

## ANNUAL SUMMARIES<sup>1</sup>

July 5, 2011, translated by Heidi Ballantyne

### Summary of Events in the Year 1889

12/31 Evening In January Elsa arrived. January 30 the suicide of the crown prince caused a big sensation. Elsa stayed until the middle of May, during which time her eye was sometimes better and sometimes again worse. She would certainly have stayed until Fall, if her condition had not worsened. Aunt V. was here for a few days during this time. Elsa left us and traveled away. Hedwig was in in Aussee at Aunt Helene's for most of the time and because of that it was actually a bit boring. On September 10 the long awaited trip to Paris became a reality. But before I speak of that I must go back to August, in which month Elsa, to our surprise, got engaged to Bernstein. Also since then she was almost quite well. So on September 10 we were off to Paris. Papa returned at the beginning of October, full of good impressions. I wrote more details in my other diary. He had taken good care of Hedwig, so everything was fine. To be sure, Hedwig later changed her boardinghouse, but that that didn't make much difference. The year ended with a rather sad indisposition of the family Stern, who all of us find ourselves in the clutches of the flu.- So end for now.

### Summary of Events in the Year 1890

12/28 Sunday. The Christmas holidays were extended by the flu until January 13. On April 2 Hedwig arrived after her six months stay in Paris and Berlin, where she spent most of her time happily and pleasantly at Rosenstocks. In the Summer we had two guests who lived with us. On April 22 Ida Mandl (the sister of Dr. Mandl) from Prossnitz came to Vienna. He lived with us (with interruptions) . On June 2 Gabi from Munich came to us. She moved to the country with Uncle Theodor this year and that is why we invited her to stay with us for now. With interruptions Gabi stayed here until July 3.(More than half the time of herstay she was in Bruenn).

This year's stay in the country was one of the best vacations and most full of variety. We lived in Weidlingau. Innumerable parties after parties, uncountable kids of all ages livened up the stay and provided entertainment. We made acquaintance with everyone, also Hedwig. It was a very sociable atmosphere, bowling, dancing, games and then again fooling with the kids.

We hadn't been in town long when an important event took place: Hedwig got engaged to Artur Kemp, whom she has known for a long time. He has an information office and a rather big income. The engagement party was November 30. Until that time everything was higgeldy-pigglety at home. Pleasant and unpleasant happenings and innumerable precious gifts and then finally the wedding. After the wedding the reaction after the recent happy days of the past. Unpleasant atmosphere, Mama crying and inconsolable. The only thing that hurt my feelings: Mama had never been quite in favor

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<sup>1</sup> Prepared by R.S. on an annual basis. Years 1931, 1932, 1933, 1938 and 1945 are missing in the original German too.

of the marriage. She doesn't like him and he doesn't like her. He is dirty. Mama doesn't get along with him and Hedwig behaved badly towards her the whole time. That depressed Mama a lot. Especially the burden of debts, which especially depresses Papa. Because he has completely overspent himself. Several thousand florins flew out the window in a few weeks. Borrowed money!

After the young couple returned from their honeymoon, the bad mood gradually cleared up. Mama and Artur get along now. But it will take a few years before we are free of the debts..

Hedwig has a pretty, convenient flat in Frankgasse 1, (4th floor). Thus ends the year, not exactly happily and the situation has now completely changed. I got a year older and have to think seriously about a profession, graduation is not far away. I must go out into the world.

### **Summary of Events in the Year 1891**

December 30, 1891. The past year was the first year of Hedwig's marriage and unfortunately uncovered much that came to light too late, that actually has to do with Artur's business. To be brief: Artur's debts are so much greater than all of Mama's earlier fears. Already the first half of the year showed that the business was not so good that Hedwig and Artur could make a good living from it. But at that time she didn't yet know of the huge debts. Only in the country, where we lived together, everything became apparent, and immediate action was necessary. This happened from Papa's side, who acted energetically. A sum was taken on from Munich, which took care, (at least partly) of the debt that depressed Artur most (Loewenstein) and then cleared up among other careless things. Because Hedwig, who was getting used to working in the business, more order and less carelessness, which is so harmful in such a business, was becoming apparent.

But what kind of mismanagement had ruled until this time Hedwig was only now able to discover to her horror. Now (I mean the last months of the year) the business is going rather badly, only Papa doesn't lose hope and thinks things will work out.

Now for the details of the year: At the end of February I got involved at school with an unpleasant situation, which brought me disciplinary action. Just the same I stayed in the Gymnasium. In the Summer Artur cancelled his apartment (Frankgasse) and the office and moved to the Wertertorgasse, where they moved into a suitable and affordable apartment combined with office. But in the meantime we had moved to the country to Pressbaum, where things were rather monotonous, in that I almost exclusively only worked for school and prepared myself for the Matura (Closing exam).

We made a pleasant acquaintance in our neighbors (Rabls) and Frau Rabls offered us much pleasure through her beautiful voice. In the country Artur's business began to go critically bad. Each day, it was said, nothing was coming in and daily there was crying and arguing, since moreover the mother in law and son in law couldn't ever get along.

But when they returned from Pressbaum, that change in Artur's business began, which was mostly due to the fact that the business and flat were now together and that Hedwig was now constantly in the office. She insisted on various reforms and thereby discovered the terrible mismanagement. In the meantime I had entered the VIIIth and, in constant fear of the Matura, I began right at the beginning of the schoolyear to prepare for it. Here I also have to remark that the 10,000fl. dowry which Hedwig had received, has long been gone and that Mama daily complains about Hedwig's marriage. Not only Artur and Hedwig but also we are (because of the wedding) in deep debt and besides Papa has taken on some of Artur's "sins". But this condition cannot last much longer. When the next year is over, the business will either have crashed or Hedwig and Artur will look ahead to a worry free life.

We are also staying in the old beloved flat, since Papa found nothing better and as long as I am at least in the Gymnasium we will remain in our familiar flat. Next year will bring an important change in my life and I hope that I will overcome the dangerous obstacle, the Matura successfully in order to then attend University (Medicin) Only my nature is to blame for my constant fear of failing in the Matura.

### **Summary of events in the Year 1892**

This year, taken as a whole was better than last, especially in regard to the pecuniary condition of Hedwig and Artur. In this regard the situation seems to be improving, which happened especially since the Fall.

Otherwise the following is worthy of mention: On January 26 Emma Rosenstock arrived from Berlin, in order to educate herself in pianoplaying. She lived with us until the middle of June (paying for room and board) and was picked up by her sister Agnes at the end of May. Both sisters stayed on for about two weeks here and left in the middle of June. Both are charming creatures, but there is not room here to speak about those qualities. In the meantime (May 16) the written Matura exam had begun. I had helped others, the cheating was discovered and with several others had to repeat the whole written exam (middle of June). In spite of that I succeeded very well in the beginning of July in the oral exams which followed. I was thus rid of a big fear and much stress. Last Summer I spent as beautifully as I have not for a long time, namely in Saalzerbad, a charming remote health resort in Lower Austria, in the most glorious surroundings. I amused myself splendidly there, was acquainted with almost all of the guests and even now I still am in very pleasant contact with the family Roth, where I always go very gladly.

The Fall turned out to be not as good as the Summer: Hedwig and Artur had moved to our flat at Papa's suggestion, after they had rented their flat (in the Wertertorgasse) at a good rate. This living together became, as I had well predicted, quite unpleasant, since usually weekly there were big arguments, by which our family life was completely disturbed..... The only pleasant thing in the Fall was that Hedwig's business began to improve. The continuous differences between Artur and Mama influenced the latter to get ready for a trip (to Berlin), after she had had also had a serious argument with Papa. But a sudden reconciliation was able to change Mama's plan again, and she is

thinking of going to Agnes's wedding in Berlin in February. Something also seems to want to change in our home: that is to say that Papa has a chance to get an "ambulatorium" (?), which he has applied for or perhaps even a department and these hopes always keep him in a pleasant tension and expectation of what the first months of the next year will bring. Let us hope that we will finally be accompanied by good luck and that this really fair wish will be realized.

Now I come to speak about myself: After I had successfully surmounted the Matura, it was planned that I would study medicine and I am now already as a student at the University in the medical college. I get great pleasure in studying something new and unusual. I have now become used to everything and only have to study hard for the pretests, of which I hope to complete two this semester.

### **Summary of the Events in the Year 1893**

My three exams were for me the first worry for the beginning of the year. First I took zoology in January, mineralogy in February and at the beginning of May botany, all three exams I passed with distinction, which was partly thanks to my good preparation and part to lucky chance. In the second semester, in the Summer my enthusiasm for medical studies increased, chiefly because I spent the whole day in two labs, the mornings I did work with microscopes under Schenk, and in the afternoons I worked in the chemistry lab under Lieben. Especially the latter was a lot of fun for me. In the meantime, (May 2) Papa's situation was decided and after months of hoping and waiting he got a terrible disappointment. He was awarded nothing, other candidates received various open positions. Papa was completely down in the first days, he seemed to be suffering. Papa had offered Mama a trip to Berlin, had even offered to accompany her.

On May 18 they actually left. Papa accompanied her to Prag and then returned. In Berlin Mama spent 14 days in a whirlwind of activities, Rosenstocks were extremely good to her and she was enchanted with the whole family. In the meantime Papa had not given notice, so we remained in the old flat. We spent the Summer in Hinterbruehl, where for Artur's sake mostly a flat was rented which was in a separate sunny house. Only because Artur's relatives also lived out there I wanted to go and that's why we moved there. Thank goodness I took off and spent about a month in Salzerbad, where I lived in a very inexpensive room in Roths' house and had my breakfasts there. I was quite comfortable there except for some minor matters at the end of my stay, but realized right away that too intimate a relationship with strangers (I mean the Roths) is not a good idea. Actually I have completely broken off contact with them now. Already in the Summer I had a certain horror about continuing with my studies. Could be that so much studying scared me off. Then came a time when I half decided to give up medicine and to turn toward music. I don't like to think back to that time when I was so dissatisfied and dispirited at everything. Papa's advice and my own common sense(?) brought me back on track and so I continued my studies like the ox pulls the cart. On the other hand in the Fall I made progress in my development and my relationship with Klein became of uttermost importance to me. In this relationship I find my whole happiness. In

him I have my best friend. So Fall went by, every day I studied hard and was known among my colleagues as a mighty swotter.

At the beginning of November I had presented myself to the military and was soon after called for an interview, but was declared as unfit for now. I hope to be freed of it altogether. For Papa a raise was applied for by the council of professors

as a substitute for that which was not granted him before. Papa has already been waiting three weeks for the settlement of this matter from the ministry. I forgot to mention that Hedwig and Artur are naturally still living with us, and since Papa didn't give notice in November, they will for now continue to live with us. Hedwig's business is progressing satisfactorily. The debts are paid.

### **Summary of Events in the Year 1894**

The continually rising dissatisfaction, which took hold of me already for the whole Winter came to a head already at the beginning of the year with the desire to leave Vienna and to spend a semester of my studies in a foreign university. I can say that it was only Klein and ...who let this decision awake in me and I am thankful to them for it. Even though Papa didn't allow me to leave for a whole semester, I did however make a three week long trip at Eastertime, during which I spent a few days in Prag and the rest of the time in Munich. I stayed at Elsa's and naturally had everything very good, although I did not altogether feel at ease. No one will be able to who is looking for a warm heart and spirit in a distant place. Elsa is even worse if possible. These three weeks away were very good for me, even though they didn't make another person out of me. In the time afterwards and throughout the whole Summer I turned my desire and longing toward a whole different aim: I was very unhappy to have so little contact with girls, to have no love-affair, was envious all my colleagues who appeared to me as models in this matter and I began to speak to girls on the streets as sport. With this I was not on the right path and nothing came of it. On the contrary, it brought me many mortifications and worries. On another matter, the desire to take counterpoint with Schalk had awakened in me in Munich. I did pursue this, even though I have not taken any lessons now since June (because of lack of time). My greatest sorrow was, as I said, girls. Once I was at a prostitute's, but I didn't manage anything. That scared me terribly of course. We spent the Summer partly in Klostertal near Gutenstein, part in Reichenau. Hedwig and Artur were in Moedling. The last few days we spent at Hedwig's. Kochs, where we constantly visited were also in Reichenau. We climbed the Schneeberg and the Rax....(rest did not print on copy)...In November we had to move. It was a difficult parting for me. We had lived in the flat for eight years. Now we live at Zelinkagasse 11, have a nice flat and it's much nearer to the university for me. Besides, we no longer live together with Hedwig, thank goodness. By the way, the business is doing splendidly. They'll soon be rich!

Even though the Fall began badly for me, it got very good later and I also hope the the coming carnival time will bring me much pleasure. In September, just as the natural scientists had a convention in Vienna (at which I played a big role as a speaker and had good experiences), my left foot began to swell and to cause me pain. I was unable to go out, the situation didn't improve, all kinds of things were tried. Nothing

helped. Finally, after I had lain at home continuously for four weeks (of course in a desparate state of mind), Papa thought of asking Professor Lorenz. He simply said: bandage the foot. I can't describe how happy I was, to be able to walk again and even now I still walk with my foot bandaged, but that doesn't bother me. Actually the immediate reason for this foot problem was the dancing. I had registered at (the dancing school) at Dubois. At first I felt rather uncomfortable and was also very shy. But now I can say: the dancing school is is paradise for me. Every evening I am irresistably drawn there. Always from the morning on I look forward to the evening when I go there. Of course I play a role there, they like me very much (especially the dance teacher) with whom I am already per "Du", and I can dance quite well already also. I have a little flirtation going with a girl whom I only met two weeks ago at the dancing school and whom I really like. And she loves me too. To-day I again have a date with her. Besides that I would have had innumerable opportunities to exchange kisses with girls, some even run after me.

As to my studies, I naturally signed up for(?) clinics, but attended nothing, am studying anatomy diligently instead, since I am doing my practicum in the middle of January. I got through the physiology practicum November 9 (the same day on which we moved from our other flat). Perhaps I will not take the theoretical any more this semester, since I get around to studying only a little because of dancing.

I have to add that that Mama made up with Aunt Rosa at the beginning of the year. The reconciliation of Papa between Uncle Pepi and Aunt Rosa only followed much later., when Uncle Pepi got seriously ill. Now he is ill

with military tuberculosis, his strength is failing and the end is near. He is the second brother whom Mama is losing. I found a friend in Otto, who also likes me a lot and with whom I have enjoyed many good experiences.

The fact that Papa got neither a department nor anything else and that he is still waiting in vain for a raise in salary is embarrassing enough. But I say to myself: Papa deserves it; he lies on the sofa the whole day and does nothing. What does he need a raise for then?

### **Summary of Events in the Year 1895**

Running to the dancing school was continued far into the New Year. But now, thank goodness I already got so sensible that I realized how uselessly and in what bad company I had spent the past winter. One thing I was able to credit to the dancing school only and that is the composition of a quadrille. The quadrille caused a big sensation with Dubois and was generally so well received that I naturally thought of going public with it in some way. Otto came to my assistance. He knows the director of the Sofien Hall very well and thanks to him it came about that my quadrille was performed in March at a promenade concert by Mueller (military band). However, don't ask how! No one was listening; it was the selection before the last and the hall was mostly emptied. I had to be very depressed and sad about my first public appearance. However, the fact that a notice about it was published in the newspaper (Neue Freie Presse) lessened my chagrin

somewhat. For this I naturally also had Otto to thank. With the whole business I had actually been lucky in that I found someone who was able to orchestrate the thing for me. It was H. Kobler. He did only a fair job of it, but without it there wouldn't have been a performance. Actually the quadrille had been played earlier in the Dubois circle by the salon band. I forgot to mention that I composed a second quadrille, which was just as good.

Now to other happenings: On January 12 Uncle Pepi died after suffering for a long time. He was Mama's oldest brother. On January 14 I passed my anatomy practicum with distinction. March 24 Uncle Heinrich came to Vienna to consult Papa about a painful condition. While all the professors and doctors until then wanted to diagnose it as a heart condition or something similar, Papa identified it as an old badly healed case of broken ribs. Because of that Uncle Heinrich was supposed to have an operation and came to Vienna again for it in May. However, the operation was not done after all. Uncle Heinrich was also not able to find a publisher for my quadrille. I got to know a girl named Johanna Nasse from a good family in the beginning of the summer. She fell head over heels in love with me, which I actually regretted, since I was only able to return her love in the slightest way. She was a very pretty girl, but I have my own taste. On May 13 I took my theoretical exam. I got distinction without earning it. After that exam I spent the evenings at the Prater together with girls, made all kinds of contacts and soon got pretty tired of the situation. I profited most from my friendship with a French girl whom I got to know by chance (by chatting in the hospital). We liked each other a lot, and I profited, even though I had contact with her only for a short time, by learning a lot of French from her. I would have become a perfect Frenchman if chance had not parted us. Only went to the country towards the end of July, to Alexanderhof near Baden. It was real boring there even though there were a lot of girls. I learned to play pool there.

Already returned to town August 3, while Mama moved to Baden in order to make use of the sulphurous springs there. Actually these didn't do much good, though she stayed there until the end of September. I will mention at this opportunity that I have been suffering from heart spasms and breathing difficulties already since the summer and that Papa checked me and assumed it was just over stimulation of the heart. I am sure I don't have an organic heart disease because I checked it by... of my own heart, and was relieved. However I sometimes worry when I think how unusually strong my heartbeat is.

It hasn't improved since the summer until now, although it doesn't bother me much. When lectures began again in October, I had a lot to do. I can never go home to eat lunch, since I am busy every day until four or five o'clock. This wasn't a bad thing for me, if only because I did almost everything together with Klein. At the beginning of October I got to know two English girls, one of whom I soon began to close into my heart. We really liked each other, I visited her often; she made pretty drawings, and was otherwise also a cultured girl. Then all of a sudden it was over. She didn't write to me any more and went away. I still cry for her. The only thing that comforts me is that I have even more to do now. Aside from the fact that I now participate in the rescue squad, I am interning with Drasche since December the first. At first there were a few unpleasant instances there, but since then I am quite satisfied with my success. That I don't get to

music much or not at all in these circumstances is understandable. Aside from a half finished and very good waltz I haven't written anything.

### **Summary of Events in the Year 1896**

Until the beginning of summer I diligently attended Drasche's department and thus temporarily gained pleasure at the medical studies. There I gathered quite a lot of experience and in this matter I am ahead of most of the others. Because I brought Klein up there also, the thing gave me additional pleasure. I spent the summer this year for the first in several years really far away from Vienna.

Mama had to select Baden as a resort because of her constant foot pain, in order to use the sulfurous springs there. Since I had not the slightest desire to settle there, I had previously intended to spend the summer in a(? ....)The fortunate opportunity came that I was invited by Olops to go to Toblach with them. I would not have accepted the invitation if I did not consider Olops as a serious, fine and most respectable person. However, Fritz, a friend from my youth, was not along and his younger brother offered me only half what one would consider as comradeship. I traveled there July 15 and stayed until about August 12. Actually this time was mostly filled with bad weather. But in spite of that we made the most of it with all our might. I hiked there like never before in my life, ate more than I ever had and looked quite sunburned when I returned. The crown of all trips was the one to Cortina, where we spent three days and from where we made a side trip to Italy on foot. I stayed in Vienna from the middle of August until September and also here I was not lacking in unusual entertainment which consisted of my often inviting girls and colleagues up to my place and once I even gave a huge party. Actually this party had occurred already before my departure to Toblach. Herbatschek among all my various colleagues was the one who became my closest friend in the year 1896. He is a faithful soul and I hope that this friendship will continue to become a lasting one. Until now he was at our place every day and is also liked by Mama and all others. Our Lisi acted in a particularly ideal way. The poor girl cooked, baked, prepared and especially looked forward to the parties. Among others I had made the acquaintance of two singers from the conservatory. One of them, Ida Sachs has a charming voice, but is tremendously stupid, while the other one was an especially dear and smart girl, but unfortunately left to go to Brunn, from where she will not return. Once (that was already in June) a girl slept at my place. Herbatschek was also along. We didn't have sex although we slept together with her in bed. She was not a prostitute. On the contrary, she was rather a decent girl.

Only when fall came and the lectures began did I become fully aware that I was actually in the last year of my studies and that things were getting serious now. The relationship to music has now become influenced through contact with a talented young music student. At this time the following is certain: my former school colleague, Schneider was persuaded through Klein's intervention to give me the money to attend the conservatory, since the only obstacle to my following my plan lay in my lack of money. What I want to do after I achieve the title of doctor is to right away attend the conservatory and there serve the necessary six years. At the same time I am not thinking of medicine at all and that is a mistake. How will Papa allow me to completely throw over medicine? On the other hand, how will it be possible to devote oneself to music and



at the same time carry on some kind of a position in a hospital? As soon as I begin to think about it there appear insurmountable difficulties. My musical abilities are slumbering now at their minimum. At least I did finish a waltz and began a second one.

On another subject I have to mention that I will probably let myself be baptized in the beginning of next year. There is an excellent opportunity for this and I am already being instructed together with a colleague at P.Bandler's...of the Piarist order; that is prepared for Christianity.

I forgot to mention that at the end of the summer before the beginning of the lectures I spent two weeks at Herbatschek's in Bisenz and really relaxed there. The last month of the year brought a small change into our lackluster life, in that Papa was summoned to see a certain Baroness Guensberg, for which he received 4000 francs. Otherwise Papa has no praxis at all any more. Since then I go up to Drasche's again and feel quite at home there.

I forgot to mention that I consulted Gussenbauer in July because of a struma(?) which I have had for more than a year. He diagnosed a cyst, so I have an operation ahead of me next year which I am not in the least worried about.

### **Summary of Events in the Year 1897**

The past year brought some changes. Above all I became a Christian. The religious instruction which I had begun November 1896 ended already a short time later and I was already able to be baptized February 20. One can imagine that I was glad afterwards to have this awkward matter behind me. It was actually Papa who pointed out to me that I had only taken half a step by getting baptized and that I would also have to have my name changed because of the consequences. Aside from that I have to point out that Papa didn't at all like to see me change my religion although he did not try with a single word to persuade me not to do it.

For the first time in my life this year I enjoyed the carnival in full. Mostly it was minor balls which I visited with my two inseparable companions, Klein and Herbatschek.

A pleasant memory among others was that the Boskowitz group, where my quadrille was again performed as a dedication by the military band, which brought a splendid laurel wreath from the ladies' committee. I got a second tangible acknowledgement of my musical achievements at the beginning of April from Frau Schneider for the dedication of a very successful waltz. It was a very beautiful gold chain. The waltz is the last and the only thing which I was able to manage this year.

On May3 there was a minor disaster which had only small and no bad consequences. What happened was that Mama was run over by a carriage, but was not injured. She does seem to be suffering from the result of the shock still to this day; at least she finds herself constantly in a lowered condition, suffers from endless nervous problems and symptoms, feels depressed and weary of life.

May 10 "Koenigskinder" by Elsa (Bernstein) was performed in the "Theater an der Wien". (Translator's note: Elsa wrote the play and Engelbert Humperdink wrote the music for it. He also rewrote the play as an opera.) "Koenigskinder" enjoyed great success. Of course the name Ernst Rosmer (translator's note: this was Elsa's pseudonym) was mentioned more than her own with this success. In June I spent three days with my colleague Schueller where I was welcomed in a very pleasant way as a guest.

Since my people had already taken a small flat in the country in Hinterbruehl (together with Artur and Hedwig) and I stayed in Vienna, the time had come for me for those famous summer parties, which we had already been looking forward to a lot. The first and only bigger party took place already on June 25 (5 girls). Later smaller suppers etc. followed.

I already knew from last year that I had a struma operation ahead of me. On July 8 I was admitted like any other patient in the Clinic Gussenbauer and the next morning Gussenbauer himself operated on me. It was said that he took the utmost care during the operation. It took place in the lecture hall in front of students. The recovery went extremely smoothly. On July 19 I was completely recovered, without a bandage and was already with my people in Hinterbruehl. It was not until this day that Mama was told about my operation. It was foreseeable that the operation would free me from various problems that were caused by my cyst. The hopes I had related to this did not let me down at all. On the contrary, some conditions which I had been unable to explain to myself before disappeared completely, for example my frequent attacks of jaundice, the unfortunately very frequently occurring angina etc.

I had planned a recovery trip for after the operation I began this trip to Switzerland August 5 with Herbatschek. Our goal was Altdorf, where Aunt Rosa had found a place to stay this year and where we found support from her. The trip back took us over Zurich and Lucern. In both cities I saw everything there was to see (in the company of an Englishman). Herbatschek had departed for home earlier.

The upcoming fall warned me that now I had to finally settle down to study seriously. That is how I passed without difficulty both practica of the second rig(?) in the middle of October and a month later also the II. theoretical. I had worked with great diligence for the latter. Since I was already in the swing of working, it wasn't hard for me to do a practicum before Christmas. That's how it was that I was successful in obstetrics December 18. Then I arrived at the time when my future is decided. I have already mentioned that I have almost decided to try my luck with music. Now it is already an old thought, which has not made me waver since I first formed it. But the decision about "how" still depends on the discussion which I must have with Papa. I don't doubt that I will encounter not minor resistance. Counting on this I am thinking perhaps at the beginning to continue with my medical studies, by letting myself be placed somewhere by Papa. I would at the same time begin energetically with music in order to finally attend in the conservatory within a shorter or longer time and bid medicine farewell. Time will tell whether all my plans will be carried out so well. When I now state that I am driven to music, I do not deliberate. My ambition alone is already big enough to be the guiding principle.

## Summary of the Year 1898

This was the year the big change occurred. Probably few will have something similar to note in the story of their lives. This time I proved to myself for the first time that I am capable and also have enough energy to bring to fruition a once expressed decision. Herewith I have sealed the fate of my future life. Now I am a musician and I carry this responsibility seriously, consciously and without regret.

I passed my last three exams decently: optometry on February 5<sup>th</sup>, the most feared surgery on March 12<sup>th</sup> finally the theoretical “Protektionswegen” (?) already fourteen days later on the 25<sup>th</sup> of March. Thus on the last day of March I was already able to experience my graduation. Herewith I had arrived at the point when my future should be decided. From Papa’s side the matter was not made difficult. I had fewer objections to overcome than I had expected. He only laid out for me in a well meaning way what kind of a career I was giving up and what a safe and good future he could guarantee for me because of his position. But finally, after he saw that I was firmly and stubbornly sticking to my resolve, he remarked quite correctly that I would actually have to be responsible for my destiny and that the decision about it was up to me alone and no one else. But at the same time I need to point out that the difficulties which would have stood in the way of my carrying out my decision had been considerably lessened by the ingenious idea of my friend Klein who had discussed this first with Papa. Two years before Klein had arranged with our mutual school colleague Schneider that he would undertake to carry the costs of my music education; that is he would lend me the necessary money for an indefinite time. The fact that my study time at the conservatory which I had decided to attend would not cause my parents to have any expenditures without their having any idea of who my patron was, this was probably largely the reason my path was cleared and I was allowed to act according to my own free will.

At the beginning of April the first step happened: I became the student of Professor Fuchs and studied simple counterpoint with him in the remaining time until July and proved myself to be a scholarly student. He was careful not to express a firm opinion about my ability based on my compositions. His opinion was in no way negative. But he mentioned several times that one is often mistaken if one draws conclusions based on the attempts of dilettantes.

I spent a wonderful summer. While Papa and Mama made a trip to Germany (Berlin, Hamburg, Helgoland), I had chosen Liezen in the Enns Valley as a summer resort and lived there in a small boarding house with many young and older ladies, by whom I was tenderly spoiled. What made the summer so nice for me was a young girl called Marie von Incze from Oedenburg, a very fine and very musical pianist, who was a guest at the boarding house together with her mother and sister. A charming being, whose heart I had taken in a storm already after a few days and still own. She comes to Vienna every month for a few days and we spend the most beautiful times together. I even introduced her to my people and brought her up to our place. Of course there is no talk of a marriage, since she is my age.

I stayed in Lienzen until August 22 and spent the rest of the summer living in Goisern at Klein's. The Roths, who also lived in Goisern invited me almost daily to eat with them. I must say that the few days I spent at the end of the summer in Goisern could be added to the time in Liezen as far as sensual pleasure and indulging in love. I did have in Lilly, who adores and loves me like a god, as an object of my sensual needs. She has to put up with the...treatment on my part.

With my return from the country my entrance into the conservatory had moved closer. At the same time came the actual change of my name to "Stoehr", on which I had decided already in the summer. It was just the right time for this and I am glad I didn't miss it. I am certain that in the future advantages will come from this for me.

My entrance into the conservatory into the third year, that is the second year counterpoint, followed, so that I still have to complete four years altogether. Of course I passed the necessary entrance exams with good, I would almost say partly excellent success. I chose organ as the principal course and counterpoint as subsidiary subject. Until now I carried out my decision rather conscientiously to perfect my piano playing privately, while however I gave up my intention to learn to play the violin after just two months. This was because it was too much strain for me to continue in the long run with the many different things I had taken on. Learning to play the organ is a pleasure for me, and I also find a kind of quiet satisfaction in counterpoint. If I did not sometimes have doubts and worries about my future, I could be quite satisfied. I actually have Uncle Heinrich to thank for the fact that Gutmann as well as Rose gives me tickets to his concerts as often as I want them (with few exceptions). In spite of that I have to state to my astonishment that the great amount of listening was not particularly valuable for the creation of ideas. I went about for weeks in a bad mood until now without having any kind of useful inspiration. This has made me ponder already for a while since I believe that I have no hope of becoming a conductor because I lack talent for it (?). Thus I see myself even robbed of my last hope, that of the fruitfulness of my talent for composition.

That is why I was already seriously having thoughts of returning to medicine. At present I am thankfully getting rid of such doubts and from time to time take heart again. However, that does change all too often. I can see that I am not without ability in counterpoint by comparing my self with my colleagues in the conservatory, whom I am considerably ahead of on the whole. Aside from my compulsory studies, which I pursue eagerly and with seriousness so that really nothing exists for me except music, I also accompany the violin students at Professor Gruen's, through which I already profited many a thing. Certainly I have a great deal to learn especially in this, and also have to put up with Gruen's rudeness, since keeping the beat and staying calm and sure are my weaknesses.

A small change occurred in our financial matters on the first of October. The long awaited raise of salary, which all the first government employees receive included him, so that the possibility of paying his debts seems to have moved a bit closer. In addition I am already earning something, in that I gave two lessons (at Schneider's and at Friedmann's). For each one I get the considerable honorarium of two florins, which is on principle the minimum I will accept. So our financial situation has improved and

especially I can manage a little better than I usually with my few coins. Our friendship trio of Herbatschek, Klein and I experienced a terrible parting in the last days of the year, because of Herbatschek's transfer to the...hospital in Mostar. With this the lovely time formally reached its end, although the old spirit had slowly died slowly earlier on, in any case in order to make room for a new era, which I am waiting for.

### **Summary of the Year 1899**

If one occupies oneself solely and earnestly with art, one has already made an important step away from dilettantism. I can leave the past year with this realization and at the same time the pleasant feeling that I have taken a step (the first) toward the goal for which I aim.

I spent the first half of the year until the beginning of the vacation with persistent application. My talent became apparent for the first time to a noticeable degree when we began to work on modern fugues. I am well aware, and no one can disagree, that none of my colleagues has written fugues like the ones I have written. I am not just a little proud of this, the first evidence of my ability. Aside from this active work I listened to an awful lot of concerts and was glad when the music season was finally over.

In April I got to know a charming girl in the conservatory (Dora Keplinger), whom I knew to also introduce at our place. She was quite a sensation at our house with her charm, her pretty voice and her musical talent and Mama especially was most charmed by her. She already belongs to the past; we don't have contact with each other any more. In any case, she has withdrawn from us. June 6 lives on in my memory. That is the day the outing of the conservatory took place. It was already quite evident at that time

what a respected position I held at the conservatory. I played the biggest possible role and had the pleasure and pride of being the originator of the successful event together with another student.

I spent the summer in two different places. I stayed in St. Paul in Corithia for the sake of Maria, because she had repeatedly come to Vienna in the winter and the spring.

That which had drawn me there, also drove me away. There was a disagreement with her and I left. I had chosen Mittwald in the Pustertal. I spent the most wonderful days there in great solitude and peace. For the first time the great good fortune came to me to be able to experience the happiness which is only awarded to great artists: to be able to compose beautifully and effortlessly. I had never in my life been able to work with such ease, and without having a piano available (!) as I was at that time in those few days. Actually I only completed the first movement of the symphony, which is naturally still incomplete in that form, perhaps even impossible. But I still now admire the inventiveness of the inspiration then. At that time I became cocky again, I felt I was a real artist and what remains with me until now from that is the decision never to turn my back on music. I had done this very often until now when I despaired. I did not speak like this yet in the past year.

Uncle Heinrich stayed with us as guest in the middle of September. His brief presence gave me enormous advantages, especially the ability of getting free tickets, even orchestra seats at the opera. Certainly that can't be underestimated. He even introduced me to Mahler and in general did everything for me that I wished and what could only be an advantage for me. His opinion about my musical ability surprised me particularly. He emphasized my ability in counterpoint, where he is probably right, since such fugues would not have been possible for me.

With the beginning of the next school year I entered the first class in composition and now it was up to me to bring forth the slumbering forces within me. But what terrible days this brought along. How well founded had been my fear in earlier days that nothing would come to me, that I would be unable to compose! Some days I was near despair and something of that has remained with me until now; that is the absolute recognition of the limit of my talent. Without a doubt I had over estimated it. I have talent, certainly more so than many others. But that means that by far I do not hold the hope of ever becoming an important composer. I don't have in me the stuff needed for that. My ability will perhaps make a good musician of me, but not more. This recognition is also a step from dilettantism to real art. Only in education, that is in a school, can one who wants to be a musician form such an opinion about his capabilities, because only there does he breathe the right atmosphere of objectivity. I am saved from underestimating myself too much on the other hand by the fact that among sixteen students, (with exception of one of whom I am jealous enough), I am the one who ponders most about this. (der Ueberlegendste). Also my great sterility, which has actually not abated, changes nothing about it.

A further big improvement in comparison with past years is that I can now be counted among people who earn money. It is because of the kindness of Professor Fuchs, who is really my patron in a touching way, that I have a position in counterpoint (with a certain Baron Hahn). Besides that I have three students who pay me from two to two and a half florins and come to my house. For a beginning this is certainly not bad. Therefore my monthly income is between 50 and 60 florins. That I am a good teacher and that perhaps I can see my future in this does not seem impossible to me any more.

Aside from my lessons and the visits to the opera and concerts all my free time is completely taken up by composition. That is the only dark issue in my otherwise now pleasant existence. Because of composition I had to give up playing the piano. I work in all my free time only with great effort under constant torment simply because no inspiration comes to me. Partly I have to reuse earlier ideas, even though most of those now seem ...(?) Also a kind of progress. I want to perfect my piano playing at all costs. I plan to first complete composition in order to then be able to devote myself wholly to piano playing. The only question is, with whom I want to study. I also plan to learn to play the cello. As to organ, this year I transferred to the last instruction class. This also brought me the reward of playing publicly (the first time in my life). I was in fact invited to accompany two choruses for concerts of the men's chorus on the big organ in the big hall. Aside from the fact that I got very close to Director Perger I overcame the nervousness about playing in public. A second time I would not have the fear I did this time. Finally I mention that I spend Sundays very usefully and pleasantly in that we

(I with a few colleagues) play chamber music, which I consider very valuable.

My parents' health, especially Papa's, which left much to be desired in the first half of the year, was completely restored in the summer vacation. My people were in Ullersdorf.

### **Summary of the Year 1900**

This year I suffered much, but also experienced some satisfactions. The first half of the year until vacation time was for me a time of constant torment and constant suffering caused by my inability to compose anything. I had imagined my first apprenticeship in composition, to which I had looked forward for a long time, very differently. At the beginning it was more or less alright, even though I was in constant fear and under real strain and effort right into the month of March. Of course I also gave up all my free time for it. Among other things I was very successful with some variations with fugue on my own well invented theme. This is even now recognized and appreciated. In spite of my natural zeal and the greatest efforts and also reproaches I made to myself, I was at this time on the best path to squander my time. This is because I was so filled with my suffering for the sake of art, that this had affected me physically, so that I did not have the strength for pursuing another activity, which I could surely have done (e.g. piano playing). My only narcotic were the countless musical gatherings, which make a pleasant memory from this time. At first there were simple trios and quartets, and these grew to be formal very important musicals. To these I invited everyone who seemed important to me (especially pretty young girls), to Mama's horror, who often had 25-30 people at her house whom she had to host. Among others Mrs. Prof. Jaeger and Doctor Mandiczewsky, the latter of whom directed some choruses at our house, came. It is possible that these gatherings required all my attention and that they were partly the cause of the fact that nothing worked for me any more. In other words, I experienced a time when I did nothing at all and when I completely doubted my ability. In order to prevent a repetition next year I seriously considered leaving Vienna and going someplace as a volunteer-"Korrepetitor" (?) for a bigger or middle sized theater, where I thought I might learn more than at the conservatory. I had already approached Uncle Heinrich in this matter. Then on June the first, in my greatest need came an inquiry to me from a saving angel in the form of the general director. He asked if I would like to take a position (salaried) as "Korrepetitor" at the conservatory in the fall. At the time I was unable to gage what a blessing this signified for me. To whom was I indebted for this appointment?

I think that among other things that my outstanding work on the music historical performance on May 23, which I had arranged alone with Mandiczewsky caused certain interest. Because this concert and especially the innumerable rehearsals demanded all my thinking, I easily overcame my artistic sufferings and looked forward to the summer.

I thought back to Mittwald, where I had done so splendidly in this regard last year. I calculated quite sensibly, that if I had as many ideas as last year, I would be in a

position next year to continue to attend composition, because then I would have everything ready in advance for instrumentation. Then all I would have left to do would be the work of instrumentation. However, if I had no ideas even in that place, then it would be a sure indication to me that it is fundamentally an end of my talent for composition. I would also not have any regrets about giving up this study which had once been my big hope. I began my vacation in the middle of July with the timid hope that the first possibility would occur, (after first earning a silver medal from the course in organ). The stay in Mittenwald, which I had decided was the only possible place for my creativity, was a continuation of my torment for me, which I had already experienced at the beginning of the year. I suffered so much from it that that even my physical well being was not good, which was clearly evident in my appearance. I then tried a change of location, went to Raibl in Corinthia (everything in the company of Emil Mark, who had surprised me in Mittenwald.) and when I was not able to find a salvation in Raibl either, I tried Mayerhofen in the Zillertal on the advice of Emil. There, if nothing else, could find distraction, since his whole family spent their summer there. And because of that it was not solitude, but actually distraction which proved to be helpful for my musical creativity. In Mayerhof I produced three symphonies and a fourth (finale for the first symphony) I still finished in the month of September in Vienna. Thus I was able to return home overly happy and satisfied and look forward to the coming winter in a calm mood.

At the beginning of the new school year I immersed myself with full enthusiasm into my new activity. I took piano as a major subject (with Professor Schoener), began the instrumentation of a scherzo, (heard it already with orchestra in November). At the same time I was performing my duties as “korrepetitor” (?), giving some lessons and was thus in the position because of days filled with useful work, to feel quite happy and satisfied. It is only lately that this happiness was clouded by the realization that I still lack aptitude in instrumentation and stand behind many others in this regard. This was first of all because I have still only heard little orchestral music with understanding, and secondly because everything I wrote down in Mayerhof was instinctively written for the piano and was not intended for orchestra. Thirdly it was because I did the work on instrumentation until then late at night, overtired from the business of the day, while Fuchs had assured me that especially for this kind of work one needed a fresh mind and lively imagination, just as for artistic creation in general.

In the fall Uncle Heinrich visited us at our house again for a few days and was especially interested in and downright enthusiastic about my new works. We were not to see him again, because the morning newspaper from November 18 brought the news of his sudden and unexpected death, which affected me a great deal. After all in him I am losing a really influential sponsor and promoter of my talents, as well as an uncle. He died as a result of hardening of the arteries, and had already suffered much from that in the last years of his life.

This year I can state with pride for the first time that my material income would make it possible for me to support myself, which however I do not make use of (I make a small contribution to the household). Through a correspondence instruction of an Englishwoman in counterpoint, which I took over from Uncle Heinrich through Mama's



intervention) my monthly income will amount to about 130 florins, which is twice as much for me as last year.

Also in regard to artistic concerns, I believe I can talk about progress in as far as I am only just now coming to a realization of how much I am lacking in real art in the matter of composition and piano playing. I am thankful for this realization mostly to a man whom I sincerely admire, Dr. Mandyczewsky. As regards the continuation of the musical gatherings, they became the originally sensible quartets again, which are repeated every other Sunday at our house. Through the presence of Dr. Gruen, once even Director Prager these achieved a certain importance and are more valuable for me than in the previous season, even though I am only able to attract a small but select circle of young girls. These evenings of quartets are the only oases in my otherwise rather monotonous but still relatively happy activity as artist.

In order to finally touch on my position to womankind, I must say that I stay pretty much the same in this matter. I have not been fortunate enough so far to fall in love with a female being, even though I was a dozen times for a short time. There do not exist beings such as I often paint for myself in my mind, who would be worthy of love, and so I am waiting in the meantime. At the same time the longing awakes in me ever more urgently and in general I await a great and lasting happiness from my future marriage.

I am spending the Christmas season at this time with the family of a woman colleague who is very dear to me (Scheibler) in Reichenau at the former castle Rothschild, which is now an establishment for retired officers. I feel very much at home in this extraordinarily fine family and nowhere else am I so appreciated as an artist and as a person in an almost exaggerated way.

### **Summary of the Year 1901**

In this year I learned to reduce my once so daring hopes regarding my musical future to the most modest degree. Mostly to blame for this was the summer, on which, like the previous year, I had set all my hopes of developing my creative ability. This year, in spite of the most despairing attempts I was unable during the whole summer to conceive any musical ideas. Except for a little counterpoint, with which I often waste time, I managed nothing and languished in compulsory idleness. In my desperation I left

Tyrol (Meyerhofen) early (end of July) and went to Alexanderhof near Baden, where my parents were spending some time. I was in hopes of getting a certain musical inspiration from social stimulation. But I was bitterly disappointed. When the unfortunate summer ended I breathed a sigh of relief. It had been terribly barren weeks for me. The result of this unproductive time was that I decided not to attend a course in composition for one year. This was also because my occupation at the conservatory as "Korrepetitor" and the necessity of practicing the piano for at least three to four hours daily, aside from my private lessons and other occupations, made it impossible. In this way I am on a leave of absence for a year and only fear that it's nothing but a respite, because I certainly may

not expect that things will go better for me next summer. In that case I would not complete the last year at all.

As to financial matters, I have no reason to complain about this year. With the exception of the three summer months my monthly income amounts to more than 150 florins. Since the fall I am in a position this year to contribute to Papa, who retired this year when he reached the age of 71, seventy florins a month. Yet it's not difficult for me to earn this money. In the conservatory it's easier for me this year than last (only three lessons a week barely three hours right after each other), and I could have doubled my income as accompanist to a singer at Ziehrer's if I had not ruined my chances by waiting too long. I also earned about 100 florins from Mrs. Barton, who spent two weeks in November in Vienna in order to take daily lessons from me. All of us took a great liking to her and spent nice hours with her.

On the bright side of this year are the musical Sundays which I arranged at our house every two weeks. Since the fall these have taken on a truly artistic level and attain a certain distinction through the presence of personalities such as Mandoczewsky (with his wife), Gruen, Fuchs, Loewe, Perger, Forster, Epstein and Schenner. Usually thirty people are gathered, among them many young girls with some of whom I am involved in friendship. While last year it was mainly chamber music that was performed, this year I am putting great emphasis on singing and we have already listened to many an artistic achievement. These Sundays are the only reason, that in spite of all the rough disappointments, a certain cheerfulness and light heartedness has not died in me. Because these gatherings give me enough work and excitement, I have neither the time nor the need to mourn for the breakdown of my other musical hopes. On the other side these musical performances don't let me relax, because it's in my character when I arrange something, to be with it heart and soul so that I absolutely get carried away by it.

As a special event during this year I am mentioning the death of my longtime friend and former colleague Schuster, who died in April after a long illness (tuberculosis) in Lissinpiccolo as head Physician. Also I will mention my first public appearance as conductor of a small women's chorus at the hunters' festival out in the Dreher Park on June 7. With that I at least tested a possible future as a conductor.

### **Summary of the Year 1902**

The continuing satisfaction which I find in my profession probably also stems partly from the fact that my personality is offered a sufficient amount of that which it requires: that is continual excitement, stimulation good fellowship and diversion. The constantly changing gatherings with diverse people partly brings with it my art, but partly I have also created it artistically. I am so accustomed to this restless atmosphere that I would find it difficult to adapt to the quiet monotonous life of an ordinary (?) person. It was the impulse toward such sociability with the driving force to see my house as the center of beautiful artistic performances which brought to fruition the famous musical evenings in the Stoehr home. Now in my memory they have become the highlight of this

year's season. These events became regular concerts and achieved a certain fame through the attendance of the greatest Viennese artists (among others Goldmark came once). During the season 1901-1902 there were thirteen of these evenings, all more or less successful. I gathered a splendid circle of outstanding people, quite aside from a whole gallery of beautiful women. These evenings had a worthy closing on April 20 through the presentation of an artfully written declaration to Mama with various signatures and a good d flattering speech in which Dr. Mandyczewsky praised and distinguished my Mama most warmly. In spite of that I was not able to decide to let these evenings be resurrected, since my whole being was affected by them and caused me so much excitement and so many worries that I lived and thought only of them.

During the time of the musical evenings several other things occurred also. Above all I mention the incident of Princess Rohan, who engaged me as teacher for harmony lessons and who to this day still owes me the whole amount for the lessons (170 florins), even though I already sued her in the summer. Also I mention the recent visit of my student Mrs. Barton in Vienna (April-May), days which hold the most beautiful memories. After the closing of the musical evenings I applied my abilities as organizer to the arrangements for some successful Sunday excursions with my favorite female colleagues in the conservatory, in which the director often also participated. At the excursion before the last one I got to know a girl (Emmi Riesenecker) with whom I am still in a tender but superficial relationship. Among all the considerable number of girls who were among the dear and welcome guests at our house, there was not a single woman (could mean wife) for me. Just through the intensive interaction I have with the female sex my expectations are increased constantly. In March I appeared for the first time as composer before a small audience. Two movements of my piano quintet were performed with great success at an evening lecture program. I had some pleasure from that performance, even more than from the performance of the same piece at the final production at the conservatory in July. I also completed piano with the best results and now there remains only composition for this year. After I complete this course I will no longer, after two decades of my life need to call myself student. Unfortunately the piano course at the conservatory did not live up to what I would have wished because I had not become a real pianist. In any case it was already too late in life when I began since I would not have lacked ability for this instrument.

Last summer ended for me more fruitfully than the one before. After walking tours without a goal through Tyrol I finally found an idyllic home in Ramseiden (near Salfeld in the Pinzgau) with my dear friend Emil and with Toni Mark. There I spent some pleasant and productive weeks in the circle of a truly happy family, surrounded by charming children. The result (unfortunately the only one) was my octet and this encourages me toward further creativity and lifted my already completely extinguished self esteem somewhat. I practiced the octet at home several times already with complete instrumentation (wind and string instruments), but never had the wished for impression from it. This was partly because the instrumentation left much to be desired and secondly because the piece was played miserably. I think it will be the first of my works with which I will go public this year. If I should actually experience it.... On the side I also mention that very recently I made contact with a publisher, (Lienau, Mitchef of the firm Schlesinger in Berlin) and that I expect to have my variations appear soon in print. My

activity as conductor this year is limited to my rehearsing choruses with Frau Papier's girls once a week, which is a lot of fun for me. Other than this I only appeared publicly once this year. It was as an accompanist in a concert that took place in November in the small hall of the Musikverein.

Regarding financial matters I need not be dissatisfied this year, even though I had little luck in the beginning with new lessons. But this year I am active at the conservatory in three singing classes (Gansbacher), so that I draw monthly about 80 florins in income from the conservatory alone, without my being saddled with more than two hours a day on average. My total income is now about 200 florins a month. Through new lessons which I got in the last few days this might rise by about a quarter. It is only thanks to this income that we are able to stay in our big apartment, because I am very attached to it and am glad to make every sacrifice in order not to have to leave these long familiar rooms.

### **Summary of the Year 1903**

This year brought with its closing my engagement with Lusika. Actually an engagement whose reality I can't quite believe at this moment. I am much too sober and too little inclined to be passionate to believe that a wedding which lacks every kind of material support would follow. But be that as it may, I am engaged and Lusika is a girl of whom I am unworthy. Through her my life will be turned into completely different paths if we should really unite. As artist she understands me like none other, as man she overestimates me and doesn't know my small, ugly, sober side. As long as she doubted me, and this was until just a while ago, and as long as I never seriously thought of a wedding, that's how long the love and the yearning for a bond with her was passionately great. Now, when she wants me and sees her happiness in a union with me, I have cooled off and I have my doubts.

Everything else stepped into the background because of this event of course. During the spring I conducted some choruses for Frau Papier to whom I am close now. The rehearsals with the young girls were fun for me. Mrs. Barton came to Vienna from England and stayed for a month, actually in order to take lessons from me. I know now from her own mouth what I mean to her and that it was not the lessons which drew her to Vienna. With the end of the school year I stopped being a student of the conservatory.

I did not graduate with honors, not like I had dreamed that I would. Except at the end production nothing at all by me was performed. My eyes were always opened for me about that. At the end of the school year I had to part from Lusika, who had been my student until then, for the first time. I stayed and am still in constant written contact with her. She went to Ruegen with her friend (her parents live in Russia). I went to Ramseiden again, where I spent the pleasantest days in the beautifully situated hunting lodge, in lonely but happy creativity. A piano, which I had had brought from Vienna was my only company. My first ten Lieder, then four smaller and one large women's chorus, then the last three movements of the string quartet which I had begun earlier and sketches for a piano quintet were produced. Before that still (in July) I had written six piano pieces for Lusika. In September I spent two wonderful weeks in Frankfurt with Lusika and was a

guest of Agnes Wurzelmann. My relationship towards Lusika at that time was a definitely friendly one, even though we were very close to each other.

The fall in Vienna brought several disappointments: most of all I felt not understood by the world as a person and also as artist. I had to suffer twice as much pain therefore, when Lusika always retreated from me with her own mistrust and became more and more shy and monosyllabic. The only thing I could do was a trip to Frankfurt and this caused the engagement at Christmastime. The disappointments I experienced were the rejection by the state prize competition of my quartet, for which I had secretly had hopes.

Certainly a balm for this hurt was the success of my women's choruses in the Society for Ladies' Choirs and in the Musicians' Society, as well as the various newspaper notices made possible through journalist acquaintances. This means a lot for my vanity. I have many an artistic hope for the next year. In the fall I began a bigger work (preludes and fugues for string orchestra). The first two are successfully completed. Besides that my two best Lieder were also produced. I would not have allowed myself to dream that I would be successful in composing a text. And now it seems to me like the most natural thing there is. I also have to mention that Lusika's financial situation is such that she is completely dependent on Miss Livingston. Through this an annual sum would make the marriage possible, but would wish to have a one year waiting period, in order to try each other out. After that we would join together in the winter of next year. Before that, if all goes well we will come to Vienna and live at our house. We will live in modest simple conditions and happily. I would know no better wife for me, still less for my art.

### **Summary of the Year 1904**

The year 1904 was one that was very rich in outer and inner upheavals for me, so that I can't decide to disregard the many events other than sketchily. I left Frankfurt as an engaged man and Lusika came to us in Vienna as a bride at the end of March. She lived with us, and after a temporary separation, which was caused by a rift between us, our wedding took place very quietly June 24 without the presence of my parents. I had become Protestant. Already after a few short weeks of our marriage I saw that this noble, exalted being, that Lusika should never have become my wife and that I would be unhappy for my whole life at her side. Dry words cannot reproduce how this creature loves me. And I could hardly give her anything in return other than a little tenderness. The impermanence of our living together always became apparent toward the end of the year. I don't want to absolve myself from all the blame, since it is in my nature not to know consideration for others. On the other hand I do believe that not one of all the men I know and perhaps no one on earth would have been able to be permanently happy with this being. Even though she was in the way she thought the biggest angel possible, the most innocent and noble child, she still did not understand how to submit her will to that of another in even the smallest way. If I did not have that certain gentle yielding trait in me, a disaster might have occurred between us a long time ago.

It was also an unhappy summer, which we spent together in Ramseiden with Marx. Lusika absolutely did not get along with Marx, and treated him with the same harshness that she treated others with whom she didn't get along, so that also our

harmony was disturbed by it for the first time. We took a fine, splendid apartment in the Theresianumgasse 3 for 1300 florins. Miss Livingston had seen to us in the most generous way and did everything so that we could live a comfortable life free of worries.

In spite of the many excitements I had also produced quite a lot: three preludes and fugues for string orchestra, a piano quintet (the best I have ever composed so far), a few Lieder (about 16) and a serenade for orchestra. The latter is not finished yet, and also some smaller things. I had given up my position as Korrepetitor in the conservatory, since Perger had already promised me at the beginning of the year that he would do whatever he could so that I could get a teaching position in theory as a subsidiary subject. Actually he had not kept his word by the end of the year and this was specially a reason to be dissatisfied with him because I also gave few lessons and had material difficulty in spite of the generous allowance from Frankfurt.

Because of Lusika's character and her fragile constitution it was not possible for her to host a sociable household. In spite of that I got to know several important and significant people through her.

### **Summary of the Year 1905**

While at the end of the previous year the clouds over my future gathered ever more threateningly and the catastrophe of a dissolution of my marriage with Lusika seemed ever more unpreventable, I can now at the end of the year tell this: in remarkable contrast to that, a new living tie has connected us so as to ensure the happiness which was in any case coming to life again. On Christmas Eve a boy, little Peter was born to us, and that of which I did not dare to dream has happened. Lusika became a happy mother. As I already said, the beginning of the year was bad enough and Lusika's psychical condition was so alarming that I had to send a telegram to Frankfurt for Barth. They came together with....and the latter saw for herself an attack of Lusika's, which frightened us all so much that we believed it could be an outbreak of real madness. Dr. Freud, who was called, diagnosed it as a high level of hysteria and a few days later the move to a sanatorium in Purkersdorf, which seemed unavoidable, was carried out. At the time I had the firm intention of separating from my poor wife in order to put an end to the torment on both sides, since it would not go on. The stay in the sanatorium seemed to me to be as a crossing to a step I was very determined to take. The deciding discussion with my poor wife took place in the sanatorium on January 27. Instead of what I had until now held back from her, I told her the truth. It came out from my mouth ruthlessly. I told her that from which my heart had for a long time threatened to burst, that I did not love her, that living at her side was torment for me and that I wished for nothing other than my freedom. But her love and bigness showed itself in this moment so infinitely and superhumanly that all my best intentions shattered and I had to promise to stay at her side. She would serve me and do everything for me and she had no other wish than to only always have my dear face at her side. And this wish will be fulfilled – hopefully for ever. And basically I gradually began to realize that a nature such as hers had to come as far as it did after her rough experiences and that I had it on my conscience. Such a heavenly creature does need love, and this I was unable to give her, because it is not in me. But instead of that I did not even give her the truth because I was afraid to. The

whole time I played an untrue comedy before her and this she felt intuitively. She heard the truth for the first time in Purkersdorf on that memorable day and it gave her strength instead of quite shattering her. The longer I now live with this angelic woman, the more I see what a singular being she is. An endless ocean of purity, generosity and goodness lies in her and a divine spark shines in this ocean. While my Lusika recovered somewhat in her body and her psyche in the sanatorium, I tried in vain to be glad about my temporary freedom. I feel more and more distanced from my parental home and I didn't have the strength after all to live alone.

My piano quintet was already performed in January, and the second time in February at an evening in the Musicians' Society. Only this latter performance was good and pleased me. Aside from that on various occasions I conducted my women's choruses with the Papier Choir in concerts. Thereby I always came to the insight that as composer I could not look for my salvation in the public, but only in Lusika, my wife. I am not a composer of the present time; I do not understand the modern direction, and since this is the prevalent one, the world does not understand me. These realizations, aside from the terrible inner struggles in my marriage have buried my creative power for a year. (Space in text here may refer to Lusika's mother or a friend?) in her usually generous way sent sufficient contributions for the stay in the sanatorium as well as later and also to this day does more than ever a mother could do for her child. We are able to live like well-to-do, even rich people, even though my own earnings hardly make a dent. After all, we are paying 1300 florins in rent!

In addition my position outside has changed and I was named teacher for practical music instruction at the conservatory. Even though at first I only had the ridiculously small salary of 36 florins monthly, the teaching was a lot of fun for me. Those were my happiest hours in which I stood in front of my young girls in the conservatory.

Lusika returned home from the sanatorium on March 3 and a new life was supposed to begin. Unfortunately it soon became evident that this new life actually in some ways was nearly alike to the old life; my poor wife did not have the strength to deal with what she now knew, that she must now live without love. But one thing has changed after all: it was the precondition to our present happiness. It was only now that she really became my wife and the result quite soon became evident. Shortly after we had spent Easter vacation in Trieste with her friend, Frau von Bujatti (Tante Bien) the first nausea occurred and soon it was established that there was a pregnancy. In the beginning until the middle of June my wife suffered unspeakably through these symptoms. Thank goodness they stopped suddenly after six weeks and after that a series of actually better conditions began for my poor Lusika. The infinitely close friendship with the family van der Strass, the great love to "Mammi" (Frau Doctor van der Strass) began at this time and for Lusika this was a blessing to have found such a woman. Mammi is still now the closest friend for Lusika, even though she is a woman with already white hair. Lusika receives the greatest love from Mammi and has to thank her emotionally! In June we experienced an unpleasant intermezzo through stealing by our cook Marie, whom we had to have locked up, since she had pawned our silver among other things and charged at all our trade people in our name.

We spent the first part of the summer in Radegund, where I took a cold water cure because of Lusika's wish. I had become a bit neurotic because of the many excitements of the year, but at the time I still clearly felt that the only solution for me could be a separation. That is how things still stood and actually the day of our arrival in Radegund was another marker in our sad married life. Lusika wanted to leave me for ever, wanted to leave the next morning. She felt that she was just a burden to me and only my fervent supplication decided her to stay at my side once more, for the last time. This time it was not more she who begged, but I... Much as I longed for freedom, I still had the gloomy feeling that I was sinking back into dark night if I were to push this angel away from me. The cure in Radegund did not do me any good, my breathing problems did not get any better at first (they only disappeared recently). The second part of the summer was better. We spent it in Ramseiden.at Marks'. Unpleasant as memories of the first summer in Ramseiden were for both of us and the Marks, the second one passed beautifully and quietly. Everyone without exception marveled at how Lusika had changed, how friendly and mild she had become. And as a matter of fact another life began for both of us since this time, even though there were of course enough storms. The fall brought exciting crises at the conservatory, which however resulted in only good things for me. I am employed in the newly established "Chorus School" with a monthly salary of 140 florins and have more than 120 women students. Even though I like the so called director of the chorus school as little as all the others do, and only get along with him because it's smart to do that, I am still very happy in my position as teacher. I am not only happy, but also respected and loved by my students. Aside from the sixteen lessons a week which I teach at the conservatory, my time is filled through a few private lessons.

The rest of the time I have actually been able this time to spend with useful work. A piano trio has just been finished. I am now creating for my wife and that gives me strength, because only she loves and understands my music as I do myself, yes really, she alone. The relationship of Lusika to my mother has only become more bearable very recently. But because of Mama's hurt vanity and her bitterness which lies deep in her character, she inflicted enough harm on the poor woman, but also suffered enough herself. Two such different natures can never understand each other. My mother is throughout Jewish in her being and character. Her emphasis on superficiality shows this, while to Lusika everything Jewish is strange and hateful, as for no one else.

On the other hand Guenther remained our friend until to-day, our best and only friend of the household. Lusika's last storms and emotional suffering occurred in October. Since then until now a series of quiet and happy weeks followed. In the night of December 24 the contractions began prematurely (we expected them only in January) and after the midwife and a doctor came, the terrible suffering of the poor woman was shortened through the use of narcotics and forceps. A boy by the name of Peter (this is also my pet name) saw the light of the world at a quarter of five in the morning. And beginning with this day I am happy probably for a time. Things are improving until now after the childbirth, but now one must worry about two lives.

So I became a happy father, who implores his fate that it will keep his son and his wife for him.



## Summary of the Year 1906

Rich as this year was in outside happenings, it also was in inner storms. These will never be absent from our wretched marriage, that I know. If only there does not come a storm one day that finally destroys everything. It would be the greatest good luck, because then there would for ever be an end to the suffering on both sides. On some days, like just now there is peace and even a little cheerfulness in the house. However the fear of my wife's imminently expected second delivery lurks in the background and does not allow a quiet happiness. This is quite independent of the fact that I know of what short duration such quiet days are usually here. Will we ever be capable of experiencing this quiet happiness permanently?

Our child Peter (baptized February 11, godfather Baron) had to overcome many illnesses in his first month. (Soor ?) and whooping cough were the longest lasting and also my wife was tormented by the latter, so that mother and child finally had to separately from each other go to Baden for a few weeks in order to be cured.

Shortly after that the second pregnancy began and with it a terrible torment for both of us.

First there were reproaches that I had allowed it to happen. We spent the summer in Ramseiden again, but lived in our own little house, separately from Marks. In spite of all the terrible psychical agitations earlier and into the summer, I was still capable of creating something in the second half of the summer. I don't deny that a sensual love affair with a girl (by name of Louise Perl) contributed a lot toward shattering for a time the already fragile relationship between us. The fall brought peace to me together with its rich activities. I am now employed eighteen hours a week in the conservatory and also have so many students at home(12), that there is actually no time left for me to worry and be idle. Almost each of my hours is occupied and that is lucky for me, because work is a kind of narcotic for me and the pleasure of teaching (especially teaching singing) drives away my pain. In October we left our flat in the Theresianumgasse and moved to III (this may mean the third district in Vienna?) Rennweg 33 a, where we have found a cozy and also cheap home. It is almost impossible to have any social life as long as my wife has not yet delivered. Time will tell if it will ever be possible. Of artistic importance to me is that my Lieder finally found a publisher. Robitschek took them and they just appeared before Christmas. There are a few performances ahead for me at the beginning of next year, even though there are only small things (Lieder, piano pieces and choruses) that are supposed to be performed.

The situation between of my wife to Mama has become such that a relationship seems altogether out of the question. However my Papa still comes by quite often and he is still hale and hearty although he was seriously ill in the spring and one already feared for his life. The relations with my sister are quite good. We must both feel how luck we are to have Guenther. He has truly become a firm point in our lives. I think I could count those evenings this year which he did not devote to us! And he is the only one who not only understands my wife, but also stimulates her mentally and helps her to overcome many a thing which would otherwise be hard to bear.

## Summary of the Year 1907

I am sitting in a train compartment on the way to Baden and look into a gloomy December day. The same gloom is in me. I had experiences like those of a very sick person who can only be relieved from his torments by the amputation of a limb from his body. My illness was the marriage, the torment was living together with my poor wife. And the relief was the separation. And so it happened. Irresistibly the events rushed toward the separation and had this not followed in time, death would have delivered me from all suffering.

The happenings of the year are soon told. Our second child (Paul) was born on January 2<sup>nd</sup>. The delivery was long, an agony for both of them. Already at that time I was very often near suicide, so that only a miracle kept me alive. The abnormal situation of my wife's mental condition was from that time on until the spring constantly intensifying.

She felt distinctly that a love for her was no longer there in me, and through her conduct to me she changed the feelings which I still had for her to downright hatred. Life for me for the whole of the past year was only a scream of despair, a scream for freedom. The summer brought that to me. She went alone with the children to the country to Lunz, and I went to Ramseiden to my old friend Mark and now we were not supposed to see each other again. Already before the beginning of the summer sojourn we had talked quite peacefully and calmly about the separation, but she never seemed to have taken it seriously. I saw her for the last time in Lunz and on July 8 we parted for ever. At the same time as I lost my wife I also lost my only friend Klein, with whom I had been united for more than fifteen years. For him, who always got along better than I with my wife, it was a matter making a choice between us two. He left me and chose my wife. I cannot blame him for this, since he chose by far the better part. An important reason which hastened the break in our marriage was my love for a girl named Louise Perl, who was my student two years ago and to whom I am attached with a real hot passion. The possibility of sometime possessing this girl, whom I love dearly and my constant longing for her destroys my life. Even though she brings the same love to me as I do to her, this can't help us over the abyss which yawns hopelessly between us hopeless lovers.

The abyss can become our downfall, because her parents must not know anything about it. I often frequent their house now, perhaps the only thing which I have gained from the separation from my wife as a positive effect. A legal( or judicious?) separation will be impossible to get from my wife. She wishes that I will leave her in peace and a step I tried in this matter through my advocate Dr. Fuehrer remained completely without result. She is afraid, rightly, that I might marry again if the marriage were dissolved (because we are both Protestants) and she doesn't want this because of the children. I must admit that I don't miss the children; I don't even long for them. That is not in my nature, it's an ethical defect which I am well aware of. I think I would be able to long for the children if I loved their mother. I even believe that a bridge leads to the father's love, and that is the love of the wife. Where this bridge is missing, there the love for the children can also be missing.

I now live alone, have a small apartment consisting of two rooms in the Luisengasse and enjoy the pleasures and disadvantages of being alone and a long absent peace. My mother constantly pesters me that we should move in together and can't understand that I refuse this offer again and again with determination. I have become completely estranged from my parents and still to-day any meeting with them only awakes unpleasant and distressing feelings in me. I am (in pension. I think this may mean that he gets his meals at...)my friends, the Marks, and I feel very well doing that; being with the six children is a pleasant break for me and I am attached to the children with a certain kind of love.

That which got me through the terrible excitements of the year, aside from my temperament, is my profession. Through the retirement of Director Perger I got his subject of pedagogy (continuing music studies) and with that achieved a desired goal.

As little pleasure as I actually have in the choir school, I have much enjoyment from teaching this new subject in which I am quite independent and can develop my whole ability as teacher freely. I get along well so far with the new director Bop and have a lot of respect for him. My activity in composition lay almost completely dormant until the fall. In the summer I suffered terribly because of the inability to work and only finished the copying of my text book on counterpoint, which I hope will be printed in the course of the next year. Now in the fall I have completed four phantasy pieces for cello, which were well done and from which I conclude that the well is not dry yet. Work is really the only thing that makes life bearable to me and can give me the illusion of passing by its futility and misery. I can live as long as I am able to work. I did also have some artistic successes in the past season. I was especially pleased that my trio which was played at the concert of Mandelik and was played by her was generally liked and received good critiques. A few performances are still ahead for the beginning of next year and aside from that three sets of Lieder, the trio and the afore mentioned cello pieces are in publication at Robitschek's. However, I do have to guarantee for half of the editions.

My private lessons are not many this year. I am morally depressed that I do not have any new ones to add, even though on the other hand I thereby win time to work for myself.

When I think modestly, I have no reason to complain on artistic and professional grounds, but I do feel on a personal level that my life is destroyed and that a barren desert lies ahead of me. A man who feels the urgent need for love in himself, who never in his life experienced sensual fulfillment (also not in marriage) and whose longing is specifically for that; a man who is condemned to spend his whole life alone and never again think of a happy marriage, being able to live together with a loved being; such a man can only actually continue to live as long as he dulls his senses by other means. This for me is work, art and my profession. I often awake from this suppression of my feelings. It could be that some day such an awakening will be my death.

### **Summary of the Year 1908**

I had thought that I would now finally find the peace which I had been unable to find at my wife's side, if I lived alone and quite according to my own will. That did not occur. I am not happy and have not become calmer inside. On the contrary, there were moments this year when I was as close as I had ever been to suicide and when only the one reflection and thought that I still had time to take this last and decisive step kept me from it. I am deprived in this life of everything that I long for, and this thought eats into me more and more from day to day, from year to year. I miss the goal of all the dreams of my youth, yes, and I miss normal sexual intercourse which could make up for much. Thus I am deprived of any sensual pleasure, since I won't go to a paid wench. I lack the moral freedom, because I will not get this from my wife, and thus the possibility to find happiness in a second marriage is not given. I miss the inner peace because my restless artistic aspiration and my quite unsatisfied ambition never let me find my inner balance. I am consumed by vexation and disappointments. I lost my good health finally this year, which took away the rest of any pleasure in life. I was brought down so low physically that from time to time I suffered from cysts (especially in the neck area), which I was not able to get rid of in spite of following all the doctor's orders. The suffering from these is less physical than mental.

In spite of everything I can't deny that as regards artistic matters I was able to be pleased with several successes (performances of my suite for string orchestra in January, a chorus with orchestra in March, Lieder, Women's choruses etc.), even if this pleasure was only temporary. Unless a special lucky chance comes to my aid, I will never attain that as artist of which I dreamed in my youth because nowadays it is impossible for a composer to get ahead since he is not even heard. I do however await various performances at the beginning of next year, among them a big orchestral work (the musicians' orchestra). But as long as no publisher prints it, the basic prerequisite to proceeding is lacking.

This year the following was printed (at Rubitschek's and another small publisher's): the trio, the cello pieces, three sets of Lieder, then four women's choruses, the last even with honorarium) Mostly I am pleased that my "Harmonielehre" was accepted in the publishers Univ. Edition. The take over by the state of the conservatory has significant material advantages for me as well as for all the teachers. However I am not able to be happy about it because that which I want from life cannot be attained with money, and besides, I have few needs. I will be on the ninth step and aside from that I will get a significant extra amount for my teaching in the teacher training courses.

In contrast to last year the summer was very fruitful for me. In Ramseiden, which I like so much I produced a big symphony and a lot of smaller Lieder (14), all works which I regard as my best. It was the only happy time of the whole year. At the time I did not yet have any idea of the disappointments and worries which the fall would bring. I had no idea that that girl whom I had thought and dreamed to possess already for two years would become the bride of another. I also did not suspect that the hopes for artistic advancement, both in regard to publishers and performances would prove to have been deceptive. My domestic life in my solitude went by monotonously on the whole. In the fall especially both at school and privately I had less to do than usual, but just the same only seldom found my solitude to be lonely because I almost always let myself be

invited for evenings, while I continued to eat lunch at Marks as before. My material expenditures were minimal. I save without knowing why or for whom. Saving lies so much in my nature so that I simply cannot do otherwise and I have almost made it my life's task to put aside as much money as possible for later days. This is also the reason why I let my children have so little, especially since I know that my wife has more than enough to live on. Of course this difference of opinion could be settled in court, something with which my wife has already threatened.

I step into the New Year with the minimum of joy in living and hope, with hesitation, not in small part because of the just mentioned process of my wife. How much I wish this were the last year of my life!

### **Summary of the Year 1909**

The years of unfulfilled wishes and yearning dreams now belong in my past, since I can say with a conscious feeling of happiness that my most fervent wish has been fulfilled and that I have found a happiness for which I pined without success for fifteen years of my life.

I possess a woman whom I love. She is mine for ever. That this happiness was granted me after the destruction of my marriage, after indescribable suffering of those terrible years, I can truthfully call a miracle for which I am not able to be thankful enough to a benevolent destiny. Of course according to law the girl is not yet my own, will probably never be, because my wife does not set me free. But what right does the law have where two hearts beat so fiercely?

I got to know Mitzi, my happiness, last summer as she began as governess with my friends the Marks. The young woman, barely eighteen at first only attracted me sensually, and I only grew to really love her when we became closer. I left my friends' house at the same time as my return to Vienna. From that moment the bond that unites us for ever became firmer. I am teaching her to play the piano, and we became so close to each other that it almost sounded like a matter of course, when on the second of January we vowed to each other to join together in a union for ever, one that does not recognize the law but still acknowledges real true humanity. The objections of her poor old mother were soon overcome and on April the eighth Mitzi, who until then had been a completely untouched and innocent girl, became my own. She shares my modest home, my big and my small worries, she takes care of me, cooks and runs the household and replaces a wife and family for me. She gave me quite everything. Her life belongs to me. What does she get in exchange? Well, very little, but perhaps very much: the love of a lonely man who had never in his life believed that he was capable of such love, a man in whose heart true love had until now only slumbered, but had now awakened in unimagined strength and purity. Of course the being to whom I devote this love is worthy like no other. A heart of gold, the selflessness and purity of an angel, the self sacrificing love of a real wife, where else on earth can a man look for this? When I consider the happiness I have found in this girl, it doesn't matter to me that my friends the Marks condemn this decision and look down on the girl, that my mother can only put up with the situation with difficulty, and that I must keep this happiness secret from the world. For the first time in my life I believe in the continuing happiness of love, believe in a true bonding of

hearts (I am not thinking at all of sensuality now!). How good it feels after one has been considered a moral scoundrel by his unloved wife and finally even by himself. This only one for whom such a dream became reality, as it did for me, is able to appreciate. I have begun a new life with this year, far from all sensual desires. The constantly unsatisfied sensual youth has grown to be a mature, happy man.

At the beginning of February we teachers of the conservatory (now Academy for Music) became employees of the state. I have a salary of 4000 Kronen for teaching and a remuneration of 800 Kronen a year for teaching the teacher training courses. I absolutely can not complain about the number of classes, as do many who have a smaller salary. The specter of my unfortunately not yet dissolved marriage emerged in a disastrous way: my younger son Paul became ill with a serious ear infection and survived a difficult operation in the Fuerth Sanatorium, even though he had already been given up by the doctors. I had not concerned myself with the child, for which everyone who doesn't know me must blame me; but I feel absolutely no love for the children and they don't even exist for me; on the other hand I want to break free from everything to do with Lusika. Perhaps people will understand this point of view. The result of my attitude was that I received a bill for 2500 Kronen from the Fuerth Sanatorium. This was no small shock after the small income of the last years through giving fewer private lessons. On advice of my advocate Dr. Fischer I refused to pay. It went to court, which will always be unforgettable for me because of the hostile testimony of my former best friend Klein. I would have been sentenced in spite of the judge's showing me some partiality, if at the last minute there had not been a compromise. This made me responsible for costs, first 400, then besides 500 Kronen (for the operation), for which I am still paying in installments. For the longest time there was a threat of a lawsuit for alimony for my wife and the children and since it was impossible for me to satisfy her downright exorbitant demands, I would rather relinquish my freedom for ever.

Also in other ways worries did not stay away this year. In spite of all precautions Mitzi became pregnant in June and the abortion cost me the difficult sacrifice of 2000 Kronen. The pessary from Kafka proved to be defective the first time and so there is only the hope that the second model will do a better job. Of course it does not relieve me from the monthly fears. In June I got sick, perhaps because of the many excitements. I had pleurisy, which however didn't cause me many problems and only confined me to bed for two weeks. The summer, which we spent with the relatives in Frohnleiten was pleasant and above all productive. Sunbathing and a cold water cure were available to me free of charge at a nearby sanatorium and helped to hasten my recovery. Since my cysts have not reappeared with one single exception, I am more satisfied than ever before with the condition of my health. A short time ago however (since mid November) I had deep worries because of Mitzie's illness (bronchitis catarrh). Everyone will understand this who knows that her father died of TB. Thank goodness the child is well again and we will close out the year together with happiness and joy in Baden as guests of Aunt Helene.

With regard to art I am richly satisfied, and still restlessly striving, more restlessly than in years past: the performances of my piano quintet, the cello pieces and the suite for string orchestra as well as several lieder still belong to the past season; also the acceptance of both my choruses (and lieder) "Song of the Armorers" and Morning Lied"

By the publishing firm Lauterbach & Kuhn in Leipzig, which became a sensation for me because it brought me my first honorarium (400 Mark). Of even greater importance for me was the success of my "Harmonielehre", of which the first edition was already sold out in June and has therefore already appeared in the second edition. The critiques of this work were extremely positive from all sides. The performances of my compositions reached such frequency at the season that some newspapers even commented that this was inappropriate. Unfortunately my best and biggest composition, the symphony, which was performed December 2<sup>nd</sup> by the Musicians' Orchestra was not acclaimed by the critics as much as I would have wished. Just the same the performance together with the rehearsal and all the never before heard special sounds will remain a series of unforgettable memories for me. I also had my successes in Berlin (with the trio and a few lieder) so that I can really complain less than all young people living to-day about a lack of recognition as composer and I think I am worth more than all of them together.

If I were able to reach an improvement in my material conditions, which would assure an existence free of worries in spite of the alimony payments, then I would be satisfied. But to be truly and completely satisfied does not lie in my nature. I have to go restlessly forward, always forward and even though in the matter of love I have no more wishes, there are still enough unattainable summits ahead for me. Striving upward...

### **Summary of the Year 1910**

Perhaps some day I will laugh about it if I state that with this year a turning point has come to my life. But to-day this feeling is so strong in me that I can neither deny it nor want do I want to. I fancy myself to have become a different person since the fall, more fit for life and above all more satisfied and happier, cured of the disgust with life of many years, which had stubbornly pursued me so long like a bad specter. For much of this I am grateful to my Mitzi, the dear girl, who knows it and I do thank her. I especially thank her that I came to the realization that I am not a bad person. I have the feeling that my relationship to Mitzi is secure for ever, and that my senses have stopped exhausting themselves with constant longing and futile wishes. That which my wife earlier wanted to achieve with force, has now happened by itself: I have become a satisfied husband.

The year began monotonously and sadly. The lack of activity, destroyed by various hopes regarding my artistic advancement contributed to my having a recurrence of the specter of my indifference to life. During this monotonous time I was however able to finish a bigger work, a "Formenlehre", which the Univ. Edit. originally wanted to take on, but finally did not after all. I traveled to Leipzig at Easter to in order to make personal contact with various publishers about other works (compositions). The result was small except for a few men's choruses (at Siegel) and a piano piece (at Pabst), all hopes stayed unfulfilled. In spite of that the trip was of great value for the future shaping of events because the firm Siegel took on the afore mentioned "Formenlehre" in the fall under extraordinarily favorable conditions (1000 Marks for the first edition alone, while the Univ.Edit. had only paid me 500 for all time). With the end of the school year my income increased through private lessons and through an unexpected remuneration because of a suspension of a sick colleague of the Choir School. Aside from that Univ.Edt. at this time accepted five piano pieces by me and contracted with me as also with many other Viennese composers for ten years. Through this contract I am obliged to offer the Univ.

Edit. all my works first. For me, however this has more disadvantages than advantages, since I am obligated to them by this and on the other hand they at most only take one work from me per year.

In the matter of my divorce there is no progress to be noted. I changed lawyers and now pay 100 Kronen monthly for the children. Mama is in constant contact with my wife and is attached with much love to the children, whom she often visits.

The summer was completely unproductive in the first half, so that I soon fled and went to the already proved Frohnleiten, where I was again able to work and where a good violin sonata was created. In the fall, aside from some others, a big work for organ with orchestra (three movements) was produced. I am still now working industriously on the instrumentation. The fall also brought the decision about my "Formenlehre". This came about because of a two day visit to Leipzig. Also my symphony was accepted through Feichlingen in Stuttgart ( minus printing costs of 800 Marks), as well as , finally, permission for my being relieved from my teaching in the Choir School, since it became impossible to work with Thomas permanently. My present occupation at the Academy is much more satisfactory to me: I am teaching harmony as a secondary subject, modulation, harmony and "formenlehre" in the Masters' School and have naturally kept pedagogy. But the most important thing is that finally I am able to consider my most fervent wish of my cysts being healed, to be fulfilled. This cure was thanks to injections with antiseptic serum which engineer Hellmann is giving me according to the method Wright. These injections not only affect my cysts (mostly since September) but my whole physical well being in the best way. My good appearance is generally noticed.

If I still complain in spite of these good changes, the reason is just in the slow musical progress and in a certain disdain I experience, especially in Vienna in the influential circles. The direction which is at present generally recognized by the critics as the prevailing one is so different from my music that at times I altogether consider myself to be without talent. On the other hand I do believe that a time will come when I, along with my art will come to be honored more. With that my most fervent wish would be fulfilled. As far as performances are concerned, in the fall I had just some small pieces (duets and a quartet). In the next months more smaller performances are planned. With the appearance of my symphony I just await an increase concerning the German performances, which have only come to me in small measure.

Finally I will mention that I have a sufficient additional income through private lessons (8 students) and that if it stays that way I will be able to save quite a little amount if nothing unforeseen prevents this. I close this year in peace and harmony and privately hope that the next year will bring the longed for divorce from my wife and the marriage to Mitzi. This would finally close a sad chapter in my life for ever.

### **Summary of the Year 1911**

The year stands under the sign of great artistic progress: it is the year of the birth of my first opera. (Note by translator: this was the only opera, opus 59 "Rumpelstiltskin", text by Beatrice Dovskv.) I had often rejected the idea to write it, even though I was urged to do so by everyone, since I simply did not feel the inner strength and peace. The fact that these doubts disappeared this year for the first time, is evidence of how happy I have become in my life together with my Mitzi, what peace and concentration the steady



life free of worry has given me. Now three of us live together, because Mitzi's mother manages the household and is the good spirit of the house that gives herself up for us and takes care of us. Since my former friends, the family Mark absolutely will not recognize my liaison with Mitzi and do not wish to welcome her in their home, I completely broke off contact with them this year. This ambiguous relationship with Mark which I had necessarily kept up until now would have been impossible permanently. Thus I have once again lost "faithful friends", but I don't shed any tears because their faithfulness was not real, nor did it last. Regarding artistic matters the year also brought the following: my "Formenlehre" appeared at the end of January in Linnemann's (Siegel's ) publishing company; soon after followed the contract with the Hamburg publisher Benjamin who bought my Counterpoint for the unexpectedly high price of 1200 Kronen. Besides that the Universal Edition accepted my string quartet and my violin sonata, the first, to be sure, only with a guarantee of 300 Kronen. Also in the spring already the third edition of my "Harmonielehre" was published.

I lost a sincere friend and patron through the death of Perger January 14<sup>th</sup>. It is to him that I am indebted for my position and through this position all others. I am well aware of that. The congress of music teachers was the reason my publisher Linnemann came to Vienna at the end of April. He is a personally charming and most pleasant person. This visit had the nice result for me that the firm my took six concert pieces for publication. Since April I have been working, almost continuously, on my opera,

(Rumpelstilzchen), for which Batka wrote the libretto for me. I had finished the music already in the summer, only the instrumentation promised to still be quite a lot of work.

I seldom wrote as easily and effortlessly as this opera and I believe I have created my best with it. I will look back on this summer as one that brought me happiness. We spent it together in Schladming in a beautifully situated house (three quarters of an hour from the village). Even though I became sick twice with pleurisy, which continued into the fall and seriously disturbed my cheerfulness, on the other hand the completion of the full score of the first act and the further work gave me so much satisfaction, that it made me forget everything else. Aside from this the publication of a prospectus about the compositions I had created, which came out in September brought much lasting pleasure to my interrupted aspiring ambitions. Even though this prospectus, embellished with my picture appeared in a most elegant format and contained twenty-four pages, brought no actual usefulness for now, it did give me proof that my artistic creation is now also honored in quite distant parts to a remarkable degree. The possibility from now on to get a foothold in Germany also is given to me with this.

In November we had to leave our familiar home in the Luisengasse because of demolition of the house and now live in the Karolinengasse 14, a bigger and not much more expensive (420 florins) apartment, which is even more comfortable. My activity at the Academy has brought me a really noticeable increase in courses, in that I had to take on chamber music which the director himself had directed until now. By and by the sufficient number of private lessons was set. Even though the income, which had reached the respectable sum of 12,000 Kronen (September 1910-1911), will probably not reach that high, I look confidently into the future in material relations. This is in spite of the great expenditures of the household and the burden of the alimony for my children

(whom I don't see any more at all). After all I am getting more and more into the position to be able to earn money. The instrumentation of my opera is not finished yet and already I have two different opportunities to place them. Both the firm Siegel in Leipzig as well as Universal Edition are interested in it and from the latter I have the possibility of receiving 5000 Marks for the work, on condition that the managing director does accept Herzka's offer to take the opera on.

I will mention, among bigger performances of my works the very successful repetition of my A minor symphony in the Theater an der Wien. In addition the performance of the organ phantasy by the Musicians' Orchestra on November 23<sup>rd</sup>, which again, in spite of bad treatment by the critics, gave me new evidence of my ability. On February 9 in the coming year the Urania is planning a whole evening with my works, for which I persuaded Marteau, Gruenfeld and Victor Heim among others. Aside from that a few smaller performances are ahead in Vienna, which would all give me more pleasure, if I were at the same time to see progress outside of Vienna. For example, the advertising of the publisher Feuchtinger for my symphony had no result at all so far, and if the opera does not bring a complete turn around, I see Germany closed to me as it was before. So that means I need to struggle on under my own power with untiring creativity and to overcome indolence and disfavor, which I will encounter.

I will also mention that toward the end of the year I am beginning to occupy myself with spiritualist ideas, not that I could do it. Some things which I heard, read and experienced did not leave me without impression.

My parents are living out in Sievering. Mama is suffering a lot and is losing strength day by day, while Papa is completely hale and hearty, but already quite senile.

### **Summary of the Year 1912**

The evening of my compositions in the Urania on February 9<sup>th</sup> turned out satisfactorily in every way, artistically as well as outwardly. It was sold out already a few days before and except for Gruenfeld's very deficient interpretation of my piano pieces, everything went according to plan. Only the fact that the press does not want to acknowledge me was demonstrated again this time to a greater degree. After the transactions about my opera with the Universal Edition failed (it failed because of the text book), I went to Leipzig in the middle of February in order to play the music for Linnemann in a smaller setting. Here also the final result was that Linnemann did buy my organ phantasy as well as some choruses and paid me the magnificent honorarium of 1000 Marks, but did not after all take on the opera because of the text book. It didn't help me that the music was generally considered to be charming. On February 27<sup>th</sup> I heard my symphony in Chemnitz in a good performance. I also arranged for the acceptance of the symphony in Leipzig through Binderstein. Its performance took place in November and brought good results. I completed the score of my opera in November, after which a long period of inactivity again greatly depressed me until an extraordinarily productive summer in Schladming (in the same pleasant house as last year) put an end to this dreary time. In May I had big successes both as composer and as conductor with my symphony and celebrated real triumphs there. In Schladming, a former woman student (Bechinger) of mine whom I had invited helped us with housekeeping. The following works were produced there: a chamber symphony for nine instruments (wind orchestra with harp), an

organ sonata, four duets for soprano and tenor five intermezzi for harmonium and piano, three mixed choruses with orchestra and a new symphony, which is finished, except for the first movement, in a sketch. I can remember no other similarly productive summer. Of all these works I have already heard the chamber symphony performed. This was thanks to my lucky idea to dedicate it to the Society of the Friends of Music for their hundredth anniversary. I especially enjoyed the rehearsals (the performance was bad), and the pleasure of a wonderful and unusual sound. The three choruses, of which I have already been able to hear the best one, have been accepted by the firm Siegel in Leipzig, as well as the pieces for harmonium, through the firm Leukart. I had a slight case of inflammation (pleurisy), which confined me to bed for a few days in Schladming. It caused me to take sulphur baths in Baden as guest of Aunt Helen. These were beneficial for me. The incident at the Academy, especially the retirement of Fuchs and Graedener had the advantage for me that beginning in the fall I was finally able to take on the courses on harmony and counterpoint as major subjects (the latter quite unexpectedly).

Of course for now this arrangement is simply an internal one of the Academy and is still awaiting the official recognition. The workload which has been piled on me at the Academy has become very large because of this, but I can manage it comfortably since the private lessons are not too numerous. The fall was supposed to bring me two evening performances of my compositions; one in Graz (organized by the music teacher' club) and one in Leipzig (organized by Linnemann). It didn't happen. The evening in Graz is postponed indefinitely and the one in Leipzig was moved to February 25<sup>th</sup>. My recruiting efforts in the Music Teacher's Society, of which I am the director brought me a big advantage, in that I am able to make arrangements for a big evening of my compositions for January 4<sup>th</sup> this coming year. This will be with orchestra in the big hall of the "Musikverein". The performance will be sponsored by the Music Teachers' Society in Graz, and the costs will be covered by my champion, in the Society, Redlich. This sponsorship of the evening gives me the opportunity to fill the hall at least partially.

For this evening I secured the singing group "Dreizehnlinden", the Musicians' Orchestra, as well as Arthur Rubinstein as soloist.

I can report only success as regards my textbooks. The "Formenlehre" is just being printed in its second edition and the "Harmonielehre" came out recently in its fourth edition.

My life with Mitzi and her mother continues to be always happy. This year I am sending Mitzi to a free Lyceum, in which she will learn the high school subjects and which she will possibly attend for four years as far as the "Matura". In any case attending the school and studying gives her great pleasure and I am happy to have given her a purpose in life which is more important than fun and distraction. A sad ending of the year was my father's accident on December 10<sup>th</sup>, when he was knocked down by a mail coach. After eight days it was evident that he had been badly hurt with a break of....It could take months for him to be healed. Thank goodness I hear nothing from my wife and the children. I only know that Klein is now completely out of favor there and he tries to convince my mother that I should try through the courts to take care of the children, since they are being brought up on quite wrong principles by my wife. My parents dissolved their household sine the spring and decided to end their days with my sister in a shared

household. Mama's condition is a slowly progressive (Sichtum?). The atmosphere in the house is terribly depressing.

### **Summary of the Year 1913**

The evening of my compositions on January 4<sup>th</sup> in the big hall of the "Musikverein", when I brought my organ phantasy, three mixed choruses with orchestra, as well as the A minor symphony to performance, strengthens my opinion that I would never find recognition as composer in Vienna, in places where it counts, especially the critics. Financially the concert was also accompanied by deplorable results, since only 1000 Kronen were taken in, and there was a threefold deficit to be paid, will certainly not have pleased Herr von Redlich. In spite of that I not only had agitation but also pleasure from the concert. Above all I saw that I can conduct and then for the first time I heard my symphony like it is really supposed to sound. The organ phantasy however left some things to be desired. The next important artistic stage was the Leipzig concert of compositions which my publisher organized on February 25<sup>th</sup>, and which actually brought me more proper satisfaction, since the press there has a quite different attitude there from that in Vienna. Besides that I brought home about 1300 Marks, since I sold the publishers Siegel, Leuckardt and Kohut some compositions. I must mention also that the firm Kohut spontaneously approached me and offered me their services. I sold Siegel three mixed choruses with orchestra (opus 36) and eight older lieder. I sold Leuckardt my five harmonium pieces and ....., which I had composed before in Ramseiden. To Kohut I sold two old piano pieces and five duets for soprano and tenor (opus 34). At the end of March I also had the opportunity, through the promotion by Suchland, to bring some mixed women's choruses as well as lieder to a performance by a singing group in Graz, which now longer exists. The balance of the performances of the whole season amounted to forty, a considerable increase since earlier years. Unfortunately my life interests are so absorbed through my artistic successes and non-successes, that as a man aside from that I sentence myself to lead an empty life and one without content. The result of that is that at times, when the artistic activity stops, beginning in the spring therefore, I feel incredibly empty and unhappy.

An unexpected bright point was brought to me by the comment of praise by the Emperor as a result of the performance of my "Waffenschmied" (Armorer) by the Men's Chorus in a big concert at Schoenbrunn. This praise from the Emperor caused more of a stir than various public successes so far. In several illustrated magazines my portrait with a biography appeared because of this. It was valuable to me that Linnemann (Siegel) took on my various works that had previously been published by the firm Robitschek. (Lieder, trio, cello piece). Linnemann had to pay the high amount of 5000 Mark for them. Unfortunately this take over did not bring me any material gain.

The summer in Schladming this year was rich in stimulation. Quite aside from the fact that I composed a lot, it was also very charming and varied socially. Among others the Prince of Coburg and his wife (a born archduchess) and daughters came to us out to the "Untertal" (Lower Valley) and had us make music for them. Aside from that several of my students (male and female) had chosen Schladming for spending their summer vacation, with the result that actually every new day brought us guests. Also two of Mitzi's women friends stayed with us by turn the whole time. The musical harvest consisted of: six women's choruses, three men's choruses (with organ and orchestra), six

piano pieces, one trumpet concert and one piano quintet. Besides that I finished my second symphony in D major. So that was certainly enough for the span of nine weeks.

The unusually bad weather did contribute to this. My parents, who live together with my sister, spent the summer in a small boarding house in Moedling. My father had improved gradually so that he can walk slowly with crutches or walking sticks. On the other hand my mother's condition is such that in her own interest and that of others one can only wish for an end to come soon.

The fall brought me a big humiliation and disappointment: the teaching position that had been provisionally accorded me was taken away from me, since I was not recognized as musician in the way I would like and deserve. Bopp told me that I was not enough of a recognized musical personality. A small consolation for me was that several of my piano students are using my "Formenlehre", which is good for the sale of my work. On December 1<sup>st</sup> an excellent performance of my organ symphony through Bin-derstein brought me the unusual pleasure of seeing my work quite unanimously appreciated by the public and the press. Just as unanimously the press in Vienna had at one time ignored the same work with a superior smile.

It was a small relief for my parents that at the end of the year my father was awarded by the courts 2500 Kronen from the public treasury toward the costs of his rehabilitation after his accident. On December 10<sup>th</sup> my lieder evening took place in the small hall of the "Musikverein". Knepler had organized this at his own risk and the result both artistically and financially was favorable. Perleman's....(?) and the pianist Kahane stole (?)the program. (Note by translator: this is not clear in the text). I spent the Christmas season until the New Year with Mitzi in Muerzzuschlag at Frau Pernet's, the adoptive mother of the trumpeter Stellwagen, for whom I had composed my trumpet concerto. She is the owner of the restaurant at the railway station in Muerzzuschlag and excels in unparalleled hospitality and kindness to people. From there I made a side trip with Mitzi to Graz, where my faithful friend Liebsland, for whom I had also arranged an evening in Vienna, is planning an evening of my compositions in February. Aside from that the next year will bring me an evening of my compositions in Berlin. Marteau will organize this, but possibly the financial risk will fall on my shoulders. My life together with Mitzi and her mother was continuously the happiest one could imagine. If I had not inherited from my mother the unfortunate temperament, whose constant dissatisfaction is raised to a weariness with life, I could be satisfied with my lot. My striving as artist consumes my life, and so far this striving has been rewarded too little.

### **Summary of the Year 1914**

All personal experiences that occurred before the outbreak of the war at the end of June shrink, even for me, to unimportant small events, which would have remained in the front of my mind as pleasant memories under different circumstances. In this I am like other artists, living on in continually heightened consciousness and pathological egoism

(Note: the above was in one long complicated sentence).

Next I will mention my second trip to Leipzig at the beginning of February with the successful evening of compositions in the local Women's Club. The next evening a musical soiree followed at Linnemann's with a performance of my lieder. I sold my piano

quintet to Linnemann for 500 Marks. The second half of the same month both of the composition evenings took place in Graz (the first of these in the charming Daughters' Home) made possible through the unselfish help of Suchsland. I returned home, richly rewarded from the ripe fruit resulting from a year of sowing, with personal and artistic success, the evidence of the faithful and ungrudging friendship of Suchsland. As well as good memories I gained a steady popularity in Graz. Soon after this I had the satisfaction of finding a good publisher (however without an honorarium) for my trumpet concerto and the organ sonata. The performance of my symphony in Stuttgart (June 12<sup>th</sup>) through the Schillings and the visit soon after to the Lists in Reutlingen with my Mitzi form the third bright spot of this year. I did not attend a performance of my organ phantasy, in Berlin (July 6<sup>th</sup>), which took place at the same time. That performance brought me acknowledging reviews in the best newspapers.

In the summer I was finally able to realize my decision to create a work from the biblical text "The Prodigal Son", after Victoria Schottack delivered a text to me that I considered usable. Before that I had completed my textbook "Practical Modulation Theory". The outbreak of the war occurred during the middle of the idyllic summer in Schladming. I escaped by a hair being swept away in the powerful vortex of this event.

I was notified by telegram unexpectedly in the middle of August that I was being called to serve as a doctor in Jaroslau. It is only because I was able to prove that I had never been a practicing physician, that my conscription was annulled and I am now freed from serving in the home guard for the duration of the mobilization. The endless journey to Vienna and the days full of excitement and uncertainty, which tore me out of my idyllic creativity in Schladming are unforgettable. At the end of the summer I also finished my choral work, which I will give to the Dreizehnlinder Choral Group for a debut performance after the war.

The fall brought normal conditions at the Academy, in spite of the war, but also a big reduction in private lessons and therefore in income. The previous season had reached the considerable sum of 14,572 Kronen.

Since the big disasters for our army in Galicia, the war is in a stage of stagnation in the east and in the west. Neither here nor there was there an advance worthy of mention, so I can't believe that the war will end with an altogether decisive victory. Fighting will continue until both sides are exhausted and none of the participants will acknowledge defeat. I personally have the feeling that the war has hit my life at a decisive point (at 40 years) to divide it equally into two halves. Whatever may come now, it will be a new beginning.

### **Summary of the Year 1915**

I am closing this year relatively untouched by the war. It was a year that was of course low in artistic events. Anyway, in such a time who thinks of art and artists? My striving is resting, my ambition is sleeping, certainly impatiently awaiting the moment when peace returns and allows it to awaken.

The beginning of the year brought the stopping of instruction at our Academy, which unexpectedly had to be closed because of damages to the building. Instruction was continued, partly in the private apartments of teachers, partly in the Concert Hall and

other spaces without any disadvantage because of it. The unusually inactive life, especially because of the few private lessons which could be arranged, was responsible for the bad thoughts which (like every year) appear like mushrooms in the spring.

My poor Mitzi, my faithful life's companion had to suffer most because of it. But why start up the same old song? Right after Easter, which I spent with Mitzi in Graz as guest of my friend Suchsland, I was called up again, but this was revoked since my having a degree of doctor of medicine protected me. However there soon followed (July 8th) the newer conscription, this time as a doctor. At the time we were already settled in Schladming. I was forced to obey and would have to serve at the instigation of the Academy until the end of November, the time of my exemption. The Reserve Hospital 16 in Huetteldorf was the place of my duties, although these duties mostly consisted of standing around idly and watching. With a little good will I could certainly also have done a little work. Just the same I had become so accustomed to this new milieu, that I only greeted the day of my freedom gladly for a moment. The inactivity that followed brought me down again morally, so I wished I had my activity at the hospital back.

At first I had been in the internist department and later on I was working in the surgical department. In the latter I had been useful mostly manually. My colleagues, including the commandant of the hospital, Sperber, were very nice to me. They all respected me as an artist and took my age into consideration and also my profession at the time. The hospital only took up three hours a day (from a quarter to eight to a quarter to eleven), so that I was able to continue instruction at the Academy and on top of that draw double salary (281 Kronen at the hospital and 350 at the Academy). My duty at the hospital had made us leave Schladming and had me move with Mitzi and her mother to Weidlingau. I spent a creatively rich and pleasant summer there in the Steinbachgasse. A lot of well written lieder and also a cello sonata originated there.

My father died July the first at the age of 85. I was not present at his death, nor at the funeral. I don't like such ceremonies, aside from the fact that we were already in Schladming at the time. We were probably never close to each other, whereas unfortunately I inherited the character and temperament of my unhappy mother, whose dissatisfaction has turned into a kind of malice.

The fall brought me the k.k.(?) title of Professor at the Academy, which would have been in store for me for several years and also added private lessons. One of the piano students was the old Prince Coburg (whom I got to know in Schladming); he was quite impossible as a piano student. The two Baronesses Bach became my students for theory. My material situation has not deteriorated noticeably in spite of the war, even though all income through.....has stopped. The dissatisfaction which gnawed at me especially after I ended my work at the hospital and made itself felt acutely because of my inactivity, was increased through a new worry: the beginning of a sexual impotence, which I will still consider to be temporary.

The most important happenings of the war, like Italy's intervention in May, that of Bulgaria in the fall, the big victorious advance against the Russians with the conquest of all of Poland, the defeat of the whole of Serbia, of course shook me out of my dullness.

It made me feel in what important times we been given the fortune to live. Of course an end will not be predictable for a long time. How could such a huge happening of such world-wide dimensions play itself out in smaller time dimensions? Such an event must be able to take its course; there are no conditions given ahead of time for an end.

I am writing these lines as guest of a new patron of mine, the duchess of Oldenburg, on whose Hungarian estate in Bregyén I am spending Christmas quietly but contented.

### **Summary of the Year 1916**

In the middle of the world happenings that continue to press on, little has changed this year in my own quiet life far from the war. My taking up regular physical activity (hiking) has brought a welcome end to the continually worsening depression of earlier years. I had taken it up before and had only given it up because of indolence and to avoid expense. Now I don't regret having resumed it because I consider it to be a necessary help for staying healthy and vivacious.

In spite of all worsening of economic conditions we continue to live and eat at home like we did in peace time, but of course with ten times the cost. Thanks to good lessons (I am asking 20 Kronen for a lesson now), my income has risen so that I have no material worries.

I spent the beginning of the summer with the duchess of Oldenburg in Brogyán and the rest of the summer in Schladming, where this time I produced relatively little.

A symphonic poem, two works of chamber music (trio for two bassoons and piano and a quintet for flute and strings), and a few lieder were the yield of the summer, which was mostly spent in concerns for food supplies. I got some pleasure from being named to be a commissioner for the civil service examinations and the acceptance of five of my new lieder through Universal Editions. But Schilling's retraction of his earlier promise to definitely take on my opera brought me bitter disappointment. I am entering the New Year with little hope for peace. But I have learned one thing through the war: I have forgotten that I am an ambitious artist around whom the world turns, have forgotten that I have burning desires on the fulfillment of which my life depended. And in this way at the same time I feel the war as a lucky thing.

### **Summary of the Year 1917**

I was wrong to let my various musical efforts slumber during the war. I saw the results all too soon. I was hardly performed at all, contrary to others, and also at the concerts of professors which the Academy organized in March, my name was actually the only one missing on the program. I account for this fact by ascribing it to the lack of respect accorded me by the Viennese. It has cost me enough bitter hours.

In the first half of this year much of my concern was for our livelihood. Luckily for us it never got so far for us that we seriously felt the effects of the war in this. It was because a series of my students, both male and female, cared for me in every way. Flour, eggs, butter, potatoes, fat etc. came to us sufficiently. Aside from that, it was because we lived very thriftily because of Mitzi's and my unpretentiousness. There was no interruption in our care and we even had enough for months ahead. Mitzi's mother proved herself to be a true pearl with regard to the household, aside from the fact that my



living with Mitzi also continued to be always happy. Only the latter brought me a deep regret, since she flunked the seventh class at the Lyceum, but because of that it's that much easier for her this year. From the beginning of March until the summer I had a nice extra income through lectures about "Formenlehre", which I gave at the convent "To the Poor baby Jesus" in Doebling. These lectures as well as my activity at the Civil Service Examinations and the acceptance of my opera through Mader, which followed soon after, were the only bright spots of this year. I changed the name of the opera to "Ilse" at Mader's wish. It will be performed next season at the Volksoper. My worry for the near future will be to find a publisher for it. The one single bigger performance of the year was that of my phantasy concerto performed by Nora Duesberg, who was acclaimed by the audience and the press. I myself consider it to be a .....(?) work. This season I only heard my new flute quintet in a good performance by van Leeuwen. Teaching at the Academy was especially stimulating because of the fact that the year of the teacher education group which I prepared for their test in June was an exceptionally good one. We spent the summer in Aflenz, since, since Schladming was not possible because of a shortage of food there. It was a lost summer for me, since I lacked all desire and mood for work. At the beginning of September I spent a short time at the Duchess of Oldenburg's in Brogyon. At the end of my stay there I had an unpleasant adventure: I was attacked by thee of the Duchess's dogs and was in such a condition afterwards that I counted more than twenty wounds on my body. My clothes hung from my body like rags. The wounds would have soon been healed and did not cause me any problems, but I came down with bronchitis (and maybe also pleurisy?), which tormented me for more than six weeks. I went to look for rehabilitation in a "pension" on the Semmering for two weeks. To this day I am still bothered by some remaining symptoms. The duchess paid me the requested 3000Kronen as reparation, of which I actually spent about one third. The dog story, which appeared in all the newspapers because of me, caused quite a sensation, which doesn't do me any harm.

The chances for peace, which became a possibility with the beginning of the winter, leave me cold. But not only me. The world is already so deadened against everything the war brought, that pleasure cannot prevail any more. Moreover, I do not yet believe in a general peace, even though it might be a little nearer than a year ago. The most important thing I had to suffer because of the war was my being obstructed as an artist. Partly I am myself at fault for this, and partly it is the changed taste of the leading circles.

### **Summary of the Year 1918**

The year 1918 brought our final collapse in the most vehement form. Anyone who was able to think logically and had their eyes open could have seen it ahead, if it had not been spun over and over by the newspapers. Of course the end of the war did not in any way bring an end to misery; on the contrary, this was even aggravated. In spite of that especially I with my family was able to continue on as before and still to this day live like in peace time, thanks to the excellent organization and thrift in my household. This was also because of my students (female), whose help I took advantage of again and again.

My monthly salary has risen to 2000 Kronen, and the expenses are accordingly high. Perhaps for me it is like for most people when I state that the concern for food and drink and the pleasure when one gets it, give me a meaning in proportion to the difficulty

of obtaining it. What others have to struggle to buy with scarce money, comes as gift to our house, like for example flour, sugar, fat etc.

Artistically I managed only this one thing: that the Universal Editions took my opera "Ilse" without honorarium (only in exchange for sharing of the royalties). The performance of the opera will probably be postponed to the next season. Linnemann published 23 of my lieder and four women's choruses. Linnemann has also taken on the publication of my "Prodigal Son", which is supposed to be performed next year. I am contesting a part of the printing costs. My aversion to any kind of mental work was only interrupted in the summer in Aflenz, where I managed to finish a book by Frau Dowsky, which I consider to be very effective. I will only write the score when I have won a bridge. The food shortage in Aflenz is very bad; I had to contribute more than 2000 Kronen from my savings for it. I spent the rest of the summer at the duchess of Oldenburg's again in Hungary.

My mother died October 9<sup>th</sup> after a short illness at a high old age. I never had a relationship to her and so her death made no impression on me. The suicide of my friend Dr. Trebitch actually hit me more, especially since he left me 20,000 Kronen. The beginning of the winter was dominated by the Spanish flu, from which we were spared so far, and the shortage of coal. Even though there was an inconvenient shut off of gas, this also affects us only a little because of the reserves we have. I have now arrived at the time in my life when my artistic ambition is beginning to give way to a resignation, where instead of creation and enjoyment there is a recognition and renunciation. I still struggle hard inside and suffer deeply. But from time to time I am beginning to see more clearly and to understand the vanity of every struggle.

### **Summary of the Year 1919**

The results of the economic upheavals, which I actually felt personally much less than most of my compatriots makes it self evident to me on a purely intellectual level. The ability for mental concentration, and with that the interest in all those intellectual things that would require an effort, is beginning to disappear in me, and in its place there is the concern for obtaining the daily necessities. My joy and also the extent of my life is the gifts from my students (female), bargain priced groceries, and the fact that contrary to others I am actually able to live just as I did in peace time and do not even go without meat and milk. Unfortunately I am strongly supported in these things by Mitzi, who is also totally absorbed in the daily struggle. Up to now I have easily been able to stay above the water materially. My monthly income has risen to about 4000 Kronen, which, however I spend completely even though there reigns exaggerated thrift at my house.

Mixed with the above mentioned pleasure however is the worry for the near future. There is not only the concern for the health of Mitzi's old mother, who devotes herself to us daily and manages the housekeeping almost by herself, but also the impossibility of replacing one's clothes, unless one is willing to spend money in the thousands. These purely material worries push aside my artistic, never resting ambitions and form the paltry content of my life. The fact that my work is performed much, even more than that of most composers now living, satisfies me less. This is because the performance of my two operas has been postponed to an indefinite future because of a change of directors at the Volksoper. It is also because the Viennese critics are always

antagonistic, or at least indifferent towards me. Also I am not gaining any more ground in other countries. It is impossible in the present conditions to find publishers for bigger works, and so I ought to be glad that Doeblinger took my six piano pieces (pictures from nature and life) and my cello sonata. The publisher Strache took on my twelve May lieder, my flute quintet and the bassoon trio, all without honorarium. The turnover at the Academy, which Wiener and Bopp finally finished and which called Loewe to be in charge, had only psychological results for me. I now am no longer and no longer feel myself to be the depressed teacher I was until now. I was paid the legacy from Dr. Trebitsch in April. It amounted to 17,500 Kronen. I supplemented that and deposited 20,000 Kronen with the firm Saphir, where it will bring me 10% interest. In these times this amount of money is hardly worth mentioning. I will mention, among larger performances the evening of my compositions in the Urania and in the small hall of the Musikverein (March 23 and April 8); also the performances of my organ phantasy in the Philharmonic concerts and my symphonic poem "From Life" in the "Konzertverein".

We spent the summer relatively inexpensively in Ladis, Tyrol since the place is mostly not open to outsiders. I composed only little: a new flute sonata and a few lieder were the whole result. On the other hand I did complete the instrumentation of my second opera, except for a small part.

On October 13<sup>th</sup> I undertook the steps necessary for a divorce from my wife without her knowledge and in her absence. I am being supported in this beginning by Dr. Thoma and Dr. Polacsek. If the suit is accepted, it will in any case take another year before I am free and can marry Mitzi, one of my dearest wishes. She has no idea about this yet.

The upheavals which have occurred around me have made so little impression on me, that as egotistical artist I almost find them not worth mentioning. I shed no tears for the old Austria.

### **Summary of the Year 1920**

This year has brought me a new friend: a nearly fifty year old person should not state these words carelessly and I am not doing that. I do it in the full realization that friendship between men is the most precious and the more so, the older the man is. I got to know Walter Pfund through my student, Miss Zappletal by chance, and it was my music that brought us together. Our friendship would hardly by itself have become a necessity in both our lives in such a short time. For me, who is looked upon with insults and disdain by the world and the press, who is treated with hate by most musicians, for me a man like Walter Pfund, for whom my music was an experience, or as he himself said, "the experience", for me such a man had to also become an experience. And that is how it came about that Walter Pfund first spent the summer with me in Norway and that I then stayed with him as his guest in Bern.

The rest of the year besides was notable for charitable activities. I wrote to all possible countries (Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland and Switzerland) in order to find invitations for my students (female) at the Academy, to spend the summer. The success in Norway was a total one. I actually managed to bring 45 girls to Norway, 5 to Switzerland and 6 to Holland. Mitzi and I traveled June 18<sup>th</sup> to Kristiania and the six week stay in the

north will remain a precious memory for me. It did, it seems, also bring me in contact with valuable people.

Aside from this first big trip in my life everything else steps back as secondary.

I should have expected that the premiere performance of my “Prodigal Son” on November 22<sup>nd</sup> was treated by all of the most influential press with hate. But still such a blow in the gut depresses one anew. I am still not able to get used to the fact that as a composer I am supposed to be buried alive, even though it is perfectly clear to me that with my kind of creating I was born fifty years too late. It was only a small consolation to me that I was able to sell a series of my bigger works and to bring home a lot of money.

This happened when I made a trip to Leipzig in November with Herr Sanrik, a Norwegian.

The matter of my divorce has progressed in that the way I had tried was made impossible and we must now try to do a divorce by mutual agreement. The attempt to find someone to take on my opera was unsuccessful, both in Berlin and also in Leipzig, where I personally played the work on the piano. I did not compose much this year.

During my stay in Bergen I began a piano quartet, which I finished in Bern; to that I added a cycle “About the Girls”, and a few lieder with instrumental accompaniment.

That is a smaller yield than that of former years. The desire for a bigger work, specially an opera, can only reawaken when I know that one of my already completed works has been accepted. At the moment Walter Pfund is with us as my guest. He had traveled to Vienna for the performance of my oratorium, but arrived too late for it because of a railway strike. The same happened to his friend Ly Merminod (from Lausanne), who has also become my friend. She loves my music just as much as he does, and they are the only people to whom I entrust myself musically.

(Heidi note: Walter Pfund, the new friend: Papa met him through Sophie Zapletal, who later became my dear godmother. Pfund continued to help both my parents with the pension from the Academy.)

### **Summary of the Year 1921**

Life is like a big curve with a steeply rising and gently falling line. It does not always go down with a sharp bend. That is how it is in my case. The outbreak of the war brought the bend. The waves of time have closed over my head. While I was turned off as composer more and more by the world already in the last years, I also feel this turning off in myself; that is the power to create and the desire to do so have completely disappeared, and thus I have lost the one true meaning of my life. They threw stones at me and those stones hit their mark. Why am I still living? Because of cowardice, lassitude, consideration for Mitzi, who will after all be my wife soon, out of curiosity whether tomorrow will after all bring something new. Until now life has only brought me only the complete analogy of my father’s life. Also a passing recognition....the passing of time past him and finally decades of idleness, resentment and bitterness. I tried to find an outlet for my inner emptiness through my connections with Scandinavia. I spent the summer through the help from a faithful woman student (Scheit) in Stockholm, where I earned quite a lot of money from a course in theory. Then Mitzi and I were guests of

strangers, then Eidsvoll in Norway and finally I spent September in Kristiania, where I taught a well attended course in "Formenlehre". The connections with the north were materially very valuable for me, but artistically hardly at all. But I did not give up these connections. On the contrary, I hoped for a continuation of the courses in the spring or the fall. Also I love the people up there very much and have made learning the Swedish language an important secondary pursuit in my life. I created almost nothing in the summer. Every inner and outside motivation was lacking for it. Artistically of some importance were three evenings of my compositions in Graz in February (under the sponsorship of the Urania there). All were sold out and were reviewed favorably by the press. Also there was a performance of my chamber symphony in Dresden in March, which I attended. Through that I found connection to the family Striegler, especially Mrs. Striegler, a good soul who loves me. My oratorium was accepted by the Song Academy in Dresden. I spent some time in Berlin. I had to bury the last hopes I had for my opera, since neither the Leipzig nor the Dresden Opera liked it. I received a lot of money for my pedagogical volume, from other countries (especially America, Sweden, and Denmark). Another success was an undertaking through which I was able to bring fifteen girls and young people to Denmark. My big earnings (in foreign currency) made it possible for me to continue my divorce from my wife, with whom I am now even in a friendly exchange of letters. She lives in Bologne and my boys are already fifteen and sixteen. After she has agreed to the divorce I hope to be able to make Mitzi my wife within a year. The presence of my charming blond student Astrid from Kristiania, who followed me, her piano teacher, to Vienna, gives me much pleasure and also a lot of money. Right now my Swiss friend Walter Pfund is again staying with us as guest. He is perhaps the only person who has an inner connection to my art and whose real understanding and enthusiastic appreciation of my music must replace for me the indifference of the whole world. My hopes for advancement at the Academy have finally been frustrated because of the hatred and disrespect of my colleagues.

All I long for now is a quiet, contemplative rest of my life in peace and solitude surrounded by beautiful nature. But even then I will not find peace. Only the constant change of the big city can give one the illusion of overcoming the one big sorrow, which is called life.

### **Summary of the Year 1922**

The performance of my oratorium in Dresden at the beginning of February forms the closing of my artistic work for all time. It was a closing that made me happy, a marvelous success and a splendid performance. That is why I can't say this without sentimentality. But I no longer feel the power to continue the struggle. Herewith I enter with full consciousness and finally into the third part of life, which bears the word resignation on a signpost. That which I already began to feel darkly in the past years: the involuntary resignation of my artistic creativity has become final this year. I feel that time has hurried away from me, and that there is no sense in continuing to hang onto vain things, or hold hopes that cannot be filled. I cannot continue to live for the sake of conceited worth, which seldom brings happiness, but mostly torment. Other people finish at seventy, but I will copy my father. What the next content in my life may be? A yawning abyss opens before me. I can no longer create, only my last composition, the

symphonic nocturne (text by Reinhart), which I composed a long time ago should still be instrumentalized

In the middle of April I started this year's trip to Stockholm, where I was welcomed by the family Rosenberg and later by their in-laws. I earned quite a lot of money both through private lessons and through my courses. Together it came to about 1800 Swedish Kronen in the six weeks. But in Kristiania, where I spent June, it came to less because of the the season being moved ahead. The reception at the Norwegian consul, to whom I gave a symphonic composition, as well as my article in the daily newspaper, "Wiener Tagblatt" about my impressions of Sweden gave me a certain name recognition in my homeland. I spent July as a guest on several estates or at ocean bathing places. First I was in Hov I Lund at Herr Hornslim's, then at the ocean resort Hankoe in Wermland and in Floby in Sweden. After that I was in Roedlin (Mecklenburg) and finally, for the rest of the summer in Bern at Walter Pfund's parents'. I was together with Walter himself at Glion, where we were both guests in a big hotel, where we were invited by the young owner. That was where I received news of the serious illness of Mitzi, which is what had me return home early. On March 7<sup>th</sup> she had told me the secret of her pregnancy. The result was that we had to pretend that we were married and we sent out cards. What followed immediately after the birth of a boy on July 20<sup>th</sup> was a blood clot in one leg, which took the form of a (I can't translate what he means by a "phlegmasia alba dolens"). This has kept Mitzi continually imprisoned in bed in the hospital since July, where she has several months, perhaps even a year of lying still in bed ahead of her. The poor woman now lies continuously in her bed in her little hospital room, but puts up with her condition like a heroine. If she suffers, it's for my sake and that of the child. Last week he became seriously ill with "erisypel" (?) and is still not out of danger. The amount of mother love – and husband love that Mitzi has in her is unfolding so beautifully, that I can only think of this noble being with awe. I often ask myself where one would ever find anyone like her.

The divorce proceedings from my first wife have begun in the meantime since October and could be completed in the summer. Then one of my special wishes will be fulfilled. This is what has never been clearer to me: my life only has any purpose with respect to this woman. For her I will continue to suffer and endure.

### **Summary of the Year 1923**

After her ten month long stay in the hospital my wife came home at the beginning of June, but only regained her full health during the summer. The child was taken home in February and brought new life into the house and new concerns. The tightness of our scanty proletarian apartment became from that time on really inconvenient and burdensome. In February Walter Pfund was my guest. His influence on me was strong and as an unwelcome aftereffect I experienced an increased sensuality. I used the most varying means to free myself from this restlessness. The spring brought the obligatory melancholy accompanied by a recurrence of cysts and long lasting thoughts of suicide. Added to that were worries (even though unnecessary) about a lack of students. I had on principle given up my occupation with music and also on principle had no longer attended concerts. Soon after Mitzi came home, the matter of my divorce was finally completed, so that we were able to finally get married very quietly at the beginning of July in Schlading. The goal of a fourteen year long wish has thus been achieved,

without any outward change in my life. I left Schladming in the middle of July, that is our idyllic little house in Untertal, in order to accept an invitation to spend a month in Glion, Hotel Victoria, in Switzerland. Its proprietor, a girl of about 28 had become fond of me.

I had made her acquaintance through Walter Pfund. During this time Mitzi took a cure in Schallerbach, which completely restored mobility to her legs. In the middle of August I traveled to Kristiania, where I was able to raise my Norwegian savings to 5000 Norwegian Kronen through the course I gave. My stay in Kristiania was greatly spoiled by the defamation of my former student, Astrid Harberg, so that a return there is inconceivable for me. Among other things she has prevented the performance of my symphony, in any case because of unrequited love. Here I had come in contact with a character of insatiable hate, such as I had never met before. Also the events in Stockholm were so little encouraging, that I completely gave up the idea of ever continuing my courses in the north. In Stockholm I lived with the family of a former student by the name of Benne, where I was welcomed very lovingly. I shortened my stay by a month because of its small success. I arrived in Vienna in the middle of October, where I began my activity at the Academy with new pleasure. This is because I was now finally able to take over the counterpoint course, for which I had tried in vain for years. Teaching at the Academy has altogether become the last saving island which has remained for me from the shipwreck of my life. The few hours of satisfaction which are given to me are thanks to teaching.

Contact with young people keeps one young. My relationship to my child, who is constantly ill (chronic bronchitis) is one of worry and indifference. It is an ethical defect which cannot be healed, which is not something that is normal in Jews. In contrast Mitzi is the best, most unselfish mother one can imagine. For her the child, whose side she does not leave, is the only and greatest happiness of her life. In April she is expecting her second, hopefully the last. The constant restlessness chased me off to Graz after Christmas. There I imagined, as Leo's guest to have escaped from myself. And to-day, the last day of the old year belongs to my wife and the child in Aflenz, where the air will perhaps be good for the boy and bring his recovery. Slowly the path descends. Do I still have wishes? Yes, the one hot, burning one: may there be an end soon.

### **Summary of the Year 1924**

Ten year ago when I turned forty and the war broke out, I had realized that a kind of turning point in my life had been reached and that things could only go downhill for me in the artistic realm from then on. It was time to take leave of successes and artistic ambition. It meant learning to give up all those vain pleasures. I recognized this necessity ahead of time. To-day, ten years later I have regained my equilibrium and have separated myself internally from everything that had to do with myself as a creating artist. I have stopped creating and in spite of that have become a happier man than I was before. I am surrounded by love and respect at home as also at school, rising in my profession which I love above everything, recognizing that ambition that is rewarded (which by the way was never satisfied) can only bring illusory happiness. In the 50<sup>th</sup> year of my life I have arrived at a kind of sunny plateau from which I can observe and smile without bitterness at my life thus far, at the collapse of my artistic strivings.

In April Mitzi gave birth to another boy (Heinrich) and is the happiest mother one can imagine. It is peculiar that she loves the younger child much more than the older boy, who at the age of two and a half already says a few different things that show he has a good mind, but still speaks unclearly.

On June 11<sup>th</sup> my birthday was celebrated by students and friends at a bigger gathering. In January an orchestral concert is planned, conducted by Zdenko Mihalovits, financed by his father. The Society of the Men's Chorus will also participate and this is planned as a late celebration. It is possible that at this event it will be the last time that I will hear my own orchestral music.

We spent the summer alone in our beloved Untertal. There I completed my brochure, "About the Basic Principles of Musical Results" (?), which has since already been published and which was planned as a necessary addition to the "Formenlehre" in my courses at the Academy. I have been awarded the title of Doctor at the new Academy of Music and my position now, since Marx is the director, has become much more advantageous. I now do my duty with twice the love, and it doesn't seem like duty at all, but seems to me the greatest joy. My contact with Skandinavia only exist now because young Benner who came with his mother to Schladming because of me, continues to be my student (privately as well as at the Academy) and thereby helps me very much materially.

On November 9<sup>th</sup> I unexpectedly became ill with stomach problems and vomiting.

The next day it was discovered already I had to be taken to the hospital by ambulance and operated on immediately for appendicitis. I only discovered a week later that that my condition had been life threatening, in that aside from the double perforation, they diagnosed advanced peritonitis (half a liter of puss in the stomach area). The doctors regarded my case as almost hopeless. During my six week stay at the hospital the love and devotion of my students, colleagues and friends was a welcome compensation for my physical suffering and troubles, which were very bad during the first week. I don't believe there are many teachers in our institution who are so loved by their students. The fact that I now find greater congeniality from my colleagues is because I have quite stopped going public as composer, and can therefore now be considered to count among the harmless people. I had 10-20 visitors daily and I figured out that 250 different people came to my bedside.

Since Christmas I am in the Sauerhof in Baden with Mitzi for total recuperation

During my illness she showed huge self sacrifice and quiet love. A sober modern and cold man must face this without understanding as something improbable.

### **Summary of the Year 1925**

The year was....(?) and therefore seems short to me. A prominent day for me to remember was January 24<sup>th</sup>, on which the festival concert for the late celebration of my 50<sup>th</sup> birthday had an artistically excellent performance in the big hall of the "Musikverein". It was sponsored by minister of education. Zdenko Mihalovits, whose father financed the concert, proved himself to be a competent and able conductor of my compositions. The Men's Choral Society also took part. I heard my romantic suite for the first time.



Also, the time of my illness and my convalescence seems to me in my memory one of the most beautiful times in my life. I had continuous pleasure from my lectures in the seminar at the Music Academy. In the last season this had seventy students, and in this semester more than ninety. These lectures inspire me to think independently about problems, which I will perhaps write about at a later time in a bigger work. I spoke on the subject, "About the Characteristics of Classical Music". I know how to tell my listeners many interesting and stimulating things, which I draw from my own knowledge. A further pleasure for me are the weekly lectures on the radio that I give on "Formenlehre." These bring me a good material income. These activities.....(here there are omissions in the typed transcripts in German, probably because the text was in shorthand) are a passion in contrast to the worsening of my position against Marx, who treats me with extreme hate since the position I took in the matter of Springer. He does me a lot of harm by this. Also my physical .....in the summer, which has now changed to sleeplessness, against which I am trying to fight with a water cure.....Composer.....I don't complain, because that is how I wanted it.

We spent the summer in Schladming, as we have every year, and had my faithful student, Gudrun Johansen as guest. Materially I am very well off now. My plan to buy a house in the country is progressing with giant steps. Also at the same time there is a possibility to exchange our apartment for a better and bigger one. I invested about 25.000 Shillings at 16% with....Those are the results of my skills in saving thus far.

Unfortunately the health of my children was not always what I would have wished. In the spring I sent Mitzi with the children to Grado for a few weeks, and now both of them are sick again, so they will probably need another recuperation. Mitzi is the happiest mother, but at the same time the worst and untidiest housekeeper. I suffer very much from this, so that I flee from my home, which is no home to me, as much and as often as I can.

I am spending the end of the year where I feel happiest, in the company of my students in Mariazell, where I am arranging a concert with them. It is no wonder that I find my happiness in this company. I am loved and honored nowhere else more than I am in the midst of my young people and this realization keeps me young.

### **Summary of the Year 1926**

When I turned forty I had the distinct feeling, and also wrote down in my diary, that not only world history, but also my own life had reached a turning point and that there could no longer be an upward movement in this life. I had not been mistaken. Just as little do I believe I am mistaken, when I feel that the past year means the beginning of the last stage in my life. This is a stage which one considers as old age. The spirit of my life is beginning to dim in my case a decade too early, at a time when others are still at the height of their productivity. I have never before wished with such longing for an end of this struggle to come soon. Never before have I felt as strongly as I do at the end of this unhappy year, which has brought little joy and all the more pain, that this whole wretched life is nothing more than a restless wandering between unfulfilled wishes.

Above all my position has become intolerable. Even though Marx was no longer director but only the head of a group on the board of directors, this man knew how to make my life and work at the institution a hell by his sudden hate against me. He hates

me because he is jealous of me. Since the cause of this jealousy is mostly the large number of students and their attachment to me, he managed by an act of force to have the board, against their will, take away half of my class in "Formenlehre", my favorite subject!) and give it to Kamillo Horn. I suffered so much from this violence, which I tried for a long time to resist, that I was near either going into retirement to committing suicide. Only recently have I calmed down about it a bit, since seen objectively, it's after all not so important. In addition Marx made the lectures at the Academy impossible and also because the large number of my students caused him to be jealous, so I must now hold the said lectures in the (volkstuemlich?) courses. The actual reason he changed his mind was the position I took in the well known Springer affair. Aside from this hatefulness from Marx I also had to bear the quiet but no less hate filled enmity of the director (Schmidt), and felt clearly that the deeper background of all these things is to be sought in racial difference.

I suffered a purely monetary loss this year through the fact that Herr Martens in Norway, whom I had trusted with my total savings there (10.000 Shillings) had gone bankrupt, so that I lost the whole amount. My relationship to Klein has turned out to be such that I can talk of a complete break. My contact with him in recent times meant a series of humiliations for me. My sensitivity to his completely closed attitude to me was raised so much, that I find further contact would be unpleasant and therefore unwelcome.

He certainly does not want to let me go and is looking to keep up, at least publicly the innerly ailing relationship.

The greatest disaster of the year was the death by drowning of our two and a half year old son Heinz on July 29<sup>th</sup> in Schladming. I felt the pain of this terrible accident with Mitzi's heart, to who idolized the child. Unconsciously Mizi transferred her pain to me, and so I was able to help her to bear the distress, from which she would otherwise have completely broken down spiritually. With this there is an end to the long series of the beautiful quiet summers in Schladming.

To add to misfortune, I came down with serious bronchitis at the beginning of November, which still, after six weeks keeps me on the Semmering. (Note: this is a well known place for rehabilitation; it's in the mountains not too far from Vienna). Mitzi and my older boy were with me and now my heart as a father is beginning to soften toward this very charming and smart child. Perhaps he inherited from both his father and mother his all too great liveliness and constant restlessness, evidenced by his constant urge for activity. Mitzi lacks real love for this child, since she had given all her love to the younger, lost one. Her most fervent wish is for a substitute for that one.

In contrast to the above changes in my life, which had to deepen my inborn pessimism, a small point of light is my growing popularity in Vienna because of the radio lectures, and also my being named "Regierungsrat" (privy counselor). Vain as I am, this title pleased me more than is worthy of a man of a higher position.

After returning from Semmering I unfortunately still do not feel healthy and look into the future with anxiety.

(Note: Titles were: Herr Regierungsrat Dr. Richard Stoehr or Herr Professor Dr. Richard Stoehr. He generally signed his name: Dr. Richard Stoehr)

## Summary of the Year 1927

If I had not suffered so terribly last year because of the administration of Marx, I would not have realized so clearly how happy I am now and how harmoniously the year is closing. So in retrospect I have to be thankful to Marx that he has made me aware of these opposites. His glory finished after he was also toppled as foreman of the group. (I myself was near to being chosen). Springer, who is personally close to me, was promoted from minister to director and so a better time began for me at the Academy. Best of all, I got back my divided "Formenlehre" class. Of course I still felt the anti Semitic current from the two men Schmidt and Schuetz who are both on the board, but they are not able to do anything to hurt me as long as Springer is director. My health only improved slowly and still in the fall I felt quiet warnings of the "punctum minorum mesinentine" (?) in my chest, but I will not complain.

Mitzi sees herself on a new height of happiness because of the birth of a little girl, who came into the world September 4<sup>th</sup> and is supposed to replace the still mourned for Heinzl.

Professionally some lectures in the Urania in Pressburg afforded me pleasure and respect, also six lectures (continuation and ending of the "Formenlehre") on the radio.

Other diversions were given through my Whitsuntide visit to Stuttgart to stay with my friends Kreidler (parents of my student Walter Kreidler) whom I value very highly. Also there was the auto trip to Berlin with Rudi Bauer at the beginning of July. I spent part of the summer with Mitzi and the boy in Mallnitz, then alone in Friesach at Giannoni's in Senftenbach, a farming village in Upper Austria with Grandmother and little Richard, who is beginning to give me more and more pleasure. If I feel more fulfilled innerly. than in the last years (in spite of my complete resignation as sleeping artist), it may be due to the fact that I am now eagerly studying English. I am regularly taking lessons from a charming young girl (Olive Herrmann). These lessons give me just as much pleasure as the Swedish ones I took before. But I am aware that English is much more important for me. Aside from that my life is essentially much more filled out because my free time is more than usually used up by private lessons and they are well paid. (150-200 Schillings a month from each weekly lesson), so that each month I am able to set aside savings, which now already pay 500 Schillings a month in interest, and which can be partly used for a future apartment. We have to move, because we suffer a lot in the present terrible apartment. The fact that I am able use my English knowledge with a charming young English woman, who is a private student of mine, as well as with another American private student (male) who doesn't speak a word of German, does a lot to add to my happy mood. What satisfies me most is my having a specific goal and worth while work.

I sent my boy to live with a recommended family in Moedling at Mitzi's wish because of the smallness of our apartment. There he is thriving among other little children and is learning good polite manners. I continue to suffer from Mitzi's lack of a sense of orderliness, and now as before, the "escape from home", as my wife calls it, is my only salvation. I spend almost every evening with friends, of whom I love Knypers best, especially the wife with her warm heart. I spent the Christmas holidays at Kreidlers'

in Stuttgart again, because it is best to spend such festive days respecting the sense of the romantic, through a change of the environment.

### **Summary of the Year 1928**

Happy and satisfied as I was at the beginning in the first half of this year, I felt just as unhappy at the beginning of the new season. The feeling of happiness was caused by the nice number of private lessons, as I was occupied enough and the income was good. Also through my English studies and my relationship to M.W. and the wonderful summer, which I spent with her and the sensual satisfaction which this contact brought me. Aside from that I was pleased with knowing about my activity at the Academy. The really excellent performance of my oratorium in Wiener Neustadt was a wonderful memory. A bad memory, on the other hand, was the interference by Bar. Pidall in the alimony of my first wife, since I now have to pay 250 Shillings a month. My hope of being invited by Naomi's mother to London or to go to America (to give lectures) was not fulfilled. Instead the summer brought me mental depression, which still continues and I therefore feel unhappy. With exception of the one month I spent in Mallnitz, my life was a series of dark and sad days, even though the separation from my family who stayed in Baden the whole year was a considerable relief to me. The absence of annoyance and the wonderful solitude promotes the work on my theory book on "The Characteristics of Classical Music and its Decline", which is proceeding fast. I always spent Sundays in Baden, but never in a good mood, since the untidiness and restlessness of my wife annoy me more and more. I know that my wife, who loves me very much, suffers very much due to this, but I can't change it.

The lack of private lessons (I only got one new one) and the accusation against me by Schuetz at the Academy did not help to make me happy. On the contrary, the latter event brought me gradually to intentions of suicide, which I have not been able to control. My nervousness has increased and my resistance against every misfortune has decreased. The realization that I am a bad father who does not concern himself for his children and their upbringing also gives me pangs of conscience. I am beginning the New Year with sad, gloomy thoughts. I am spending the Christmas holidays with my friends Kreidler in Stuttgart as in past years. My boy is attending first grade in school in Baden. He is smart but lazy and never concentrated.

### **Summary of the Year 1929**

The first months of this year were filled with great troubles at the Academy.

The attacks and accusations by Schuetz against me personally, the dividing of the general courses (which he caused), and which actually did occur in the fall, left bitter feelings in my soul. It is only the last weeks, since the beginning of my new cure (against low thyroid function) that brought a small improvement. Until then there remained the constant longing for a timely end through suicide. Beyond that my inner relations to my wife became so bad, that our marriage can only be kept intact through temporary separation (Baden – Wien). The condition of her unstable mind is certainly not normal. Her nervousness and her untidiness really take on pathological dimensions. Because she sees my lack of love, she is completely unhappy. I only have a single wish: my freedom.

The fall brought a new misfortune: my position as lecturer at the Academy of Music was disallowed through the intrigues of Schuetz, who used the affair Urwalek (my audience with Minister Czermak...), in order to proceed with this decision. Even though my honor was later restored, I lost my title as lecturer for now.

Other worries for me came up for me because of my futile attempts to find a publisher for my "The Characteristics of Classical Music". Then came the death of our poor grandmother on September 18<sup>th</sup>. She died in Baden of pneumonia within a few days.

I must also mention the matter of Wedl. I uncovered the embezzlement of the total savings of Music Teachers' Association in my capacity at the new "Seminar for Teachers", which was founded in the spring.

Pleasant happening were few this year. If I mention my two concerts in Klagenfurt (January 14<sup>th</sup>) and Linz (November 23<sup>rd</sup>), my lectures in Baden Moedling and the "Seminar for Pianists" in Vienna, I believe I do not have to add any more.

The American courses at Mondsee were not worth while, since only six students came over. I spent the summer partly in Baden with my family and partly in Mallnitz with M.W. The connection with this woman whom I adore is the only joy, which has already lasted two years. I am curious about it, since she doesn't love me at all. Perhaps it is just this indifference to me which attracts me so.

My son now attends second grade of the grammar school, and it seems he has inherited the intrusiveness of my sister and the constant absentmindedness of my wife.

It is impossible to get him to concentrate on any kind of work. Just the same, he is a good hearted child, but very nervous and difficult to raise. In contrast Hedi, her mother's favorite, seems to be developing into normal, intelligent child. I am no father, but I can't change that.

My wife's decision to build or buy a house in Baden will perhaps be realized, since there is a suitable house with a big garden at a reasonable price available at Isabella Street 23. It only depends on whether Miss Zappelal is willing to take part in the purchase.

### **Summary of the Year 1930**

The first part of the year was filled with hopes, concerned with the America project. My hopes to be called to America as a great teacher have however not been fulfilled, even though more than sixty letters were sent to universities and music colleges through the help of Mrs. Snyder and Mr. Kugler. During this time I felt rather happy, since the regular Tuesday visits by Martha W. and the entrance into my life of Kaethe Dobbs, (both charming and interesting women on a high intellectual level) helped to make my lonely hours in my bachelor home more pleasant. Now, when I am writing this the friendship with the latter is already over, and I got over it rather easily. I suffered and still do, from my highly increased and never satisfied sensuality, which I can't control and which hurt my relationship with my wife very much. It is possible that my great need to go swimming, first in Baden (outdoor pool) and later in Mondsee was caused by this. My thyroxin (?) cure from Dr. Englaender was only successful for a short time. My married life was disturbed through Mitzi's and my own nervousness, and her other unbearable traits made my life hell. I know that it's my own fault: She hungers for love

and I can't dredge it up. I had the same experience, only much more so in my first marriage.

The summer in Mondsee was filled with the courses for Americans, which were only useful to me materially, but not intellectually. I was not thanked for the trouble I took. Most of the girls had no interest in the lessons I gave them every day. Misunderstandings with the director, (Mrs. Peepler) added to the fact that I have bad memories of the summer. New worries came up in the fall, when my private income stopped almost completely. The generally bad financial situation affects everyone now.

Not only my public courses, but also my private lectures, which up to now had been the best source of income for me, began to decrease alarmingly. I know very well that bad times are coming for me and that I have to be on the lookout for new earning opportunities. The greatest burden is the amount of 250 Shillings I have to send to Bologna every month. I puzzle over how I can make this amount smaller, since both of my adult sons are surely independent in earning their living.

Right now my family life is disturbed through a nanny, who is the best possible support for Mitzi, but on the other hand, since she is stubborn and sensitive, she argues with Mitzi, who is anxious to keep her, but stays out of her way whenever she can because she recognizes the nanny's ability. So she spends all her time in Vienna, doesn't concern herself with the children because of a fear of a confrontation. She stays with me the whole time, while she came to Vienna only twice a week before.

The situation at the Academy is now peaceful, since Schmidt became director (president). I don't have any disagreement with him, and have to put up with the loss of my position as lecturer, although I continue to constantly feel uneasy because of it. The dissolution of the board of directors is another reason to guarantee peacefulness. How they, especially Schuetz and Schmidt, disagreed with me when I first pointed out the reasons this institution was unnecessary! And now?

Because of my recent bronchitis the end of the year is very sad. I have to recuperate at a high altitude (960 meters) in solitude. A word about my two children: Richard is developing into quite a nice boy, even though he inherited only the bad traits from both parents. His lack of concentration, his restlessness and his tendency to lying are the bad parts of his character, but one must especially emphasize his good heart and his intelligence. I don't think he will be able to continue his studies at the university.

Regarding Hedi, my daughter, I can only repeat what most people think; she is a charming and intelligent child, loved everywhere, and spoiled by her mother, who is unable to suppress her antipathy to Richard. My relation to M.W. is cooling, since I know that I mean nothing to her, and I haven't seen her since the death of her father. I feel the end coming. Still I am thankful to her for the most beautiful hours of my life.

Seen as a whole, this year is a sad year, full of losses, disappointments and lacking all joy. What else can I expect at my age? This age comes to me sooner than it does to others. Since I know that I have no hope for a change in my life, I wish for an end soon.

### **Summary of the Year 1934**

The rising joblessness and the misery in Austria and the political unrest, which was caused because of it, led to two difficult happenings in our country: the social democratic uprising in February, which caused many victims and in addition the failed Nazi riot with the murder of Dolfuss on June 25<sup>th</sup>. The latter event is the beginning of a more peaceful and quieter period, which still holds.

My private life was uneventful, and I mostly felt satisfied and happy (a gift of increasing age). My outlook for the future is brightened through three different possibilities: to go to another country as visiting teacher; Japan (according to Arima's promise); Philadelphia (through Edith Braun) and Iceland (Halldoussons). Even though I don't believe in the reliability of these promises, I am not giving up hope. My sixtieth birthday was celebrated in different ways: (radio programs, many valuable gifts, celebrations on the Constantin Mountain etc.). But all this again awoke my old longings and thus took away my inner peace. The month of July in Oetz (partly together with Martha Wildauer) belongs to my most beautiful memories. Since I was respected by the Americans both as a man and as an artist, I relished these weeks as well as they enjoyed the hours of music which M.W. and I provided.

My private lessons showed a slight increase compared to the past season (four foreigners from Canada, Norway Japan, and Mexico are no bad record). The financial difficulties of Rudi Bauer's firm, gave me concerns in the past months, even though they did not cause the collapse of the firm. Until now I cannot complain, however that I have had a loss. The interest is paid regularly every month. My public courses at the Academy are poorly attended this season (only two thirds of last year's attendance).

Since February we have a telephone installed in our apartment. The rectal operation I had to have December 23<sup>rd</sup> completed the year. The pain and the worries afterwards were terrible.

My children are developing normally. Richard is just barely keeping up in the Theresanium. His memory is abnormally bad and his interest in learning is very weak.

Hedi is worse than average in carelessness, which is mostly evident in her handwriting.

### **Summary of the Year 1935**

Contrary to the almost cloudless sky which spanned over my life in the last year, this year was full of dark views ahead and happenings, which followed one after another since September. The large blame falls for the most part on the growing lack of work through having too few private students (at first I had four, now one). This is aside from the financial collapse of Rudi Bauer, which will probably amount to a monthly loss of 550 Schillings. Since I had underwritten the amount of 5000 Schillings, it's possible that I will also have to pay that sum. It is now the third time that I am losing all my savings (first through the war, secondly through Martens in Norway and thirdly through Bauer). This is a sum of more than 200.000 Schillings.

My son caused me other worries. He makes no progress with his studies; he flunked Latin and will also probably flunk German and mathematics. Because of my smaller income I brought him home from the Theresanium, even though he hates living

with my wife. Everyone advised against my doing this. So I see endless problems because of my wife's extreme intolerance for him.

Another blow hit me a few weeks ago through the reprimand of the governing body (Perutor!) about my too intimate relationship concerning my female students

( because I address them with "Du"). I am still concerned that this could lead to my being pensioned ahead of time. The last shock was a court action from my first wife. Since I had found out that now my younger son also had a post, I reduced my payment to 150 Schillings, according to our agreement. But my first wife is not willing to make do with this, so possibly there will be new worries in this matter in the year 1936.

My life with Mitzi is no longer a conjugal one, though it is still companionable. It is living side by side, a silent endurance on my side.

The only points of light this year were the well attended lectures at the Urania and the month of July in Oetz, where I was able to arrange nice concerts for my Americans thanks to my student string quartet and to Martha Wildauer.

Mitzi spent the Christmas holidays on the Stolzalpe with the children. I stayed at home and was only for a few days in Baden, where I had enough time to think about my alternating sorrows and depressions of this year. My horoscope predicts a successful period of time for 1936-1937. May this be true in spite of the various signs of my age that are becoming more and more apparent because of my view of life.

### **Summary of the Year 1936**

The first half of the year was in many ways unhappy for me. I finally lost all my savings, which I had entrusted to Rudi Bauer's firm, and the loss of 88.000Schillings (including are all the guarantees which I had to pay for him) means a financial catastrophe for me. This forced me to take my son away from the Theresianum and I made my home hell for myself because of his and my wife's neurotic behavior. Besides that my boy had flunked the most important subjects. A third unpleasant memory from this time is a complaint against me to the teachers' governing board about my being too familiar with my students, which brought me a reprimand.

Spring brought the turning point to a happier period. My work on the opera of Mr. Hoefner, which earned me 4000Schillings in installments, kept me busy and satisfied. It's too bad that I'm all done with the score. Because of this I was able to entrust Richard, who spent a wonderful summer in Norway as guest of Gudrun Johanson to the pedagogue Professor Schikola, where he is living and is getting psychoanalytical treatment. He is repeating the third year at a private school (Juranek) and is making good progress.

Another financial item was the payment of 200Schillings in Oetz, where we already had 200 Americans because of the Olympic Games. Unfortunately most of them were not interested in music. I engaged Grete Schneider, a small, weak girl with a nice soprano voice, instead of Martha Wildauer, who refused to come. The quartet was the same as last year. In St. Lambrecht we had the Japanese couple, Sakka as guests. We worked very bravely on my textbook, "The Characteristics of Classical Music", which Sakka is translating into his language, with the hope of finding a publisher for it. I am reviewing it and dictated him the corrections first in St. Lambrecht and then in Vienna.



Mrs. Kollisch (Baden) is working on the English translation. Through an invitation from Mr. Sakka to Tokyo, which I want to accept after I retire, my life gets a new, broader aspect. Since I am occupied with work and with exaggerated plans for ways to economize, it gives me more satisfaction when I look at the terrible depression of other people in these bad times. Since I have five private students I can get along well and even save a little. Since Mitzi and Hedi are spending the holidays in St. Lambrecht, I am spending a peaceful and also enjoyable Christmastime alone. There was no boredom for me this year, only work.

Not finally this year the burden of age became apparent to me and with it a real blessing: the philosophy of resignation and contentedness.

### **Summary of the Year 1937**

The rest which is usually afforded me by the absence of my family (they are in St. Lambrecht) was never felt as painfully as in this year, which became a real divine retribution for me. Mitzi has become a pathologically neurotic woman, possible because of her change of life. The hatred she shows toward Richard makes a situation at home that is almost unbearable any longer. Her relationship to him is marked by constant arguing and scolding. This is because his definite sense of tidiness and his greatly neurotic restlessness lead to constant conflicts with her disorderliness, aside from the wishes he expresses and demands he makes. The preoccupation with money, which he has inherited from both parents, is another reason for the constant uproar. It is only through the presence of his tutor, Dr. Wondra that it is possible to tie him down to his homework. At this point it is not yet clear whether he will flunk some of the less important courses at the exam anyway. Since the boy got sick with pneumonia while he was at Schickola's at the beginning of the year, we had to take him to the Semmering for six weeks, where he recovered completely. For the summer he was invited by Sylon-Creutzen's brother, a priest in Davre, Norway, where he had a good time. Hedi is developing normally, but is not talented enough to attend college.

As far as I am concerned, I can ascertain an occasional reappearance of my creative vein (which was resting, that is inactive, for fifteen years). The result is a concerto for strings, piano and percussion, which is supposed to be performed in February by Womons' Symphonic Orchestra. Also I composed a Welcome Overture for the Poles in Oetz (strings with piano), so that satisfaction through my work lasted almost the whole year. My last compositions were commissioned by Sylon Creutz in Oslo, for whom I wrote a fugue for piano and orchestra, which I sent to Oslo a short time ago.

In the fall I got no private students, and there was only one of the old ones, so that now I have an unpleasant excess of free time. I saw this coming, just as I see that it is necessary to support my sister, because she would have to starve without my assistance.

One of the few sunbeams of 1937 was my friendship with Alice Foy and her unselfish love for me. She is now in Cincinnati and has already proved herself in various ways to be a true friend. I can be thankful to her for the publication of my "Foundations of Musical Effects" in the magazine "The Musician". I can also thank her for the translation of my biography with pictures and finally and finally the Christmas present of 50 Schillings.

The only true friend of Mitzi, Resi Hirschhorn died quite suddenly this summer, and also my friend Kupper.

The summer in Oetz was satisfactory, but the three following weeks in St. Lambrecht were terrible because of my neurosis, caused by a letter from Baron Pidoll.

One of the few clear memories is the wonderful radio broadcast of my Chamber Symphony on January 6<sup>th</sup>. The stimulating rehearsals for it were shared equally between Al.Foy and me.

The political situation looks dark. War between Japan and the U.S. can ruin all my plans which have to do with these two countries and can contribute to the demise of all my dreams of the last six years. Sakka's attempts to have my "Characteristics of Classical Music" published in Tokyo, have so far not shown a final result, though a Japanese publisher seems to be interested in the work.

### **Summary of the Year 1939**

One of the rarest things in my life was that a dream of many years became reality. But this time it happened, and since March, thanks to the recommendation of Mrs.Bak (?) in January, I am teaching at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Even though my contract will expire May 1940, I am strongly hoping for an extension. Mitzi, the best of all possible women, who helped me in the most self sacrificing way to obtain all my papers, accompanied me to Hamburg, and on March 4<sup>th</sup> I stepped onto the new continent. My first days in Mount Kisco with my Pocano friends, the Jennings, were wonderful. But my reception in Philadelphia by another Pocano friend, Bill Hargrave, was not less heart warming. I enjoyed his support at Pine Street. My work at the Curtis Institute was almost a disgrace until May, because I only had one instrumental course and one German course to teach. It is understandable that because of the idleness and the impossibility to prove myself as artist, I felt desperate. Even though I lived in an appealing atmosphere, (a Danish couple, Bolling, where Bill rented a room for me on the second floor for only \$18 a month (everything included except food), I can't find the necessary musical contacts from there.

In the spring I came to Washington, Athens and Cincinnati. I spent about a week with my Pocono friend Luchs and enjoyed all the honor an artist can receive. In June I spent a wonderful week in the American People's School in New York (the former residence of M., but now he is ruined.).Soon I was the most popular person there. The two hottest months of the summer I was at a camp for mountaineering kids near Morgantown, West Virginia with Bill (Hargrave's) friend, Rev. Klaer. Even though my work there was not paid and didn't lead to anything, and it was terribly hot, I had a really interesting time. The rest of the summer in Washington with Al .Foy's family and a concert in W. will count among my most satisfying memories.

All my hopes, a chance to get to be a composer were seriously disappointed. But at the Curtis Institute I was supported by the new, forward looking director and I was able to teach "Formenlehre", Harmony and Counterpoint, as I had intended to, as it is taught in Vienna. These six hours a week belong to the happiest moments that I am spending here. They represent the realization of my old dream: to teach in the English language.

These happy hours almost get balanced out by constant misunderstandings of the unreliability of the people here. None of my work here is being accepted by a publisher or is performed publicly. There is not a single private lesson, so my only income is my salary. In spite of that I was able, through extreme budgeting, to save about \$1,300.

On the other side I found a treasure here in Philadelphia, Bill Hargrave, the most wonderful and altruistic man I ever met. I am thankful to him not only for the peaceful, quiet weekends on his farm, but also big car trips around the countryside (Washington, D.C. New York, Morgantown etc.). Also Bollings, my landlords, are warmhearted, dear people, who like me as much as I like them.

My poor wife in Vienna is not able to access my pension because of a small mistake I made in my application form. I had neglected it in order to request permission to emigrate. So Mitzi is living on the remainder of my savings.

Hedi is established in England near London since May and is happily living in a school (I found this out from a friend whom I had met in Oetz. I have to be thankful to the Pocono Study Tours for so many things).

However, Richard is working without payment in “Vigbyholmskolan”, without desire for further intellectual education.

The war, which has lasted since September first gives me as well as other like minded people the faint hope that the hell in Germany will come to an end soon, which would never have been probable without war. When I will be able to reunite my family here still lies in the dark and depends on the end of the war. No one can guess at all what the next years will bring. Everything turns out differently, depending on expectations. In any case the history of Europe is approaching a difficult point.

The year will be ended after a wonderful Christmas time which I spent with my Pocono friends Mac Lagg and Joyce Maples as their guest in Detroit.

### **Summary of the Year 1940**

The first part of this year offered me a lot of unexpected possibilities, such as lessons at the “Settlement School”, a fourteen day car trip with Middlebrooks to Florida (concerts at Marianna and Pensacola), the six week long summer school at the Conservatory in Cincinnati, two radio performances (Suite opus 8, Chamber Symphony), but no a single private student. In the fall I took up my teaching at the Curtis Institute again on a bigger basis, especially because of the introduction of “Form II” (“From the Beginnings of Modern Music”), for which 100 copies of my sample from Vienna were reproduced at my suggestion. On the other hand my salary was reduced by a quarter, but I was still glad my contract was renewed at all.

I spent the long vacation from May to October first in Athens (with the Luchs), then in Cincinnati, where I taught), Chicago (Herma Rosenberg), Lorain (Hofers), Cleveland (Mathiasens), Burlington (Schwengers), Mount Kisco (Jennings), Washington County (Carter Foy) and New York (Dr. Dichter). Bill Hargrave married in August and is thankful to me for his getting to know her (in Oetz). She is a refugee from Vienna. Because of his marriage I have completely lost him, since she makes any closer contact impossible.

Hedi was evacuated with her school to Kingsbridge (S. Devon), a quieter and less dangerous place in England.

Richard moved to a transit camp in Skone, Sweden, but has no possibility of preparing for a profession there.

My poor Pifferl (Mitzi) had to overcome a dangerous pneumonia. Any kind of pension was definitely denied her, but she is now resigned to her loneliness and she is even fearful of coming to the U.S.

The fall brought me no additional income, no chances for artistic successes, but I learned the philosophy of resignation. My anxiety because of the war is great. When I look at the sad and hopeless fate of hundreds of thousands in all of Europe, I must be grateful that it is so much better for me here, even though the feeling of happiness from 1939 has disappeared. I spent happy Christmas holidays with Schwengers in Burlington, VT .

### **Summary of the Year 1941**

The loss of my position at the Curtis Institute for financial reasons and my new job at St. Michael's College in Vermont are this year's most important events, which show the uncertainty of life in the U.S.A. I received notice and the following months were filled with a dark despair, which brought me close to a breakdown. This was because I was not able to find anything else, until I got a modest position at St. Michael's College, where my main job is to teach German, through my friend Dr. Schwenger. On January 5<sup>th</sup> a concert prepared my way for my future activity at the afore mentioned college.

My wife received instead of a pension, which she lost through a small formality on my part, a monthly compensation of 36 Deutschmark. But she can live on the rest of my savings (capital and interest).

The only nice happening during the first half of the year was the pleasant Easter vacation in Washington, which I spent in the welcoming home of Marietta Vogel. Even though she had never been a student of mine, she knew me from the State Examination.

At the beginning of May I went to Burlington, where I lived for about a month in Schwengers' house. (She was a student of mine in Vienna and is a violinist). I will never forget her friendliness to me, even though our relationship is no longer the same. I already began to live at the college beginning in June and my salary (\$100 a month) is being paid by two committees, however, only for a year. I am prepared to stay in exchange for room and board if they can no longer afford my salary. My musical activity is the lowest possible: introduction to musical theory and a primitive appreciation of music. Both courses are once a week. I am also directing a poor social club and an eleven people orchestra, and am teaching a German class four times a week, which is a little more fun for me. Only bad students! The college is Catholic, and the life here gets a certain character through the daily contact with priests and nuns. The countryside is hilly and wooded, which reminds one of the Vienna Woods and Styria. Even though my activity is absolutely not adequate, I am a happy man since June, thanks to my activity of composing. This is unparalleled since six months ago in regard to amount and quality. I created twelve long piano pieces with a programmatic tendency, some violin sonatas, a

piano quartet, a Vermont Suite for orchestra, a suite for flute, violin, cello and piano, four pieces for two pianos, all with a never before experienced ease. Continuing work made these days in my comfortable, sunny room with a good piano to the happiest I ever experienced. I composed without thought of having my music published or performed or going public and so I enjoyed unclouded happiness. Also worthy of mention are two summer classes and my summer activity at the Sisters of St. Mary's (German and Music Appreciation).

Dr. Raab, a warmhearted Viennese doctor in Burlington and an amateur violinist, who is like-minded and an admirer of my music, is helping me to overcome the monotony of the solitary country life. Hedi is still happy in England and Mitzi has adjusted to her loneliness.

Two dismal happenings mark this year:

1. The sad fate of my sister, who was deported to Poland in March, and is already resigned to her lot, but is in danger of death from starvation, since no one can send her money.

2. The situation of Richard, who has not written since August 7<sup>th</sup> and probably had to go to Germany from Sweden to work because of military duty. It is possible that we will never see the poor boy again. Since the U.S.A. and Japan were also pulled into this war, it has really become a total world war, but the situation is now less hopeless than last year, thanks to the unexpected change of Russia. When I think of the terrible fate that faces my Jewish friends in Europe, I can only be thankful daily anew for escaping it. I am spending peaceful Christmas holidays in New York in the hospitable home of my former student, Hedi Dichter.

### **Summary of the Year 1942**

As an artist I may say: the past year was the most fruitful as regards creative work, which I ever experienced in my whole life. For almost a year and a half the stream of my musical gift of invention flowed continuously and no fewer than twenty works were created. (Among these were a symphony, a Christmas Cantata, many chamber music works, choruses etc.) No wonder that I look upon this time of my solitary life at St. Michael's as the happiest of all times, even though outside happenings and changes were lacking. I have learned to make a life from inside of myself, differently from other people, who need film shows, parties and trips in order to make a life for themselves from that.

After I spent the last days of 1941 and the first of 1942 at the hospitable home of Jaromir Weinberger with the Dichters, I continued my work at St. Michael's. The monotony there was interrupted repeatedly through public performances in Burlington, where my recently composed works were played. For instance my violin sonata was performed at the Fleming Museum and at Taft School, my flute quartet in G minor at Trinity College, my suite for two flutes, VI, Piano piece in F major at a Red Cross concert, my choruses for Women's voices also at the same concert etc. I was not paid for all of these performances, but I got very popular through them and my name with pictures and big headlines was seen in the newspapers more often than in Vienna.

My friendship with Schwengers came to an abrupt end in April. Their very great intolerance and their strong egoism made it impossible to continue our contact. Now they have moved to Minnesota. I found in the families of Dr. Raab and Dr. Maes a warm and congenial replacement for that which I had lost.

My plan to buy a farm in Pleasant Valley, which was offered to me for \$2,500, fell through, because I could not find anyone to take care of it. It was better so.

In the year 1942 I only got one letter from Richard, in which he told me that he is still in Stockholm and is working there in a hat shop. Once I heard from my Pifferl (Mitzi) through the Red Cross. The death of Hedwig in Poland on January 2<sup>nd</sup>, who was probably murdered there like all other deported Jews, was a big blow to me. I could perhaps have rescued her through a sworn affidavit.

The new season brought me a renewal of my contract at St. Michael's, but I stopped teaching music, since no students could be found who were interested in it.

It looks like a possibility that the college will perhaps be forced to close in the fall. I hope at least that I can stay there in exchange for my room and board, even if I do not receive any salary.

One of the highlights of the season was the premiere of my Christmas Cantata December 13<sup>th</sup> by the Glee Club with the orchestra of the University of Vermont. The performance left much to be desired, but was still a special experience for me and my European friends, who have better understanding for this work than anyone else.

The changing events of the war are represented as continuing ups and downs between an optimistic and a depressed attitude, even though on the whole the course of events since the beginning of the winter is decidedly in favor of the allies.

I am spending the Christmas season at Hedi Dichter's home in New York and am expecting to hear my new E major string quartet to be performed here by the Stein Quartet.

My daughter Hedi continues to be happy in England and writes sweet letters to me regularly, which bring me her love and devotion.

I have learned that creative activity itself brings so much happiness, that success or failure in its wake cannot add much to increase or lessen it. This is because I have come to terms with the fact that real misunderstanding of music is a trait of my homeland.

### **Summary of the Year 1943**

It has been a relatively quiet year for me, but not for those who write history.

The successful end of the Africa campaign, the invasion of Italy and their joining the allies, the continuing success of the Russians, and not last, the unfortunate bombing of German cities including Berlin are events that could help to advance the course of the war. Contrary to the wishful thinking of most people in this country, I am rather pessimistic about a quick end of the world war, especially in view of the eminent European invasion by from the West, where Germany is still so strong.

My life at St. Michael's is becoming more and more monotonous, my musical creative work keeps me constantly cheerful, even if not as happy as at the beginning.

I think that the quality of my musical ideas has not deteriorated, but still there is hardly a chance to hear one of my works performed. Two exceptions were a concert in Montpelier on January 12<sup>th</sup> with Dr. Raab and Mrs. Maes and the wonderful performance of my "Two Ronds (?) to Victory" by the supplemented student orchestra of St. Michael's. I had a private student for a few months, but such lessons last a very short time in this country, since the people don't stick to it.

A symphony in C major (#3), a string quartet in A minor, a piano quintet in G minor, a trio in C minor, a violin sonata in B major, 22 Lieder, piano pieces, flute pieces etc. are the harvest of the year. This not only makes my secluded life bearable, but even happy. In spite of that I am longing for my dear Mitzi and also for Hedi. The latter is already earning her living in an English children's nursery and is very happy there. Richard's newest plan to study in a missionary school for four years in Sweden and then go to Africa (Congo) was a pleasant surprise for me. He says that he feels very happy since the change of his inner life, since he is truly religious, one of the guarantees for lasting happiness.

Mitzi sent me a message through the Red Cross that she is all right. My relationship to Dr. Raab is not as good as it was. Not only my sensitivity (a common trait of all refugees) is to blame for this, but also his lack of consideration and his lesser interest in my musical work. My only friends in Burlington are the Heiningers, an originally German family, who are friendly to me. The Belgian couple, Dr. Maes and wife, with whom I spent a few happy days in Hanover, N.H. before I came to New York have unfortunately left Burlington. So I am alone in general and am yearning for like minded people, a connection that is not possible with Americans. Here in Dichters' house I feel happy and am enjoying the "vitamins" of the personal contact with live people, instead of the "canned" mental nourishment, which I get from books and newspapers in my solitude.

My activity at St. Michael's has reduced itself to three German classes once a week, since interest in music has completely disappeared. Even the orchestra and the Glee Club don't exist any more. The Committee for transplanted students is sharing the paying of my income of \$1200 with the college until next fall.

### **Summary of the Year 1944**

My life here is becoming more and more that of a solitary extremely sensitive hermit. I hardly see anyone with shared interests with whom I could have contact, other than when I am invited to Dr. Raab's or the Heiningers. I am not making any progress in understanding the English spoken here by the college boys and the priests, so I am escaping into the idea of returning to my home city after the war, even though my common sense tells me that this can be no more than a yearning thought. On the other hand I am trying to feel happy and I often feel this happiness with delightful intensity in the hours of my creative inspiration. A number of new compositions saw the light of day and I had some extraordinary hours during their creation.

Hedi is beginning her job in England as a nursery nurse and I agreed to her wish to visit me during the summer of 1945 through getting her a visa. I received some Red Cross messages of 25 words each from Pifferl (Mitzi), which showed that she is all right and content. But I have not heard from Richard for months and that is a bad sign. Since he was not yet accepted at the missionary school he seems to be unemployed. The last time I heard from him I was deeply touched by his good way of expressing his love and loyalty to me. (It was on the occasion of my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday). He never got too much love in his parental home.

A few small points of light were the performance of my C minor trios (dedicated to Mabel Jennings) in the Dichters' house on January 2<sup>nd</sup>. The two middle movements are fine pieces. My regular visits with the Maes in Hanover and the successful Stoehr concert there on October 15<sup>th</sup> are also treasured memories. The same goes for my renewed friendship with Poldi Christensen in Falls Church and with the similarly music loving family Blankenhorn in Arlington with the Schwengers (they now live in St. Paul, Minnesota). I also enjoyed the celebration of my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday through Dr. Raab and his fine poem about me and the newspaper article about me in the Burlington Free Press. Also there was the week with the Stein girls in July and our performances at St. Michael's and in the Waterman Building at the University of Vermont. Those days as well as those with Melanie Balssa in September were days of stimulating contacts with like minded people, days that were filled with the rare satisfaction of being understood. The planned Stoehr lecture in Calgary, Canada on January 8<sup>th</sup> is a wonderful prospect. I am indebted for this to Dorothy Hawley, one of the most faithful of the Pocono Study Tour participants.

I spent the Christmas holidays as I have the past ones in the U.S.A. at the Dichters' house and partly as guest of the Jennings in Mount Kisko. The turn of events in the war in Germany's favor is like a dark cloud over Christmas time. I still hang onto the idea that Germany cannot be defeated.

### **Summary of the Year 1946**

Because of the reopening of postal contacts with Europe I was able to receive the first letter from my wife. She was separated from me for a time, but without formality her former married state was reestablished. Her injuries through the bombs were much more serious than I assumed. One eye is completely lost (traumatic cataract), the other is only affected in the ability to see. The time of her suffering hunger and cold in Vienna are over for her, since Richard made it possible for her to get to Sweden. At first she had to live in a refugee camp (in Torsatrp), then with different families as household helper and cook.

Hedi also went to Sweden, and these two facts show how capable Richard is in following through with plans. He even arranged for me to travel to Sweden, but I did not accept. A telegram from April 1<sup>st</sup> told about Hedi's engagement, which thank goodness did not happen. Mitzi arrived in Sweden April 25<sup>th</sup> and wrote about her experience with the children in detail. Richard is earning his living as a preacher employed by Mr. Gerstel, (a Jew), who has started his own protestant mission, as have many other Jews, by which they make their living. Mitzi describes Richard as a very neurotic fellow, but terribly good hearted, full of consideration and friendliness for her and Hedi, who did not reciprocate this friendliness.



I spent a nice Easter vacation in Arlington and Washington with Blankenhorns and Seyfferts (concert Howard University). In June I made a trip to Springfield (Middlebrooks), with a concert there, Philadelphia, New York (Lux), Larchmont (Dichter), Boston (Burk), Cape Cod. (Harmony lessons for a student of Mad. Michelle). Renewal of my contract with St. Michael's, \$1400 salary. Special events of the summer: both Julias and their concerts. Julia Wortmann and Bennett, who met each other in India.

Offer of a position at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore as teacher, which I turned down. Hedi's arrival on September 25<sup>th</sup>. My gratifying impression of her, her scholarship at UVM, where she is enrolled in the College of Education and is proving to be a hard working and conscientious student. Her great love of music and my getting her to know my compositions. Julian Maes died in Europe in August.

On October 1<sup>st</sup> our enlarged college reopened with more than 500 students, a lot of newly hired teachers, all pleasant young men. Two courses in music theory were offered, for which attendance was promising at the beginning, but which melted down to a small selection of the original number of students (50).

My compositions include a new string quartet in E minor, and a lot of piano pieces (sonatas, suites), also a violin sonata (C minor) and two suites. Since I am expecting Pifferl (Mitzi) in March, I need to be concerned about what work she will be able to find. I can see from her letters that her English is very minimal. A job in the kitchen of the college would anyway not be suitable for the wife of a professor. So everything is still up in the air.

I will spend Christmas vacation in Springfield, in Philadelphia (Tauber), from the end of the week with Hargraves in Landsdown and the rest in New York. Hedi didn't want to come along.

### **Summary of the Year 1947**

I would call the recent time beginning September 1946 "the time of the reunion of my family". When I met my good Pifferl on March 30<sup>th</sup> in New York after a separation of eight years, I was overcome at first when I saw her eyelids which were disfigured from the bombing attack, and her squinting looks, even though I was prepared for it. Soon it became evident that she had kept her good old sense of humor and her spirit, even though she has aged in other ways, especially in that she doesn't have as much endurance and tires easily. Through the recommendation of the family of Fred Smith (where Hedi had taken care of the children) she found a job as housekeeper with the family Yandell in Williston. Once a week they drive her to spend a day with me. Even though she was treated with great consideration and love, she was not able to keep this easy job longer because of her absentmindedness, and was let go. In the meantime there came another change: Richard began working as travel guide in Sweden and was thus able to see the most beautiful countries in Europe and even to spend some time in Vienna, where he lived in our old apartment and visited Poldi Weber, Luise Horscicka, Potykas etc. They all write enthusiastic letters to me about his conduct and his charm. Besides, he has fallen in love with a Jewish girl (Judith Bohrer) and is now engaged to her, even though one of her brothers, who lives in the U.S.A., would not allow the marriage with a gentile. In order to overcome the obstacle and see his beloved he flew (!) from Denmark to New York and since last Friday he is here in order to spend a few weeks with me. In July the

active and always planning young man thinks he will take me to Vienna. He found out from the officials there that I could only receive my monthly pension of \$600 if I returned before January 1<sup>st</sup> of next year. The first few days I was ready to accept the offer, but I soon reconsidered my decision and am very glad about it. From what one hears about Austria, it's everything but encouraging. I would have given up my carefree life with my inner equilibrium for which I can thank my musical creativity, which has filled me with happiness through the years. Vienna would no longer acknowledge me as composer.

Hedi has also found her future husband in Charles Ballantyne, a fellow student at UVM and a decent, but very poor young man with a baby, which his wife left behind upon her death. No wonder that my Mitzi couldn't tolerate the thought of this marriage.

All the other events are of less importance. My additional income of \$100 monthly through the translation of Warner's letters stopped in June, but was made good through the increase in my salary to \$190 monthly (for ten months of each year).

I spent June in Boston (Burke, last negotiations about the Wagner letters), Philadelphia (with Taubers), Landsdown (with the Hargraves), New York (Waltuchs), and Montrose (Dichters).

Pifferl and Hedi managed to get a small apartment in the house of Annie Giordano near the college and like it there, even though Pifferl doesn't stop playing the part of the future disgruntled mother in law, since Charles lives in the neighboring house and hangs around Hedi all day and even eats his meals with us. I kept my room at the college, since that is where I can find the inner peace for my musical work, which is the only thing that makes me really happy.

Pifferl's bad leg (varicose veins), caused by over exertion when she worked as cleaning lady at the hospital for the last few weeks, was cured at the Fanny Allen Hospital (across from her house). She had the best time of her life there, since everyone took care of her with great consideration. The charm of Pifferl's friendliness was soon recognized by all those who came in contact with her, and so far she has already won a lot of hearts. Her English is slowly improving.

The huge increase in student enrolment gave me a feeling of security for the immediate future. A successful concert in the new big Austin Hall, which I arranged with four other musicians in December, was a great satisfaction for me. (Performance with Hugo Gottesmann in Mr. Lambert's house (Larchmont), of my lieder, two piano pieces, violin compositions). Also there was my new violin sonata, which I composed for the couple Tauber, which was played very nicely by H.Gottesmann. Richard heard music composed by me for the first time in his life.

My stomach problems, characterized by a loss of appetite and weight sometimes worries me. An x-ray didn't show anything. As to my son, I was astonished by his height, a little shocked by his Jewish manner of speaking, but touched by his tender friendliness and love for me. To use a bad word, not meant to be insulting, I would say he is a successful type of swindler, who will perhaps make a career for himself precisely because of this. On December 24<sup>th</sup> I just heard the surprising news that Richard will get married here in New York and that Mitzi, as well as Hedi are invited to come to the wedding.

They accepted the telephone invitation. December 30<sup>th</sup>. I have to correct the news, since the relatives of Richard's bride disappointed him. The wedding has been postponed indefinitely. I am hoping for a good ending. Richard understands my objections.

### **Summary of the Year 1948**

The difficulties between my wife and Richard are still the same as they were in the time of my boy's childhood. She can neither change her attitude, nor can he change his character and his inability to concentrate. I experience hell on earth as long as he is here. My stomach problems forced me to give up my meals at the college, where I now only have breakfast. Mitzi must now cook for me. All tests at Fletcher Allen and at the De Goesbriand Hospitals showed nothing abnormal, and now, at the end of the year I am able to say that I feel almost in order and have regained my appetite. Judith, Richard's bride, stayed with us for a week and we got a good impression of her. But late in the fall she gave him up and they are no longer going together. I am not unhappy about it, but on the other hand I am concerned that Richard will never find a girl he likes and who will love him. Richard left us at the beginning of March in order to travel to Europe. Before that he got a contract for a position in a Jewish mission for \$150 a month, but the contract was taken back in the fall.

The most important event this year was my purchase of Cooper Milner's house with land for \$6500. With the remodeling and installations it will cost me additional \$4000, but we got five students from St. Michael's to rent rooms. After some temporary friction with stingy Mitzi (for whom they used too much wood, water and light, everything ended in the best harmony.

The performance of a part of my A minor symphony in Calgary, Canada was the only musical event of this season (April). A plus in the summer and the fall was the rich harvest of vegetables, grains and potatoes on our field.

My trip in June to Springfield, PA, Landsdowne, Philadelphia and Montrose brought a private concert in Mr. Mason's house (Springfield) and one at Taubers' house.

In the summer school concert at St. Michael's I experienced a very good performance of my trumpet concerto. I found a very talented and pretty young violinist in Beatrice Brenner, whom I met at the end of June in Philadelphia. She is studying my C major violin sonata with me and is making me very happy through that.

Hedi's wedding July 6<sup>th</sup> was the most important family event of the summer. Mrs. Hedi Ballantyne spent the summer on a romantic island (Fishbladder) on Lake Champlain with Charlie, working as a cook and was very happy there.

The threat that Prevel Hall would be reserved for priests only beginning in the fall was not realized. My struggle with the very unfriendly building inspector Buchan, who had allowed me in January to buy food at the college and then withdrew his permission in the fall, took away my good mood in the last two months. All my efforts to win over our new president, Father Lyons, were fruitless.

Richard, whose occupation it will be (before he returns to Europe) to show films about Palestine in the cities of the Midwest (\$150 a month), got his Swedish citizenship in October.

Christmas time was spent in the welcoming home of Beatrice in Philadelphia. There was a musical evening with two of my new...and also a new singer, (Miss Bermach) for my lieder.

A pleasant musicale with music for two pianos was arranged in November in Professor Millington's home and brought great satisfaction. Barbara Beal, my faithful student, is an excellent partner on the second piano.

In Philadelphia Richard was able to show his Palestine film at both musicales. I was also able to bring him to the Middlebrooks in Springfield, where he spent two nights with me.

### **Summary of the Year 1949**

The first happening that stands out this year was Richard's engagement with Vera Gitlin from Chicago in April, whom he had met there before, and then their wedding in June. Her father is one of the members of the Hebrew Christian Community and has a correspondence Russian Bible School in the aforementioned city. They have no means, but are modest and well educated people and Richard is very much respected and especially dearly loved by his young wife Vera. Pifferl and I are also very enthused about her. Just yesterday she wrote from Chicago, thanking us for our Christmas presents: "But of all the presents which I ever received, I will always consider as the biggest, God's and your present to me: your own loving, wonderful son – Richard." If anyone, it will be she who will get him to systematic studies for his missionary work at a Chicago college. Both of them spent the summer at our house.

A less pleasant important occurrence was my notice from the college through a letter from the Deacon, Father DuPont in April, citing financial difficulties and considering my age. But I still hope, that Father Lyons, who thinks more highly of me than he, will perhaps renew my contract for a further season. The afore mentioned reasons are only excuses, I believe. The main reason lies in the difference of religion and the personal antipathy of Father Dupont against me.

Among other happenings I will mention the endless chain of repairs for our house, which are a big burden on my income; also, there was my argument with Buchan ( the administrator of the building), which I lost.

I gave a successful lecture at Champlain College in Plattsburg, NY. Hedi was chosen to be a member of Mortar Board, the National Honor Society, which is a great honor. She and Charlie together with other students made a trip to Colorado to a gathering of International Relations Clubs. In the summer she joined her husband when he had military duty at Fort Meade, MD and on Cape Cod.

There was a successful summer school concert in July with new compositions by me. The Vermont Conservatory was established, where I was named "Head of the Department of Theory". However I did not get a single student.

We are renting the three free rooms in our house to six students. Two of them were students of mine. They behave much better than those from last year and with have a relaxed relationship with them. Scrabulis, one of our tenants, led part of my Christmas Cantata as leader of the mixed choruses at the Christmas concert. I had great pleasure from that excellent performance. The realization of my trip to Tokyo has not begun to

take form yet, and I am not urging it on, since any income I would get in Japan would need to be spent there and could not be brought back to America. Also I am no longer as ready for adventure as in earlier times. Richard also came during the Christmas holidays, to have an interview at St. Albans, which might lead to his eventual American citizenship.

### **Summary of the Year 1950**

1950 was one of my disastrous years. After I had been warned a year ago, the deacon forced my definite dismissal and left me despairing. Luckily our president, Father Lyons was so nice as to allow me to continue to live in my beloved room at the college and to leave my piano there. Also I was given the honor to continue to have my breakfast at the college without any payment.

I spent the Easter vacation in Philadelphia, where I again arranged a musicale of my works at Taubers' home. I spent the last part of the time at Middlebrooks' in Wallingford and with the Hargraves in Landsdowne. My trip in June to the Dichters was devoted to another Stoehr concert in their home on my birthday. Many of my former Viennese students were present, like for instance Molly Jonas, Joseph Geringer (both of them played my compositions), Julia Wortman (who also sang my lieder), Grete Kramer, Betty Bettinger, Hedy Kempney and many other people. Richard and Vera (who got a job at the UVM library) were our guests again for the summer. But in July Vera had a first accident with her bicycle with the result of a bad brain concussion, which lasted for two months. Richard is still studying in Chicago for his position as preacher. I myself spent six weeks at Goddard College, for the summer school of the Vermont Conservatory. Even though I had little work to do there (only eight students had registered), I got the fixed amount of \$230, which was a relief for me financially.

Hedi, who now has a position as teacher in a school in Winooski, left us in the fall and now has a nice little apartment in Burlington. She is a wonderful, neat housewife, and Pufferl admires her for that. In the fall we again got six students as renters (instead of the eight we had expected), and we were pleased to have such a nice group of boys, who have a good relationship with us. They not only organized a birthday party for Pifferl's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, but also a nice and fun party, at which both sexes were represented.

What can I say about my good Pifferl? She remains the only rock in my life. She has remarkable unselfishness, which allows me to live thoroughly happily with her in a continuing companionship. This is especially since she feels very happy in the new world of America and has already acquired a large number of friends.

I would call this year one of philosophical resignation, which brought me an inner equilibrium preceded by a feeling of happiness. My musical inspiration has not let me down so far. My three lectures at the conservatory for lay people, which I have given so far, gave me some pleasure.

### **Summary of the Year 1951**

The year did not begin very promisingly. We not only lost two of our student roomers, but also Pifferl became sick with pneumonia in February and had to lie in two different hospitals for about four months. The doctors planned to remove her gall bladder, but thank goodness she was against it.

Richard and Vera moved to Minneapolis, where he got a position as an independent preacher in a protestant church with very little work.

As usual I spent Easter vacation in Philadelphia, Landsdowne and Wallingford, as I had done in 1950 also. My precarious financial situation was unexpectedly eased through a check of \$200 from Leonard Bernstein, and then later through a check of \$100 from Mrs.Zimbalist-Curtis, to whom my friends Amann had written without my participation.

Other events were the new edition of my text book on form through the Middle German publisher in Halle. Another event was Hedi's move to Chester, VT, where she took a job nearby as a teacher, since Charlie got a job as cartographer in Chester. Their purchase of a car was a necessity for her daily commute. My lectures in Burlington, which were organized by the conservatory, were fun for me, but the attendance was never more than one and a half dozen people each time. Conservatories in the states seem to be declining. But soon my financial situation improved through more lessons, and also from my corrections of Mr. Langford's choral and song compositions, so that my monthly income rose to \$140. The great increase however was caused by the lecture and concert tour to Minneapolis and St. Paul, which my son Richard organized. However, it could only be partially realized, since just before my departure in November I suddenly came down with bronchitis so that the whole tour had to be abbreviated and I lost about three lectures or concerts out of the twelve. My complete recovery only came after my return to Vermont. The financial profit for me was \$185. Richard had paid for my trip and I stayed as a guest in their nice home. It was a great pleasure for me to hear parts of my suite for two flutes, my violin sonatas (C major and B minor) in a fine rendition. Unusual cold and snowfall began the winter and my poor Hunti (my new name for Piffy) got one cold after another. My musical creation was limited to a C major symphony, opus 136 and a piano suite, opus 135c, which I prefer to the symphony (one week's work). The possibility of getting a social security pension as private teacher and that even parts of my Viennese pension might be paid, lessen my financial worries for the future.

### **Summary of the Year1952**

There is the possibility that the social security pension would bring me additional monthly income of \$36, but it does not seem a sure thing to me, since mistakes were discovered in the application. The matter is supposed to be decided within a few days.

The unexpected visits of Pryor, Higgins and their friends including girls, who spent several days with us at the beginning of the year, will remain a pleasant memory for us., since they not only brought royal payment but also gifts They also showed an affection and friendship such as we hardly ever experienced in Europe.

Other things brought me disappointments, such as a notice about my royalty for the new edition of my "Formenlehre", which is being published by the Middle German publisher in Halle. They were supposed to deposit 200(?) royalty in a bank in Berlin. It is a bitter disappointment for me, since I will never get the money and my inquiry about the matter in Berlin was not answered.

I again spent Easter vacation at Taubers', Hargraves'and Middlebrooks' near Philadelphia. My daughter Hedi is expecting her first child in January. The visit of Flors

from Minneapolis was a pleasant change for us, the more so since they took care of their own meals and took us on car trips etc. Richard began a several month long trip to Europe, which took him to Palestine, and which was paid for by the church in as far as it was a paid vacation for him. I don't know if he did anything during this trip other than to visit his friends and acquaintances in different cities and countries and to be invited by people he didn't even know. I do not grudge him this pleasure at all.

My friendship with R.Pr.(Richard Pryor?), who loved me dearly and at first stirred up great sensual feelings in me, brought me a sweet satisfaction in my old age, which fulfills me. The visit of Fredl von..., who was a prisoner in Russia for many years was a pleasant, even though short interruption of our solitude here.

My musical creativity is limited to a piano trio (composed for Flors), and otherwise just piano music whose last flowerings are four "romantic piano sonatas" (opus 139 a,b,c,d). Through my well paying student Cabera, who is now my only student and the five students who live with us, my financial situation is better than last year, even though I am not enjoying any kind of pension. The end of the year made us grandparents. Hedi gave birth to twins, one of whom was born dead. The other is a very tiny premature little girl. The birth was about half a month early.

### **Summary of the Year 1953**

The long awaited royalties in the amount of \$193 for my "Formenlehre", which has now been published in Halle, by the Middle German publisher, were sent to me by a bank in Paris. Also my hope for the payment of my social security pension was realized and in February I received the amount for the first half of the year (\$297, a monthly payment of \$38.50). The third favorable financial event was the expected old age pension, payable in four installments for a total of about 10,000 Schillings from Austria. The first payment was paid to me about a month ago for about 323 Schillings. Whether the next installment in 1954 will be as big will depend on the exchange rate. It was Richard who had suggested this possibility to me some time ago, and Dr. Hunna has done everything to support my application. The recommendation by Father Purtill for music students among the priests in training (the brothers) only had a short lifespan, since the boys have no talent at all and soon lost interest.

I again spent the Easter vacation in Philadelphia at Taubers, where one of the two suites for two pianos, dedicated to Viola (?) was rehearsed and performed. Other than that my composing vein has completely dried up and the lack of stimulating activity and even reading depresses me a lot. So I am spending a lot of time sleeping and being idle, which of course contributes nothing to make me feel happy. Even the sunshine provided me for a time by Richard's love to me from August to the beginning of May was disturbed by Mitzi's jealousy, so that my life, which is nearing its end, has become empty.

Hedi continues to live in Chester and is a substitute teacher at a school there. She is happy with her little Janet, while Charlie has a position with the American Geographical Society, which is apparently satisfactory for him.

We have five students and two workers as roomers. However, one of the students, who was sick for a while, and also Jo and Marcel, the two workers have paid nothing at

all for a few weeks, since they don't earn enough. This doesn't improve the atmosphere at home. But Pifferl is happy in her house.

Just two days ago I received a letter from the president of the Music Academy, Dr. Sittner, who was once a student of mine. He wrote about an evening of Stoehr music. In order to celebrate my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday there. He would like me to suggest new compositions to be performed. At first I was inclined to travel to Vienna in order to be present at the celebration, but I fear that the preparation for the event would be just as hard on my nerves as the anticipation for the lectures in Minnesota were two years ago.

### **Summary of the Year 1954**

The many celebrations of my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday.

My two concerts in February, which Father Hammond arranged with me in St. Johnsbury and in Hardwick, were the first nice and also financially successful memories of this year (\$100). The winter was extraordinarily snowy and severe. I decided quite spontaneously to help my friend, Dr. Raab, who wanted to buy a house, but who was short by \$2500 for a deposit. He plans to give me the same interest as the war bonds, so there will be no change of income to my savings. My good Pifferl encouraged me to do this, and I don't regret my help to him, since he helped me materially and morally to carry out successfully the planned performances of my works. He did this through Dean Brown, Conductor Carter and Donaghue. The costs for writing out the different parts of my Vermont Suite was financed through a collection, organized by Dr. Raab, among my various friends and acquaintances, as well as the participation by the Burlington Free Press, which took on fifty percent of the costs. As far as I know more than \$800 was raised. In my concert last October not only my printed Symphony in A minor was performed, but also the so called Vermont Suite as well as a group of lieder, performed by a talented tenor (Hain). The concert took place in the High School Auditorium and was excellently attended. My two children were also present and part of the concert was repeated the next evening at Norwich University. There the repetition of my symphony was even better. Before this performance, already in March my "Crossing the Bar" for mixed chorus by the UVM choir under the direction of Dr. Bennett was excellently performed. I accompanied it myself. Father Purtil contributed \$50 because of my birthday.

The Easter vacation was a nice memory because of a paid concert in Handsome through a Stoehr evening at Taubers' in Philadelphia. The idea of organizing a collection among my friends to cover the costs of my performances was originated by Taubers, who have proved to be my most faithful friends through more than ten years. But also Pifferl's touching and untiring activity in this matter has helped a lot to make the incoming amount large. Sakka sent me \$100 for my translated "Formenlehre", which he was actually obliged to do. Also the twentieth edition of my text book on harmony came out finally in the summer, although without the least material success for me. My "actual", and first planned birthday celebration on June 6 took place in Vienna at the Music Academy. The idea originated with Director Sittner, who is now president of the Academy and who was once my student. A tape, which he sent to me, was made of the concert. Four lieder were included in the performance, a few piano pieces and the first



movement of my chamber symphony. He held a long introductory speech. All reports of this event that was sponsored in my absence spoke enthusiastically about the evening, but the performance, as I heard afterwards on the tape, was certainly not exceptional. I believe that the initiative for this concert came from my former student Maria Heger, who is an intimate friend of Dr. Sittner.

A private celebration in Dr. Raab's home with about 25 invited guests is also a good memory. An A minor Piano trio of mine was well played and Donaghue sang three of my lieder. My good faithful Pifferl spent a week in August in New York at Hedi's who is expecting another baby in the winter. I hear that Janet, her first child is only now beginning to speak

The summer this year was completely rained out. I still want to add about the concert that the newspaper makes a lot of the Vermont Suite, even though it is definitely weaker than the symphony. But the patriotic title in this case was more important than the music itself.

As a less pleasant event I will mention my accident. I was knocked down by a car when I crossed the street (next to the hospital), but since the wheels themselves did not go over my body, I felt absolutely no pain. I had no open wounds, only bruises, and these disappeared after a few days. My poor Pifferl had seen the whole thing from the other side of the street and had given expression to her horror with a terrible long scream. Apparently the car was also a bit distracted by that, since I was just knocked over and not really run over. Anyway, I was unconscious for a short time, but woke up soon.

The same car that had caused the accident brought me and Pifferl then right away to the De Goesbriand Hospital, since Dr. Raab is one of the most important doctors there.

The last performance of this so very rich year for me will be to-morrow. It will be the Christmas Cantata in a shortened (?) form produced by Dr. Bennett. I myself will do the piano accompaniment.

The last pleasant and unexpected news is the possibility of a payment of a pension, which is quite independent of the installments I have received so far. This is because all the former State Officials will by law have a right to receive this pension. I am already in contact with Dr. Hunna and he wrote to tell me that this has nothing at all to do with the four installments, of which I have already received half.

Our college celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. My concert was considered as an important part of the festivities of the anniversary. In spite of that almost no students and very few of the teachers were present. This is different from Europe and therefore interesting to mention.

My Pifferl was, thank goodness, much better in her health, especially in the second part of the year since she has been taking vitamins, which she can get free of charge. The only problem is a wound on her leg, which opens again and again. This is probably a sign of age, and was something from which her mother had also suffered.

My musical creativity is now sleeping. In the last year I composed nothing and I lack all motivation for it. My Pifferl spent last week in the hospital with bronchitis, but will probably return home to-morrow with the New Year.

## Summary of the Year 1955

The constant inactivity of my old age and the ever fewer possibilities for earning money through private lessons are probably just the beginning of the end. However, we had seven and later five students living with us, which was at least more than in earlier times. We hardly ever see guests at our house, since Pifferl, always active, can barely manage to do her own housework.

Hedi gave birth to another daughter in March (Karen). Richard had his first son (Tom), of whom he is very proud.

Musically I have completely dried up and have not composed a single tone all year. I will not write anything any more.

The harvest of strawberries in our field was especially rich this year and Mitzi earned more than \$20 from them. This sum was never reached before. Since she has been taking vitamins since the spring, she feels much more productive and also healthier. She is also in a better mood than ever before.

The unexpectedly high royalties for my "Formenlehre" (this year we received \$876) were still a surprise to me.

Since Hedi's husband has now found a well paid position as cartographer in Montpelier, we see Hedi once a week, since Montpelier is only about an hour away by car. She feels very happy in her new home.

The news from Dr. Hunna that beginning with next year, beginning in May, I will be getting back payments of pension (possibly since 1950) was the only ray of sun this year. I can't figure out the amount I will get, but Dr. Heininger estimates it will be \$111 a month. This has been an inactive year and unstimulating year. I see signs of senility in myself which are challenging me (just like my father).

The last disappointment of this year was with...(the rest is missing)