

HAYDN

The Online Journal of the Haydn Society of North America

Volume 8
Number 2 *Fall 2018*

Article 1

November 2018

Editor's Essay

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Recommended Citation

Ruhling, Michael E. (2018) "Editor's Essay," *HAYDN*: Vol. 8 : No. 2 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://remix.berklee.edu/haydn-journal/vol8/iss2/1>

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Editor's Essay.

Issue 8.2 is our 15th publication. Congratulations to all of you who have contributed. This is an especially joyful essay for me to write, because as I reported to you in the spring issue, *HAYDN: Online Journal of the Haydn Society of North America* was honored with the 2018 Association of American Publishers PROSE Award for Innovation in Journal Publishing: Humanities and Social Sciences. RIT Press has worked hard to keep this journal on track, and on time, and to adjust to the quickly-changing electronic media landscape. They deserved to receive this award. I thank them, and the technical staff at RIT, for their efforts. In particular, Molly Cort continues to skillfully pull together and keep on task the many different threads required to accomplish each issue. Thanks so much, Molly! If you look at the [2018 list of award winners](https://proseawards.com/winners/2018-award-winners/), we are in pretty good company.

We look forward to continuing the success of our journal that has now been recognized on a national level with the PROSE award. Please consider submitting your quality scholarly projects related to Haydn, and those in his circle, for publication in *HAYDN: Online Journal of the Haydn Society of North America*. In particular, we would like to dedicate one of the 2019 issues to Michael Haydn, in honor of the recent passing of Professor Charles Sherman. Professor Sherman was a fine and tireless Michael Haydn Scholar, and a kind and effective teacher. If you have done any scholarly work on Michael Haydn's music or biography, used him in your teaching, or have reconsidered performing aspects as you have prepared his music for concerts or liturgies, we would be very interested in reviewing and disseminating your work. Directions for preparing submission can be found on the ["Submissions" page](https://www.rit.edu/affiliate/haydn/submissions), and you can send items and questions directly to me at Michael.Ruhling@rit.edu.

The current issue contains two articles. Allan Badley describes the content of Stephen Storace's *Collection of Harpsichord Music*, published in London 1787-89, and gives some historic and cultural content for such collections, in "[Storace's Collection of Original Harpsichord Music as a Harbinger of Modernity](#)". Most scholarly work on the *Collection* has focused on its seven works by Mozart, largely because of the recognized friendship of Storace and Mozart, and perhaps Strace's efforts to raise Mozart's fame among London audiences. But Badley describes works Storace chose for his *Collection* by other composers, notably Haydn, Koželuh, and Wanhal, and argues that Storace was trying to modernize the tastes of the English audiences by presenting them with this mixture of Viennese keyboard music.

The repertoire that has received the most scholarly attention in this journal since its inception, by far, has been Haydn's string quartets. Rightfully so, as they so clearly demonstrate some of Haydn's most clever and daring compositional creativity. James MacKay explores several minuet movements that contain mediant and submediant key relationships in "[Another Look at Chromatic Third-Related Key Relationships in Late Haydn](#)". MacKay notes that while many scholars attribute the chromatic thirds key relationships to Haydn's post-1790 style, there are a number of examples of such key exploration in earlier works, especially string quartet minuets. His article identifies these instances, and discussed the techniques Haydn used to enter into, and then return from chromatic mediant and submediant keys, particularly involving modal mixture: "the importance of modal mixture in Haydn's overall conception of tonal relationships, with its vital role in rationalizing the presence of remote keys within a musical composition, can be confidently asserted, and its influence on later generations of composers recognized as well."

Matthew C. Brennan, Professor Emeritus of English from Indiana State University, sent me a somewhat unusual submission—a poem titled "HAYDN UNBOUND, 1790." Professor Brennan is a scholar of literature, and has published five volumes of his own poetry. In his letter to me, Professor Brennan introduced his poem:

Dear Professor Ruhling:

I realize the attached is not a type of submission you normally entertain, but I thought you might be interested. I am including here a poem I wrote after twice attending the Classical Music Festival in Eisenstadt (unfortunately after your stint there). It is a dramatic monologue in Haydn's voice, titled "Haydn Unbound." I consulted some biographical material as well as Gerhard Winkler's *Haydn* and even profited from Walter Reicher's talks and from the tours at Haydn's house and the two palaces.

So, here we present the first poem we have received. Enjoy.

Michael E. Ruhling,
Editorial Director

HAYDN UNBOUND, 1790

Prince Nikolaus is dead, and I can leave
the desert of his Esterháza palace,
a beautiful backwater I have grown
so tired of. *The Farewell Symphony*
should have been my last. New venues beckon,
where finally I'll serve myself, my muse,
and no one else—although I'll always pine
for Frau von Genzinger, that lovely, perfect
woman who said my scores were "stimulating"
and whose snot-nosed offspring I taught their scales
just to breathe in the air through which she moved.
Leaving her plush, perfumed salon, my spirits
sank, and my feet dragged like a heavy load,
shuffling me home.

Despite the revolution
and armies in the roads of France, I need
to leave for London, need to leave my wife
behind. Our wedding at St. Stephen's was
a compromise: she knew I loved her sister,
who scorned me for a nunnery. Her father
then fobbed the older one on me. And Mozart:
"A bachelor's only half alive." But marriage
to one who cannot love will leave a husband
halfway to his grave. Her bed has never
warmed, and her passions flare in fights about
my gifts to friends and family, or in jealousy
when I compose new solos for young Babett
and have to practice deep into the night.
Maria is a beast who doesn't care
if I'm a cobbler or a Bach; she lines
her pans with manuscripts I've written for
the prince. Of course she thinks Luiga's son
is mine because I put her in my operas.
Maybe he is; he's in my will. Her point.

Enough of the wigmaker's daughter. Still,
at fifty-eight, I thrill to every shape
of charm and beauty. London welcomed Handel,
and now its lights are drawing me away
from all I've known. Although I'll be alone
and fear I'll miss Vienna and the court,
my music's understood around the world,
if not when I'm at home in Eisenstadt.