.

We'd begun to think you gone for good,

And now, what miracle has brought you back?

We are most curious to hear your tale.

EMMA

When I awakened from my faint,

I was down in the Spirit-King's world

Among strangely charming splendors.

All his empire was at my command,

And the thief, himself, at my feet

Bashful as any child.

I nearly laughed at the poor bird —

For his wisdom seemed flown in the breeze—,

But instead I mourned.

Then as I wept from all those wrongs

And fearlessly called for my loved ones,

He went out for a short time

And returned with a basket of turnips.

Turnips with curious magical powers;

I simply had to touch them with a wand

And at once each person I thought of

Was produced, alive, for me.

First I created my attendants,

But they lasted scarcely three hours,

For the tender dream was past

When they grew old and disgusting.

Then I made a strong and clever falcon,

And sent him back to earth as messenger.

As I watched him quickly disappear

In boldest flight completely burden-free

I realized that with a little thought
 I could myself as quickly steal away.
 So I dreamed up a little tale to send
 The Spirit out for a fresh turnip count!
 For me, then, I dreamed up a little horse
 And steered him on that route the falcon chose.
 Before I knew it — flash! — I was back here.
 And the poor Spirit still is counting there!

(Again, there are irregularities and gaps in the manuscript. EMMA, in the speech above, refers neither to BEE nor to SPARROWHAWK. Following this speech are scribbles and the words, COURT MARSHAL. The sequence of the last ten pages — including those numbered but blank — has been changed in this version in order to provide the story with continuity. At this point there are two blank pages.)

EVERYONE

Aha, Rûbezahl, where is your bride?
 Is all of your counting completed?
 Count them, count with greatest care!
 Sir Rûbezahl, Rûbezahl, Rûbezahl!

(A severe storm blows up. Total darkness. Then, on a steep and rocky path, RÛBEZAHL appears in his true form,* surrounded by spirits. Red bolts of lightning flash on the stones.

*RÛBEZAHL's true form would be ghostly in appearance here, most likely.)

RÛBEZAHL

Here bee I. Ha! What could you want of me?

EVERYONE

(All sink to their knees, horrified.)

Horrors! All of Hell's terrors are releasing here.

RÛBEZAHL

(laughing loudly)

Oho! You field of men. Oho! You broode of turnips.
 Bee you in fine to the edges of your courage?
 Haha! Aha! But rest you now. Fear not:
 O'er only one of ye sit I as judge.

(to EMMA)

And hidst thou in the smallest crack,
 That would I weene, poore girle. Beware!

Cast off bee all my human sense and form.
Behold me trulie as a spirit selfe.

(EMMA and RATIBOR try to speak, and cannot. Rübezahl stretches out his hand. They stand as though rooted to the spot.)

RÜBEZAHL

Hear me, ye woman: I come not to judge.
The hart of man is small and dwells alone.
The spirit bond is great societie.
Man longs in weaknesse, spendes a lyfe unreales.

For thee I planned immortal lyfe.
For thee thou chose to dwell with men.
Farewell. Assume thy dreary state,
Joy fully in its povertie.
Revel in thy small rewards,
Ne'er dreaming thou art pitifull.

(with deep sorrow)

To my Spirit World I goe,
From my woundes to steale the sting.
Farewell, Flesh, forevermore!

(RÜBEZAHL disappears gradually with all his spirits. The stage grows light once more. The moon rises. Quiet. EVERYONE is kneeling. Pause. RATIBOR kneels before EMMA; she gazes down at him, shattered. KING rises and joins their hands. EVERYONE rises now. A procession forms, then wends upward toward the castle. BRINHILD and the other ATTENDANTS crown EMMA and RATIBOR with wreaths.)

KING

It's time to have our wedding feast.
But where are the minstrels now, after all?

(From the forest comes a throng of MINSTRELS. They move to the head of the procession. During the following choruses of spirits and of people, the procession continues toward the castle. Strong moonlight. The music is played and sung.)

CHORUS OF RURAL FOLKS AND
WEDDING GUESTS

Blossom out! Blossom out! Wreaths in your hair.
Cypresses and roses.

March on! March on! March on! You blissful pair.
 Gone are all distresses.
 Gone are winter stings and separation;
 Here are summer laughs and love's devotion.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS
 (offstage)

Call on us! Please come back home.
 How sick you are, how tired!
 Weary wandered, rest. No longer roam.
 You've tasted worldly fate,
 Been cut by human spite.
 Now come into our midst.

CHORUS OF RURAL FOLKS AND
 WEDDING GUESTS

Play on, play on, O minstrel.
 Far and wide be heard.
 Good luck be to the honeymoon,
 Blessings and Godspeed.
 In stillest moods we marched along,
 Now move toward home with wedding song.
 Good luck!

(The procession has moved into the
 distance. The singing of the RURAL
 FOLKS AND WEDDING GUESTS is
 far off. Empty stage.)

CHORUS OF SPIRITS
 (Sung offstage, over an empty
 stage.)

With melodies so sweet and tender
 We sought in vain to make your heart surrender.
 Between mere man and spirit
 There always will be strife.
 The heart of man dwells in the trivial.
 The spirit self is noble, bright and clear,
 Blessed with eternal life.

(Slowly falls the
curtain)
 THE END

RÜBEZAHL
by GUSTAV MAHLER

I. Verwandlung

Saal im königlichen Pallaste. Minister, Hofleute
und Diener. König tritt auf im Schlafrock,
die Krone auf dem Kopfe, in der Rechten den
Szepter, in der Linken den Reichsapfel.

Alle (hymnenartig)

Herr König! Herr König
Wir grüssen unterthänig!
Gott schenk' dir langes Leben
—Gesundheit auch daneben!

König Ich danke Euch, meine lieben Unterthänen!
Ich will mich bemühen, euch immer weise und
gnädig regieren. (Zu einem Diener). Ist meine
Tochter Emma schon aufgestanden?

Diener Sie ist schon in aller Frühe mit ihren
Jungfrauen in den Wald hinuntergegangen.

König Was hat sich sonst in meinem Reiche
begeben? Sind keine Wittwen und Waisen
bedrückt worden? Sind keine Kaufleute
geplündert worden? Wehe den Ubelthätern!

Kanzler Deine Weisheit verbreitet Frieden und
Gerechtigkeit unter deinen Unterthanen.
Tiefe Ruhe ist in deinem Volke!

König Noch eins! Es ist mir kund worden,
dass in neuester Zeit wieder die Wald- und
Berggeister in den Köpfen unseres Volkes
herumspuken. — Schlafen meine Naturforscher
und Gelehrten? — Ich wünsche, dass die
neuesten Resultate der Wissenschaft in allen
Theilen meines Reiches kundgemacht, und wenn
nöthig, sogar schriftlich vertheilt werden!
Aufklärung! Aufklärung!

Die Minister

Wir eilen, deinen Willen
in Eile zu erfüllen.

(alle Minister /ab/)

Hofmarschall (tritt auf)

Drei Prinzen sind aus Griechenland gekommen
und harren vor der Thür, sich dir zu nah'n!
Geruh'st du. König, nun sie zu empfah'n?! /empfangen/

König Führ' sie herein, sie seien aufgenommen!
(Hofmarschall ab)

König setzt sich auf seinen Thron

Musik. *Marsch.*

die Prinzen *Alpha, Beta, Gamma* (treten auf)

Heil! Heil dir! König!

Alle Heil! Musik hört auf.

Alpha (tritt vor). mit Pathos.

An des Eurotas schwertdurchglänzten Wellen
dort, wo der grössten Helden Geister wandeln
dort wuchs ich auf in muthig kühnstem Handeln
—die grössten es nur scheu erzählen!

Mein Vater hehr' sitzt auf des Landes Thron
ich selbst bin Alpha, sein geliebter Sohn!

König Nimm Platz, der aus so weiter Fern' gekommen!

Prinz Alpha, sei in meinem Land willkommen

Nicht lang geredet! Dorten Platz genommen!

(er weist ihm einen Platz neben sich an.)

Beta (tritt vor).

In Arkadiens grünen Fluren
wo die Blumen lieblich spriessen
und die Nachtigallenlieder
sich in zarte Herzen giessen

Stand, vom Zephir lau umlächelt
meine hoffnungsvolle Wiege
wo die Anmuth Herzen bindet
feiere ich meine Siege!

Hellas Gaue nennen mich
stolz nur ihren grössten Sohn
doch mein Vater, zärtiglich
schlechthin, kurz, nur Betakon!

König Nehmt ihr daneben Platz, Prinz Betakon.
Ihr seid, man merkt es gleich, ein guter Sohn!

Gamma (tritt vor).

Ich bin von etwas schweigsamer Natur
und in der Rede Kunst nicht sehr gewandt
—Ich heisse Gamma, bin aus Griechenland;
Mein Vater, unser König, lässt euch grüssen!

König Nehmt Platz, Herr Prinz, kommt ihr einst wieder heim,
so legt ihm gütigst meinen unsern Dank zu Füßen!

Nun aber sagt mir, werth' und edle Herrn!
Was führt euch her denn, aus so weiter Fern'?

- Arion* O König, der Ruf von deiner Tochter Schönheit ist auch nach Griechenland gedrunge, und hat unsern Gedanken einen so mächtigen Schwung gegeben, dass sie uns gar schnell bis in's böhmische Gebirge getragen! Da sind wir nun und wollen unser Glück versuchen!
- König* Ach, ihr armen Prinzen, ihr wisst wohl noch gar nicht, wie hartherzig meine Tochter gegen alle Männer ist. Noch Keiner hat sich ihre Gunst erringen können. Jeder musste mit Schand' und Spott abziehen!
- Gamma* Nun, das lasst nur meine Sache sein — das viele Reden überlasse ich gern den Andern — aber wenn es gilt, ein Weiberherz zu besiegen, da stehe ich meinen Mann.
- König* Nun, versucht euer Glück
- Emma* (Stimme noch draussen)
Vater! Vater!
- König* Ah! Da kommt sie selbst!
(Emma stürmt zur Thüre herein, sie ist im Ganzen sehr ausgelassen. Wie sie die Prinzen sieht, stutzt sie.)
Nun, liebe Tochter, was ist gescheh'n!?
- Emma* Ach Vater — es spukt im Walde draussen
Wir wollten grade — —
- König* Ihr wolltet — nun?
- Emma* Ei nun — wir wollten — (schnell) spazieren geh'n!
Da schrie es plötzlich vom Berg herunter und schnitt uns höhnisch eine Fratze
und mit einem Satze
so kunter bunter
waren wir aus dem Walde draussen.
- König* Aber, liebes Kind, du bist doch nun gross genug, um endlich diese Thorheiten zu lassen
Da hast du dich wieder einmal von einem Felsklotz gefürchtet geängstigt schrecken lassen.
- Emma* Aber, Vater! Ich habe doch ganz deutlich die Stimme des Berggeist's vernommen!
- König* Nun, das war der Wind, oder sonst irgend eine Naturkraft, die Lärm macht.
- Alpha* Sie ist fürwahr entzückend schön!
- Beta* Ich hab' noch nie eine Schön're geseh'n!

- Emma* (zum König)
Wer sind denn die unausstehlichen Männer?
Sie gaffen mich an, als wären sie Kenner!
- König* 'S sind wieder einige neue Freier
3 Prinzen sind's aus Griechenland
die deine Schönheit hergebannt!
- Emma* O weh! Mir ist schon nicht geheuer!
- König* (zu den Prinzen)
Nur nicht gezogert! Rasch, ihr Herrn!
Versucht selbst eu'res Glückes Stern!
die Prinzen nahen sich ihr.
- Alpha* (Mit grosser Gebärde) /Gebärde/
Sieh'! Des Jahrhundert's grösster Held
—er naht bescheiden sich der Süssen—
—den nicht überwand die ganze Welt
—er liegt besiegt zu deinen Füßen
Heiss ist's, wenn die Schwerter toben,
heiss, wenn sich in grausen Triebe
der Feinde Speere grimm erhoben
—Doch heisser noch ist meine Liebe.
- Emma* Sehr gut, Herr Prinz — recht schön!
Es kann gleich weiter geh'n!
(Alpha setzt sich verduzt wieder)
- Beta* Nicht der Feinde grimmes Sterben,
Nicht der Schwerter wüster Klang
Nicht in grimmen Schlachtgesang
will ich, Schönste, um dich werben.
—Wo die Nachtigallen flöten
und Zephire flüsternd weh'n.
Ja, im Duft von Blumenbeeten
will ich um Erhörung fleh'n!
- Emma* Ihr Prinz, bezeigt guten Willen
—doch sagt—muss ich ihn gleich erfüllen?!
(bedeutet ihm durch eine Geberde, dass auch er erlassen sei.
Er setzt sich, ebenfalls verduzt, neben Alpha)
- Gamma* O Süsse, Holde! ohn' Gebrechen!
Nur meine Augen mögen sprechen!
(etwas stockend) Mir wird's im Herzen schon ganz sündig
von den Gefühlen, die d'rin toben!
- Emma* (lachend)
Kurzgefasst! Und doch wie bündig!
Herr Prinz! Fürwahr! Man muss euch loben!

Alpha (drängend)

Nun — mein Engel — darf ich hoffen?

Emma

Von Allen die ich je getroffen
(die Prinzen nähern sich mit Interesse)
Seid ihr die lächerlichsten wohl!

(lacht unbändig) (die Prinzen fahren zurück)

Beta

Ha! Ist dies' euer letztes Wort!?

König

(zu Emma leise)
Du wirst gewiss, sprichst du so fort,
dir alle Freier noch vertreiben!

Emma

(stampft mit dem Fuss)
Ei, so sollen sie doch bleiben
daheim in ihrem Griechenland
—Hab' ich denn um sie gesandt?!

Alpha

Beta

(zueinander) Höchst sonderbar! Höchst sonderbar!

Gamma

(Ihre Stimmen verlieren sich in Gemurmel)

draussen entsteht heftiges Gepolter und man hört die
Stimme des *Hofmarschall*

Zurück, Verwegner!

die Thüre wird hastig aufgerissen, und Rübezahl erscheint mit einem langen, fuchsrothen Bart und überhaupt ganz so wie der Köhler aus dem Vorspiel, und wehrt mit seiner Keule den Hofmarschall ab, der ihm verzweiflungsvoll folgt.

Rübezahl

Fort, du Hund!

Marschall weicht

erschrocken zurück. Rübezahl tritt vor. Alle schauen betreten auf ihn.

König

Was ist das für ein grober Gesell!?

Rübezahl

(schaut sich verwundert um).

Haha! Da seh' ich da zur Stell'
noch einige solche Blumensucher
wie der dort in dem Walde draussen!
—Ha wüsst ich nicht, dass dies die Oberwelt
ich meint', ich wär' in meinem Rübenfeld.
—Ob ich hier jenes Weib wohl seh'!?
—Was diese Männlein wohl hier nur treiben!
Mir scheint, sie suchen gar auch nach Weibern?

(erblickt Emma, und eilt freudig auf sie zu)

Da ist es ja, das flücht' ge Reh!

nimmt ihre Hände

O schönes Weib, willst du mit mir gehn?!

(Emma stösst einen Schrei aus, und fällt in Ohnmacht.)

Jetzt fällt sie gar um! Ei, kannst du nicht stehn!?

König (ganz aufgelöst)

Was sind denn das für müssige Schwänke?
Der thut ja, als wär' er in einer Tränke?

Alle wollen ihm an den Leib. Rübezahl richtet sich erstaunt auf und schlägt eine Lache auf.

Rübezahl Hahahaha!

Jetzt kommen die Würmer gar angekrochen
(hebt die Keule) Zurück! Sonst sind euch die Glieder gebrochen!

Alle weichen in Angst zurück. Der König flüchtet sich am weitesten von allen — nur noch die Prinzen suchen ihm den Vorrang abzugewinnen.

König (ruft aus seinem Versteck)

Auf! Werft den Frechen in's tiefste Verliess!
Den Hohn er uns mit dem Leben büss!

Sie versuchen auf ihn einzudringen.
Rübezahl geräth allmählig in Zorn

Rübezahl Ha! Dumme Rüben! Wie ihr doch thut!
Zurück! Verdammte Männerbrut!
—Wie ein Fliegenschwärm sie mich umbrummen
hebt Emma in seinen Arm
Komm mit du Weib und lass sie summen!
(fährt mit ihr durch die Decke des Saales davon.)

Alle erheben vor Erstaunen ganz ohne Fassung
die Köpfe, und starren ihm bewegungslos
nach. Während dessen fällt der Vorhang.

— — — — —
Ende des 1. Aufz.

2. Verwandlung.

Unterirdisches Rübezahls. Phantastische Pracht—
Grotten — Laubgänge. Emma liegt
ohnmächtig auf einen Blumenlager.

Rübezahl (steht schüchtern vor ihr, auf seine
Keule gestützt und weiss sich nicht zu helfen.)

Da liegt sie nun — so blass und stumm
—was beginn' ich wohl mit dem Weibe?

Wie ist mir denn — Ich kenn' mich kaum
—Mir bebt das Herz im Leibe!

Seit mich dein Blick da oben traf
da ist mir aller Muth vergangen
—mir ist's, als hieltst du mich gefangen
—und liegt !/ ja doch im tiefem Schlaf?

Gefangen? O, ich versteh' es nun
Was droben die bleichen Männlein thun!
Jetzt ist's mir, als müsst ich selbst Blumen suchen
wie der da droben unter den Buchen!

(Er blickt auf die Keule)

Und du — was willst du in meiner Hand
—Ich weiss nicht — wie es mich bitter mahnt,
Ha — weg mit dir! (Er schmeisst sie fort)
was sollst du mir!

Er beugt sich über sie

Warum macht sie wohl die Augen zu?
Die Lippen schliesst sie — o bittre Noth—
So liegt sie da in grauser Ruh! —
—ach — wäre sie todt — ?

Er kniet nieder neben sie

Ach — selig wär's, ihr nachzusterben
—so stumm und blass sie zuerwerben!

Er hebt ihren Kopf und schmiegt sich an sie.

Emma (schlägt die Augen auf)

Ach!

(Rubezahl fährt !/ zurück
und bleibt verlegen stehen)

Wo bin ich? — Ha — ich fass' es kaum —
(erblickt Rubezahl)

O weh mir! — Es ist kein Traum!?

Sie springt vom Lager auf und bricht in Thränen aus.

Rubezahl O — du weinst — was sollen deine Thränen?
Drückt dich ein Leid — o sag — kann ich es stillen?
Sieh deinen Sklaven vor Begier entbrennen,
den kühnsten deiner Wünsche zu erfüllen.

Emma Ha, fort von mir — wagst du's zu mir zu treten
—O Vater — hätt' ich früher dir geglaubt!
Hast du mich darum, Frecher, nur geraubt
um mich durch die verhasste Näh' zu tödten?

Rubezahl (ist schüchtern und verlegen zurückgetreten)
(sehr ernst)

Du zürnest mir?

- Emma* (mit aufbrausender Heftigkeit) Ha! Frägst du noch?
Verräther du — Und brachest doch
du grimmer Wolf in uns're Heerde
—Was kamst du, Unhold, auf die Erde!
Ha sag! Was willst du denn von mir!
- Rübezahl* (ohne Fassung)
Ich — was ich will — von dir!?
—Das weiss ich wahrlich nicht zu sagen
—Ja doch — (sehr schüchtern) Jetzt weiss' ich's—
- Emma* O dummer Geist!
Nun also sag's, wenn du es weisst
Muss ich denn immer zweimal fragen?
- Rübezahl* Ich — ach — jetzt hab' ich's schon vergessen
- Emma* O Unhold! Bist du denn so dumm,
so bleibe wenigstens doch stumm!
O Brinhild, Brinhild,—traute Freundin!
O — meine lieben Schwestern all!
O Edelgard — o Irmentraut!
Wo seid ihr — wo soll ich euch suchen!
Ich hör' wohl nimmer eu're Lieder
Ich seh' euch nun wohl niemals wieder!
(wirft sich weinend auf das Lager)
- Rübezahl* (freudig)
Musst du deiner Schwestern denken!—
—Sieh', ich geh' sie dir zu schenken!
Harre Herrin — eine Weile!
Gleich bin ich da — im Nu — ich eile!
geht eilends ab
- Emma* (verbirgt ihr Haupt im Lager)
O wehe, weh' mir Unglücksel' gen!
O komm, o komm, du süsster Tod,
befreie mich von meiner Noth!
(bricht in Thränen aus.)
- Elfenchor* (unsichtbar, während ihres Gesanges breitet sich rosige
Dämmerung über die Szene, und Emma schläft
unter Thränen ein.)
Abend will sich niedersenken
will mit Thau die Blumen tränken
die die Sonne hat verbrannt!
Und er schwebt in Blütenregen
und er weilt auf allen Wegen
streichelt sie mit zarter hand!
Über Wiesen, über Hügel
breitet sich sein dunkler Flügel
Mild erblinkt des Mondes Schein!

Und die Rosen und die Veiglein
 schliessen lächelnd ihre Auglein
 und vergessen ihre Pein.

Ach, von deinen zarten Wangen
 laue Tropfen niederhängen,
 O du armes Menschenkind!
 Schlafe, schlafe, lass das Bangen.
 Ist die Sonne weggegangen,
 Kommt der Abend, sanft und lind!
 (Emma ist eingeschlafen)
 Heia, heia
 eia popeia! . . .

Es ist vollständige Dämmerung eingetreten, und im Hintergrund erscheint plötzlich das Traumbild Emmas in lichten Schein: Ratibor liegt unter den Bäumen und schaut durch die Blätter zum Himmel.

Emma (im Schlaf)
 Wie weit er so schön in rosigem Licht!
 hier bin ich — mein lieber Ratibor!
 So komm doch — siehst du mich denn nicht!
 Da unten — in der Schlucht
 —o wie der Dumme sucht—
 Da — unten — weiter — hier
 so komm — ich kann ja nicht zu dir!
 Siehst du denn nicht — ich bin in Fesseln —
 Hier weil ich unter Rosenketten!
 O komm! Willst du dich neben mich nicht betten?
 Ach! Hab' Acht! — Geliebter — Hier sind Nesseln
 O komm — o komm!
 (sie streckt die Arme aus, als ob sie ihn umarmen wollte; indessen ist

Rubezahl eingetreten mit den Worten
 Hier bin ich wieder zur Stell'!
 Sag an! — war ich nicht schnell?

(Sofort ist die ganze Erscheinung verschwunden, die Szene wie früher und Emma, durch die Stimme geweckt hastig aufgesprungen.

Emma bemerkt, dass sie den Rubezahl umarmen wollte, wendet sich unwillig und erröthend und bedeckt die Augen.

Rubezahl Nun — was soll das, Weib!
 Bist du denn stumm?!
 Sieh' dich doch um!
 Ich bring' dir was zum Zeitvertreib!

Emma bleibt noch immer abgewendet

Sieh', hier stehen deine Schwestern!

Emma (wendet sich hastig und bleibt enttäuscht stehen)
O — Höhnst du mich noch!

Rübezahl So höre mich doch
Dir ruhen in diesem Korbe die Lieben
als deine Habe
berührst du die Rübe
mit diesem Stabe

(er reicht ihr ein Stäbchen)

So steh'n sie dir auf — da hüben und drüben
doch rührst du sie wieder
sie schliessen die Lider
und wanken zu Grabe
um wieder als Rüben
in Staub zu zerstieben!

Emma (entreisst ihm das Stäbchen)
Ist dies' ein neuer Hohn? (eilt zum Korb)
(berührt eine Rübe)
O liebe Brinhild — sei bei mir. (Brinhild steht da und
Ach guter Geist — wie dank' ich dir, liebkost sie)

Rübezahl Ich wüsste mir schon den Lohn!

Emma (zu Brinhild)
O traute Schwester, freust du dich nicht?
—Jetzt ruf' ich mir alle— alle her!

eilt zum Korbe von Rübe zu Rübe

O Edelgard, o Irmentraut,
O Adelheit — o Kunigund!
Seid alle — alle wieder bei mir!

So wie das Wort ausspricht, entsteht immer eine
von ihren Gespielen, bis sie alle vollzählig wieder
da sind, wie sie im Vorspiel erschienen waren.

Allgemeine Liebkosung.

(zu Rübezahl) Es ist nun gut — Du kannst jetzt geh'n!
Nun geh' wir brauchen dich nicht mehr!

Rübezahl (ganz unmuthig) blickt verwundert auf sie
O Herrin, will es dir belieben
sich immer nur so zu betrüben!?

Emma (bezwingt sich)
Nun hörst du nicht — was bleibst du steh'n?!
So geh' uns einige Blumen zu pflücken.

Rübezahl (ganz verwirrt)
wie Herrin Blumen wozu denn die!

Emma Nun um damit die Haare zu schmücken.

- Rubezahl* (für sich)
Mir ist zu Muthe ich weiss nicht wie!
- Emma* (ganz ungeduldig)
So geh' doch, und lass' uns so lange nicht harren!
- Rubezahl* (seufzend)
O Holde, verzeih'! In der Frauen Dienst
Bin ich noch nicht so sehr erfahren!
—Ich will's nun lernen — wenn Du es wünschst!
(geht ab)
- Emma* So — endlich ist der Dumme fort!
Nun müsst ihr mir alles genau erzählen.
—O sagt — thät wohl mein Vater schmählen.
als er mich nicht mehr sa /sah/ am Ort?!
- Brinhild* Im Anfang war er zwar erschreckt
doch als sich die Angst ein wenig gelegt
da liess er es laut im Reich verkünden
Dein Retter wird eine Braut sich finden!
Drauf schrieen die Prinzen und schworen sich's hoch
Wo du auch seist — sie fänden dich doch'!
- Emma* (schnell) Und Ratibor?
- Brinhild* Der junge Thor?
Der sitzt in den Wäldern und weint und klagt
und keiner erfährt's, warum er verzagt!
- Emma* Ach — wusst' es der Gute, dass ich gefangen
gewiss — er eilte mich zu retten
- Brinhild* Indessen muss er nun harren und bangen
- Emma* O — wie zerreiss' ich doch diese Ketten!
(mit plötzlichem Entschluss)
Ach ja — ich hab's — er soll mich befrei'n
—Sonst will ich ewig gefangen sein!
(eilt hin zum Korb)
Nun liebes Stäbchen lass dich bitten!
Schaff mir einen Boten für meinen Ritter!
(Sie berührt eine Rübe: ein Sperber fliegt hinauf)
Fliege Vöglein — fliege frei —
Flieg' so schnell ein Vogel fliegt —
Fliege hin zum Knaben treu
der unter den grünen Bäumen liegt.
- Flieg' zu meinem Ratibor —
flieg' und flüstre ihm in's Ohr!:
- Emma weilt in schweren Banden
in des Geisterkönigs Landen:
sie harret dein, dass du an Ketten

als deine Braut sie wirst erretten!
 Fliege Vöglein, fliege,
 sieg' mein Ritter, siege!

der Sperber fliegt fort.

Und nun kommt und schlingt der Reih'n
 —Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein.

Sie fassen sich in die Hände, und singen das Lied
 aus dem Vorspiel.

Währenddessen fällt der Vorhang.

— — — — —

Blatt 25 quer am Rand:

Kluges Bienchen, zart und klein
 sollst mein treuer Bote sein

4. Verwandlung
 Unterirdisches Reich Rübezahls
 die Bühne ist leer

Geisterchor (unsichtbar)

/leer/

Emma (flieht in jähem Schreck über die Szene; hinter
 ihr trippeln ihre Genossinnen — alt und entstellt—

Ach! Zu Hilfe! Hexenmeister —
 Weh! Beschwöre deine Geister!

Weiber (durcheinander)
 Was läufst du uns fort
 mit Weh und Ach!
 Wir kommen nicht nach!
 Bleib' doch am Ort!

Emma Was sollt ihr von mir?
 Ich kenn euch nicht!
 Mit den Runzeln — ihr—
 im fahlen Gesicht!

Weiber Jugend vergeht!
 Jugend besteht!
 Willst nicht mehr mit uns spielen?
 Gefallen wir dir nicht?
 Wart' nur! Wir halten Gericht!
 (drohen ihr mit den Krücken)

Emma Lasst mich um Himmels willen!

Weiber (keifen)
 Mit uns spiel und kos!

Wir lassen dich nicht los!
 Hast uns geschaffen — musst uns leiden—
 kannst dich nicht mehr von uns scheiden
 —statt der Jungen — nun die Alten!

Emma Weicht von mir, ihr Spukgestalten!

Weiber (schaaren sich um sie)
 Seht doch, wie sie sich ziert—Feinliebchen!
 Wir sind ihr zu schlecht, dem Zuckerpüppchen!
 (sie fassen Emma in die Arme)

Komm nur! Kannst noch so schrein!
 Wir spielen ringel reih'n!
 fangen an mit ihr zu tanzen)
 Ringel ringel reih'n!
 Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge sich ein!

(Emma stösst einen Schrei aus und fällt um)

Rubezahl (kommt eiligst herbei)

Werdet zu Staub, aus dem ihr geschaffen!
 In die Erde! Weiter zu schlafen!

Die Weiber sinken unter sonderbaren Lauten
 zur Erde — und man sieht ein Häuflein
 vertrocknete Rüben.

Er beugt sich zu Emma u. richtet sie auf.

Süsse Herrin! Lass das Bangen!
 Die dich geängstigt — sind vergangen!

Emma (kommt wieder zu sich)

Rubezahl Du zitterst noch!

Emma Sind sie schon fort!?

/Rubezahl/ Sieh' dort — sie sind, was eh' sie waren,
 Die Rüben sind wieder zur Erde gefahren!
 Sei ruhig!

Emma (entsetzt) Grauvoller Ort!
 Boshafter Geist, du hast mich getäuscht!

Rubezahl Ich that ja nur, was du geheischt!
 Was ist dir, Frau?!

Emma (aufbrausend) Das ist zu viel!
 Boshafter Geist, du hast mich getäuscht!

Rubezahl Deine Gespielen hast du geheischt!
 Ich that, was möglich — ich gab dir ein Spiel!
 ich konnt...

Emma (schluchzend)
 Nun wieder allein in dieser Höhle!

Rübezahl Du hast ja Zeit zur Überlegung!
ich warte ja nur auf diene Befehle!
und setze das Geisterreich in Bewegung!
Dort steht ein Korb, bis zum Rande gefüllt!
Ein Wort! und dein Wunsch ist auf's Neue gestillt!

Emma (zornig) Was soll ich mit diesen Schattenwesen!
—Die Menschen ohne Fleisch und Blut—
—Die Bilder, die nicht schlecht noch gut—
—die gestern leben und heut' verwesen!

Rübezahl Was fehlt dir denn in meinem Reich?
Bot ich mein Heer nicht auf sogleich
die dich als Diener treu umschweben?

Emma Was ist mir denn der leere Schein?!
Mir ekelt vor deinen Zauberein!
Nur Träume lebe ich — nicht wirklich Leben!
—Befrei mich von der lästigen Haft
—sonst sterb' ich in diesem Ungemach!

Rübezahl Es schwindet vor dir meine Geisteskraft
—Bin hilflos ach wie ein kind, so schwach.
Und hast du denn kein Wort für mich
der ich dir doch so treu ergeben!
Es schwindet vor dir meine Geisteskraft
—Bin hilflos — ach — wie ein Kind, so schwach.

Emma Befreie mich von der läst' gen Haft
—sonst sterb' ich in diesem Ungemach!

Rübezahl Und ist es denn so schlimm dies Sterben!?
Mich dünkt — es heisst: sich Lieb' erwerben

/Emma/ O geh —, du Unhold mir aus den Augen
dass ich dich, läst' gen nicht mehr seh—
—was kann mir deine Gesellschaft taugen
wenn ich dein Wesen nicht versteh!/
(heftig) —O geh! So lass' mich doch allein!

Rübezahl Ich bin gehorsam deinem Willen
—doch bin ich ferne — und denke dein—
kann ich dir keinen Wunsch erfüllen?

Emma So schaff' mir Erdenblumen heut!
Ich sehne mich nach den süssen Seelen
die mir von der Heimath Lust erzählen
—sie theilen ja mein stilles Leid.

(Rübezahl geht traurig ab,)

Emma (legt sich auf ihr Blumenbett)
Und nun umgieb' mich mit deinen Wonnen
du liebe, traute Einsamkeit!
—nun will ich träumen von Erdensonnen
und von des Waldes Lustbarkeit!

Die Musik geht in eine sanfte, träumerische Weise über.

Pause.

—(singt in Gedanken)
 "Und ist doch der Mai so grün
 und die Lüfte, sie zieh'n" —

(sitzt auf) /?/

Kann ich euch nimmer wiederseh'n,
 —ihr meiner Heimath grüne Matten?!
 Bleib ich gefangen unter den Schatten!
 —Ach! Werd' ich nimmer aufersteh'n!
 — — —

wer ein liebes Liebchen küsst
 wie glücklichich der ist,

—O du — mein trauter Knabe mein
 werd' ich von dir vergessen sein!?

—(nach einer Weile)

Ist meine Botschaft denn ganz verklungen
 — — — —oder hat mein Bote sie nicht gesungen!

(spring auf — heftig)

Gewiss — gewiss — er weiss es nicht
 mein Vöglein Bienchen kam nicht an's Erdenlicht
 — — — —

—ich send' einen Stärkern auf zur Erde
 —dass meinem Liebsten die Kunde werde!

eilt schnell hin zum Korbe — berührt mit dem
 Stäbchen eine Rübe.

Weisser Falke, stark und klug,
 Fliege auf mit kühnem Flug.
 Fliege' zu meinem Ratibor —
 Flieg' und flüstre ihm in's Ohr!:
 "Emma weilt in schweren Banden
 in des Geisterkonigs Landen;
 sie harret dein, dass du aus Ketten
 als deine Braut sie wirst erretten!"
 Fliege, Vogel, fliege,
 Sieg mein Ritter siege!

Falke /?/ fliegt davon. Emma sieht ihm nach
 Ja wer wie dieser Flügel hätt
 der streift wohl bald in sein Ziel!/?/
 —Doch wie, säss' ich ihm auf dem Rücken?

(Mit plötzlichem Entschluss) (freudig)

Ach ja — ach ja — zum Knabe schnell
 —ich schaffe mir ein Ross zur Stell
 entflieh auf ihm des Feindes Reiche /?/
 (eilt zum Korbe)

Rübezahl tritt auf mit einem riesigen Bündel Blumen,
(erschrocken, aber zornig) O Unhold — bist du schon wieder hier?

Du überlästiger

Rübezahl blickt sie verwundert an

(sie bezähmt sich)

—Ei — nun — ich mein — du wärest schier
in deinen Diensten so langsam nicht!

Rübezahl (sehr schüchtern)

Hier, Herrin, sind, wie du befohlen
die schönsten Blumen meiner Flur!

‘S sind ihrer genug — doch wünsche nur
ich kann dir immer mehr noch holen!

Emma (lacht auf) Haha!

Statt eines Sträuschen ein ganzer Stoss —

(Rübezahl blickt sie verwundert an)

(sie erinnert sich wieder)

Gib her! — zwar ist er ein wenig gross,
doch will er mir d’rum nicht schlechter gefallen.

(zu sich) Jetzt, Weiberschlaueheit steh’ mir bei!—

(laut) —Fürwahr — du zeigst mir grosse Treu!

—ich sehe schon — so wird es geh’n.

—doch soll ich erkennen — wie gross dein Lieben,
so musst du mir erst eine Probe besteh’n!

Du sollst mir alle deine Rüben

so viel du auch hast, auf den Feldern zählen

—doch darf dir auch eine da nicht fehlen

mit einem Blick auf den Korb — lachend

—sie würde sicher dein Glück dir stehlen:

Rübezahl (entzückt)

Ich brenne, Süsse, in heissen Flammen;

Befehl und ich trage die Berge zusammen!

(geht eilends ab)

Emma (freudig)

Un/d/ nun komm, du letzte Rübe,

steh’ als Flügelross vor mir.

Führ in Eile mich von hier

hin zu dem, den heiss ich liebe!

berührt eine Rübe, ein weisses geflügeltes Rösslein steht

vor ihr; sie besteigt es.

Fliege, Rösslein, fliege fort,

Entführe mich dem bösen Ort!

fliegt mit dem Ross davon.

Vorhang fällt.

Ende der 4. Verwandlung

— — — — —

5. Verwandlung.

Offene Waldgegend im Riesengebirge,
hinten auf hohen Felsen das Schloss.
Frühlingslandschaft. Heerdenglocken,
Hifthorner. Schalmei

P a s t o r a l e.

Ratibor (Kommt gedankenvoll)

Nun ruft es schon aus allen Ecken:
Der Lenz ist da, der Lenz ist kommen!
Und nimmer und nimmer will es verstummen,
O musst ihr denn wieder mein Leid erwecken?

“Hinaus!” Du rufst? — Zur grünen Flur!
—Ob ich denn da Vergessen fände!
—Ach über all nur ihre Spur—
—Es winden ihre weissen Hände
—Im Busch seh’ ich ihr Haar nur weh’n
—am Himmel ihr’ blauen Augen steh’n
und mag ich träumen oder wachen
mir klinget immer ihr silbern Lachen!

Er setzt sich nieder bei einer Linde.

Es wird Abend. Ein Schäfer zieht mit seiner Herde
vorbei und grüsst *Ratibor*.

Fahr’ wol du guter Schäfer mein,
Sei wachsam! Hüte deine Herde.
Zähl alle deine Lämmelein
dass dir nicht eins geraubet werde.
—der Wolf ist voller Grimm und Tück
und giebt dir keines mehr zurück!

Pause. Man hört ein Hifthorn

Das Hifthorn irrt so traurig umher
als wollt es mit mir die Liebste suchen,
und alle die Tannen und die Buchen
erzählen die thränenfeuchte Mär!

Ein weisser *Falke* kommt geflogen und ruft

Ratibor!

Ratibor blickt verwundert

Wer rufet den unsel’gen Namen!?

Falke ruft noch einmal:/ Emma!

Falke Emma weilt in schweren Banden
in des Geisterkönigs Landen.
Sie harret dein, dass du aus Ketten
als deine Braut sie wirst erretten

- Ratibor* (springt auf)
Was hor' ich? Können Vögel reden?
hält ein Traum meinen Sinn gefangen?
—Nur weit /er/ — mein geflügelter Bote
lass mich zur süßen Kunde gelangen —
O sprich! — was macht meine kleine Genossin?!
- Falke*
"Emma weilt in schweren Banden"
- Rat.* O sprich doch — wo — wer hält sie verschlossen?
Falke "In des Geisterkönigs Landen"
Rat. Was muss ich thun? Wie kann ich ihr helfen?
Wie find ich meinen lieben Elfen!?
- Falke* "Sie harret dein, dass du aus Ketten
als deine Braut sie wirst erretten!"
- Rat.* (zornig) So lass doch endlich dein ewiges Sprüchlein
—Was ist's mit meinem süßen Kuchlein?
Falke "Emma weilt in schweren Banden"
Rat. Ha fort! Zu viel! Du singst mich zu Schanden!
(Falke fliegt fort)
- Rat.* (geht in grosser Aufregung auf und ab)
Ha — Neues Leben giebt mir die Kunde —
O hohe heissersehnte Stunde!
Sie lebt! Sie liebt mich — wie soll ich's tragen!!
—O wonnevolle Maienzeit!
—was möcht ich nicht — sie zu retten — wagen!
—O Herrin, halfst du schon so weit,
—so lass mir doch noch eines sagen!
—was aus den Banden dich befreit
—ach hilf — mein kleines, süßes Mädchen!

Emma kommt auf weissem Ross; Er eilt, ihrem // Ross zu helfen.
Sie fällt ihm in die Arme, und sie küssen und
herzen sich unter dem folgenden:

- Emma* Dem himmel Dank! Da bin ich wieder!
Rat. Ich halte dich in meinen Armen
Emma O lass mich an deiner Brust erwarmen
Rat. Meine Königin!
Emma Mein süßer Gebieter!
Rat. —Ich Kann's nicht glauben! Es ist ein Traum!
Emma O lass uns träumen im Himmelsraum!
Rat. O möcht ich nimmermehr erwachen —
Emma Wie will ich über den Träumer lachen!
Rat. O Augen blau! O Wangen rund!
Emma O Brust an Brust — und Mund an Mund!
Ratibor Ach — lieblichstes Bild — ach — lass mich sterben!
Emma Meine Küsse sollen dich wiederwecken!
Ratibor O Wonniges Lieben! O seliges Werben!
Emma Hei, fröhliche Jagd unter grünen Hecken!
(reisst sich los und läuft vor ihm her)
Nun musst du mich fangen — willst du mich haben!
Nun vorwärts muthiger Jägersmann!

(springt über einen Graben)

Rat. Nun spring mir nach da über den Graben —
Sollst sehen — wie ich springen kann!
(springt hinüber)

Emma (ist schon wieder fort) (lacht ihn aus)
Haha.

Nur schneller — sonst flieg ich dir weit vom Nest —

Ratib (macht eine Schwenkung, so dass er ihr entgegenkommt u.
fängt sie auf ??/)
Nun hab' ich dich! Diebin Lose! Jetzt bleibst du mir fest!

er zieht sie zu sich nieder u. sie sehen ??/ sich

Mein liebstes Mädchen! Wie lieb' ich dich!

Emma Bist du mein Liebster — so küsse mich!

Rat. Ja tausendmal in einen Nu!

Emma Ich kann es doch noch besser als du!

Mit Küssen will ich dich bedecken;

Sollst mir sagen welche —

Rat. Versuch's nur einmal — ich zähle gern!

Emma Wie schön! Nun spielen wir Mann und Frau!

Der König ist herausgetreten, sieht ihnen eine Weile zu und lacht
unbändig.

König Herbei! Herbei! Kommt alle herbei!
Geschehen ist eine Wundermär—

(die Szene füllte sich allmählig)

(Emma springt auf und fällt ihrem Vater um den Hals)

Nun halten wir fröhlich' Hochzeitsfest,
ihr alle seid gelad'ne Gäst'!

fehlen 2 Seiten

Alle (durcheinander)
Ha! Rübenzahlen — Wo ist dein Gemnah?!
—sind schon alle gezählt Zähl nur genau—
Herr Rübezahl!
Rübezahl! Rübezahl!

(Ein furchtbarer Sturm erhebt sich — und es wird vollkommen dunkel.
Auf einem Felssteige erblickt man den Rübezahl in seiner wahren
Gestalt, umgeben von seinen Geistern; rothe ??/ Blitze zucken um den
Stein.)

Rübezahl Hier bin ich! He! Was wollt ihr von mir!

Alle (sinken vor Entsetzen auf die Knie)
Entsetzlich, der Hölle Graus ist los hier!

Rübezahl (lacht laut auf)
Hei Menschenfeld! Hei Rübenbrut!
Seid ihr zu End mit eurem Mut!?
—Haha! Seid ruhig! Fürchtet euch nicht
Mit Einer von euch nur halt' ich Gericht!

(zu Emma)

Und verbärgst du dich auch in der kleinsten Ritz
 —ich sehe dich, thöricht Weib — du weisst es—
 Fort warf ich der Menschen Leib und Witz
 —Nun sieh mich in der Gestalt des Geistes

(Emma und Ratibor machen eine Bewegung, als ob sie sprechen wollten.)

Rübezahl (Streckt die Hand aus, worauf sie wie festgebannt stehen bleiben.)

Nun höre mich, Weib! Nicht komm' ich zu rechten
 —Der Menschen Herz ist eng und klein!

Nicht können mit Geistern das Band sie flechten
 —ihr Sehnen ist schwach — ihr Leben — Schein!

—Unsterblichkeit — Tugend, wollt' ich dir geben,
 du wähltest der Menschen ärmlich Leben.

Fahr hin! Du elend' thöricht Wesen!

Sei glücklich in deiner Armlichkeit!

Kost' aus die Freuden, die du erlesen

—und fühle nicht deine Erbärmlichkeit!

(mit tiefem Schmerz)

—Ich will im Geisterreich genesen
 von der Wunde — die mich quält — der bösen
 —Lebt wohl, ihr Menschen, in Ewigkeit!

(Nun verschwindet er allmählig mit seinen Geistern — es wird wieder licht. Der Mond ist aufgegangen.)

Tiefe Ruhe ist eingetreten

Alle bleiben auf den Knien Lange Pause

(Ratibor kniet vor Emma — diese blickt erschüttert auf ihn hinunter

Der König gibt ihre Hände zusammen. Der Zug ordnet sich zur Burg hinauf. Brinhild mit ihren Jungfrauen bekränzen sie.)

König Und halten wir nun Hochzeitsfest
 —wo bleiben die Spielleut' denn zuletzt?

Aus dem Walde tritt eine Schaar Spielleute u. stellen sich an die Spitze des Zuges. Unter dem nachfolgenden Gesang der Geister u. der Menschen bewegt sich der Zug zur Burg hinauf. Der Mond scheint. Die Spielleute musizieren.

Chor der Landleute und Hochzeitsgäste.

2) Blüh' auf! Blüh' auf! Du Kränzlein im Haar!
 Mit Rosen und Cypressen
 Zieh' ein! Zieh' ein! du glücklich Paar!
 Nun aller Noth vergessen!
 Vorbei mit Winter — Trennungsleid!
 Nun lacht der Liebe Sommerzeit!
 Glück auf!

Chor der Geister (unsichtbar)

Kehr ein bei uns! O komm nach Haus!
 Wie bist du krank und müde!
 Du müder Wanderer, ruhe aus
 Bei uns ist süßer Friede,
 Gekostet hat du Erdenglück
 dich hat verwundet Menschentück
 O komm in unsre Mitte!

Chor der Landl. / eute / u. Hochzeitsgäste

- 1) Spiel auf! Spiel auf! Du Spielmann mein
 dass weit und breit es klinge Schelle
 Glück auf! Glück auf! Zum Hochzeitsreih'n!
 Viel Glück und Segen bringe!
 Gar so stillen Muths wir zogen aus
 Mit Hochzeitsklage wir zieh'n nach Haus
 Glück auf!

Chor der Geister Der Zug der Landleute ist schon bei der letzten Strophe verschwunden und man hört ihren Gesang in der Ferne. Die Szene bleibt ganz leer und man hört zuletzt nur noch den Gesang der Geister.

Der Vorhang fällt langsam

Chor der Geister

Wir wollen dich gar leis und lind
 Mit sanfter Weis' umschweben:
 —Ach — Zwischen Geist und Menschenkind
 kann's keine Brücke geben.
 —des Menschen Herz ist dunkel — klein
 —der Geist ist klar wie Sonnenschein
 und voll vom ew'gem Leben

Der Vorhang fällt langsam

l e e r

Emma Lieb Väterchen mein! — Jetzt hab' ich dich wieder
König Nun thu ich gern die Augen zu
Emma Was sind denn so roth deine Augenlider?
König das thaten die Nächte ohn' Schlaf und Ruh'!
Emma Und was sind deine Haare denn worden so licht?
König Das sind die drei Winter seit deinem Scheiden.
Emma Und wast hast du für Falten in deinem Gesicht?
Kön. Das sind die drei Jahre aus deinen Leiden.
Emma (*erschrocken*) 3 Jahre sagst du!
König Ei weisst du's denn nicht?
Emma So lang musstest die Heimath du meiden.
 Entsetzlich — Mir schienen's 3 Tage nur!

Brinhild —Glaub' mir — seit dem du uns warst geraubt
das dritte Mal schon verjüngt sich die Flur
—wir hatten dich schon verloren geglaubt!
—Welch' Wunder gab dich uns zurück!
Verkünd' uns doch dein seltsam Geschick!

Emma Als ich von der Ohnmacht aufgewacht
—da fand ich mich unten beim Geisterkönig
umgeben von seltsamster Zauberpracht
—Sein ganzes Reich war mir unterthänig!
Und mir zu Füßen lag der Räuber
und war so schüchtern als wie ein Kind
—zuerst fast lacht ich über den armen Täuber
—sein ganze Weisheit war in den Wind!
dann aber weint' ich
Als ich nun weinte in meinem Leid
und rief voll Angst nach meinen Lieben
—da verschwand er auf eine kurze Zeit
und brachte mir dann einen Korb mit Rüben.
Die hatten seltsame Zauberkraft
—ich brauchte sie nur mit Stab zu rühren
—gleich war mir jede Gestalt erschafft
die ich nur mocht im Sinne führen.
—zuerst erschuf ich mir meine Frau'n
—doch ach — drei Stunden dauert es kaum
so war vergangen der zärtliche Traum
—sie wurden alt und schufen mir Gram!
Da schuf ich mir einen Falken klug
und schickt' ihn als Boten hinauf zur Erde
—als ich ihn nun in kühnen Flug
verschwinden sah — ohn' alle Beschwerde
da dacht' ich mir — es wär' nicht schwer
mich selbst mit List so fortzustehlen,
schnell sann ich mir aus eine feine Mär
und schickte den Geist sein Rüben zu zählen!
dann sehnt ich mir ein Rösslein schnell
das liess ich den weg des Falken wählen
—und eh' ich's versah — schon war ich zur Stelle,
—der Geist wird wohl noch Rüben zählen!

Hofmarschall

/ l e e r /

/Kritzeleien/

PERSPECTIVES ON ANTON BRUCKNER: AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, CONNECTICUT COLLEGE. 21-24 FEBRUARY 1994

Perspectives on Anton Bruckner was the first symposium in North America devoted entirely to the Music of Anton Bruckner. Organized by Timothy L. Jackson, Connecticut College, and Paul Hawkshaw, Yale School of Music, the conference and its concerts offered a re-evaluation of Bruckner's music, its dissemination, and its reception. An international roster of scholars presented papers at five sessions: *Analytical Issues* (two sessions), *Source and Documentary Studies*, *Bruckner as Cultural Icon*, and *Reception and Influence*. Robert Bailey, Janet Schmalfeldt, Christoph Wolff, Leon Botstein, and Christopher Hailey respectively served as chairpersons. Two programs of music featured Gustav Mahler's and Rudolf Krzyzanowsky's two-piano arrangement of Bruckner's Third Symphony, an arrangement completed in Vienna in 1920 by students of Arnold Schoenberg of the Seventh Symphony for chamber ensemble, *Lieder*, and choral pieces including the modern premiere of the final version of *Du bist wie eine Blume*. The performers were Paul Althouse conducting the Connecticut College Chamber Choir; Paul Phillips directing members of the Connecticut College Faculty and Eastern Connecticut Symphony Orchestra; Soprano, Roxane Althouse; Baritone, Richard Lalli; and pianists, Gary Chapman and Andrzej Anweiler.

The conference was designed to begin to disencumber Bruckner from layers of special interest which have hindered the dissemination of his music since the inception of his career as a professional composer. Generations of supporters who used him and his music for their own political and personal self-interests and, at times, self-aggrandizement, have colored and often negatively impacted the perception and understanding of Bruckner as a person and a composer. The figure of Richard Wagner has, of course, always hovered in the background and often dominated.

The specifics are well-known. As early as 1867, when Johann Herbeck and Eduard Hanslick fought, in the face of heavy odds, to bring Bruckner to Vienna, they thought they had found the contemporary Austrian symphonist who could serve as a suitable counterweight to the pernicious influence of Richard Wagner. The composer's unabashed admiration for Wagner's music soon turned Hanslick into Bruckner's most powerful adversary. For the next thirty years Hanslick and his followers, in a segment of the Viennese press representing a strange combination of political liberalism and musical conservatism, vituperatively condemned what they described as the uncontrolled Wagnerism and decadence of Bruckner's "music of the future." Such a reaction played perfectly into the hands of Viennese Wagnerites. The *Wiener akademische Wagner-Verein* propped

Bruckner up on a pedestal, and he became the darling of the local anti-Brahms, politically conservative, and often anti-semitic press. Young Wagnerites including Mahler, Wolf, Göllerich, Löwe, and the Schalk brothers were among his staunchest supporters and were often responsible for the early publication of his works.

Wagnerian ideology and contemporary politics controlled Bruckner's legacy well into this century. Perhaps realizing that his young editors were not always scrupulous and sometimes even tried to make his music sound more like that of Wagner, Bruckner left the autograph manuscripts of most of his major works to the Imperial Library. If he expected accurate versions to be available for posterity soon after he passed away, he was mistaken. Powerful Viennese with vested interests (not to mention a few skeletons in the closet) intervened, and for forty years, most of the manuscript versions remained relegated to the library shelf.

One of the great ironies of the history of the dissemination of Bruckner's music in our century is that a major impetus for the first important attempt to rectify the situation came as a result of a greater evil. In 1937 Adolph Hitler attended the consecration of a bust of the composer in Regensburg's palace of Valhalla. Bruckner was now a paragon of Wagnerian virtue and prototypical German composer. This native son of Hitler's Oberösterreich and hero of the Viennese conservative press (which Germany needed to support the *Anschluss*) had become a cultural icon of the Nazi party. It was now propitious to publish the pure *Urfassungen* of this German master in a new musically and politically correct *Gesamtausgabe* edited by Robert Haas and Alfred Orel. Any benefits which accrued as a result of the appearance of the new scores, some of which have, correctly, been criticized for questionable editorial practices, were more than offset in many parts of the world by the negative implications of Bruckner's adoption by the third Reich.

After the second world war public sentiment demanded the expurgation of Nazi influences on the preparation of the Collected Edition of Bruckner's works. Leopold Nowak began a new *Gesamtausgabe*. His policy for more than thirty years was to shield the primary sources from outside scrutiny even more rigorously and effectively than his predecessors at the beginning of the century. Only in the past decade have performers and scholars from the international community been allowed consistent access to surviving materials. They have begun the long-overdue systematic investigation of the primary sources for Bruckner's major compositions. Many results of their work were presented at the Connecticut conference.

At the conference the sessions on reception attracted the most attention and stimulated the most discussion. Margaret Notley observed that the roots of later National Socialist thinking on Bruckner can be found in the Viennese press of his own time. Bruckner received much of his contemporary critical acclaim from Wagnerian fundamentalists, many of whom belonged to "the most extreme part of the *völkisch* fringe" of Vienna. Bryan Gilliam considered the importance of the Regensburg ceremony of 1937 and dis-

cussed the reasons Bruckner was particularly suited to Göbbels' propaganda campaign. An Austrian peasant genius victimized by Jewish (i.e. Hanslick's) criticism admirably served Hitler's social and political agenda. In 1937 when relations with the Vatican were disintegrating and Naziism was being promoted as a religion in its own right, the composer's well-known reputation as a devout Roman Catholic was downplayed. Göbbels speech at the ceremony described Bruckner as a German composer whose genius "frees itself of all ties to the Church."

Christa Brüstle illustrated the major role which National Socialist politics played in the inaugural efforts on the Bruckner Collected Works Edition, especially in its publication of the Fifth Symphony, which became a symbol of *urtümlisches Künstlertum*. Benjamin Korstvedt continued the discussion of the *Gesamtausgabe*, pointing out that political ideologies caused the editors to reject valuable evidence in earlier printed scores and ultimately mislead performers and scholars, particularly in the cases of the Second and Fourth Symphonies. Political and nationalistic ideology also controlled theoretical writing, as Stephen McClatchie observed in his study of Wagner scholar, Alfred Lorenz', and his pupils' analyses of Bruckner's compositions.

Editorial and source-critical issues have plagued Bruckner scholarship throughout the twentieth century. William Carragan's and Paul Hawkshaw's studies of the materials for the Second Symphony and F-Minor Mass, respectively, revealed the existence of previously unknown versions of both works. Many of Bruckner's primary sources continue to retain untold secrets. Each of his major works needs a systematic re-examination of the sources, manuscript by manuscript, print by print. Elisabeth Maier presented a fascinating look at the insights Bruckner's personal calendars provide into his private and public life.

Papers on the impact of Bruckner's environment as well as his influence on contemporaries and subsequent generations included Andrea Harrandt's description of the social and musical influence of the male chorus movement on Bruckner's development as a composer and conductor. His devotion to this movement, which was at the heart of German *völkisch* sentiment, lasted throughout his career and culminated in the composition of *Helgoland* in 1893. Robert Wason demonstrated the important contribution of Bruckner's pupil Josef Schalk in updating Sechter/Bruckner theory of harmony to cope with late nineteenth-century chromaticism. His paper dealt specifically with an unpublished study of Josef Schalk, *Aufsatz über die Chromatik*. Marianna Sonntag considered Ernst Kurth's interpretation of the Ninth-Symphony *Adagio* in light of the sketches which survive in Krakow. Morton Solvik presented an iconographic perspective on late nineteenth-century and, specifically, Mahler's perception of anxiety and the "Threatening Side of Nature." Amy Bauer offered thoughts on Bruckner's influence on the composer, Györgi Ligeti.

The analytical sessions provided some new perspectives on Bruckner's music. Timothy Jackson discussed the form of the Finale of the Seventh Symphony. Among other things, the tragic references of its reversed sonata form as well as subtle allusions to the music of Liszt

and Wagner point to the existence of a complex program about the latter's death and its implications for the Art of Music. Edward Laufer applied Schenkerian methodology to illustrate long-range organic prolongations operating in the *Adagio* of the Ninth Symphony. Even the great Austrian theorist, who himself admired the composer very much as a person, did not understand this aspect of Bruckner's music. Joseph Kraus and Thomas Röder used examples from the first four symphonies and the string quintet to debunk the myth that Bruckner's *Scherzi* are consistently four-square and follow a uniform aesthetic and formal plan. They are full of intricate phrase structures of uneven lengths and, within phrases, hypermetrical irregularities are a consistent organizational feature. Contrary to the popular belief that Bruckner's revisions regularized the music into four and eight-measure phrases, they often resulted in the expansion of what was already an unusual hypermetrical structure.

Warren Darcy developed James Hepakoski's theory of "Sonata Deformation" as it applies to the outer movements of Bruckner's symphonies. John Williamson continued the discussion of this work by considering the rhetorical implications of Bruckner's juxtaposition of learned contrapuntal styles—Chorale and Fugue—with the nineteenth-century process of symphonic development. Of particular interest in this regard is the relationship between the opening thematic group in the first movement and the Chorale and Fugue in the Finale. Stephen Parkenny considered the contrapuntal aspects of the same symphony in light of the composer's application for a post at the University. In his semiotic analysis of the Fourth Symphony, Robert Hatten pointed out Bruckner's reference to recurring nineteenth-century topoi including the Pilgrims' March from Berlioz' *Harold in Italy*, Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* and, of course, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

One unanimous view emerged as the meetings proceeded: that Bruckner remains cloaked in an almost exclusively Wagnerian mantle is no longer justifiable. There is no question he admired Wagner and often made references to his music; the *Meister aller Meister* certainly influenced his harmonic language and orchestration. Yet aesthetically, politically, and philosophically the two men could not have been further apart. Wagnerism has clouded the more pervasive traditional roots of Bruckner's symphonic and sacred styles. He was well-versed in the Viennese classics—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert—and spent considerable time with the music of more contemporary figures such as Berlioz and Schumann. All surviving evidence indicates that, during periods of self-analysis, he turned to these composers—not to Wagner.

Perspectives on Anton Bruckner raised an enormous number of interesting, often controversial, and always stimulating issues. Some of the papers presented at the conference will appear in a volume published by Cambridge University Press.

Paul Hawkshaw
Yale School of Music
Timothy L. Jackson
Connecticut College

JOSEPH BRAUNSTEIN (1892-1996):
A VOICE FROM THE BRUCKNERIAN PAST
(A Tribute and an Interview)

BENJAMIN M. KORSTVEDT
with DAVID H. ALDEBORGH

The name Joseph Braunstein may not be a very famous one, but it is likely to be familiar to Bruckner aficionados, especially collectors of Bruckner LPs. In the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s Braunstein wrote fascinating liner notes for a number of recordings of Bruckner symphonies.¹ These notes offer some remarkable glimpses of a lost epoch in the history of Bruckner's music. Born in Vienna in 1892, Braunstein was active in Viennese musical life during the first four decades of this century.² He both heard and played Bruckner's music under Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Löwe in the 1920s. In addition, in the 1930s Braunstein discussed Bruckner editions with Robert Haas, who prepared the first collected edition of Bruckner's works.

Braunstein's writings on Bruckner are not extensive, but they are notable for both their historical soundness and their musical acuity. Consider Braunstein's comments on the Ninth Symphony, which are brief yet make some important points often missed even in lengthier accounts. For example, although it was not common knowledge at the time, Braunstein stressed that not only had Bruckner definitely conceived of the Ninth Symphony in four movements, but had in fact sketched most of the Finale before his death. Braunstein also neatly dismantled the frequent misconception that Löwe was guilty of duplicitously publishing his own posthumous edition of the Ninth Symphony (1903) as Bruckner's original by quoting Löwe's preface to the score, which is quite clear in identifying the editor. Braunstein also explained the musical logic of Löwe's substitution of flute and bassoon for the pizzicato violins in the Scherzo: pizzicato is very difficult at Bruckner's fast tempo and Löwe was apparently concerned to facilitate proper performance of the piece.³

In other essays, Braunstein offered a fresh view of the much-discussed textual issues surrounding Bruckner's music. For example, about the Eighth Symphony he wrote:

The very intricate question as to whether the original versions [i.e., Haas's and Nowak's editions] or the first editions [i.e., those published during Bruckner's life-

¹ See the bibliography for a complete list.

² For a brief biography see Allan Kozinn's obituary in the *New York Times*, 13 March 1996, p. B12.

³ See Braunstein, notes to Anton Bruckner, Symphony no. 9, Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, cond. Eugen Jochum, Decca DX 139 LP (1956) and review of Anton Bruckner, Symphony no. 9, Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, Vienna, cond. Jascha Horenstein, Vox PI 8040 LP, *Musical Quarterly* 40 (1954), pp. 286-89.

time] should be used for performances is by no means conclusively answered yet. The present writer, who in his students days not only had the opportunity of hearing Bruckner's compositions under the direction of Löwe and Schalk, but was privileged to play them when they first presided over the orchestra, is not prepared to accept the first editions as [unauthorized] arrangements and accept the original versions instead.⁴

Braunstein was refreshingly skeptical about the prevailing orthodoxy—and refreshingly free from the biases and hidden agendas that so often mar Bruckner criticism.⁵ Indeed, his comments are a welcome tonic to the generally unreflective, and often poorly informed, stance taken by so many writers of program notes. And in view of Braunstein's personal involvement with a pivotal period in the history of Bruckner's music, his statements have a degree of authority that cannot be dismissed lightly.

* * *

Early in 1992 I idly glanced through the directory of the American Musicological Society and was surprised to run across the name Joseph Braunstein. My interest was especially keen because at that time I was in the early stages of a dissertation on the textual history of the first printed edition of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony. Like Braunstein, I was skeptical about the old stories impugning the authority of this text, and for this reason I was eager to contact him; he seemed sure to have a uniquely valuable perspective on the matter.⁶ Although it seemed unlikely that the Joseph Braunstein listed in the 1992 AMS Directory was the same man who had played under Schalk and Löwe in the 1920s, I nonetheless sent a letter to him. A couple of weeks later I received a most remarkable reply: a single-page letter, typed with evident, painstaking care, and signed by a venerable, if shaky hand. It read in part:

I am a centenarian and your letter has catapulted me into my past. I grew up musically with performances of Bruckner symphonies based on the first editions. As an orchestral musician from 1919 to 1924 I played only the first editions. I became acquainted with the problem of the original versions in conversations with Robert Haas and I was somewhat involved in the events [in 1935] which surrounded the tryout of the original Finale of the Fifth Symphony.

⁴ Notes to Anton Bruckner, Symphony no. 8, Vienna Symphony Orchestra, cond. Jascha Horenstein, Vox Turnabout THS 65090/91 LP (1970); reissued as Vox Box CDX2-5504 CD. The quotation is taken from the latter source, p. 11.

⁵ It is worth noting that Werner Wolff, another Bruckner critic born in the nineteenth century, shared Braunstein's doubts about modern dismissals of the editions of Bruckner's music published in the nineteenth century; see his *Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius* (New York, 1942), pp. 261-70. Indeed, the belief that the original publications of Bruckner works are corrupt arose only after Bruckner's death, primarily during the 1930s.

⁶ Ultimately my research led me to conclude that by any reasonable standard the version of the symphony published in 1889 is fully legitimate and must be considered authentic. See my forthcoming article, "The First Published Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony: Collaboration and Authenticity," *19th-Century Music* 20 (1996), pp. 3-26.

A follow-up letter went unanswered. But in 1994, with the mediation of Carol Marunas of Essex Entertainment, a personal friend of Dr. Braunstein, I did successfully reach him by telephone. In the following months we had several fascinating conversations on the telephone. Finally, on 29 April 1995, David Aldeborgh of the Bruckner archive in Poughkeepsie, New York, and I visited Dr. Braunstein at his residence on East 96th Street in Manhattan. In Dr. Braunstein's small apartment, which was crowded with books, scores and recordings, we talked for some two hours about his career as both a performer and a scholar in the Vienna of the 1920s and 1930s, and of course, about Bruckner's music. We found Dr. Braunstein to be remarkably energetic and clear-headed, and to have astonishingly sharp memories of his musical experiences in Vienna. Indeed, he recalled many of the leading Bruckner scholars of the time with real vividness, and showed considerable curiosity about our work. With Dr. Braunstein's permission we taped the conversation; it is transcribed below.⁷

* * *

Ben Korstvedt: You knew Robert Haas quite well didn't you?

Joseph Braunstein: Yes. When he came to Vienna from Dresden he gave up a musical career and then took up an academic career.

B. K.: He had been a conductor in Dresden?

J. B.: He was never a conductor. He was what we call a *Korrepetitor* [i.e., a répétiteur]. He was a *Korrepetitor*; he was a [vocal] coach. And then he took up the academic career: he was first what was called a *Privatdozent* [i.e., a lecturer] and then he acquired a professorship. And it seems to me, that he was always in sympathy with the Nazis. He was, I would say, somewhat active in that movement. His newspaper was the Nazi paper, the *Völkische Beobachter*—it was on his desk in the National Library! It shouldn't have been, because that was actually a step against the government which paid him. But we'll leave that aside for the time being.

Nowak was very modest and didn't have any connection with the government. But Haas was different. Haas immediately showed his sympathy with the Nazi movement, and then, when the Nazis actually came to power, it was his time. But actually, I had a very good personal relationship with him. I could never complain about any strong intentional declaration on his part that he was a friend of the Nazi movement; he avoided that in our personal relationship.

Then after the collapse of the Nazi regime, Haas lost, naturally, his positions, and his successor was Leopold Nowak. Nowak was more on the side of the Catholic party. The Catholics had a very important power in Austria politically. And he was, I believe, in his student years, a member of a Catholic organization. I still believe that he was a *decent* man; that I must say. As I mentioned before, with the collapse

⁷ It has been edited slightly in interests of clarity.

of the Nazi regime, Haas's power came to an end, and Nowak was appointed Director of the Music Division of the National Library. And so he also inherited the Bruckner business; that was a matter of course. And then he started to publish . . . I don't know. I must confess, I have never had a very intense knowledge of his Bruckner publications; maybe you have more than I. After all, that was a time when I had to be concerned about survival! The Bruckner matter became secondary. I had to survive: I was married, and my bride was very ill—multiple sclerosis. So, I had enough problems, and I could not immerse myself in Brucknerian matters. I was more at the fringe.

B. K.: When did you leave Vienna and come to New York?

J. B.: I left Vienna on April 15, 1940. Yes, I lived under Hitler. I had some experiences as far as life under Hitler is concerned. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! The Gestapo came to me—actually in order to go after a sister-in-law. But they also interrogated me a little bit. There was one fellow; he said: "You are writing about music. I cannot understand how a Jew can write about German music." I kept silent, oh yes. I did not say anything. He left. He didn't go after me; he went after my sister-in-law, because my sister-in-law lived with an "opulent" Jew. The Gestapo were after his money. So, I left my country in a boat. It is very hard to describe: I was sad and I was glad.

But as I said before, I had a good personal relationship with Haas and with his assistant, Dr. Schneider. He too had the Nazi paper on his desk! [Striking chair for emphasis.] In spite of the fact that he was an employee of the Austrian government. He [Schneider] was formerly an officer in the Austrian army; he came from Salzburg.

And then I came to New York and all I had to do was to survive. That took some time. Now I can look at that period as an analyzing historian. Ask me what you want to know.

B. K.: You mentioned to me that when Haas was making his edition of the Fifth Symphony, he spoke with you about it.

J.B.: Actually he was somewhat—in a certain sense—an enemy of Schalk. He maintained that Schalk was responsible for . . . [pauses while searching for the right word] manipulating the Brucknerian manuscripts. He [Schalk] had access to them; because as conductor of the State Opera, Schalk had access. When he went to the Nationalbibliothek, the National Library, every door was open. Someone once said, "Schalk is not a musician, not a conductor; he is an Austrian institution!" Yes, that he was! And in that capacity he had enormous power. I remember that when he was conducting the Fifth Symphony, in the newspaper there was some allusion to the idea that he was tampering with the score. A statement was issued by his wife, that he was going to conduct the symphony exactly as it was put down on paper by Bruckner; that was, I should say, the gist of the statement. Actually, Haas convened interested people in the National Library to speak about the tampering with the Brucknerian manuscripts. He said that Bruckner was subjected to sanctions. Do you know about that? [general assent] I heard it; I attended this gathering. The moderator of the gathering, a gentleman who was a very fine man, didn't want the

memory of Löwe and Schalk to be muddied by Haas. And then came Haas with his "Sanktionenstheorie."⁸

B.K.: When I was in Vienna, in the Nationalbibliothek, last year, I saw the papers of Lili Schalk there. And in them are many newspaper articles from that time, in which people debated whether Haas's "Sanktionenstheorie" was true. And it seems that many Viennese felt that it was an unfair accusation.

J.B.: Yes, against Schalk or Löwe. As I say, the moderator—I have forgotten his name, in spite of the fact that when I was in military service he was my commander—didn't want the names of Löwe and Schalk to be muddied by Haas.

Haas was a small man, I mean physically. But nevertheless, he must have been very . . . Hah! [trails off]. . . Now I believe Haas is forgotten, except his books. His books were *good*. One on Mozart, I believe. He knows something, there is no question about it. He was a scholar, actually he was a scholar. But he was also an *Intrigant* [i.e., a schemer]. He combined his scholarship with very unfair, unfair actions. Absolutely. I don't know how he was judged abroad.

David Aldeborgh: Generally speaking, Haas has had a lot of sympathy around the world for his scores. Two people, Doernberg and Redlich, both wrote books which were very critical of Nowak.⁹ They praise Haas as being the one who saved the Bruckner tradition. I don't agree with that conclusion. . .

J.B.: [Interjecting in agreement] No, no, no! I say, Haas had his partisans. Absolutely. I talked with him very often: he was always talking about Schalk, and Schalk, and Schalk.

B. K. I have been studying the history of the Fourth Symphony, and I have concluded that the so-called Löwe/Schalk edition is actually Bruckner's own edition: he revised it and he prepared it for publication.

J. B. Yes, that was one of the symphonies in which, I would say, his signature was on the papers.¹⁰

D. A. Did you ever play under Schalk?

⁸ For a discussion of these events and the debates surrounding them see Korstvedt, *The First Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony: Authorship, Production, and Reception* (Ph.D. diss., University of Pennsylvania, 1995), pp. 99-143.

⁹ Erwin Doernberg, *The Life and Symphonies of Anton Bruckner* (London, 1960; rpt. New York, 1968) and Hans T. Redlich, *Bruckner and Mahler, The Master Musicians* (London, 1955). See also Deryck Cooke's influential, albeit crucially flawed, essay "The Bruckner Problem Simplified," in *Vindication: Essays about Romantic Music* (Cambridge, 1982), pp. 43-71 and his equally problematic article "Anton Bruckner" in *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (London, 1980), vol. 3, pp. 352-71; rpt. in *The New Grove Late Romantic Masters.*, ed. Stanley Sadie (London, 1985), pp. 1-73.

¹⁰ This is not quite accurate: Bruckner did not actually sign the copy of the score used to prepare the printed edition, but he did revise it extensively. He also signed a contract authorizing its publication. For a full accounting of these details see Korstvedt, *The First Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony*, pp. 296-314, and "The First Published Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony," pp. 7-16.

J. B. [quite merrily] Oh, I have played under Schalk in the concert hall and much in the opera. Oh, yes. *Meistersinger*, *Götterdämmerung*, and et cetera. Almost all of Wagner which Schalk conducted. In my time there was a division between Schalk and [Bruno] Walter. Walter conducted *Rheingold* and *Walküre*; Schalk conducted *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*.

D.A.: What instrument did you play?

J.B.: In the orchestra, mostly viola.

D.A.: What did you think of Schalk as a conductor and as a person?

J.B.: [Earnestly] I had the highest regard for him; I had the highest regard for Schalk. I still remember with greatest pleasure when there was a memorial concert for Schalk and when a critic—Robert Konta [?] was his name—said that Schalk was not a conductor but was an Austrian institution. And it was true. He was officially the conductor of the concerts of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and the programs ranged from the *Messiah* up to Bruckner. Sometimes he was invited to conduct at the Court Chapel at Masses, in the Hofkapelle, actually during the Mass—strictly Catholic Mass, naturally. He was invited, so to speak, as a guest conductor to conduct the D Minor Mass of Bruckner.

B.K.: Did his interpretations of Bruckner's symphonies differ from modern day styles?¹¹

J.B.: Most certainly, most certainly. The idea was, I would say, religious—it was religious. I remember, we played mostly from the parts issued by *Breitkopf & Härtel*, and sometimes the bowing was indicated. And he was very critical: "Leipziger Stricharten! [the Leipzig manner of bowing!]" [Laughter]

D.A.: Did you ever play the Fifth Symphony under Schalk, or did you ever hear him do it?

J.B.: Wait a minute, let me see. I heard him do the Fifth Symphony; I was in standing room.

D.A.: Do you remember anything about the tempi? Did he open slowly or rapidly?

J.B.: That was now sixty years ago. What do you want from me?

D.A.: The reason that I ask is that Leon Botstein¹² feels that Bruckner should be played more quickly than we usually hear him.

J.B.: No, I think that the tempi of Schalk's were rather on the slow side. I would call them Bayreuth tempi, Wagnerian tempi, on the slow side. But it was wonderful, for instance, in *Götterdämmerung*, the transformation from night to day in the first act; it was really, really very moving. He also did the little things, he was always intent. . . . I

¹¹ [B.K.] During our first telephone conversation, I asked Dr. Braunstein if he could compare Schalk's Bruckner interpretations to those of any later conductor, whether Karajan, Klemperer or Walter. He answered in his inimitable manner: "Furtwängler! Furtwängler!"

¹² The conductor and scholar who had on 13 January 1995 led the American Symphony Orchestra in a performance of the Schalk edition of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony in Lincoln Center.

have the best recollection of Schalk, as everything: as a conductor in the concert hall, and as an opera conductor!

B.K.: You do not believe Haas's idea that Schalk . . .

J.B.: [Interjecting] No, no. I don't believe that, no.

B.K.: Did you know Alfred Orel?

J.B.: Oh, oh! [Laughs with recognition.] Alfred Orel! That is also an interesting case. Orel was also involved politically; he was employed by the City of Vienna, but nevertheless he was a Nazi. He worked in the *Stadtbibliothek* of the City of Vienna. He was an employee of the city government, and the city government was socialistic [and thus opposed to Nazism].

B.K.: Is it true that he and Haas became enemies?

J.B.: In a certain sense, yes. Orel became critical of Haas's editions, and he tried to make [his point] very diplomatically. He would not come out rabidly, but he showed his opposition very smoothly.

B.K.: Haas did not take kindly to that sort of opposition.

J.B.: No, no. It was interesting, when this all took place they were both coming out of the music institute of Guido Adler. Both were becoming rabidly anti-semitic, and they were students of Guido Adler. [Adler was Jewish.] It was an *impossible* situation, impossible.

D.A.: Who was Guido Adler?

J.B.: Guido Adler was the head of the Austrian musicological school. He was a professor, full professor and had an interesting [life]. He was one of those who attended the first Bayreuth Festival in 1876.

B.K.: You were a student of Guido Adler's also.

J.B.: Yes. Actually, my book on *Leonore* is dedicated to him.¹³ Oh, yes!

D.A.: Did you know Löwe at all? Did you ever have any experience with Ferdinand Löwe?

J.B.: With Löwe, oh yes! I played dozens of times with him, most of the Bruckner symphonies. I remember, at that time in Vienna, the symphony orchestra went to Linz and did a program, naturally, with a Bruckner symphony—ah, [correcting himself] at that time Schalk was conducting.

B.K.: Was Löwe as good a conductor as Schalk?

J.B.: He was different. Löwe was more sedate. Löwe conducted everything: as Concert Director of the Wiener Konzertverein, he had so many subscription concerts a year: he conducted *Concerti Grossi* by Handel and had to go up to Bela Bartók—an enormous work load—enormous work load. He was a nice man, a nice man. I remember a concert in Pressburg and on the train I was sitting very close to him. Interestingly enough, in spite of his strong attachment to Bruckner, Löwe was an excellent interpreter of the Brahms chamber music with piano.

¹³ He refers to his dissertation, which was published as *Beethovens Lenore-Overtüren* (Leipzig, 1927).

B.K.: He was a pianist?

J.B.: Yes! And he was an *excellent* interpreter of Brahms chamber music with piano. After his death, it fell to me to do the eulogy, and I mentioned that. And then I got a letter from Löwe's son, and he was delighted to see that I had a great understanding of his father's interpretation of Brahms.

Löwe, Löwe. . . Actually, [chuckles] in the orchestra, he was spoken of only as "The Ferdinand." You see his first name was Ferdinand; he was only "the Ferdinand." Nobody would have dared to say of Schalk, "The Franz" . . . I am delving into my past today . . .

D.A.: Did you ever know a conductor named F. Charles Adler?

J.B.: Adler? Charles? No.

D.A.: He apparently knew Löwe. He made some recordings of Bruckner: he made the only commercial recording I know of the Löwe edition of the Ninth. He did that with the Vienna Symphony—the Wiener Symphoniker. He also made recordings of the Third Symphony and the First.

J.B.: The name is new to me. Of conductors who were programming Bruckner I knew only Löwe and Schalk. Oh, I remember in the Philharmonic concerts in Vienna, Weingartner conducted the Third Symphony. His tempi were too quick. It must be slow: [sings a bit of the *Gesangsperiode* of the first movement at a properly flowing tempo].

B.K.: Did you ever hear Furtwängler?

J.B.: Hoy! I played X times under Furtwängler, X times under Furtwängler! Let me tell you a story. One day in the morning mail I got a card from the Vienna Symphony Orchestra that I should come immediately to a rehearsal for a subscription concert; that was all. So I came: Fourth Symphony of Schumann. I didn't know who the conductor was. Of course, I had to be concerned first of all with my part. But, after a few measures I thought: "Who is that on the podium? He is extraordinary; who could that be?" I had no idea. The symphony was rehearsed. We had a break, and I went to several members of the orchestra whom I knew: "Who is the conductor?" "Furtwängler."

I played for instance with Furtwängler, Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht!*

B.K.: Under Furtwängler?

J.B.: Yes, ah yes. I remember once—I was not playing, I was only listening—he did a splendid performance of a Haydn Symphony, I've forgotten which one. It was *really* splendid; it went like a mountain stream. I also heard *Tannhäuser* under Furtwängler. So many, many years have passed, that many details cannot be kept in mind. But he was an extraordinary conductor—extraordinary conductor, be it Haydn, be it Brahms, be it Bruckner. Never Mozart! I cannot recall any Mozart under Furtwängler—no.

B.K.: Not even *Don Giovanni*? No operas?

J.B.: No, never. Never, never.

D.A.: Did you ever play under Knappertsbusch?

J.B.: Ja, yes. [Pauses to think.] I may have played under Knappertsbusch in the symphony orchestra. But the details I have

vergessen [forgotten]. He was strictly, I would say, a Wagnerian conductor, Wagnerian tempi. But he knew his business, oh yes, and he was liked by the orchestra because he was not a stickler. He was light on the orchestra—ha, ha—he was not a stickler.

So, what else have you to ask?

D.A.: I would be interested in anything that you could tell us about both Schalk and Löwe, in terms of the type of people they were. You've already indicated that you thought that Schalk was a very fine man, and the same thing about Löwe.

J.B.: Yes, personally they were both very fine men. Schalk was also a chess addict. Oh, yes. I attended the first performance of *Parsifal* in the State Opera—at that time it was already the State Opera. It cost me twelve hours, mostly standing. But I was young. It is said that at the dress rehearsal of *Parsifal* [that due to technical difficulties with the scenery (during the gradual transition from the forest scene to the Grail Hall towards the end of the first act) there were a number of prolonged interruptions, during which Schalk, to pass the time, became engrossed in a chess game from which he had difficulty separating himself, and that he would alternately conduct or return to the chess game as the situation allowed.]¹⁴

D.A.: Would you say the Schalk had an intense personality? His photographs seem to show a great intensity around the eyes.

J.B.: That is true, yes. [Pauses.] It was an intense personality. I have the greatest respect that he was capable of conducting the Fifth Symphony in Graz, with an orchestra in which maybe nobody had heard a tone of Bruckner! [Braunstein refers to the first performance of the work under Schalk in 1894.] He succeeded.

D.A.: Do you have any particular opinion about the editions, the first editions of the Bruckner symphonies, such as the Fifth, such as the Ninth? Do you have any particular feeling about them?

J.B.: The edition of the Ninth Symphony was entrusted to Löwe. I don't know what happened behind the scenes. I believe that he tried to be true to the text as it was written. I don't think that he made any changes. . .

D.A.: What I've read is that when Löwe planned to mount the premiere performance in 1903, during the rehearsals certain things struck his ear that didn't sound right to him. So he was making little changes in the course of the rehearsals. In any case, the types of changes he made are the very same type of changes that were made in the Fourth Symphony. For example, in the first edition of the Fourth Symphony you have a first and second ending on the Scherzo; he did the same sort of thing now for the Ninth. So in other words, I think that he might have felt that he had permission from Bruckner, spiritually, to do the sort of things that Bruckner himself had permitted for the Fourth. That's my theory.

¹⁴ The bracketed portion of the transcription contains the gist of what was said while the tape cassette was flipped from Side A to Side B.

J.B.: I see, the practice of the Fourth was applied to the Ninth. In any case, what you said must point to a very delicate ear. There cannot be substantial changes; it must be little things. The structure was not touched! It was not Löwe's intention to improve Bruckner, no, no, no. He was too sincere a man.

D.A.: My first experience with the so-called "Löwe" Fourth was a concert by the New York Philharmonic conducted by Joseph Krips [on 5 March 1964]. That was the first time that I had heard that edition of the Fourth, and at the beginning I didn't know it was anything different from what I had heard before. But then every once in a while a little something would happen and I would say: "Isn't that a wonderful conductor; he just brought that out so beautifully." Actually these are details that were written into the score of that edition, but I didn't realize that. It wasn't until the chorale in the first movement [mm. 305-32], where the violas play pizzicato instead of arco—that's when I knew it was the Löwe edition. And that was the first time I had heard it. I was so impressed by the beauty of the sound; there was a radiance that pervaded the sound throughout the entire piece. And it impressed me so much. This is when I said to myself, "these first editions deserve a review; they should be reevaluated." They had been nothing but condemned by the critics—by the so-called scholars—up until that point. And I said, "wait a minute, my ears tell me that this is beautiful." That was my reaction.

J.B.: I know what you mean. I don't think that Löwe tampered with the scores. No, no, no. Actually the task which fell to him, to bring out the Ninth Symphony, that is superhuman—that is really almost superhuman. Always, as often as I heard the Ninth Symphony, I was struck by the enormous power, which here in the space of a few measures is brought to real sound. It must have been a tremendous task for Löwe to bring out the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Tremendous.

D.A.: As I mentioned to you, I have a recording of this symphony conducted by F. Charles Adler, with the Wiener Symphoniker. This is a very old recording from about 1952. I will make you a copy of it on cassette and send it to you. I think you might be interested in hearing it—the Löwe edition of that symph. . . .

J.B.: [Interrupting] Listen, I cannot reconcile myself to the expression "Löwe edition."

D.A.: Well he was the editor. That's what I mean by the "Löwe edition." One could simply call it the "first edition."

J.B.: I suppose that Löwe and Schalk got together and decided who was going to do that. Schalk was at that time already a conductor at the Vienna Court Opera. . . . [thinking out loud] So who is going to do that? . . . ah, ah . . . now you see . . . Löwe . . . Löwe . . . Ferdinand . . . [trails off].

B.K.: I hope that we haven't tired you out too much.

J.B.: No, no, some times came back to me that I had almost completely forgotten. In that respect, I am a living monument . . .

. . . a living monument! It sometimes seems that I am living too long!
[laughter]

D.A.: Did you ever hear the name Cyrill Hynais [accenting second syllable]?

J.B.: No.

D.A.: He was one of the early editors of Bruckner. He was a pupil of Bruckner.

J.B.: Who? [D.A. writes name.] Ah! Cyrill *Hynais*! [pronouncing the C of Cyrill as "Ch" and strongly accenting the first syllable of the last name] Cyrill *Hynais*! Oh, yes! He was one of Bruckner's students.

D.A.: Can you tell us anything about him?

J.B.: Actually, he was a conductor at a Viennese Church. Cyrill Hynais, yes. . . . You might find something about him in a [musical] dictionary. [He starts to look through his library.]

D.A.: Was he Austrian?

J.B.: Yes, *Viennese* [with emphasis]. Viennese. Cyrill Hynais, Cyrill Hynais [He continues to search, but without success].

B.K.: Vienna must have been a very wonderful city back in the 1920s and 1930s.

J.B.: No comparison with today. The best thing is not to think about it, and to keep to the memories you have. So, is there anything else you want to know?

B.K.: I don't think so. You have told us many, many fascinating things. It has been a great honor to meet you.

J.B.: Don't exaggerate! I am very grateful that you made the trip. I didn't think I would have had the opportunity to talk of these things with somebody who is well-versed in these matters. As you know, I am a hundred and three.

D.A.: You are doing very well for a hundred and three! You are remarkably clear.

J.B.: My mind is absolutely clear. If necessary, I could still go on the podium and give a lecture, oh yes, about something about which, I would say, I have been an expert.

[After discussing some unusual items in his library, notably his own collected writings, we said goodbye. His parting words to us were, "It was really a most pleasant afternoon."]

* * *

On 10 March 1996, Joseph Braunstein died. This article is dedicated to his memory, in gratitude for his cheerful hospitality and willingness to share with two relative strangers personal memories of what, for Bruckner-lovers at least, are truly historic experiences. We salute his remarkable spirit.

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JACK DIETHER COLLECTION

In 1996 the Music Research Section of the Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts, New York City, started a "Jack Diether Collection" which includes the Diether letters, including correspondence with Alma Mahler Werfel, Joe Wheeler, Dimitri Shostakovich, Theodore Reik, Donald Mitchell and many others, and various writings of Diether, published and unpublished. The collection will be available to scholars and others doing research or interested in the subject matter.

MAHLER'S FINAL ILLNESS*

NICHOLAS P. CHRISTY AND BEVERLY M. CHRISTY

From the Department of Medicine, Roosevelt Hospital, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York, N.Y.

The relation of physical and mental illness to the work of creative artists remains a mystery. Critics and musicologists have tried to trace the connections between the sufferings of composers and what they have written. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg — all have been the subjects of retrospective medical and psychological investigation. In no case have these researches been genuinely productive of insights into the music. Monteverdi, Vivaldi and J. S. Bach (but not Gesualdo) have generally escaped this kind of research, perhaps fortunately, because they are ancient enough so that the external and emotional facts of their lives are not well enough known to provide "data" for the construction of elaborate explanations of how and why they wrote what they did.

Gustav Mahler has been less fortunate. He is sufficiently "contemporary" so that people who knew him, corresponded with him, served as players under him, have all left reminiscences, copious but more or less inaccurate, giving a variegated, confused picture of Mahler as a hypochondriacal, obsessive, difficult man, torn apart by early traumas and crippled by doubts and fears. As de La Grange has pointed out, Mahler's widow has been a major contributor to public misconceptions about him.¹

Mahler's work was initially rejected by critics because it was judged to be undisciplined and morbid. Curiously, the current critical acceptance and great popularity of his music are sometimes also ascribed to his "neuroticism"². The theory is that he was a great composer because he was a great neurotic; that because this is an age of pain, the musical public is in tune with Mahler because he was in such pain himself:

*Revised version of a paper that originally appeared in the *Transactions of the American Clinical and Climatological Association*, 82:200, 1970. The authors acknowledge with thanks the help of many people. For general advice we are grateful to Dr. Sanford Farrer, the late Dr. Arthur I. Hutner, Miss Anna Mahler, Mr. Winthrop Sargeant, Dr. Eugene Schorr, Dr. Barry G. Wood and the staff of the library of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Many items of specific information were obtained from Dr. Louis Bergmann, Mr. Jack Diether, Dr. Edward Reilly, Dr. Gerhart Schwarz, Dr. Laurence Taylor, and Dr. G. Fruewirth of the Austrian Institute in New York City. Particularly valuable were the detailed notes on Mahler's endocarditis communicated to us by Dr. George Baehr.

¹ de La Grange, H.-L. Mahler: a new image. *Saturday Review*, March 29, 1969, p. 47

² Schonberg, H.C. With malice toward Mahler. *New York Times*, March 2, 1969, p. D21

"He's a sufferer who forces man to look into a mirror. He exposes naked nerves"; "Mahler was a high-strung genius who speaks today to a high-strung generation."³ It is true that Mahler suffered a great deal but to claim that he wrote great music because he was greatly afflicted is equivalent to Macaulay's notion that James Boswell was a great author because he was a great busybody.⁴

In this paper we propose that Mahler's much-publicized neuroses have been misinterpreted by early biographers and later theorists and we present a new, precise diagnosis of his terminal cardiac disease never previously defined in medical terms.

All the biographical accounts indicate clearly that Mahler was a robust, vigorous, active man, fond of long walks, mountain-climbing and swimming. In the 1880's and 90's he began to be troubled with two ailments that plagued him much of his life: migraine headaches and hemorrhoids, the latter requiring at least three operations and once causing a near-fatal hemorrhage. (It is noteworthy that the textbook characterization of the migrainous patient fits what we know of Mahler: "anxious, striving, perfectionalistic, order-loving, rigid. . .⁵", traits also compatible with the "normal" behavior of hard-working, successful people.) He was in generally good health until 1907, which was a catastrophic year. His harsh methods had created powerful enemies at the Vienna Opera and at Court. This, together with a virulent anti-Semitic campaign, was enough to oust him from the Opera Directorship. In July of that year, his elder daughter, Maria Anna died at age 5. In the same month a casual physical examination of Mahler by a general practitioner, a Dr. Blumenthal, disclosed valvular heart disease, a diagnosis later confirmed by cardiologists according to a letter from Mahler to his wife (September 30, 1907):

³"The man who speaks to a high-strung generation". *Time*, June 23, 1967

⁴It should have been clear even to the earliest critics that Mahler was a forceful and unique personality in order to have coped efficiently with practical affairs, to have succeeded notably as a practicing musician and theatre director, and to have attracted as his enthusiastic admirers such people as Thomas Mann, Anton Webern, Gerhart Hauptmann, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, Ferruccio Busoni, Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, Willem Mengelberg and Otto Klemperer. Mann had almost unlimited admiration for Mahler. In a letter to the composer written in 1909, after the first performance of the Eighth Symphony, Mann characterized Mahler as ". . . the man who. . . expresses the art of our time in its profoundest and most sacred form". In another letter (*Briefe*, 1889-1936, vol. 1, ed. Erika Mann, Frankfurt-am-Main, S. Fischer Verlag, 1962 p. 184) Mann described the powerful effect the news of Mahler's death had had on the genesis of *Death in Venice*. In Mann's novel, *Doktor Faustus* (1948), the hero, Adrian Leverkühn is a composite of many real (Schumann, Mahler, Arnold Schoenberg, Nietzsche) and imaginary people; there are several resemblances to Mahler's life and work. Leverkühn's teacher was an organist and polyphonist; Mahler was an informal pupil of Bruckner. Leverkühn wrote 13 songs to words by Brentano; Mahler wrote several songs to folk-poems collected and revised by von Arnim and Brentano (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*). Leverkühn's early style was a "travesty of innocence"; Mahler's work is often characterized by deliberate naïveté. Both wrote vast orchestral-choral works on universal and religious themes. Leverkühn lost a nephew, Mahler a daughter.

⁵Beeson, P. B. and McDermott, W. (eds). *Cecil-Loeb Textbook of Medicine*, 12th edition, Philadelphia, Saunders, 1967, p. 1477

"Dr. Hamperl. . .⁶ found a *slight* valvular defect, which is entirely compensated and he makes nothing of the whole affair. He tells me I can certainly carry on my work just as I did before and in general lead a normal life, apart from avoiding overfatigue".⁷ According to Mrs. Mahler's biography, however, a Dr. Kovacs "confirmed the verdict. . . [but] forbade him to walk uphill, bicycle or swim; indeed he was so blind as to order a course of training to teach him to walk at all; first, it was to be five minutes then ten and so on until he was used to walking; and this for a man. . . accustomed to violent exercise! And Mahler did as he was told. Watch in hand, he accustomed himself to walking—and forgot the life he had lived up to that fatal hour."⁸ Mrs. Mahler says further that in that winter, "Mahler was so shattered by the verdict on his heart that he spent the greater part of the day in bed. . . he got up only for rehearsals or for the performance. . . if he was conducting".⁹ And again, to confirm the suspicion that Mahler was made unduly "heart-conscious" by his doctors: ". . . we avoided strenuous walks owing to the ever-present anxiety about his heart. Once we knew he had valvular disease. . . we were afraid of everything. He was always stopping on a walk to feel his own pulse; and often asked me. . . to listen to his heart to see whether the beat was clear, or rapid, or calm. I had been alarmed for years by the creaking sound his heart made—it was particularly loud at the second beat—and I had always known that it must be diseased. . . he had a pedometer in his pocket. His steps and pulsebeats were numbered and his life [was] a torment."¹⁰

The picture painted by Alma Mahler is not in harmony with the vigorous conducting and composing activities of his remaining years, 1908-1911, when, in order to earn enough money to support his family and retire exclusively to composing, he came to New York City to conduct a part of the Metropolitan Opera season and to lead the Philharmonic Society orchestra. The story is told that after rehearsals and performances in New York he was bundled up and taken off home like an invalid. Yet he had enough energy to work hard at composition. He completed the orchestration of the *Eighth Symphony* in the disastrous summer of 1907, wrote *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Ninth Symphony*, both immensely complex scores, in 1908 and 1909; sketched the 5-movement *Tenth* in 1910; and thoroughly revised the *Fourth* and *Fifth Symphonies* in 1910-11. He also kept busy conducting; he led the first performances of the *Eighth Symphony* in Munich

⁶Dr. Louis L. Bergmann, late Professor of Anatomy at New York Medical College and a native of Vienna, recalls that Hamperl, who lived near the Mahlers in Heiligenstadt, was extraordinarily kind and an "uncanny diagnostician". A beloved local figure, he died in 1918 or 1919; his funeral procession was two kilometers long. By the standards of today, only Hamperl gave Mahler correct medical advice.

⁷Mahler, A. *Gustav Mahler: Memories and letters* (transl. B. Creighton), New York, Viking, 1946

⁸Ibid, p. 110

⁹Ibid, p. 124

¹⁰Ibid, p. 129

on September 12 and 13, 1909, and had then and there his only unqualified popular success as a composer—the work was received with ovations. In America, he conducted 46 concerts in several cities in the winter of 1909-10, and in his last winter, 1910-11, completed 48 of his 65 scheduled performances. This record of achievement and activity is less in keeping with the biographer Specht's statement that "*Er war ein arger Hypochonder*"—"he was an utter hypochondriac" for whom "to be sick was frightful" and is more in tune with Mahler's own often-repeated joke, "*Krankheit ist Talentlosigkeit*"—"sickness is a lack of talent,"¹¹ and with the stoicism of his conversations with Bruno Walter: "Now he spoke of the serious consequences of the discovery of his illness and of the revolutionary change in his life and work which would result from the precautions he would have to take. . . he had now to restrict all bodily movement as much as possible which entailed not only a heavy sacrifice, but anxiety about his work. . . the tone of our talk was unsentimental and realistic. . . I shall", he said, 'soon get used to it'¹². The photographs of Mahler about this time show him worn, but he does not appear beaten.

Rich as they were in accomplishment, the record of Mahler's last years is bleak. Bearing the news of his presumably fatal cardiac lesion with anxious fortitude, he worked hard through the summer of 1910, when there occurred a crisis in his marriage. The story has been told many times, by Alma Mahler herself,⁷ by the psychoanalyst Theodor Reik,¹³ by Ernest Jones in his life of Freud,¹⁴ and most recently by Henry-Louis de La Grange¹. Briefly, Mrs. Mahler adored the image of her husband as a great man ("You are married to an abstraction", friends told her) but resented the fact that his work took precedence over her¹. Mahler felt guilty about this, already feeling guilty about having married a much younger woman, and although he was domineering in his home, he was more solicitous of Alma's welfare than he has been given credit for¹. When Mahler discovered Alma's liaison with the young architect, Walter Gropius, he not only feared the loss of her, but became deeply concerned about his own emotional state, and sought the advice of Sigmund Freud, with whom he had a one-day "analytic" session in Leiden. From this single interview and Freud's brief account of it has emerged the standard psychological view of Mahler as suffering from a mother-fixation, a "Holy Mary Complex", and an obsessional neurosis¹³. We cannot know now whether this view is correct or not, but Mahler's distress of 1910 seems quite adequately provoked on a reality level when we consider that he was 50, that he lived with the assumption that he had a poten-

¹¹ Specht, R. *Gustav Mahler*, Berlin, Schuster and Loeffler, 1918, p. 53

¹² Walter, B. *Gustav Mahler*. New York, A. A. Knopf, 1968 (first published in America, 1941), p. 61

¹³ Reik, T. *The Haunting Melody: Psychoanalytic Experiences in Life and Music*, New York, Grove Press, 1962 (first published in 1953)

¹⁴ Jones, E. *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, vol. 2, New York, Basic Books, 1953-1955, p. 79

tially fatal heart disease, had lost his honorific post at the Vienna Opera, had lost his elder child, and now had discovered that he was, perhaps, about to lose his wife. This accumulation of disasters rather than failing physical or mental health sufficiently explains why he never finished the *Tenth Symphony*.

The most probable diagnosis of Mahler's cardiac ailment is rheumatic heart disease with superimposed subacute bacterial endocarditis. The evidence is this (see Table 1). Mahler's mother and perhaps siblings had "heart disease", not further defined. Rheumatic heart disease sometimes runs in families. Mahler is said by at least two biographers to have had St. Vitus' dance (a manifestation of active rheumatic fever) in childhood. He had had many bouts of pharyngitis throughout life, some with visible tonsillar exudate. There were two bouts of sudden weakness and "heart consciousness" that might have been arrhythmia; the dates are uncertain. A heart murmur, said to denote a "compensated slight valvular defect" was discovered when he was 47. The fact that it was virtually asymptomatic before that is entirely consistent with rheumatic valvular disease.

The alleged angina (pain in the chest) is rather uncommonly associated with certain special forms of rheumatic valvular disease. This "angina" may have been misinterpreted in the English-speaking world as "angina pectoris", the cardinal symptom, chest pain, of coronary artery disease, when, in fact, the original references to Mahler's illnesses meant simply "pharyngitis" or sore throat. Mahler was known to have had several bouts of pharyngitis or tonsillitis, one or more shortly before his incapacitation of February, 1911. German speaking physicians generally mean "pharyngitis" when they use the term, "angina". (See, for example, the several forms of "Angina" listed under the heading "Diseases of the Pharynx and palatal tonsils" in the table of contents of Brugsch, T., *Lehrbuch der inneren Medizin*, Vol 2, Berlin-Vienna, Urban and Schwarzenberg, 1932.)

A possible example of such a misinterpretation is found in Paul Stefan's biography (*Gustav Mahler, eine Studie über Persönlichkeit und Werke*, 4th edition, Munich, Piper, 1912), as translated by T. E. Clark (New York, G. Schirmer, 1913): "his old heart disorder reappeared. . . then came another attack of angina. . . ill with fever he conducted on February 21. . . then broke down. . .". Fever is not associated with angina in the sense of "angina pectoris". Far more likely, he had a bout of pharyngitis and either a reactivation of rheumatic fever or the onset of bacterial endocarditis, both febrile illnesses.

The evidence for endocarditis is presented in non-technical terms in Alma Mahler's biography.⁷ The authors are able to give here an accurate technical recital of this evidence based on the detailed recollections of Dr. George Baehr, formerly Chief of Medicine at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City, who was in 1911 Fellow in Pathology and Bacteriology in Libman's laboratory. Dr. Baehr's vivid account follows:

"Some time in February, 1911, Dr. Emanuel Libman was called in consultation by Mahler's personal physician, Dr. Fraenkel, to see the famous composer and director. Apparently Dr. Fraenkel had suspected that Mahler's prolonged fever and physical debility might be due to subacute bacterial endocarditis and therefore called Libman, Chief of the First Medical Service and Associate Director of Laboratories at the Mt. Sinai Hospital, in consultation. Libman was at that time the outstanding authority on the disease. At the time of the consultation, the Mahlers were occupying a suite of rooms at the old Savoy Plaza (or it may have been the Plaza) at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street overlooking Central Park. Libman confirmed the diagnosis clinically by finding a loud systolic-presystolic murmur over the precordium characteristic of chronic rheumatic mitral disease, a history of prolonged low grade fever, a palpable spleen, characteristic petechiae on the conjunctivae and skin and slight clubbing of fingers. To confirm the diagnosis bacteriologically, Libman telephoned me to join him at the hotel and bring the paraphernalia and culture media required for blood culture.

"On arrival I withdrew 20 c.cm. of blood from an arm vein with syringe and needle, squirting part of it into several bouillon flasks and mixed the remainder with melted agar media which I then poured into sterile Petri dishes. After 4 or 5 days of incubation in the hospital laboratory, the Petri plates revealed numerous bacterial colonies and all the bouillon flasks were found to show a pure culture of the same organism which was subsequently identified as *streptococcus viridans*.

"As this was long before the days of antibiotics, the bacterial findings sealed Mahler's doom. He insisted on being told the truth and then expressed a wish to die in Vienna. Accordingly, he and his wife left shortly thereafter for Paris where the diagnosis and prognosis were reconfirmed, and then proceeded to Vienna"¹⁵.

There he died on May 18, 1911.

Mahler's death has been seriously attributed, at least indirectly, to psychosomatic causes¹⁶⁻¹⁸. We do not believe such attributions are medically valid.

Diether¹⁶ like Stefan and others, falls into the natural error of interpreting Mahler's "angina" as "angina pectoris" (see above). He says ". . . in 1907, the disclosure of his own heart condition (angina pectoris) put the conflict on a different plane. . . " The "heart condition" was not "angina pectoris" but rheumatic valvular disease. Later Diether refers to the well-known capacity of emotional upsets to trigger attacks of angina pectoris: "Again we read concerning his heart disease: 'Any emotion may bring on an attack, but especially anger, grief or worry'", etc. But we contend that angina pectoris is not the disease Mahler had, so that Diether's further statements are not applicable: "This very heart condition, a functional disease, was possibly psychosomatically induced as a final means of escape from the unbearable. . . dilemma"; and "the final

¹⁵ Baehr, G. Personal communication to the authors: Letter dated November 17, 1970

¹⁶ Diether, J. Mahler and Psychoanalysis. *Psychoanal Rev.* 45:3, 1958-1959

¹⁷ Mooney, W.E. Gustav Mahler, a note on life and death in music. *Psychoanalyt Quart.* 37:80, 1968

¹⁸ Still, R. Gustav Mahler and Psychoanalysis. *American Imago* 17:217, 1960

illness was of course not an attack of angina, but a streptococcus infection induced by the functional condition of which the angina was one aspect". There is no recognized connection between emotional disturbances and exacerbation of rheumatic heart disease or its complications.

In an attempt to define the effect of Mahler's awareness of his cardiac ailment upon his psyche, the psychiatrist, Mooney¹⁷, says: "the diagnosis of serious heart disease was the beginning of the end for Mahler. It brought into consciousness his life-long fear of death. . .the fantasy of invulnerability. . . was destroyed. Mahler never recovered from this narcissistic injury—it led slowly, but directly, to his death"¹⁷. But we have already seen how much work, both composing and conducting, Mahler was able to accomplish after being told of his valvular disease, and even after his physicians had made him over-concerned about it. It is hard to see how Mahler's attitudes toward illness, or how partly hypothetical emotional sufferings would favor, or indeed would affect in any way, his chances of acquiring a streptococcal infection.

Finally, the musicologist, Still¹⁸ paraphrases Alma Mahler as follows: ". . . although officially he died of a 'streptococcal infection', Professor Chvostek. . .gave it as his opinion that if Mahler had survived, his whole nervous system would have collapsed, and that the rest of his life would have been spent in a wheelchair. Thus it would seem that he was psychologically consumed from within"¹⁸. First, in 1911, almost nobody recovered from the disease Mahler had, bacterial endocarditis. The disease had a virtually 100% mortality, so that the question of "survival" does not arise. Second, one cannot tell from Alma Mahler's account whether Chvostek's gloomy prognosis was meant to refer to Mahler's physical or psychological condition. The endocarditis, predictably, incapacitated Mahler, but there is certainly no evidence that either his rheumatic valvular disease or his awareness of it had any deleterious effect on his creativity¹⁹⁻²².

This analysis of psychological studies¹⁶⁻¹⁸ on Mahler's last years and the evidence given in the present study force the conclusion that Mahler's death was owing entirely to organic causes.

This paper has attempted to define accurately Mahler's cardiac disease and to suggest that many earlier writers have tended to over-

¹⁹ Mitchell, D., Gustav Mahler: prospect and retrospect. *Chord and Discord*. 2 (10) :138, 1963: "It is clear from. . . the sketches of the finale of the Tenth Symphony that the work was by no means Mahler's last word. Far from giving, or cracking up, we have every reason to suppose that he would have launched out on yet another project"

²⁰ Mitchell, D. Some notes on Mahler's Tenth Symphony, *The Musical Times*. 96:656, 1955

²¹ Cooke, D. The facts concerning Mahler's Tenth Symphony, *Chord and Discord*. 2 (10) :3, 1963

²² Roy, K. G. The creative process and Mahler's Tenth Symphony, *Chord and Discord*. 2 (8) :17, 1968.

emphasize its effect upon his work, as well as his "neuroses". Attempts to explain various aspects of Mahler's music on the basis of the existing fragmentary evidence we have concerning his medical and psychological difficulties are harmless exercises, but the conclusions drawn are bound to be inaccurate because the evidence is necessarily incomplete. As with other creative artists, how Mahler translated his experience into what he wrote continues to be the elusive thing²³.

TABLE 1

*Evidence for Rheumatic Heart Disease with Superimposed
Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis*

Mother and possibly siblings had "heart disease"
 "St. Vitus' dance" in childhood
 Frequent sore throats in childhood and as an adult
 Findings of heart murmur at age 47 (1907) and "loud second
 sound"
 "Angina" 1908-1911
 Streptococcal bacteremia found twice, New York City and Paris,
 February-April, 1911
 Intermittent fevers, February-May, 1911
 Pallor (anemia), weakness, March-May 1911
 Arthritis, uremia (?embolic phenomena), "pneumonia" (or heart
 failure); died May 18, 1911

²³ Christy, N. P. and B. M. Christy. Letter: "Arguing Mahler". *New York Times*, Section 2, p. 14, May 6, 1973.

THE DIAGNOSIS—TERMINAL BUT NOT FINAL: A COMMENTARY ON THE CHRISTYS' PAPER

STUART FEDER, M.D.

With the publication of Dr. Nicholas and Mrs. Beverly Christys' scholarly and medically well-documented papers on Mahler's final illness there can be little doubt that the final clinical diagnosis was Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis and no doubt at all that the bacterial pathogen responsible was *Streptococcus Viridans*. While one could quibble with certain of the data (for example, the question of whether Mahler indeed suffered from rheumatic chorea as a child or whether his apparent St. Vitus' dance had quite different origins) the medical evidence marshalled by the authors support their scientific conclusions to a degree that makes their contribution a significant one in that special corner of medico-historical study—the mortal ills of the artist.

Such painstaking work may readily seduce one to extend what would be a justified respect for highly technical medical expertise into the fields of musicology, aesthetics and that branch of psychology which concerns itself with the mental life of the creative individual. Certainly, it would hold out promise for guidance through the borderland of psychosomatic medicine. Therefore, when it is suggested that psychosomatic factors are beside the point in considering the terminal illness of Mahler, one may be inclined to uncritically respect the opinion of writers of so authoritative a presentation.

Presumably, had an autopsy been performed on Mahler's body, it would have revealed the characteristic sclerosed heart valves of chronic rheumatic heart disease upon which was superimposed the clumping of bacteria and consequent inflammatory reaction diagnostic of bacterial endocarditis. (Here, again, the medical quibbler might cite cases originally described by the very consultant called in by Alma's Dr. Fraenkel, Dr. Emanuel Libman, in which despite a characteristic clinical picture, the confirming pathological evidence is lacking, frustrating definitive diagnosis. However, such cases were rare enough at the time to be medical curiosities.) The Christys then invite us to consider that this is the *whole* story of Mahler's death—that emotional factors would not exert an influence on either clinical course or final outcome in any significant way, and conversely, that the entire pathological process could exert no influence upon the mental processes of the man or upon the content of his mind in any but a very general way.

What would the *psychological* equivalent of an autopsy reveal—a study of the terminal phase of Mahler's life? With specific reference to the Christys' paper, how would the documented medical facts appear within this context? Weisman and Kastenbaum (1968), who have described the use of such a psychological assessment state:

...the somatic autopsy does not answer all the questions. Autopsies do not always disclose the cause of death, nor do they invariably demonstrate why patients die when they do. What people die *with* is not the same as what people die *from*... Furthermore, what prompts a person to become ill, enter the preterminal phase, and die at a particular time and in a particular way cannot always be ascribed entirely to a disease process. The final illness is a psychosocial as well as a medical event, in the same way that the person's complete biography is something more than the sum total of medical and nursing notes made during his lifetime.

Such an approach beckons us to draw back our gaze from its narrow focus on the laboratory petri dishes in which volcanoes of streptococci are visible to the naked eye, and to take in a broader panorama. Such a view would include Mahler's life's experiences with fatal disease and with death itself. It would also include his characteristic mode of coping with the fact, the threat and the imminence of death throughout his lifetime and in particular during the pre-terminal state. Among the specific questions Dr. Christy's paper might raise would be whether there is any evidence that Mahler's mental state could have affected the precipitation of his terminal illness, its duration or the timing of his death. Such a viewpoint would also permit us to consider the quality of Mahler's death. Was it, to use Weisman's term an "appropriate death"? He defines this as "one in which there is a reduction of conflict, compatibility with the ego ideal, continuity of significant relationships and the consummation of prevailing wishes. In short, an appropriate death is one which a person might choose for himself had he an option. It is not merely conclusive, it is consummatory." Or, failing to achieve this admittedly ideal state, did he die in conflict, guilt, panic and isolation?

Before a consideration of the details of Mahler dying, a word about data would be appropriate since the data appropriate to such a study as the above are so considerably different in method and content from that which permits the establishment of the bacterial pathogen. If one is considering the emotional state of the dying person, one cannot dismiss any content of his mental life. In Mahler's case, it would not suffice to include the usual materials of biography, such as personal accounts and letters, and to leave out his own most characteristic mode of conceptualizing and realizing that which was in his mind—namely the form of thought we know as music. Its appropriate interpretation is, of course, a major one but basically a technical one. The music is as much a part of the psychological record as the laboratory reports are of the pathological. During the period under consideration Mahler composed *Das Lied Von Der Erde* (1907-1908), his Ninth Symphony (1909-1910) and the near-completed sketches for the Tenth Symphony (1910). Our inquiry into the more immediate antecedents will take us back to 1901. This is the time of the Fifth Symphony, but more relevant to our topic, the *Kindertotenlieder*. The first of these songs were written in the summer of 1901, a few months before he first set eyes on Alma and only a short time after his first terrifying experience of being tapped on the shoulder by Death. These are some of the data which will be considered in the companion article to this commentary, *Mahler, Dying*.

The Christys' description of Mahler's character, which their study soon plunges us into, attempts to establish the authentic Mahler as a robust, vigorous, active man, fond of physical exercise, etc. Its aim appears to be to set the stage for a man "in generally good health" to be struck down in his strength by a bacterial disease which ultimately killed him. Character features which must be considered to be neurotic are felt to be distortions of what "biographical accounts indicate clearly." In fact, biographical accounts do indeed reveal this robust side. At the same time, they reveal equally clearly an anxious, phobic, depressed and hypochondriacal side. Similarly, while they bring to light features of generosity, love and high standards, they disclose at the same time narcissistic preoccupation, intense rage and, at times, frank cruelty. In short, Mahler was an extraordinarily complex person by any standard, which is one of the reasons we all find him so interesting and are writing about him in the first place!

The mysteries of such a person do not yield to simple explanation. The authors, however, treat his terminal illness as if it were an affair between bacteria and cardiac muscle. Yet this particular disease happened to have been contracted by a particular complicated person and we may glimpse the intricate interaction between person and disease at any point in time. At very least strong psychological reactions may ensue after a disease sets in, those of fear and anxiety tinged by past experiences and with past conflicts. Questions commonly asked are, "Why me; why now?" and fantasy rushes in with the answers. An even more interesting although elusive aspect of this relationship between physical disease and psychological state is the question of predisposition to illness. While it is well-documented that physical host factors play a role in the eventuation of illness, the *evidence* for such psychological host factors has been in the past anecdotal and only recently rigorously studied. A third way in which disease and host psychological factors may interact is in the determination of the course of disease—the course of development, fulmination, exacerbation and remission; and perhaps in the timing of recovery or even death itself. Perhaps these considerations are omitted by the authors because the *evidence* for them both in general and in Mahler's case is not of the same order as the evidence they do cite. While this is true, in their paper the authors appear to extend the evidence that he died of subacute bacterial endocarditis to the conclusion that therefore, we don't have to bother ourselves at all with his psyche!

With regard to Mahler's general health, it is unlikely that if a medical history were taken from Mahler even at age 35, he would have considered himself to be in good health. To begin with, as noted, he had two chronic diseases, migraine and hemorrhoids which are ordinarily disabling to a greater or lesser degree. For example, it is difficult for a man suffering from hemorrhoids to consider himself to be in good health because of periodic pain and bleeding, which are regularly aggravated physiologically. While a physician may tend to consider this a minor problem, certainly not a problem of life-threatening proportions, the patient usually does not. Certainly not when, as was the case with Mahler, a life threatening episode did in fact occur. This

happened in 1901, at which time he had a hemorrhage which his surgeon told him involved a terrible risk. A week later he was operated on by the famous Hohenegg. It is rare for a patient to exsanguinate from this condition but possible with neglect, even though effective surgery had been developed by the turn of the century. More significant however was Mahler's firm belief that he could have died. He communicated this to those close to him and, as we shall see later, this episode was to have an enduring effect on his subsequent life. There had been another scrape with death earlier in 1894 when at the age of 34 he was stricken with cholera. His sister Justine came to nurse him and was so alarmed at his condition and what she believed to be the imminence of his death, that she ate from the same spoon in a sisterly *Liebestod*. Among the many psychological vectors that went into the shaping of his musical thought of that time, this experience was among those which led him to modify his concepts of "brotherhood" in the direction of "resurrection" in the working out of the Finale of the Second Symphony. (Feder, 1990)

Everyday life was filled with complaints that we would now term "functional"—medical problems for which there is no detectable physical cause at the moment and therefore presumed to be psychophysiological. These included various gastrointestinal disturbances, occasional vertigo and periodic fatigue. While the latter might possibly have resulted from blood loss, it more likely draws our attention to a common somatic concomittant to the chronic depression to which Mahler was prone. He experienced this in various shadings ranging from the "Sehnsucht" he occasionally wrote of to friends, a strongly nostalgic sadness, all the way to work-inhibiting despair. Then, of course, there were the migraines which could strike at any moment and indeed often did at unpropitious times.

That Mahler himself did not feel he was in good health is also supported by the various diets and regimens he undertook from time to time as well as occasional visits to Ischl to take the waters. Finally, in addition to the depression noted above and its sequellae, there were, of course, several symptoms of a frankly psychological nature which cannot lightly be passed off. Although at times he suffered from disabling attacks of anxiety which would usually occur while he composed in his usual isolation and send him fleeing from it, more often overt anxiety was circumvented, making its appearance in another symptom. The one that was most important and most constant throughout his adult life was a thanatophobia about which we will have more to say later. This review should perhaps be wound up with an account of the psychological symptom which brought him to Freud, but the delicacy of existing accounts makes definitive diagnosis impossible. There were probably elements of impotence, depression and anxiety.

That Mahler was able to be so productive in time of illness tells us more about his character than it tells us about his health. The authors of the *Final Illness* return repeatedly to the point that his "record of achievement" is not in keeping with the picture of a man beset by illness, real or imagined. I would suggest the opposite. It was precisely

in response to illness and threatening death, in fact, in the very mastery and denial, that Mahler was so driven to produce. Keeping in mind his double professional life of conductor and composer, this is more cogently seen in the latter. Mahler's comment, "Krankheit ist Talentlosigkeit", which is cited, is a good epithetical summary of a function of his creative life and is perhaps best understood by its reverse form: The exercise of talent is health-giving, life-giving, death-vanquishing. His correspondance frequently reveals his fantasy of creativity in composition being related to birth.

A related function of composition touches on a frequent feature of the classical migraineous character, if there can indeed be said to be one, namely chronic states of rage. I have discussed elsewhere Mahler's proclivity, even knack of binding his frequently experienced anger in musical conception. Thus for Mahler, to be creative was the opposite, in denial, of any feared tendency to be destructive. Moreover, in some magical way, creativity might ward off destruction, illness, threat to body integrity, and the harbingers of death were linked to this feared destructive force. Thus Mahler's achievements in the face of illness make a certain sense, but it is not "common sense".

The "theory" cited, that "he was a great composer because he was a great neurotic" is quoted from an anonymous journalist in *Time* magazine, is in its context, a straw-man. Nevertheless, there may well be common sources in the psyche of both neurosis and creativity. This is not to say that these elements in common are all there was to Mahler's creativity. This would be too polar a statement going beyond what we know and more important, lacking in respect for what we as yet do not know. In any event there are undoubtedly multiple stages of creativity.

Against the background of either-or statements, it is difficult to follow the mutual modification of emotional and physical factors. The authors hew closely to traditional medical thinking in seeking a definitive diagnosis. According to the law of parsimony, one seeks to single out the most likely diagnosis, which is exactly what Dr. Christy does. Likewise, according to the method of differential diagnosis, he attempts to rule out other possible causes. Thus emotional factors are "ruled out" on the basis of shaky evidence (Still, Mooney, Diether), or error in medical interpretation (Diether). Another factor leading to the weeding out of the emotional is lack of confirmation in the literature: ("There is no recognised connection between emotional disturbance and exacerbation of rheumatic heart disease or its complications."). However, in ruling this out Dr. Christy substitutes common sense for any particular expertise in this area ("...Mahler's distress of 1910 seems quite adequately provoked on a reality level"). His answer then to those who say, "there is more to it" is simply, "there isn't"!

The error of the understanding of the term "angina" is presented with all the force of a cannon levelled against a poacher when actually any medical dictionary would set the record straight. While it is straightforward to point out the error, it does not mean Diether is all wrong. One of the things that draws scholars with psychological interest to Mahler is that Mahler specifically invites it. He lets us know

biographically that there are connections in his awareness between his inner and outer life and his music, something many sense from the music itself in any event. While what the Christy's say about the "recognized connection" between emotional states and the particular illness is absolutely correct, it is *too* absolutely correct, i.e., the statement is put too literally interpreted for our current state of knowledge. It is certainly known that emotional factors do modify both normal physiology and physical illness. Even more specifically, there is growing evidence that individuals are increasingly prone to disease when in particular emotional states. Briefly, these are helpless, hopeless states related to loss. On the other hand there is much that is generally unknown, much less applicable to an individual, and some psychological writers have invited criticism by drawing conclusions too specific for the available psychological evidence, method and biographical material.

Incidentally, Freud did not fall into this error, and the so-called, "standard psychological view of Mahler" cited as stemming from him is a distortion fostered by quoting from work to work. Freud specifically narrowed the scope of his interpretation saying, "It was as if one would dig a *single shaft* through a mysterious building". He was quite careful to avoid *pars-pro-toto* thinking.

A few other details of the paper merit comment. The summary of evidence (Table 1) lists St. Vitus dance in childhood. While there is little firm evidence for it, there is considerable evidence that Mahler had a gait disturbance as an *adult* and rheumatic chorea, St. Vitus's dance characteristically runs its course earlier. This gait disturbance, almost always commented upon in descriptions, has intrigued many the more so since his mother also had an abnormality, being lame in one leg. I cite this as well as the history of heart disease and history of frequent sore throats because they are part of the family history as well, which may not only ultimately affect *physical* health but at the same time modify attitudes and feelings toward illness. Mahler's "heart consciousness" is mentioned and his doctors are held responsible. But Mahler was only too aware of the heart disease in his family; it had claimed both father and mother when he was 29, and earlier, an infant brother, Alfred and his most beloved brother Ernst, when Mahler was 14 years old. These were factors which were to affect his attitude toward his own illness and lend specificity and immediacy to his fear of death.

It would indeed be interesting, if Dr. Christy is correct that the rheumatic heart disease was diagnosed in 1907, because it would throw light on the very connections he is seeking, lending credence to the effect of an arduous year events on the clinical emergence of a physical illness which was long in developing. That year saw increasing aggravation at the Opera, the illness of both children and an operation for Alma and finally, the death of his most beloved child in July 1907. However, it seems likely from several sources that Mahler was well aware of the rheumatic problem earlier. Alma is quoted to this effect, ("I had been alarmed for years by the creaking sound his heart made.") and two letters which are possibly misdated would also

tend to support this if dates are accurate. More likely, Mahler *psychologically* dated the beginning of the end to his elder daughter's death, and this very term (cited as being from Mooney) was the exact term Alma used. While it is true that there are often errors in her writing on Mahler, quite often they tend to be in direction of Mahler's own distortions dictated by his fantasies and beliefs.

However, it is just such details that are waved away with the Christys' ruling out psychological factors, substituting common sense for psychological investigation and winding the whole affair up with how the inadequacy of the latter "force the conclusion that Mahler's death was owing *entirely* to organic causes." Yet an interesting direction is suggested by the admission, "It is hard to see how Mahler's attitudes toward illness, or how partly hypothetical emotional sufferings would favor, or indeed would affect in any way his chance of acquiring a streptococcal infection." I am in full agreement as it *is* indeed hard to see. But let us attempt to approach this difficult and interesting question in the context of Mahler's last years of life.

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MAHLER, DYING

STUART FEDER, M.D.

George Engel, a medical educator and psychoanalyst, once had occasion to review the scientific papers of his uncle, Dr. Emanuel Libman (1872-1926), the eminent physician and bacteriologist, and noted that case histories prior to 1899 often began with references to life settings associated with the illness and presumably felt to be associated with its development. Such observations, usually psychological in nature, yielded to the fascination with new scientific methods around the turn of the century, particularly those in bacteriology. After 1900 such clinical psychological observations tended to be omitted. Indeed a backlash was observed, which is in part understandable for a lack of a comparable scientific framework within which such observations could be integrated. By an extraordinary coincidence, it was this very Dr. Libman who was called in consultation by Dr. Frankel, Mahler's physician, to see Mahler in February of 1911. He sent his assistant at the time, Dr. George Baehr, later Professor Emeritus at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, to draw the blood which revealed the fatal diagnosis. It is to Dr. Christy's credit that he tracked down Dr. Baehr, who provided the most interesting letter which is quoted. Alma, too, gives an account of the event, although she is mistaken in the hospital affiliation of the resident in question.

In a recent interview, Dr. Baehr presented the case history as he recalled receiving it from Dr. Libman as part of the normal exchange of medical information. True to the nineteenth century medical heritage of both, it starts with a statement of the relevant antecedent life events and psychological state of the patient.

Dr. Baehr: As I understood the history from (Dr.) Libman, Mahler had lost a daughter from scarlet (fever), a streptococcus infection of the more acute type. As I understood the history of the case I got from Libman, he became very depressed and rightly or wrongly, that made me believe that his depressive states were due to the memory of this daughter. I also learned that he had been told by his doctor long ago he'd had a heart lesion and that he must not tax it and get rest. So that I didn't know to what degree his depressive states were involved.

There is no question that Mahler died as result of subacute bacterial endocarditis superimposed upon a chronic rheumatic heart problem. My purpose in this section is to spell out and to amplify modifying and contributory psychological factors, the very ones the nineteenth century physicians were so attuned to. While this intuitive clinical sense did not disappear from medical practise, it was displaced in medical writing by more "scientific" evidence and scholarly style. However, a growing body of knowledge from the fields of psychiatry, psychoanalysis and epidemiology make it now possible for us to examine these contributory factors more closely. At the same time there is more biographical data available which enables us to begin to understand what all of this has to do with the life of a man who was a creative genius, how he lived his final years, and how he died.

The year 1907 was the turning point in Mahler's life: it marked the beginning of the end in both his physical health and psychological equilibrium. The spectre of death, ever latent, and his constant companion in life heretofore, frighteningly materialized and, in turn the mental activity of preoccupation was necessarily reflected in the mental activity of composition. Even prior to the fateful summer of 1907 premonitions of "the end" had already begun to gain force with the gradual breakdown of whatever hard-won stability Mahler had gained in economic and social spheres of life. His position as conductor and director of the Vienna Court Opera had been secured a decade earlier with a *coup d'état* which involved among other things an anticipatory conversion to the Catholic faith in 1896 in order to clear the way. He conducted his first performance in May of 1897. The following year he added the burden and the honor of the directorship of the Vienna Philharmonic to his duties, an alliance which lasted only three years. The innovative dictator of the opera failed to flourish in the critical climate and democratic structure of the orchestra and ultimately Mahler used the excuse of the burden of work and the occasion of impaired health to tender his resignation in February of 1901. This was the first time Mahler, who would conduct through the fiercest of his migraines, ever yielded to considerations of health. While it may have served a convenient excuse, there was a deeper meaning in his emotional life for he had just experienced his first personal skirmish with his long-familiar adversary, death.

Lofty encounters often occur under mundane circumstances. Such was the case, as Mahler firmly believed he came close to losing his life as a result of uncontrolled rectal bleeding from a long-existing hemorrhoidal problem. He had had surgery before and there is some suggestion of neglect, but neither Alma's account nor that of de La Grange's provide us with enough data to assess the actual danger. Dr. Albert Lyons suggests such a possibility existed then as even now under certain circumstances. In any event it was Mahler's firm belief that he narrowly escaped death in February of 1901, and there is some evidence that his physicians explicitly led him to this conclusion. Lying in bed a few days later he jokingly drafted his obituary: "Gustav Mahler has finally met the fate that his many crimes desired."

It was during the summer of that year that his musical thought shifted from the optimistic and classical simplicity of the Fourth Symphony, relatively free of the conflict torn quality of its predecessors, to a mood and style which was to be the emotional prelude of the works of his last period. Its harbinger was the first of *Die Kindertotenlieder* written in the summer of 1901. Mahler's songs had always been the barometer of his emotional life, and these as well as the other Rückert songs of this period served as emotional pedal-point through the completion of the Fifth Symphony and the composition of the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth. This underlying mood develops to full statement only in the summer of 1907, to which we will come presently, with the composition of *Das Lied von der Erde*.

Another emotional current accompanied that which gave forth *Kindertotenlieder*, a sudden, dramatic interest in Alma Schindler,

whom Mahler met shortly thereafter on November 10, 1901. According to Alma's account, within a week marriage had become a foregone conclusion. On his first visit following their meeting she writes, "He kissed me and went on to talk of a speedy marriage." The marriage occurred four months later and their first child was born on November 3, 1902, less than a year after they first set eyes on one another and eight months after their marriage. This must be considered a remarkable performance for an obsessional bachelor of 41 years! The intriguing question of what lay behind this extraordinary sequence of events will be considered later. For the moment, these were the events contributing to the picture of Gustav Mahler in the dawn of 1907—a mature artist in both his chosen spheres, conducting and composing, a husband and father of two (the second child born in June 1903) and a prominent although controversial figure in Viennese society, against whom considerable criticism was beginning to mount.

By the end of the year events had conspired to create a quite different picture: arriving in New York in December of 1907 he was a man who had given up the achievement he had so fervently aspired to—no longer the "god of the southern zones" of Vienna, he had been bereaved of his elder and favorite child and at the same time he was aware that he would soon face death himself. Maria had died of scarlet fever on July 5, 1907, and Alma specifically but probably inaccurately dates the diagnosis of Mahler's heart condition to a few days later. Perhaps she sensitively reflects Mahler's perception in this as she so often does in error. He had requested release from his contract at the Opera by Dec. 31, 1907, and by that time was on his way to the New World.

The very decision to spend the last musical seasons, of which there were four, in New York is of interest since there were many determinants. Mahler had already been negotiating a tour with Conried of the Metropolitan Opera during the period when criticism mounted in Vienna. It had been characteristic of Mahler all his life to have his next move shrewdly in view even as his temperament was contributing to the disintegration of his current position. With the death of Maria and the clarification of his own illness the move took on a new significance: a new life in a new world! Mahler was a chronically depressed person. Exacerbations of this mood were often most apparent in behavior which served as attempts to ward it off in one or another way. The quest for the new world was a denial of and a restitution for the preceding disasters and its depressing potential. It was also rooted in the future in another way. Alma tells us that they could have lived on his retirement stipend and thus he could have devoted himself to composition exclusively. However, he was much concerned about the financial future of the remaining family. He was no stranger to this as it recapitulated his assumption of family responsibility after the death of both parents in 1889 with one exception. It was now his way of anticipating his own death just as it would be for less gifted men. However, as we shall see, Mahler had a complex relationship to the post-life of his fantasies.

In NY, Alma doesn't at first speak of depression but rather frenzied activity; he was like "a motor" she said. I suggest Mahler's long

standing sense of guilt both drove him relentlessly and masked depressed feelings. The latter nonetheless are revealed poignantly and elegantly worked out in the music of this period, in particular, *Das Lied*. But behavior revealed a long standing pattern of resentfully experienced hard work conducting and delaying composing until summers. In this sense composition bore the same relationship to conducting as play to work and could be engaged in exclusively only after the penance of hard labor.

The new world had still another meaning. Even as Mahler's own end was approaching, this was a repetition of one of the very first important experiences in his own life. Mahler had had an older brother, Isadore, who died in infancy as a result of an accident sometime in 1859, possibly even before Gustav was conceived. Frequently, children born under such circumstances as Mahler was on July 7, 1860, are perceived by the parents as replacements. This was a psychological burden Mahler carried all his life and one that often underlay his sense of duty and perhaps even was one factor in his creative drive. At his birth Mahler's father, Bernhard, obtained a permit to move and when he was three, a move to a new and better life, from Kalisch to Iglau, was made. These elements—a new world, a fresh start, the identification of sorrow with its locale and restitution for loss, were all very likely part of Mahler's fantasy of coming to America. It is only surprising that Alma did not once again become pregnant, and one cannot help but wonder whether there was not a miscarriage at some particular points during the ensuing four years. In any event, Mahler's eldest, like Isadore, was also now dead and in the above context one catches a glimpse of the way in which he was coming to terms with this fact. The bereavement cast a shadow over the remaining years and, as we shall see, took its toll physically as well as emotionally. His trips to America were thus related to this loss and indeed, his final voyage home as well. When Dr. Baehr drew the blood for the test, Mahler, who was otherwise resigned and cooperative, made it a condition that he be told if the diagnosis was fatal. When Dr. Libman, who was also present, asked why, Mahler replied that he wished to return to Vienna to die. It was his wish to be buried with his daughter—Alma writes, "in the same grave." Thus Mahler ultimately yielded his denial and fantasy of resurrection to the likelihood of death and wishes for reunion. "Likelihood" is stated because like everyone else Mahler did not quite believe in his own death. Finally, on another level, the object of his wishes was his mother for whom Maria had been named. A view of Mahler's life reveals clearly etched identification with both parents and resulted in human qualities which were often quite useful in their amalgam in the tasks he undertook. But toward the end of his life a yearning for his mother revealed itself. Among other places, it became manifest in his increasingly childlike attitude toward Alma and in the exceedingly close and meaningful relationship he developed at this time with her mother, Mrs. Schindler. Tragically, this attitude of regression rendered him all the more vulnerable when Alma turned her interest toward others.

The central theme of this portion of the study is concerned with the effects on Mahler of his bereavement in its broadest influence and his attitude toward death. In the matter of death, Mahler was well experienced, perhaps a virtuoso, even for his time. In evaluating the attitude of the man one must consider the experiences of the child. For such is the nature of human development that each preceding phase and its associated experiences modifies those to come. Isadore's death, hardly mentioned in the Mahler literature, must have cast a long shadow over Gustav's life, kept alive by his parents' memories and their expectations of the replacement. When Gustav was five, the first of several sibling deaths occurred with that of the 1 1/2 year old Karl and a few months later the death of the 6 month old Rudolph. Again, Gustav was the survivor and it was about this time that Mahler, who had by now had his first piano lessons, wrote his first composition. It was called *Polka mit einem Trauermarsch als Einleitung* (Polka with an introductory Funeral march). It has been remarked (de La Grange) how consistent this is with Mahler's later characteristic mixture of gaiety and sadness. It is also characteristic of children of this age to react to death in idiosyncratic ways which do not resemble adult grief. Children, for example, are intolerant of sustained painful moods and will often appear to be either callous to a loss or denying it, appear to be gay while at times harboring the fantasy that it had not occurred at all (Wolfenstein). Such a propensity also facilitates the expression of ambivalent feelings which the child may have had toward the lost object.

What is most noteworthy in Mahler, is his extraordinary ability to begin at this age to conceptualize such a mixture of feelings in the language of the composer. Thus even as musical skills were developmentally unfolding they were soon linked to a particular kind of content. One might say Mahler was a born memorialist in music. There is a remarkable persistence and development of a memorializing style into his adult life. During his last period of musical composition, starting with *Das Lied* and heralded by the first of *Die Kindertotenlieder* in 1901, he turned his attention to himself as the object of memorialization. The closing measures of both, for example, may be as close as music comes to a certain kind of epitaph, the kind that makes a statement not on the person's life but on his afterlife.

But by this time, Mahler had already had ample reinforcement of these early five-year-old trends. He experienced repeated sibling deaths at ages 11, 13, and 14. The last was the death of his younger brother (by a year or less), Ernst. The story of Ernst is a chapter in itself and will not be detailed here except for one aspect which has an important bearing upon Mahler's characteristic way of dealing with bereavement and loss. This was the memorializing of Ernst in the unfinished opera project, *Ernst, Herzog des Schwabens*. In the play upon which it was to have been based (by Ludwig Uhland 1782-1862), which is a drama of fidelity and brotherly love, Ernst is idealized as a hero by the fifteen (?) year old Gustav. Any mixed feeling he may have had about Ernst were filtered out, although soon he was to embark

upon the writing of the first work he considered, "Mahlerian", *Das klagende Lied*, a saga of fratricide.

Death, grief and loss then were constant stimuli to master as the child composer developed into the man. As he wrote in *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, "Mein gesell war Lieb und Leider", my companions were love and sadness. The potential pun in this line could not have escaped Mahler's interest in irony: *Lied*, which means song, is changed to *Leid*, the root for pain or suffering with the transposition of two letters. Each person seeks to cope in terms of his own style and characteristic strengths. In Mahler's instance, coping and mastery always occurred in terms of his most characteristic and readily available mode of thought and behavior; namely: musical thought, musical behavior. It would be our expectation that with the imminent threat of his own death his attempt to come to terms with it would in some way be revealed in his music. The memorialization aspect of this is commented upon above. Others, especially Diether and Walter, have commented upon the "expressive content" of his last works, especially its valedictory quality.

Against this background, let us return to Mahler at age 41 in 1901. By this time only tattered remnants of the nuclear family remained. His parents had been dead for eleven years and of the fourteen children born, only four now survived: Alois and Justine, like black and white, the former mentally disturbed and an emotional strain on Mahler, and the latter devoted to him; also the young Emma, and finally, Gustav himself. His brother, Otto, the object of much concern, effort and aggravation after the death of his parents, had suicided in 1895.

A question must be raised before going on to considering in more depth the effect of Maria's death on Mahler and his own dying period. What motivated him to marry? Again, the consideration of his relationships with women and his sexuality would merit a chapter. But by the time he reached 41 he considered himself a confirmed bachelor and already in "the autumn of my life". The answer I would propose in brief has all the limitations of a brief answer, i.e., it is too oversimplified, yet at the same time I believe it cuts to the heart of the matter: he married in order to have children. It was an act continuous with his previous coping with death and memorialization and thus had its roots in the same pockets of his inner life as his music itself. The imminence of death which he experienced in February of 1901 abruptly thrust his preoccupation with death from the world of philosophy, fantasy and music to reality. He actually could have died! Each word in this proposition had special meaning to him. In a typically counter-phobic manner he "wondered whether it would not be better to have it done with since everyone must come to that in the end". (de La Grange)

Prior to this, Mahler had found himself briefly and mercifully in the most conflict-free period of his life. Gone temporarily were the family worries, strife, and financial struggle with which he had contended for so long. The death of Otto and his subsequent relationship with the singer Von Mildeburg in 1895-96 had thrown his life into a disorganizing emotional turmoil. Now there was a hard-won equilibrium and

he was in the midst of his most creative and productive period. But now death reared its head and directed its gaze toward him re-evoking all the associated conflicts of his antecedent life. Thus in the midst of this creative period a macabre mental current insinuated itself as he was at work on the Fifth Symphony. That summer, the bachelor Mahler started work on *Die Kindertotenlieder*. Indeed certain thematic similarities have been noted between the two works (DLG 79). Mahler considered these songs among certain other works "a child of sorrow". Reik believed that Mahler had been considering marriage for over a year (without giving any supporting evidence) and that this evoked parental anxieties. I believe a more accurate formulation would be that anxieties about death, ever latent, now became more conscious and led to a wish to counter death with immortality in having offspring who would embody him into the future. This is, of course, only a recapitulation of a theme already elaborated musically in the Second, (Resurrection) Symphony. That the wish to have children should be represented by their death is intriguing, and one is tempted to add it could only happen with such a person as Mahler. There are many psychological vectors which can be teased out in his life's experiences and the character it helped form. To begin with there was the unconscious connection and equivalence of life and death, the seeds of which were planted with Isadore's death and his own birth and which were nurtured by the repeated experiences of both death and birth in his home during childhood. Another factor relates to the fact that only the person who *has* can lose. Parkes puts this very well when he speaks of bereavement as "the cost of commitment". Finally, for the moment, Mahler's entire orientation in life was to be invested in the past—in lost objects, past memories and ancient longings. Love was experienced the more for its distance in time and in the quality of memory. His interest in memorialization was part of this trend. So that to represent *the wish* to have a child in *the form* of a parent in mourning would be entirely in keeping with Mahler's character and inner life. Its relationship to his identification with his own parents is of course, immediately obvious.

Prior to the summer's work of 1901 Mahler underwent the operation which had been recommended, with the understanding that he might not survive another hemorrhage such as that of the preceding winter. It was performed by the eminent surgeon Hohenegg on June 4. It was on November 7 that he met Alma at a dinner party at the Zuckerkandls, mutual friends. By November 27, when he first called upon Alma he spoke of marriage, and their child was conceived, as noted, even before the marriage could take place on Mar. 9, 1902. Thus Gustav Mahler was most certainly potentially a father sooner than he was a husband! . . . If the child they conceived was in fact born at term on November 3, 1902, we can date back conception to February. This would have been about the time of the anniversary of Mahler's own near death, as he believed it, and two of the most critical events in his life; these were the death of his father on Feb. 18, 1889 and Otto's suicide on Feb. 6, 1895.

There was a sense of urgency for the 41 year old bachelor to marry, which may also have come from a powerful contemporary historical event: the turn of the century. Few comparable external events could appeal to the mind as a stimulus for fantasy about the passage of time and one's past and future life. Indeed, that very summer, Mahler set another Rückert song, *Mitternacht*. In the creative logic of the unconscious, after "autumn" could only come "midnight". Interestingly, its rhyme and formal patterning are reflected in a poem Gustav wrote to Alma the very night he met her (DLG 669). The relationship of this song to Mahler's fantasies about the turn of the century is further underscored by an error in the dating of the manuscript, a parapraxis. de La Grange who owns the manuscript points out that it is mis-dated by Mahler retrospectively to 1900!

Although there is no direct evidence at this time, it would be difficult to imagine that Mahler did not wish to have a son. His intense narcissistic interest in his post-life is legendary. His favorite motto was "my time will yet come." He was, with the exception of the deranged Alois, who had by now wandered off into obscurity to Mahler's relief, the only surviving brother of ten. Thus only he could pass on the family name. Mahler's attachment to his mother has become apocryphal since Freud noted his "Mutterbindung", mother fixation (Jones, Reik). But his close attachment to Bernhard remained ever alive in his strong identification with his father in character. It is of interest that the only piece of furniture Mahler salvaged from Iglau had been his father's chair which he had in his study and would sometimes point out with nostalgia. Given these details and Mahler's urge to memorialize, one might wonder whether the child's conception during the anniversary month is more than mere chance, considering the other circumstances of that unusual year of Mahler's life.

The child, however, turned out to be a girl and was named after Mahler's mother, Maria. From the above it will be clear what burden of parental fantasy and expectation she bore. From the first Mahler had a "special" relationship with the child and even after the birth of a second child, Anna, 20 months later, Maria remained his favorite. The family stories and anecdotes reported by the various biographers, while interesting in themselves, would not do justice to the depth of Mahler's attachment to this child nor to its content, for Mahler was always more involved with himself in the personal *meanings* people and events had for him than with the people or occasions themselves. A good example of this was his abstract love of animals as expressed in both letters and programs of musical works (e.g., the Third Symphony). But he did not really *like* animals; or at best, it was a truly platonic relationship, that he had with them. Likewise, the *idea* of being married was of critical importance to him, particularly since it was, I believe, the gateway to immortality for him. But this hardly would make him a devoted husband to the real person his wife was nor a devoted father. In fact, when Maria was actually dying he could not bear to be with her, and Alma reports, "he hid himself in his room each day" and slept through the operation which had been performed to relieve her breathing. During

the course of an earlier illness he had been convinced that it had been he who "called her back to life." Such was the grand level of his notions of fatherhood. Alma makes it a point to quote an observation made to her, "You have an abstraction for a husband, not a human being." Yet the very abstractions that so preoccupied her husband were very human indeed, those of life and of death.

It is only against this more extended background that we can begin to understand what the death of this child meant to Mahler. All his life he had struggled with ambivalence about birth and anxiety about death. He had paid dearly for the loss of the few he really cared for, and, psychologically, never quite gave them up. Even after his parents died in 1889 his behavior *in loco parentis*, assuming responsibility for the remaining family, served to preserve their memory within him but at a sacrifice of work and health. He had overcome the self-imposed tasks of this phase of his life, discharging what he felt had been his obligations to family and ultimately achieving the position in Vienna which he called, perhaps only half in jest, "the god of the southern zones". Now, in his forties his position and health both faltered. Ever creative in his solutions both conscious and unconscious, he made his next bid for stability in marriage and fatherhood. In 1907 the world toppled. Circumstances forced him to resign his position in the opera (circumstances in which he was of course an active participant); health failed and death threatened, this time in actuality; and finally with the death of Maria and all she meant to him, he lost his passport to immortality. To be sure, composing remained, but at this point of his life, his future esteem as composer was far from assured. His "my time will yet come" was in good measure wishful thinking and whistling in the dark. But as ever, some of the functions composing served were those of conceptualizing, organizing and externalizing inner anxiety and conflict. Therefore, the much written about expressive content of the last works by critics responsive to the music comes with little surprise. They are often intuitive accounts, and I would suggest that some of them about psychobiographical data would serve to amplify and support such accounts. Equally important it would provide a certain specificity of detail.

In a related way, while the common sense view of the Christys that this triple assault of fate would make anyone depressed, it fails to reveal to us the specific way in which Mahler was depressed and the meaning these events had for him. It is only a consideration of this that enables us to link his reaction and state of mind to his final illness.

In recent years a number of investigators have studied the circumstances under which physical illness occurs. Thus, science has come full swing from those nineteenth century observations cited earlier which were later omitted. The circumstances themselves have become legitimate subject for investigation. The interested reader is referred to several such studies.

The thrust of these studies is that psycho-social events also interact among the many factors that determine disease. A corollary would be that associated events, such as, for instance, Dr. Libman's comments on Mahler's bereavement and depression in the context of his final ill-

ness, are not random events. To be sure, some psychological phenomena may be a result of physical illness. However, others may be clearly shown to precede its onset and therefore participate among etiological factors. There has been particular interest and success in demonstrating that bereavement is one human experience that tends strongly to antedate the onset of illness. One pair of investigators, Engel and Schmale, look to the particular state of mind which certain life stresses engender. Starting from the frequently made observation that "psychological factors appear to influence the time of onset and exacerbation, as well as the course, of many diseases in man and animals", they proceed to examine the kinds of circumstances which predispose to physical illness. They particularly focus upon the setting and onset situation of the illness and the state of mind induced in the patient. They have thus delineated a characteristic mood of helplessness and hopelessness which they refer to as the "giving-up-given up complex."

There is ample evidence that the triple loss of 1907 left Mahler in a depressed state. The vicissitudes of this state up to the winter of 1911 make a fascinating story in themselves and we will follow some of them here. It is very largely a story of how Mahler more or less successfully dealt with this state until failing physical, weakened psychological defenses and a particular *coup de grace* from the outside world unmasked this chronic underlying depression and ushered in a hopeless and helpless psychological state which immediately preceded the onset of the Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis.

Mahler's first reaction to the child's death had not been shock or grieving but stark, unmitigated fear! Alma describes how upon the arrival of Mrs. Schindler, "We all three slept in his room. We could not bear being parted for an hour. We dreaded what might happen if any one of us left the room. We were like birds in a storm and feared what each moment might bring—and how right we were."

Fear of this nature cannot be long sustained and it was soon supplanted with a variegated form of denial. Frank fear was thus staved off with a single exception, until nearly the end when, as already noted, he was to turn to Mrs. Schindler for motherly solace. The exception was the panic state of the summer preceding Mahler's death, the summer of 1911 after he heard of Alma's interest in another man, when he wrote the verbal expostulations on the manuscript score of the Tenth Symphony. But earlier, within two weeks of the child's death one can still perceive Mahler's denial in a note written to Alma from the restaurant car of a train en route to Vienna. He speaks here of the "obligatory traveller's appetite", while one of the most constant features of both mourning and depression is the loss of appetite. This attitude of denial is also reflected in his entire point of view about the "New World" which has already been mentioned: A new life is substituted for the old. Likewise, several who knew him that first season in New York described a state of near-hysterical euphoria (Wessling).

This picture of the wiry, eccentric, exacting dynamo was the picture of Mahler, the conductor. Mahler, the composer, gave mourning its due, for the time between the child's death and Mahler's departure for New

York was spent in Schluderbach in the Tyrol, where he attempted to come to terms with bereavement in his characteristic way, in musical creativity. It was here that he recalled the poems of *The Chinese Flute*, a translation by Hans Bethge which he had put aside some time before, perhaps as a *memento mori*, to be drawn out at just such a time. By the time he left Schluderbach he had sketched out *Das Lied von der Erde*. The theme of farewell is explicit in both words and music, perhaps more richly so in the latter. As in the *Kindertotenlieder*, the composer-singer is apparently identified with the bereaved. Careful analysis reveals an emotional background too complex to be detailed here. One element is particularly noteworthy. That is Mahler's own growing fear of death as it shows itself in his broad conception of this work. Musically, as many feel, it has the structure of a symphony. But Mahler did not yet wish to commit himself to the naming of a Ninth Symphony since several composers, namely Dvorak, Schubert, Bruckner and, especially significant to Mahler, Beethoven, did not live to write a Tenth. He thus dealt with his dread by a superstitious act compounding it later after he had completed his Ninth by considering it really to be his Tenth.

It is not by coincidence that Alma calls the chapter in which she describes the death of their child and the immediate events following, "Sorrow and Dread". Although at times historically inaccurate, she had a near uncanny knack of reflecting Mahler's own feeling and beliefs in her very distortions. At such times, historical error may stand as if in the relationship of interpretation to unconscious material. Thus Alma clearly relates the onset of Mahler's heart disease to the death of their daughter although it is very unlikely to be historically accurate. As she relates it, the day after the child's death when Dr. Blumenthal came to examine Mrs. Schindler, Mahler, "thinking to make a cheerful diversion" (sic!) invited the doctor to examine him. "Well, you've no cause to be proud of a heart like that", he said in that cheery tone doctors often adopt after diagnosing a fatal illness. This verdict marked the beginning of the end for Mahler" (Alma 122). It is unlikely that the murmur of the underlying chronic rheumatic heart disease would not have been previously detected in Mahler's repeated earlier medical examinations. Moreover, Alma herself notes her earlier anxiety as the murmur had been audible to her as she lay next to him! The most significant element here is that Mahler and Alma connected the illness to the bereavement. Mahler believed his daughter's death heralded the beginning of the end just as he believed he himself nearly died in the winter of 1901. While beliefs in general do not kill, they can often take part in the emotional background which affects disease.

In a paper entitled, *Life Setting Conducive to Illness*, Engel reviews typical life settings in 100 anecdotal accounts in which sudden death followed some important life event. In half of these, the stress was the news of the death of a loved one. Other more rigorous studies of bereavement strongly suggest that individuals suffering bereavement are more at risk for the development of physical disease during the ensuing year than a group of controls (Parkes). It is in this sense that I believe Mahler to have been "at risk" during this period of his life despite his prodigious attempts to ward off the significance to him of his loss.

The ensuing months saw a gradual erosion of Mahler's physical health and *pari-passu*, a weakening of his psychological defenses. Despite his energetic if not frantic pursuit of work during the four "American seasons" the strain he was under and his increasing yielding to it were apparent to many. Alma, for example, speaks of the "stress" he was under and his increasingly apparent "inner tension". She said "he was a motor". But she perceived "inner changes-, he was somewhere else. . . more sensitive." He gradually became more child-like: "Did I do it well, Almschi?", he would ask her (Wessling).

By 1909, during the summer of which he worked on the Ninth Symphony, others had noted his increasing distractibility and depression. For example, Prince Troubetsky observed the "emptiness" of his face and noted that while seemingly involved in conversation, he was beating time with his finger, involved with inner, musical thoughts (Wessling). It was about this time that he would lie very still, as if playing at death, telling Alma, "When I lie like this, I am no longer myself. My soul leaves me and floats above my poor old body which will soon be dust". (Wessling)

We may perceive then a gradual weakening against which the conductor valiantly strove to continue an arduous schedule and the composer, awaiting his turn, took up the pen each summer. When does the end come for a person such as this? I believe that there is evidence that an event occurred in the summer of 1910 that served as the psychological *coup de grace* and that it was this blow that plunged Mahler into the mental state that preceded the development of the S.B.E., a state of anxiety approaching panic and a state of helplessness and hopelessness which proved intolerable. The stimulus was Alma's affair with Walter Gropius.

While some might judge Alma for setting this state of affairs in motion, it is far more instructive for a psychologist to study the web in which Alma and Gustav were enmeshed at this time in their lives. Mahler sought the gratification of some very particular needs in his marriage and was ever much involved with himself. He made these narcissistic needs and expectation clear in many ways, both obvious and subtle. For example, quite early in their relationship he forbade her from composing. The message was clear: she was to be a mother and a wife, the very order in fact in which they occurred. Likewise, during his very first visit, he suggested that she burn her edition of Nietzsche who was one of Mahler's favorite authors. Alma, on her part was a woman who was gifted and ambitious. It could not have been easy for her to live the rest of her life in the fading shadow of a great man. It is not without significance that she began to emerge as his power weakened. While she was devoted to Mahler in behavior it was difficult for her to tolerate the illness and attendant regression. She too depended upon her mother for help in this regard and at the same time, sought her mother's encouragement in a continued sexual life as being "good for your health". She was, after all, "in her best years, chained to a broken, oversensitive man." As early as 1908 he looked old enough to be her father and a customs inspector made the *faux pas* on the return from the first American season. With regard to their physical life together,

one also wonders about the effect of the mutual recriminations, spoken and unspoken, which is so commonly seen after the death of a child and what if any stresses this may have put upon their marriage. In any event, by the summer of 1910 it was clear to Alma that "my marriage was no marriage and that my own life was unfulfilled."

For Mahler's part, perhaps this aspect of the relationship is best characterized by Freud's tactful comment in a letter to Reik, "he withdrew his libido from his wife, thus, probably designating an impotence problem. This would be entirely consistent with Mahler's depression as well as his increasingly debilitated physical state. As for his emotional investment in his wife, another aspect of "libido", this was stronger than ever but its character was markedly altered as he looked to her for support and strength.

Alma's liaison with Walter Gropius, the details of which are not immediately relevant, came to Mahler's attention in a shocking way, namely through a love letter to Alma mistakenly directed by Gropius to him! It is precisely here that the true "beginning of the end" started from a psychological point of view. There is every evidence that Mahler panicked at the prospect of losing Alma. She by now represented a great deal to him and moreover, in his current state such an abandonment represented a foretaste of death even as he clung to her for sustenance. *Der Abschied* (the Farewell of *Das Lied*) notwithstanding, Mahler had on more than one occasion in his life reacted to farewells, losses and perceived abandonment with panic-induced mental disorganization. In this sense, the finely controlled masterpiece of valediction in *Das Lied* may be viewed as a mastery in the materials of music of one of the most frightening of human situations, separation and death. Indeed, Mahler already had a long history of experiences of this nature and characteristic ways of coping with them. One of the more dramatic instances occurred in 1893 as his affair with the soprano Anna Von Mildenburg came to an end. This relationship, too, had started with Mahler very much the master of the situation, reducing Anna to tears during the first rehearsal in which he met her. After she became unresponsive to him he was in a depressed and frantic state for months. This entire experience had occurred against the background of the suicide of his brother Otto, who Mahler had never forsaken despite his growing rage at Otto's continued dependence upon him into his early twenties.

Returning to the Gropius letter, to detail such a stress at this time in his life without emphasizing Mahler's extraordinary strengths and capacity for mastery would be to miss something essential in the man. However, now, in a physically weakened condition, already depressed, still under the effect of bereavement and having already started to face the reality of his own death, the blow of Alma's abandonment was more than Mahler could cope with. He was plunged deeper into depression and his behavior became uncharacteristically disorganized. On one occasion, he fainted on the stairs.

Alma describes what came after the Gropius letter as guilty behavior on the part of Mahler as he frantically tried to make amends to her. But her account reveals something much different and she was well

aware that he was "shaken to the depths" (Alma, *And the Bridge*, p. 53) by the whole experience. He began to write letters and poems to her of adulation, entreaty and terror of separation:

My breath of life!

I've kissed the little slippers a thousand times and stood by your door with longing. You took pity on me, glorious one, but the demons have punished me again, for thinking of myself and not of you dearest. I can't move from your door; I'd like to stand there until I've heard the sweet sound of your living and breathing.—But I must leave! My queen has sent me into exile below. I bless you my beloved—whatever fate awaits me at your hands. Every beat of my heart is *for you*.

Thus he spelled out for her *in italics* the meaning of abandonment at this time. At the same time overtones of old themes occur of the banished, the wanderer and the adorer of some feminine, perhaps maternal ideal which are so clear in the earliest works such as *Das Klagende Lied* and *Songs of a Wayfarer*. Nothing can so change a man's behavior as the threat of a severe sentence, and Mahler was already under sentence of death. Mahler became suddenly devoted to Alma. He would give her anything. He dedicated his Eighth Symphony to her, something he had shunned doing before. Even Alma thought he might later regret it. He even rediscovered her compositions crying, "What have I done! These songs are good. They're splendid! . . . we'll have them published. I'm not going to rest until you start working again. My God, was I blind?" (Alma, *And the Bridge*, 54). The tone of Mahler's report of his August 1910 consultation with Freud has the very same tone of admonition. "Apparently," relates Alma, "Freud managed to calm him down by a stern approach. 'How can a man in your condition tie a young woman to him?' he chided Mahler." (Alma, *And the Bridge*, 53). Neither of the two brief letters of Freud about this consultation reveal this admonishing quality although it is not impossible.

However, it is in the music itself that one can trace the full impact of this experience of Mahler. In the summer of 1910 he was at work on the Tenth Symphony, which along with the Ninth and *Das Lied*, comprise the final trilogy written between 1907 and his death in 1911. There is a striking general agreement among listeners of every degree of experience, that the mood of "farewell" permeates these scores even without the verbal cues of *Das Lied*. This is partially due to the use of allusion and quotation in the music such as, for example, the reference to the Beethoven *Les Adieux* sonata with its "Lebe wohl" motive in the Ninth. Diether has enlarged upon this in his article on the Ninth Symphony. (*The Expressive Content of the Ninth, Chord and Discord*, Vol. 2 No. 2, 1963). Another example of quotation in the Ninth is that of Johann Strauss' *Freud Euch des Lebens*, an unlikely quote for Mahler whose musical taste led him to eschew such trivia. In fact, Alma relates how early in their marriage in a rare evening out they heard Lehar's *Merry Widow*. On the way home trying to reconstruct the music they stopped in a music shop where Mahler engaged the proprietor while Alma sneaked a look at the music. She said "both of us were then too 'high brow' to consider buying such music". A note of regret is

conveyed in the Ninth in the context of this quotation. Interestingly, in the short score of this movement as Redlich points out (Redlich 219), Mahler wrote the legend "O vanished day of youth, O scattered love." (Cue 8). This work was written in the Summer of 1909. It is perhaps not insignificant that the musical quotation is from the final section of an obscure Strauss waltz. Characteristically, the form was that of a string of five waltz tunes and this was the last waltz.

Working on the sketches of the Tenth Symphony in 1910 Mahler was in the distraught state already described. These sketches are peppered with verbal expostulations which betray his state of mind better than either the accounts of Alma or of Freud. These are dated by Alma to those weeks early in August following the Gropius affair. The symphony was conceived as being symmetrical with two outer slow movements and two inner scherzi, themselves separated by an intermezzo entitled, "Purgatorio"—a total of five movements. Following is a condensed listing of the verbal material inscribed upon the score:

Third Movement: ("Purgatorio") Death! Transfiguration! (page 4)
 Compassion! O God! O God, why hast thou forsaken me? (page 3).
 Fourth Movement: title page: The devil leads me in a dance . . .
 Madness seizes me. Accursed! Demolish me that I may forget my being! that I may cease to exist, that I may. . . End of movement: None but you know what it signifies! Ah. Ah. Ah. Fare thee well my lyre!
 Farewell. Farewell. Farewell Ah well — Ah Ah
 Fifth Movement (Finale): To live for thee! To die for thee!
 Almschi (page 10)-(repeated again at close of movement.)

Manifestly these outcries reveal Mahler's preoccupation with abandonment and betrayal. Their tone is valetudinal but hardly resigned. Despair breaks through in suicidal wishes frankly revealed and anxiety over loss of control in psychosis. A deep sense of guilt going far beyond that which Alma detected is betrayed in the title of the central movement, Purgatorio. "Inferno" had been written next to it and was crossed out. Perhaps Mahler thus sought some meaning to his suffering in Dante-esque purification preparatory to paradise and reunion with Beatrice, the eternal Mother. In fact, there is rich free-associative allusion in these fragments. For example, the quotation from Matthew (XXVII,46) is related to Mahler's interest in the Bible which he quoted, often ironically, as well as a life-long identification with Christ. The reference to Alma's understanding of what a particular musical passage signifies is in itself an interesting example of a memory conceptualized in musical tone which would need only to be pointed out to the responsive listener. There are many such examples in the music of Mahler. This particular one refers to an experience the two of them had in New York during the first season there (1907-08) when they watched a funeral cortege of a fireman alongside Central Park from their eleventh floor window in the Hotel Majestic. A stroke on a muffled drum was followed by complete silence as the procession moved. The experience had brought tears to Mahler's eyes.

But the most important thing these verbal fragments tell us about

Mahler's state of mind is the helpless and hopeless condition to which he had by now descended. Christ on the cross had been left to die alone and only death lay in the future. The only possible hope was in the latent fantasy of resurrection and reunion after death. For at base, as all mortals, Mahler did not believe in his own death.

But what of the music itself to which these remarks might be seen in Klaus Roy's words as "extreme program notes"? Roy: Creative Process in Mahler's Tenth Symphony (*Chord and Discord*, Vol. 2 No. 8, 1958). The single most striking fact is that the music is intact and cogent for its state of completion! Roy, among others, is struck by the contrast between the thoughtful musical organization and the freely emotional, illogical annotations. Deryck Cook, who reconstructed a performing version, likewise points out that the Adagio and Purgatorio, the two most frequently performed sections, are intact in the sketch except for orchestration. Many have speculated on the above. I would suggest that this is only one example of many that can be drawn from Mahler's life and work of the function of musical composition in his life. In my judgement, it served an organizing, integrating and mastering function to the composer's life experience. Music was one of Mahler's earliest modes of thought and had developed *pari-passu* with language. It acquired an autonomous function in his life which remained to the last. Mahler's behavior and verbal productions show evidence of disorganization. For all intents and purposes, the music does not. One may argue about the merits of this work relative to his others, whether it is as inventive or esthetically pleasing, etc. But the ability to conceptualize musically is basically intact.

Nevertheless we would speculate that the "content" of this music must have something to do with its scrawled verbal associations. These are difficult to come by and the whole process invites subjectivity. However, there is one example of a connection which also throws some light on Mahler's mental state and therefore the fundamental interest of the study, that state of mind which preceded the S.B.E., which we are by now becoming increasingly acquainted with.

Redlich points out the centrality of the Purgatorio movement not only because of its position in the symphony but because of the reappearance of its motive in the final movement (Redlich-p, 230). The theme in Purgatorio is accompanied by the words, "Have mercy, O Lord, Why hast Thou forsaken me." Its reappearance as a reminiscence in the last movement bears the legend, "Almschi, to live for thee, to die for thee." In Redlich's musical judgement, the Purgatorio is "a disappointment for the true Mahler lover because of the utterly derivative character of its principal motive. It is pervaded by a restless figure re-echoing the spookish Wunderhorn song, *Das irdische Leben*, just as the oboe's chief tune seems to re-echo the world of the early symphonies and their scherzo-like middle movements." To hark back to an earlier time may well reflect a failure of invention. It may also reflect a wish for earlier creative days: the days prior to the writing of the Ninth after which, musically, Mahler wrote on borrowed time. . . It had been on the score of the Ninth that he'd inscribed, "O vanished days of youth". Mahler always acknowledged the autobiographical sources of

his music. In one such reference about this time, one tinged with regret, he said, "Ich habe Papier gelebt." (I have lived paper, literally).

His song, *Das irdische Leben* is unique in many respects. For one thing it was never self-quoted in any subsequent work either literally or in spirit. For another its thematic topic is unique among all of Mahler's songs. Separations, partings, reunions, heavenly life, sarcastic portraits—all were subjects for the Wunderhorn songs, but this song was about starvation. Mahler himself considered it one of his finest works. (Walter p108) In the verse a child repeatedly implores his mother for bread. She chillingly suggests he wait as the grain is successively harvested, threshed and finally baked. "Tomorrow," she says as the child begs with increasing urgency. The ostinato figure in the music and skillful key changes serve to heighten the urgency of the child's needs and the desperate pain of delay. Likewise the return to the same key each time the mother "speaks" emphasizes her alarming unresponsiveness. In the end the child dies, reflected in a brief coda, in which the motive descends and motion ceases.

It is surely no coincidence that what might be properly called mental associations while engaged in the composition of the Tenth Symphony drew him back to the musical and verbal content of *Das irdische Leben*. The essential theme is that of starvation leading to death. In the poem as well as in early human life, only one person can satisfy the urgent need. If she fails, the giver of life becomes the bearer of death. Mahler's behavior toward Alma, his letters and poems likewise suggest such an awesome view of Alma in Mahler's last year of life. He began to idealize her often in lavish terms which even made her uncomfortable. He attempted to propitiate her as if she were some capricious goddess whose decree could go either way and who could be favorably influenced with offerings. There is no evidence, of course, that Alma bore him any malice, quite to the contrary, as she continued to be deeply in love with him. But such was the web into which life experiences and the needs of each drew them. Both, feeling equally helpless in Mahler's last year of life, turned increasingly to Alma's mother, Mrs. Schindler. Just as she had been summoned on Maria's death three years before, she was immediately called after the Gropius incident and remained an important figure to both during Mahler's dying days. It was she who had been immediately sent for from Vienna when it was decided in February 1911 that Mahler must return home via Paris where he would consult another bacteriologist. She cared for him tenderly throughout the trip and in Paris. Of the relationship among the three Alma writes, ". . . he was always right in her eyes, even if sometimes it made things awkward for me. It was the utmost happiness when we were all three together alone" (Alma 192). Thus Mrs. Schindler became the good, nurturing mother of both, and perhaps Mahler's greatest comfort. At times now he would spurn members of his own remaining family for fear of any rift with Alma. As she perceived it, "Mahler was no longer blind. On the contrary he now watched feverishly whether or not I was shown enough warmth and respect."

In November of 1911 they had made the final voyage to America. It was this season which was cut short when Mahler became weak and

febrile and the diagnosis was made. A final insult had been a recurrence of difficulty with his orchestra and a confrontation during which certain accusations were made and his powers restricted. It was following this that his constitution finally yielded. He conducted until he no longer could. His strength ebbing, he programmed what he must have known would be one of his last New York concerts. It included Busoni's *Berceuse Elegiaque*. The program notes (H.E.K.) relate how Busoni returned to an earlier piano piece after the death of his mother and had developed it in a larger work, something incidentally Mahler had done on several occasions. The score bore the verse:

Schwingt die Wiege des Kindes,
Schwingt die Waage seines Schicksals,
Schwingt der Weg des Lebens,
Schwindet hin in die ewigen Fernen.

(The child's cradle rocks, and so do the scales of fate.

The course of life also swings and dwindles in the endless distance.)

Mahler himself could not have found a more characteristic text to set, combining as it does the lyricism of the *Wunderhorn* and gravity of *Das Lied*. Busoni said of this score, from which Mahler conducted, "The title page bears a picture of a mother at the cradle of her child and, in the background, a man following a coffin. The man sings to his dead mother the same song which he had heard from her as a child and which had followed him through a lifetime and undergone a transformation." Mahler conducted the concert on Tuesday, February 21, 1911, but on the program of the following Friday afternoon it is noted that the concertmaster would conduct "owing to the indisposition of Mr. Mahler."

It was from this point that the final struggle with death began. Mahler varied in attitude. Alma reports, "Often Mahler was convinced of his recovery; more often he was despondent and afraid of death." (Alma, *And the Bridge*, 58) In a characteristically counter-phobic fashion, he made jokes about his coming death. He would say to Alma, "You'll be quite a catch if I die now. . . -well, who is going to land you?" He would actually make lists humorously rejecting one suitor after another. These macabre jokes reveal still another side of Mahler's attitude toward death: namely his intense interest in his post-life, of which his wife's second husband would of course be a part. We know now he was correct that this would remain a part of his own history. But Mahler had long had a strong interest in this as reflected in his words: "My time will yet come." Incidentally, this too is a reference from the New Testament, words spoken by Jesus to the disciples: "My time is at hand." (Matthew XXVI, 18)

Mahler's interest in his post-life extended, as is often the case, to interest in his burial. It was to Mrs. Schindler that he gave directions "to have him buried beside his daughter at Grinzing, in a simple grave, with no pomp and ceremony, and a plain headstone with nothing but "Mahler" on it. 'Any who come to look for me will know who I was, and the rest do not need to know' "(Alma 197). Later Alma notes his wish to be buried "in the same grave" as their daughter. When he told

this to Alma he had also asked her to promise never to desert him. In this is reflected Mahler's wish to be reunited in death with his beloved daughter. This was a wish Mahler had been aware of for some time. When he had demanded of Frankel that he be told if his condition was fatal and the latter asked him why, Mahler had answered that if so he wished to return to Vienna to die.

Yet the fantasy of reunion after death is not death at all but another state of living. This was one of the ways Mahler never believed in his own death. Another comes from a detail provided by Mahler's biographer, de La Grange, (personal communication) who relates that one of Mahler's final requests was that after he died his heart be pierced with a sharp instrument. Ostensibly he had the fear of being buried while he still lived. Behind this lay his belief that even after the doctors said he was dead, he would remain alive.

When the final moment came Alma tells us "there was a smile on his lips and twice he said, "Mozart". She also noted that with a finger, Mahler was conducting on the quilt. During his last days he was often preoccupied with the history of Mozart's illness and death (Wessling). It clearly gave him comfort. He said, "He had to endure it so, why should I not bear it likewise." In a terminal, hallucinatory state he died while conducting and listening to the music of Mozart.

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THE BRUCKNER SYMPHONIES IN PERFORMANCE

by HANS-HUBERT SCHÖNZELER

It is always an invidious task for a conductor to discuss essentials of a performance, and this perhaps applies to the performance of Bruckner symphonies more than to any other works. It may therefore be of use to outline the particular problem facing the conductor in general terms and then apply them to the specific case under discussion.

With the exception of drama, of the theatrical stage, no other art form labours under the same handicap as that which confronts the composer: the painter paints his picture and the viewer looks at it; the writer writes his book and the reader reads it; and at a pinch even the play, the creation of the dramatist, can be read by the uninitiated. But the number of people outside the professional world of music who can read (and hear with an inner ear) the printed notes of a score is relatively small. For this reason the composer always has, and presumably always will have, to rely on a mediator, a go-between, an interpreter. In the case of a work for piano, for voice, for a chamber group of instruments, at least the interpreter is a direct mediator inasmuch as the performer familiarizes himself with the score and then presents it to his audience directly through the medium of his instrument. When we come to symphonic music, however, the complexity to the problem takes on yet another dimension: The conductor studies his score, yet he does not produce a single sound. It is up to him to communicate what he considers (objectively or subjectively!) the score should sound like to a large assembly of musicians, whose task it then is to translate the conductor's intensions through the medium of their instruments into the living sound which finally reaches the ears of the audience.

The first stage in discussing the role of the conductor in general with regard to his attitude is, of course, an intrinsically personal one: Does Mr. XYZ want to open the ears of his audience to the greatness and beauty of Bruckner, or does he merely want to show off - 'this is how XYZ conducts Bruckner!'? If the latter is the case, it is evidently superfluous to pursue the matter any further. But let us assume the former case: A conductor, a serious and honest musician, has studied his score *à fond*, has familiarized himself with the composer, and wants to do his utmost to present to the public what he sincerely and honestly believes the composer intended his music to sound like when he committed it to paper. For let us face it: Our musical notation is but a very rough and ready shorthand which furnishes the interpreter with the bare bones of a skeleton, with the most general indication as to his intentions, and it is up to the interpreter to invest this skeleton with flesh and blood and to breathe life into it. Needless to say, it is at this juncture that the innate integrity of the interpreter plays such an overwhelming part.

The next problem arises once the conductor has 'done his homework' and stands in front of the orchestra to rehearse the score he has studied. Here the problem is a technical one, that of obtaining the right notes, achieving a clean ensemble, seeing to such matters as phrasing and dynamic balance, and obtaining all these results in an easy, friendly rapport with his orchestra without losing respect. In the case of Bruckner he is faced with yet another difficulty: There are probably few works in the orchestral repertoire which are as tiring for the musician as Bruckner symphonies, and more than one orchestral player has frankly admitted that, whereas he loves to listen to Bruckner, he hates playing his music. There are various reasons for this attitude: The strings often have interminable passages of *tremolo*, the woodwinds at times spend what seems to be hours counting bars rest, and the brass (when they have almost reached exhaustion point) are required to make big *crescendos* and produce one of those enormous climaxes which we all know so well in Bruckner's symphonies. This is no criticism of Bruckner's mode of composition: He *had* to write in this way in order to achieve the result and the effect he intended. But it cannot be denied that they put a supreme demand on the resources of any orchestra, and this a conductor has to bear in mind when rehearsing a Bruckner symphony in order not to overtax his players and be faced, on the night of performance, with an orchestra which is exhausted and 'played out'.

The other hurdle to be overcome in the preparation of any symphonic work is a much more subtle one and is very difficult to define. Having thoroughly familiarized and identified himself with the music he is about to perform the conductor must communicate his conception of what the music should convey on a spiritual, esoteric plane to his orchestra in such a way that they are convinced enough as a corporate body to pass on this conviction to the audience. It is one of the mysteries of musicmaking how this process takes place. We have all fallen under the spell of men like Furtwängler and Toscanini, Bruno Walter and de Sabata, and we know full well that if a lesser man chose the same tempi, the same dynamics, the effect would not be the same. And in the end we take refuge again in such terms as 'personality', 'personal emanation', 'genius' and the like—terms which basically do not mean anything and yet mean everything because they are vague attempts to explain the inexplicable.

In the main, the foregoing has been a rough outline of the various difficulties and problems which confront the true conductor in the performance and interpretation of any great work of music. In a small way particular reference has already been made to Bruckner; but let us now apply these several points to Bruckner symphonies in particular. And it is strange that, taking these points one by one, a circle appears to close, beginning in the spiritual and ending in the spiritual, just as is the case in any Bruckner symphony. It is obvious that the first step in performing, in interpreting one of Bruckner's symphonies is not only a thorough, professional study of the score, but it also means that the conductor has to submerge himself in the peculiar

spiritual—one might almost say rarified—world in which Bruckner lived and composed. It is not intended to suggest that only a conductor who is a devout Roman Catholic can possibly attempt to perform a Bruckner symphony. As is well known Bruckner's faith in the Holy Roman Church was deeply rooted, was so much instilled in him that he never questioned it for one moment throughout his life. But when he gave utterance to it in the wordless *Credo* of his symphonies, through the very nature of music itself, it became more than interdenominational, for it achieved an intensity of spirituality which transcends the orthodoxy of organized religions. It is the feel of a Supreme Being, no matter what it be called, this undoubting belief in an ultimate salvation which must somehow be shared, in all humility, by anyone who wants to perform a Bruckner symphony in such a way that it communicates to those who listen that message which is so intensely Bruckner's own. For in Bruckner we have the unique case—a romantic free from eroticism.

From these spheres of sublimity we come to the next stage which is an anticlimax: The problem of realizing those intentions through the medium of the orchestra. This spells 'rehearsals' and they, in turn, imply technicality and sober, matter-of-fact hard work. Almost every Bruckner symphony starts off with either a *tremolo* or some basic rhythm, *pianissimo*, in the strings. What Bruckner meant by *pianissimo* is perhaps best illustrated by the episode in Linz when he was rehearsing a work by Schumann with the *Frohsinn* choral society: He kept repeating a certain *piano* passage over and over again, exclaiming with annoyance, "It still sounds like a trumpet!" until the members of the choir got tired of the procedure and decided that at the next rehearsal they would not sing at all in the passage in question. When it came to the point, the choir fell silent, and Bruckner, hearing the music with an inner ear, went on conducting, smiling blissfully and saying, "Now it's right!". The only term which probably expresses the beginning of a Bruckner symphony is the German prefix 'Ur-' for which there is no equivalent in English: It is the very beginning, the primordial, the feel which we experience when, with full consciousness, we read that opening phrase of the Gospel According to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word". In the same way a Bruckner symphony must well forth from the void, must give the experience which Halm once described by saying that in the opening bars it is not a symphony which starts, but the very beginning of music itself. How to achieve this? There are tricks of the trade, and every conductor has his own, but the basic necessity is complete and utter conviction.

Next come the rhythmic complexities. Enough has been said and written about the famous 'Bruckner Rhythm' of duplet against triplet, and basically this seems simple enough. But when they are superimposed and especially when this results, as it does particularly in the 5th and 6th symphonies, in the triplet figuration occurring simultaneously with a dotted duplet rhythm, the strictest attention to rhythmic clarity becomes essential. Let it never be forgotten that, despite his romanticism and the supposed Wagnerian influence, Bruckner was basically

an organist who had gone through the stringent school of that disciplinarian contrapuntalist Simon Sechter, which makes it imperative that even in the apparently most lush passages of his symphonies linear clarity is still of supreme importance, and rhythmic pregnancy must never be sacrificed to a wallowing in orchestral sound.

While on the subject of precision a timely word might be said about Bruckner's General Pauses. Most Brucknerians will know about the fact that when his 2nd Symphony was first performed it earned itself the name of *Pausensymphonie*, 'Symphony of Pauses'. When asked about this matter, he said with his typical naiveté: "But look, if I have something important to say I must first take a deep breath". Nor must it be overlooked that Bruckner was precise to the point of pedantry in the periodicity of his scores, numbering them bar by bar—perhaps a remnant of the numeromania with which he was afflicted in 1867. The general pauses in a Bruckner symphony are part and parcel of a well thought-out and well balanced scheme, and any conductor who does not adhere to these pauses in the strictest metrical sense commits a crime against Bruckner and the form which he mastered to perfection (despite all those who accuse him, of all people, to formlessness).¹

Like the general pauses, Bruckner's treatment of dynamics is both intensely personal and of utmost importance in the shaping of his symphonies. There is hardly another composer who so consistently changes his dynamic levels with such utter abruptness, and it would not be too far-fetched to assume that this particular treatment also has its roots in Bruckner the Organist: One can virtually see him, sitting on the organ bench, pulling out his stops and changing over from one manual to the other. It is in this respect, incidentally, that Bruckner has been most sinned against by those enthusiastic 'editors' of his, Ferdinand Löwe and the brothers Schalk, particularly Franz. Granted, nothing could be worse than the huge cuts they inflicted particularly on the 4th and 5th Symphonies and the large-scale re-orchestration of Nos. 5 and 9, but with these cuts they damage the form of Bruckner's work in such a blatant way that it is immediately obvious to all and sundry. It is by their alterations of Bruckner's dynamic concept that they violated the spirit of the music in an insidious and subtle manner. Bruckner erected his symphonic structures largely in enormous blocks of sound, hence the sudden and often violent changes of volume; not only did this treatment go against what people were accustomed to in those days: Above all it did not fit in with the convenient and desirable (though mistaken) notion that Bruckner was the 'Wagnerian

¹This statement regarding the metric and formal necessity of general pauses in principle applies to live concert performances only. In the case of gramophone recordings and radio broadcasts, where we are dealing with an artificial medium in any case, it may be modified. In a live performance any conductor worth his salt can hold the tension over protracted periods of silence and make them eloquent (*vide* Aldous Huxley's magnificent essay "The Rest is Silence"), whereas such a silence in the event of mechanical reproduction is apt to lose its tension and result in a meaningless gap. For this reason a shortening of some of Bruckner's general pauses in an artificial reproduction medium may be justified.

Symphonist'. For this reason Lowe and Schalk assiduously ironed out Bruckner's dynamics, smoothed and glossed them over and adapted them to Wagner's *idée fixe* that music is the 'art of transition'. Without wishing to cast aspersions on the basic honesty of these men, who were devoted to 'their' Bruckner and had only his welfare at heart, we now realise clearly how wrong they were.² When Bruckner wrote a long *pianissimo* passage and then came crashing in with the full orchestral *tutti*, he knew full well what he was doing, why he did not precede his *fortissimo* with a *crescendo*: he was piling blocks of granite on top of each other, not shaping a landscape garden! For the conductor these huge dynamic changes present a difficulty, for there is an inherent tendency in all orchestras to lead into a *fortissimo* with a *crescendo* and similarly to fade into a *pianissimo* with a *diminuendo*. These tendencies the conductor has to counteract with utmost intensity, and in my own personal experience I have found it expedient to go to the other extreme and ask the orchestral players to mark a *diminuendo* in their parts immediately prior to one of Bruckner's *fortissimo* outbursts or conversely a *crescendo* before one of his sudden drops into *pianissimo*. This procedure, however, though effective from the dynamic point of view holds a great danger. Just as Hans von Bülow fought all his professional life along the famous line: "*Crescendo means pianissimo, diminuendo means fortissimo!*" in order to counteract the natural, agogic tendency of his orchestral players and achieve a gradual, graduated rise or fall in dynamic level, in the same way the conductor of a Bruckner symphony, adopting the method outlined above, must beware of falling into the trap of involuntarily coupling such a *crescendo* or *diminuendo* with an *accelerando* or a *ritardando* respectively. BRUCKNER'S BASIC TIME-RHYTHM MUST GO ITS INEXORABLE WAY, otherwise the entire intended effect is spoilt or, at the very least, watered down. In connection with this discussion on dynamics it is, incidentally, interesting to note that, contrary to the opinion generally held the orchestra which Bruckner requires for his symphonies (and with which he can achieve such an overwhelming volume of sound) is by no means bloated. In his ten symphonies (Nos. 0-9) he never uses any woodwind instrument such as Piccolo, Cor Anglais, Double Bassoon etc., and what is more, restricts himself to double woodwind in all but the last two (Nos. 8 & 9) where he uses triple woodwind. Harp and Percussion only come into No. 8 (if we discount the famous cymbal clash in No. 7). For the rest he makes do with one timpanist. Nos. 0-6 have four horns and three trombones; Nos. 0-2 have two trumpets which are increased to three

²It is not proposed to go into the question of the 'versions' within the scope of this article. The matter has been elucidated in detail in an excellent series of five articles by Deryck Cooke entitled "The Bruckner Problem Simplified" in the *Musical Times*, London, (Jan., Feb., Apr., May., and Aug. 1969) and I have also dealt with it in an appendix of my own BRUCKNER (Calder & Boyars, London, and Grossman, New York). Suffice it to say that for present-day performances only the original versions edited by Robert Haas, Leopold Nowak, Fritz Oeser and Alfred Orel can lay claim to validity.

from No. 3 onwards, and from No. 4 onwards the score also includes a bass tuba. Totalling up the number of players we find that up to and including No. 6 the orchestral complement required for a Bruckner symphony never exceeds that needed for a Brahms symphony, and it is only in the last three symphonies, Nos. 7-9, that the inclusion of the quartet of Wagner Tubas increases the orchestral apparatus to somewhat more unusual proportions. The fact that Bruckner is able to achieve such a magnificent volume of sound is partially due to his manner of scoring, but the basic secret is one of contrast, and for this reason also it is essential that his original dynamic markings are punctiliously observed.

Much has already been said on the subject of form, and perhaps this may seem excessive. It certainly would be so in the case of many other composers, but in Bruckner the problem of form assumes such paramount importance that it must be considered in the greatest detail, also with regard to interpretation. His symphonies are conceived on such an immense canvas, and although the very tight thematic inter-relationship (about which so much has been written and which, for this reason, it is not proposed to discuss in detail in this article) serves to a large extent to preserve coherence, there is nevertheless the danger that in performance his symphonies may 'fall apart'. Bruckner's basic principle is the sonata form which he adapts to his own personal needs. The use of general pauses to clarify the subdivisions of his vast movements has already been mentioned. There remains the other facet which is far too often ignored for the simple reason that it is the pauses, the sudden breaks, which are infinitely more characteristic of Bruckner than that other important factor: his transitions. It has been said earlier that Bruckner did not subscribe unconditionally to the Wagnerian 'art of transition' creed when enlarging on his dynamic principles. Nevertheless, when he did want or need to write a transition, he could do so with complete and utter mastery. Perfect examples of such transitions can be found in the first movement of his Symphony No. 4, where one could almost say that he 'floats' from exposition into development, from development into recapitulation, and there are many other instances. But perhaps his own personal mode of transition is most striking at another juncture which is necessitated by his formal concept. The number "Three" has always occupied an important place in music, and somehow or other it seems to be a natural thing for a movement to fall into three main sections. This was the case in the classical sonata form, which consisted of the three distinct major sections: Exposition—Development—Recapitulation, with a short little Coda added as a concluding 'tail-piece', a general rounding-off. As Bruckner extended his Codas to completely unprecedented proportions (taking as his example the Beethoven of the 3rd and 9th Symphonies) this tri-partite structure was endangered. In order to restore it he resorted to a procedure which is nothing short of genius. In some of his first movements he lets the climax of his development section coincide with the beginning of the recapitulation,

thereby fusing these two sections into one enormous central span which has its apex at the very moment of junction. Added to this Bruckner invested climactic transitions of this nature with a series of harmonic tensions which cannot but have a shattering impact on any listener who is truly listening. Let us examine this process in the case of the 6th Symphony.³ Having begun his development on a *piano* and *pianissimo* level after the third thematic group of the exposition has died away, he slowly builds up his orchestral volume by means of a development of the second group of themes, until at bar 95 (letter M), he reaches a *fortissimo* in E flat major on the opening subject—a key removed from the symphony's tonic of A major. From here he moves through G flat major to A flat major—and now comes the unforgettable moment. Whilst the A flat root is thundered out in the basses in the rhythmic pattern of the opening of the symphony, the timpani enter at bar 207 with a *forte* roll on the low E. The human ear will never admit the timpani as a transposing instrument—it will therefore hear this E as the root of a chord in E. Thereby the A flat of the basses becomes enharmonically changed to a G sharp, the harmonic feel alters from flats into sharps, the chord is accepted as the first inversion of a seventh chord on E—which is the dominant to A Major, and it is on the tonic A major that in bar 209 (letter N) the climax of the development is achieved simultaneously with the beginning of the recapitulation. It may seem to be off the subject that such analytical particulars are discussed here, but they bear very vitally on the interpretation and performance of each and every Bruckner symphony although, of course, the details of such harmonic tension vary from instance to instance and never adhere to one cut-and-dried scheme. It is not to be expected that the average, educated music lover studies a score with such care before attending a concert, yet the principles discussed above, and in particular that of the harmonic tensions,⁴ is of supreme importance to the structure of all Bruckner symphonies. It is therefore one of the conductor's tasks to familiarize himself to the utmost with these details so that he can bring them out in performance with perfect clarity and utter conviction. Only in this way will the listener intuitively sense the complete cohesion of the whole while listening to a Bruckner symphony without, as often as not, being able to put his finger onto why the entire long span of the movement appears to stand firm without danger of collapse.

This now brings us to the last and greatest problem—doubly great because unavoidably it touches on regions of the spiritual. It is the

³All bar numbers and rehearsal letters are based on the score of the original version as published by the Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Vienna (ed. Haas or Nowak).

⁴The question of these harmonic tensions, which in this article has been merely touched upon briefly, forms the basis of an excellent and detailed study by Robert Simpson, "The Essence of Bruckner" (Victor Gollancz, London 1967).

problem of Bruckner's time scale. Again, this problem has two sides to it, of which one is technical and can be clearly defined, whereas the other goes into regions of feelings and emotions, and is therefore infinitely more difficult to express and formulate. On the technical side the matter is relatively simple. There is no need to tell anyone who has some inkling of Bruckner that his tempi are basically slow and that a Bruckner *Allegro* is something vastly different from, say, a Tchaikovsky *Allegro*. In fact, it would hardly be an overstatement to say that whereas one might easily play Bruckner too fast, it is almost impossible to play his music too slowly. But where the greatest mistake is being made is not so much in the basic tempo itself, but rather in changes of tempo within one movement. True, Bruckner often puts markings in his score such as 'Langsamer' or even 'Bedeutend langsamer' ('slower' or 'considerably slower'). If these instructions are taken too literally or even exaggerated, the resultant effect is one of disjunction, of breaking the flow, which is in direct antithesis to the very essence of Bruckner. Fortunately we are provided with a guide in one of the very, very rare occasions that Bruckner put a metronome marking into one of his scores, in the Finale of his 8th Symphony. At the beginning of this Finale ('Feierlich, nicht schnell'—Maestoso, non troppo allegro) he gives the metronome marking $\text{♩} = 69$; later, at bar 69 in the Haas score (letter D) and again at bar 567 (letter Mm), he accompanies the instruction 'Langsamer' ('slower') with the metronome marking $\text{♩} = 60$. The difference between these two tempi is relatively small, which justifies the assumption that in Bruckner's mind the conception of a tempo for a given movement was not a line, but rather a band with an upper and lower limit: Everything within these two limits conforms to the basic tempo, and the variations which he indicates should take place WITHIN THOSE LIMITS. The interpreter thereby has the licence to vary his tempo both according to Bruckner's instructions and the demands of his own artistic conscience without ever breaking the broad flow, the main stream of the music or making the listener consciously aware that the basic pulse has been altered—and thus the grand overall unity of the movement is preserved.

But whereas these hints and suggestions may help the performer on the purely technical plane, they really beg the main question. The problem of allowing an essentially 'right' time evolution in a Bruckner symphony is far more complex and demands a devoted and complete involvement on the part of the performer in what is the world of Anton Bruckner—and this applies equally to the listener. Bruckner was a romantic inasmuch as he lived during what historians describe as the romantic epoch in music, and his harmonies were affected and conditioned by his time and by the composers who lived and worked immediately before and around him. But in the true sense of the word he was *not* a romantic—for this he was far too conscious of the classical form and of the heritage of Beethoven and Schubert (not to mention the Italian polyphonic school, Bach and Händel, Mozart and Haydn). And even Wagner, whom he adulated, only added a final harmonic gloss to what was essentially already set and formed. It must

always be remembered that Bruckner's first contact with Wagner's music only came about when he had reached the age of 38, when he had completed seven gruelling years' study with Simon Sechter followed by two years' study with Otto Kitzler, and that in later years he paid no attention whatsoever to the texts and plots of Wagner's *Gesamtkunstwerk*: It was only the harmonic texture which enticed and attracted him. Nor are there any 'romantic' traits in his works: None of his symphonies bears a title with the exception of the 4th, and here the description "Romantic" is far too vague to count as such, he never wrote any of the programme music so dearly beloved by romantic composers. When he tried to invent some sort of 'programme' for his symphonies in order to please his friends, his inventions border on the ludicrous, and in the vocal field, apart from sacred music, he only wrote a handful of choruses, mainly for male choir. That other field which is so important in the romantic era, the *Lied*, he never touched on at all.⁵ On the other hand Bruckner has often, and equally mistakenly, been described as a mystic. This again is far removed from the truth, for this son and grandson of Upper Austrian village school teachers had far too clear an eye for the realities and at the same time a whole-hearted appreciation of the joys of life to qualify for the epithet 'mystic'. The secret of Bruckner's time concept lies in other aspects of his character. One of these is his almost limitless patience. It is well known how he strove for perfection (and, let it be admitted, to him personally 'perfection' often meant the acquisition of certificates and diplomas) and would not commit his first fully valid symphony to paper until he had reached his 41st year. This innate patience is reflected in his symphonies, and in order to come to a true understanding and enjoyment of his music this same patience is a prerequisite, not only in the listener, but also in the performer. It is strange, but again and again one has the experience—be it as listener or as conductor!—that a Bruckner symphony, taken at a slow and regular pace, appears infinitely shorter than a performance which is rushed, although in the matter of actual duration it is the latter which is the shorter. We come again to something which has been said earlier on: This feeling of "In the Beginning. . .". Bruckner was a visionary, and although these visions had their origin in his unquestioning faith, it is a feeling which can be experienced by every one of us, irrespective of our beliefs. It has been said that 'whereas Beethoven and Brahms, in their symphonies, are scaling the mountain side, Bruckner stands on the summit and serenely surveys the vast horizons around him'. This may perhaps, in a feeble way, explain the emotive effect of a Bruckner symphony, this romanticism without eroticism, without hustle and bustle—a romanticism which is most intrinsically Bruckner's own and

⁵Let me hasten to add, before the admonishing finger of the critic be raised against me, that I am aware of the five-odd songs which he composed between 1851 and 1868, but they are far too trivial to affect the argument as such.

which cannot be adapted to OUR every day conceptions, but to which we have to adapt ourselves. The essence of performance is communication, communicating to the listener the message which Bruckner had for the world. This message comes out of Bruckner's spirituality, and no matter what metamorphosis this message may undergo in the process of interpretation, it must bear the stamp of both serenity and tranquility on the one hand and a certain amount of awe on the other, the sort of awe which probably every one of us has felt when looking up to the stars on a clear night and realizing our own insignificance within the immensity of the cosmos. Bruckner is the pendulum beat of that cosmos.

KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO JAMES CONLON

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in and understanding of the works of Gustav Mahler, the Directors of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., awarded to James Conlon the Mahler medal designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society. James Conlon has performed works of Mahler on numerous occasions with many different orchestras. Presentation of the award was made to Mr. Conlon by the President of the Bruckner Society, Charles L. Eble, following Mr. Conlon's performance of Mahler Symphony No. 1 with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall in Chicago, November 19, 1991, the fourth of four performances.

A NEW GUIDE TO THE BRUCKNER SYMPHONIES

The Essence of Bruckner—An essay towards the understanding of his music by Robert Simpson. Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1967, 206 pp., ind., 38/-.

“What next—B flat? There is a crescendo in that direction, but if there is any key with which this section will have no truck, it is B flat. Look what it did to D flat last time! so with the deftness of a child evading a rough Playmate, the music slips away into C Major. . . .”

“And then? ‘Now,’ says the composer after a mere 222 bars, ‘we can begin!’ By this time Bruckner is well out of earshot of the enemy’s blasphemy, and if we wish to enter his world and taste its rewards we must also leave the enemy to grind his teeth in solitude. So now the finale can ‘go’ . . .”

Few Brucknerites, I trust, need to be told what finale *that* must be. With just such harmonic and structural metaphors—and with a nod toward Tovey¹ his great predecessor (at least for the Fourth and Sixth Symphonies²)—Robert Simpson, composer and hitherto the author of the fascinating *Carl Nielsen, Symphonist*,³ just as lucidly traverses the Bruckner nine in 167 pages and 154 musical examples in his newest book. In addition to the allocation of a chapter for each of the nine, there is an introductory chapter dealing collectively with the so-called *Nullte* Symphony, the String Quintet, the masses and *Requiem*, the *Te Deum*, and other works.⁴ Dr. Simpson’s personal metaphorical style is already familiar to past readers of CHORD AND DISCORD through his analyses of the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies,⁵ of which the present Chapters VIII and IX are an expansion.⁶

“The essence of Bruckner’s music,” he concludes in a summarizing chapter, “lies in a patient search for pacification. . . I mean its tendency to remove, one by one, disrupting or distracting elements, to seem to uncover at length a last stratum of calm contemplative thought. . . I am sure the characteristic Brucknerian process is essentially the reverse of the kind which raises the tension until it explodes into a finale.

¹ Sir Donald Francis Tovey, Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh, 1914-39.

² *Essays in Musical Analysis*, Vol. II (London: Oxford University Press, 1935), pp. 69-84.

³ London: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1952.

⁴ The author does not try to discuss the individual motets, but puts in an eloquent word for the part-song *Abendzauber*, for baritone solo, male chorus, and four horns—“a ravishing piece, written in 1878, and breathing the same atmosphere as the opening of the Fourth Symphony.”

⁵ Issues of 1963 and 1950.

⁶ To those who doubt the fact that honest structural analysis (metaphorical or otherwise) must be harmonic, I would commend the following pertinent statement on page 85: “The average listener who neither knows nor cares what key the music is in must be assured that it is these very events that are, if he is enjoying the music, keeping his ear engaged, whether he realizes it or not.”

Human tensions in Bruckner are usually gradually pacified, and this a positive, not a negative process." That is a very plausible over-all view, in the light of Bruckner's emotional instability and frequent mental breakdowns, and cries out for a psychological study in the vein of the great Sterba⁷ and Squires⁸ monographs on Beethoven, or the several such studies of Mahler from Reik⁹ onward.

This is by far the most detailed analysis of Bruckner's symphonies we have had in English, including that which appeared in 1960 by Erwin Doernberg,¹⁰ to which Dr. Simpson himself wrote the preface. Simpson's style is wittier than Doernberg's; and, as an additional boon, readers who happen to be admirers of Bruckner and Mahler are spared the sarcasm gratuitously bestowed on the latter by Doernberg.¹¹

For a comprehensive and unified discussion of the still bothersome textual problem in Bruckner, Doernberg's single chapter devoted to this subject is still without a peer. At any rate, Simpson, like Doernberg, reveals in the long run a clear preference for Robert Haas among Bruckner editors. He simply discusses the major points as they arise, though his general feeling toward Haas and Nowak, in respect to their successive "Critical Editions," emerges fully in the summing-up chapter: "It is a pity that there are still those who are prepared to perpetuate the confusion by using musicological pedantry where only insight will do; as we have frequently seen, the facts are often impossible to find out by normal scientific research methods."

By "the facts," he means, of course, the extent to which Bruckner was actively coerced or cajoled into altering things in his own hand, against his better judgment and his true artistic intent. In the crucial case of the Eighth Symphony, of which Nowak issued (in 1955) the precise "autograph revision" of 1890, whereas Haas prepared (in 1939) a "compromise" between the 1887 and 1890 autographs, Simpson admits that "from a purely musicological point of view, Nowak's position is unassailable," though for practical purposes he finds that some recourse to Haas is indispensable. He might have added that the Haas edition is in fact a performing version, based on an intuitive combination of two autographs, not a critical edition at all in the accepted sense. And the only thing that can balance and fulfil Nowak's techni-

⁷ *Beethoven and His Nephew* by Editha and Richard Sterba, M.D. (New York: Pantheon Books, 1954).

⁸ *The Problem of Beethoven's Deafness* by Paul C. Squires, Ph.D. (*The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, April-June, 1937).

⁹ *The Haunting Melody* by Theodor Reik (New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1953).

¹⁰ *The Life and Symphonies of Anton Bruckner* (London: Barrie and Rockliff). See Dika Newlin's review in CHORD AND DISCORD, 1963, p. 186.

¹¹ When Simpson criticizes an aspect of Mahler's music, as he does on page 97, he is equally critical of the same aspect in Bruckner's. He does not, as Doernberg so unconvincingly does, pit Bruckner's expressive "spontaneity" against Mahler's "typical conscious exertion" over the same kind of melody!

cally correct but incomplete scholarship is the engraving of the *other* autograph he has promised for thirteen years.¹²

"Perpetuating the confusion" naturally refers to that confusion originally inaugurated, in large part, by the partisan championship (in both good and bad senses) of the Schalks, Loewe, Oberleithner *et al* — potentially good insofar as these men were enthusiastic Brucknerites (and Bruckner was a hopelessly poor advocate for himself), but functionally bad insofar as they were also staunch Wagnerites. Simpson contributes some valuable critical asides on that score, *viz*:

"Their conception [of Bruckner's intentions], though lucid to themselves, was a complete misunderstanding based on what they found in Wagner. Their championship of Bruckner antagonized many who might have understood him better than they, and their copious advice, far from reassuring the timid composer, threw him into agonies of uncertainty and protracted bouts of revising, without which he might have written much more music."

"Brahms, whatever antagonism he may have expressed, understood Wagner; Bruckner, whatever adoration he showed, did not. Bruckner was bowled over by the sound of Wagner's music, but did not know what it really meant, whereas Brahms, resisting its heady appeal, knew and resented its significance. . . Their attitudes to Wagner divided them; yet they had more in common with each other than either had, in truth, with his own supporters in the feud. There is evidence that Brahms came at last to an inkling of this, for he was seen to applaud vigorously a performance of Bruckner's F Minor Mass, and afterwards persuaded the conductor, Richard von Perger, to perform the *Te Deum*. This is more than Bruckner's beloved Wagner ever did for him."

Here is controversial and thought-provoking writing, and there is much more. Especially interesting at the present juncture is Dr. Simpson's evaluation of the sketches for the Ninth finale:

"I must confess to more than skepticism about attempts to complete the Ninth Symphony, not only because the final coda is altogether missing (and it would be a bold, not to say impertinent, man who would try to compose Bruckner's greatest climax for him), but because the sketches do not provide the momentum to support such a coda. Alfred Orel has skillfully assembled a conflation of them into a more or less continuously written four-stave score, and others have made full scores 400-odd bars long, relying in part on the instrumental indications shown by Bruckner. But from the sketches one can divine only broad outlines; it is possible to identify developmental and recapitula-

¹² In the unique instance of the Third Symphony, both of whose pertinent autographs have been engraved (by Oeser and Nowak respectively), Simpson unhesitatingly states and develops his thesis that the compositional defects are Bruckner's in the first place ("He has entered a new world, but has not yet found his way about it")—with the clear inference that it would require a super-Haas and more to remedy the problems raised by this great ground-breaking work.

tory elements, but there is no real inner continuity perceptible as an organic process, no genuine coherence, and often a total absence of those inner parts that normally mean so much to the growth of a Bruckner movement. . . I do not believe that anyone will ever succeed in doing for this movement what Deryck Cooke has done so magnificently for Mahler's Tenth Symphony. There is no doubt that Mahler saw his Tenth whole. Bruckner was still trying to conceive the exact form and nature of his finale."

This feeling on Simpson's part is related to that "search for pacification" which (as mentioned above) he finds to be indeed "the essence of Bruckner." At first, he writes, "I used to think that the completed movement would have resolved the tensions of the symphony by revealing an essential calm and majestic mind behind all the emotional disturbance of the rest; but the more familiar are these sketches, the more marked does the impression become that the subjective elements are still overwhelmingly there, that Bruckner's condition was not such as to be able to exorcise them."

This is a fascinating theory in view of the fact that, as we know, Bruckner spent the last two years of his life in a state of only intermittent lucidity, during which periods he continually strove to complete this finale. It makes an ironic complement to Mahler's musical *dénouement*. In his sketches for the Tenth, Mahler worked his way through to what Cooke regards as the state of "benediction" expressed in the final pages,¹³ but then rejected the whole thing (at least temporally) by locking it away in its fragmentary state; and his illness and death the following spring made it permanent. Bruckner, according to Dr. Simpson's musical diagnosis, was still struggling to "exorcise" that selfsame demon, perhaps, of which Mahler wrote when he said "The Devil is dancing it with me!"¹⁴ —and Bruckner failed completely in that effort.

If present plans materialize, we will soon be able to test Simpson's hypothesis in the actual performance of various realizations of this finale,¹⁵ analogous to those of the Mahler Tenth prepared by Cooke, Wheeler, and others. Contrasting the prospects in each case, Simpson speaks of what Cooke has "done so magnificently"; but in fact these post-Mahlerian efforts too have been frowned upon by some leading musicians. Nevertheless, the decisive point in favor of hearing them is that there have already been extant, for many years, truncated (*i.e.* one or two-movement) versions of the work which were invariably put forth as "the Mahler Tenth," and which thereby constituted much more of a perversion of what Mahler wanted to say *in toto*, in his final work, than any conscientious and competent five-movement

¹³ Others, like Wheeler, find the parting "sigh" to be far removed from one of fulfillment or contentment!

¹⁴"*Der Teufel tanzt es mit mir*," part of the inscription on the title page of the fourth movement of No. 10 (four stave sketch).

¹⁵ Presented by Arthur D. Walker, Ernst Märzendorfer, *etc.*

“performing version of the sketch” (proffered as exactly that and no more) could be.¹⁶

The prevailing situation is very much the same with Bruckner's Ninth today as with Mahler's Tenth prior to 1963. We have a fragment or torso universally presented as “the Bruckner Ninth” which, by Simpson's own Brucknerian definition, cannot properly be so designated in any sense. Nor can this version be logically regarded as the final word even on the given portion of the work, for Simpson also warns: “We must never forget, in criticizing the Ninth, that the whole of what is extant is only its first draft, and that Bruckner would certainly have gone over it all again.” So we have three movements ending with a “final” E-major “resolution” which is actually, in Brucknerian terms, no resolution at all—only a temporary stopping-place. Assuming, then, that Dr. Simpson is correct about the state of the finale, would it not be a lesser perversion to present in performance (as what the composer left us) *three and a half* movements, completely unresolved? That would be more painful, if the author is right—but, to the same extent, also more accurate.

The Essence of Bruckner is dedicated “to Jascha Horenstein, who interprets Bruckner with love and authority.”

JACK DIETHER

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HAROLD BYRNS
WYN MORRIS
BENJAMIN BRITTEN

¹⁶ See *The Facts Concerning Mahler's Tenth Symphony* by Deryck Cooke, CHORD AND DISCORD, 1963.

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