OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

AN E IN THE SEVENTH BAR

AMONG the world's great composers, Joseph Haydn is the least familiar to us, both as a man and as an artist. No complete edition of his works exists; only a tenth of his manuscripts have been printed; of his hundred and four symphonies, fewer than a dozen—No. 88, the "Oxford," the "Surprise," the "Military," the "Clock," and the "Drum Roll," to name more than half of them—are regularly performed. On the other hand, almost three hundred works that once circulated under Haydn's name have turned out to be unauthentic. One of the best-known facts about him, which has gained currency simply by virtue of its ghoulishness, is that for nearly a century and a half his skull has had one resting place and the remainder of his bones another. "It is strange that the personality and work of the friendliest and most approachable of composers should be so imperfectly known," Rosemary Hughes, a recent Haydn biographer, has written.

Since Haydn's death, fate seems to have tried to compensate for making his life a long and rich one. Unlike Mozart and Schubert, who often didn't know where their next florin was coming from, Haydn, except for a short stretch of poverty in his early youth, had no money worries. He had security and good health; he lived seventy-seven years, composed almost every day, and turned out an amazing amount of work. Nobody knows just how much. In addition to his symphonies, he is thought to have written twenty-four operas and Singspiels, eighty-four string quartets (one came to light as late as 1931), fifty-two piano sonatas, at least twenty concertos for various instruments, fourteen Masses, thirty-one piano trios, about a hundred and seventy-five pieces for the baritone (a species of viol), and well over two hundred *divertimenti* for chamber ensembles. He also arranged hundreds of Scottish, Welsh, and English songs. And this list is by no means complete. For years, there has been considerable confusion about what Haydn did and did not compose. When he became famous, some less prominent members of the composing fraternity began to write symphonies in the style of Haydn and palm them off as genuine Haydn. Writing "Haydn symphonies" became such a profitable business that the incomplete "Joseph Haydn's Works," published in eleven volumes between 1907 and 1933 by Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig, lists thirty-six symphonies as "doubtful" and thirty-eight as "wrongly attributed to Haydn."

The search for genuine Haydn compositions, one of the great treasure hunts in musical history, was started during the middle of the last century by C. F. Pohl, librarian of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde (Society of the Friends of Music), in Vienna, and it is still going on. Interest in Haydn's music started picking up some twenty years ago, and since then more of it has been performed than was performed during the whole preceding century. A number of experts have been trying to dispel the mysteries that cloud Haydn's work, and of these one of the most enthusiastic and certainly the youngest is H. C. Robbins Landon, a twenty-seven-year-old musicologist from Boston, who five years ago organized the Haydn Society for the purpose of making records of Haydn's unfamiliar compositions, selling them, and using the profits to publish a complete edition of his works. Landon now lives in Vienna, Haydn's favorite city.

I have been living in Vienna myself off and on during the past year, and have frequently run into Landon at concerts, at chamber-music evenings, and at the State Opera. He always has some fascinating new item of information about the great composer. I am a Haydn fan, too; as an amateur chamber-music violinist, I am fond of, and grateful to, Haydn, because his string quartets are the salvation of all such amateurs. When four people play together for the first time and want to feel out one another's abilities, or when four players who are sufficiently well acquainted to spend an exhausting evening with Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, or Dvořák find themselves tired but still in the mood for "one for the road," the choice is almost always Haydn. Like a bottle of old claret, one of the fine Haydn quartets leaves everybody with a happy, airy feeling. I've often wished I could have been present at one of the quartet evenings in Mozart's apartment in Vienna, at which Haydn played first violin, Mozart played the viola, and Karl Dit-

"You might be glad to know that your money will not be squandered foolishly."

ters von Dittersdorf and Johann Baptist Wanhal, two other composers, played second violin and cello. It must have been quite a foursome.

LANDON and his wife live in two large, comfortable rooms of an old house overlooking Vienna's Stadtpark. During the summer, an orchestra plays in the park every afternoon and evening, but since it rarely plays Haydn, Landon considers it an intrusion on his peace and quiet. The Landons' rooms are filled with Haydn pictures, Haydn prints, Haydn books, Haydn music, and Haydn records, and in the living room is a harpsichord like the one Haydn used to play while simultaneously conducting his orchestra for his patron, Prince Nicholas (the Magnificent) Esterházy. (Conducting achieved the status of an art in itself only toward the beginning of the nineteenth century.) Mrs. Landon, a Viennese harpsichordist who performs under her maiden name, Christa Fuhrmann, has played the harpsichord in several Haydn recordings that her husband has produced. The Landons feel a close personal relationship with Haydn. They live, talk, work, and dream Haydn. They celebrate Haydn's birthday. In conversation, they seldom use Haydn's name, referring to the composer simply as "he" or "him." Haydn has been dead for a hundred and forty-five years, but to the Landons he is a beloved member of the family.

Landon has devoted more than half of his young life to Haydn. His aim is to collect and publish everything Haydn ever wrote, and to get it all on records, too, except for some plainly inferior work. He is a huge, friendly, high-spirited fellow who often gets carried away by his own enthusiasm and always talks prestissimo when he discusses his hero, which, of course, is most of the time. His devotion to Haydn dates back to 1940, when, at the age of thirteen, he was a pupil at the Asheville School, in North Carolina. His music teacher there used to complain that no one cared about Haydn. Landon decided to care. While his friends were playing baseball or hanging around the corner drugstore, he was busy reading all he could find on Haydn. His father, William Grinnell Landon, a well-known designer of railroad locomotives in Boston, gently humored what he thought of as a passing whim. Young Landon wanted to major in Haydn and get his degree in Haydn, but no American college offered enough courses dealing with the subject, so he settled for piano and music appreciation

at Williams. After one semester, he switched to Swarthmore, and later to Boston University, because the head of its Department of History, Theory, and Literature of Music was (as he is today) Karl Geiringer, formerly of Vienna, whom Landon considers the greatest Haydn authority in America.

In 1947, Landon came to Vienna in search of Haydn, and, to support himself, got a job with the Army writing a history of the United States forces in Austria. He spent all his spare time in the archives of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, examining Haydn manuscripts. He was distressed by the fact that of Haydn's hundred and four symphonies, some, between No. 49 and No. 82, had never been published, and it was at this time that he made up his mind to publish a complete edition. At that point, he had exactly a hundred and seventy-nine dollars to spend on the job—a job that he now thinks will run to sixty-five volumes and cost at least three hundred thousand dollars. As a starter, Landon, with the help of a few friends, set up the Haydn Society, which was incorporated in Massachusetts and has offices in Boston, New York, and Vienna.

The Haydn Society's first recordings, made in Vienna, sold well in America—particularly "The Creation" and the "Nelson" Mass. But they didn't sell well enough. Although recording is less expensive in Vienna than in the United States, Landon soon ran out of money. Then an acquaintance of his who was working for the American Army in Vienna invested thirteen thousand dollars in the Society, impressed by Landon's earnest claim that profits would "pyramid faster than those from California real estate." They didn't, but at least the investor got his money back. Next, a wealthy uncle of Landon's came forward with fifteen thousand dollars, which helped pay for two volumes of Haydn published by the Society. In 1952, another financial crisis threatened, and Landon began to wonder whether he would have to go home and look for a non-Haydn job, but just then the uncle died, leaving him a trust fund that makes it practically certain he will be able to devote the rest of his life to Haydn.

NOT long ago, Landon called me up and invited me to go down with him to Eisenstadt, a small provincial capital in the Soviet Zone of Austria, thirty miles southeast of Vienna, where Haydn spent almost thirty years of his life as *Kapellmeister* of the

princely household at the Esterházy castle. Landon said that there was a first edition of Haydn's Symphony No. 44 at Haydn's house in Eisenstadt, and that he wanted to find out whether a certain note in the seventh bar of the final movement was an E or an F sharp. I like people who undertake trips like that to settle matters like that, and I told him I'd be glad to go along.

The next morning, Landon called for me in his car, exuberant at the prospect of a reunion with Haydn. As soon as we got under way, he told me that he and his wife had just pulled off a major Haydn coup. "We'd been searching a long time for early copies of Haydn's two main choral works—'The Seasons' and 'The Creation,' " he said. "The autographs are lost, but there were believed to be good copies somewhere in Vienna. We'd known for quite a while that Haydn occasionally conducted his works at the concerts of the Tonkünstlersocietät, and that in the nineteenth century this became the Haydn Verein. A couple of days ago, we learned that the Haydn Verein had disbanded in 1927, and transferred its manuscripts to the Vienna City Library. We went to the librarian and asked him if we could see the Haydn stuff. He said that the manuscripts were stored somewhere in the cellar in two big wooden boxes and that he'd never got around to taking a look at them. He didn't think there was anything of importance there. We kept after him until he agreed to have one of the boxes brought up to his office. I opened it, and there was a wonderful copy of 'The Creation' made by Johann Elssler—Elssler was Haydn's servant and copyist—with corrections and revisions in Haydn's own handwriting. The score and all the parts. Goodness, we were delirious! It was late, but the librarian took us down to the cellar and we opened the other box. Sure enough, there was an Elssler copy of the score of 'The Seasons' and parts for an orchestra of a hundred and six, including triple woodwinds and twenty first violins—over ten thousand pages all told. Haydn's revisions were often very revealing. For instance, in 'The Creation,' when the chorus sings, 'And there was light,' Haydn originally did not use a trombone, but in the corrected version he added three trombones at the word 'light,' for more power. Wonderful stuff."

We turned down Vienna's Triesterstrasse and soon left the city behind. "It took Haydn about a month to write a symphony and three months to write

a Mass," Landon said. "He was a hard-working guy. He'd start in right after breakfast—around eight o'clock, usually—by playing the harpsichord to put him in the mood. Then he'd sketch new compositions until eleven-thirty. After lunch and a walk, he'd start in again at around four in the afternoon, when he did most of the scoring. He'd work until eight, go out for another walk, come back at nine, work another hour, and have supper at ten—just bread and a glass of wine. By midnight, he'd be in bed. And in spite of this rigorous schedule, it took him eighteen months to compose 'The Creation.'"

The dean of Haydn scholars, Landon told me, is Jens Peter Larsen, a Dane who is said to know by heart three-quarters of everything Haydn wrote. "Larsen is a giant," Landon said. "He spent ten years of his life in various monastery libraries and in other archives and collections looking at Haydn autographs and copies. I met him for the first time in 1949, when I went to Copenhagen. He came down to the station to pick me up. When I got off the train, I recognized him from his pictures, all right—he's a gray-haired, dignified-looking man—but he certainly wasn't expecting anything like me. I went over and introduced myself, and I must say it was quite a shock for the poor fellow. We hit it off fine, though, once we sat down in his library and started talking Haydn. We've seen a lot of each other since. Christa and I got married in his house—sometime in March or April of '51; I always forget the date. Several Haydn experts sent messages congratulating me. Larsen sent one himself, signed 'Stalin' and offering Christa and me free use of the Haydn autographs in Moscow, provided we proved that Haydn was a Russian. That's a real Haydn joke."

Between Vienna and Baden, the famous spa frequently visited by the Kaiser and the Imperial Court, we met a number of cars, mostly Buicks and Tatras, with Soviet license plates, all hurtling along at formidable speeds. We drove through dreary villages where Red Army trucks were parked in driveways, and once we saw a small castle that had been turned into a Kommandantura. The entrance was hung with Communist banners and a large red star. There are believed to be forty thousand Russian occupation troops stationed in Austria, and a large proportion of them are billeted in the poorest villages—because, some Austrians say, "they look so much like home to the Russians."

Presently, vineyards appeared on

both sides of the road, and before long we came to a blue-and-white sign informing us that we were entering Eisenstadt. We drove past the domed Bergkirche, where Haydn's bones, minus skull, are buried, and past the church of the Barmherzigen Brüder, where he used to play the organ and for which he wrote the "Kleine Orgelmesse." Though Eisenstadt is the capital of Burgenland Province, it is a sleepy small town, with a population of only seven thousand. The upper part of the town is dominated by the Esterházy castle, with its yellow baroque façade, four bell towers, and Tuscan columns bordering its entrance. The castle was taken over by the Red Army in 1945, but the Russians later leased it to the provincial government of Burgenland to use as offices. We pulled up in front of the entrance and got out. The large hall where Haydn conducted his music is on the ground floor, and Landon eagerly led me to it. "Not much has been changed here since the days of Haydn," he said in an awed tone. "The floor boards are the same, for instance. Imagine, Haydn walked on these very boards a hundred and ninety years ago! Haydn and his twelve-piece orchestra—three violins, a cello, a double bass, a flute, two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns—sat right there," he went on, pointing to a platform at the far end of the hall. "They wore the uniform of the household—blue and gold, with white stockings—and they weren't treated much better than lackeys. According to his contract, Haydn had to compose whatever works His Highness might require, and he presented himself in the antechamber daily for orders. The court musicians had to perform two operas and two concerts a week, and Haydn had to coach the singers, rehearse the orchestra, and practice for the Sunday Mass. Besides all that, he was responsible for the upkeep of the instruments and the music library. It was a tough routine and would have finished a lesser man. But nothing could keep Haydn's genius down. Not even the hunting lodge the Prince converted into a castle that was to rival Versailles, with an opera house for four hundred people, a coffeehouse, a theatre, a frescoed hall, a picture gallery, a library, and all the necessary terraces, cascades, and vistas. It would probably have been a magnificent social success anywhere except where it was—twenty-five miles from here, in the middle of nowhere. Still, the Empress Maria Theresa did visit the place, in 1773, and heard the Symphony No. 48 in C Major and the

operas 'L'infedeltà delusa' and 'Philemon and Baucis.' Haydn composed and produced all three of them in her honor. He and his musicians hated the place. They called it 'the desert.' But the Prince insisted on spending several months of every year there because of the fine shooting. In 1772, at a time when the musicians were feeling particularly lonely there, Haydn wrote his 'Farewell' Symphony—No. 45 in F Sharp Minor. The orchestra played it for the Prince, and when they got to the final movement, one musician after another blew out the candle on his music rack and tiptoed away, until only the first and second violinists were left. The Prince got the hint and gave orders to pack up and return to Eisenstadt. Now let's go and see some of the rest of the town."

WE drove past a Haydn cinema, a Haydn drugstore, and a Haydn library, and turned in to Haydngasse, a quiet side lane lined with modest white-painted two-story houses. Landon stopped the car in front of one of them, which bore a sign reading "HAYDN MUSEUM." We got out, and he rang the bell. After a while, the door was opened by an elderly lady with gray hair and a reddish face. Landon introduced her to me as Fräulein Rose Hyden (pronounced "Heedn"), the government-appointed caretaker and guide, who lives on the premises and looks after the house.

"How have you been, Fräulein Hyden?" he asked her. "And how is Papa Haydn this morning? I've come to look up something very important in one of his scores."

"You're forever doing that," said Fräulein Hyden. "What is it this time?"

"An argument with my wife," Landon told her. "Christa claims that one of the notes in the seventh bar of the final movement of the Symphony No. 44 is an E, and I say it's an F sharp."

"I'm sure she's right," said Fräulein Hyden. "Come in."

We walked through a stone-paved entrance corridor that opened on a courtyard. On one of the walls, I noticed a plaque that read, "To Joseph Haydn, who lived in this house from 1766 to 1778—our immortal fellow-citizen whose creative genius carried from these narrow walls to the great world outside." We climbed an exterior staircase that led from the courtyard to the four-room apartment on the second floor where Haydn had lived with his wife. The apartment, now the museum, is filled with pictures and prints, and

programs of important performances of Haydn's work, including one of "The Creation" in Nanking in 1936. The only autographs in the museum are of a march and a German dance, which were displayed in a case. Next to them was a copy of Haydn's opera "Armida" made by Elssler and corrected and revised by Haydn. On the page lying open, Haydn had written a note explaining exactly how he wanted the "fp" (forte-piano) to be performed.

Landon opened a drawer in a cabinet and took out a pile of first editions. Fräulein Hyden brought me the visitors' book and asked me to sign, adding that she'd been keeping the book for over fifteen years. Many of her Russian visitors had not only signed their names but had written long tributes to Haydn. "There were over ten thousand Russian troops here in the summer of '45," she said. "I guess it wasn't always pleasant for the younger women. But I must say they were all very nice when they came up here."

I examined some of the Russian entries that were written in German. One read: "The great Haydn is generally admired and widely popular in the Soviet Union. As I looked at his small house, I was reminded of my years in school and as a musician." And another: "Never did I dare hope that someday I would have an opportunity to see an autograph of the great Haydn. The sight excited me. We from Moscow pay tribute to the great composer whose works belong to the people everywhere. Many thanks for the interesting lecture. Everything we saw here proves to us the greatness of Haydn." And a third: "When I saw the home of the great composer Haydn, I, a Soviet soldier, stood in silent admiration. We Soviet people honor the immortal Haydn and hope that the Austrian nation will honor his memory by playing his works often in concerts and over the radio."

Fräulein Hyden and I strolled about the museum for a quarter of an hour or so while Landon went on with his work. Suddenly he came running up to us, waving the first edition of the Symphony No. 44. "It's an E!" he exclaimed. "Christa was right! I'm glad to have that settled. Now let me tell you about the skull." He whisked me over to a chest on which stood a plaster cast of a human skull. "A copy of Haydn's, which is still in Vienna," he said. "It's a weird story. Haydn died in Vienna on May 31, 1809, and was buried there in the Hundsthurm Cemetery. Two nights later, his close friend Josef Carl

Rosenbaum went to his grave. No one knows exactly what happened, but Rosenbaum left after a few hours, carrying Haydn's head under his arm. He was a prominent student of phrenology, and he wanted to preserve Haydn's cranium for scientific study. The theft was discovered eleven years later, in 1820, when Prince Nicholas Esterházy II, the grandson of Haydn's patron, had Haydn's body exhumed in order to bring it to Eisenstadt and bury it. Well, as you can imagine, there was quite a scandal. The police suspected Rosenbaum at once, and searched his house, but they couldn't find the skull. Frau Rosenbaum, who was in bed pretending to be ill, had it hidden under her mattress. Prince Esterházy offered to pay Rosenbaum for the skull, and Rosenbaum sent him a skull, which was buried with Haydn's bones. Then the Prince refused to pay, claiming that it would be ransom money, but Rosenbaum had the last laugh, because the skull he'd sent the Prince wasn't Haydn's. Before his death, Rosenbaum confessed the whole thing, and bequeathed the genuine skull to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. It's still there. For more than a century, various Princes of Esterházy have tried to get the skull back so they could bury it with the rest of Haydn's bones at the Bergkirche. But so far they've had no luck."

"It's not *nice* of them," Fräulein Hyden said with conviction. "The skull belongs to us here."

Landon shrugged. "What difference does it make, Fräulein Hyden?" he said. "The inscription on Haydn's mausoleum says that his sweet melodies will preserve his memory long after the stones of his tomb have crumbled. That's the way I feel about it, too."

—Joseph Wechsberg

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Exciting is the word for Glayva, an imported liqueur, a product of Scotland, bottled by Ronald Morrison & Co. The label tells that "when Scotland's glens and moors echoed to the clash of claymores, the marital ardour of her warriors was wonderfully forfeited by the same precious drink which now has pride of place in famous Scottish Regimental Messes."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Damned poor recommendation.

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DAVID B. WOODRUFF JOINS STAFF TO TEACH JUVENILE DELINQUENCY
—*Headline in Adult Education Newsletter.*

How big a staff is it?