



# Articles

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There’s no doubt that Lehmann considered herself a writer. Poetry, a novel, her early autobiography, the pedagogical books, all were published in her lifetime. Her satirical novelette *On Heaven, Hell, and Hollywood* can be found in this volume. In the following pages you’ll find articles that Lehmann wrote about her experiences in the States, a poem, and other pieces meant for publication in American magazines.

*Theatre Arts Monthly* April 1937; also *Players At Work* 1937 as  
"The Singing Actor"

## The Singing Actress Attacks Her Part

LOTTE LEHMANN

*The good fortune which enabled us to add Mme. Lehmann's article to this series on the working methods of distinguished players still prevails, permitting us to announce for next month a study of 'The Dancing Actor: Fred Astaire'. — Editors' Note.*

THE APPROACH to a new part in opera is a highly individual problem for each singer. The obvious approach is, of course, through the music, and most singers focus their attention first upon the music as the only real clue to the dramatic action.

This is in direct contrast to the method of approaching a song, however. In studying a song I never begin with the music, but first consider the text, to which the accompaniment is, in the beginning, of secondary importance. I build up my songs from their actual foundations — the words — my interpretations flowing always from a deep sense of the poetry in the music. It is this poetry which inspires the composer to build up the wondrous interweaving of speech and melody that is a song; it is this poetry which inspires him to interpret the verse in his music and to create a harmonious entity. To many singers the poetry will necessarily seem secondary until it is recreated through union with the music, and thus expressed more clearly and more meaningfully to all the senses. But to me the actual sound of the words is all-important; I feel always that the words complete the music and must never be swallowed up in it. The music is the shining path over which the poet travels to bring his song to the world.

For an operatic part, on the other hand, I always start with the score as a foundation for the interpretation. Only from a study of the score can there come a true emotional understanding of the dramatic action of the opera, and it is only after I am thoroughly familiar with the music that I immerse myself in the libretto, to study my role from its purely dramatic aspect in order to judge whether I am suited to it.



## THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY

The singing actress must always find the clue to a character in opera for herself. A stage director can help her, to be sure, but the greatest stage director, the one whom one follows as a final authority, is the music. The singer who approaches his part, looking on the music as of secondary importance, as though he were approaching a play instead of a music-drama, is not only a bad musician but a bad operatic artist. In the true artist there is an inherent inner capacity to sense musical and dramatic values simultaneously, and without this sixth sense the opera singer will never be able to give a convincing portrayal, no matter how much study is put into a role.

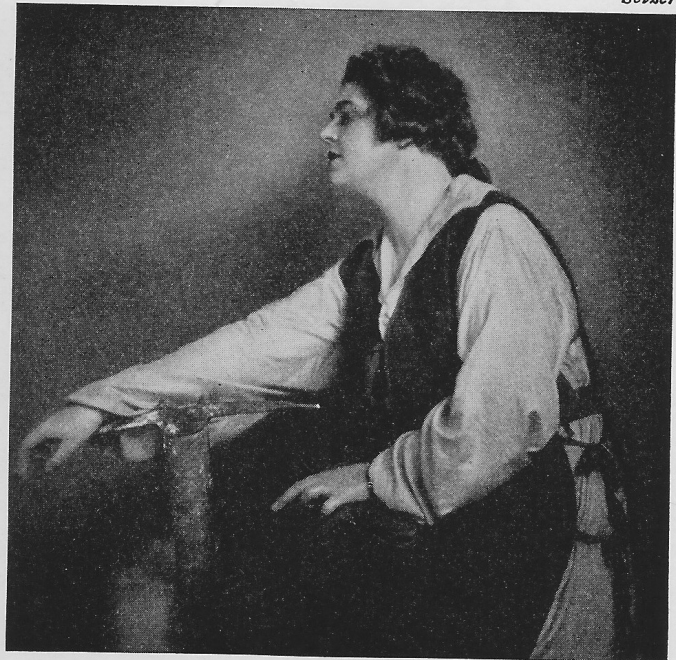
The singer who is creating an operatic part is naturally less free than the dramatic actor. He is, to some extent, the slave of the music, and must follow it and adapt all his actions to it. I have sometimes envied the freedom of the stage actor, who has the opportunity of unrestrained surrender to the character he is portraying. But when I once confessed this to a great actress whom I admired, she answered: 'Good Gracious! — and I envy you, who have the mighty stream of music to carry you on, to release the underlying emotion, so that an inappropriate gesture or a falsity of mood is almost impossible.' On closer thought I realized how true this was. To the opera singer the music is the basis of all stage behavior, a fine restraining force, at the same time as it is the root of all character interpretation.

My own acting always stems from personal experience and a mental conception of what is true and beautiful in life. But when I am on the stage I forget self and audience, everything but the role I am playing and the music I am singing. For only when heart and mind fuse into perfect union can one produce a characterization of poetic vitality and basic truth.

The most rewarding parts I have played in opera have been those in which I could express a really vital, human quality, while still retaining a correct singing style. A pure singing role, however, whose ultimate success lies only in a correct vocal and technical approach and not in the living character, has never interested me. The parts I have enjoyed the most have been the Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier*, Leonora in *Fidelio*, Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser* and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, roles of varied type; I should be sorry indeed to be limited to Wagnerian parts.

The Wagnerian singer must, of course, suit her mood and action

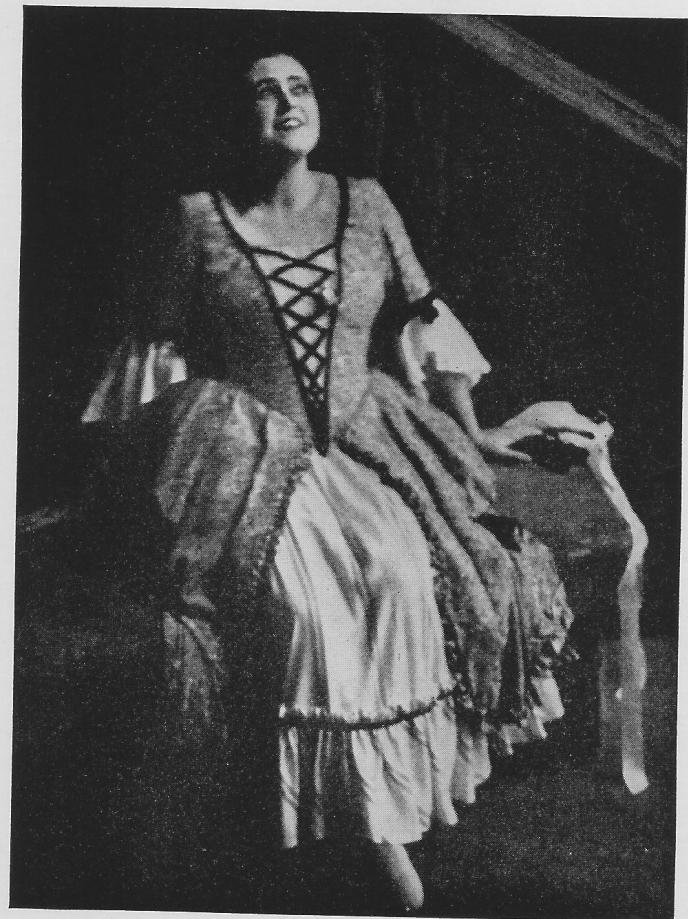




LOTTE LEHMANN

SINGING ACTRESS

With one of the world's magnificent voices and blessed as well with an acting ability rare among opera stars, Lotte Lehmann, author of the accompanying article, is on the roster of artists at the Metropolitan Opera House, where she sings all too rarely, and is a bright light in the annual Salzburg Festival productions. She appears, above, as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*; upper right, as Leonora in *Fidelio*; right, as Manon in the opera of the same name.

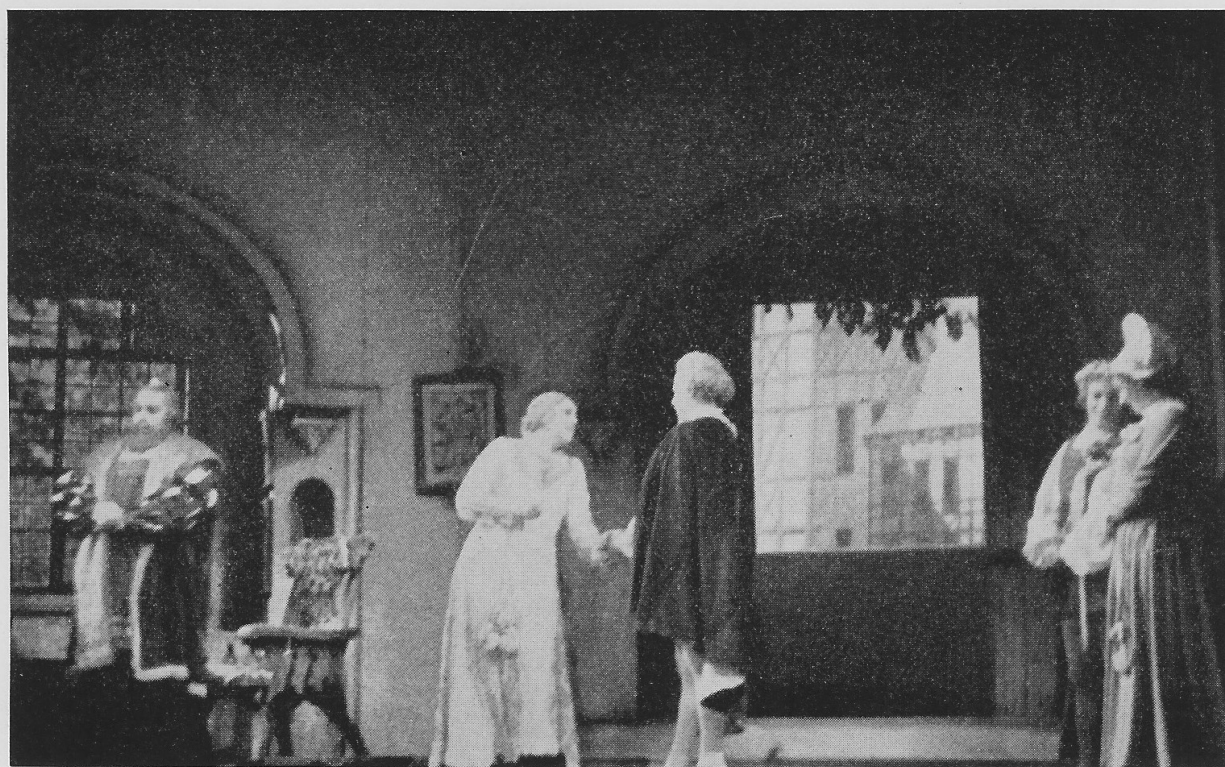




Skall



LOTTE LEHMANN against backgrounds evocative of operatic magnificence: As Desdemona in the Viennese production of Verdi's *Otello*; and as Eva, one of her many Wagnerian roles, in *Die Meistersinger*.



General Photographic Agency, Ltd.



## THE SINGING ACTRESS

to the nobility and flow of the music, which dictates this action. In a Strauss role, however, the singing actress must act her part freely and with seeming inattention to the restrictions of the music. That is, perhaps, why Christine in Strauss' *Intermezzo* was, for me, the most difficult role to prepare and sing. I did the premiere in Dresden, where Strauss himself was present at all the rehearsals and made very clear to me the manner in which he wanted the role to be treated. He wanted a new vocal style, half speaking and half singing, and emphasized that, although he had written exact notes for the part, he wished me rather to build up my own interpretation than to adhere too meticulously to these notes. As Christine I played the part of a shrew (incidentally a caricature of a composer's wife); in her scolding and tempestuous moods I was required to be fully cognizant of the music and yet to subordinate it entirely to the action and speech. I found it very difficult to acquire this technique, but Strauss was pleased with the results. Probably the reason this role has never become popular in Europe is because its new singing style is completely foreign to the usual opera technique.

To sing the Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier* on one night, striving for a mellow, understanding characterization, and on the next night to sing the youthful, passionate Leonora in *Fidelio* is to exercise one's full range of emotions. It is continual exercise of this sort from which the singing actress and her audience benefit, the actress acquiring new means of expressing music and drama, and affording new satisfaction to the audience.

In every detail of performance a singing actress is dependent on the singers who play opposite her. I have never understood the star who enjoys playing with a mediocre cast in order to shine out the more brilliantly himself, for the essence of any fine dramatic or operatic production is harmonious integration of all performances. Alfred Jerger, with whom I sang in Strauss's *Intermezzo* and *Arabella*, and the unforgettable Richard Mayr, furnished perfect complements to my acting efforts, I found. I will never forget our *Rosenkavalier* rehearsals in which Mayr, playing the part of Baron Ochs, struck the keynote of the whole performance for me in his vivid characterization. Stage association with other inspiring actors is a stimulation for one's own performance that cannot be measured. The final integration of the



## THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY

work of one actor with another comes, of course, through the stage director.

We have come to realize the close integration between all aspects of opera, to know that neither music nor action, nor staging, is sufficient unto itself, or unto an operatic production as a whole. A practical and effective stage director will not attempt to force his ideas on an actress, nor will a sensitive interpreter persist in a portrayal which does not jibe with the rest of the production. There must always be give and take between stage director and singing actor or actress, to bring two dissimilar interpretations into a satisfactory dramatic balance. Most conductors concern themselves solely with the music, but there are exceptions. Toscanini and Bruno Walter, for example, have an eye for the stage as well as the music, and with such men as these one hardly needs a regisseur.

I shall always remember with gratitude the man to whom I owe the original decision to attempt *Fidelio*. It was on the occasion of the Beethoven Centenary in 1926 that Franz Schalk inspired me to try this. I trusted his friendly advice and can never forget his interpretation of this noblest of all operas, his humble, wholly forgetful musicianship, and — I may rightly be proud to say it — his joy in my Leonora. I have since sung the role under various conductors, but I shall always remember most fondly Franz Schalk to whom I owe Leonora, Bruno Walter who led me to a deeper conception of the part, and Arturo Toscanini who raised me above myself with his strong, suggestive will. Schalk, if he liked a voice very much, was apt to forget in his enthusiasm that there are limits to a singer's powers. Walter, on the contrary, was careful always to eliminate the element of strain. His deep understanding and great sympathy for the singer are perhaps not to be equaled. The artist is continually protected by his consideration, and technical difficulties of singing and nervous inhibitions alike are easily overcome under such a conductor. When first I sang opera under the inexorable Toscanini I was a little apprehensive. One hears everywhere of Toscanini's inspiring rehearsals, but also a good deal about his lack of consideration. I had even heard that he required ten hours a day of singing with full voice. (My hair stood on end at this thought.) Actually Toscanini was full of consideration, always advising us to save our voices when, under the spell of his magic, we spent ourselves too lavishly. One thing, to be sure, he demanded: concentra-



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tion — unconditional devotion to the task in hand and complete, perfect understanding of its scope. But no true artist could possibly remain passive in the presence of this passionate, almost fanatic will. Toscanini knows no concessions, he despises all incompetence, and where Walter overcame difficulties with understanding and sympathy, it was Toscanini's glowing will that wrought perfection. It is an overpowering force that would impel one to follow him even if the Maestro's own selfless devotion to his work did not immediately rule out anything but uninterrupted concentration on the part of the musicians under him.

It may be of interest to the reader to know something of the rehearsal procedure for a new opera. After thoroughly studying the libretto and music by himself the singer has several rehearsals with the co-repetitor. It is the co-repetitor who assists the conductor at all rehearsals and often conducts the singers from the prompt-box at a performance, so that the conductor can give more attention to the orchestra. When he has thoroughly mastered the part, the singer goes over it with the conductor at the piano for several rehearsals. Then follow more rehearsals with the other singers, but without chorus. These rehearsals take place on the stage with the co-repetitor at the piano and under the direction of the regisseur. During stage rehearsals the regisseur makes constant suggestions, since he sees the stage as a whole, which of course the singer is not able to do. The regisseur is, as it were, the mirror in which the unified production is reflected. Next come rehearsals with chorus, and, finally, with the orchestra. It is important to note that there is never a rehearsal without music, and that the action is never disassociated from the musical background.

The physical means of projecting a characterization in opera — the gesture and movement — are, of course, affected not only by the scale of the music but (just as a dramatic performance would be) by the scenic production and the size of the stage and auditorium.

Where there may be three or twenty-three theatres in a large city, there is rarely more than one opera house. The opera auditorium must, therefore, be large enough to accommodate a goodly audience at one time. Then, too, where the theatre stage may be intimately proportioned for drawing-room comedy with a small cast of characters, operatic stages must be large enough to accommodate huge choruses.



## THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY

Wagner was the first composer to take the size of the opera house into consideration and to write operas of broad universal theme to which the sweeping and elemental gesture (which the size of the opera house demands) is far more suited than is the minute and intimate gesture of the small stage. Perhaps the reason that the public recognizes a tradition of convincing operatic acting in the Wagner operas is because of their very adaptability to the large operatic stage. The old Italian and French operas, on the other hand, with their small scale action, have had to be over-acted on the big opera stages, in order to be projected across the footlights at all; and so an audience, accustomed to fine nuances of acting on the legitimate stage, is often apt to think of the opera singer as over-playing his role.

Dr. Herbert Graf's Philadelphia production of *Der Rosenkavalier* two years ago, in which the stage was cut down to proportions suited to the action of the boudoir and tavern scenes, which are on small comedy scale, enabled the opera actors to play the opera with a new respect for its subtle comedy values. The reverse problem presented itself to Dr. Graf at Salzburg this past summer, however. There it was found necessary to enlarge a very small opera stage. Dr. Graf did an extraordinary job with the tiny Salzburg Festival stage in putting on the mob scene and the final festival scene in *Die Meistersinger*. In each case he had two-hundred-and-twenty-five people on a tiny stage, and, since he could not fit them gracefully on one level, he built up various levels, accommodating three times as many people as would have been possible otherwise.

Whatever questions of technique and problems of production may precede the operatic performance, it has been my own experience that in the instant of the actual singing of an opera role we are apt to forget all technicalities. When I am giving myself over completely to any part, I do not have time to analyze my approach or attack. I am afraid I play the part only as I know in my heart that it *must* be done, unconsciously echoing Mephisto's advice to Faust in Goethe's illuminating lines:

Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie —  
Und grün des Lebens gold'ner Baum.

(All theory, dear friend, is drab —  
And fresh the golden tree of life.)



# THE FINE ART OF LIEDER SINGING

BY LOTTE LEHMANN

**T**HE Lied, developed from its modest predecessor, the folk song, to the refined sphere of the art song, is the ideal union of poetry and melody. The Lied is essentially and completely separated from the opera. In the opera the artist must portray a living fate. Scene follows scene and the ensemble is as important as the individual singer. Even the greatest "star" cannot give the illusion of a completely rounded performance if he is surrounded by mediocrity. It is not the individual performance which is effective; on the contrary, the more the singer feels himself above his surroundings the more is that very harmony, which is essential for bringing the opera to life, disturbed.

I might say—the greater the artist, the greater will be his desire to be a part of the whole, rather than an outstanding figure, and certainly there is no more beautiful experience in the life of an opera singer than the feeling that through his complete harmony with the ensemble he has been able to give it inspiration and carry it with him, just as on other occasions he himself has been inspired and raised to a new level of accomplishment through the superlative performance of a great colleague.

What a different world is the concert platform of the Lieder singer! Devoid of all outward aids, without the illusions which scenery conveys, he stands alone on the bare platform. His ideal is to create entirely from within himself, within the simple and compressed frame of a short song, the poetry and melody to which he gives the quality of his artistic personality. To present a song so that the audience forgets both itself and the singer and is lost with him in the mysterious depths of something at once selfless and transcendent—that is the goal of the Lieder singer.

The Lied is a wonderful interweaving of word and tone. The text must be sung, therefore, as though it were created to be recited and the melody as if it were a song without words. To remain within the limits set by the style of Lieder singing and yet to transform the stage into a living scene—that is the great task of the artist. The more he gives of his own feeling the more is he creative in his own right. If one sees a picture which is only photographic and in no sense inter-

## A Distinguished Exponent Discusses Some of Requirements

preative, one does not consider it true art. The painter must inspire the picture with his own creative breath, must give it the stamp of his own personality, in order to make it a living thing.

The same may be said of singing. No one can be convincing who does not feel deeply. Nevertheless, to remain the master of one's feeling so that it does not inhibit and hinder the development of the tone is a difficult task. We all strive for perfection, however unattainable it may be. Perfection, however, does not lie alone in technique; this can only provide the instrument on which the artist plays. Perfection requires the awakening strength which comes only from the heart.

When I study a new Lieder program I put it aside for a few days after I have mastered it technically and musically. I must not fall into a routine which is the enemy of true art. I want always to experience anew when I sing, and my feeling must not be dimmed or spent. For this reason, for some days before a recital, I do not think at all of my program, but rather sing other songs in order to attain distance. The return to the selected program is then like a rebirth, a fresh and vitalizing experience.

The road toward becoming a Lieder singer is a long one. I had to learn everything through my own experience. I had to make my own mistakes, working out my path for myself. Certainly I studied with accompanists, followed much advice, mistrusted many warnings, considered much which was traditional, but accepted only that which I could make my own. I was always seeking and setting new goals for myself.

I cannot forget or fail to mention here the great artist who gave me and has continued to give me great inspiration—Bruno Walter. I found in him the confirmation of my conception that the Lied—always within the limits set by the style of Lieder singing—can be a dramatic

scene, seized from the purely spiritual and transformed into the pulsebeats of reality. To come back to painting—delicate water-colors give a landscape a subtle transparency, yet the same landscape when painted with the more intense splendor of oil colors, seems changed into something very different. In the same way, the same song can be sung with very different conceptions.

There is no right or wrong way if the conception is born of a deep conviction. There is nothing I hate more than the doctrine that a song must be sung in just one way. Art must be alive and living feeling must spring from the ever changing richness of the heart. I do not always sing a song the same way. I often surprise myself when following a momentary inspiration. The singer who in himself is not capable of changing conceptions would certainly be no creative artist.

To find the measure and determine the limits which separate the Lied from a theatrical effect without at the same time losing dramatic power is only the result of the deepest knowledge and understanding. This is not easy to explain with words; only by singing illustrations of what I mean could I attempt to make it entirely clear.

Perhaps Elisabeth Schumann is

today the singer who best represents the style of Lieder singing in its purest form. In crystal clarity her Lieder soar as in the cloudless blue of the heavens. Mozart and Schubert cannot be sung more beautifully. She is the representative of the Lied in its purest style entirely freed from theatrical effect. There is not the slightest trace remaining in her singing to indicate that she was once at home in the opera.

Just as the most important thing in the opera is to throw one's self completely into the character which one represents, so is it necessary in Lieder singing to make the words of the poem a living creation. Poem and melody are of equal importance. They are interwoven in one another, flowering as from a single root. In my opinion no one can be a good Lieder singer who cannot recite the poem, without music, convincingly. If I am learning a song, I recite it for myself. It was the poem which inspired the composer. I must also feel the poem as he felt it, in order to re-create the music.

A Lieder singer must be both poet and musician in a re-creative sense. As Beethoven has said: "Melody is the sensual life of poetry." So the singer must make both melody and poetry his own, but, in addition, in order to bring them to glowing life, he must give to them his own singing soul.

Handwritten notes and diagrams:

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- Handwritten text: "writing", "Schumann", "Lieder".
- A horizontal line with "acknowledges" written above it.
- Handwritten text: "possibility", "Lieder".
- A box containing the number 13.
- A triangle with a vertical line through its center.
- A diamond shape containing the number 6.



A hitherto unpublished poem by Lotte Lehmann. An English translation follows.

## D R E I K L A N G

von Lotte Lehmann

Des Dichters gluehende Gedanken  
Zu Versen in einander ranken,  
Aus denen seine Seele ringend spricht -  
Und so entstand ein Kunstwerk: das Gedicht.

Musik bringt das Gedicht zum Toenen.  
Auf Schwingen, zarten, wunderschoenen,  
Der Vers, zwiefach geboren, klingend zieht -  
Musik und Dichtung formten so das Lied.

Das Lied jedoch soll Euch verkuenden,  
Was mir in tiefem Nachempfinden  
Aus Dichtung und Musik erklang:  
Ich will es Euch erzaehlen im Gesang.



Here's an English translation of Lehmann's poem "Dreiklang" or "Triad" by Judith Sutcliffe.

The poet's thoughts  
Interweave tendrils of verse  
From which his soul speaks clearly.  
And thus is formed The Poem.

Music brings tonality to the words,  
Gently, beautifully,  
And the verse, twice born, grows in sound  
And thus is formed The Song.

Yet the song must express to you  
Through the music and words  
What I most deeply feel  
And I will tell it to you in Singing.





The following pages are too clean for Lehmann's typing and are probably reworked from either her handwriting or typed pages. There is no indication of the proposed publisher.

It is marvelous to be back in Vienna at Easter time. The winter in America was unusually severe and long, and now it seems as though I were suddenly transported into blooming spring. I think gratefully of my season in America which was so enormously eventful, and I look forward to Vienna, and the pleasure of singing the role of "Tatiana" with my honored and beloved friend Bruno Walter. To work on a new role with him means for me a period full of new and splendid artistic impressions and inspirations. How fortunate are we that this conductor, acclaimed by the entire world, should have made his headquarters at our own Vienna opera! It makes me full of gratitude.

And now I must speak of another great man, an absolute super-being: of Maestro Arturo Toscanini. I learned to know him this last winter in New York and had the great good fortune to sing under his conductorship on the radio. Perhaps you do not know that radio organization is differently handed in America than in Europe. There, large firms buy an hour of radio time. At this time they present a concert of the highest quality, in order to begin and end with a short advertising speech. The Metropolitan Opera performance is broadcast each Saturday - I am not sure which company it is which pays this enormous sum, in order to advertise its product in the intermission. The most distinguished and most expensive concerts are sponsored by the Cadillac Automobile



Company. They pay fantastic sums in order that after such a concert, lasting about an hour, they may devote five moments to speaking about their incomparable and excellent Cadillac. The climax for me was a concert under Toscanini, who directed at the Radio City studio for the first time and had brought with him his marvelous Philharmonic orchestra. I was soloist at the concert. To see Toscanini rehearse and direct is an unforgettable experience. To see him stride to the dais with rapid steps, with merely a distracted greeting to a wildly acclaiming public, is to feel at once how remote is any trace of pose or calculated effect, from this man. The public is there to listen - well and good - but for him it does not exist. He produces for himself, completely absorbed in his art. And I am sure that the sounds of applause, reaching his ears, drag him back, almost protesting, into the world of reality - and he waves his thanks briefly and almost reluctantly - in vivacious Latin fashion - relegating his success to his orchestra. The atmosphere at the beginning of the concerts is charged with intense expectancy. There is something of the magician about him - and one senses the tense concentration of the orchestra, meeting his dominating will with every nerve of its own will. Three short raps on his stand - he conducts everything from memory - and with the last short rap, flashing like the stroke of a whip - he launches headlong into the music.



It was glorious to sing under him and I am proud that he attended my subsequent concerts and operatic performances and showed as much benevolence and friendship for me as I feel veneration and admiration for him.

This year I sang for the first time in the Metropolitan in company with many good friends.....whom I was delighted to see again. It was wonderful to sing under Artur Bodanzky. The Metropolitan has been directed for many years by Gatti-Casazza, for whom all members feel a warm friendship. Gifted with exceptionally un-Italian equanimity, his very presence is calming and his solemn judgments in prima-donna battles are proverbial. One can see him at any time without ceremony. Never before have I seen a theatrical manager who cares so little about appearing to be the Boss, and who really is one.

During the season I had little opportunity to sing at the Metropolitan, due to my many concert dates. For next season, there is talk of "Rosenkavalier" - with myself in the role of "The Marschallin" for the Metropolitan opening. Perhaps they will also revive "Fidelio" for me, which I fervently hope. Nevertheless, my concert activity will not be in any way limited by the Metropolitan, for I am happy that I am equally at home in the concert and opera worlds and would never give up the one for the other. Inexhaustible - the concert possibilities in America! In the provinces the programs must be varied and in several languages and intermixed with arias, which I am unused to singing at concerts..... The public of the large cities, however, is as



understanding and exacting as in any European metropolis. The reaction to a good artistic program is a great joy and satisfaction to any serious artist. The gigantic concert halls (even in small cities) are astonishing - seating capacity for 5,000 to 6,000 people! One of the most beautiful concert halls I have ever seen is in Toledo, Ohio. Surrounded by a gallery and columns in Greek style, with a deep blue ceiling over the hall, it is like a dark night sky, when the lights fade at the beginning of the concert. It gave me the impression of standing in one of the unforgettable classical theatres of Athens....

One more friendship I must mention - my acquaintance with the enchanting Geraldine Farrar, once the favorite Star of the Metropolitan. She is still so lovely that it seems impossible to me to address her, as one would others, by her first name Geraldine - and so I called her "Loveliest,". Whoever has once seen those luminous eyes, radiating youth and fire, from under silver grey hair, that flowerlike mouth, a little tired, perhaps, will understand this. We were with her for luncheon and she reminisced of an unbelievably glorious past. By the way, she admires Bruno Walter enormously and regretted greatly that she had never sung under him. I listened to her untiringly.

I have left behind me in New York many dear friends and parting was very sad, in spite of all joyous anticipation of Vienna. However, one should never look back, and there is so much of beauty ahead of us. There is always something new to enjoy - Vienna, London, Paris, vacation, Salzburg. ~~and~~



I shall be singing in Salzburg all during August, where we plan a Liederabend with Bruno Walter at the piano, and an orchestra concert under Toscanini, besides my routine performances! All these mean true rejoicing to me.





The following pages are too neat for Lehmann's typing. It is probably a re-working of a Lehmann manuscript by Frances or a secretary.

SUMMERDAYS BETWEEN BUFFALO & MILWAUKEE,

By Lotte Lehmann.

It is in the early part of January, 1934. A furious storm is raging and beating against the ice-covered windows of our hotel-room in Buffalo. Our Song-Recital is advertised for the evening, therefore the wise thing to do is to stay indoors, where it is warm, and take things easy. But - with ~~the~~ Niagara Falls so near, how could I resist the temptation to see them at close range! I wrapped myself in furs, heavy blankets and warm overshoes and off we drove. The automobile practically fought its way through the driving storm, that came up whistling from the almost frozen waves of Lake Erie. In spite of the cold and driving wind we made good headway, thanks to the good American roads, and soon we reached the Canadian border. And I do believe the Falls are even more impressive from the Canadian side than ~~on~~ on the American side. The picture in front of us made an unforgettable impression - words cannot express the beauty and gigantic grandeur of the Falls, with the tumbling, snowwhite showers of water turbulently falling over the cliffs, down into the seething and steaming, noisily foaming waters. Underneath the Falls there is a cellar-like tunnel with observation platforms hewed in, where the View of the Falls is most awesome; they seem to fall right on top of us and we feel like pigmies in a world of giants. We were given heavy, high rubber boots and raincoats, and resembled the advertisements of fishermen of the North.

There was something else we saw that almost took our breath away: We beheld the miracle of burning water! It is a fountain that sprays water, thor<sup>ugh</sup>ly drenched with natural gasses. A spark ignites it into a living flame, which, however, does not burn anything.



You may throw a scarf into this flame and remove it again unspoiled. It seems almost fantastic to see a guide fill a glass with this liquid fire. The legend tells us that the Indians fled in panic when they first discovered this wonder in nature; - and later they prayed to it as if it were a God with God power.

Well satisfied with our most interesting trip, we returned home, and after the concert the express train carried us southward, toward the land of eternal sunshine. However, we interrupted our trip to Havana, ~~Suba~~, by stopping off for one day in Atlanta, Georgia. Cottonfield on cottonfield, as far as the eye can see, warmed by the Southern sun; springflowers, green grass, budding trees - negro village after negro village with their delapidated huts, each with its traditional veranda and hammock.

The beautiful home of my friend, more beautiful in contrast to the surrounding poor quarters, is located in the well-kept Residential section ~~of the white people~~, where one villa and its surrounding garden is more imposing than the next, all in Southern, Colonial architecture. In the evening we were invited to a ~~at~~ Negro church, where negroes sang their old spirituals in a most effective manner. My friend's cook is Prima Donna of the choir, and she arranged this special negro musicale for our benefit. It was most touching and very interesting to watch with what concentration these black faces devoted their whole attention to the singing of these beautiful old hymns! As clear as a bell and peculiarly plaintive sounded the well harmonized negro melodies through the mystical semi-darkness of the old ~~deteriorated~~ <sup>dilapidated</sup> negro-church. A beautiful old song that they rendered, for instance, contained these lines:

I have no shoes, you have no shoes,  
We all have no shoes, but when we reach heaven,  
Our white souls will not need shoes.



How ~~seemed~~ <sup>real</sup> to us their childish desire to have a white soul!

The following morning we awoke in Miami. The blue Florida sky in its silken beauty spread its glamour over thousands of palm trees and flower-covered gardens - in other words we had arrived in a land of warm summer. It seemed a shame that we had very little time to spend in Florida, as the schedule of the airplane leaving for Havana was timed to the arrival of the train. An enormous four-propeller hydroplane awaited us, sparkling and glistening, as it rested on the edge of the mirror-clear water, in the benign sunshine. There was room for at least 38 passengers; it was equipped with most comfortable armchairs placed near enormous windows, that permitted a gorgeous view. Amid deafening noise, the silver-winged bird slowly arose out of an immense wave, that for the moment darkened everything, causing something like twilight inside the plane. Below us we saw the chain of islands stretched out from Miami to Key West, the farthest point of Florida, cleverly ~~connected~~ <sup>connected</sup> by a railroad - a masterpiece of technic. Before we knew it, we saw below us the Gulf of Mexico, and a short two hours later, we descended into Havana. And immediately the gaily colored picture book of Havana was opened up before our eyes. Painted as if by the magic hand of the artist, this fairyland called Havana appeared before us: Colorful masses of black, yellow and white faces, gleaming white dresses, parasols, enormous hats worn by Spaniards, naked shining negroe-bodies, covered with colored rags instead of clothing... deafening noise everywhere! Wildly gesticulating men are carrying an immense flag with the Cuban colors. Music, strident music everywhere! Miguel Gomez, Havana's former President, had returned with us on our airplane. Some months before, he was banished from Cuba, and escaped serious danger to his life by fleeing, but now he was received with open arms and joy everywhere. Hardly did he step off the plane, before he was surrounded by enthusiasts and raised upon



upon the shoulders of admirers, so that all might see the slender, small figure of their new leader. Speechless we remained at the pier, taking it all in, but suffering from the most unbearable heat. My black coat was so out of place, that I seemed to have come from a masquerade; therefore, as soon as I reached the hotel, it was banished in the farthest corner of the large wardrobe, together with all ~~the~~ other wearing apparel that seemed to exude warmth. The Hotel Nationale lies directly on the open ocean. The view from our windows is overwhelmingly beautiful, but two immense holes in the walls of my room are silent witnesses of the heavy shooting during the Revolution, that almost demolished this beautiful hotel. Work is going on steadily in an effort to eradicate all the damage done. There are very few people in the Hotel at present; in fact there are very few visitors in Cuba, due to the fear of the revolution that has lasted for months. However, now everything is quiet and calm again, and if shots are fired thru the city, they are to express joy- and how else can Cubans express their pleasure and happiness at having a new president than by shooting?!- At noon we sat in the grand pillar hall (the dining room). In front of us <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ rows on rows of palmtrees, flowers, the ocean and sunshine- sunshine flooding and beautifying everything. The very thin white dress I was wearing seemed almost too warm; we had completely forgotten that somewhere in the world there was winter with snow, ice and terrific storms, and Niagara Falls, covered almost completely with icicles. Here we enjoyed hot summer-days and all the pleasures that they bring. Not a corner in Havana that we did not investigate. Could there possibly be ~~xxxx~~ anything of importance in Havana and surrounding towns that we missed? I doubt it; our new-found Austrian compatriots spread out all the beauties of Cuba as if on a magic



carpet, They founded a new Austrian Club or Society, and to my delight I was made the first honorary member. Their friendliness and kindness in making our visit to Havana so interesting and beautiful, shall ever remain in my memory. Each in turn tried to do his or her best to make our stay a memorable one: Long automobile trips inland, charming and unstinting hospitality - I can't begin to describe how kind they were and pleased to again see new Austrian faces and hear tales of the old homeland. I can't remember ever having told so many "tales of Vienna" as I did to my compatriots in Havana.

There in Havana it is impossible to go to sleep nights, what with the beautiful sky covered with millions of stars, hanging low, everyone walking, talking, singing and shouting, the only thing to do is to join in the throng of people standing in the streets shoulder to shoulder ~~xxxxxx~~ with negroes, chinese, cubans, spaniards all having the same rights, so different from the South of the U.S.A. where there is such a difference made between black and white. To escape the crowd you may sit in one of the many outdoor restaurants or cafes, and watch the panorama pass before your eyes: In the background the enormous Capital of white marble, in the foreground an overflow of automobiles and humanity. An orchestra of Mulatto-girls plays Cuban melodies: to our ears toneless, shrill, peculiar rhythms without melody - noises produced with brass instruments, contraptions of cocoanut-shell and bamboo-sticks. Hundreds stand closely pressed together, listening to this would-be music. The police may try to chase them away and keep a clear thoroughfare, but to no avail. They may move a few steps, as if they were leaving, only to stand still again and listen rapturously. There are powdered and rouged colored girls in white dresses, suspicious looking young men and dirty children in rags. You don't dare to look at these



ragamuffins. Should they catch your eye, they immediately start begging, and they are born comedians. They twist their eyes, gnash their teeth and appear abject creatures of misery. All know the one English phrase, useful to their business, learned from earliest childhood: Mister, one cent. Although warned by my friends not to pay any attention to them, I cannot withstand their pleading. And now begins the handing out of pennies; again and again I have to have money changed into pennies, but I simply cannot refuse those pleading eyes and outstretched hands. They notice soon that I like them and they immediately inform all their comrades. Babies, the cutest little devils, hardly able to speak, come up with outstretched hands, pleading: Mitta, a cent. And how pleased they look, how they roll their eyes, and how sweetly they smile, showing their glistening teeth, when the cent disappears in their filthy little fists. There is a Cuban boy, who looks very much like Jackie Coogan: his shirt is in rags, dramatically thrown over one of his dirty shoulders; around his waist he has a piece of rope in a vain effort to hold what is left of his trousers. He comes back again and again, thinking I do not recognize him. And again and again I hand him a cent, just to see his eyes light up. If only he didn't think it necessary to make those deplorable faces, as if he were dying of starvation, each time he appears. All the other boys seem alike to me because they are black, while my "Jackie" is distinctly white, therefore easily recognizable. At last he feels he ought to repay so much kindness, and he starts dancing the rumba in dead earnest, but after that he almost demands a cent. Then there was a coal-black negro-boy who came with his Mother, a very well-dressed woman. He got his penny without begging and smiled charmingly up at me. After awhile he had to go home, so he placed his little black hand on my shoulder and with gestures informed me that he was



going home. He looked up at me so hopefully and with such anticipation, that I could not refuse to give him another cent - and then what joy and what a smile played on his face! - Then there was one who did magic tricks and very skillfully too. I really admired his ability, but what attracted me was his face, not the face of a five-year old child, but that of a grown rascal: the tough winking of his eyes, and the nonchalance with which he blew cigar smoke through his nose! However, little "Jackie" remained my favorite, although I never saw him after that first day. As my accompanist, Erno Balogh, who likes his little joke, said to me, "With all the cents you gave him, he took a restcure in Miami."

On the day that our President Roosevelt recognized the new Cuban President, all Havana lost its head. There was as much shooting as in wartimes. In the early morning they started in with their machinegun-fire, as a sign of Universal joy; all day long blank bullets were shot into the air, and in the evening, outside the cafe, there was so much noise that it was impossible to hold a conversation with someone sitting close to you. The Capitol was illumined from top to bottom - a most impressive sight. But when revolver shots were added to the harmless popguns, we found it better to return to our hotel, and I did not feel safe until I was tucked into bed, under the mosquito-netting, altho the big holes in the wall were not encouraging. I say under the mosquito-netting, because the first night I slept without that protection and the thousands of bloodthirsty mosquitoes did their worst.

Each new day brought more exciting experiences. One day we made a gorgeous automobile trip into the country, past dozens of poor negro-villages, with sights interesting enough to shoot with my ever-ready moving-picture-camera. We passed whole forests of bamboo-



sticks, huts covered with straw, palmtrees and wild growing parasite plants. Naked negro-children sucking sugar-cane, lying lazily in the sun. Gorgeous big pineapples lying around as if carelessly thrown away, whole branches of bananas, costing but a few cents, gigantic lobsters, all kinds of tasteful sea-food costing not more than ten cents a piece. And yet you see hundreds and hundreds of such poverty-stricken people who haven't even those few cents. One can't imagine the poverty that exists in these inland villages, and under what conditions these poor people exist! The eternal sun with its tropical climate enables these poor negroes to live anywhere- a hovel seems enough protection.

We drove through the ill-kept estate of the Insane asylum, consisting of several houses. It was amazing to see that most of the inmates were negroes - sitting at their grated windows, with black noses pressed against the grating - a most depressing sight! We drove very slowly, and suddenly a harmless, fat negress jumped up on the running board and talked and talked vehemently. We could not understand what she said, but her eyes sparkled dangerously, and her hands fumbled in front of our faces. "She asks five cents admission", said our friend and guide, Herr von Namatny. I was so frightened, that I handed her a much bigger amount, and then I feel sure she thought me crazy, because with a yell of joy she jumped off the running-board and waved to us to come in the house with her. It goes without saying, that we drove off in a hurry.

But on the same trip I had another narrow escape and thanked God for the speed of our motor-car. I had gathered a bunch of children together for a shot with my camera. They came closer and closer, watching the softly purring machine. They came from all sides naked or in rags. Frightened, I ran into the car, where they followed me. They clustered around the car like bunches of grapes



holding on to the car and us with their filthy hands and bodies... all around us wide-open doll-eyes, glistening teeth, shouting: "Mister, one cent." We threw out on the street whatever change we had. The kids fell over each other to get the money, while that gave us a chance to drive off in a cloud of smoke and speed, thanking God for the escape. As I looked back I saw a crowd running after us with outstretched hands and shouting. I sincerely wished I had a purse filled to overflowing with pennies for those poor humans.

A dip in the ocean after all that excitement and heat was greatly appreciated by us all, although the water was lukewarm and hardly refreshing therefore. However, the bathing pavillion is most beautifully arranged and layed out, and lying in the shade of a palmtree, surrounded by peace and snow-white sand, I tried to remind myself that we were in the month of January and that somewhere in the world there was ice, sleet and snow.

The two Concerts I gave for the Societe ProArte, made me realize that in spite of the continuous revolutions, the people there still love and appreciate music and art. The audience was enthusiastic, grateful and warm in their praise. ~~Speaking of warmth~~ <sup>My</sup> accompanist Mr Balogh and myself will never forget the experience of appearing in Havana. In fact we felt as if we were in a steam-room performing, and after the Concert we were all in. I must admit that after the last group of songs on my program, I had a greater desire for a shower than an overwhelming ovation.

We disliked leaving Havana and especially our newfound friends of the Austrian Society. They came with us to the airport and watched us take off, waving to us until we disappeared on the horizon. Havana itself disappeared like a dream. A few hours of grace in Miami, which gave a worthy finish to our holiday. We reached Miami



towards evening, still intoxicated from the colorful unreality of the setting sun sinking into the ocean, shedding all the colors of the rainbow over the islands at our feet. The whole world beneath seemed steeped in pastel-colored glass and as if drawn by a mystical painter's hand - a vision fantastically and beautifully unreal. And now back on Mother earth, we drove through Miami and Miami Beach. Never have I seen such wasteful luxury, waste and beauty crammed into a few hours of admiring wonder. Homes and villas, that only an Indian Maharadja of fabulous wealth, could imagine. Palmtrees on palmtrees, endless rows on rows of flowers in the wildest profusion, a picture of beauty and splendor. We rested in the beautiful Hotel Flamingo. Under immense palmtrees, filled with big cocoanuts, we relaxed in a hammock. The chirping of crickets, the perfume of flowers permeating the air, the sound of the running fountain somewhere, sometimes, as if lost in a dream the sound of a playful wave on the beach, shining glow-worms <sup>or fireflies</sup> in the air and disappearing in the grass, all this is an ideal frame for us to rest and dream in. And yet it is January - unbelievable.

But we must leave, we must go back to snow and ice and Milwaukee. After 51 hours on the train we reach Milwaukee. It is bitter cold and we are cold clear through to the marrow, in spite of warmest clothing. Of course it is January and to be expected. It is winter and in the middle of winter. To dream of palmtrees and eternal sun is beautiful. But why be sad or angry: After each dream no matter how beautiful, must come the awakening.

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This article doesn't seem to be from Lehmann's typewriter and has been edited to some extent, as if for publication.

BACK FROM AMERICA

by

Lotte Lehmann

I think with great joy and gratitude of the time spent in America, of great New York which I have learned to understand and love. The time of making tremendous earnings there is, to be sure, past, but I have come in an almost more interesting period. [ I see in the entire country an almost uncanny increase in musical understanding. A ~~Whoever travels through the country as I have, can well judge of the noticeable difference between now and some years ago.~~ sdet All the cities are attempting to found operas - at first for a few weeks - to bring together good orchestras, to engage well-known soloists. In my programs German song always triumphed, and if up to three years ago (when I began my concert tours) a song of lighter character, sung with reluctance, won applause, now the Americans are beginning to sense the beauty of a Schubert, a Schumann, of a Brahms and Hugo Wolf. ] I speak not of New York - New York is not "America". New York is wholly international, the public demanding and discriminating as only that of some large European city. A proof to me of this was the enormous success of a recital by Elizabeth Schumann which I was charmed and delighted to attend. Her very delicate art, a pleasure to all who appreciate the finer things of art rather than mere sensation, brought a storm of applause. They understood her and that does credit to the audience. As I said, I speak now of only the provincial towns - everywhere there is growing understanding,



everywhere the naive desire to learn, characteristic of the American. We in Europe have long lived in the shadow of sacred tradition. The post-war period which made unscrupulous men rich, eager for sensation and superficial, and, therefore, inimical to true art, is past - gone as a dirty billow which washes over the changelessly beautiful marble steps of an eternal temple. There in America they are still building that temple. And it is a beautiful, gratifying thought that one may share in its structure. For this reason <sup>How I</sup> I love these long journeys from place to place, and the sleeping car has already become for me almost my second home.... But it must be an American sleeping car: the broad bed with the many cushions is so comfortable that my husband once said to me in fun, "Such an American sleeping car should be provided for you in Vienna since you sleep so especially well in it." But it would lack here the friendly grinning black face of the Pullman porter who is as attentive as a private servant, and for a dollar tip drags out cushions and covers and little bags for the washing and the hat, and a sheet in which the coat is wrapped; puts flowers on ice and sees to it that breakfast is brought punctually to the "drawing-room", - the delicious coffee with incomparable cream, - the orange juice, to drink which the first thing in the morning is an inviolable and very pleasant rite.... Eating has improved much in America. I always loved the large choice of salads and fruit juices, but they are just beginning to prepare "with love" meat, fish, vegetables. Or - do I only find everything better because America has become familiar to me? My apartment on Central Park on the thirty-second floor had a glorious view out over the park - in the evening especially a fairy-like



picture, and from another side we looked out upon Valhalla: the skyscrapers which for me, in spite of familiarity, never lost that almost ghostlike and fantastic provocation that lies in the fearless competition of human cleverness with all the elements. Would not a hurricane pull down these steep, slender cardhouses? Are they so defiant with their walls of steel?.. Far below in unbroken succession the gleaming chain of automobiles twines and untwines itself. I will never forget the midnight hour of this New Year's Eve, the first which we spent in New York - hundreds, perhaps thousands (what is a number in this country?) of autos jammed together between Fifth Avenue and Broadway in Central Park in the inextricable traffic of New Year's Eve. All the autos began to honk until up in our usually quiet thirty-second floor there sounded over the infernal symphony of angry, impatient auto horns, the pealing of many New Year's bells. There was something uncanny about it.... We were in our quiet apartment as though entirely alone upon a mountain peak - over a world that had gone mad...

Generally over there in America everything runs to extremes - for example, at the time of the Hauptmann trial there was hardly anyone in the whole country who could escape from this Hauptmann psychosis. Columns - page long articles, pictures of Lindbergh, generally fondly called "Lindy", of Hauptmann, the States Attorney, lawyers, Frau Hauptmann, their child, for example kneeling at the bed praying for the father, or crying, "Father must come home"... It was said that Lindy in spite of the cold always went without a coat, that Hauptmann, generally called "Bruno", always wore the same grey suit, and Frau Hauptmann had freshly waved hair. In a Movie a short scene from



the trial was shown in spite of vigorous censorship. After the picture which lasted scarcely five minutes was over, the house was emptied, no one having interest in the coming thrilling drama.... I will not exclude myself. I was drawn into this vortex of the trial and read the reports of "Bruno" before anything else in the paper.... Who there still speaks of the trial now? Tempo Tempo.... Yes, it's all like a racecourse, but one feels that one lives.... Really on the trips it was comparatively very peaceful for me, but the days in New York between trips! Without routine this whirl can scarcely be borne. There I was photographed with embroidery in my hand, on which I looked down in a complete daze; my protest was futile: it is for a woman's paper and shall be entitled, "The artist loves to do needlework at home." I laughed tears over that. When would I have time to sew? No matter, my personal representative (a "star" must have such over there) consoled me that the chief thing was for the women to believe it. Another picture in a chiffon velour, - ostensibly I wear only chiffon velour; then a huge flower wreath that the fascinating Geraldine Farrar sent me for "Tosca"; with another present from her, a fan which she carried as "Manon" and I as the "Marschallin"; then surrounded by small stuffed dogs which are a feeble substitute for my two real dogs left in Vienna.... It had been heard that I loved these toy dogs - and I have been presented with an ever-growing menagerie, among which the proudest example can wag its tail and bark, if it is wound up.... There is strong competition for the much photographed white fur cat which is able to move a lorgnette and fan gracefully.... When I left America an interviewer asked me how many such animals I owned. "Twenty-eight," quickly said my clever dear



secretary, Constance, before I could give a disillusioning figure. "Twenty-eight, is that so?" was the answer, filled with respect, and the pencil hurried to write down the impressive number....

Soon America lay in the distance - an America which I now know well and which I love. I should have remained until the end of July for a radio engagement - it was a tempting offer, but - Vienna, "my home" - Vienna that is now coming into spring.... The opera - rides in the Prater - my little house in Hinterbruhl ... And in between the Covent Garden season in London to which I am a constant visitor. So I said "No" and spent first a few days upon the Riviera as a fore-taste of summer. While I write this I sit stealing a last holiday in Venice on the homeward journey, and am much distressed that it is very cold and rains, after indescribably sunny days on the picturesque Cap Martin, with a daily morning swim in the sea! But Venice, the fairy city, the city of dreams, the loved one, is wholly disenchanted, - grey, grey. The canals are dark, the water without the flattering sun shockingly dirty, the picturesque houses squat as behind black veils, the gorgeous palaces on the Grand Canal dismal and without the Italian cheerfulness, the gondolas look like gloomy coffins with their rain covers and black tassels. I am sad that Venice is so miserable. I had only seen it in radiant sunshine and in intoxicating starlight nights. How happily the songs used to sound from the gondolas decorated with lanterns. Also yesterday they sang, a gondola passed the hotel on the Grand Canal but it sounded rather out of place in this cold and the poor tenor surely caught a cold with his high C....



There is still no season here, still not many foreigners, one hears some English and much German. A brave father of a family ordered in pains taking Italian whereupon the waiter answered in German. The gentleman was visibly offended, he had not polished up his Italian for nothing. He said vigorously, "Si" - Italian from head to foot.... Naturally they ate spaghetti and drank Chianti. The pigeons in the market place are hungry for prey, as are the photographers. Oh no, thank you - I have been sufficiently photographed "over there". But when I bought corn to feed the pigeons they fluttered around so gracefully, sat coquettishly on my shoulders, on my head - I must please my tyrant, Constance, who begged imploringly for European pictures.... Ecco - and already a frightful picture is made.... But absolutely private - for no newspaper! And that is the beauty of it.... That is so wonderfully European, and I laugh aloud in the rain: in the morning early I am in Vienna, in my country, and again will feel: at home....



Lehmann wrote this article about Salzburg (and especially its Festival) possibly for the July 1937 issue of Harpers Bazaar. Their archives however reveal no Lehmann articles. The English translation appears in 9 pages.

## S a l z b u r g

Wie gut ist der Gedanke, dass in unserer Zeit - einer Zeit wirtschaftlicher und politischer Wirren - noch soviel Sehnsucht in den Menschen uebrig geblieben ist, Sehnsucht nach Schoenheit, nach der Welt, die jenseits aller Realistik liegt: der Kunst. Und so kommen alljaehrlich Tausende von allen Enden der Erde, um Musik zu hoeren, Schauspiele zu geniessen, Kunstwerke zu sehen. Festspielstaedte ueberbieten sich in ihren Gaben - und unter ihnen ist die allerlieblichste unser Salzburg. Der Anstrom der internationalen Gesellschaft ist so gross geworden, dass das Festspielhaus sich als viel zu klein erwiesen hat. Und so wird es um- und ausgebaut werden: das haessliche graue Entlein wird ein stolzer Schwan sein ... Salzburgs groesster Protektor, Freund und - last not least - Magnet Toscanini setzte sich im vergangenen Herbst mit grosser Zaehigkeit fuer diesen Gedanken ein - und was er einmal will und wuenscht, darf nicht nur Wunsch und Gedanke bleiben: also wird das Haus jetzt neu erstehen ... Der Zuschauerraum fasst die Menge der Menschen nicht mehr, die Buehne, klein und primitiv, genuegt nicht mehr den wachsenden Anspruechen an die Scene. Beinahe muesste ganz Salzburg ausgebaut werden, um alle die Fremden, die in dichten Scharen herbeistroemen, gut unterzubringen ... Aber das ist nur ein schlechter Scherz, denn diese bezau-bernde Gebirgsstadt moechte ich nicht um ein Atom anders sehen, als sie ist - - und Pltz fuer moderne Riesenhotels gibt es Gott sei Dank auch nicht ... Dass die teuren Hotels ausverkauft bis zum Dach sind in der Hochsaison, ist ein erfreuliches Zeichen des Wohlstandes ... Denn die Preise sind ganz betraechtlich hohe. Im Winter schon muss man seine Zimmer- und Wohnungsbestellungen machen, wenn man sicher gehen will.

Besonders



Besonders Zimmer mit Bad sind eine Raritaet und dementsprechend hoch bewertet ... Und es ist ratsam, Billets fuer die Vorstellungen fruehzeitig reservieren zu lassen - nur ahnungslose Neulinge fragen an der Abendkasse nach einem guten Platz an einem der "Galaabende", an denen die Festspielzeit ueberreich ist ... Wir mitwirkende Kuenstler nehmen uns fast alle ein Haus in Salzburgs Naehel, um wenigstens auf Stunden dem grossen Trubel der festlich bewegten Stadt entfliehen zu koennen und uns trotz konzentrierter Arbeit die Illusion der Sommerferien zu bewahren...

Alle sind wir uns dessen bewusst, dass Hoechstleistungen erwartet werden und geboten werden muessen. Deshalb ist fuer uns diese Zeit immer eine Zeit grosser Anspannung, Aber wir werden getragen von dem Enthusiasmus des wirklich kunstgeniessenden Publikums, angeregt durch die Atmosphaere um uns.

Es ist eigentlich immer spannend, durch die Strassen zu gehen: man trifft Beruehmtheiten aus aller Welt. Café Bazar, Café Tornaselli - beide bekannt als Treffpunkt aller derer, die sehen wollen und gesehen werden wollen ... Fast jeder traegt die entzueckende landesuebliche Tracht: die Damen das Dirndlkleid und die Herren den Salzburger graenen "Janker" mit kurzen Hosen. Beim Sporthaus Lanz und den anderen Trachtengeschaeften ist ein Betrieb wie in einem Bienenhaus. Immer wieder neue Muster, nach alten Vorlagen gezeichnet, tauchen auf, immer wieder neue Farbschattierungen, neue raffinierte Kleinigkeiten, die die staedtische Dame in ein zierliches Dirndl verwandeln mit "wahnsinnig echten" Strohhueten, wie sie die Bauernmaedels auf der Alm beim Heuen tragen ... Im letzten Sommer hatte Lanz ein neues Muster kreiert: kleine Motive aus dem "Rosenkavalier". Ich habe ein reizendes Gartenkleid davon. Aber auch prachtvolle ur-

alte



alte echte Stoffe findet man in den Trachtengeschäften: Bauerntücher in verblassten Brokattoenen, Schärzen in unwahrscheinlich prächtigen Farben, zerschliessen und zermuerbt - Bauernschmuck aus alten Gold und Silber. Wie wunderbar und kostbar die echten alten Trachten sind, konnte man im vergangenen Sommer auf der St. Gilgner Hochzeit sehen, die einer der Höhepunkte der sommerlichen Sensationen war: in jedem Jahr wird dem ärmsten Brautpaar einer alteingesessenen oesterreichischen Familie die Hochzeit aus dem Herma Schuschnigg-Fonds gerichtet. Die Stiftung ist zum Andenken an die edle Gattin unseres Bundeskanzlers gegruendet worden, die durch ein furchtbares Autounglueck einem blühenden Leben entrissen wurde. Das Brautpaar, das so gluecklich ist, auserwaehlt zu werden, war im vorigen Sommer in St. Gilgen am Wolfgangsee ansaessig. Halb Salzburg kam zur Hochzeit, auf der der Bundeskanzler selbst und Minister Fernter die Trauzeugen waren. Der Erzbischoff von Salzburg traute das junge Paar, ich sang in der Kirche die schoenen Bibelworte: "Wo Du hingehst, da will auch ich hingehen."

Geld, eine Wohnungseinrichtung, Geschenke - alles wurde den Beiden zuteil, die ihr Glueck kaum fassen konnten. Unzaehlige Trachtenvereine kamen aus dem ganzen Salzkammergut - und es gluechte nur so in der warmen Sommersonne von leuchtenden Farben und prunkenden Goldhauben ...

Ich hatte ein Haus in St. Gilgen gemietet und machte die ganzen aufregenden Hochzeitsvorbereitungen mit, als ob sie mich selbst angingen. Ein paar Tage vorher machte, der Landessitte gemaess, der "Hochzeitslader" mit dem Braeutigam und einem Zeugen die Runde: er traegt einen hohen, mit Baendern geschmueckten Stock in der Hand, sein Hut ist wie der des Braeutigams



tigams mit Blumen und Baendern verziert - und natuerlich sind alle Drei in Festtracht. Hiersel, der "Lader", sagt in jedem Haus ein langes Gedicht auf, in dem er den Gast eindringlich ermahnt, nur ja nicht schuechtern im Schenken zu sein ... Ein besonders langer Vers warnt vor Raufereien ... Wir versprochen ihm, zu kommen und alle Mahnungen zu befolgen ... In jedem Hause werden die Drei natuerlich mit Wein und Wurstbrot bewirtet - und der Hiersel sagte, vertraulich mit den listigen Augen zwinkern: "Mir san fruh kumma, denn abends da ham ma sovuel g'soffen, dass ma uns net zur Frau Kammeresaengerin traun taeten." Wir lachten sehr und schenkten ihnen fleissig ein - und sie zogen mit verdaechtig leuchtenden Augen ab trotz der fruehen Morgenstunde ... In der Tuer drehte sich der Zeuge, der junge Bruder des Braeutigams, um und sagte beinahe klaeglich: "Des halt' ja kan Mensch aus, des Gesaufe ..."

Der Braeutigam sah auf meinem Fluegel Bilder von Toscanini und Walter stehen, erkannte sie sofort und sprach davon, dass er sie uebers Radio gehoert habe. Das ist so ganz typisch fuer Oesterreich, fuer dieses durch und durch musikalische Volk: dieser ganz einfache Holzfaeller, bisher der Alleraermste im Ort, fing an, voll Interesse ueber Musik zu sprechen ... Ich glaube nicht, dass man noch irgendwo in der Welt diese tief eingewurzelte Liebe zur Musik in einem Volk findet. Musik ist eben ein Teil ihres Lebens, es gehoert dazu, ist Notwendigkeit.

Der Wolfgangsee ist einer der schoensten der Seengruppe im salzkammergut. Wir besuchten oft das am anderen Ende des Sees gelegene St. Wolfgang, in dessen alter Kirche ein ueberwaeltigend schoener Altar steht - und am Seegestade das beruehmte "Weisse Roessi". Man geht dorthin, um auf der breiten Seeterrasse Kaffee zu

grinken



trinken - eine der "oesterreichischen Jausen" angesichts des weiten, blauen Sees, auf dem die Segelboote wie weisse Schmetterlinge schweben und die eifrigen Dampfer immer von Neuem unzählige Menschen an den Landungssteg bringen, alle in bunten Bauerntrachten, viele "Dirndl" mit rotgefärbten Haegeln und platinblonden Haaren, mit rubinroten Lippen, mit hohen Stoeckelsandalen, mit breiten Bauernhueten, mit grellen Schuerzen - - ein Durcheinander von Stadt und Land, bunt wie das Gewirr der Sprachen. Keine Nation fehlt! Und wenn ein bekannter Wagen irgendeines "Stars" durch die schmalen Gassen faehrt, so wird man von ihm in allen Sprachen zu einander sprechen ...

Wir hatten in St. Gilgen einen herrlichen Blick ueber den See hinweg - uns gegenueber lag der Schafberg mit seiner ragenden Spitze. St. Gilgen war leider nur ein wenig zu weit fuer mich, die ich durch die neu inscenierten Meistersinger viele Proben hatte und so durch das viele Hin- und Herfahren manche Zeit verlor, in der ich mich haette ausruhen koennen.

Fuer den kommenden Sommer habe ich mir in grosserer Naehel Salzburgs eine Villa mit sehr grossem Garten gemietet. Ich werde erst in allerletzter Stunde eintreffen koennen, denn von U. S. A. aus mache ich den "kleinen Umweg" ueber Australien, um nach Oesterreich zu gelangen ... Meine Konzerte enden in Australien gerade so, dass ich mit dem naechsten moeglichen Schiff erst kurz vor Beginn der Festspiele in Genua lande und nach Salzburg fliegen muss, um wenigstens eine Probe fuer die Eroeffnungsvorstellung zu haben. Der gestrenge Maestro wird, fuerchte ich, boese sein - und ich muss versuchen, ihn mit einem besonders guten Fidelio zu versoehnen ... Moegen mir alle Goetter gnaedig sein!! In diesem Jahr singe ich nicht wieder



wieder die Eva mit ihm, die reizende Maria Cebotari nimmt meinen Platz ein, waehrend ich zum ersten Mal die Graefin in italienischer Sprache unter Walter singe. Ich freue mich ganz besonders auf diese Figaro-Auffuehrung, in der Pinza der Figaro sein wird. Mit Bruno Walter zu singen, ist ein Getragenwerden auf behutsamen Haenden. Mit Toscanini zu singen, ist ein bedingungsloses Folgenmuessen, und immer wieder wie die atemraubende Sensation einer Premiere ... Schade, dass ich in diesem Sommer nur die beiden Fideliovorstellungen mit ihm habe! Auch der Rosenkavalier steht wieder auf dem Spielplan - Knappertsbusch, der stuermisch wie kaum ein anderer Wien eroberte, wird dirigieren. Ich sang die Marschallin schon in Wien unter seiner prachtvollen Leitung und freue mich nun auf die erneute Zusammenarbeit.

Richard Mayr aber, der unvergessliche Ochs von Lerchenau, liegt auf dem alten, poesieumwobenen St. Petersfriedhof - und viele Menschen, die den beruehmt schoenen, historischen Friedhof besuchen, werden an seinem Grabe stehen bleiben und in Wehmut dieses wunderbaren Kuenstlers gedenken.

Jedoch der Tag in Salzburg ist ausgefuellt wie nur denkbar - niemand hat Zeit zu laengerem Verweilen... Das Leben pulsiert in schnellem Tempo - Feststimmung laesst keine traurigen Gedanken aufkommen. Da geht man von Reinhardts "Jedermann" - der nicht mehr wegzudenken ist aus dem alljaehrlichen Spielplan - von seinem "Faust" mit dem erschuetternden Gretchen der Wessely - zu einem Toscanini-Konzert, einem Walter-Abend - einer Weingartner-Vorstellung ... Da sieht man auf der Strasse Chaljapins prachtvollen Kopf die Menge ueberragen, neben ihm sein bildhuebsches Tochterchen. Da ist einer der Thimigs - vielleicht gar die immer scheue und in sich verschlossene Helene Thimig, Reinhardts Gattin ... Da sind die schoenen Tochter von Bruno Walter ... Da

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ist die Tanzmeisterin Wallmann - da ist sogar Marlene Dietrich in einem totsichlichen Salzburger weissen Regenmantel und giftgruenem Bauernhut ... Und die Autoparade abends ... Cadillacs, Rollsroyces, Lincolns streiten um den Schoenheitspreis vor der staunenden Menge der Neugierigen, die entlang der Zufahrtsstrassen stehen - und bei der Bruecke, die in ihrem bunten, flatternden Flaggenschmuck so recht der Rahmen dieses allabendlichen festlichen Wagenaufzuges ist ... Elegante Frauen haben ihr Dirndlkleid gegen kostbare Abendgewaender vertauscht ... Pelze, Brillanten ... Entzueckende Sommerabendcapes ... Vor dem Festspielhaus stauen sich die Wagen. Die Zufahrt ist beschwerlich in den engen Strassen. Einigen "Prominenten" ist es erlaubt, vor der Buehnentuer zu halten. Jeder kennt Toscaninis und Walters grosse Cadillacs ... Die Menge undraengt die Wagen. Walter hat sein liebes Laecheln fuer sie auch in aller Hetzjagd der Arbeit. Es ist so Teil seines Wesens, dass er garnicht anders kann, als verstaendnisvoll und guetig sein. Toscanini ist unduldsam und ablehnend. Er eilt mit finsterem Gesicht durch die ihn Bestuermenden, entwischt den Photographen, kommt boese wie ein zuernender Gott in die Tuer, wenn man ihn belaestigt hat. Er lebt ganz jenseits jeder Sensation, hasst und verachtet sie und ist ungluecklich, dass er selbst die groesste Sensation der Musikwelt geworden ist ... Gute Musik will er machen, nichts weiter ... Er liebt Salzburg, liebt das oesterreichische Land, liebt die konzentrierte Arbeit, das fuehlbare Streben nach Vollendung um ihn herum. Er, der selbst Vollendung ist, will nichts als diesen Willen nach Vollendung spueren - das macht ihn gluecklich. Aber das Drum und Dran - Glanz der Festspiele, Neugier des Publikums, Bitten um Autogramme, Photographen - das alles hasst er aus Herzensgrund. Es macht ihn wahnsianig, wenn

er

ss  
dunng

Complete in the admiration

of the

live the streets -

near the famous bridge

fluttering

frames

Highly  
to procks

difficult -

stage door

Chase, hunt, pursuit

understanding

benevolent

as the rulers

aloof

fastidious

avoids

steals

withdraws from the scene

perfection

perfection

feel

superficial  
glamour



er nicht puenktlich beginnen kann. Und fast nie kann  
das geschehen: die Auffahrt ist zu beschwerlich. Doktor  
Kerber, der Leiter der Festspiele, sieht immer wieder  
besorgt auf die Uhr, greift immer nervoeser nach dem  
Telefon. Baron Puton, der Praesident der Festspiele,  
wechselt <sup>wechsel</sup> aengstliche Blicke mit ihm, wenn der Bericht <sup>bericht</sup>  
besagt: "Wegen des Regens doppelt schwierige Anfahrt,  
Verspaetung heute erheblich <sup>considerable</sup> ..." Kerber murmelt einen  
echt salzburgischen Fluch ueber <sup>den</sup> salzburgischen "Schnuerl-  
regen" und geht herunter, nach dem Rechten zu sehen.  
Mein Gott - das Haus ist seit Monaten sozusagen bis  
zum Dach ausverkauft - und wie langsam fuehlt es sich -  
jetzt, wo es laengst begonnen haben muesste! Kerber  
weiss, dass der grosse Maestro oben in der Tuer des  
kleinen Dirigenzimmers steht, <sup>dark + dangerous</sup> duester und gefaehr-  
lich - der Taktstock tanzt in der nervoesen Hand ...  
Man weiss nie recht, was nochgeschehen kann ... Ker-  
ber steht der Angstschweiss auf der Stirn trotz seines  
zur Schau getragenen gemuetlichen Humors ... Aber es  
geht ja doch immer alles gut - Beifallsjubiläum <sup>hunder of applause</sup> des Be-  
gruessens, das jaeh abgebrochen wird durch eine kurz  
<sup>as tho to elfend</sup> abwehrende Geste ... Und dann: Musik ... Und dann: eben  
Toscanini am Pult ... Auf der Buehne herrscht groesste  
<sup>Toscanini</sup> Spannung. Leinsdorf, des Maestro hochtalentierter  
<sup>celebrated</sup> "treuer Gesell", der Proben vorbereitet, begleitet,  
<sup>at the promenade box</sup> souffliert, ist immer da, immer in der Naeh, immer  
hilfsbereit. Und jeden Abend ist das so: wir stehen  
da und warten wie vor einem aufregenden ersten Start ...

Ueber die lauschende Menge im Saal hinweg aber  
schweben Klaenge ewiger Schoenheit - und alle Nationen  
verstehen und fuehlen die unvergaengliche Sprache des  
Genius, der die Werke erschuf, die Besitz der Welt  
sind - einer Welt ohne Grenzen ...

Spaet zur Nachtzeit aber, wenn Salzburg schlaeft  
und nun nach verrauschtem Tag und festlichem Abend

wieder



- 9 -

floats

wieder die zauberhaft liebliche, stille Mozartstadt  
geworden ist, geistert durch die alten, winkligen  
Gassen vielleicht ein blasser Schein: der erhabene  
Schatten Mozarts, Salzburgs unsterblicher Sohn ...

Salzburger

Canthbe

Mutter

Amontal





Never fear, you don't need to unscramble this page. The following page offers you the final English translation. This page does provide some idea of the translator's work.

1

How good <sup>It is to realize</sup> is the thought that in <sup>This present</sup> ~~our~~ time - a time of economic and political confusion -

there still remains in <sup>all</sup> human beings ~~so much aspiration~~ aspiration toward beauty, toward that world ~~which is beyond all that is realistic~~ <sup>the practical, realistic world of Art. We see it</sup> every year

<sup>in the who come</sup> thousands from all the ends of the earth, to hear music, to enjoy <sup>the theatre</sup> ~~it~~, to see works of art;

<sup>at the Festival Cities;</sup> Festival cities vie with one another in their offerings - and among them is the loveliest of all ours Salzburg. <sup>Once a tiny town,</sup> The international influx of <sup>visitors)</sup> ~~(people)~~ has become so great that the festival theatre has <sup>now</sup> ~~become~~ very inadequate <sup>problem</sup> ~~and~~ it will be rebuilt and enlarged <sup>But</sup>

: the ugly grey duckling will be a proud swan .... Salzburgs greatest patron, friend and <sup>For</sup> - last not least - magnet, Toscanini <sup>champions the cause.</sup> ~~took on this cause~~ with great tenacity <sup>(resolution?)</sup>

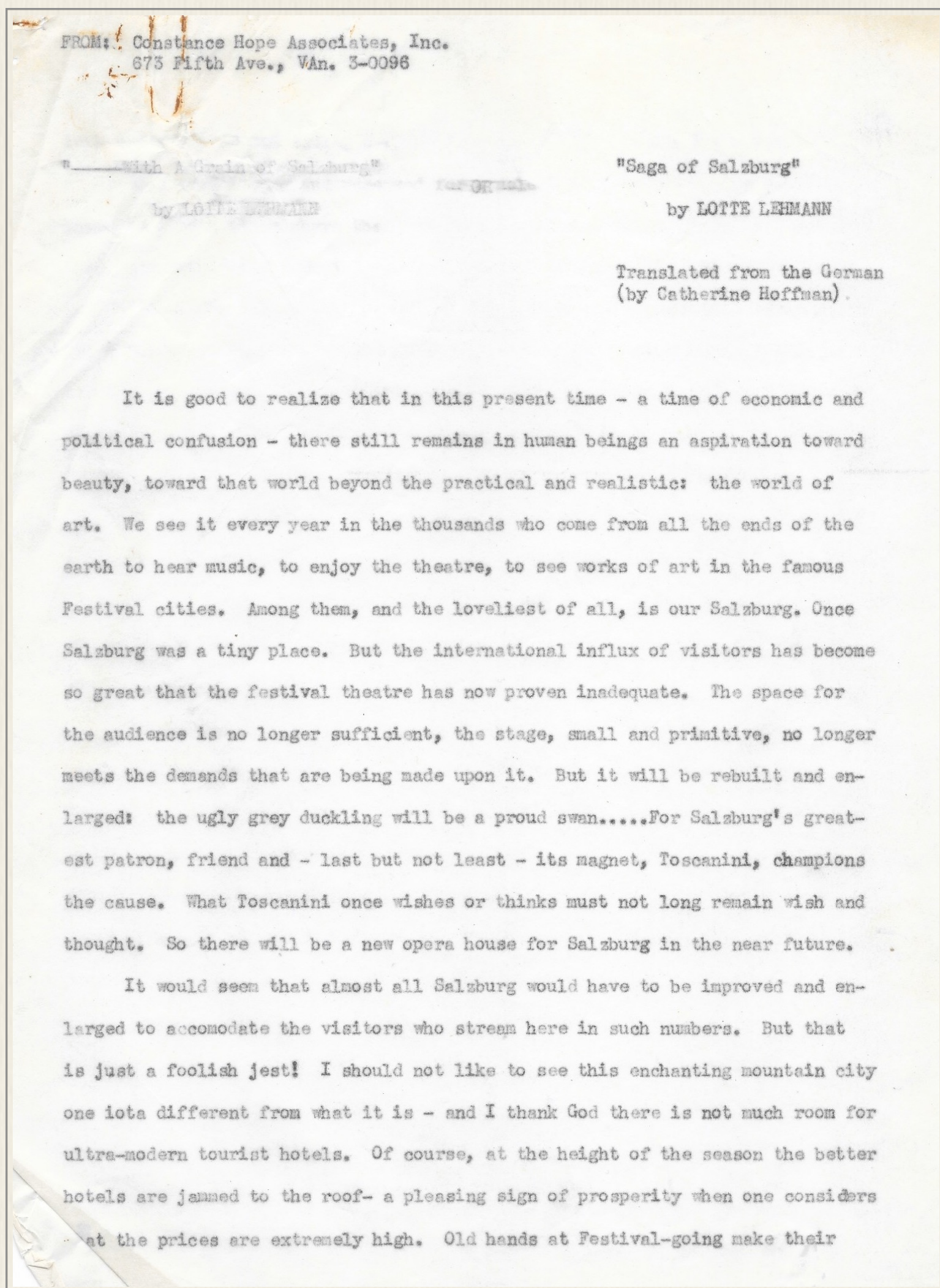
~~and~~ that he once wills and wishes does not remain wish and thought; <sup>and so fera</sup> ~~the~~ house will arise anew... The space for the audience is no longer sufficient, the stage, small and primitive, <sup>fits</sup> ~~is~~ no longer <sup>to</sup> ~~sufficient~~ <sup>to</sup> the growing demands upon it. <sup>It would seem that</sup> Almost all Salzburg <sup>indeed</sup> must be <sup>improved</sup> rebuilt to provide for ~~all~~ the visitors who stream <sup>such numbers.</sup> here in ~~great~~ <sup>great</sup> herds... But

W. this is ~~is~~ a bad jest, ~~is~~ I should not like to see this enchanting mountain city <sup>there is not</sup> ~~changed one iota,~~ <sup>is</sup> one atom different from what it is -- and thank God there ~~is~~ no <sup>place for modern tourist hotels.</sup> ~~much room for ultra-modern tourist hotels.~~ <sup>of course, at the height of the season</sup> the expensive hotels are sold out to the roof - ~~is~~

the height of the season ~~is~~ a pleasing sign of prosperity ... <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ the prices are extremely high. <sup>Old havers at Festival going make their room</sup> Reservations ~~must be made~~ the winter before in order to be sure of them. <sup>Knowing the rarity of</sup> ~~Particularly~~ rooms with bath <sup>+ eating arrangements</sup> ~~are a rarity~~ and correspondingly high priced. <sup>combined with good Austrian cooking.</sup> ~~And it is~~ <sup>that they must</sup> ~~advisable~~ to make early reservations for the performances - only the naive ask at the box office for good seats for the gala evenings, <sup>although there are many of them during</sup> ~~in~~ the festival season ~~abounds~~...



The reference to the Constance Hope Associates tells us that this was one of the many ways that the agency hyped Lehmann in the States. At first, this offended Lehmann, but soon she learned the need for such efforts in the huge country.





room reservations and eating arrangements the winter before, for rooms with bath are a treasured luxury and reserved for a select few; and of course everyone wants to find a place where there is good Austrian cooking. They know too that they must make early reservations for the performances - only the uninitiated would presume to ask at the box office for good seats for the gala evenings, of which there are many during the festival season. We participating artists usually rent houses in the vicinity of Salzburg, in order to withdraw for a few hours at least, from the confusion of the hectic festival city and to preserve, in spite of our concentrated work, the illusion of a summer vacation....

We are all conscious that performances of the highest order are expected of us in Salzburg, and that we must give of our best. Consequently, this is always a time of some strain for us artists. But we are also constantly buoyed up by the enthusiasm of a truly appreciative and art-loving public, and by the vital, sincerely musical mood of the place.

It is always amusing to walk through the little Salzburg streets: One meets celebrities gathered from all over the world. The Cafe Bazar, Cafe Tomaselli - both are known as rendezvous of all those who wish to see and wish to be seen.....Almost everyone wears the local peasant costume: the women the dirndl dress and the men the green "Jackerl" of Salzburg, with short breeches. There is a beehive of activity at the local peasant modistes, the sporting goods store of Lanz, and the other peasant clothing stores. There one finds a new thrill each day: - some model designed after an old pattern, some bright new color or some "elegant" novelty to decorate those "wahnsinnig echten" (wildly authentic) straw hats the city ladies have copied from the hats the peasant girls wear in the sunny pastures at harvest time.....Last summer Lanz created a new pattern: tiny motifs from scenes of "Rosenkavalier". I have a charming garden dress of this material.



In the peasant shops one finds also some rare old materials: Peasant shawls in faded brocades, aprons of still magnificent colors (though the fabrics are often threadbare), peasant jewelry of old gold and silver.

We had a chance to admire some of these old things last summer at the St. Gilgen wedding which was one of the highpoints of the season's festivities. The government has established a charming custom: Each year a fine wedding is given to the poorest engaged couple from an old established Austrian family. The fund for this annual wedding party is established in memory of our Chancellor Schuschnigg's wife, who was killed in a dreadful automobile accident, and is known as the Herma Schuschnigg Fund. We were fortunate last summer, for the bridal couple which was chosen lived in our own little village, St. Gilgen on the Wolfgangsee. Half of Salzburg came to the wedding, and Chancellor Schuschnigg himself and Minister Pernter were the witnesses. The archbishop of Salzburg married the young couple in the church, and I sang for them the beautiful Biblical text, "Whither thou goest, there will I go also".....Money, housefurnishings and other gifts - all were bestowed upon the joyous pair, who could hardly believe their rare good luck. Countless peasant hordes arrived from throughout the Salzkammergut. Each local peasant group wore its particular costume, or "Tracht" as they call it - and the shining colors, authentic old fabrics and sparkling gold headdresses glittered in the warm summer sunshine.....

I had rented a house in St. Gilgen and took part in all the exciting preparations for the wedding as actively as if it had been in my very own family. A few days before, according to the country custom, the official "Inviter to the Wedding" made the rounds, accompanied by the bridegroom and a witness. All three were in holiday attire, their hats decorated with flowers and ribbons. The witness also carried a stick from which hung festive streamers. It is not fitting among the peasants to mail an invitation. You are only properly invited to a wedding when you are personally bid to the ceremony by word of mouth. So, with



due formality, we listened to Hiersel, the summoner, as he recited a long poem, in delightful dialect, in which he admonished the guests not to be hesitant about giving presents. An especially impressive verse warned against all brawls. We promised him to go and to follow all his advice carefully. Naturally, the three were regaled in every house with wine and "wurstbrot" (sausage sandwiches), and Hiersel confided to me, winking slyly, - "We come here early because by evening we have drunk so much we might disgrace ourselves before the Frau Kammerangerin."

Laughingly, we refilled the wine glasses many times, and in spite of the early morning hour they withdrew with suspiciously shining eyes. At the door the witness, the younger brother of the bridegroom, turned around and said almost despairingly, - "How will I get through all this drinking today?"

During the visit the bridegroom saw standing on my piano pictures of Toscanini and Walter, recognized them immediately and said how much he had enjoyed their conducting over the radio. Now that is so typical of Austria and its thoroughly musical people: - this simple woodcutter, the poorest man in the village, speaking enthusiastically and intelligently about music. I don't believe that anywhere else in the world does one find such a deeply-rooted love of music in the common people. Music is a vital part of life in the Salzkammergut. It belongs to life. It is a necessity!

The Wolfgangsee, on which our house was located, is one of the most beautiful of the group of lakes of the Salzkammergut. We often visited the little village of St. Wolfgang which is situated on the other end of the lake, in which there is an old church with a most beautiful altar and, on the lake shore, the famous "White Horse Inn". On its broad terraces one enjoys the "Austrian Jause" - afternoon coffee - looking out over the wide blue lake where the sailboats float like white butterflies. The busy steamer is always depositing new guests on the landing step, all bravely attired in peasant costume. Young women with reddened nails, platinum



blonde hair, ruby red lips and high-heeled sandals, sport broad peasant hats and bright peasant aprons; a strange mixture of city and country, variegated as the confusion of speech that prevails. Every nation is represented, it seems! And when a familiar car of one of the Salzburg "Stars" drove through the narrow streets, there is a babel of comment about it in all languages.

From our home in St. Gilgen we had a wonderful view across the lake. Opposite us lay the Schafberg with its often-climbed peak. But St. Gilgen was a bit too far from Salzburg for me, as I had rehearsals each day because of the newly produced "Meistersinger", and for the coming summer I have rented a villa with a large garden, much nearer to Salzburg. I arrive only at the very last minute, for this year I make the trip from the United States to Austria with just a little detour, via Australia, in April, May and June. My concert tour in Australia is crowded with engagements to the last possible moment, so that only by a complicated changing of boats can I arrive in Genoa just before the beginning of the Festival. Then I must fly to Salzburg in order to have at least one rehearsal for the opening performance. The severe Maestro will, I am afraid, be angry at such tardiness and I will have to try and appease him with an especially good "Fidelio". May the gods be kind to me! I will also sing the "Countessa" in "The Marriage of Figaro" under Bruno Walter in Italian for the first time. I am very happy about this performance, in which Ezio Pinza is to do the "Figaro". To sing with Bruno Walter is to receive patient musical guidance, to be led along easily by his ever-stimulating direction. To sing with Toscanini is to follow, to conform unconditionally to his every musical wish; and every performance with him has the breath-taking sensation of a premiere. It is a pity that I have only two performances of "Fidelio" with Toscanini this summer. "Der Rosenkavalier" is also on my schedule, - directed by Dr. Knappertsbusch, the conductor who has taken Vienna by storm. I have sung the "Marschallin" already under his baton and am happy at the opportunity of working



with him again. But when I think of "Rosenkavalier", I think instinctively of Richard Mayr, that unforgettable "Ochs von Lerchenau" who lies in Salzburg in the old and memorable cemetery of St. Peter. Many people who visit that famous and hallowed spot now stand at his grave and think in sorrow of that artist who was so vital a part of the Salzburg Festivals.

But days in Salzburg are unbelievably full. No one has time for dreaming too long. Life pulses in rapid tempo and the Festival mood permits of no sad thoughts. One goes from Reinhardt's "Everyman" (which is an essential part of each year's program) to his "Faust" (made more moving than ever by the Gretchen performance of Paula Wessely) to a Toscanini concert; a Walter sciree; a Weingartner performance.....On the street one glimpses Chaliapin's splendid head towering above the crowd, and beside him his pretty daughter. There is one of the Thimigs, - it is the every-shy and retiring Helene Thimig, the wife of Reinhardt. And there are the lovely daughts of Bruno Walter. Here is the ballet mistress, Wallmann. There is even Marlene Dietrich, in a ravishingly chic white raincoat, and violent green peasant hat.....

In the evenings there is a regular parade of automobiles.....Cadillacs, Rolls Royces and Lincolns compete for the admiration of the crowd which lines the streets near the Festspielhaus, brimming over onto the famous bridge that crosses the river Salzach. The bridge, bedecked with many-colored banners that flutter gaily in the breeze, is a fitting approach for the festive procession of cars which crosses it each evening on the way to the performance.....The dirndl dresses have been exchanged for thrilling evening frocks...there are furs, jewels... enchanting summer evening wraps. The cars must stop long before they approach the Festspielhaus, for it is impossible for them to get through the narrow streets. Only a few prominent people are privileged to drive all the way to the entrance.



Of course everyone recognizes the big Cadillac cars that belong to Toscanini and Walter. As they arrive the cars are immediately besieged by adoring hordes...Walter, in spite of all the pressure of his work, always has a warm smile for them. This cordiality is so much a part of his being that even when he is most harassed, he cannot be other than understanding and benevolent to his public. Toscanini, as he enters the Festspielhaus, is hurried and aloof. He rushes through the eager mob, his face averted, avoids the photographers, and if the throng has annoyed him, arrives at the stage door fuming like a wrathful god. He lives completely withdrawn from notoriety, hates and despises the sensational, and is sad that he himself happens to be the greatest sensation of the musical world....He wishes to make great music, and nothing else....He loves Salzburg - he loves the Austrian countryside, and he thrives on the concentrated work and the intense striving toward perfection which he demands from those associated with him. He, who himself is perfection, will not tolerate anything except perfection in the artists about him. That is his driving force. But the superficial glamour of the Festival, the curiosity of the public, the autograph seekers, the photographers; all these he hates bitterly. It infuriates him if he cannot begin on time. But he seldom can! - ....For this is unpunctual Austria, and the approach to the Festspielhaus is far too inconvenient.

Dr. Kerber, the director of the Festival, glances anxiously at the clock, and reaches nervously for his telephone to get the latest report on the house. Baron Puthon, the President of the Festival, exchanges an anxious look with him when he receives the report "There will be considerable delay this evening, due to the difficulty of driving through the rainy streets"....Kerber murmurs a typically Salzburgian curse on the Salzburg "Schnuerlereggen" (Lace Rain), - then goes downstairs to try to speed things up. "Heavens! The house has been completely sold out for months and yet it fills so slowly. The curtain should have gone up long ago!" Kerber knows that upstairs, in the tiny conductor's



room, the great Maestro is pacing up and down, gloomy, dark and menacing. The conductor's baton dances in his nervous fingers. One never knows what he may do next....In spite of his outward good humor, Kerber is feeling very anxious (telltale beads of sweat stand out on his forehead)....But in the end it is the usual triumph. Toscanini enters and interrupts the thunderous applause which greets him, with a short, almost defensive gesture. And then - Music. At last Toscanini takes command....On the stage the greatest tension prevails. Leinsdorf, the highly talented "treuer Gesell", devoted co-worker of the Maestro, who prepares the rehearsals, who accompanies the singers at the piano, and who is ever ready at the prompter's box, is there, eager to help at any moment. And it is the same at every performance - we wait on the stage expectant and tense as though each time it were the first performance.

Then over the waiting throng in the concert hall swells the sound of great music, and people of every nation understand the incomparable speech of genius which makes great musical works the possessions of the entire world - a world without frontiers.

Late at night, when Salzburg is asleep after an exciting day and festive evening, and has become once again the enchantingly sweet and stilled old city, I fancy there floats through the narrow, winding passageways a pale form: Can it be the noble shade of Mozart, Salzburg's immortal son.....?

. . . . .



No English translation of Lehmann's "Bruno Walter" is available.

B R U N O     W A L T E R

1. Der Operndirigent

Da lag eines Tages ein Kontrakt für die Royal Opera Coventgarden in London auf meinem Frühstückstisch in Wien. Es war im Jahre 1924. London war immer meine Sehnsucht gewesen, seit ich einmal als junge Anfängerin (im Jahre 1914) im alten Drurylane Theatre unter Sir Thomas Beacham die "Sophie" im "Rosenkavalier" gesungen hatte, für Claire Dux einspingend. Damals hatte die grosse, glanzvolle Stadt einen unauslöschlichen Eindruck auf mich gemacht und meine sehnsüchtigen Gedanken waren oft und oft zu dem in seiner Schmucklosigkeit imponierenden Hause gewandert, das alljährlich im Frühling die berühmtesten Namen der Musikwelt vereint: Das Coventgarden Opera House. Endlich kam nun sein Ruf dorthin auch zu mir! Und doch, es war eine Bedingung im Kontrakt, die schwer erfüllbar schien: Ich sollte die "Marschallin" singen, ja, das Engagemnt war hauptsächlich auf diese Rolle konzentriert. Ich hatte sie niemals gesungen, nicht einmal studiert, sondern hatte seit einigen Jahren die Rolle der "Sophie" mit der des "Oktavian" vertauscht. Es war wenig Zeit zu wirklich sorgfältiger Vorbereitung - und dass eine solche mehr denn je nötig war, sagte mir der Name des Dirigenten, unter dem der "Rosenkavalier" als Eröffnungsvorstellung der Saison gegeben werden sollte: Bruno Walter.

Ich war ihm bisher noch nie begegnet, hatte immer gewünscht, mit ihm singen zu dürfen - und hier nun war die grossartige Gelegenheit, die ich mir nicht entgehen lassen konnte. Ich nahm die Chance, sagte zu, und stürzte mich in das Studium der "Marschallin." Es war nicht leicht, in so lächerlich kurzer Zeit diese Rolle zu lernen: Ich stand als eine der meist beschäftigten Sängerinnen im Repertoire der Wiener Oper und stahl mir sozusagen jede Stunde meines Studiums.



Als ich Bruno Walter in der ersten Ensembleprobe in London traf, kam mir die Kühnheit meines Unterfangens erst so recht zum Bewusstsein. Ich war nicht einmal musikalisch sicher, die ganze Partie war ungeschliffen und noch nicht mein eigen. Und hier sah ich am Klavier den Künstler, der mehr als je ein Anderer tiefste Durchdringung des Charakters der Rolle forderte und vor dessen fanatischem Willen, ein lebendiges Wesen zu gestalten, keine leere Opernrolle, ich mich schon von Anfang an als unzulänglich fühlte. Hätte ich nur mehr Zeit gehabt! Es war wirklich eine unentschuld bare Selbstüberschätzung, dass ich dieses verlockende Engagement angenommen hatte, wissend, ich konnte nicht mein Bestes geben.

Bruno Walter war nicht zufrieden mit mir. Ich fühlte seinen missbilligenden Blick mehr als einmal zu mir schweifen, wenn ich über eine schwierige musikalische Phrase stolperte, und ich begann, mich zu fürchten vor diesen dunklen Augen, in denen ich nichts als Missfallen las.

Schliesslich gestand ich ihm, dass ich die "Marschallin" noch nie gesungen, aber nichts gesagt hatte, nur, um wieder im Coventgarden Opera House zu singen - und last not least, mit ihm singen zu dürfen. Ich glaube nicht, dass ihm dieses Geständnis gefiel. Für ihn gab es keine Erwägungen persönlicher Natur, wenn es sich um eine künstlerische Frage drehte. Er übersah stirnrunzelnd die Situation: Es war zu spät, eine Aenderung zu unternehmen - vielleicht hatte ihm auch meine Stimme gefallen - jedenfalls half er mir durch intensive Arbeit zu einem schönen Erfolg.

Dieses, unter einem ungünstigen Stern stehende erste Zusammentreffen war der Anfang einer mein Leben unedelmäßig bereichernden Freundschaft. Künstlerische Arbeit mit Bruno Walter, die mir durch Jahre vergönnt war, wurde ein unerschöpflicher Born der Inspiration für mich. Ich habe



viele meiner Partien mit ihm gesungen - in Wien, Berlin, London, Paris.

Und das gegenseitige Verstehen hatte für mich etwas Einziges und Beispielloses. Wenn man mich fragt, wer mein grösster Lehrer gewesen ist in meiner langen Opernkarriere, sage ich immer ohne Zögern: Bruno Walter.

Er hatte wie kein Anderer die Fähigkeit, die Individualität des darstellenden Künstlers herauszuheben. Es ist immer eine Gefahr für den Leitenden, seine eigene Persönlichkeit, ohne so zu wollen, auf den Künstler zu verpflanzen, der ihm aus grosser Bewunderung heraus vielleicht auch dann folgen würde, wenn das eigene Empfinden andere Wege diktierte.

Bruno Walter war zu sehr Theatermensch durch und durch, um nicht die Vielfältigkeit zu lieben, die aus den verschiedenen Naturen ausstrahlt. Ja, nichts entzückte ihn mehr als Probleme im Ausdruck, in der Auffassung. Ich glaube, es hätte ihn tödlich gelangweilt, mit Menschen zu arbeiten, die aus unfruchtbarer Blässe ihrer Persönlichkeit heraus widerspruchslose Sklaven seines Willens waren. Gewiss, es reizte ihn, den nimmermüden Erwecker aus leeren Masken lebendige Wesen zu schaffen. Aber er musste fühlen, dass unter der Oberfläche technisch guten Singens, unter der Hemmung ungeschickter Gesten, ein empfindendes Wesen um Ausdruck rang. Da konnte Walter Wunder wirken. Wenn aber alles nur Oberfläche war, nur Stimme, nur Technik, litt er, wie jeder Schöpfer leiden muss, der seinem Geschöpf nicht den lebendigen Odem einhauchen kann.

Wenn ich einer Opernvorstellung Bruno Walters beiwohnte, bedauerte ich das ihm zujubelnde Publikum beinahe: Diese Menschen hatten nur das fertige Werk gehört, aber hatten nicht die Freude erlebt, es unter seiner Direktion entstehen zu sehen. Diese köstliche Ziselierarbeit, die in dem grossen Schwung der Aufführung untertauchte wie die Milliarden Wassertropfen in einem Strom - die war es, die so Vollendetes schuf.



Walters Entzücken am Aufbau einer Rolle, einer Szene, war beispiellos. Er war ein Theatermann voll Phantasie, er liebte es, immer neue Wege zu gehen, konnte mit überraschend jugendlichem Enthusiasmus über Opernszenen sprechen, die in Routine erstarrt und verstaubt waren, und die er neu und interessant zu gestalten verstand, allein schon im kurzen Umriss eines Gespräches. Das war für mich überhaupt das Wunderbare an Walter: Man brauchte mit ihm nur zu sprechen - und der Regisseur war eigentlich überflüssig... Er entwickelte rasch und bildhaft klar seine Auffassung einer Szene, nahm Gegenanregungen entzückt entgegen, baute mit blitzenden Worten das Theater überzeugend auf - ein Theater, in dem alles lebte und atmete, und in dem eher ein Fehler toleriert wurde, als tote Routine, dessen grimmiger Feind er war. Schablonenhafte Glätte, trauriger Ersatz für blutvolles Erleben, war ihm verhasst. Er wünschte Perfektion - aber er verzichtete viel eher einen musikalischen Fehler, als ein kaltes unenthusiastisches Herz.

Ich entsinne mich eines sehr bezeichnenden Gespräches zwischen ihm, einer recht guten, äusserst korrekten und unrührbar kalten Sängerin, und mir. Ich hatte mir ein paar Ungenauigkeiten zuschulden kommen lassen und eilte zu Walter nach dem ersten Akt, um mich zu entschuldigen. Er stand vor Beginn des zweiten Aktes auf der Bühne im Gespräch mit der erwähnten Sängerin. Ich ging zu ihm und sagte, ~~ein~~ Theaterjargon für ungenaues Singen gebrauchend: "Verzeihen Sie! Ich habe wieder mal schrecklich geschwommen!" Meine Kollegin sah entsetzt Walter an, ein Donnerwetter erwartend, aber er warf mir einen lächelnden Blick zu und sagte zu ihr: "Man muss aber gestehen, die Lehmann schwamm mit ganzer Seele..." Meine Kollegin war überrascht: "Das sagen Sie, der Unerbittliche, vor dem wir zittern?" Walter ging mit einem Scherzwort weg, aber ich weiss, was er hätte antworten wollen: "Der wahre Künstler hat Gutes und Böses in sich. Fehlerlos ist nur das mechanische Instrument. Ich ziehe ein schlagendes Herz vor...."



## 2. Bruno Walter am Klavier

Ein Wohltätigkeitskonzert brachte mir erste Begegnung mit Bruno Walter am Klavier. Es war der Auftakt zu einer langen Reihe von unvergesslichen Liederabenden mit ihm, in denen für mich das Konzert selbst ebenso wie die Vorbereitung dazu eine Quelle reiner Freuden bedeutete.

Ich habe mit hervorragenden Begleitern gesungen - aber ein Konzert mit Walter war immer etwas ganz Besonderes. So wie Festspiele sich herausheben aus dem Lauf der musikalischen Veranstaltungen eines Jahres, mögen diese auch noch so schön und hochwertig sein, so waren die Liederabende mit Walter am Klavier Festspiele für mich.

Wie verstand er, ein Lied aufzubauen, es in ein Drama zu verwandeln, ihm atemraubendes Leben zu geben, ohne jemals den Grenzpfad zu überschreiten, der von der Reinheit des Liedes in die erdverbundene Region der Operndramatik führt!

Das war das Geheimnis des Zusammenklingens, als er und ich uns auf dem äusserlich begrenzten Gebiet des Liedersingens trafen - äusserlich begrenzt, innerlich überströmend in unendlichem Ausdrucksreichtum.

Ich habe im Liedersingen viel von Bruno Walter gelernt, viel Anregung empfangen und - was mir fast wichtiger ist - Bestätigung meiner eigenen Überzeugung.

Was für Erinnerungen: Die alljährlichen Liederabende in den Salzburger Festspielen! Trotz all' seiner erschöpfenden Probenarbeit fand er immer Zeit zu diesem schon traditionell gewordenen Konzert, das im Mozarteum stattfand und für mich selbst "mein eigenes Festspiel" in den Festspielen bedeutete. Oft hatten wir nur Zeit für eine einzige kurze Verständigungsprobe - und Walter wehrte Fragen ab: "Wir verstehen uns schon - ich muss mit ihr nicht alles doppelt und dreifach durchnehmen..." Aus diesem Sichverstehen erwuchs ein Zweiklang, in dem das Klavier sang und die Stimme in die Tonflut des Instrumentes tauchte, als sein sie eine Quelle, aus der die Töne rauschten. Es war die Urquelle "Harmonie."



### 3. Bruno Walter : Der Mensch

Aus Walters Gesicht sprachen zwei Wesen: Die schöne, geistig bewegte Stirn, die dunklen Augen, aus denen orientale Schwermut, tiefstes Versenktsein und Durchdringung leuchteten, zeigten den überströmenden Reichtum seines Geistes, seiner genialen Seele. Die scharfgeschnittenen, weiten Nasenflügel waren Zeugen glühenden Temperamentes, der volle, sensitive Mund verriet Genussfreudigkeit und war umschattet von Melancholie. Seltsam veränderte sich dieses Gesicht, wenn Walter lächelte. Sein lebhafter Sinn für Humor spielte um die Augen, die plötzlich das nach innen gekehrte Verlorensein in strahlende Heiterkeit verwandelten. Liebenswürdigkeit war der Grundzug von Walters Wesen. Die Orchester, die unter ihm spielten, liebten ihn. Er hatte Verständnis für die Schwierigkeiten, verlor nie die Geduld, machte keine Szenen. Und darum folgten sie ihm freudig und mit Hingabe. Sein angeborener Charme legte sich versöhnend und unwiderstehlich auch über ein Wort, das Hoffnungen zerstörte.

Ich entsinne mich eines Sängers, dem eine Rolle nach der anderen abgenommen wurde - selbstverständlich, und das kann ich nicht genug betonen: nur aus rein künstlerischen Erwägungen heraus. Er war zu Walter gegangen, um sich zu beschweren. "Was sagte Walter?" fragte ich ihn. "Oh, er war wie ein Vater zu mir, und nahm mir eine andere Rolle weg..."

Das war sehr charakteristisch. Unfähig, ein hartes Wort zu sagen, umkleidete er auch eine Ablehnung mit der ihm eigenen Wärme und verständnisvollen Freundlichkeit.

Wie so viele Menschen in hervorragenden leitenden Stellungen, war er innerlich voller Abwehr allen jenen gegenüber, die immer wieder mit Bitten und Gesuchen zu ihm kamen. Vielleicht war es eines der Geheimnisse unserer nicht nur künstlerischen, sondern auch persönlichen Freundschaft,



dass ich nie etwas von ihm erbat. Er selbst wollte die Künstler wählen, die ihm gefielen, und mit denen zu arbeiten schöpferische Freude für ihn war. Ein sich an ihn Herandrängen hatte keinen Sinn. Mit wunderbarem Humor durchschaute er die Anstrengungen der Schmeichler - und wir haben oft zusammen über eine Sängerin gelacht, die ihm nachstellte, und wenn sie ihn unglücklicherweise erwischte, ihn mit enthusiastischen Worten der Anbetung überschüttete, die er, höflich lächelnd, anhörte, dabei verzweifelt einen Weg zur Flucht suchend.

Man konnte mit Walter lachen, wie mit keinem Anderen. Es war ein Humor, der tief in seinem schattenhaft zwiespaltigen Wesen lag, ein Humor, der sich nicht im Erzählen von Witzzen zeigte, sondern der spontan aus Eigenstem leuchtete und wärmte und gut und sonnig war.

Das Leben war hart zu Bruno Walter und machte den zutiefst Friedliebenden zum ruhelosen Wanderer. Er hat Deutschland, das Land seiner Geburt, innig geliebt. Es war das alte Deutschland der Dichter und Denker, dem seine Seele zu eigen war. Entwarzelt, von brutaler Gewalt vertrieben, wurde er Franzose, um dann seine Zugehörigkeit zu einer damals bald ebenso geknechteten Nation mit dem freien und unberührbar demokratischen Amerika zu vertauschen, diesem Hafen der Kultur und des freien Menschentums.

Doch der Leidgeprüfte hatte viel mehr zu erdulden: Es erscheint wie ein Wunder, dass Walter nicht zugrunde ging, als ihm ein über alles geliebtes Wesen auf schreckliche Weise entrissen wurde. Aber er war wie der Vogel Phoenix: Er stieg leuchtend aus der Asche auf und breitete seine Schwingen aus. Aus unsagbarem Leid schien neue Kraft in seine Seele zu fluten.

Seine Gattin wurde oft missverstanden, denn ihre Bereitschaft, ihn zu beschützen, zu warnen, ihre feurig ergebene Treue, waren immer Austrübe des Kampfes. Scharfe Worte verletzten manche, und nicht viele fühlten hinter der Herbheit ihres Wesens das aufrichtige, gute Herz.



Sie starb nach langem Leiden, das er hingebend mit ihr ertrug. Sein Lebensabend wurde verschönt durch die unwandelbare Liebe und Hilfe seiner Tochter Lotte und durch das Glück einer Freundschaft mit einer Frau, der er verbunden war durch lebenslange Erinnerungen. Er gab sich mehr und mehr einem tief wurzelnden Glauben hin: der Anthroposophie. Er fühlte sich geleitet von dieser ihm innig bewussten Macht und gab in vielen Plattenaufnahmen der Welt eine köstliche Erbschaft. In erhabenen Klängen schenkte er wieder, was er von einer höheren Gnade empfangen hatte, in Freuden und in Leiden. Denn Freud' und Leid waren die Wurzel, aus der sein glühendes Schaffen erwuchs, - das Schaffen und das Erleben. Für Walter hieß es: Musik.



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One page is in the original German followed by the whole article by an unknown translator.

T O S C A N I N I

von Lotte Lehmann

Er ist wie die Flamme, die glueht und leuchtet, so lange sie existiert ... Man kann ihn sich nicht vorstellen als einen Mann, der mit dem Alter muede wird des brennenden Fanatismus', muede des <sup>relentless</sup> nimmer-rastenden Schaffens - ruhesuchend, resignierend, abschliessend ... Dieses heftig pulsierende Blut wird ihn immer ruhelos machen - dieser Daemon Musik, dem er sich mit Haut und Haar verschrieben hat, wird ihn nie freigeben bis zum letzten Atemzuge. Denn die Musik ist fuer ihn keine guetige und holde "Frau Musica" - sie ist eine gnadenlose, urgewaltige Gottheit, der er verfallen ist und der zu dienen immer wie ein Kampf ist, ein erbittertes Ringen, ein schwer erstrittener Sieg ...

*Violently  
that urgent  
pulsing blood  
of his will  
keep him for  
ever as this*

Der Maestro ist bekannt als unerbittlich. Aber er ist es vor allem auch sich selbst gegenueber. Die beispiellosen Triumphe, die er in aller Welt feiert, koennen ihn nie in seinem Urteil beirren. Er legt den hoechsten Masstab an sich selbst und an alle, die mit ihm arbeiten. Er verlangt das Aeusserste, da er das Aeusserste gibt. Seine Besessenheit hat etwas Ergreifendes und Erschreckendes. Es gibt kaum einen Kuenstler, der nicht vor ihm zittert. Ich habe mich aus Angst vor diesem sagenhaft unduldsamen Maestro gestraeubt, mit ihm zu singen ... O - diese nie wieder gut zu machende Torheit! Aber ich hatte soviel von seiner Strenge, seiner finsternen Konzessionslosigkeit gehoert, dass ich eine Eva unter ihm in Milano refuesierte ... Ich sah ihn zum ersten Male - ein Jahrzehnt spaeter - in einem New Yorker Recital. Niemand hatte mir von seiner Anwesenheit erzaehlt - aber mitten in einem Lied sah ich ploetzlich den bekannten und markanten Kopf ... Mir blieb buchstaeblich der Ton in der Kehle stecken ...

Einige Zeit darauf wurde ich fuer eine Radiostunde engagiert.



## TOSCANINI

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by Lotte Lehmann

He is like flame, which glows and blazes as long as it exists... One cannot imagine him as a man who as he grows old wearies of burning fanaticism, of unremitting creative activity - seeking repose, giving up, coming to a halt... That violently pulsing blood of his will always make him restless - that daemonic master, Music, to whom he has bound himself body and soul, will never let him free to his last breath. For to him music is no kindly, gracious "Lady Musica", but a merciless, prepotent divinity under whose power he has fallen, and whose service is as it were a perpetual battle, a bitter struggle, a hard-won victory...

The Maestro is known as inexorable. But he is inexorable chiefly toward himself. His unexampled triumphs the world over can never cloud his judgment. He applies the highest standard to himself and to all who work with him. He requires the uttermost of others because he gives his uttermost himself. He is like a man possessed, and this quality in him has something stirring and frightening about it. There is scarcely an artist who does not tremble before him. For fear of this fabulously impatient Maestro I set myself against singing with him - Oh, that piece of unredeemable idiocy! But I had heard so much about his



severity, his gloomy uncompromisingness, that I refused to play Eva under him in Milan... I saw him for the first time - ten years later - at a New York recital. No one had told me he was there - but in the middle of a song I suddenly saw the famous, striking head... The note I was singing literally stuck in my throat.

Some time later I was engaged for a radio hour. Conductor: Arturo Toscanini. To my surprise he was very kind and gentle in the piano rehearsal - but in the orchestra rehearsal I found out again what it was to be afraid... I kept thinking: "Well then, if he shouts at me just one single time in such a rage as he's in with the orchestra now, I won't be able to sing <sup>another</sup> ~~one more~~ note." Perhaps this immoderacy in anger is part of the Italian temperament. Yet to me there is always something tragic about it in this remarkable person, for it comes from a passionate longing for perfection. Whatever might be a hindrance on ~~that~~ road, down which he storms like a noble thoroughbred horse straining every nerve, is to him a torture, a useless waste of time... Inadequacies on the part of the artists working with him incense him exactly as does importunate admiration on the part of his adoring public. His violent desire for undisturbed concentration has made him impatient even <sup>over</sup> ~~in~~ every-day trifles: he can't find something or other - his baton, or the pictures of his family, which he puts up in his dressing room back stage - and at once he flies into a white-hot fury... He



feels his thoughts, which are music, and then more music, have been disturbed, and he suffers from the disturbance as from some physical torment.

Remarkable, and as if in contradiction to his violent temperament, are the great exactitude and sense of order which are ~~xx~~ a particularity of his. No one is farther from being "a genius in untidiness". On the contrary: he loves to be well-dressed and faultlessly tailored, and has an ingrained feeling for distinction. He loves his family tenderly and is always surrounded by his wife and children. He is scarcely ever to be seen without his kindly sweet-natured Signora Carla. This deep-rooted sense of family is of course definitely an Italian trait. But otherwise there is nothing "typical" about this person who is a strange and unique phenomenon as an artist - not comparable to anyone or anything - always interesting - always astonishing and fascinating one anew.

The Salzburg Festival now has the good fortune of ~~to~~ counting the Maestro among its "stars". What's more he would never forgive me if he knew that I had just called him a star... Nothing is more hateful to him than that concept. So I have committed a mortal sin in using it - but I can't do otherwise than say, which is true, that he is the shining central point of the Festival, that the fact that he is a sensation, which he detests, dogs his footsteps, that no primadonna, no matter how world-famous, no tenor, no matter how spoilt a darling of the



public, can withstand his popularity... Popular -- no, that's not the right word: people are too much afraid of him to be able really to love him... The public is afraid of him too: sometimes when at the beginning of a performance or of a concert he comes to the stand and his reception by the audience seems to him to exceed a pleasant polite greeting, he breaks off the applause with a single lordly gesture. They all know that it makes him angry if they go on clapping and calling out contrary to his wishes. And they are afraid of putting him in a rage... If one didn't know him one might believe it was sheer caprice that makes him so violent about having his own way. But actually it is nothing more than impatience at being disturbed in that condition of quivering concentration in which he finds himself whenever he has anything to do with music. Outwardly completely under control, he vibrates inwardly at the highest nervous tension - for now everything is subject to his will: now he is at once to serve and to rule, to conquer and to surrender.. Three short sharp taps of the baton, which at such a moment is like a foil of steel in the small energy-freighted hand - the music begins - the world is engulfed, for him, and for anyone who can experience the highest fulfillment of music...

We who are lucky enough to work with him in Salzburg have at times gone ~~xxx~~ through fire and water with him before some of these performances. We have seen him sombre



and despairing, have trembled to see him shake his head and breathed again when he smiled... He is at all rehearsals. He watches everything. For us there is no such thing as "walking through a part" in rehearsal, but he does allow us to sing at half-voice, to spare our strength. Everyone had told me the contrary about him, and I was very much afraid of his legendary lack of consideration. To my great and joyful surprise however he himself advised sparing our voices. That is the sole concession he makes. Otherwise he demands absolute concentration in every rehearsal, absolute intensity. It doesn't even occur to one to walk through the part: he emanates such magic force, one is so much in the power of his fanatical will, that no true artist can help being carried away, and even hardened old troopers wake up, and are plunged in a fiery ~~XXXXXXXX~~ current of surging artistic experience...

But he is terrifying when he is silent - when he sits there in an angry withdrawn silence and looks at us full of contempt, as if we were enemies... I have been through rehearsals with him, when he drove us all half mad with that silence of his. Something has irritated him - something has disappointed him. And now he is in anguish, exhausted, sitting there beside the piano in a passivity which in him is doubly unbearable. We hesitate - look at once another questioningly - exchange despairing glances with the stage manager - hasty whispered



questions go from one to another: "What's the matter with him? What is he angry about? If only he'd say something!..."

But he persists in that silence, behind which looms a volcano of rage that may break out over our heads at any moment... Finally I take courage, go up to him and ask: "What is it, Maestro?"

Silence...

"Are you displeased with us?"

Silence...

"Then tell us what we're doing wrong."

At that he raises his eyes with a tragic expression of hopelessness:

"Manca il fuoco..."

New anecdotes about him keep cropping up and making the round of the theatre: that he can burst into tears of despair when something doesn't suit him... that he leaves rehearsals and has his chauffeur and factotum Emilio drive him far away where he sits somewhere in a lonely village inn, disgusted with life and full of loathing for so many shortcomings... They tell stories about his shyness in attending large parties and official receptions... about his often tragi-comic outbursts of fury from which the orchestras that play under him are the chief sufferers. Of these he makes one single marvellous ringing singing instrument... I once heard a gray-haired musician in the orchestra say, after rehearsal:



"He treats us like schoolboys. You'd like to hate him if you didn't have to worship him..." But how could anyone hate him? It is the work alone that he serves. And when he is angry at the performance of a single person or of a group, it is always on account of the work and never has to do with the individual. In his music he frees himself from any personal tie.

In private life he is an extraordinarily simple, slightly shy, childish and kindly person. He loves his friends, who are just as subject to his personal charm as is the whole musical world to his artistry... When he is separated from them, he does not write to them, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ shows an irresistible surprise that anyone might expect to hear from him... "But I never write.." I have heard him say to his friends in answer to a gentle reproach, and that must be taken for explanation, excuse and penitent confession... But it is accompanied by a completely disarming smile - and they forgive him, having never been angry with him...

Near Salzburg the Toscanini family lives in a very quiet and secluded house. The "family" means children and grandchildren - he must have them all around him... Lots of friends come and go - and I can't imagine that the Maestro has much quiet in his quiet sequestered house. His family is just as well known in Salzburg as he is himself. And Pitiu, the little old griffon, inseparable from Signora Carla, is a popular Salzburg



Besides, personality. /XXXXXXXXXXXX fate has found in him a compensating instrument of justice: Pitiu has neither fear nor reverence nor admiration for the Maestro..Instead he avenges all of us who tremble so before him: he yelps at him with the most extraordinary lack of respect, indeed, he goes so far as to bite the man we all fear in the leg... Toscanini is enchanted by this fearless Siegfried in the form of - may Signora Carla forgive me! - a rather shabby little cur...Apparently it does his soul good to meet with so much bristling hatefulness. He stretches out his arms to him and calls "Amore mio!" - and that is the signal for a convulsive access of rage on the part of the little beast. Then Toscanini goes to lures him on more urgently. Pitiu and /XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX With high-pitched angry yelps Pitiu sets to biting the Maestro's trouser-legs, until the Signora takes her darling in her arms and consoles him for all these sallies against his little angry old heart... She loves him tenderly, and he would die for his mistress. Once I took a snapshot of Signora Carla with her Pitiu in one arm and my sweet little Pomeranian, Jimmy, on the other - and she said, quite amazed and a little annoyed: "But Jimmy looks much handsomer on the picture than Pitiu..."

Pitiu, I love all dogs, and I love you too. But you're no beauty... Your mistress thinks you're beautiful, and yet you're just an ugly little lump when you lie there on the cushions of the beautiful big Cadillac...



Everyone knows the Maestro's car even from a distance. It's as if a king were riding through the town, the people crowd so to snatch a glimpse of him next to the chauffeur Emilio where he always sits... Photographers lie in wait for him, while foolhardy autograph hunters stand with their books out, like swords from the scabbard, beside the stage door of the Festspielhaus. Emilio clears the way for the Maestro, who hastily passes straight through people, irritated, embarrassed, in a fit of immediate vexation. Last year an old lady sent me her autograph book with a heart-rending plea for Toscanini's autograph: perhaps I might succeed in getting it. So I went firmly into the lion's den, where I found Emilio and said to him in an off-hand way: "Emilio, please give this book to the Maestro. I'm asking for his autograph." Emilio looked at me as if he doubted of my sanity...

"I can't do it," he said with resolution, "the Maestro would strike me dead..."

At that moment he came in the door. He saw the book in my hand, took it from me, turned over the leaves, found old names, old memories, smiled gently and yieldingly and, with the pencil that had been cleverly smuggled into his hand, obediently and unresistingly wrote "Arturo Toscanini" in the book...

Emilio and I exchanged a look of understanding, and I triumphantly left the room, a victor...Just the same it was unusual to find him so pleasant before a performance:



ordinarily his inward excitement makes him pale and abstracted; he stands nervously in the doorway of his dressing-room, which is very badly placed because of the narrowness of the building. Everyone has to pass his door; it's one continual restless coming and going. But they all pass by with a reverential greeting; no one addresses him: they all know that he hates any distraction when he is about to conduct. Usually he has his aid and support, Eric Leinsdorf, with him, his particular protege, who always prepares the scores of the operas for him and plays the piano at all rehearsals. If anything is said, it's about music only - and almost solely about the work which in a few minutes is to be wakened to new life by the hand of the Maestro... It is always like a release from almost unbearable tension when the call-boy comes and gives the signal: "Everything ready...". With rapid steps, despite his extreme shortsightedness, the Maestro hurries down the stairs. Applause, the lights dim, three sharp taps on the stand...the music begins...

Oh, may the world be granted many more years in which to hear the brusque accent of that magic wand in his hand! Many years more in which to be borne through the heights and depths of human experience by the music which this miraculous man transmits to us as if it streamed creatively from him himself in the instant of its renewal...! Humanity, which loses itself in strife and wrangling over wealth and possession, over power and precedence, needs prophets such



Toscanini - ll.

as he of a pure and ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ flawless beauty in  
which the good of all the worlds merges in sounding  
harmony!





This was written before Lehmann developed her Goering story found in a chapter of its own. It's also before her Post Script to *Midway in my Song*, which I append.

FROM: Constance Hope Associates, Inc.  
545 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Va5-0096  
(Edith Behrens)

TO THE EDITOR:

Mrs. Lotte Lehmann, Viennese soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company has not sung in Germany for two years. In this article, written by Mrs. Lehmann herself, she discusses her relations with the third Reich, and the point of view of the artist in political matters.

Article by Lotte Lehmann

(Translated from the German)

"Madame Lehmann, why don't you sing in Germany", is the stereotyped question of practically every interviewer. And I always make the same reply... "I prefer not to discuss that question. I am an artist and have nothing to do with politics. I do not talk of things I do not understand, so please spare me political questions."

Probably my English is not clear enough -- for the next morning I pick up the papers and read in pained astonishment the exact opposite of what I have said on the subject. Since the silence in which I had hoped to retire has not been successful, I now am therefore resorting to candor.

Contrary to reports, no one in Germany ever attempted to forbid my singing abroad. They merely suggested it to me and tried to make clear that at this time an artist such as I must surely regard it as an obvious duty to sing only in Germany. Under these conditions, the most generous offers were made in order to engage me for the Berlin State Opera. I am a person who unfortunately always speaks her mind, and in this case as well, I did not hesitate



to declare that I have always felt that I belonged to the world and the world to me, and that I would never let myself be permanently tied to any one place. I wish to fulfill my engagements "On Wings of Song," the world over. I again stated that I am, and wish to remain, an internationally-minded artist -- an artist for all countries. And this was evidently not satisfactory!

I have never considered, in my concert programs, that Brahms was a German, or Puccini an Italian, or whether Schubert was an Austrian or Mendelssohn an Aryan. I make music, and music is my world -- a world far levelier, more immaculate, and far more blessed than all the politics on earth. Music brings nations together, politics divides them. Music is God's gift, politics is man's work. This country where I was born and grew up will always remain my homeland even though I am forbidden it. Austria, too, which speaks my mother tongue, and which is now my homeland, I dearly love. I am too far removed from political problems to see any arbitrary boundaries. It is enough to be able to carry the great music of homeland in the form of songs and operas all over the world.

It is difficult for me to believe that there is a land in which I am "undesirable." From the world in which I live no human tongue can forbid me.



Here is the Postscript to *Midway In My Song* that Lehmann added to her autobiography. At this time the Nazi regime had annexed Austria and harshly enforced many of their racial laws.

Postscript May 1938

“This book of my memoirs was written before Germany annexed Austria.

“My blood is German, my whole being is rooted in the German soil. But my conception of art is different from that of my country.

“I cannot serve politics. I can only serve that which always has been and still is the mission of my life. I cannot paint political boundaries on the measureless ways of the art world. I will not, and cannot probe whether the people to whom I give my art are good or bad, believers or unbelievers; nor does it interest me to what race they belong or to what politics they subscribe. I want to be an artist—nothing else. I want to live in my world which is more beautiful and loftier than all man-made countries or all states, my world of music. I want to sing the songs that I love, without questioning to what race the composer belonged. God put music into my heart and a voice into my throat. I serve Him when I serve music. I no longer understand the land of my birth.

“And I who was born a German, and who was bound to Austria with the bonds of deepest love—I stand now at the door of America. I want to become an American citizen. I am sure that I shall find my third home here and that I shall not again need to wander. I want to become a good American. But that which was my beloved Homeland will live on for me in my songs.”