This dissertation has been microfilmed exactly as received

PHILLABAUM, Corliss Edwin, 1933–
THE THEATRE OF FERDINAND RAIMUND.

The Ohio State University, Ph.D., 1962
Speech–Theater

University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan
The reasons for Raimund's lack of fame outside Germany and Austria are easy to see. The Viennese Popular Theatre had no finer playwright; but this theatre was a mixture of German low comedy tradition and baroque court staging which had no equivalent elsewhere in the world. It was a dialect theatre, filled with local allusions and local points of view, and it was essentially a performance theatre, with no literary aspirations and, except for Raimund, little literary merit. Even in Germany its style and language present problems to audiences in other dialect regions, and the farther you move from Vienna, the less well-known the plays become, and the less frequently they are produced. Obviously the difficulties become that much greater if productions in other languages are to be attempted.

Nevertheless, the attempt is worthwhile. The very uniqueness of the theatrical mixture which Raimund's plays represent give them a large share of historical interest, and for this reason alone they would be worth studying. Raimund himself is an appealing figure, whose life and career actually contain many stock elements of the life of a romantic theatrical figure. He was an apprentice who ran away to become an actor, a successful comic actor who longed to play tragic roles and write serious poetic drama, and a great comedian who was melancholy off the stage and who finally committed suicide in a fit of despair. Most important of all, however, is the theatrical
was completed by changing the wings which were still located in
front of the new backdrop and by bringing on the necessary clothes
closet and practical window unit to the sides of the stage. During
scenes iv through xii, which were played in this relatively shallow
setting, the scenery behind the backdrop was changed to prepare for
the more elaborate exterior scene before Wurzel's house in which
the act ends with an elaborate allegorical tableau. (I, iii and
xiii.)

29 Raimund's plays were filled with tableaux of this sort, as
are most of the magic-plays of the period, and he was particularly
successful in integrating them into the dramatic framework of his
works. Many of them involve quite a bit of spectacle, but any
spectacle performed in the Theater in der Leopoldstadt was neces-
sarily limited by the shallow stage, which had room for only five
sets of wings.

Magic effects of all sorts were regular features of most of the
plays performed in the Theater in der Leopoldstadt, and the stage
directions of the plays are a rich source of information about this

29 It is worth noting that both scene shifts take place during
fairly loud crowd noises, probably to keep the noises of the stage
machinery from being heard. Music was also used for this purpose.
(Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt, II, iv.)

30 In contrast, the Theater an der Wien had room for eighteen
fascinating stage practice. Occasionally they even indicate the 
actual method used to accomplish the tricks. In Raimund's Das 
Mädchen aus der Feenwelt Wurzel puts on his dressing-gown "in 
such a way that at the same time he puts on peasant clothing, the 
sleeves of which are stuck in the sleeves of the robe." (II, vii.) 
A few minutes later there is a flash of lightning, a change of scene to 
a gloomy valley, and Wurzel and his servants have been transformed 
into peasants. All that was necessary was to cause the dressing- 
gown to disappear, which was probably done in the manner described 
by the Theaterlexikon.

Zu diesem Zweck wird das Costüm so eingerichtet, dass 
es auf der dem Publikum nicht sichtbaren Seite durch 
Ringe zusammengehalten wird, durch welche eine Schnur 
geht. Diese hängt so tief herab, dass man sie durch ein 
genügend großes Loch am Podium fassen kann. Wird 
sie heruntergezogen, so fallen die Ringe aus einander, 
das Oberkleid löst sich ab, wozu natürlich eine geschickte 
Wendung des Darstellers beitragen muss. Sodann werden 
die abgeworfenen Kleider durch das Podium rasch 
weggezogen. 31

31"For this purpose the costume is fixed so that it is held 
together on the side away from the audience by rings, through which 
a string is run. This string hangs down far enough that it can be 
graped through a sufficiently large hole in the stage floor. When 
the string is pulled, the outer costume falls away; of course, a 
skillful movement by the actor must help it along. The discarded 
costume is then quickly pulled away through the floor." VII, 167. 
The costumes could also be drawn up into the flies. Rommel, 
Volkskomödie, p. 823.
This apparatus may not have been necessary in transformations which could be masked by darkness or distractions, but it was indispensable in many cases. Unfortunately, many of the transformations used in the Viennese theatres are merely described in the scripts, with no further information about how they were accomplished, and the published sources on the period also lack such details. Rommel points out that such effects were treated as trade secrets by the theatres which used them, and as a result details about them were never published.\(^{32}\) Raimund's letters contain a number of references to the fact that he included technical information about the machinery needed for his plays with the manuscript and designs he sent to theatres which bought the rights from him.\(^{33}\) It may be that such documents are still to be found in European archives somewhere, though none seem to have survived in any of the Viennese collections. Nonetheless, the clues given in the scripts and the many published engravings of scenes from the plays which Bäuerle's Theaterzeitung and other publishers brought out provide ample material to reconstruct a large portion of the scenic practice of the Viennese Popular Theatre.

\(^{32}\)Volkskomödie, p. 773.

\(^{33}\)Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, IV, 371.
The illusions which were created by this frequently crude machinery were made considerably more convincing by the fact that they were carried out in rather dim and smoky light, even in scenes which were officially supposed to be daylight. Theatres were lit at that time primarily by Argand oil lamps, though gas was beginning to make its appearance in some of the more progressive cities at the time when the article on lighting in the *Theaterlexikon* was written. The oil lamps were located mainly in the footlights, on vertical stands in the wings, and in the chandelier of the auditorium, which remained lit throughout the performance. The complicated machinery over the stage and the difficulties of access made light from overhead impractical. A certain amount of control over the light was possible by the placement of red or blue color media in frames which could be raised in front of the lamps in the footlights or be brought in front of the wing lights by a rotation of the stands. It was also possible to cut off the light completely in this way.\textsuperscript{34} With such limited equipment the possibilities for elaborate lighting effects were not great, but it is surprising just how much a skilled playwright or director could do with it. Raimund devoted great care to this aspect of his productions, and included instructions concerning special lighting effects in the information he

\textsuperscript{34} *Theaterlexikon*, I, 270-73.
sent to theatres which performed his plays. One effect of which he was particularly proud occurred at the end of the famous charcoal-burner's hut scene in *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind* (I, xvii).


Costuming was based for the most part on a somewhat colorful version of contemporary Viennese dress with occasional elaborate departures from realism for allegorical or parodied figures. Romantic and serious supernatural characters were often dressed in classical style. Raimund's stage directions are extremely precise about the dress of his characters, and the various series of engravings from the period document the costuming quite thoroughly. (See Figures 9-11 and 14-18.)

35"During the second verse of Rappelkopf's song in the charcoal-burner's hut, the stage darkens. He quickly opens the window after the third verse and stares out into the forest; it is painted on a backdrop which is two steps away, glowing in the sunset, and is lighted by two Argand lamps whose glasses have been painted carmine, so that one of them illuminates Rappelkopf. The chorus fades away into a great distance, and the backdrop for the room is slowly lowered in front of the scene." *Sämtliche Werke*, IV, 372.
Whereas the evidence which is available about technical production matters in any past age of the theatre is relatively tangible and objective, the evidence which is available about the style of acting in any period prior to the invention of the phonograph and motion pictures is mostly intangible and subjective. Contemporary descriptions give some indication of how acting seemed to spectators of its day, but such descriptions always have to be evaluated in terms of the frame of reference of the writer. Nearly every great and less great actor in the history of the theatre has been acclaimed by his admirers as more "natural" than his competitors, and yet every style other than that to which audiences are already accustomed seems highly "unnatural" to them. The picture of the style of acting of the Viennese Popular Theatre which can be recreated today is therefore of necessity vague.

By combining contemporary descriptions, the scripts of the plays which were performed, and the pictorial material showing scenes from productions, it is possible to draw some general conclusions. All of this evidence points to a strongly extroverted, vigorous, broad style of playing. The low comedy characters engaged in quite a bit of physical comedy and slapstick, and the scripts indicate that much of the playing was done very frankly to the audience. The serious and romantic characters seem to have declaimed in frank
imitation of the rhetorical style found at the Burgtheater, and parodied figures obviously took the style of the object of the parody as a starting point for their performance. Above all, running through everything which was done on these stages was the inevitable local tone of Vienna. Both mortal and supernatural characters spoke the dialects heard on the streets of the city, the characters were patterned after the colorful types from all parts of the Empire who thronged the streets of the capital, and the whole point of view from which everything was seen and done was that of the Viennese citizen. Here, as in the England of Shakespeare, theatre and audience were parts of an indivisible whole.

It has already been noted that improvisation, which had been so popular in the early days of the Viennese theatre, had been banned since 1752, and that every theatre was officially obliged to adhere to the written version of the script approved by the censors. This regulation radically changed the whole nature of the Viennese theatre, but even the rigid Viennese censors could never totally eliminate a certain amount of unplanned horseplay by the actors in the popular theatres. 36 It was also common for the performers to insert "improvisations" which had carefully been planned beforehand, particularly when there were topical events which warranted comment.

Repertitions of songs which were well received were also standard practice, and Raimund used to prepare new encore verses with local references whenever he went on tour. Until 1832 each performance in Vienna was followed by a short speech by one of the actors announcing the next night's production and inviting the audience to come to see it. Some of these speeches were improvised, but many were written out beforehand, and some of the earliest samples of Raimund's writing are in this form.

As Raimund's letters indicate, an important preoccupation of any playwright in the early nineteenth century was protection of his own interests by controlling the rights to his plays. There was no such thing as copyright, and any play that was published became public property as far as production was concerned. As a result, authors did not allow their plays to be published, but reserved the production rights for themselves by making a public announcement in the newspapers at the time of the first production. Theatres wishing to perform the plays could order copies of the manuscript from the playwright himself. Raimund also furnished scene designs, costume sketches, technical data on special machines, production

37 Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle, p. xlvii.

38 Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, I, xvi-xvii.
notes, and a personal consultation service to his customers.³⁹ Nevertheless, he had to take great pains to prevent the plays from being pirated and performed illegally.⁴⁰ When Der Verschwender was produced he reserved the production rights for his exclusive use in guest appearances.

Despite the many years of success which the Theater in der Leopoldstadt enjoyed, its management was not nearly as stable as its ensemble. From the expiration of Friedrich Hensler's highly successful period of management in 1816 to the purchase of the theatre by Karl Carl in 1838 there was a continuous legal battle for control. The fight was prolonged even more by the hopeless tangle of bureaucracy in which the Austrian government wallowed in the years between the Vienna Congress and the Revolution of 1848. The operation of the theatre was not seriously affected by this wrangling and it remained a profitable enterprise until Rudolf Steinkeller gained control in 1827.⁴¹ The details of Steinkeller's fights with Raimund have already been described.⁴² The direct effects of


⁴⁰Letter to the Vienna Police Department dated September 28, 1830. Ibid., pp. 392-93.

⁴¹Ibid., V, 991-1009.

⁴²Supra, pp. 50-51.
Steinkeller's clumsy intervention in the management of the theatre were the dissolution of the splendid ensemble, the loss of Raimund as its leading actor, and the destruction of a theatre which was "... ein Volkstheater, wie vielleicht kein ähnliches je existirte
... ein Volkstheater im besten Sinne." 43

43 "... a folk theatre, the like of which may never have existed before... a folk theatre in the best sense of the word." Theaterlexikon, VII, 220.
validity of his plays. The best of them have a freshness of theatrical imagination and a richness of character-drawing which are immensely attractive, as well as a sparkling humor which has lost none of its appeal today.

It is the purpose of this study to provide an introduction to the theatre of Ferdinand Raimund for the American reader. The most important part of the study is the translation of two of his plays which have not been available here in this century. In addition, the introductory chapters will provide basic information about the life of the playwright, the nature of the theatre for which his plays were written, the manner in which they were produced, and a discussion of his dramatic method, as exemplified by the two plays included in the study.

A play's true life is on the stage. If this study can help to bring Raimund's plays closer to that life in the United States, it will have accomplished its purpose.
PART II. THE PLAYS OF FERDINAND RAIMUND
CHAPTER V

INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS

Three of Raimund's eight plays are frequently performed today and they are generally regarded as his most successful works artistically. The earliest of these plays, *Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt*, was a product of Raimund's first years as a playwright, while *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind* was written during his last years at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt and *Der Verschwender* after he was devoting himself to guest appearances. The last play is the only play by Raimund which has ever been published in this country.1 Despite the fact that this volume is difficult to obtain, it was felt that this study should supply translations of plays not available in English, and the obvious choices were the two remaining members of the group listed above. Not only do these plays contain some of Raimund's most brilliant scenes, they also illustrate the transformation which the Viennese Popular Theatre underwent during the playwright's lifetime. *Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt* is still closely bound to the standard forms of the magic-play as they were used by

countless forgotten journeymen playwrights in the decades before Raimund, and it is primarily in the richly drawn central role which Raimund wrote for himself and in a few isolated scenes of striking originality that the play finds its ability to survive on the modern stage. On the other hand, Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind goes far beyond the limits of the conventional magic-play and is the successful realization of an inspired central theatrical idea. Der Verschwender surpasses it in warmth and richness of characterization, but not in tightness of plotting or in the brilliance of the scenic representation of a fundamentally interior human development.

It is the earlier play which tells us the most about the conventional patterns of the Viennese magic-play. Raimund's first two plays had been adaptations of standard fairy tales and were distinguished from dozens of other such dramatizations in Vienna by a somewhat more elegant touch and a freshness in the characterizations. For his next play he originated the plot himself, as he did for all of his plays from then on, and his emphasis on its originality was one sign of the beginnings of more serious ambitions in his writing. Nonetheless, most of the basic materials of the play belong to the tradition; the typical Viennese bourgeois behavior of the guests at the party in the opening scene, the international types among the spirits, the sentimental lovers, the allegorical figures of
the spirit-world, the complex pattern of curses, spells, and conditional blessings which makes up the plot, and the lack of concern for any sort of intensive plotting. The spectacular scenic effects which conclude each of the three acts are also part of the tradition, but in the first two acts, at least, Raimund made notably effective use of them to further his plot rather than inserting them on a slight pretext for their own sake. The baroque splendor of the image of Night sinking down over the stage and the owl with glowing eyes beating its wings against Wurzel's window creates an evocative scenic representation of the threat to the peasant's corrupting wealth, while the spirits who take Lotte into their care provide the connection with her arrival at the Valley of Contentment at the beginning of Act II. The bowling scene finale to Act II, in turn, provides a spectacular dramatization of Karl's entanglement in the net of wealth.

The high point of the play, however, is the superb series of scenes in Act II in which the unfortunate peasant must see his youth desert him and old age descend on him. The scene is deservedly one of the most famous in all German popular theatre, and it is probably the one scene most commonly associated with Raimund. The reasons are not hard to find. In these brief minutes on the stage he managed to represent dramatically what is, in essence, the fate
of us all. We all must one day say farewell to the days of youth and take refuge in the chilly comforts of old age. The allegorical apparatus of the baroque stage gave Raimund the technical means to show us this process, and his own stage poetry, half humorous and half melancholy, brought it to life.

It is in this moving scene, with its haunting duet for which Raimund himself presumably invented the melody, that the playwright's unique genius first becomes evident. To present a long term action on the stage directly and immediately by means of simple human images and actions: this is a theatrical technique which is at the opposite pole from the drama of ideas or the psychological drama which has dominated our stage for the last eighty years, although it seems to be very close to the sort of "pure" theatre which is advocated by such modern playwrights as Ionesco. Raimund's enduring worth lies most strongly in his ability to use the apparatus of the Viennese Popular Theatre to present such a basic human process as growing old or being confronted by one's own failings.

The standard of values which is found in Das Mädelchen aus der Feenwelt is quite typical for the decades before the Revolution of

---

2Eugene Ionesco, "Discovering the Theatre," The Tulane Drama Review, IV (September, 1959), 14-16.
1848 in Vienna, and it undoubtedly represented Raimund's own convictions. Wealth is seen as in itself corrupting. Even though Karl risks his life to gain the ring, and Wurzel went to equally unpleasant if less dangerous lengths to amass his gold, each can produce nothing but evil until he has renounced the excess of luxury, which is wicked simply because it departs from moderation. This view is not hypocritical; it makes no case for poverty, either. Lacrimosa will be allowed to reward Lotte with "moderate fortune" if she marries for love, and the fisherman will always have an ample catch at the end of the play. Excess of any sort is seen as a danger, and Wurzel criticizes it in the forms of conceit and vanity in his popular "Ashes Song" in the third act. The Valley of Contentment cannot be reached by desperate striving, but it is easily accessible to those whose wishes are moderate. This view means that the conflict of the play can never be a real conflict between spirits, as Hate can have no power over Contentment and must recoil in fear when he recognizes her. Mortals, on the other hand, can be seduced by the wealth which Hate and Envy offer them, and this issue provides the real conflict of the play. Only when Karl must choose between his wealth and his beloved Lotte can he be brought to cast away the magic ring, and Wurzel sees the error of his ways when he finds that his wealth has only brought Old Age all the sooner. In the end all have learned
to find happiness in moderation and can drink of the "Fountain for
Forgetting Troubles."

Structurally the main weakness of the play is the fact that
Wurzel, who is the most interesting character of the play, is so
loosely connected with the main action. Once he has been cast aside
by Envy in the middle of the second act he has no important function
in the plot, and although his scene with Contentment in Act III is
delightful, it is hardly necessary to the story, beyond establishing
his willingness to reform.

This weakness becomes particularly evident when the play is
compared with such a later work as Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind.
Here the central figure, who was, of course, Raimund, is completely
integrated with the plot, and the basic action of the play is the trans­
formation which he undergoes. In this case Raimund not only
created a device which allowed for a fuller development over most of
the second half of the play; he also found a splendid scenic method
for uniting the central idea, all the plot lines, and the resolution of
the conflict. His realization of the idea makes full use of the pos­
sibilities of having the misanthrope forced to watch his double behave
just as he used to behave. There is a final poetic justice in the fact
that the very excess of temperament which led Rappelkopf to his
misanthropy in the first place is the motive force which almost
drives him into fighting a duel with his double, despite the fact that his own life depends on that of the duplicate.

It is one of the saddest aspects of Raimund's character that he was able to dramatize successfully the cure for misanthropy which he himself desperately needed and never found. Even the briefest biography of the playwright makes it evident that there is more than a little of his own personality in his leading character, and there is a ring of truth in the misanthropy which came from someone who had experienced it intensely. The autobiographical parallel becomes even more apparent when we consider that Rappelkopf's wife was originally called Antonie in the early drafts of the play. It is assumed that Antonie Wagner may have had some influence in having the name changed to Sophie.³

The remaining characters in the play are closely related to standard types of the Viennese Popular Theatre, but several are quite strikingly drawn. Habakuk, with his constant refrain of "I spent two years in Paris . . . ," is one of the most delightful comic servants in all German drama, and Lisa is a particularly sprightly chambermaid. The charcoal-burner and his family are characterized with unusual authenticity for the period, and the entire

scene in the hut is one of Raimund's most impressive creations.

Astragalus is somewhat less successful. He smacks strongly of a somewhat rustic Sarastro, and his verse is stiff. Once he assumes the guise of Rappelkopf, however, he comes vibrantly to life.\(^4\) The young lovers are conventional, though they are not unappealing, and Rappelkopf's wife has a certain pale charm. It is unquestionably Rappelkopf's play, however, and his character is brilliantly successful.

As mentioned above, the play is structurally Raimund's most successful work. If the exposition scene between Amalia and her chambermaid is hardly subtle, it is certainly no more forced and uninteresting than the opening scene of \textit{Hedda Gabler}, and quite a bit shorter. The preparation for Rappelkopf's first entrance is careful and effective, and the suspense built by delaying his appearance is well handled. Once he does appear, the action develops swiftly, and the remainder of the first act carries his misanthropy to its inevitable extreme which forces him into the hands of the Mountain-King. The second act then establishes the conditions for

\(^{4}\)In some productions two different actors play the parts of Astragalus and the double. The practice began at the Theater an der Wien in 1830, when Karl Carl played only the Mountain-King, and the actor who played the double was listed as "Silvanus, a mountain-spirit." \textit{Ibid.}, II, 478-79.
the cure and demonstrates how it is carried out and resolved. Only
the scene with Silberkern in the coach and Lisa's two charming songs
seem somewhat extraneous to the action. Otherwise the play builds
splendidly to the scenic splendor of the finale to Act I, and especially
to the confrontation scenes of Act II, which are, in their way, worthy
of Molière, a comparison which is made on occasion in German
criticism.

As in Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt, the central problem in
Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind springs from a lack of moderation
in human behavior. Rappelkopf's caution in dealing with other people
might be acceptable, in moderation, as a normal part of self-
preservation. Indeed, some of his arguments in justification of his
mistrust reflect this fact and are plausible but they don't stop there.
In both plays the excess is particularly dangerous and leads to
unhappiness because the central character fails to recognize it in
himself. Rappelkopf is told in the forest by Astragalus that his is
the greatest fault because he does not know himself, and later his
preparations for the cure are made in the "Temple of Recognition."
The confrontation scenes are then built on the simple premise of
taking this statement that Rappelkopf does not know himself quite
literally. He is brought to self-knowledge by being allowed to see
himself from the outside, as he appears to others. The mechanism of
the Viennese Popular Theatre, which used somewhat similar devices in a whole series of plays called "reform plays," provided the framework for the device, but it remained for Raimund to find the most perceptive, logical, and simple means of using it.

Raimund created his warmest and most appealing characters in the later Verschwender, but by that time the day of the baroque stage in Vienna was past. Johann Nestroy had had his first successes, and the sarcasm and bitter irony which characterized his work were finding a receptive audience. Such an attitude was completely foreign to Raimund, and the richly sympathetic characterizations of Valentin and Flottwell were his answer. Even so, the extent to which the spirit-world is kept in the background in this last play is an indication of the direction the Viennese Popular Theatre was beginning to take. In this sense, the decade in which all of Raimund's other plays were written and in which he reigned supreme at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt can be regarded as both the fullest flowering and the end of the baroque stage in Vienna. Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind is unquestionably the most perfect expression of that decade.
CHAPTER VI
ON TRANSLATING RAIMUND

Any play written to be acted in dialect runs into serious problems as soon as it is transplanted to another dialect or language area. Even when the language is nominally the same, the dialect presents difficulties to the actors who must try to speak it and to the audiences which must try to understand it. On rare occasions it may be possible to perform the play in the dialect of the new locality, but in most cases the original dialect is inextricably bound to the atmosphere and basic individuality of the play and such a procedure fails. The lusty heroes of a play by Sean O'Casey would seem glaringly unbelievable speaking in a Southern drawl, and the easygoing fairies and mortals of a play by Raimund would be equally improbable speaking in the clipped accents of Berlin. Theatrical criticism in all countries is filled with acid comment on productions which fail to find a successful solution to the problem of dialect.

Even publishing a dialect play in its original form presents immense problems, and is never really successful. In Pygmalion Shaw gleefully attempts to transcribe Eliza Doolittle's Cockney
accurately for a few lines, then breaks off with a dig at the lack of phonetic spelling in English. His dig is hardly justified. Only the most detailed scientific phonetic transcription could even come close to recording Eliza's speech, and such a transcription would be of use only to a trained phonetician. The fairly phonetic spelling of German makes some suggestion of dialect more feasible, but it is hardly an exact representation, and only someone who is already familiar with the dialect could imagine how it is supposed to sound. For the most part, the indication is confined to figures of speech and ways of saying things, with only an occasional indication of characteristic elisions or pronunciations.

The scripts of Raimund's plays follow this pattern. It is clear from the text just which characters speak Viennese dialect and which speak in stage German, while special dialects, such as Ajaxerle's Swabian in Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt are likely to be indicated by a stage direction. This transcription, however, is a pale reflection of the actual spoken language. A comparison of any of the recordings listed in the Bibliography with the printed plays will make this fact strikingly evident.

Thus, even for the German reader, there is a loss of the original flavor in reading the printed version of a Raimund play, unless the

---

reader is a native Viennese. The loss in translation to an entirely different language must be far greater. It is likely that this loss in translation is a more important factor in Raimund's lack of fame outside the German language area than any purely local character of his theatrical method.

There are two other factors which complicate the process of translating Raimund: the amount of freedom his plays allow the actor, and the variety of editions in which the plays are available.

It is known that Raimund as director of his own plays was very particular that the lines be spoken as he had written them, but it is hard to believe that this actor so noted for his powers of improvisation was so strict with himself. In any case, the current production practice of the Burgtheater, which is probably the nearest thing to an authentic source for Raimund style today, shows that the printed text is only the starting point for a Viennese actor. The spoken version which emerges is much enriched by the performer's own personality. Such a practice would hardly work to the advantage of

---

2Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle, pp. xxxvii-xxxviii.

3The scene between Wurzel and Old Age from Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt on Amadeo AVRS EP 14111 is a delightful example. Hardly a sentence spoken by the ninety year-old Otto Tressler or by the veteran Hermann Thimig is exactly as Raimund wrote it, yet the scene is unquestionably Raimund's. The actors' freedom brings the scene to life; it does not distort it.
a Shakespeare or a Goethe, but for Raimund, whose talent lay in his scenic realization of a dramatic idea and not in his linguistic representation of it, it is essential.

The problem of editions is somewhat less difficult. A variety of manuscripts has survived for each of Raimund's plays, including in most cases his own first draft, along with a number of stage copies. The earliest collected edition of the plays was based on stage manuscripts used by Raimund during his last years of touring, and differed considerably from the first draft manuscripts which formed the basis for the Glossy-Sauer edition in 1880. The critical editions of this century in turn returned to the stage manuscripts, and the standard Castle-Brukner edition attempts to recreate the text of the first performance of each play as the version which most closely represents Raimund's intent. It is from this text that the collected edition currently in print draws its versions, as does this study. Contemporary productions in Vienna and elsewhere normally make use of modern stage versions, either those published


6Sämtliche Werke, ed. Schreyvogel.
by theatre publishing houses or adaptations prepared by the directors themselves. The need for a certain amount of adaptation to the modern stage should be evident to everyone except the director who insists on including every last unintelligible pun in his Shakespearean productions.

Oddly enough, topical references present little difficulty for modern productions or translations of Raimund's plays. The atmosphere and outlook of the plays may be strongly Viennese, but there is little which refers directly to contemporary events and only a moderate number of lines which presuppose familiarity with the city of Vienna.

The translations which make up the bulk of this study attempt to deal with the many problems presented by the texts as effectively as possible within the framework of the intent of the study. Since its principal purpose is to provide an introduction to Raimund's theatre as it existed in Vienna in the 1820's, no attempt has been made to adapt the plays freely for the American stage. The translations are as accurate as it is possible to be and still catch some of the colloquial flavor of the original dialog. Glaring anachronisms have been avoided, but no attempt has been made to exclude a somewhat slangy modern sound from the lines of the dialect-speaking characters. Raimund's dialog as it is performed by Viennese actors
today sounds very contemporary, and the freedom with which the actors handle it inevitably eliminates much of the dated feeling which may be present in the printed texts. These English versions are intended to "sound" to an American reader about the way modern productions of the plays would sound to him in Vienna if he could speak German. In the same way, the dialog of the romantic lovers and of the serious characters has been given some of the artifice and slightly sentimental quality present in its original form.

The translations of verse passages follow the meter and rhyme schemes of the original, and the song lyrics are designed to fit the original music, most of which is included in the sixth volume of the Castle-Brukner edition.  

Although these translations are intended to convey some stage feeling of the plays, it is realized that they are at best only the first step toward a contemporary American production of one of the plays. Just as some adaptation is required for Austrian productions of the plays today, adaptation would be required here to suit these baroque stage visions to the technical possibilities of the modern stage and to find a common ground between the world of the plays and

7 Most modern productions use the original music for the songs, usually in modern orchestrations and adaptations. However, some new scores have been written as well. A number of the songs have become folk songs in their original melodies.
that of the present-day audience. There are various possibilities for such adaptation. Thornton Wilder has brilliantly demonstrated one approach in his adaptation into *The Matchmaker* of a play by Raimund's compatriot Johann Nestroy. It is a free version and the setting has been changed from Vienna to Yonkers and New York, but it is surprising just how many elements of Nestroy's play have been retained. Surely an adaptation of *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind* which was set in the Catskills at the time of Rip Van Winkle would have possibilities for an American audience. On the other hand, a playing version of *Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt* which kept the original setting but tightened the plot and treated the dialog more freely might be equally practical for American production. It is even conceivable that the right team of adapters could turn a Raimund play into a fine Broadway musical. Certainly the last retreat of scenic spectacle as entertainment outside of the opera house is the Broadway musical stage, but this spectacle is likely to be visual noise rather than scenic expression of an idea. Raimund's richly imaginative baroque fantasies could show the way to a genuinely dramatic use of the possibilities of the modern mechanized stage. His imagination would surely have been fired by the

---

capabilities of today's stage machinery and lighting, and he would have used these capabilities to find an even richer expression for his dreams. Someday the gentle plays of this unhappy comedian of a century and a half ago may show us the way to make our modern stage marvels speak, and not merely shout.
PART III. ENGLISH VERSIONS OF TWO PLAYS
BY FERDINAND RAIMUND

121
PART I. BACKGROUND TO THE PLAYS OF FERDINAND RAIMUND
CHAPTER VII

Ferdinand Raimund

THE MAID FROM FAIRYLAND

Or

The Peasant as Millionaire

Romantic original-magic-fairy tale with songs in three acts.

English version by Corliss E. Phillabaum
Characters

Lacrimosa, a powerful fairy, exiled to her cloud-castle
Antimonia, the fairy of contrariness
Borax, her son
Bustorius, sorcerer from Warasdin (Hungary)
Ajaxerle, Lacrimosa' cousin, a magician from Donau-Eschingen
Zenobius, major-domo and confidant of Lacrimosa
Selima)
  ) fairies from Turkey
Zulma)
Lira, the nymph of Karlsbad
A triton )
  ) musicians
Two furies)
A servant of the fairy Lacrimosa
A coachman
A servant of Bustorius
A genius as lantern-boy

Morning, Evening, Night, Stupidity, Sloth, and various other allegorical figures. Sorcerers. Fairies. Four genii.

Contentment

Youth

Old Age
Illi, postman in the spirit-world

A satyr

Cupid

Hymen

A genius of Night

A genius by the Fountain of Contentment

Spirits of Night. Six pages and six maidservants.

Envy)

} bosom companions

Hate }

Tophan, manservant of Hate

Nigowitz, a spirit in the service of Hate

A spirit watchman

A parrot

Nine spirits as guardians of the magic ring. Genii.

Spirits. Furies and servants of Hate.

Fortunatus Wurzel, formerly a peasant, now a millionaire

Lotte, his foster daughter

Lorenz, formerly cowherd for Wurzel, now his valet

Habakuk, servant

Karl Schilf, a poor fisherman
Mussensohn

Schmeichelfeld) Wurzel's drinking companions

Afterling

A locksmith

A cabinetmaker


The action begins on the morning of the first day and ends in the evening of the second. It takes place partly in the realm of the fairies, partly on Earth.
Act One

Scene One

(Large fairy salon, brightly lit by magic lamps of various colors which, mounted on candelabras, adorn the wings. In the background the opening of a large vaulted archway, which is covered with a shawl-like gold-trimmed curtain.¹

In the middle of the stage two furies, a triton, and little Borax are playing a quartet for two violins, viola and cello. The voices of the quartet have solos alternately. The instruments are gold, the music-stands idealized. In a circle are sitting Bustorius, Zenobius, Antimonia, Selima, Zulma, Lira, Morning, Night, Evening, Stupidity, and various other allegorical figures, sorcerers, and fairies. They are served from time to time with sweets on silver trays by four genii dressed as winged livrey-servants. The scene is accompanied by the following chorus.)

CHORUS

What a concert, sheer delight,
Art and beauty, souls take flight.
All the muses in a frenzy,
While Apollo burns with envy,
When such artists show their might.
Bravo! Bravo! Oh, how lovely!
Bravo! Bravo! (Fading away) Bravo! Bravo!

¹Since the edition of Raimund's plays on which these translations are based is drawn from the manuscripts used for the first productions of the plays, the scene descriptions can generally be regarded as accurate descriptions of the original settings. This assumption is reinforced by the fact that the stage descriptions in the production manuscripts show a number of changes from the descriptions in the original drafts. In addition, the engravings published by the Theaterzeitung of scenes from the plays show settings and costumes which closely match the descriptions and yet look like stage settings and not idealized artists renderings. See Figures 15, 16, 17, and 18.
(General applause)

(All rise. The four artists set aside their instruments and bow.)

ZENOBIIUS

Bravissimo, gentlemen! That was fine playing. (to the Triton) Especially yours.

BUSTORIUS

(Comes forward with a walking stick in his hand. Hungarian dialect.)

Isten utzek. Is that beautiful quartet! By who composed?

ZENOBIIUS

The adagio's by a dolphin.

BUSTORIUS

And furioso?

ZENOBIIUS

By a fury.

BUSTORIUS

That nice. Fury can make best furioso.

BORAX

Mama, they're not praisin' me at all.

ANTIMONIA

Be still!

BUSTORIUS

Young man play sometimes tiny bit flat.
ANTIMONIA
(Who has been wiping the sweat from her son's brow)

My dear Sir! That's practically an insult. Why, he's the best violinist in all fairyland. His teacher's an Englishman, and he gets two hundred shillings a lesson.

ZENOBIUS

That's fine, but you ought to leave praising him to somebody else.

ANTIMONIA

Who's a more objective judge than his mother?
(Conceitedly) Though, of course, no one would believe that such a young and beautiful woman could be his mother.

BUSTORIUS

No, would have think you be grandmother.

ANTIMONIA

Oh! You silly sorcerer! (Borax weeps loudly) There, there Boraxi, mustn't cry. Just don't listen to the awful people.

BORAX
(Tearfully)

What do I care about the ol' people! I c'n play better than any of 'em.

ANTIMONIA

That's my baby, that's right! That's a good boy!

ZENOBIUS
(Laughing)

Bravissimo!
BUSTORIUS
(Laughing)

That good upbringing. Praise kiddies to sky and master get shillings!

ANTIMONIA

If you insult me once more, I'll leave. (Starts to go)

ZENOBIUS

Wait!--Did Lacrimosa invite us here to fight? She'll be here any minute--she's meeting her cousin, who just arrived from Donau-Eschingen. He'll be staying at the Witches Inn like the rest of us, since no one's allowed to live here in the palace.

ANTIMONIA

Well, all right, I'll stay, just to be polite. But I can't keep quiet, absolutely not.

BUSTORIUS

That charming woman! If I get marry, I take no other --but not her neither.

Scene Two

A fairy servant. The preceding.

SERVANT

The fairy!

BUSTORIUS

She still look good from distance.
ZENOBIOUS

Fate gave her eternal youth, so unhappiness hasn't affected her beauty.

Scene Three

(Lacrimosa appears, concerned, but still polite. Ajaxerle is in a Swabian striped magician's suit. A bustling, good-natured person. Likes to run around and says everything in a foolishly good-natured manner, as if he were delighted by everything he says. The preceding.)

ALL

Hooray! Our hostess!

LACRIMOSA

My friends, I hope you've been enjoying yourselves.

ALL

Splendidly!

LACRIMOSA

Permit me to introduce my dear cousin, the magician from Swabia.

AJAXERLE

(Dialect)

Happy ta make y'r acquaint'nce.

ALL

Pleased to meet you.

BUSTORIUS

What devil, be that Ajaxerle?
AJAXERLE

Well, doggone, what're you doin' here? Hey, it sure is good to see ya! (Embraces him)

LACRIMOSA

Do you two know each other?

AJAXERLE

I b'lieve we do. Now where was it we met?

BUSTORIUS

You not remember? It be by spirit-banquet in Temesvar.²

AJAXERLE

Sure! We got acquainted when ya bounced a wine bottle off my head.

LACRIMOSA

(Stepping between them)

That's enough, gentlemen. Save these happy memories for another time. It's my turn now. (Surveying the crowd with satisfaction, then speaking with feeling.) No, no one is missing! All are here, summoned by my unhappiness. Turkish, Bohemian and Hungarian clouds bore you to me. (Giving her hand to each) My Bustorius from Warasdin, my friend, the Nymph of Karlsbad, Selima and Zulma, the fairies from the Turkish border. You, silent Night, on whose breast

---

²Temesvar or Timisoara is a city in Southwestern Romania. Vienna's position as a crossroads for travellers from many lands made the presence of exotic figures from strange countries in the Viennese Popular Comedy far less surprising to the audience of 1826 than it might seem to a modern audience.
CHAPTER I

THE VIENNESE POPULAR THEATRE: A BRIEF HISTORY

The Viennese Popular Theatre has many sources, and to trace its origins in detail would involve a history of nearly all the principal theatre movements in Western Europe from the earliest days to the nineteenth century. Since the main outlines of the history of these movements are generally familiar, this chapter will limit itself to a brief consideration of them in relation to Vienna and to a short discussion of the development of the Viennese Popular Theatre out of them. In this way an historical framework will be established for the chapters which follow.  

Any discussion of this area of Austrian theatre immediately encounters problems of terminology. German sources generally

---

1 Otto Rommel's comprehensive volume Die Alt-Wiener Volkskomödie (Wien: Verlag Anton Schroll and Co., 1952) is the most complete study of the history and nature of the popular theatre in Vienna, and it is the principal source for this chapter. Gregor's Geschichte des Österreichischen Theaters (Wien: Donau-Verlag, 1948) also includes material on the subject scattered through a general history of theatre in Austria. There are also numerous German-language studies of individual figures and periods. There is one American dissertation (Bartel Ebel, "The Expression of the Comic in the Plays of Ferdinand Raimund," Dissertation Abstracts, XVI [1956], 119-20), but general histories in English overlook the individual tradition of Vienna.
my drowsy head has so often rested. Morning and Evening, Stupidity and Sloth, etc., etc., all, all of you are here.

BUSTORIUS

Is that happiness, we be all here!

LACRIMOSA

And now, hear the reason I asked you to forsake your cloud castles and lend me your support in my need.

ALL

Tell us.

(All are seated)

LACRIMOSA

It was a beautiful day in July, fully eighteen years ago, when I rode down to earth on a sunbeam and suddenly found myself in a lovely valley. A young man with blond hair stood before me. His noble manner and warm glance were proof enough of the honesty of his heart. To see him and to love him were the work of a moment. He was the director of a troupe of wandering tightrope walkers--they had stopped in this lonely place and refused to go further unless they were immediately assured of their two hundred gulden in back wages. My decision was made; he and no other would be my husband! I conjured a purse of louis d'ors into his pocket and flew back to my kingdom in the shape of a dove. My friend Zenobius saw me coming. Do you still remember?

ZENOBIUS

Yes, it was a Wednesday. We got firewood the day before.
LACRIMOSA

I quickly gave him the keys to my palace and in order to return more quickly to earth, I changed myself into an arrow which Zenobius shot into the roof of the inn where my beloved was now staying. I took a room there as a travelling actress, and, to make a long story short, he saw me, fell in love with me, and became my husband. But after two happy years--how can I bear the memory of this pain?--he fell from a rope which he had stretched between two church steeples, and his proud spirit departed. (She weeps)

ALL
(Weep with her)

AJAXERLE

Yeah, tightrope walkin's a risky business. I tried it once 'n fell right on m' head.

BUSTORIUS

I notice that long time now but not want to mention.

LACRIMOSA

Shaken by this misfortune, I took my child, a girl of two, and returned with her to fairyland; I paid off the debts which my faithful Zenobius had made in my name in the meantime, and after my pain had abated, I built a diamond palace for my child. I brought her up surrounded by riches and swore to give her hand to none other than the son of the fairy-queen herself. Hardly had I uttered this unhappy oath when the pillars of my palace shook and the Queen of the spirits stood before me. "Repent of your impudence, audacious woman," she said! "You have dared to marry a mortal, and now you even wish to corrupt the heart of your child? Then hear my word: You shall lose your fairy powers on earth until the modesty of your child has atoned for your audacity. You have laid her in a jewelled cradle; then let poverty be her lot, and wealth her curse. You have intended her for my son; then let
her marry the son of the poorest of peasants. You shall place her on earth, and to earth she shall belong; you shall then be banned to your home in the clouds, and only the virtue of your daughter can release you. Should she despise all riches, and be united before her eighteenth birthday with a poor man who is her first love, then you shall be reprieved. You may then see her again, and grant her moderate fortune. Should she fail to fulfill this condition before her eighteenth spring, she shall be lost for you. She must find her fortune in moderation, for she is a child of Earth." --She vanished.

BUSTORIUS
(After a pause)

Erdok! ³ That pretty story!

AJAXERLE

Yeah! So sad, and so long too, that's the best thing.

LACRIMOSA

I sank to earth with my child. In a dark forest in the guise of an old woman I knocked on the door of a poor but neat hut. A pleasant, honest peasant who lived there alone, came out. His name was Fortunatus Wurzel. I fell at his feet and begged him to take pity on the poor child, give her a good and pious upbringing, never to let her leave the forest, and to have her marry at seventeen a poor young man whom she loves. Should he follow my instructions, he would see me again on the day of the wedding and I would richly reward him. I told him I dared not say who I was. He promised, and took the child into the hut. As I slowly flew away, my tears fell on the thatched roof of his hut and were transformed into pearls. (After a pause, sighing) I don't know whether he found them.

³ An exclamation, roughly "by golly."
BUSTORIUS
(Indifferently)

I neither. (Starts to get up)

LACRIMOSA

Now we come to the important point.

BUSTORIUS

Still no end? Bravo! (Sits down again)

LACRIMOSA

Fourteen long years he kept his word--but for more than a year now I've been living in agonizing fear. Envious thoughts among my servants gave Envy entry into my exile; this mighty Prince of Gall fell in love with me and sought my hand, but as he has always been banned from my heart, I turned him away with contempt. To revenge himself, he swore to destroy me through my daughter, and caused the peasant to find a great treasure. Gaining this wealth has made him a changed man these past two years. He's been living a gay life in the city, drinking, mistreating my daughter, and trying to force her to marry a wealthy suitor, even though she has given her heart to a poor fisherman. Tomorrow at midnight she will be eighteen years old, and if she hasn't become the bride of the fisherman by then, she is lost to her mother forever. I have to sit idly here and dare not protect her. For two years I have vainly begged the help of all the spirits who are close to the fairy queen; therefore, in direst need, I have had you come together--if you don't make every effort to rescue my child, I'll be the most unhappy fairy ever to wave a magic wand.

ALL
(Jump up)

Down with Envy! Down with the farmer!
ZENOBIUS

Long live Lacrimosa!

ALL

Hurrah!

BUSTORIUS

Now, now, Lady. Not be sad! You be too proud once, but now been punished. You nice person, love daughter, I like that. Give little kiss. (Takes her by the head and kisses her.) Friends, we all help her, yes?

ALL

Yes, all of us!

BUSTORIUS

What more you want? Be they not rare spirits? You count on Hungarian sorcerers--what Hungarian promise, he do. He have good hot blood like that geyser in Mehadia. We make hot for stupid Purzel or Wurzel or whatever he name be.

AJAXERLE

We sure will, and I'll run the whole affair. Lemme run down to the inn and saddle up somethin', an' I'll ride down to town and take a look around. Outside town's an old haunted mountain--called Spook Hill--we'll meet in the old castle there in two hours and make our plan. Night here (pointing to Night) can go on ahead 'n see to it nobody spots us. You'll have your daughter back tonight if we have to have the wedding on Bald Mountain.

ALL

Right, tonight for sure, hurrah!
LACRIMOSA

You haven't failed me. Now my mother's heart is consoled. I'll count on you completely. (Conversationally) Won't you have a little glass of punch before you go?

BUSTORIUS

What punch? No punch, it light already. Send for coaches. Where my coach, number 243?

ZENOBIOUS

Bring the coaches. Their coats! The clouds are still pitch black, there must be a storm over there.

(The party breaks up, all put on their coats. The center curtain rises and a cloud street is seen. In the distance are the lighted windows of some fairy castles. The cloud-coaches drive on and straight off into the wings--they do not fly. Two servants with torches light the scene.)

A FAIRY SERVANT

(Calls)

Bring coach number 243!

COACHMAN

(Shouts)

Coming! (Drives up)

(Bustorius climbs in; his)

SERVANT

(Jumps up behind and calls)

Home!

(Another coach with two lanterns follows. Antimonia climbs in and drives away. Finally, a large passenger
coach appears and several sorcerers and fairies get in and drive away.)

LACRIMOSA
(Calling after them)

Have a good trip home! Don't forget me! Dear cousin, I'll have a coach take you back to the inn.

AJAXERLE

Naw, no need. My lantern-boy's here. (Calls) Hey, call him!

FAIRY SERVANT

Hey, lantern-boy!

A LITTLE GENIUS
(Runs in quickly carrying a lantern)

Here, sir!

AJAXERLE

Light the way, sonny!

GENIUS
(Imitating him)

Light the way, sonny!

(Amid cries of "Have a nice trip" and the like, a drop is lowered.)

Scene Four

(Change of scene. Elegant room in the house of Fortunatus Wurzel. On one side a bronzed wardrobe. On the right, a window next to Wurzel's bedroom. On the opposite side is the entrance to the room.)
Lorenz, Habakuk and two servants.

(Lorenz runs to the window and looks out)

VOICE FROM BELOW

Mr. Lorenz, the wine is here. Send somebody down!

LORENZ

Coming, coming, just don't make such a racket--that's the master's bedroom over there. (To the servants) Run down to the wagon, the French champagne's here. Fetch the bottles up to the banquet hall. There's a party tomorrow, and it all has to be drunk up or it'll spoil. It'll only keep a few days. (Two servants go out. To Habakuk) You go get ten bottles and put them away for me. I need them for a poor family that likes to drink.

HABAKUK

Right, Mr. Lorenz. (Exit)

LORENZ

(Alone)

Boy, all the things you have to do when you're head major-domo in a fine house! When I was his cowherd, I wasn't half so busy as now. Well, we may be from the country, but we're no hicks. When I got to be a servant, I had no idea why tailors put such big pockets in these livrey-suits--but I sure know now. It's because a servant needs lot of room for all the stuff he picks up from his master. (Looking through the keyhole) I think he's getting up now. That was some doings last night, him and his buddies. Drinkin' and singin' till three in the morning, eighty-some glasses smashed, and the same thing four times a week. I don't see how he can take it.--His pals keep making a fool of him, they say he's the smartest man in all Mamelukian, or whatever they call it. And now he even wants to get educated on the sly--turn into a regular philosopher, from what I hear! That's awful--he's a plain old farmer! But he won't drop it--In a few weeks he'll be
reading, and in a year he'll be writing. He's right there, though—if a stupid fool can just write, he can see it in black and white that he's as dumb as ever.—There comes Lotty. I'm not to let her in to him any more. If she doesn't give up this fisherman, there'll really be a mess.

Scene Five

The preceding. Lotte.

LOTTE
  (Dressed simply)

Good morning, Lorenz! Is my father up?

LORENZ
  (Putting on airs)

Good morning, Miss Lotty, ma'am!

LOTTE

How many times do I have to ask you to just call me Lotte. I'm only a poor girl from the country.

LORENZ

A what? A poor girl from the country? That's a laugh! You're a regular millionairess!

LOTTE

I don't want to be one. That treasure my father found has brought misfortune upon our whole house. Oh, where are those happy days when my father was good to me, when I could see my Karl every day, when swallows nested under our eaves, instead of hungry ravens like these false friends my father has now. Oh, where is that happy time!
LORENZ

Well, things have to change sometimes!

LOTTE

Where are they, the nightingales in the green forest? The trilling larks? The sparkling beetles? --Ah! It's all gone. No more swallows come, no more larks, no more beetles--and my Karl doesn't come either.

LORENZ

That's the beetle you'd like most--but we've clipped his wings.

LOTTE

No, I'm going to fall at my father's feet again today and beg him to throw away that horrible gold; ever since he found it, his heart has been ruled by an evil spirit. I'll go in to him right now. (Tries to go in)

LORENZ

(Steps in front of the door)

Miss Lotty, don't, I can't let you in.

LOTTE

Why not?

LORENZ

Your father's sick.

LOTTE

(Frightened)

Sick? My father? Heavens, is it serious?

LORENZ

Yes!
refer to it as Volksbühne and to the plays as Volksstücke, terms which the English equivalents "folk theatre," "popular theatre," "folk plays," and "popular plays" do not adequately translate. As Gustav Pollak points out, although these terms are not used with any logical consistency in German, they do convey a clear feeling of directness and familiarity about the work in question. It is this feeling which makes the term Volksdichtung equally applicable to some -- not all -- poems by Goethe, as well as to nursery rhymes and folksongs. In the case of the Viennese theatre, the Volkstheater includes not only popular farces and parodies, but also an opera by Mozart and a whole series of plays which are played today by the leading state theatres of Germany and Austria.

From a practical standpoint, however, only one distinction is necessary. The "literary" theatre in Vienna during the period under consideration was that opera and drama favored by the court, while Volkstheater included everything else. Since the term "folk theatre" seems somewhat inappropriate for a theatre which was as professional as that of Raimund and Nestroy, the Alt-Wiener Volkstheater will be referred to as the Viennese Popular Theatre, a label which reflects

LOTTE

Is that the truth?

LORENZ

Don't you believe me?

Scene Six

(Habakuk enters from the side, carrying a large tray on which is a whole goose, a plate of pastries, and a large bottle of wine. He stops by the door, Lorenz stands at the other door, Lotte is in the middle, a step upstage.)

HABAKUK

The master's breakfast!

LORENZ

Take it right in. (Indicating the bedroom. Habakuk carries it in. To Lotte) Well, you can see for yourself, he's taking a cure. (Moves away in embarrassment.)

LOTTE

(Offended and amazed, stepping in front of him)

Lorenz, is my father really sick?

LORENZ

Sure he is! You know what he always says--feed a cold and starve a fever!

LOTTE

Lorenz, do you think you can fool me that way? I never would have expected that from you. Get away, you horrible man!--No, no, I don't want to make you angry, I want to flatter you, I'll say you're the best, the
nicest Lorenz in the world, even if it isn't true--but just let me see my father!

LORENZ

I can't--he told me not to. He says you're not his daughter at all, and that your mother was a beggarwoman.

LOTTE

What? He's even denying his own child now? After he's told me so many times how my mother died soon after I was born, and how I was his only child and he hoped for my gratitude some day? And now he's turning me away? Oh you heavens, I have no family, no friends, no father--if you don't take pity on me, I'm completely lost. (Exit weeping)

LORENZ

(Alone)

Family? What good's a family? Our black-eyed chambermaid means more to me than all the families in the world. (Exit)

Scene Seven

WURZEL

(Entering from the bedroom)

Song

Oh, city life's for me,
Where I just feel so free!
Farewell to country folk,
That life's a rotten joke.
They drive the cows out long before dawn,
By sunrise every last farmer is gone.
The blessed day behind a plow,
And lukewarm bear to wet your chow.
Come home at night and once you're fed,
You have to run right off to bed.
So city life's for me,
Where I just feel so free.
Farewell to country folk,
That life's a rotten joke.

I've got servants all around me,
Stay in bed till nearly noon,
Drink a steaming cup of coffee,
Call for whiskey pretty soon.

Boy, there's sure no better living,
That's the witness that I'm giving.
Just watch the guys who used to sneer,
They see me now and raise a cheer.

Boy, what a swell feeling to know you got a good stomach! I'm right satisfied with mine--a real workhorse! My respects, stomach! Oh, to be a stomach, what a job! Sultan over two kingdoms, the animal and the plant. A real tyrant! Pheasants and chickens for his slaves and he just squashes them like they weren't there at all. But he's a man of honor, though--you can't get round him with flattery or sweets--that just spoils him. Doggone it, I bet I'm the happiest man in the whole world! I feel so good sometimes I'd just like to smash everything to pieces, I'm so happy. And I've got so much money it's scarey. Now I've bought this fancy house and pretty soon I'll just buy myself a nice piece of country-side with a garden on it, that'll be the life!--Hey, Lenzel!

Scene eight

Lorenz. The preceding.

LORENZ

What's up?

WURZEL

Where were you? Why aren't you looking after me?
LORENZ

I just went out. Miss Lotty was here and wanted to see you.

WURZEL

Don't you dare talk about her! I don't want to hear anything about that water-princess. Is that any way to act in a fine house like mine? Instead of putting on a sexy dress and going promenading with her father, she sits around home all the time in old farm clothes.

LORENZ

She belongs in the country, that's all. She wants to be a no-account farm girl.

WURZEL

Except she talks fancy, just like a lady, and never even studied it. --What day's today?

LORENZ

Friday.

WURZEL

That's all I need now, fishmarket day again. It means that fellow will be in town again. And after he's sold his fish, he can't go home--no, no, he has to come and sit over across the street on that stone and gape at her window like a big ape. I'll have the police after him yet.

LORENZ

There's no law against sitting.

WURZEL

Well, let him sit. He'll get his seat pulled out from under him soon enough, anyway. But the silly girl's getting—all mixed up. I make her learn drawing and
embroidery, but what's the use? Instead of making pretty flowers and vases and things, what does she draw? --fish, nothing but fish! For my birthday she made me a nice pillow--and what's on it? A great big trout, with no head. --I have to put mine on it to finish the picture. --She's got to marry that rich jeweler, that's all there is to it.

LORENZ

But why a jeweler, of all people? You're rolling in money already.

WURZEL

Right--and to be sure I stay that way, I have to keep her from marrying that fisherman.

LORENZ

I'm no fool, but I don't get it. But then I can't figure where you got all that money all of a sudden, either. Remember? --back when we left the farm on a day's notice, gave away the cows, and headed for town.

WURZEL

It's time I explained that to you, Lenzel. You've been a good servant to me, and you'd never deceive me (good-naturedly), would you?

LORENZ

(Hypocritically)

Oh, stop, sir, or you'll have me bawling.

WURZEL

Here's what happened: Two years ago I was walking home from the fields one evening around eight o'clock. All of a sudden I heard somebody say "Pst! Pst!" I looked around and saw a skinny fellow come walking across the field toward me. He had on sort of a
yellow-green suit with gold trim so I thought at first he must be a servant to some nobleman, but he told me to keep it quiet and that he was a spirit, and that the gold trim was supposed to show me what he had in store for me. Well, anyway, he turned out to be Envy, and he wanted to make my fortune for me.

LORENZ

Pretty nice meeting.

WURZEL

Just pay attention. He said he had an old treasure he wanted to get rid of, and that he wanted to give it to me. All I had to do was move to the city and live it up the best I could--and above all, see to it Lotte had fine clothes and that she didn't marry the fisherman. And I had to promise never to wish I was poor again, or everything would disappear and I'd have to go begging. Then he told me to go on home and the treasure would be there already. He jumped into the lettuce patch, and I haven't seen him since.

LORENZ

And you found the treasure?

WURZEL

I went right home and searched the whole house--nothing. Finally I tried looking in the granary. Well, the whole place was full--and of what? Gallnuts! Serves you right, I thought--what do you expect from Envy except a lot of gall and trouble! I got so sore I took one and bit it open--and what was inside? A gold piece! I took another one--and another--a gold-piece in every gallnut! Lenzel, you should have seen me bite! I'll tell the world, I had a bitter struggle to get rich! For two whole weeks, nothing but biting gallnuts--there's a bitter medicine to take. Ugh!
LORENZ

Some dinner! Anyway, anytime that fisherman shows
his face around here, I'll send him packing.

WURZEL

And keep an eye on the girl--tell me if you spot any-
thing. (Taking a drink from a small bottle.)

LORENZ

Has your honor takin' to drinkin' between meals?

WURZEL

Mind your business! I'm taking it to get smart.

LORENZ

Have they got a medicine for that now?

WURZEL

Sure! I kept after the doctor till he gave me something
to make me smart. I take a bottle of this every week
and it costs forty gold pieces. It makes your head
swell up. He says I only have to take it a few years and
once I've drunk up a few thousand gold pieces worth, all
of a sudden I'll see the light and realize how stupid I
used to be.

LORENZ

I hope so, sir, it's high time. Let me drink some, sir;
I'd like to be smartened up too.

WURZEL

Oh, no, it costs too much. Watch out or I'll smarten
you up so you'll know what day it is. I'm going out now
to buy some spurs. You go to that dealer on the edge
of town and have all those books I bought yesterday
delivered--open up the room I picked for a library, toss 'em in a nice heap there, and pay him for them.

LORENZ

Yes sir!

WURZEL

And don't let him cheat me--make sure they're all there. I bought them by the basket, twenty-five gold pieces apiece--don't give him a penny more. And on your way out, tell the cook I'm having a dinner this afternoon in the garden room. There'll be twenty people. And have him make up a little keg of punch. Get along!

(Lorenz goes out)

No matter what I talk about, I always come back to food. Even when I was in the country, when it had snowed and I was out on the fields I thought the whole earth looked like a big table with a white tablecloth on it, and everybody in the world invited to dinner.

Song

The human race pulls up its chair, 
And earth's a table, set for all; 
Our first course--Life, each one must share, 
Our waiter's Nature, at our call. 
The children first, a happy troupe, 
They start the meal by sipping soup; 
But soon the youth will turn his head, 
And start the endless search for bread; 
Then fortune dons the waiter's shoes, 
Brings bottles filled with foamy booze; 
Now spirits rise and faces glow, 
The pleasure's high at liquor's flow. 
But fortune's fickle, off he'll fly, 
Instead of salad, mud'n your eye! 
Betrayed by friends, so oft the breaks, 
One whiff is all we get of steaks;
Dessert's not apt to come in haste,
By then we've prob'ly lost our taste;
The undertaker comes at last,
And with his coffee, all is past,
Right out the door he all does send,
The banquet Life has reached its end.

(Exit)

Scene Nine

LOTTE
(Entering)

Father ran right past me without even paying any
attention to my greeting. He only wants to see happy
faces. He's going out. (Going to the window and giving
a start) Oh, there's Karl! He's sold his fish already.
Who's that stranger with him? Surely they won't come
up here? Heavens, if Father sees them! How fool-hardy! Here they are.

Scene Ten

Karl. Ajaxerle. The preceding.

KARL
(In peasant clothing, hastening to Lotte)

Lotte! Dear, good Lotte! At last!

LOTTE
(Restraining her joy)

Karl! Dearest, dearest Karl!

KARL

What? Separated so long, and I get such a cold
welcome?
LOTTE

But Karl, this gentleman--

KARL

What does that matter? He seems to be a good fellow. You don't mind, do you, friend?

AJAXERLE

(Dressed as a Swabian merchant; wears a coat with metal buttons, a three-cornered hat.)

Now don't ya give it another thought--that's why we're here.

KARL

When I see my Lotte, I forget everything else in the world. (Embraces her) Oh, Lotte, what's to become of us? I'd never have dared come up if you hadn't had this gentleman call me.

LOTTE

This gentleman call you?

KARL

Yes! He came to me at the market today and said you'd sent him to bring me to you when your father went out.

LOTTE

But Karl, what is this? I don't know the gentleman at all!

KARL

What?
its position in the esteem of the Viennese public in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Popular theatre forms everywhere have a tendency to be extremely eclectic, in helping themselves to whatever suits their purposes of entertainment. The Viennese Popular Theatre is an unusually rich example of this process, both because it came into being during a period of radical change in the Viennese theatre and city life, and because the theatrical forms and city life on which it drew were in themselves rich and colorful. Even the strict censorship under which all Viennese theatres had to operate and which completely eliminated political, social, and religious themes from the stage, probably had its positive effect on the popular theatre by forcing it to retain many elements of older theatre forms which gave it its distinctive personality.

Three main streams of Viennese theatre contributed most to the Viennese Popular Theatre: the court opera, the Jesuit theatre, and troupes of wandering players coming down from Germany. The last supplied the personnel and organization for the early permanent suburban theatres, while the first two furnished an elaborate body of technical apparatus and skills and a rich baroque tradition of visual presentation of drama in concrete stage terms.
AJAXERLE

Sure, but that's only 'cause she's never seen me before.

KARL

Sir, what do you mean, playing tricks on us?

AJAXERLE

But I want to play tricks. I'm goin' to make you happy, darn it! Put 'er there, and count on me, I'm a good Joe. I can't tell you just what I am, but just between you and me--I'm something. For one thing, I'm from Swabia, and for another--I'm somethin' else. And if there isn't a weddin' in the next two days, you can take it outa my hide. Just count on me--I'll take care of Wurzel--and if he says no, the whole affair'll still be fixed up by this evenin'.

LOTTE

(Jumping for joy)

Can it be? Oh, Karl, let's trust him--

WURZEL

(Offstage)

Set the table!

LOTTE

Heavens, my father's coming back. If he sees you, everything's lost.

KARL

Farewell. I'll leave. (Starting to leave)

LOTTE

You'll run right into him. I'll see if I can get him to go into the garden, then you run right down or we're lost. (She runs out)
AJAXERLE
(Calling after her)

Don't be scared! Stay here!

KARL

Damn it! The old man's coming up.

AJAXERLE

Doesn't matter--he won't bite. But I want to do the thing up proper--so just slip into this chest.

KARL
(Trying the lid)

It's locked!

AJAXERLE

Wait a second, I'll open it! I got my tools with me. (Quickly draws a magic circle, takes out of his pocket a little book and a short wand. Stands in the circle and rattles off the words:) Piddledy, puddledy, thoozily, thick! Little chest, little chest, open up quick! (He strikes the book with the wand, the chest springs open and is thereby transformed into a transparent arbor with a grassy seat. Karl, astonished, jumps in; the doors close and the chest stands there once more, as it was. Ajaxerle puts away his magic implements.)

LOTTE
(Rushes in)

It's no use, he's right behind me. Where's Karl?

AJAXERLE
(Indicating the chest)

I packed him away there in the chest.
LOTTE
With the dirty laundry?

AJAXERLE
Nobody'll notice one more pair of dirty socks.

LOTTE
Shh! Father's coming.

Scene Eleven
Wurzel. The preceding.

WURZEL
Now, what's all this running up and down the stairs? (Seeing Ajaxerle) Who's this? Who let this thing in? Well, what's up? Are you somebody? You want something--with your three-cornered physiognomy?

AJAXERLE
Will you gimme the honor of speakin' with you a sec'?

WURZEL
You've already taken that honor. Come on, out with it.

AJAXERLE
I guess you know who I am?

WURZEL
Who, me? Why should I?
AJAXERLE

Martin Haugerle's the name--snail-dealer from Germany. 4

WURZEL

What makes you think I know you?--because you move like a snail in getting to the point? Get out of here, or I'll let you know who I am!

AJAXERLE

Yep, I heard you were a regular tiger. My cousin, that poor fisher fella' Karl, wrote me about how bad you been treatin' him, and that's why I came.

WURZEL

You must have taken the snail express!

AJAXERLE

I came ta ask for the little girl here for him. You gave him your word of honor three years ago, friend, and you gotta keep it.

WURZEL

What a nerve! Watch out or I'll explode! It's not bad enough you have to be that good-for-nothing's cousin, you have the gall to ask for my daughter for him too!

AJAXERLE

Don't run the boy down, he's a fine lad and faithful as can be.

LOTTE

Oh yes, Father! His soul is clear as water.

4 Again, a familiar sight on the colorful Vienna streets.
WURZEL

Clear as water? --and he's a fisherman? Just watch him puddling around in the water all day, and you'll see how clear it is. You hold your tongue, and if you don't do as I say and stop mooning about the forest and putting on those farm clothes all the time that you have hidden here in a bundle, and having fish and water on your mind from morning to night, --why just you look out, you'll find yourself in a real thunderstorm if you don't straighten up and marry the old millionaire!

LOTTE

Oh Father, be kind to your poor, foolish daughter!

WURZEL

That's just it--you're a poor fool, so it's all the more reason to try to be a millionairess--that way people won't pay your foolishness any mind. --Marry a fisherman! That's a fly-by-night way to earn a living! For every fish he catches, a hundred get away. You might just as well marry one of this fellow's snails here, at least you'd have a husband around the house that way.

LOTTE

Father, don't make me go too far. I despise all the riches of your city, and I'll never, never give up my poor Karl. --I swear it!

(Loud thunder is heard)

AJAXERLE

There--you hear that?

WURZEL

What's that--thunder? All the better--maybe she'll get struck by lightning and save me the trouble. (To Lotte) So you won't give up that fisherman?
AJAXERLE

No, and she's right! --you get me? If you don't let her marry the boy, you'll rue it as many days as there are hairs on that thick skull of yours!

WURZEL

All right, then! I can swear too, you big-mouthed snail-dealer! (At this moment a little satyr with hooves emerges from the trapdoor behind Wurzel. He is sitting on the broken stump of a column and holds a black slate on which he writes Wurzel's oath.) They'll never be married until this blood, that's hot as molten iron, turns into raspberry ice! Until these husky twins, my fists, are so weak, they can't carve a chicken! Until this coal-black hair turns into a glacier--in short, until I look like I'm ready for the ash-heap! Come around again then, snailboy, 'cause then's when I'll keep my promise to your fisherman.

AJAXERLE

(Quickly)

Shake! You're on! (Holds out his hand)

WURZEL

(Shakes his hand)

As sure as I'm standing here, -- (strongly) Done!

SATYR

(With malicious delight)

Done! (Had finished his writing with Wurzel's words: "As sure as I'm standing here!") Slaps his slate with his hand at the word, "Done!" Makes a threatening motion behind Wurzel and sinks out of sight.)

AJAXERLE

So! And now good-bye, Mr. Wurzel, sir. Don't forget what you've sworn. Go on pickin' on that poor girl there,
sneer at peasant-life, stick to your drunken friends. --
But watch out when you meet the snail-dealer from
Germany again, you got me? Just watch out! Remem-
ber that, you lunkhead! (Running out)

WURZEL

(Angrily picks up a chair and chases him)

Just you wait, snail-face! (Exit)


Scene Twelve

Lotte. Karl in the chest.

LOTTE

(Wrangling her hands)

Oh! What's to become of me?

KARL

(Knocking loudly inside the chest)

Open up. Lotte, open up!

LOTTE

Be quiet, please, for heaven's sake!

KARL

(Forces open the chest)

No, I can't stay here another minute. My head's pound-
ing like a sledgehammer! To have to hear my good
name so insulted by that scoundrel and not say anything!
Good-bye, Lotte, you'll never see me again! (Starts to
leave)

LOTTE

Karl, if you love me, don't go out through that door.
KARL

Then I'll jump out this window!

LOTTE

In broad daylight?

KARL

I won't stay another second. You'll see me a rich man, or never again. (He climbs out the window)

LOTTE

Karl, if you fall!—Hold on to the railing.

(There is a sudden tearing sound, a cry, and then the sound of a fall. Then the outcry of several voices.)

LOTTE

(Crying out loudly)

Heavens, what was that? (Hurries out the door)

Scene Thirteen

(The scene changes very quickly into a large and handsome square of the city. On the left is Wurzel's splendid mansion with iron-work railings, one of which has been torn off by Karl's fall, and which, along with a piece of plaster he kicked off, lies beside him, but which is immediately picked up by an onlooker and shown to those who have just come. Karl lies on the ground and Wurzel holds him by the front of the shirt. Onlookers complete the tableau. The noise which was already heard during the change of scene continues for a moment after the change is completed.)
WURZEL

Call the police! This fellow's a thief. (Two servants run off) He broke into my house. I'll massacre him. He fell on my head.

KARL
(Has managed to get up and grabs Wurzel)

Scoundrel, will you give me back my good name?

LOTTE
(Runs out and calls)

Heavens! Karl! What are you doing? My father!

KARL
(Raging)

Just wait, you monster! You'll hear more of the fisherman! (Runs off)

ALL
(Shouting)

Stop him! (Some chase him)

LOTTE
(Throws herself at Wurzel's feet in despair)

Father, what have you done?

WURZEL
(Hurls her away from the door)

Get away, devil! (He runs quickly into the house and slams the door behind him.)

LOTTE
(Runs after him and tries to get in)

He's bolted the door. Now what? Father! Father! Forgive me! Listen to me!
WURZEL
(Appears at the window with the bundle containing Lotte's peasant clothing; her straw hat is tied to it.)

You're not my child. You're a baggage I took in. Get out into the woods with the other geese, out where I found you, you hayseed. (Throwing down the clothes) You'll never set foot in my house again! (Slamming the window shut)

LOTTE
(Weeping)

Oh, what can I do? (To a cabinetmaker) Oh, sir, please help me.

CABINETMAKER
(Very crudely)

Now, you gotta watch your step, honey, when you live off other folks. What can us poor folks say, we got nothing but misery anyway. You gotta work hard. (In the same tone, to a carpenter who is going by) Franzel, where you off to?

CARPENTER
(By the wings already)

To the tavern! (Goes off)

CABINETMAKER
(Calls after him)

Wait, I'll come along. Loan me two gold pieces. (Goes after him)

(The onlookers laugh and begin to disperse)

LOTTE
(Alone)

Has it come to this? Isn't there anyone to have pity on me? Oh, if only night would fall and hide me and my shame!—
Italian opera came early to Austria. Performances are recorded in Salzburg as early as 1618, just two decades after the production of the very first opera in Florence. Operas by Cavalli were performed in Vienna beginning in 1642, following early attempts from 1626 on. In 1652 Giovanni Burnacini (?-1655) built the first opera house in Vienna, and during the 1660's Vienna was the leading center of operatic production in the world. Its fame culminated in the famous production of Cesti's _Il pomo d'oro_ in 1668. Scene designer for this production was Giovanni Burnacini's son, Lodovico (1636-1707), who was one of the finest designers of the baroque stage and who was instrumental in establishing the supremacy of the Viennese court in operatic production.

The elaborate scenery and costumes of the baroque opera are well known and amply documented in histories of the theatre. What is less well known, however, is the fact that during this early period of the Viennese theatre the stage effects had to share the spotlight

---

3 Gregor, p. 80.  
4 Ibid., p. 81.  
7 Gregor, pp. 81-82.
(Muffled thunder. Music. Gray veils of clouds sink slowly down over the entire stage, then the personified figure of Night descends; a colossal painted figure, whose width takes up the greater part of the center of the stage. She is wrapped in a gray, flowing garment and with outstretched arms spreads out a black cloak. Her eyes are closed, her face pale, a black crown is on her head, and in her right hand she holds an iron scepter whose tip is in the shape of a poppy blossom. Gesturing for silence with her left hand, she floats seriously and solemnly down and sinks into the opened stage. The clouds disperse and reveal the street in moonlight. The sky is clear and strewn with transparent stars, and the transparent sickle of the moon is also visible on the backcloth. During this business the Spirits of the Night sing the following chorus in the wings.)

CHORUS

In the somber realm of caverns,
Built to scorn the sunlight's glow,
Rules the cast-off bride of Daylight,
She, the Queen no man can know.
Only when fair virtue calls her,
Only then her bosom heaves,
Soaring o'er proud Daylight's kingdom,
Rescue-bound, her realm she leaves.

(From the downstage lines a Genius floats down with a sparkling jewelled star on its head; it takes Lotte's hand and during this chorus—which continues the preceding one—leads her off.)

CHORUS

Follow, then, her shining starlight,
For it shines for thee alone,
Leads you far in distant wand'ring,
To the fairest peace you've known.

(The Genius leads her off. The storm rages, a frightful thunderstorm begins, the moon turns red. During the following chorus, twelve spirits of the night enter,
a transparent star on the head of each, faces pale. They run around the stage and finally form a group across the stage threatening Wurzel's house. From above, the full width of the stage, is lowered a Chaos painted with similar gay spirits; they are intertwined in such a way that the stars on their heads form the transparent words: From splendor take flight, your avenger is Night. During this, the following)

CHORUS

But for his destruction,
And swift dissolution,
So swears now the Night,
His wealth and his power
We'll gather this hour,
And cast far from sight.

(When the transparent words appear, the)

CHORUS

(Sings the following words and lets them fade away chillingly)

From splendor take flight,
Your avenger is Night.

(An owl with glowing eyes flies at Wurzel's window and beats on the glass with its wings.)

The Curtain falls quickly.

End of Act One
Act Two

Scene One

(The scene is only two wings deep and represents a pleasant valley in which Nature expresses itself simply and forcefully. On the left a practicable hut on whose roof doves are nesting; it is bordered on the front by a small garden in which there are some lilies but no brightly colored flowers. The backdrop shows high mountains. Half the background is filled with a broad, flowered hill which comes into the foreground; it is covered with many winding pathways, along which there are here and there silver statues and rose arbours. On the other half of the backdrop are seen two splendid mountains, much farther away; the lower of the two is covered with golden foliage and sparkles like silver and on its peak is seen the statue of Wealth with a golden horn of plenty. The higher mountain is very steep; laurel trees grow on it, and on its peak is the golden temple of Fame, out of which a sun shines which casts a red glow over the entire horizon and over the mountain peak. Between these mountains and the valley is a dense forest, through which a steep, lonely path winds down into the valley.

To appropriate music, Illi, a genius, dressed as a mailman, flies down through the air mounted on a gold-finch and rattling his clapper. The bird holds a packet of letters in its bill. He dismounts, takes a letter from the packet, and rattles his clapper in front of the hut.)

ILLI

Hey! Mailman's here, open up. (The window in the hut opens. Illi talks to someone inside) Registered letter from Spook Hill in Cloudgrove. Sign here! (He hands in the letter. After a brief pause in which he paces back and forth impatiently) Hurry up, please! I have to get going. (A hand returns the receipt) So! --Hey, there's postage due! I get eight good krüezer. --(The hand gives him the money) `So! --(Looks at the money) Not a cent more than eight krüezer and not even a how d'ye do. If only I didn't have to deliver here,
it's my pet peeve. (As he mounts) It's a dirty trick!
(Striking the goldfinch) Well, are we flying or not?
(The goldfinch flies off without music, and as it flies,
Illi continues to mutter) Phooey! And they call them-
selves spirits! Bunch of beggars! (Exit)

Scene Two

(Soft music. Lotte enters, putting on her straw hat.)

LOTTE

Where am I? What a lovely valley! Am I a spirit
already? At the edge of the forest my kind guide took
leave of me and said: "I'm not allowed to accompany
you any further, but just follow your heart and you won't
miss me." I've been walking and walking, and someth-
ing drew me here irresistibly. This lovely garden, this
little hut! I feel so strange when I look at it! Why am I
suddenly so calm, so peaceful? Who lives here? (Over
the door there suddenly appears the transparent word
"Contentment." At this moment a few measures of a very
romantic adagio are heard.) Contentment? Father
always says she's found only in the city. --How could she
be here?--Oh, I know, she probably got sick in the city
and needs the country air. I'll knock and ask for her
help. Perhaps she needs a maid--she must be a very fine
lady. (She knocks) Ma'am, a poor girl would like--

Scene Three

Contentment. Lotte.

CONTENTMENT

(With inner calm, a happy nature. Grecian dress, a
simple gray toga, bareheaded. Comes out the door with
a letter in her hand.)

What do you want from me, my child?
LOTTE
(Amazed)

Who are you?

CONTENTMENT

Don't be afraid. I'm the lady you seek.

LOTTE

Really? You look very nice, but I'd never take you for a fine lady.

CONTENTMENT

No? But I'm really much more than that. I am the queen of this valley, and on my brow glows the diadem of Happiness.

LOTTE

(Sinks fearfully to her knees)

Oh, forgive me, Your Highness, I'd never in my life have guessed.

CONTENTMENT

Rise! I was told of your coming by mighty spirits in this letter which I just received. I will take you into my service. You won't have much to do; you're spared making the beds, since I sleep on a stone. Kitchen and cooking will give you little trouble, for I am nourished by the Fruits of Knowledge and I drink from the Fountain of Moderation.

LOTTE

I'll be happy with anything.

CONTENTMENT

Did you have any trouble finding my hut?
LOTTE

Oh, no, it's not hard to find at all.

CONTENTMENT

Do you think so? Many thousands leave their homes to seek me but never find me, because the hard path that leads to me doesn't seem to them to be the right way. Do you see the gaudy meadow up there, where Fortune's flowers wave? (Points to the flowered hill) That is where they expect to find me, and the more enchantingly the path draws them upward, the farther my little hut vanishes from their sight. Whoever seeks me with desperation has already lost me.

LOTTE

But isn't there a beautiful view from up on those high mountains?

CONTENTMENT

Not for you, my child! You belong in the valley. Do you see that high, flashing mountain? That is the Mountain of Wealth, and across from him is his even brighter rival, the bell-tower of Fame! They are beautiful peaks, but never let your wishes rise up to them; the air on their heights is strong and exhilarating, but the stormwind of Envy howls around their crags too, and even if he can't extinguish the flame of your happiness, he extinguishes the fair spark of Faith in your breast forever.

LOTTE

I don't understand.

CONTENTMENT

And that is your good fortune. Because you don't understand, you belong to my family.
LOTTE

Your family? But Your Highness has never looked after me.

CONTENTMENT

Don't think that. I have had you brought up for me, and now I want to be your friend. The man who drove you away today is not your father, or he never would have done it. But you do have a mother who deeply loves you and whom you will soon hold in your arms. Until then give me your hand and call me sister.

LOTTE

Gladly! How wonderful to have a sister! But now I have to call Your Highness by Your Highness's first name, and be of the same rank as Your Highness, don't I?

CONTENTMENT

Certainly! You will sit next to me on my moss-covered throne, and over us will be the most beautiful of all canopies, the fair sky.

LOTTE

Oh, dearest sister! How can I thank you?

CONTENTMENT

Remain as you are, and you will have repaid me already.

LOTTE

(Happily)

Oh, yes, as I am—but—well—you mean, as I am now?

CONTENTMENT

Why, yes.
LOTTE

Does that mean I always have to remain single, too?

CONTENTMENT

(Smiling)

Ah, that!—Do you have the happy wish to get married?

LOTTE

Oh yes, I do! But please don't be angry, dear sister; since I came here I hardly wish for anything any more. But when I think of my Karl, I can't stop my wishing completely.

CONTENTMENT

And you shouldn't, dearest Lotte! Don't worry, I'll see to it you are united with your Karl. He deserves you, I know him very well.

LOTTE

You know him? Does he belong to your family too?

CONTENTMENT

He did once. I was always with him when the joyful stag was still the symbol of his great joy, and only you have separated us, you tore him away from me.

LOTTE

I can't understand that.

CONTENTMENT

But come! You'll have your Karl today! He will find us both again, you, and through you, me. And once I've brought you together, my heart will celebrate, I'll travel joyfully through the world, and where I see a poor man, sick from the loss of joy, I'll give him my hand and let the joy flow from my heart into his.
Perhaps I'll be able to make a compact with the world, which I love so deeply, and which casts me off so cruelly. (They go together into the hut)

Scene Four

(Change of scene. Banquet hall, brightly lit with chandeliers and wall candelabras. Tableau of giving a toast. Brilliant fanfare from all the instruments as the curtain rises. On the right a tall glass door, opposite it the entrance.)


ALL
(Loudly shouting)

Long live our host! Hurrah! (Some throw their glasses against the wall)

WURZEL

Don't break so many glasses, I'm not running a glass factory.

SCHMEICHELFELD
(Somewhat tipsy)

Ahh, come on, you can't hear the clock here--once the glasses start flying, at least you know how late it is.

MUSENSOHN

But now we're done, gentlemen! It's five A.M. and I still have to hurry and get the fifth act of my tragedy written today.

SCHMEICHELFELD

Tragedy!--We wanna be happy when we say goo'bye to Wurzel, the frien'liest man inna whole town. We gotta sing, and you gotta make up the words if you're a poet.
MUSENSOHN

All right! We'll sing about friendship.

AFTERLING

(Very drunk)

Yeah, sing! Shing pretty, 'n then go shtraight home.
(Staggers. All laugh.)

WURZEL

He's had it today.

AFTERLING

Who'sh at laughin'? You dogs, you're all good-for-nothin'--good-for-nothin'--Mr. Wurzel, except for him
(pointing at the poet)--an' he'sh no good neither. --But
you, Mr. Wurzel, you're a great man. You're shincere,
Mr. Wurzel! (Emphatically) Mr. Wurzel, you're
shincere. You got--any more punch?--

WURZEL

Oh, give him another glass, that'll put him under the
table.

AFTERLING

Mr. Wurzel! (Embraces him) You're our father, and
you can alwaysh count on me, jush like you can alwaysh
count on all of us. --More punch! Punch!--Long live
Mr. Wurzel! (He staggers toward the door and col-
lapses drunkenly in a chair.)

WURZEL

Well, that's all for him! Habakuk! (Habakuk comes
forward.) Take him over to the drunks' room and put
him in the bed I had made up for when one of my good
friends is sick.
with comic figures who were clearly drawn from the Hanswurst types of the wandering troupes. The characters were usually comic servants and their escapades were comic interludes in the serious and heroic plots of the operas. Thus from the earliest great days of Italian opera in Vienna the stages showed that curious mixture of comic and serious, of crudity and refinement, of high and low, which was to become characteristic of the Viennese Popular Theatre.

After 1720 these low comic elements began to be forced out of the court opera, primarily through the influence of the poets Apostolo Zeno (1668-1750) and Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782), who shaped the second great period of Viennese court opera. Metastasio in particular, who spent fifty-two years in Vienna, dominated operatic taste in his day to an extent unknown for a librettist before or since. In comparison with the ornate splendor of the texts of the preceding century, his librettos present an almost ascetic classicism of form along with an excellent suitability for being set to music. Most of his texts were composed many times over, and even Mozart turned to a Metastasio libretto in the last year of his life, long after he had

8 Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 115-18.
9 Ibid., p. 109.
10 Gregor, pp. 107-108.
11 La Clemenza di Tito, 1791.
HABAKUK

There's three of 'em in it already, and one by the door, you can't even get in.

WURZEL

Then put him in the blue bedroom, where the big mirror and all the porcelain is. But tie him down or he'll smash everything.

HABAKUK

(With two servants carries Afterling off)

Huh! That's a fine lot!

MUSENSOHN

(Has been writing with a pencil at a table; jumps up)

The lyrics are done. So tune up, men.

ALL

Bravo! Bravo!

MUSENSOHN

Imagination has inspired me. Mr. Wurzel (slaps him on the back), would you like to hear her voice?

WURZEL

Let her sing!

Drinking Song

MUSENSOHN

(Sings)

Friends, remember what I'm teaching,
Hear experience's lore,
When Joy's army comes a leaping,
Bar the window, shut the door;
Let them in--but one by one,
You'll be master of the fun.
CHORUS

Let them in--but one by one,
You'll be master of the fun.

MUSENSOHN

When fair Fortune comes acalling,
Golden coach and silver bell,
Off'ring tales of wealth enthralling,
If to peace you'll bid farewell.
Drive the fancy whore away,
Fortune's word won't last a day.

CHORUS

Drive the fancy whore away,
Fortune's word won't last a day.

MUSENSOHN

But when glasses sparkle gaily,
Bacchus' spirit fills the hall,
Friendship calls you to him daily,
Drinks your health and pledges all;
Press these two upon your breast,
Here's the pleasure suits us best.

CHORUS

Press these two upon your breast,
Here's the pleasure suits us best.

(The guests exit)

Scene Five

Wurzel. Lorenz. Habakuk.

(Servants clear away the tables)
WURZEL

That was a great party tonight. I feel so good--I won't go to bed at all. Habakuk, some more champagne!
(Habakuk exits) Come on, Lorenz, now we'll really drink.

LORENZ

Hey! Is this the life!! Hooray!

WURZEL

A toast, Lorenz! Long live all drunks!

LORENZ

Hear! Hear!

(Crash of thunder. Pause. The chimes outside strike twelve.)

WURZEL

What's that?--Twelve o'clock? Is the clock drunk too? It's just turned six A.M., the best part of the night! What time do you have? (All look at their watches)

LORENZ

What's going on? They've all stopped!

WURZEL

I have twelve o'clock.

SERVANTS

We do too!

WURZEL

Is somebody tryin' to play a joke on me? (A loud knock is heard at the door) What's that? Look outside! (A
(Louder knock) Whoever it is sounds like he wants to break the door down. (Lorenz goes out) Is this my house or is it a madhouse?

LORENZ
(Returns)

Sir, there's a young gentleman out there in a gold coach full of flowers, two black horses hitched to it that he can hardly hold, and behind the coach there are all sorts of pages and pink chambermaids dancing. He wants to see you.

WURZEL

What's his name?

LORENZ

I don't know. He says he's called Youth.

WURZEL

Oh, he must have said a friend of my youth. Show him right in! That's a wonderful surprise! --Bring more champagne, you lazy fools! What a life, all the best people come to see me.

(Lorenz opens the door)

Scene Six

Youth. The preceding.

(Six pages and six girls dance in and group themselves on opposite sides of the door. They are dressed in white, have rose-red bodices adorned with roses, as are their hats. Youth springs in, wearing white cashmere breeches, white satin vest with silver buttons, decorated with roses at the collar. Rose-red dress coat. White satin round hat with a red ribbon. Breeches bound at the knee with silver buttons and rose-red ribbons. Speaks High German with a touch of Prussian dialect.)
YOUTH

Heaven greet you, brother! I hope you don't mind that I pay my respects personally?

WURZEL

That's a fine-looking fellow! Not dry behind the ears and foolish as can be. Never saw me in his life and right away it's "brother!"

YOUTH

Yes, brother, I've got a special matter to take up with you.

WURZEL

Well, brother, what can I do for you? (To himself) He wants money for sure.

YOUTH

Yes--don't hold it against me, brother, but it's all over between us. I've come to cancel our friendship.

WURZEL

Well, that's a fine thing brother, we've just met, brother, and we're supposed to be sore at each other already, brother--that's no way to do.

YOUTH

Ha, ha! What are you thinking of, brother? You're all wrong. Our friendship has to end just because we've known each other too long. We came into the world together, don't you even remember that any more?

WURZEL

Oh, sure, sure! I remember. In the afternoon, and it rained.
Figure 15. Ferdinand Raimund and Therese Krones as Wurzel and Youth in Act II, Scene 6 of The Maid from Fairyland.
YOUTH

We went to school together too. Don't you remember? -- we sat on the same bench together.

WURZEL

That's right! We sat in the corner together. (To himself) Don't know him at all.

YOUTH

Sure! They tried to make us learn something there.

WURZEL

Yeah, what a lot of foolery that was--but they didn't put that over on us. We sure were a couple of rascals. (To himself) Never saw him before in my life.

YOUTH

And when we were both twenty, we really tore up the town. Was that ever something, brother!

WURZEL

Yeah, what a laugh. (To himself) News to me!

YOUTH

And all those times we got drunk together, brother, what a mess!

WURZEL

Just awful, brother!

YOUTH

Yes, --and what all we used to drink!
WURZEL

Sure, why, I bet we even drank wine once, what a sin!

YOUTH

Yes, and what a wine!

WURZEL

A Luttenberger.

YOUTH

And a Grinzinger.

WURZEL

(To himself)

All a big lie!

YOUTH

You dragged me around to every tavern, we were really plastered every day—a couple of real sots.

WURZEL

(Aside)

He must not be a complete stranger, he sure knows me.

(Aloud) Brother, we'll do it all again. Have a drink, brother!

YOUTH

No, brother! It's all over. Now you've got to turn respectable. You have to go to bed at seven o'clock, you mustn't get drunk any more—well, you'll find out all you have to do now from somebody else—he'll tell you soon enough.
WURZEL

Ahh, what's all that? Not get drunk! Me not drunk—that's the noblest thing about me. I'm so healthy I can take on an army.

YOUTH

Yes, brother, now, as long as I'm still with you. (Strongly) But as soon as I take a single step out of this room, you'll want to stop tempting fate any more.

WURZEL

Now I'm getting worried. This guy might put a hex on me! Some brotherhood!

YOUTH

So farewell, dear brother. Forgive me for the unhappiness I've caused you, my good, dear friend! I'm really a good fellow, I've stuck with you long enough. You were my closest friend, but now you're a dissolute sot, so good-bye brother—don't be angry with me, and don't run me down when I'm gone.

Duet

YOUTH

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Don't be angry, please don't pine!
Sunshine lasts you just a day,
Night must come and ever stay!
Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Don't be mad and pine.

WURZEL

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Don't be childish, drink my wine!
Here's ten thousand thaler—see!
Ev'ry year you stay with me.
YOUTH

No, no, no, no,
Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
You're not talking, just the wine,
Money's lord in ev'ry land,
Only Youth escapes its band!
So brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Parting now is next in line!

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine, )
Soon I'll say farewell. )

WURZEL ) BOTH

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine, )
Please don't say farewell. )

(Youth and his company dance during the ritornello)

YOUTH

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
In your face is anger's sign,
Hatred here will hold its sway,
After I have gone away.
Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Don't make hatred thine.

WURZEL

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
If you're such a rascal--fine!
If you won't stay by a friend,
Devil take you, there's an end!

YOUTH

No, no, no, no,
Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Friendly parting's my design,
Think of me in later years,
Figure 1. Engraving based on a design by Ludovico Burnacini for Il pomo d'oro.
Don't remember Youth with tears!
Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Here's my hand in thine!

BOTH

Brother o' mine, brother o' mine,
Here's my hand in thine!

(They embrace. Youth dances out followed by his company.)

Scene Seven

Lorenz. Wurzel.

(Wurzel gets a bottle of wine, starts to drink, but then puts the bottle down ill-naturedly and sits in a chair.)

LORENZ
(Approaches Wurzel slowly)

Are you all right, sir?

WURZEL

No so good, I feel funny.

LORENZ

Yes, I can see, you look pretty rocky.

WURZEL

How'd it get so cold in here? Have I got a fever?

LORENZ
(Looks out the window)

I think it's starting to snow. Hey, that's funny, just look in the garden, it's all white, and on the trees—all the leaves are turning yellow.
WURZEL

What sort of hexin's goin' on?

(Habakuk brings champagne)

HABAKUK

Here's the champagne!

WURZEL

Never mind that now! Get me some camomile tea. And start a fire--it's freezing here. (A fire is started in the fireplace. The clock in the tower strikes eleven.) Now it's eleven. First it was twelve, now it's eleven again. Did time swallow a crawfish that's makin' it go backwards? It's getting dark--bring lights! (It is night. A cat cries outside: meow, meow.) Huh! Now the four-footed nightingales are starting--but it's not the right time! (Loud knocking) Somebody else, now? Damned crowds--never a minute's peace! Look out and see. (Another knock) And that knocking! Are they trying to turn my place into an iron works? (Servants bring lights)

LORENZ

(Sticking his head out the glass door)

Oh, Lord! There's an old man out there with a wagon. He wants to see you.

WURZEL

Who is it?

LORENZ

(Calls outside)

Where are you from?
OLD AGE
(Outside)

From Icepit.

WURZEL

From Icepit? What a string of visitors we're getting! I don't know anybody from there.

OLD AGE
(Outside)

Open up! I'm Old Age. I want in.

WURZEL

Old Age? --Bar the door, don't you dare let him in!

OLD AGE
(Outside)

Well, are you going to open the door or not?

WURZEL

No, damn it!

OLD AGE
(Outside)

All right! I'll force my way in then!

(The glass door is torn open by the wind. The panes smash, sending pieces flying. Old Age flies in the window on a cloud wagon which is hitched to two old white farm horses. The wagon is filled with yellow bushes. Old Age wears an old house coat that reaches to his knees, his head is covered by a fur nightcap, and
his feet are buried in cushions. A pugdog is sleeping on his lap, and an owl is perched on his shoulder. An ancient little coachman is on the box. The wagon is sprinkled with snow.

OLD AGE
(With sickly amiability and derisive cameraderie, as he climbs out of the wagon with the aid of a crutch.)

Sorry to bother you with my tedious respects. I don't know if you can tell by the way I look, but I'm Old Age. Your miserable servant. I have a reservation here.

WURZEL

Here? What do you think this is--a rest home?

OLD AGE

It will be when I've been here a while. Sorry to drop in so unexpected. Most people correspond with me ahead of time, but you chased away a nice little girl who meant well with you, and I've come to take her place. Look on me as your new child.

WURZEL

Yeah, but I don't plan to keep you here, son. I'll pack you off to a military school.

OLD AGE

Not on your life! We'll get along just fine--I'm a right lively fellow. I play my little jokes at lots of banquets and balls; I dance along in many a jig--till I strain something, then I sit right down again.

WURZEL

I expect that's wiser.
OLD AGE

After we've been buddies a while, my relations'll come calling too. That drunken cousin of mine, Indigestion--he'll be the first to come by. And Cousin Gout says she can't wait to press you to her tender heart. Oh, I tell you, she's a real cracker! I can just see you running off to see the doctor with her. And she's faithful as can be--

WURZEL

I know, you can't get rid of her. Everybody says, you can have her, I don't want her!

OLD AGE

But what's this, Wurzel, old pal! Why so cool? Don't you want to put on your robe now? --Confound it, get moving! Look after your master! He's an old man, you've got to take good care of him. If he dies on you, you're out of a job. Bring him his robe, right away!

(Servants start to leave)

WURZEL

One more step and I'll knock you down!

OLD AGE

What's that? Knock 'em down? Sit down is more like it! (He takes his hand and makes him sit in a chair)

WURZEL

Oh Lord! What's the matter with me?

OLD AGE

None of this giving orders and knocking folks about. That's for the army, not for you. But just so you keep in line (Touches his head, and Wurzel's head turns
completely white) -- There! Now you match my horses. Okay Whitey, knock them down! Well?

WURZEL
(Tearfully)

Lorenz, my robe.

(The servants help him put on his robe, in such a way that at the same time he puts on peasant clothing, the sleeves of which are stuck in the sleeves of the robe. He gets a goiter.)

OLD AGE

So, Wurzel, old friend! Take good care of yourself, so we can be together a long time; you have to take it a might easy when I'm about.

WURZEL

But what happened?

OLD AGE

Winter days are here.

WURZEL

I thought maybe the dog days!

OLD AGE

Whatever you like. -- So long, now, I've done my job. Even if you don't see me any more, you'll know I'm there all right. You'll pass for a hundred and thirty, take it from me. Goodbye! (Embraces him) Now pay attention! In the morning a dish of soup with a bit of bread in it, around eleven o'clock take a little walk in the sun--but bundle up warm so you don't take a chill. At noon, a bit of boiled chicken and half a glass of wine, and in the evening, half a cracker. And then straight to bed. So bye-bye, Grandpa, and pay attention
to what I say. (Mounting his wagon) Hansel! Nice and slow, so we don't have an accident with these wild horses. (Waving from the wagon) Good night! Wurzel, my friend, good night!

(Flies away)

Scene Eight

Wurzel. Lorenz.

WURZEL

Good night is right. What a let down! Lorenz, give me a mirror! (Lorenz gives him a mirror, he looks at himself) Oh, what a face! Now I can give lessons in being ugly. No, I can't stand it, I'll run away! (Tries to go) I can't, I've got the gout! (Laughs despairingly) No more knocking about! Ha, ha!

LORENZ

That's right, old man, time for bed.

WURZEL

What's this hanging down here? Have I got a goiter?

LORENZ

Boy, and how, it looks like you swallowed a soupdish. Heh heh--is your neck ever crooked! (Laughs)

WURZEL

Are you laughing at me?

LORENZ

No, sir, why I'd sooner envy you.
WURZEL
(Starting)

Envy? There's a crook for you. This is all his fault, and now he's leaving me in the lurch. What good's the damned money to me now? I can't enjoy it. I'll throw it out the window, maybe things will go back to how they were again.

LORENZ

Watch out! Curse your money, and it's gone. You told me so yourself.

WURZEL

I want it to go. I'm through with it. If I've lost my looks, I don't want to be rich, I'd rather be poor and be healthy. Listen, Envy, damn you, take your money, I don't want it. Oh, if only I were back where I belong, with my own kind.

(A bolt of lightning. Quick change of scene to a gloomy valley; on one side is the half-ruined hut where Wurzel lived. The foreground is dark and autumnal with yellow leaves. A high glacier rises between two massively dark mountains. The upholstered seat on which Wurzel had collapsed after his curse changes into a tree-stump. He and his servant have changed into poor peasants. Two sideboards have changed into two cows, which are lying next to Wurzel. Other cows are grazing on the mountain and in perspective into the forest, so that they give the illusion of a grazing herd. The music imitates the lowing of the oxen.)

LORENZ

There! Now you've done it, stupid! Now you've got your own kind.
WURZEL

At least they're glad to see me, aren't you, children? (The oxen low. A wild goat bleats on a rock.) That's touching. All the cows are crying for me!

LORENZ

I'm not.

WURZEL

Haven't you got a heart? Aren't you ashamed, when the cows can hear you? Just think what they'll think of you, you fairweather friend, you!

LORENZ

Will you listen to that! Not a penny to his name, and he's still bossy? It's high time I looked for greener pastures. What do you think, you big ox? You've got nothing left--just look at your caved-in hut. There's your palace, with mice playing hide and seek in it. You had things too good, you got too smart, and now it's all gone, your stuff and my stuff. (Tearfully) I'm just a poor servant, and you've made me lose everything. Some master! Three whole years of cheating you, and not a thing to show for it.

WURZEL

Because Heaven's punished you for it!

LORENZ

If you so much as set foot near me again, I'll take the nearest switch to you and give you plenty to remember me by, you ex-millionaire farmer, you! (Exit)

WURZEL

Anybody else around to insult me?
Scene Nine

(Clouds descend. Envy rolls out of the wings on a green cloud, to which is attached a red cloud on which Hate is standing. The action must happen as quickly as possible. Envy is dressed in Roman fashion, but all yellow. His garment has a border of embroidered serpents, and he wears a turban wound round with vipers. Hate is in red Roman clothing with yellow embroidery, red metal breastplate and helmet, and on the helmet a spirit-flame.)

ENVY

(Quickly answers Wurzel's question)

I am! What have you done? Traitor! Why didn't you marry the girl off long ago, the way I told you? Out of my sight, monster, or I'll shoot a viper into your empty skull so the madness pours out of your buttonholes.

WURZEL

(Can scarcely control himself for anger, completely exhausted)

Sure, now you can talk, you yellow tub, you! Just come here, you puddle of eggyolk! (Envy and Hate laugh. Wurzel says despairingly) Sure, laugh away, you need it. The one looks like yellow fever and the other like a bad sunburn. But I'll spread the word about you, you gall-apple dealer. I'll crawl all over the world and tell my story everywhere. (Weeping bitterly) I'll have the story printed and carry it around myself and shout: One kreutzer for the latest story, about the poor, (sobbing) miserable man who changed from a young jackass into an old one! (Exit, weeping loudly)

Scene Ten

Envy. Hate.

ENVY

My friend, do me the favor and stay with that fool as long as he lives.
been instrumental in giving both German and Italian opera a much richer vocabulary of dramatic expression than was present in these static *opera seria*.

Equally important in the Viennese opera of the mid-eighteenth century was its scenic investiture by Giuseppe Galli-Bibiena (1696-1757), whose discovery of diagonal perspective in scene design quickly conquered the opera stages of Europe and freed the perspective scene from its rigid commitment to symmetry. \(^\text{12}\)

Later in the eighteenth century Vienna was the scene of Gluck's earliest attempts to reform the by then petrified operatic form, \(^\text{13}\) and still later it saw the first productions of Mozart's masterpieces, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782), *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786), and *Così fan tutte* (1790). By this time, however, opera had passed out of the immediate confines of the court and into the more public domain of the newly founded Burgtheater and Theater am Kärntnertor. \(^\text{14}\)

The latter theatre had an imperial monopoly until the founding of the Burgtheater in 1776, after which time there was a rapid development of permanent theatres in the city. Most of the new buildings were used for popular entertainment, but the opera in the


\(^{13}\) Orfeo ed Euridice, 1762. Alceste, 1767.

\(^{14}\) Rommel, Volkskomödie, p. 45.
HATE

Don't worry, any enemy of Envy is an enemy of Hate too.

ENVY

Now what'll I do? I can't stand having Lacrimosa win out, after her giving me the gate. So close to my goal, and now this mess.

HATE

If only we'd found out sooner!

ENVY

Even if I wanted to try something, I can't. Only tonight and tomorrow are left, and I have to leave for England--there's a big art exhibit there, where at least five hundred artists are trying for the prize, and Envy can't miss that. I've already rented eleven rooms so I can spread out a little.

HATE

Envy may be blocked, but Hate's another man. I'll stay here and put a crimp in their plans.

ENVY

Brother, if you could manage that--

HATE

Here comes my bloodhound.

Scene Eleven

Tophan. The preceding.
HATE

Did you find out anything?

TOPHAN

(Secretively)

Everything! On the top of Spook Hill the spirits made a plan. They want to have revenge on the farmer by making him fulfill his bold oath. He drove the girl out of his house, but Night took her under her wing and led her into the arms of Contentment. The magician Ajaxerle is looking out for the fisherman; he's ordered a winged coach for tonight and plans to pick up the fisherman and the two women from their homes. All four will fly to the Hill, where the spirits are waiting, and where Hymen will marry them at midnight. I got all this from my girl-friend, who's a chambermaid for the fairy, Antimonia.

ENVY

That's a disgraceful plan, just as sure as I'm Envy and a gentleman.

TOPHAN

But the magician doesn't seem to have told the fisherman anything about it yet. It's almost sunset and he's still sitting in front of his hut in despair.

HATE

Ha! Then we've won! Quick, lie in wait and try to hold off the magician.

ENVY

Wait! You've earned a rich reward, here are two vipers for your news.
TOPHAN

I kiss your scrawny hand. (Kisses his hand; says to himself as he goes) If I could just poison you with them! (Exit)

HATE

(After a moment's thought)

Victory! I've got a plan. His love is too strong. I have to get him in my hands through trickery or I have no power over him. (Waves his torch) Appear, enchanted grove! (Thunder. Hate points into the wings) What do you see there?

ENVIY

A beautiful garden in the middle of the lake, with a pleasure house and a bowling alley.

HATE

I often make that appear in the world; it's a gift from the evil spirit we both serve. In the pleasure house in this garden there's a diamond ring which grants boundless wealth. It's guarded by nine evil spirits. Their statues are set up as nine-pins--whoever can knock down all nine overcomes the spirits and wins the ring, which no magic power can take away from him. If he knocks down less than nine, he falls dead on the spot. But once he's owned this ring for nine days, the spirits fill him with hatred for mankind and he can't rest until he destroys himself and thousands of others too. He can be saved if he throws the ring away of his own free will before this time is up--but the power and riches will vanish into thin air. Now here's my plan. Lacrimosa's daughter has to be married to a poor man before midnight tomorrow or her mother will stay banished forever. So we'll lure the fisherman to the bowling-alley--if he misses a pin, he's done for, and so is Lacrimosa. If he bowls a strike, he's a rich man from the moment he puts my ring on his finger--and not poor any more. Even the spirits will have lost their power over him, and I'll see to it that he marries the girl while he's still rich or that the
wedding's delayed. Either way Lacrimosa is beaten.

ENVI
(Embraces him)

Brother, I envy you for this plan, that's the only thanks I can give you for it.

HATE

So come along, you helpless monster! I'll hitch you up with Revenge! Here's a strange bridegroom, it's Hate who's leading him to the altar.

(Exit arm in arm)

Scene Twelve

(Change of Scene)

The Enchanted Garden

(A large pleasure house is painted on the backdrop. An idealized bowling-alley, highly decorated with gold, runs across the stage. Nine little carved busts of spirits on pedestals which take the place of pins. The busts have helmets on them on which burn little spirit-flames—the spirits themselves have the same. The center pin has a small crown on its helmet. A golden ball. The stand for the bowler is also pompously idealized and forms a sort of rose arbor. On both sides of the stage are white tombstones with black lettering: "Anton Lee, got but three"--"Gottlieb Bevan, only seven"--"Philip More, managed four"--"Michael Dunn, not a one.")

Nigowitz.

NIGOWITZ

There's not a worse life in the world than being a genius who's bookkeeper at a bowling-alley. Wait and
wait, and nobody comes. People will be fools and risk their lives in the game—it's a waste of good money. Nobody's made it, for all that have tried. I was even sorry for the last one, that carpenter, he even gave me his last two gold pieces beforehand, took his place, bowled, right in the gutter, and boom, that was it! There's his stone: Michael Dunn, not a one. --By golly, there comes somebody now; our parrot, that brings people here, is leading him. I wonder who it is this time? (Withdraws)

Scene Thirteen

The preceding. Karl. The Parrot.

PARROT

(Flying in front of Karl, cries)

Here you are! Here you are! (Flies away)

KARL

Hey, wait, you little rascal! Gone already! Funny bird, comes to my hut, promises me Lotte's hand, draws me here and then flies right away. Where am I then? Can there be a treasure buried here?

NIGOWITZ

(Comes forward)

Yes, sir, if you want to try for it. Whoever gets all nine turns right into a millionaire.

KARL

A millionaire? Then I could marry Lotte! Give me that ball!

NIGOWITZ

Take it easy, not so fast! Give me my nine gold pieces first, sir.
KARL

After I've bowled, friend!

NIGOWITZ

Nothing doing! You'll be long dead by that time, sir, and I won't get a cent.

KARL

What?

NIGOWITZ

Sure. So don't be in such a rush. Read this first, sir.
(Brings out a large book)

KARL

(Reads)

He who with but one endeavor,
Strikes down all the nine pins here,
Wins the magic ring forever,
Gains the realm of Wealth and Cheer.
But whoever fails to conquer,
Nineteen Fortune's mighty wheel,
Finds another ring's his treasure,
Death alone his fate will seal.

NIGOWITZ

In other words--you're done for. Still want to bowl now or not, sir?

KARL

What do I care about life without Lotte! I always bowl strikes at the fair. Give me the ball!

NIGOWITZ

Register first, sir.
KARL
(Quickly signs his name in the book)

There! Get ready, diamond, you'll make a fine wedding-ring.

(He takes his place to bowl and Nigowitz stands by the pins. The curtain rises and discloses a cloud room. Nine red spirits stand on a staircase with four wide steps; they are armed with arrows and their heads are covered with helmets, each with a spirit-flame. On a pedestal are written the words: Magic Ring; the spirits are guarding this and make threatening gestures down at Karl. Four of them are on each side, the king is on the pedestal.)

CHORUS

Give up! Give up!
You haven't got a chance!
Give up!

KARL

Straight for Lotte, mine she'll be!

(He bowls, all the pins fall over)

NIGOWITZ
(Shouts as loud as he can)

All nine!

(Loud crash of thunder. Alley and pins disappear. Two flashes of lightning strike the spirits, who fall off the steps, cry out, and remain in this grouping. The tombstones change into golden vases with flowers. From behind the pedestal comes an immense blue eagle with gold-tipped feathers; it holds the ring in its beak and sits on the pedestal.)
KARL
(Runs up the steps and takes the ring from the beak of the eagle)

The ring is mine!

(The eagle spreads its wings, which are half as wide as the stage, flies up over Karl and pulls up an idealized throne whose width suits the width of the steps. Karl sits on the pedestal, which has become the seat of the throne. His clothing has changed into a brilliant garment. The eagle forms a canopy over the throne. The spirits pay homage to him in tableau. Genii complete the group as the curtain slowly closes.)

End of Act Two
Act Three

Scene One

(The exterior of a splendid palace of bright red marble, with columns trimmed in gold. On the left side are steps which lead up to the entrance, on each side of which is a sphinx. The stage represents the courtyard; it is decorated with flowers and appears to be closed in by a fence, the entrance of which is formed by an elaborate metal gate near the wings.

Some of the spirits of Hate are in red livery; others are seen as furies in the process of finishing the building of the palace. The music suggests the hammering and pounding of the spirits before the curtain rises. As the curtain rises, the end of the chorus, which started before rise, is heard.)

CHORUS

Spirits sing your songs so hateful!
Master, to your slaves be grateful!
   (After the curtain rises)
Now the work is done!

(Hate, in modern black clothing, with a plumed hat, red hair and side-whiskers. He enters quickly. Tophan.)

HATE

Bravo! That's what I call real hateful spirit! In one night my spirits have finished this task, and before the evening glow vies with the bloody veins of this marble for the glory of deepest red, he can move into this brilliant building--that thief who steals his seaweed covered victims from Neptune's realm. What else has happened? Have you seen anything of the magician?

TOPHAN

No, none of that hated crowd.
HATE

No, listen--I'll pretend to be his major-domo. What do you think, Tophan, will our plan work?

TOPHAN

Hell grant it! How's he acting?

HATE

Strangely. When he won the ring yesterday evening, he ordered the furies to build this palace right away, so that he could bring his bride here in triumph. We other spirits had to go into the city with him early in the morning; at noon he drove up to the house in a gleaming carriage drawn by six black charger's to ask for the girl. But when they told him that the peasants had disappeared, mansion and all, he stared at the ground for a long time--then as if inspired by lightning, he started up happily and ordered us to drive back quickly. Half-way here he sent me on ahead to make all the arrangements for the wedding, and because of the power of the ring, I had to carry out his orders. He seems to be confused--but no matter, the nine spirits will see to it he doesn't take the ring off his finger before he comes, and I'll see to it here. Soon night will come and our plan will have succeeded. Now to work. Obey him, antipodes of love, for even Hate pretends to obey, in order to ruin more surely!

(All exit)

Scene Two

Amor. Contentment. Lotte.

(Contentment and Lotte in modest peasant dress. Amor as a peasant boy. All three sneak in.)
Figure 2. Scene design by Giuseppe Galli-Bibiena.
AMOR

Here we are. Now be careful and put your trust in Amor and the spirits.

CONTENTMENT

I don't see the magician here.

AMOR

He must be here, I'll go look for him. His intrepid courage may have made him hide. (Exit)

LOTTE

Oh heavens, how will this end? Yesterday evening you promised me Karl would come with the Swabian merchant to marry me. All evening, and all night long we waited in vain; then this boy came at noon, brought you a letter, and without saying a word you disguised yourself and brought me and the boy here. I know this place--here's where Karl's fisherman's hut used to be --there wasn't any palace. What's become of Karl? Where is he?

CONTENTMENT

Careful! Just be calm. I'll read you the letter which the spirits had Amor bring me. (Reading) "Honored spirit! Envious Contentment! We report the following in great haste: the magician Ajaxerle's carelessness has spoiled the plan by leading him to miss the time when he was to fetch you and the fisherman. We have to try something else. The fisherman is in the power of Hate, who has transformed his hut into a palace. Disguise yourself and proceed immediately with Amor to his new dwelling. The magician will meet you in front of the palace and explain everything to you. We will send the fisherman home immediately. We spirits dare not approach Hate or he will divide us and we couldn't accomplish our purpose; therefore we are remaining in concealment and counting on your wisdom, for only Contentment can come to grips with Hate. The affair must be settled
by midnight. With deepest respects and in great confusion, yours sincerely, the united spirits on Spook Hill." Confusion indeed! So many spirits, and such a spiritless plan. All this uncertainty! The magician is late again. Poor Lacrimosa, if only I had some magic powers! I'm afraid you've entrusted your happiness to some pretty poor spirits! But quiet, here comes a servant. If I could only see Karl, I'd find a way to fix things soon enough. (Tophan crosses the stage) Pst, friend, could we see the master of the house?

TOPHAN
(Haughtily)

No! He won't be here till this evening.

CONTENTMENT

Where is he?

TOPHAN

He's fetching his bride, everything's prepared for the wedding.

LOTTE

Good heavens!

CONTENTMENT

Then take us to the major-domo.

LOTTE

Yes, if you love your master--

TOPHAN

Shut up! I don't love anybody. I can't even stand myself. Hatred's my trade.
CONTENTMENT

Then do it for hatred.

TOPHAN

I will, I'll announce you as a bad deed, not for love.  
(Angrily) If only there weren't any women in the world!  
(Exit)

LOTTE

He's forgotten me! He's probably marrying some princess.

CONTENTMENT

Just keep calm, so they don't recognize us.

(Hate enters from the palace. Tophan. Servants.)

HATE

Where are they?

TOPHAN

Here! They look suspicious to me.

HATE

What do you want?

LOTTE

Oh dear! (Fearfully to Contentment) What do we want?

CONTENTMENT

Please excuse us, sir, we're two poor relatives of your master, who came to see him without knowing about his wealth. Our brother stopped in the village and will be coming right away.
HATE

That's a lie! Grab them!

LOTTE

Oh heavens, who will help us now?

AMOR

(Springs out of the flower bushes and taps Hate quickly over the heart with his arrow; roguishly)

Don't worry! I've wounded him already! (Runs off)

HATE

(To the servants)

Wait! I was too hasty! Hmmm! A pretty thing. (Pinches her cheek) Almost makes me forget I'm Hate! Now, what can I do for you?

CONTENTMENT

If you could just show us a quiet corner where we could wait for your master.

LOTTE

Please!

HATE

No! You're too pretty to chase away, and too innocent for deception. (To the servants) Show them to the servants' quarters, they can wait there. Where are you from?

CONTENTMENT

From Salzburg.
HATE

Really? Beautiful Salzburg, a second Saxony, where the beautiful maidens grow. (To himself) That's a fine girl! If only I weren't Hate--what bad luck! She could make me happy. If she just looked at me a hundred times a day with those beautiful eyes, I'd have seven hundred happy moments a week. (Thinking) What a rotten break I'm Hate, I'd much rather be from Salzburg now. Adieu, fair Salzburg maid. (Exit, blowing kisses to her as he goes)

CONTENTMENT

(Curtsies to him as he goes)

Adieu, handsome Salzburg lad! Maybe we'll manage to put salt on your tail for you. (To Lotte) Come on! (Goes with her into the wing of the palace. The stage is empty.)

Scene Three

(Ajaxerle, in magician's costume, looks in through the fence, comes in fearfully and looks around carefully, then tiptoes up to the steps of the palace. Suddenly the cry is heard: "Halt! Who goes there?" He looks into the wings, cries "Oh brother" and dashes up the steps, several steps at a time, and disappears into the palace. Immediately the fury who noticed him runs in carrying a club and follows him into the palace. In the wings Wurzel's voice is heard: "Ashes! Ashes!" Wurzel enters as an ashman with an ash basket on his back and an ashman's stick in his hand.)

WURZEL

Ashes! Ow! (Leans on his stick) What a misery! Ashes! Look what I was once, and look at me now! Ashes! can't anybody hear me? The cook must have her boy-friend with her that she doesn't hear. (Cries as loud as he can) Ashes!
Scene Four

Contentment. Wurzel.

CONTENTMENT

Who's making all that noise?

WURZEL

It's the ashman, ma'am. I guess you ain't had the pleasure of meetin' me yet. I'm the new ashman, the old one died and I just took over today. 'Scuse me, please, I ain't had time to have cards printed yet. Fortunatus Wurzel's the name.

CONTENTMENT

My farmer who was once so happy? I wouldn't have known you.

WURZEL

I know, when you look like this the ladies don't recognize you any more.

CONTENTMENT

(To herself) Well, the spirits certainly took care of him! (Aloud) Poor fool!

WURZEL

Yes ma'am, I'm poor, and I was a fool once too! Yes, Miss cook ma'am, my goose is cooked, I'm done for.

CONTENTMENT

But how old are you?

WURZEL

I was supposed to be in my forties, but time got mixed up and handed me my hundreds, and nobody can take that
sort of addition. Time's a regular terror who whips the years into you. At first it's just a little switch of May-flowers and you get you a little tap every year that makes you jump for joy. Then she brings a big bunch of roses, with a few thorns there already--the roses disappear pretty soon and then it's a hazelbush. Finally she knocks you down with a willow and it's all over. But it serves me right--why didn't I stay a farmer? That fisherman in there will get his the same way.

CONTENTMENT

Do you know the fisherman?

WURZEL

Sure. He was supposed to be my son-in-law. If only I'd given her to him. I've kicked myself a thousand times.

CONTENTMENT

(To herself)

I feel sorry for him. (Aloud) Do you really mean that?

WURZEL

Oh, ma'am, if you only knew the whole sad story of my life, you'd never ask.

CONTENTMENT

I know your story, I've read it in the book of Fate.

WURZEL

Oh? Are you the kind that reads instead of cooking?

CONTENTMENT

Are you sorry for what you've done?
Figure 16. Ferdinand Raimund and Katharina Ennöckl as Wurzel and Contentment in Act III, Scene 4 of The Maid from Fairyland.
WURZEL

From the bottom of my heart.

CONTENTMENT

Do you envy the fisherman his good fortune?

WURZEL

Not for a palace, never! He'll regret it. The whole town's talking about it. I know these spirits who give you a place like this. They built it for him overnight out of diamonds and red rubies. How they caught him I don't know.

CONTENTMENT

Would you give him your foster-daughter now?

WURZEL

Not on your life. I ain't got her in the first place, and anyhow, she'd never be happy with all this money.

CONTENTMENT

But if he were to be poor again?

WURZEL

Then he could have her, but he'd have to find her first. She may be way off in Timbuctoo by now.

CONTENTMENT

He will find her, and if he's worthy of her love, you'll all be saved, and even you will be happy again.

WURZEL

If I only could! I put up with plenty already! But what do you know about it? Better talk about somethin' sensible. You got any ashes?
CONTENTMENT

I wish I could fill your basket with the ashes of this palace.

WURZEL

Oh, ma'am, this used to be such a pretty place. I used to know every twig—but the only tree that's still left is over there. You see? The fisherman's hut used to be next to it—now there's a little hill all covered with roses there. See?—its top's just as high as the roof of the hut used to be.

CONTENTMENT

All right, go sit on the top of that hill and wait for my signal. If you see the sun set without my having called you, take it as a sign that your happiness and that of others is setting with it. But if we all see the sunset together, then you'll see a new sun rise, I give you my word.

WURZEL

That's mighty pretty talk, ma'am, just like a professor in disguise. You're not really a cook, are you?

CONTENTMENT

(Smiling)

No, I'm not.

WURZEL

What are you?

CONTENTMENT

You'll find out. Now do what I told you.
Theater am Kärntnertor did have considerable competition from the Theater an der Wien in the first decades of the nineteenth century.

The great parallel movement to the baroque opera in Vienna was the Jesuit theatre. Theatrical productions by Jesuit schools were, of course, very common throughout Europe during most of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. However Vienna was not only an important center of such productions; it was also the site of what were probably the most lasting influences of this theatre on later dramatic production. In view of the more broadly based audience for the Jesuit drama, it may well be that the Viennese populace developed its taste for baroque stage scenery and effects more from its exposure to the Jesuit spectacles than from what it may have heard about the court opera. Certainly a much greater part of the general public had a chance to see the Jesuits.

As in the case of the Protestant theatre, the Jesuit stage had its beginnings in the school productions of the Renaissance, the original purpose of which was to provide students with practice in Latin declamation and rhetorical skills. The possibilities which such productions had for providing theological training for their audiences were not long overlooked, however, and the development
WURZEL

Sure, glad to. But if I have to sit there a few months till you call me, I'll starve to death. Don't you have a little something for my ash-gray stomach?

CONTENTMENT
(Smiling)

All right, wait. (She goes in the door)

WURZEL

That's a real nice lady. Lots of folks'd rather have her than the best French chef in the world, I bet.

CONTENTMENT
(Returns, bringing him a pastry and a bottle of wine)

There, old man, eat. (She offers him the pastry)

WURZEL

Just toss it in the basket.

CONTENTMENT

But it's full of ashes!

WURZEL

Doesn't matter, that's good for the chest. We'll just pour the wine in the front here. Thank you.

CONTENTMENT

Farewell. Be of good cheer, and hope. (She goes into the palace, not back into its wing)

WURZEL

Nice to have met you. Just so she doesn't forget me and leave me sitting up there all year. But I guess I'd
just as soon sit up there and look down at the world, and
then when I see folks acting stupid I can yell: Just ashes!

Aria

So many men you find,
From pride they're nearly blind,
Their clothes so fine to see,
But dumb as dumb can be,
Conceited as a pig,
Oh boy, they think they're big!
But once the fun's all through,
They'll all be ashmen too!
   Just ashes! Just ashes!

There goes a pretty maid,
All fine in lace and braid,
I take a closer look,
It's just some merchant's cook!
Just pack that frock away,
The kitchen's where you'll stay!
The world's a mixed-up case,
When cooks don't know their place!
   Just ashes! Just ashes!

But some things still I've seen,
And gold's not what I mean,
That do deserve respect,
That stand without defect.
Before good people here,
Before kind deeds and cheer,
In faithful maiden's praise,
My hat I humbly raise.
   (Removes his hat)
   No ashes! No ashes!
   (Exit)

Scene Five

Change of scene

(Room in the palace. Bright red carpet; above the door
in the lintel is the emblem of Hate. In the corner an
attractive white earthen stove with a vase. By the first wing a window. A side door, and a central door, both with curtains. On the other side a large alcove with a curtain.

Contentment enters from the side and goes to the window.

CONTENTMENT

It's no use; evening is coming, but he isn't. If I weren't Contentment to begin with, I'd stop being one of my followers. Where in the world can that miserable magician be?

AJAXERLE

(Opens a little door in the stove and sticks his head out)

Pst! 'Scuse me, are you Contentment?

CONTENTMENT

Yes, sir.

AJAXERLE

Just a sec', be right there. Fweezily thrick, stove, open up quick! (Crash of thunder. The stove splits open in the middle so that its sooty interior becomes visible. The stone hearth in the center remains whole and Ajaxerle is sitting on it on an iron tripod; in his hand are his little magic book and wand.) Thank heavens we got together at last! I been sittin' in that thing for the last half hour watchin' for you.

CONTENTMENT

At last! You must be--

AJAXERLE

Sure, I'm Ajaxerle, the magician, and I got news for you.
CONTENTMENT

Tell me quickly.

AJAXERLE

Best wishes from the spirits, and they say that Karl, the fisherman, has taken a ring from that louse, Hate, and that's what's made him so rich, and you're to do everythin' you can to get him to throw it away. Then marry the kids right away or everythin's done for. He'll only stay rich as long as he's got the ring on his finger. If you need the spirits, just break this string of pearls, there're twelve spirits strung on it and they'll take care of ev'rythin'. The others are standin' by. (He gives her a string of pearls)

CONTENTMENT

But why didn't you pick us up?

AJAXERLE

I overslept. I was so burned up about that farmer I got sick, and after I went up to Spook Hill to work out the plan with the spirits I had a sandwich and was so sleepy I had to lay down for a while, and I didn't wake up till mornin'. Meantimes, Hate caught the fisherman and by the time I got here, this palace was here and the fisherman had gone to town with Hate. So I ran over to see the spirits and told them the whole story. They decided to send Amor to you and kicked me off the hill to wait for you. At first they wanted to send somebody else, but I stood up for my rights--I had to save my good name.

CONTENTMENT

But how did you get in there? (Indicating the stove)
AJAXERLE

Just as I was comin' up the steps, some guy came after me with a club, so I snuk into the stove and have been here ever since. I figured you'd have to come by sometime.

CONTENTMENT

And if I hadn't come?

AJAXERLE

I'd a been stuck here. I'm not gonna get beat up just f'r that fisherman.

CONTENTMENT

Do you know where to find him? Time is running out.

AJAXERLE

He'll be here any minute. Bustorius went to town for him--he'll get him back here.

VOICES
(From outside)

Here he comes! Long live the master!

CONTENTMENT

He's coming. See to it you get out of here and tell the spirits to stay nearby.

AJAXERLE

How'm I gonna get out? Those guys are watchin' for me!

CONTENTMENT

Make yourself invisible.
AJAXERLE

I can't. I'm just a magician, not a spirit. I can only change into something else.

CONTENTMENT

Then change, but hurry up.

AJAXERLE

Just don't push me, I've only been studying magic for three years and I haven't passed my exam yet. I got to look it up first. Know what? I'll get back in here (indicates the stove) and change into some soot. The chimney-sweep'll be along in a half-hour and he'll take me right out. So long. (He climbs into the stove which closes back up)

CONTENTMENT

Gone at last.

(Cannon-fire and cheers are heard from outside. Lotte dashes in center.)

LOTTE

He's coming! He's coming! (They quickly open the window) It's Karl! It's really Karl! (Stretches her arms out to him) Oh, Karl!

CONTENTMENT

(Quickly pulling her back from the window)

You'll spoil everything. Come with me! (Pulls her quickly into the alcove and draws the curtain)

Scene Six

(The preceding. Karl, in very fine travel-clothes, and Hate come in through the center door.)
HATE

Everything's arranged!

KARL

Quiet, I tell you! Who were those girls standing here in the window? Why did they run away? Tell me!

HATE

I'm sorry, master--they said they were your relatives.

KARL

You're lying! Call them, I want to see them. (To himself) My heart tells me it was Lotte.

HATE

(To himself) Can these women have tricked me after all? (Aloud) I'll call the servants.

KARL

No, find them yourself, and hurry.

HATE

Yes, yes. But permit me to warn you again, sir, not to take off that ring, if you don't want to lose both your beloved and your wealth forever.

KARL

That's fine--a sermon, instead of following orders! Now you go find those girls, and don't come back without them, I tell you.

HATE

I'll bring them. Just wait, you damned womenfolk! (Exit through the side-door)
KARL
(Alone)

No, I wasn't dreaming. While I was staring in despair at the place where Wurzel's mansion had been, the air filled with steam and out of a cloud of tobacco smoke came a Hungarian spirit—he was invisible to my servants. He told me to hurry home where my Lotte was waiting to be my bride—and he told the truth, I recognized her, it was my Lotte.

(Lotte and Contentment come out of the alcove)

CONTENTMENT

Yes, here she is.

KARL

Lotte! (Tries to take her in his arms)

LOTTE

Karl! (Wants to fall into his arms)

CONTENTMENT
(Stepping between them)

Stop!

KARL

What's this?

CONTENTMENT

Karl, you can receive Lotte only from my hands. The peasant only brought her up; I am the representative of her mother, and if you don't renounce your wealth, you will never marry her.
KARL

What! Be a miserable fisherman again, now that I can make her happy?

CONTENTMENT

She'll never be made happy by these riches, because they come from an evil spirit.

KARL

That's not true! I won them by risking my life. You're the evil spirit who wants to tear away my happiness! Get away! I won't listen to you.

LOTTE

Karl, she wants to help--

KARL

Don't believe that. She's just deceived you. Lotte, if you love me, marry me right away. Everything's ready. See me at your feet, I've been suffering because of you for years. Can you leave me now?

LOTTE

No, no, I can't! Forgive me, dear sister, but Karl is the most precious thing on earth for me; I'll follow him.

CONTENTMENT

You're going to your misfortune.

LOTTE

So be it, if it's for him. (She tries to go to Karl)
CONTENTMENT
(Still between them)

All right, then! Spirits, send your might! (She breaks the string of pearls)

(With a drum-roll, Bustorius comes out of the trap)

BUSTORIUS
(With an air-rifle)

Help be here! I have here little air-gun, there be twelve spirits in. I shoot, they come out one after other. You want fight, friend? What you take, money or girl?

KARL

I want both.

BUSTORIUS

I believe! There be lots fools like that! Not work, can have only one.

CONTENTMENT

(Gently) Karl, give me the ring on your finger and I'll vouch for your happiness.

KARL

Ha, traitress! Now you've given yourself away. I want to have the ring and Lotte. You won't catch me.

BUSTORIUS

That stubborn fellow!

KARL

Let her go or I'll call my spirits!
of the Jesuit theatre followed a continually rising curve until the forcible suppression of the order itself in the 1770's.  

The tendency which distinguished the Jesuit theatre from other forms of religious theatre, namely its emphasis on the visible stage representation of the dramatic action instead of just its description in poetic terms, is also the important heritage which it passed on to the Viennese Popular Theatre. The heritage is evident both in the spectacular scenes of the drama itself, with its tent-filled battlefields, stormy seas, and fiery hell-mouth, and also in the extensive use of allegorical figures, particularly those of virtues and vices. All of these elements were rapidly adapted to the scale and purposes of the popular theatres and reached their artistic peak in the plays of Ferdinand Raimund.

In some respects a Jesuit theatre was similar to a large modern American university theatre. The actors were students who developed their skill in a number of productions over a period of several years,


16 Hartnoll, p. 415.

17 Knudsen, pp. 126-32.
CONTENTMENT

You won't give up the ring for her?

KARL

No!

CONTENTMENT

(Suddenly has an idea, takes Bustorius' magic wand and touches Lotte's heart with it)

Then take her!

KARL

Come, Lotte!

LOTTE

(Starts to run joyfully to him, stops suddenly and looks at him seriously)

I can't go with you. Go away, I don't love you--I hate you!

KARL

What? Are you mad? It's Karl, your Karl! (He strikes his breast with his right hand, on which he wears the ring. Lotte sees the ring, utters a cry and faints. Contentment catches her.) What's that? Help! Help! Magic! (Servants come) Take that girl away from her and protect me from the power of these sorcerers!

BUSTORIUS

Anybody come this way I shoot him a spirit in skull.

KARL

Lotte, what's happened to you? (Coming nearer to her)
LOTTE

Get away, I can't stand to look at that ring! (Sees the ring, cries out, faints)

BUSTORIUS

No use, she gone again.

KARL

Alas! (Wants to go to her) She's been enchanted.

CONTENTMENT

I've put a spell on her, yes! As long as she lives, she can never love anyone who owns a single precious stone. At the sight of a diamond, she will fall in a faint. Throw away the ring if you want her, or I'll take her out of your sight forever!

Scene Seven

Hate. The preceding.

HATE

What's going on here? Get away from him or I'll destroy you! Don't you know Hate? ( Strikes his breast)

CONTENTMENT

(Firmly)

No! I am Contentment.

HATE

(Frightened)

Pardon, Mademoiselle! Je suis désarmé.

(All of his servants draw back respectfully)
CONTENTMENT

Karl! You see our power. For the last time—throw away the ring or you'll never see Lotte again. You hesitate? Then, farewell!

(She is standing with Lotte on the side-trap. A narrow cloud emerges from the trap and rises with them about four feet in the air. Lotte kneels in a faint and Contentment holds her in her arms. When the cloud is about two feet out of the trap, two side-clouds or side-parts appear so that the cloud takes on a wider form and the whole forms a tableau.)

KARL
(Violently)

Wait!—Even if the whole world were sparkling on my finger, it would be worthless without her! Away with it!

(He throws the ring away. Lightning. The furies flee.)

HATE

Accursed women! (Disappears into a trap)

Change of scene to the vicinity of the fisherman's hut.

(Karl's fine clothing falls off, he appears as a fisherman. Wurzel is sitting on the roof of the hut into which the hill of roses has been transformed. When Contentment and Lotte have descended, the cloud disappears.)

LOTTE
(Awakened)

Karl, thank you!

KARL

Lotte, you are mine!
WURZEL
(Who had been sleeping and was awakened by the thunder, calls)

Ashes!

KARL AND LOTTE
(Look around)

Who is that?

CONTENTMENT

The punished Fortunatus.

WURZEL

I give you my blessing!

CONTENTMENT

And Hymen will unite you. (Signalling)

HYMEN

(Comes from the trap with a small sacrificial altar, steps into their midst and says)

Forever!

WURZEL

Ashes!

BUSTORIUS

Fire!

(He fires his gun. Thunder. All the spirits from the opening scene appear quickly on clouds from the wings and from the traps. Lacrimosa descends in a cloud chariot over which a genius hovers bearing the word: Salvation!)
LACRIMOSA

Thank you my friends! I'm so happy!

BUSTORIUS

Don't mention! Do same to us sometime.

CONTENTMENT

This is your mother.

(Lotte falls at her feet)

LACRIMOSA
(Lifts her up)

To my heart!

WURZEL

Ashes!

LACRIMOSA

(Noticing him) You've suffered enough. Be again what you always should have remained. (She gestures)

WURZEL

(Changes into a peasant; leaping down from the roof)

Hooray! I'm back where I belong. My good looks were in hock, and you got them out again for me.

(Ajaxerle enters, with him the little satyr with the slate on which Wurzel's oath is written. Ajaxerle takes it from the satyr and shows it to Wurzel.)

AJAXERLE

Here's your snail-dealer again--what you swore all came true. Now we're buddies again! Period! (Erasing the oath from the slate)
LACRIMOSA

I dare not give you diamonds as a dowry. But may you have the finest fishing-grounds with eternally rich catch. (Gesturing)

(Change of scene into a romantic fishing region by an enchanting lake. In the distance are blue mountain ranges.)

(Genii, dressed as fishermen, are sailing on a boat, casting out nets and form a tableau.)

LACRIMOSA

The love of your mother is always yours.

CONTENTMENT

And the friendship of Contentment.

WURZEL

Are you Contentment? We won't let you get away today.

CONTENTMENT

Here's my wedding gift.

(She gestures. A little waterfall appears, over which are seen the words: Fountain for Forgetting Troubles. A genius sits by the fountain and hands everyone cups.)

WURZEL

Let's drink a contented cup to your health.

Finale

Forgetting's a pleasure, it's not hard to find,
Since things you've forgotten are clean out of mind.
The banker wants money? Just bring him along,
One drink from this fountain he'll join in our song.
CHORUS

The banker wants money? Just bring him along,
One drink from this fountain, he'll join in our song.

WURZEL

Forget about Envy, forget about Hate,
A life full of love is our happiest fate.
But when it comes time to bring thanks to our friends,
We'll lower our cups, but our joy never ends.

CHORUS

But when it comes time to bring thanks to our friends,
We'll lower our cups, but our joy never ends.

(All lower their cups)

WURZEL

Here stands fair Contentment, the pearl of our life,
I call her my friend in all struggle and strife.
But hers is a friendship that's better to share,
Right here to our midst bring your favors so fair.

(Places Contentment in the center. On both sides all group around her, put their arms around one another and form a half-circle.)

CHORUS

But hers is a friendship that's better to share,
Right here to our midst bring your favors so fair.

WURZEL

You're never to move from this land of delight,
We'll not let Contentment get out of our sight.
But just one more favor we'll ask you today,
Go home with our public and long with them stay.
CHORUS

But just one more favor we'll ask you today,
Go home with our public and long with them stay.

Reprise

WURZEL

The times that we live in are truly so fair,
Contentment confronts us, first here and now there.
Here stands our Contentment, we know that she's true,
You tell us that yours is ours, now we've got two.

CHORUS

Here stands our Contentment, we know that she's true,
You tell us that yours is ours, now we've got two.

WURZEL

We'll let them go hand in hand, both of them here,
For ours can survive if you're all of good cheer.
Your gracious approval our story you lend,
We live by your kindness, oh ne'er may it end.

CHORUS

Your gracious approval our story you lend,
We live by your kindness, oh ne'er may it end.

The End
CHAPTER VIII

Ferdinand Raimund

MOUNTAIN-KING AND MISANTHROPE

Romantic-comic original-magic-play in two acts

English version by Corliss E. Phillabaum
Characters

Astragalus, the Mountain-King

Linarius)

) Mountain-spirits

Alpanor

Lord von Rappelkopf, a rich landowner

Sophie, his wife

Amalia, daughter of his third marriage

Lord von Silberkern, Sophie's brother, merchant in Venice

August Dorn, a young painter

Lisa, Amalia's maid

Habakuk, servant of Rappelkopf

Sebastian, coachman)

) in Rappelkopf's service

Sabina, cook

Christian Glowworm, a charcoal-burner

Martha, his wife

Sally, their daughter

Hans

)

Christoph) their children

)

Andres

Franz, a woodcutter, Sally's fiance

Christian's grandmother
Figure 3. Scene from Pietas victrix by Nicolaus Avancinus (1612-1686). Example of the elaborate staging found in the Jesuit theatre.
The apperition of Victoria

The apperition of Wallburga (Rappelkopf's deceased wives)
The apperition of Emerentia

Servants in Rappelkopf's house.

The action takes place in and around Rappelkopf's country estate.
Act One

Scene One

(The overture begins softly and imitates the joyful song of birds, then changes to strange sounds of hunting, accompanied by the sounds of shooting. The curtain rises revealing a beautiful landscape at the foot of a mountain which rises majestically in the background. In the foreground is a bush with mountain roses at center, at the left a fallen tree-trunk, and on the right a tall rock.

A chorus of mountain-spirits, Linarius among them, rushes down from the mountain and gathers in the foreground of the stage. All are dressed entirely in gray as mountain-goat hunters, and each has a dead goat slung over his shoulder.)

CHORUS

Hunting for today has ended!
From the mountain crags descended,
Hunters come to flow'ring field.
Count the kill with hunter's pleasure,
Proud to see his shooting's treasure,
Which the mountain's pathways yield.

Scene Two

(Astragalus enters. Like the other spirits he is dressed in gray as a mountain hunter. He carries a hunting rifle over his shoulder.)

ASTRAGALUS

(In a rough tone)

Hear me now, ye hunters joyous!
Let this booty now suffice us.
Drunk ye are with hunting's pleasure,
Let the quarry rest in leisure.
For we've shot our fill today,
On this stony mountain way.
LINARIUS
(First mountain-spirit)

Mighty Prince, a word suffices,
Mountain-spirits will entices,
In the dust we humbly fall,
Windblown leaves, thy servants all.
None would dare a single kill,
Mighty lord, against they will.
Still, there is no pleasure greater,
Than to climb on mountain's crater,
Lightning bolts from weapons sending,
Quarry's life untimely ending.
When the shot from glinting bore,
Thunders forth with aim unswerving,
How the golden bullets soar,
In the victims blood immersing.
Then the mountain joy is best,
Then does swell the hunter's breast.

ALL

Then the mountain joy is best,
Then does swell the hunter's breast.

ASTRAGALUS

By the glacier's frozen sea,
Hunters are ye, bold and free.
May you long this joy maintain;
Others let its bounty gain.
What we gain with mountain might,
Shall the valley's poor delight;
Simple roof above their head,
Begging oft for daily bread;
Spirits, you shall unseen go,
At the door your booty throw.

LINARIUS

Always noble is thy deed,
Spirits proudly pay thee heed,
Hasten quickly on their way,
Thus thy will they do obey.
Seen by none but yet so near,
Cries of joy we soon will hear,
As inside the wounds so cold,
Bullets they do find of gold.
Tears of thanks form pearls so rare;
Strung in strands beyond compare,
Shall be hung in bright array,
On thy mountain throne today.

(All exit)

Scene Three

Astragalus alone.

ASTRAGALUS

With the spirits, people say,
Love and friendship rule the day;
There those beings, full of might,
Strength and freedom do unite,
Free from earthly bands of pain,
In the heavens have domain.
Yet, just as in human kingdoms,
Will for good and bad is found,
Love and hate do both abound,
So in realm of spirit power,
Some from glory coldly cower,
Turn their dark and shadowed eyes
From the beauty of the skies,
Earth with ugly gaze defacing,
Fondly evil pow'r embracing.
Thus does war with pain untold,
In its grasp the world enfold,
Garbed in flame no water quenches,
Baring fields to dig its trenches.
Friends their friends as foes do mark.
From this fury gains the shark,
Strength to rage beneath the sea.
North Wind claims the crops as fee;
Ships by stormy blasts are torn,
Lifeless hulks, they greet the morn.
Armies form at war's decree,
Only Hate can honored be.
Chance to some the laurel gave,
Others found a lonely grave.
Spirit peace is my desire;
Toward that end I oft conspire;
Gloomy cave is not my home,
Here in light I freely roam.
Pure as crystal, snowy white,
Built upon the glacier's height,
There my icy palace lies,
Lifts its head to starry skies.
There enthroned in air so clear,
Man's vain dreams I often hear,
As I listen full of care.
But when mis'ry wanders there
And I see his path of fright,
Then I climb from cloudy height,
Down to visit earthly land;
Give unhappy ones my hand,
Lead my friends from gloomy care,
Into Wisdom's temple fair.

(Exit)

Scene Four

(Amalia and Lisa enter from the opposite side. Amalia wears a light blue summer dress and has a straw hat on her head; she runs gaily ahead.)

AMALIA

Oh, that's what I call running! What speed love can give us! (Looks around) This is it, my dear valley.
How wonderfully everything is in bloom, the sun is shining doubly beautifully today, just as if it were a holiday in heaven, with the sun as king. Oh, thank you, dearest sun, for bringing my August to me today. Lisa, Lisa! (Calling into the wings) Where are you? You look so worried. What's the matter?
LISA
(Enters; quite confused and very talkative.)

But Miss, what misfortune, how could you ever dare to come to this awful, wicked, enchanted valley today? Didn't you hear that wild hunting? The Mountain-King's out today. If I'd known that, you couldn't have dragged me out of the house with twenty horses. But you had to wake me up and tell me to get dressed right away, just because you wanted to come to meet August when he gets back from studying art in Italy.

AMALIA

Yes, that's what I did. I'll wait for August here. In his last letter he said it would be this morning. This is where we said farewell with heavy hearts three years ago. My mother was with us. You know that my father was already against our love then, even though August's father had died and left him some money. He refused him my hand, got angry and claimed August had no talent as a painter. August was bitterly hurt and decided to travel to Italy to forget his unhappiness and to profit from the examples of the great masters. Right here he swore to be true to me forever, and my mother promised us her help—but you know how it's been with my poor father since then. Here is where we parted, and here is where we swore we would embrace again. In his letters he says he's made great progress in his art.

LISA

Italy here, painting there—what can all the painters in Italy and Australia do to help me! The Mountain-King lives in these mountains. If he sees us, we're lost.

AMALIA

Don't worry, you won't be hurt.
LISA

But I might lose my beauty, and what can hurt a girl more than that? Our beauty's our most sensitive part—and who'll even care if we're hurt, if we're not pretty any more? Don't you know that any girl who sees the Mountain-King ages forty years on the spot? Yes, that's what I said—and you can't talk him out of a single minute. Forty years—and our own age on top of it, just figure it up. Just think what that would mean. What would your darling painter say if instead of finding you a blooming spring landscape, he found a solemn winter scene from the Dutch school? And what would all my admirers say if after seeing this monster my cheeks started looking as wrinkled as a hundred-year-old parchment?

AMALIA

Who in the world's been filling your head with such fairy tales? You're almost frightening me too. There is no Mountain-King.

LISA

No? All right--I'll have to start treating you like a grandmother pretty soon. Come on, or I'll run away by myself. (Starting to leave)

AMALIA

Please stay, August will be here soon--the sun's already very high. You have to help me get ready. The wind has put my curls into an awful mess. Did you bring the little mirror as I told you?

LISA

Oh yes--if I only could have left my fright behind!

AMALIA

All right. (Sits on a tree-stump and lets down her hair. Lisa holds the mirror in front of her.) Hold it still! You
know, Lisa, I have to make myself a little pretty—he's coming from Italy, and they say the girls there are very beautiful.

LISA

Ha ha, sure! I only know one beautiful girl in the world, Miss; I guess you know who I mean.

AMALIA

(Thinks she means her)

You're too kind, Lisa, I don't deserve that.

LISA

(Aside)

She thinks I mean her. How can anybody be so conceited? --I mean me.

AMALIA

There, Lisa, now they're all loose. So be brave, the Mountain-King won't hurt us.

LISA

Oh, for heaven's sake, don't mention that horrible mountain prince--(Frightened) There's something moving in those bushes, oh dear, I almost dropped the mirror. (A mountaincock flies up out of the bushes. She screams) Oh, the Mountain-King! (Runs away, taking the mirror)

AMALIA

(Calling after her)

Lisa, Lisa, what's the matter with you, it was only a bird. Oh, dear, she took the mirror with her, and she'll probably run all the way home. Lisa, listen! How awful!--my hair--if August were to come now and see me like this, I'd never live through it. Oh heavens, who'd have thought this could happen? --it's the worst thing that could ever happen to a girl. (Realizes what she's saying) Oh, Amalia, you silly, what sort of vanity is that?
August doesn't love you just for your curly locks.
(Angrily) But the curls help, and if men have to be like that, what can I do about it? And why are they called locks in the first place, if they're not meant to lock you in a man's heart? (Looks offstage) There he is coming up the hill now. Oh, at last, how wonderful! (Suddenly quiet) If it weren't for this hair! I'll hide behind this rose-bush, maybe I can straighten them up a bit. (Hides behind the rose-bushes)

Scene Five

(August enters. He wears simple travelling dress and carries a portfolio under his arm.)

AUGUST

From the sea-surrounded coast,
Land of fairest beauty's host,
Where the golden cornfield seas
Share the land with orange trees,
Where the lofty Appenine
For his day of might does pine,
Where the arts with skill so great,
Perfect wonders still create,
Where the shattered hulks of stone,
Once as haughty mansions known,
Show us time's eternal might,
Higher forces bring to sight.
Nature's temple have I spurned,
Now to quiet shores returned,
To my humble fatherland,
I am bound by dearest band,
Tender love and faith so true;
Ev'ry sight is filled with you,
Here I stand by dreams invited,
We will soon be reunited:

Greetings, you hills of home! Oh, memory, you approach and crown me with a lovely wreath woven of past joys. Yet--for all the beauty here, I still miss the fairest of all; for all the joy, the greatest happiness still isn't here. Where is my dearest Amalia? Why
isn't she awaiting me here? Could she have failed to receive my letter? Is she ill? Perhaps she couldn't get away from the house so early. Surely she'll come. In the meantime I'll sketch this valley, which she loves so, and give it to her when she comes. (He sits on the tree-stump and begins to draw) How splendidly the mountain gleams in the sunlight, and this joyous air, and here--the dark rocks, the luxuriant rosebush--only one thing displeases me, these pale roses don't make a good picture, I know fairer ones that bloom on her cheeks. If only Amalia were here, she could surely tell me what color to make them.

**AMALIA**

(Opens the rosebush with both hands and looks out tenderly, so that she is half visible. She says affectionately)

Make them blue for constancy.

**AUGUST**

(Delighted)

Amalia!

(They fall into each other's arms)

**AMALIA**

August, dear August!

**ASTRAGALUS**

(Appears on the rock in the background and calls)

Heigh ho! There's a pretty scene in the valley. (He leans on his weapon and listens to the following conversation)

**AUGUST**

Dear, beautiful, good Amalia--(Suddenly jokingly) wicked girl, why did you tease me even for a moment?
so that by the time they reached the upper classes they were ready to take over leading parts. The plays were directed and designed by members of the faculty and presented at regular times during the school year, particularly at graduation time. However the scripts were normally written specifically for each occasion by the teachers themselves, and the scale of production in the later years of the theatres went beyond even the most elaborate production of a Broadway musical which a modern university might attempt. Some of the immense outdoor productions of the Jesuits involved well over a thousand participants, not counting the animals.\(^{18}\)

As was the case in the court opera, comic scenes in the local language were also present as interludes in the Jesuit theatre. Austria received permission to perform interludes in German in 1588, and although their informal nature has permitted little documentation of their contents to survive, there is no question that they formed a popular part of the productions during the seventeenth century. The same classically oriented shifts in taste which eliminated low comedy from the court opera during the first portion of the eighteenth century led to a similar "purification" of the Jesuit plays at this time.\(^{19}\)

\(^{18}\text{Ibid.}, \text{p. 135.}\)

\(^{19}\text{Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 118-21.}\)
AMALIA

Don't be angry, dearest August!

AUGUST

I'll have my revenge with this kiss. (Kisses her)

AMALIA

Vindictive man!

AUGUST

(Gently)

Are you angry?

AMALIA

(Innocently)

Heaven forbid, just have your revenge. Evil people say that revenge is sweet, and this way I could almost believe it.

AUGUST

Dear Amalia! I'm so happy to see you again--nothing but death can ever part us now--

AMALIA

And my father, August, and he's much worse than death. If only my good father weren't so cruel to me!

AUGUST

Don't worry, Amalia, when he sees the progress I've made in my art, and is convinced that my love will endure, he won't be able to withhold his consent. I'll go see him today.
AMALIA

No, it's no use. My father won't speak to anyone outside his own family, except occasionally to the servants. He's become a misanthrope.

AUGUST

Impossible. You always praised his kindness and fairness.

AMALIA

He was both. But you know that when he still had his large bookstore in the city, he was cheated out of great sums of money which in his generosity he had loaned to false friends. Ingratitude and deception brought him to the decision to give up his bookstore, flee the city and hide from the importunity of such people on his estate here. Now he does nothing but read philosophy books which put crazy ideas in his head. His distrust has no limit. He has the unfortunate habit of behaving to everyone so that he demands even the most indifferent things in a sort of rage. No one, not even mother, can stay near him. Everyone avoids and fears him, and therefore he suspects everyone of being unfaithful and allows no one to defend himself. His misanthropy gets worse every day, and we're afraid for his life. We'd gladly do anything for him to convince him of our love; but who can teach him to see how much his violence is in error and to give it up? He makes everyone his enemy with it and robs himself of all means of seeing people in a better light. We don't dare even mention your name. He knows that my mother approves of our love and hates you passionately for it.

AUGUST

Oh, cruel fate, why have you destroyed my happy dreams once more? Then you can never be mine, Amalia?
AMALIA

If only I could find some way to become yours! If only I were as free as that bird that is flying so gaily through the blue sky, I'd travel through all the world with you. Enviable creature! Who would dare rob you of your freedom?

(As tragalus shoots the bird out of the air, but it is not seen to fall. Amalia starts with fright)

Oh!

ASTRAGALUS
(In his rough tone)

My weapon's bullet, since you ask.

AMALIA
(Looks up)

Oh, August, look!

AUGUST

Who are you, gray magician?

ASTRAGALUS

I'm called the Mountain-King.

AMALIA

The Mountain-King! I'm lost! (Faints in August's arms)

AUGUST

What is it, Amalia? Help, help, do something for her!

ASTRAGALUS
(Laughing)

Even stones would be moved by that. Have pity, rock, and open thy heart! (He strikes the rock with the butt of
his weapon. The rock opens and a little waterfall is seen which runs over roses. Two genii are listening, they fill golden shells with water from the fountain and sprinkle Amalia with it.) Awake, little fool, who wishes for wings and so scorns the earth!

AUGUST

She's opening her eyes. How do you feel, Amalia?

AMALIA

Oh, how can I feel? I've seen the Mountain-King. I must be at least forty years older now. Do you still recognize me, August?

AUGUST

Are you delirious? What's the matter with you?

AMALIA

Oh, I have wrinkles, dearest August, thousands of wrinkles. I must look terrible. Just don't look at me!

AUGUST

What are you thinking of? You're as lovely as you ever were.

AMALIA

I'm lovely? Really? And don't have wrinkles, not a one?

AUGUST

Of course not.

AMALIA

Oh kind heaven, thank you! I never had such a fright in my life!
AUGUST

But what were your afraid of?

AMALIA

Well, Lisa told me that any girl who sees the Mountain-King ages forty years on the spot.

ASTRAGALUS

(Coming forward)

She said that?

AMALIA

Oh! There he is again! (Hides her face)

ASTRAGALUS

Be not afraid, and hear what Mountain-King says.
Two times already have I seen your love
Like morning glow the lily-snow embracing,
And saw your tears, as clear as sky above,
Their way of pain down rosy cheeks here tracing.
And as it in my soul great joy does plant,
To see that lovers still such faith are lending,
My princely favor do I herewith grant,
With all my might your love henceforth defending.
(to Amalia)
Your father's rage at mankind do I know,
I see him oft his way through forest wending,
On mountain peak his beastly anger show,
His bitter curse to all the four winds sending.
But never let your constant courage falter,
For knowledge will his rage away be pressing,
The stars will soon look down upon your altar,
(to Amalia)
And Mountain-King will give your union blessing.
(Exit)
Scene Six

August. Amalia.

AMALIA

Did you hear that, August? Is it a dream that we're going to be happy?

AUGUST

We'll believe his promise. And even though I always thought his existence was a myth, I have to acknowledge it now or discredit my senses.

AMALIA

Come, let's tell my mother about it. I'll find a way for you to speak with her. We can trust the Mountain-King—he doesn't seem to be wicked. I looked him straight in the eye and it didn't hurt me, did it August? I didn't get any older?

AUGUST

No, my dear Amalia. Scarcely an hour since I saw you.

AMALIA

Only an hour? (Looking gently into his eyes) Well, one hour I can bear—-it was a happy one, because it was spent with you.

AUGUST

My good Amalia, you bring me such joy!

(Exit arm in arm)
Scene Seven
Change of scene.

Room on Rappelkopf's estate.

Sophie. Sabina. The Coachman. All the servants.

CHORUS

Madam, you were always kindly,
But we can't stand any more,
'Cause our master's much too angry,
And that drives us to the door.
We can't bear to have him so,
And we want to pack and go.

SOPHIE

Just be calm, dear people, stay on your jobs just a little longer, perhaps everything will change soon. Now get back to work, please! If my husband comes--I'm so afraid.

COACHMAN

Oh, what's the use, ma'am? He's got to find out that we can't stand it with him much longer. We do our duty and he can't abide us.

SOPHIE

Things will change--I've written to my brother in Venice and told him about my husband's sickness and its evil results. He may get here yet today, and he'll try everything to cure this misanthropy--or to separate me from my poor husband.

COACHMAN

Well, it's high time, ma'am--you don't look yourself any more. He's killed three wives already--a regular bluebeard.
Scene Eight

The preceding. Habakuk.

SOPHIE

To have to listen to these insults! Habakuk, is my husband in his room? Is Amalia home yet?

HABAKUK

The master's in the winter garden again. He carried his desk and chair over himself and is pacing up and down with seven mile steps. I tell you ma'am, I spent two years in Paris, but such a master I've never seen.

SABINA

(Swabian dialect)

Aw, there we go again--now I don't dare go out in the garden, he took the key out of the other door. --I can't cook--

SOPHIE

Then go through the winter garden.

SABINA

Yeah, who'd dare go in there? When the master's there? I'd rather visit a leopard in his den. He drives everybody out. If he came into the kitchen, I'd have to sleep under the stove.

HABAKUK

There're enough bugs hiding out there already.

COACHMAN

He can't stand me at all. I always have to hide under the hay.
HABAKUK

He only hates me up to here. (Indicating his waist) He says I'm only half there.

SOPHIE

But he's always giving you money.

SABINA

Yes, but how? He insults you all over the place and then throws the money at your feet.

HABAKUK

But that's when he's in one of his better moods. The other day he took out his gold watch and I though he was going to give it to me--and he hit me on the head with it. (Very formally) That's a form of contact one doesn't choose to have with one's master. I spent two years in Paris, but I never went through anything like that. What am I going to do with two watches? I have a clock in my head, but on my head I don't need one.

SABINA

So you see there's nothing to be done in the house, and when we can't even get out into the garden--

HABAKUK

How can we ever hope to get anywhere in the world!

ALL

So we all want to leave.

SOPHIE

Do you want to leave your mistress then, who was always so generous with you--when you can see that my daughter and I both have to suffer the same treatment?
I can't let you leave. My brother will be here today or tomorrow, and he has great influence over my husband. You'll just have to put up with your master's moods till then.

ALL

It's no use, ma'am, we can't take it.

SOPHIE

Well, take this little trifle then (Gives them each a few silver coins) and reinforce your patience with it. Perhaps you can bear it after all.

ALL

Oh! We kiss your hand, ma'am.

COACHMAN

We'll just have to see if we can't get along with him.

HABAKUK

As long as we keep getting money, we'll manage to get along with him.

SABINA

And you know, ma'am, he really wouldn't be so bad, the master--

COACHMAN

No, not at all--if he was just different.

HABAKUK

Sure, that's all.

SOPHIE

Now get back to work, and don't worry.
Although the juxtaposition of serious and comic elements in the same work is a trait which the Viennese court opera, the Jesuit plays, and the Viennese Popular Theatre had in common, it is probably incorrect to assume that this combination was handed down bodily to the popular stage by its illustrious predecessors. In fact the comic portions of the opera and of the Jesuit performances were in all likelihood strongly influenced by the work of the troupes of wandering comedians, whose playing set the standard for popular taste in comedy. 20 Thus there was an extensive exchange of material and techniques between the "upper" and "lower" classes of theatre during the seventeenth century. The opera and Jesuit theatre threw off these "vulgar" elements in the eighteenth century, while popular theatre in Vienna kept its imported techniques and made them an integral part of the Viennese Popular Theatre. In other parts of Europe, on the other hand, the forces opposed to the popular theatre forms were strong enough to prevent any such development, and this factor gave the Viennese stage its unique place in the history of the theatre.

The history of the troupes of wandering players in Vienna is inseparable from their history in Germany up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The frequent denunciations of them which are

20 Ibid., p. 123.
ALL

Right away, ma'am. (Exit)

COACHMAN

You're a right smart lady, ma'am. I always say, the mistress must have been a coachman once, because she knows that a coach has to be greased if it's going to run. (Laughs stupidly, and exit)

SABINA

(Kisses Sophie's hand)

That's right, ma'am, you're a mistress in a million. (Exit)

HABAKUK

I assure you ma'am, I spent two years in Paris, but a heart like yours ma'am, that's really, as they say in French, nouveau!

Scene Nine

Lisa. The preceding.

SOPHIE

There you are, at last. Where's Amalia? Did August come? Did they meet?

LISA

I don't know a thing about all that, ma'am, I only know that girl-persecuting Mountain-King was hunting and I got scared out there where we were supposed to meet August and came running head over heels home.

SOPHIE

And Amalia?
LISA

Wanted to wait for her boy-friend and wouldn't hear of coming back with me.

SOPHIE

What do you mean, leaving my daughter alone? You silly girl, how could I entrust my child to a person like that! I'll send people out to find her right away. If something were to happen to her! Oh heaven, what tortures I have to endure!

LISA

But ma'am--

SOPHIE

Out of my sight! (Exit hastily)

Scene Ten

Lisa. Habakuk.

LISA

(Very angrily)

Oh! That's not to be borne! This house is a regular torture chamber. What do they mean, treating servants like that?

HABAKUK

Well, we're quite a crew too. I'm a servant, but if I were my own master, I'd send myself packing.

LISA

To call me a person!
HABAKUK

Such personalities!

LISA

You shut up! If only I didn't have to see you dull face any more!

HABAKUK

I'm no misanthrope, but I have chambermaid-phobia. I just can't stand this girl, because she refuses to believe that I was in Paris. (Maliciously) Serves you right, Miss Lisa!

LISA

Oh, you miserable wretch. You don't deserve to be under the same roof with a chambermaid of my quality.

HABAKUK

Oh, don't be bragging about your chambermaidship, you didn't invent chambermaiding. I assure you, I spent two years in Paris, and there are chambermaids there--that's a regular society of chambermaids that would make all the chambermaids around here hide for shame. Especially you, my dear ex-chambermaid.

LISA

You two-years-spent-in-Paris fool, I'm just in a mood for you--if you dare to open your impertinent mouth against me once more, I'll declare war against your face and give you striking proof how a German chambermaid can defend the honor of her kind.

(Slaps his face and exits quickly)
HABAKUK
(Holding his cheek)

Well, what all you have to put up with in this house--
I spent two years in Paris, but I never came face to
face with anything like this before. (Exit, holding his
cheek)

Scene Eleven

Change of Scene.

(Shallow room. Entrance door on the right, on the
left a glass-door leads to the garden. On this side are
also a massive old-fashioned table and a chair. By
the right wall near the door a tall mirror. A secretary
next to the garden door.

Rappelkofpf enters vigorously through the glass-door.
He is of an extremely explosive nature. He looks at
people only for brief moments or from the side, and
turns away from them quickly, either in anger or in
contempt.)

RAPPELKOFPF

Ha! Ha!

Song

Things can't go like this forever,
Treachery's their main endeavor,
Lies they're openly contriving,
Plots behind my back conniving.
Money's only safe when buried,
Or will soon away be carried.
Debts are something I've forbidden,
Hundred thousand cash I've hidden,
Still about my wealth I'm queasy,
Only kings can still breathe easy.
Fields are suffering from the weather,
Horses only fit for leather,
And my daughter's worthless too,
Moons of love the whole year through,
Ev'ry day and never fainter,
Gabs about her silly painter,
Hasn't any reputation,
Nor a cent as compensation.
And my wife, with zeal untiring,
Wants to help them in conspiring,
Thinks he ought to have affection;
How she knows defies detection!
Not a hope of retribution,
Suicide's the best solution.
Not a word of pity trying,
All they hope for is my dying.
That's the way they all are, all,
I'm about to burst from gall.
And so I've decided with anger still stronger,
I'll not bear the torments of mankind much longer,
I'll leave them forever, before it's too late,
I've given them notice and hardly can wait.
This loving and longing and friendly and fairly,
The rest I've forgotten, I've seen them so rarely,
The ladies with teasing and tempting and lying,
They've chased me for decades with flirting and crying;
A last invitation I'll give them to eat,
Then chase them, like Timon, right into the street.

It's all over! The world's just a poisonous Bella Donna, I've tasted it, and it's driven me mad. I don't need anything from the human race, and it'll get nothing from me, nothing good, nothing bad, nothing sweet, nothing sour. I won't even sell it my sour wine any more. I planted honesty, but it's falseness that came up. It's disgraceful--I'm on the verge of being made a beggar by my own brother-in-law. He talked me into confiding my fortune to a banking house in Venice, that must be ready to fall now. I'm not getting any dividends, and don't hear a word from my hypocritical brother-in-law, whom I made the mistake of trusting, and who's probably in league with the traitors. And that's the way everything deceives me! Everything! So I want no more companions except for quarrelsome experience.

That's the most cautious experienced rabbit,
Sensing misfortune becomes his main habit,
He, just like me, was so often defeated,
Only by me is he properly treated.
I've stood too much in the world. Friendship has deceived me, love has betrayed me, and marriage has tortured me. I can prove it, I've got four proofs of it, because I'm on my fourth wife. And what wives! Every one had a different vice. The first one was domineering--she wanted to play the queen. Until I played the king of trumps. The second was insanely jealous. If a fly let itself be seen on my face, boom! she killed it. Those were a pair of marriages--blow for blow, so to speak. The third one was a sleepwalker. When I wanted to say something to her at night, there she was sitting out on the roof. Now I ask you, can a man put up with things like that? They all claimed they couldn't live with me, and died out of pure meanness. But I didn't get any wiser, I had the devilish idea of taking a fourth. A fourth, who's four times as false as the other three. She supports my child in disobedience. She sides with that painter, who's so hungry he'll try anything. She's constantly whispering with that band of servants that's always making plots against its lord and master. (Looks out the half-opened entrance door) Aha! There's that chambermaid sneaking around. She's up to something again. She's not really so bad, that chambermaid, she's the decentest of the lot--but I hate her, hate her with a passion--I'll just call her in here so I can subtly question her. Hey, Lisa! (Shouts) Get in here!

Scene Twelve

The preceding. Lisa enters fearfully.

LISA

Yes, sir?

RAPPELKOPF

(Always rudely)

I have something to talk over with you.
LISA
(Frightened)

With me? (Aside) That'll be a fine conversation. Just look at him roll his eyes already!

—RAPPELKOPF
(Aside)

I'll be as delicate as can be. (Crudely) Come here! (Lisa approaches timidly. Rappelkopf looks her over contemptuously from head to foot.) Infamous creature!

LISA

But sir--

RAPPELKOPF

What sir--no sir--shut up and answer me.

LISA

I can't do both at once.

RAPPELKOPF

You can manage anything. There's no deception you aren't capable of. You're a mosaic made up of all kinds of falsity. (Aside) I have to restrain myself to keep from being rude to her.

LISA
(Outraged)

Who ever had to listen to such insults?

RAPPELKOPF
(Violently)

You, you'll listen to them. And won't make a sound. What sort of treachery were you up to? Were you trying to rob me?
LISA

No!

RAPPELKOPF

What then?

LISA

I'm trying to leave you. (Starts to go)

RAPPELKOPF

(Takes an unloaded hunting rifle)

One step and I'll shoot you down!

LISA

(Cries out)

Help, help!

RAPPELKOPF

Not a sound! Answer me! Why were you looking around so suspiciously? What's going on?

LISA

Heavens, if it goes off!

RAPPELKOPF

It's no use! Something's got to go off, either your mouth or the gun.

LISA

Oh, why should I risk my life? (Kneeling) Dear, good, master, I'll confess everything.
RAPPELKOPF

At last it's coming to light. Heavens, open wide!

LISA

I was trying to see if the young miss hadn't come back from the valley yet, the mistress scolded me for not staying with her when she was waiting to meet her sweetheart, who's coming today. The mistress is trying to help her, but because she mistreated me, I'm betraying her.

RAPPELKOPF

Horrible treachery! Oh, false Niobe!—And you, you low-minded creature, you dare to betray your mistress—to whom you owe so much? Oh mankind, mankind! Depraved race! Get out of my sight, you ungrateful creature, I never want to see you again.

LISA

But what was I supposed to do?

RAPPELKOPF

You should have kept still.

LISA

But your honor would have shot me.

RAPPELKOPF

Not a chance, it's not loaded. Tit for tat.

LISA

You mean I had this fright for nothing? That's horrible.
RAPPELKOPF

Oh no, not for nothing. You crocodile of a chambermaid --you've gained a lot for it; my contempt, my hatred, my curses, my persecution, and your reward. (Throws a purse at her feet) Take it and get out of my house. Take your pay this way, or you'll get it another way. Go on, why don't you take it?

LISA

Oh, I'll take it all right. (Thinking) Sir!

RAPPELKOPF

What are you thinking about, you viper? Take it and call your mistress for me.

LISA

(Suddenly pointing at the garden door)

There she is now!

RAPPELKOPF

(Quickly running toward the garden door)

Where is she? Where? Get in here!

LISA

(Quickly picks up the purse)

That's an old fool! (Runs out quickly)

RAPPELKOPF

(Looking after her)

Got it already? Oh ye worlds, collapse, this female insect dares to make a fool of me! Oh, Rappelkopf! How false everyone is with me, and yet I'm so good to them! Ha! There comes my wife, horrible sight--it makes my hair stand on end. --I must look like a porcupine.
found in church records are proof enough of the presence of wandering entertainers throughout the Middle Ages, and certainly at least a portion of this entertainment was in a form that could legitimately be called dramatic. Nevertheless, the introduction of the professional actor into Germany (in contrast to either the professional entertainer who also acted, or to the amateur actor who lived from some other trade) is generally credited to the English companies which began to arrive in the country in 1592. During the first half of the seventeenth century, visits to Germany by these companies became very common. A number of the companies remained in the country permanently and were integrated into German theatrical life. The middle third of the seventeenth century saw a gradual transition from these English companies to German companies. The transition took place in part through the Germanification of the English troupes themselves as they added native members, and in part through the creation of German troupes in imitation of the successful English. The repertoire of the English players was basically that of the Elizabethan theatre, and the repertoire of the German troupes was at first dominated by the same plays. Later in the century Molière became popular, and, above all, the Haupt- und Staatsaktionen, half-improvised bombastic dramas about events in higher social circles, which held sway well into the eighteenth century. Both the English and German
Scene Thirteen

The preceding. Sophie.

SOPHIE
(Calmly)

What do you want, my dear?

RAPPELKOPF

You, out of all humanity, I want you! And from you I want my own flesh and blood, my child! Where is she?

SOPHIE
(Embarrassed)

She's not at home--

RAPPELKOPF
(Very violently)

All right, where is she then--? Where?--

SOPHIE

Just don't get so upset.

RAPPELKOPF

So I'm supposed to be upset now, and yet I'm amazed at my calmness. She's out in the forest. So my own child's lost to me too, is she?

SOPHIE

Now, now, it's not as if there were bears in the forest.

RAPPELKOPF

But there is a young man--so this business with the painter isn't over yet?
SOPHIE

And must not be over, because the happiness and contentment of your daughter are at stake. She'll always love him.

RAPPELKOPF

And I'll always hate him.

SOPHIE

What do you have against him as a person?

RAPPELKOPF

Nothing, except that he is one.

SOPHIE

What can you say against his art?

RAPPELKOPF

Everything! I hate painting, it's a slanderer of nature because it makes it smaller. Nature can't be equalled. It's an ever-blooming youth, but paintings are dressed-up corpses.

SOPHIE

I can not and must not share your opinions. My duty forbids it.

RAPPELKOPF

Because you've made it your duty to hate me, to betray me, to lie to me, and so on, and so on. (Turns away from her)

SOPHIE

But just let me say this--
RAPPELKOPF

It's a lie.

SOPHIE

But I haven't said anything yet--

RAPPELKOPF

You only have to open your mouth and it's a lie.

SOPHIE

At least look at me--

RAPPELKOPF

No, I've forbidden my eyes every rendezvous with yours. Out of my room! (Sits, turning his back on her)

SOPHIE

(Outraged)

You're turning your back on me?

RAPPELKOPF

In every way. Since you do everything behind my back, you might as well talk behind my back too. I'm no Janus, I only have one face and it's not much, but if I had a hundred, I'd turn them all away from you. So relieve me of your presence! Get out, monster!

SOPHIE

Husband, I'm warning you for the last time. I haven't earned this sort of treatment, and I can't put up with it much longer without losing all self-respect. Nothing deserves your hatred more than your own behavior. There's the enemy that's conquering you in your own house. And it's really high time I leave you, so that I don't sin by wishing that heaven would free you from a world to which your loveless heart is a burden and in
which you no longer find any pleasure except in torturing your own family. (Exit angrily)

RAPPELKOPF
(Alone)

That's a horrible creature. Everybody's against me, and I don't do anything to anybody. And even if I do get stirred up a bit occasionally, it's very rare, and after I've had my say I don't remember a thing that I've said. But people are malicious, they'd just as soon poison me. This woman, for whom I had such despicable affection, is capable of betraying me. And yet she demands trust. Where from? If I only knew somebody who'd lend me some! I'd put up all the wealth of my experience for it. (Stands by the garden door) The garden is the only pleasure I have left. Nature is a wonderful thing. Everything's so well-arranged. But those caterpillars are eating away at that tree again. Those creeping parasites. (Derisively encouraging) Eat away. Go on. Till nothing more's there, then eat the house too. Oh, bravissimo! (Stands with his arms folded, rapt in the sight)

Scene Fourteen

The preceding. Habakuk comes in through the entrance door with a kitchen knife in his hand.

HABAKUK

I'll give it a try now. (Sees Rappelkopf, is terrified) Oh Lord, there he is right by the garden door! How will I ever get out now? I don't dare go past him. He'll go at me like a watchdog. Oh well, what can happen to me! I spent two years in Paris. Excuse me, sir, may I--

(Rappelkopf turns around suddenly and starts back in fright, as does Habakuk)
RAPPELKOPF

What's that--? What do you want?

HABAKUK
(To himself)

Barking at me already. (Unconsciously hiding the knife)

RAPPELKOPF
(Seizes him by his shirt)

What do you want here? Why so scared?

HABAKUK
(To himself)

Got me already. (Aloud) Excuse me, sir, I have--

RAPPELKOPF

Have what? A guilty conscience! What are you hiding there? Let's see it!

HABAKUK
(Showing it)

I'm not hiding anything, sir. It's a kitchen knife--

RAPPELKOPF
(Starting back in terror)

Heaven and hell! The fellow wanted to kill me.

HABAKUK

Oh, sure, sir--

RAPPELKOPF

Admit it this instant! (Grabbing him and tearing the knife out of his hand) Was this knife meant for me?
HABAKUK

But sir, that's crazy, to think a thing like that--I just wanted to ask you--

RAPPELKOPF

If you could murder me?

HABAKUK

Oh sure, sir, we'd be sure to ask you that ahead of time--

RAPPELKOPF

Oh, you miserable traitor!

HABAKUK

But just let me tell you, sir--

RAPPELKOPF

No excuses, just get out!

HABAKUK

(Aside)

He won't even let a person talk. (Aloud) Sir, you've got to listen to me. (Trying to approach him)

RAPPELKOPF

(Holding a chair in front of him)

Don't you dare come near me! You've probably got a couple more knives on you. You're a regular knifesmith.

HABAKUK

Then search me, sir, for Heaven's sake!
RAPPELKOPF
(Grabbing him again)

I'll do that. Confess, you Italian bandit, who put you up to this frightful deed?

HABAKUK

Good Lord, the mistress just wanted--

RAPPELKOPF

That's enough! I don't need to hear any more. Horrible! (Habakuk tries to speak. Rappelkopf shouts) No more! My wife wants to have me murdered! (Sinks into a chair and covers his face)

HABAKUK
(To himself)

Oh, that's awful! I was just supposed to dig some chicory (Wringing his hands), and he thinks I wanted to murder him. Oh, that's awful, just awful!

RAPPELKOPF

Yes, it's awful--it's horrible, it's the most inhuman thing in the history of the world. (Picking up the chair) Get out, you murderer! You Attila the Hun! You monster in livrey!

HABAKUK

But your honor--

RAPPELKOPF

Out with you--

HABAKUK

But I was--
RAPPELKOPF  
(Raging)

Get out I say, or-- (Chasing him out)

HABAKUK  
(Already at the door, shouts)

I spent two years in Paris, but I never saw anything like this. (Exit)

RAPPELKOPF  
(Alone)

It's all over, I'm not even safe under my own roof any more.

Then away, now away  
From this murderous house!
First I'll sweet revenge be taking,
Furniture in pieces breaking.
With this chair I'll not be gentle,
Even though I'm sentimental.
Here's where all my wives were seated,
All my dreams of joy defeated.
There! I'll smash you all to pieces.  
(Smashes the chair with his foot)
Yet my fury still increases.
Table, scene of letter-writing,  
Foolishly my friends inviting,
All were faithless, that I know,
That's just worth a single blow.  
(Smashing the table)
Mirror, monster of seduction,  
Mocking proof of man's destruction,
Honored god of foolish beauty,  
How they pay you flatt'ring duty,  
Stand before you making faces,  
Like an ape put through his paces,  
Bending, nodding, always spinning,  
Show their teeth with foolish grinning.  
Oh, you shameless, vile traducer!  
Honest women's low seducer!
Monstrous, cold inhuman bubble,
I'm the one to give you trouble.
   (Sees himself in the mirror)
Fah! That ugly scowling face,
All these lies I'll soon erase.
   (Smashing the mirror with his fist)
There you are, you king of wits,
All your armor smashed to bits.
   (Looking at his hand)
So! This shiny foul betrayer,
Found a way to wound his slayer.
Doesn't matter, let it go,
Let the blood in buckets flow.
   (Opening the desk and taking letters from it)
Loving letters, full of joy,
Madness had to have its toy,
These I'll tear to bits in haste,
All this paper—what a waste.
   (Tears them up and scatters them on the floor.
     Taking rolls of coins and a purse from a
     strongbox.)
Just this much-despised gold,
Mistress of the world so cold,
That alone I'll keep for me,
Where I go you'll always be.
   (Sticking it hastily in his pockets)
Now you ugly walls of plaster,
Here's the hatred of your master.
Why those looks of blank surprise?
Scared to see a man who's wise?
What a shame I can't destroy you,
So just let my words annoy you,
Off I'll go to forest free,
Home, you've seen the last of me.
   (Runs off raging)

Scene Fifteen
Change of Scene

(The interior of a charcoal-burner's hut. Sooty walls.
Sally at the spinning-distaff. Hans, Christopher and
Andres are sitting at the table. Martha is by a cradle,
in which her baby is lying. Under the table is a large black dog. On the table is a cat with which the boys are playing. In the background two poor beds. In one is the sick grandmother, in the other, the drunken Christian.)

Quintet.

SALLY
(Happily)

When I think of Franz alone,
I just feel so fine.
Only he my heart does own,
Makes his courage mine.

THE THREE CHILDREN

Hey, Mama, give us bread to eat,
Our stomachs hurt us so!

SALLY

Oh, even hunger's just a treat,
When to him I go.
When I think of Franz alone,
I just feel so fine.
Only he my heart does own,
Makes his courage mine.

THE THREE CHILDREN

Mother, give us bread!

CHRISTIAN
(Thickly)

Can't you dirty brats keep still?
Damn your ugly head!

MARTHA
(Calls out)

Still!
companies played indoors whenever possible but also outside if no suitable room could be found. The English companies used a much simplified form of Elizabethan staging for their performances and depended only on what they could conveniently carry with them for the scenic element. The German troupes soon began to fall under the influence of the more elaborate staging which was used by the opera. 21 In all of these companies improvisation played a vital part in the entertainment which was offered to the public.

It was this improvisation, and the devaluation of the literary aspect of drama which it implied, which aroused the wrath of German theatre reformers in the eighteenth century. Johann Christoph Gottsched (1700-1766) was the leader in these attempts at "regularization" of the drama. The representation of the banning of Harlequin from the stage, which he arranged to have presented in Leipzig in 1737, was indicative of a general movement in Germany to raise the standards of the theatre. If the process of eliminating Harlequin entirely was hardly as simple as the allegory implied, it was nonetheless the direction the German theatre was taking.

In Vienna the process took a good bit longer. The Viennese Hanswurst was better able to take care of himself than were his counterparts in the North, and although he had to change his name a

21 Knudsen, pp. 142-56.
THE BABY

Waa, waa!

THE CAT

Meow!

THE DOG

Bow wow!

(The first tune begins again)

SALLY

My Franz is such a handsome lad,
Sings the whole day through,
I'm the only love he's had,
And to me he's true.

THE THREE CHILDREN

If we don't soon get some bread,
Then we will all get sick!

SALLY

Don't wake the baby in its bed,
And teach the dog a trick.
My Franz is such a handsome lad,
Sings the whole day through,
I'm the only love he's had,
And to me he's true.

THE THREE CHILDREN

Just a piece of bread!

CHRISTIAN

If you still won't hold your tongues,
You're as good as dead!
MARTHA

Still!

THE BABY

Waa, waa!

THE CAT

Meow!

THE DOG

Bow wow!

MARTHA

Shut up, you naughty brats!

HANS

(Tearfully)

Mama, gimme some bread!

SALLY

There isn't any, eat a wild pear!

MARTHA

And don't make such a racket. Your daddy don't feel good.

ANDRES

What's the matter with him?

MARTHA

He's dizzy. (To herself) Mustn't let the kids know the truth.
CHRISTOPHER

Daddy sold so much charcoal--

ANDRES

But he didn't bring home no money, just his dizzy spells.

SALLY

What's it to you?

ANDRES

'Cause we're hungry. I know why we don't get nothin' to eat, 'cause daddy drinks so much.

SALLY

Just listen to the brats, mama: They don't have no respect for their daddy.

CHRISTIAN

I'll massacre all three of 'em.

(He tries to get up but staggers)

MARTHA

Lay down! (She forces him back on to the bed)

ANDRES

Daddy's dizzy again.

ALL THREE

(Laughing)

Ha ha! Daddy can't stand up straight!

MARTHA

Are you gonna stop! Oh, what misery heaven's sent me!
THE BABY
(Screaming)

Waa, waa!

MARTHA
(To Sally)

Look after the baby! (Sally rocks the baby) A basketful of kids and a drunk for a man. Not a cent in the house. (The grandmother sneezes in bed) Oh, cut the sneezin', ya can't hear yourself think in here.

THE THREE CHILDREN

Oh, that's funny!

ANDRES

Mama's mad! Ha, ha!

MARTHA

Oh, I'm so mad I'll burst! You damned brat, just wait, I'll teach you to laugh at your old lady. (Takes him by the head and beats him)

ANDRES
(Crying out)

Ow, ow! (Crying)

SALLY
(Jumping up and pulling her away)

Stop it, mama!--

(The other two boys slip around behind the table and behind the bed)
ALL AT ONCE:

THE BABY
(In the cradle)

Waa, waa!

THE GRANDMOTHER
(Stretching out her arms in bed and sneezing)

Ahchoo!

THE DOG
(Barking)

Bow wow!

(The cat runs away)

Scene Sixteen

The preceding. Rappelkopf opens the door and stands in it.

RAPPELKOPF

Hey, there's a show! Hit him harder! What rabble. (Coming into the center of the room and clapping his hands. Maliciously) Bravo! Bravissimo!

SALLY

Look at him. What's he want here?

MARTHA

What do you want? What're you looking at?

RAPPELKOPF

Not you, you old hag! What's the hut here cost? How much do I have to pay to throw you all out?
SALLY

Huh, he's got funny ideas.

MARTHA

You nosy old man, what do you mean, comin' in here--

SALLY

And insultin' us.

CHRISTIAN

(Half asleep)

Throw'm out!

MARTHA

(Ill-temperedly)

Shut up! (To Rappelkopf) Whatta you mean, givin' orders, I'll beat my kids whenever I want.

ANDRES

Yeah, whatta you care about my head? We get beatin's for dinner here.

THE BOY UNDER THE BED

Get him, boy!

THE DOG

Bow, wow!

MARTHA AND SALLY

Get outa here!

RAPPELKOPF

Quiet! Not another word! (Pulls out two purses and shakes them) Here's money! Here are gold pieces!
They're all yours. Got it? So be friendly, smile, say sir. Hurry! Baggage! Quick!

MARTHA

Oh, sir, please forgive us. Go on, children, kiss the gentleman's hand. Maybe he'll give you something.

(The children creep out)

ANDRE
(Laughing stupidly)

He's got gold? Come on, boys, let's kiss his hand.

(They kiss his hands)

RAPPELKOPF

There comes the pack already.

THE THREE BOYS

Mister, give me a piece, please, pretty please.

CHRISTIAN

Bring me some too!

SALLY

Aren't you ashamed? He's makin' fools of you!

RAPPELKOPF

What do you want for this hole, old lady? I'll buy it. No matter what it costs.

MARTHA

Oh, sir, you must be kiddin'. What'd you want with this rotten hut?
RA PPELKOPF

None of your business. Is two hundred gold pieces enough?

MARTHA

Oh, my, sir! There ain't that much dough in the world, we'd be fixed for the rest of our days!

SALLY

Mama, you wouldn't sell the hut? What'll Franz say when he hears?

ANDRES

Mama, give it to him, it's not worth that much.

MARTHA

(Joyfully)

Oh, my God, what a break! If I could only talk it over with my man.

ANDRES

Daddy! Get up! Or we'll sell the house and you with it.

MARTHA

You, husband! (To herself) Oh, the shame of it, in front of strangers! He can't even move. (During this speech the dog rubs against Rappelkopf, who kicks it away. The dog barks at him. Martha says aloud) You can sell the hut, imagine, we'll get two hundred gold pieces for it.

CHRISTIAN

(Sleepily)

It ain't enough--ain't enough.
SALLY
If only he won't do it!

MARTHA
My man don't know what he's sayin'. You can have it sir, it's okay.

RAPPELKOPF
I'll take everything, just as it stands.

MARTHA
There's a little kitchen outside, with lots of dishes.

ANDRES
And mice, they're free.

RAPPELKOPF
There's the money. (Throws the money to them) Now get right out of here. All of you. In two minutes I want you all gone.

SALLY
You see, mama, he's tossin' us out already.

(During these lines the children have gradually cleared everything back so that the front of the stage is free of furniture, except for one chair on which Rappelkopf sits.)

Enter Franz.

FRANZ
Evenin' all, here's Franz!

RAPPELKOPF
There comes another one of these subhumans.
SALLY

Oh, Franz dear, just look at this stranger who bought the hut from mama. He's tossin' us all out. He paid her already.

FRANZ

Why, mother, what're you thinkin' of? Just give him back his money--he looks awful mean!

MARTHA

Oh, no--I'll never give it back, we'll never find anybody this dumb again. Just hush up, with this money you can get married.

SALLY

But where'll we sleep? It's almost night already.

MARTHA

For money they'll let us in anywhere. Hey, kids, papa, mama, get up! We got to go.

ANDRES

Movin' out, movin' out! What fun!

MARTHA

Get up, man! (She pulls him up and leads him forward)

RAPPELKOPF

Is he sick?

MARTHA

I'll say.
few times and get accustomed to having most of his speeches written out ahead of time, he remained a vital part of the Viennese Popular Theatre right up to its final dissolution with the death of Nestroy in 1862. The key figure in establishing Hanswurst in Vienna, and one of the most important figures in the history of the Viennese theatre, was Josef Antoni Stranitzky (1676-1726). Stranitzky came to the city in the first years of the eighteenth century as a puppeteer, actor and dentist; less than ten years later he was granted control of the newly built Theater am Kärntnertor and until his death was the successful proprietor and leading performer of the first permanent home of native popular theatre on German soil. 22 The productions given in this well-equipped and financially solvent theatre, a portion of whose audience was equally at home at the court opera, were a far cry from the primitive outdoor stage and hand-to-mouth existence which the name Hanswurst normally evokes. The popular stage was to have its ups and downs in the remaining hundred fifty years of its existence in Vienna, but its tradition was never interrupted from the time of Stranitzky to the death of Nestroy. 23 Before he died, Stranitzky was able to designate his successor in the popular role, and the fame of

22 Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 197-205.

RAPPELKOPF

Very long?

MARTHA

Oh, yes, it's an old complaint, it started last year.

RAPPELKOPF

That's a lie! That started last night! Get him out of here!

CHRISTIAN

Won't go till I got the dough. I'm a man, I got some sense in my head, and I want something in my pocket too.

MARTHA

I got the money (Puts his coat and hat on him) so get moving! Come on, kids, get the stuff together. (Hans ties the dog on a cord) Christopher, you lead grandma. (They lift the old woman out of the bed and put her crutch in her hand. To Hans) You lead the dog, and I'll lead my man.

RAPPELKOPF

And the baby? What about it?

ANDRES

I'll take it under my arm.

RAPPELKOPF

They're a bunch of hottentots. All ready now?

ANDRES

All hitched up.
Figure 17. Ferdinand Raimund as Rappelkopf in the charcoal-burner's hut scene, Act I, Scene 16 of Mountain-King and Misanthrope.
RAPPELKOPF

Then drive away!

SALLY

So we really have to leave our dear home--

CHRISTOPHER

(Crying)

Where we were all born and braised.

SALLY

Honest, sir, you can't imagine what a lot of harm you're doing with all your money.

Sextet.

SALLY

And so farewell our little home,
So full of care we have to roam.

ALL

(Except Rappelkopf)

And so farewell, our little home,
So full of care we have to roam.

SALLY

No matter how our fortunes grow,
We'll think of you wheree'ir we go.

ALL

No matter how our fortunes grow,
We'll think of you wheree'ir we go.

(They exit, two by two)

(They look around sadly as they go, including the dog)
THE DOG
(Barks softly at Rappelkopf as it is led out)

Bow wow! Bow wow! (Follows the others out, led by Hans on a string)

Scene Seventeen
Rappelkopf alone.
Song with chorus.

RAPPELKOPF
(Jumping up from the chair)

At last I'm alone and alone here remaining,
With solitude only as fifth wife retaining,
The mountains alone as companions I'll order,
I'll chase all the hypocrites far from my border.
I'll hear no more chatter of women so boring,
I'd rather be lulled by the waterfall's roaring.
The elements four I'll engage as my pages,
They know how to work without begging for wages.
As barber the west wind my orders will heed,
He'll ruffle my locks which is all that they'll need,
I'll grow on my head a luxuriant crop,
Just like a giraffe when he's seen from the top.
I'll live in contentment in gloomy retreat,
And laugh at the madness I see at my feet.

(Walks back upstage to the middle of the scene and broods.
Near to the hut the chorus sings the former melody softly.)

CHORUS

And so farewell our little home,
So full of care we have to roam.

THE DOG

Bow wow!
RAPPELKOPF
(Coming forward)
With evil mankind all my ties will I sever,
Despising the dumb ones and scared of the clever,
And whether they're fighting or drinking or brawling,
And whether in court all the witnesses calling,
And whether they're flatt'ring and tenderly squeezing,
And whether they're sickly and constantly sneezing,
And whether they're sleeping or constantly eating,
And whether they're honest or callously cheating,
And whether in Asia the oats are expensive,
And whether there's plague or a wartime offensive,
Ha! what does it matter, I couldn't care less,
I'll live in contentment in gloomy retreat,
And laugh at the madness I see at my feet.
(Throwing himself into the chair)

(Farther away from the hut)

CHORUS
And so farewell our little home,
So full of care we have to roam.

THE DOG
Bow wow!

(It gets dark)

RAPPELKOPF
(Jumping up and roughly shoving back the chair on which he was sitting)
And let all the world take a diff'rent position,
And let them call hanging an honored condition,
And look upon virtue as something infected,
And let all the corpses for balls be collected,
And let them say grandmas should sleep in a cradle,
And let the North Pole pour out flames from a ladle,
And let stingy bankers make gifts of their billions,
And crowns grow like grass on the ground by the millions,
And let them be duelling with sword handles only,
And eagles be wingless while soaring so lonely,
And let there be love that's relieved of all pain,
And even a sun that will shine in the rain,
I'll still find contentment in gloomy retreat,
And laugh at the madness I see at my feet.

(He hurries upstage and opens the shutters. The forest
glows in the red of the sunset, which also illuminates
Rappelkopf. He stares out gloomily and in the distance
is heard fading away the)

CHORUS

And so farewell our little home,
So full of care we have to roam.

THE DOG

Bow wow!

(The scene changes slowly to a shallow room in
Rappelkopf's house. Center, a large mirror. It is
day.)

Scene Eighteen

Sophie, led by Amalia and August, sits down weeping in
a chair.

AMALIA

Don't worry, mother, Father will come back when he's
finished raging. He's left the house so many times like
that, and run off to the mountains.

SOPHIE

Oh, children, there's an evil premonition in my breast,
that robs me of every hope that we will see him again
alive and well.
AUGUST

If you'd only let me to go after him, I'd do everything I could to calm him.

SOPHIE

Oh, August dear, the sight of you would just make him more bitter. It was because he found out you were here that his displeasure turned to rage.

AMALIA

Here come Lisa and Habakuk, perhaps someone has brought news already.

(Enter Lisa, quickly pulling Habakuk in)

LISA

Get in here, you monster, and tell the mistress the whole story! Just imagine, ma'am the master had his last fight with Habakuk. It's because of Habakuk that he went away.

HABAKUK

Don't be so stupid! What could I do about it?

AUGUST

The man's pale as a ghost.

SOPHIE

Why didn't you tell us that right away? Where were you till now?

LISA

He was hiding out in the barn for fear of the Master. He wanted to kill him.
ALL

Who?

LISA

Habakuk wanted to kill the Master.

ALL

It can't be!

LISA

Can't be? He confessed it himself. Just look at this murderer's face. He'll murder us all yet.

HABAKUK

Oh, what a shameful liar! Ma'am, let me beat her up for a half hour or so. I can't put up with that.

LISA

Be still and come here, you criminal!

AMALIA

You wouldn't play a trick, would you Lisa?

SOPHIE

Tell us, Habakuk! Why are you trembling so?

HABAKUK

For anger! I'm trying to stay polite to everybody, but I spent two years in Paris and I'm ready to blow up.

AUGUST

(Giving him a chair)

Here, sit down and tell us all about it.
HABAKUK

All I can say is that, like you told me, ma'am, I was going to dig some chicory, and when the Master saw me with a knife, he claimed I'd planned to murder him. Wouldn't let me say a word, shook me like a plum-tree, and asked me who put me up to it. I started to say: "The Mistress just wanted some chicory." But he never let me get to "chicory"--he'd hardly heard the word "Mistress" when he got up on his high horse. He kept screaming, "my wife wants to murder me," called me an Attila the Hun and I don't know what all, and beat me out the door just like that. So I hid right away in the barn I was so desperate. Until this conniving female insect dragged me over here and told the whole story all backwards.

LISA

He claimed--

HABAKUK

That you're a deceitful female who wants to bring a man of my merits into misfortune.

SOPHIE

Enough of this foolishness. So that's the reason my husband flew into such a rage? He suspects me of murder? Vulgar as such a thought is, at least it shows how badly he thinks of me.

AMALIA

Don't be upset, mother!

AUGUST

Who would have thought that a healthy mind could fall prey to such fantastic ideas?
LISA

The Master always was sort of gloomy, even when he was still a bookdealer. His books were always in order, but his temper wasn't.

HABAKUK

He's a hypogondolist. His nerves are too touchy.

LISA

(Laughing)

It's awful--this man spent two years in Paris and he's still dumb as a goose.

HABAKUK

This girl'll die by my hand yet.

SOPHIE

(To Lisa)

And you saw him run out of the house?

LISA

Toward the woods. After he'd won a big battle with the furniture first.

SOPHIE

(Weeping)

Oh, dear God, I'm afraid for his life. I can't stay any longer, I have to go out myself--

AUGUST

Wait--

AMALIA

Oh, August, the Mountain-King deceived us.
AUGUST

Damn that faithless spirit!

(Thunder. The mirror opens and the Mountain-King is seen sitting on a rough boulder. In the background are distant mountains, blue sky.)

SOPHIE

Heavens, what a vision!

AUGUST AND AMALIA

There he is!

SOPHIE

Who?

HABAKUK

The ashman!

AUGUST AND AMALIA

The Mountain-King.

LISA

Oh, heaven have mercy! (She shuts her eyes)

ASTRAGALUS

Why do you curse me?

AUGUST

(Kneeling)

You wondrous being, whose power we can't explain, and yet can't deny, since it appears to our eyes and to our hearts at the same time, you promised us your protection. And yet this house has met such deep misery, that I was
THE THEATRE OF FERDINAND RAIMUND

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of The Ohio State University

By

Corliss Edwin Phillabaum, A.B., M.A.

******

The Ohio State University
1962

Approved by

Ray R. Brown
Adviser
Department of Speech
Figure 4. Josef Antoni Stranitzky, the Viennese Hanswurst. The costume is peasant dress of Salzburg which was his standard garb.
afraid you could bring me fortune only through her father's misfortune.

AMALIA
(Kneeling)

If you know the place where he's wandering now, rescue him, mighty prince of the cliffs.

SOPHIE
(Kneeling)

I don't understand what my children are saying, but if my husband's heart is under your magic spell and that is why it has turned from us, then let it go—we will always honor you as a kind spirit in return.

LISA
(Kneeling)

Mighty Mountain-King! I don't dare raise my eyes to you, and I know very well why. But if you're a gallant lord, you'll let the plea of a pretty chambermaid have some influence on you too.

HABAKUK
(Kneeling)

I'm askin' awful hard too, your stony Highness!

ASTRAGALUS
(Rising)

I knew that care would seize you, though 'twas not my will, because my plan must start with dismal tide. But calm your fears, I ply my trade with well-considered skill, and always keep advantage for my side. But when a sturdy metal's form we'd fain be changing, we place the ore within the oven's fiery glow. And so his will must time in flames of hate be spending,
And so his soul must sparks of wildest passion throw.
For then I can persuade him to reject delusion,
He then will make his peace with men without confusion,
And soon his work for mankind's good will never cease.
Let not the evil soon to pass your courage shatter,
When by tomorrow's sun you see him here again;
Pray do not fear and trust my judgment in this matter,
The joy that Mountain-King can give will e'er remain.

(Sinks back into his previous position. The mirror-glass reappears.)

SOPHIE

Strange as this phantom seems, it has calmed my fears.
Come with me to the room with a view of the forest.
Perhaps we can see one of the messengers I sent to my
husband returning. You can tell me there about the
Mountain-King.

(Exit Sophie, Amalia, August)

Scene Nineteen

Habakuk. Lisa.

HABAKUK

Well, all the things you see in this house, it's getting
frightening. (Standing in front of Lisa)

LISA

Well, what do you want, monsieur? Why are you look-
ing at me like that?

HABAKUK

(Drawing it out)

You were trying to bring me to the stake, all I can
say is--
LISA

That you spent two years in Paris, you old tired refrain, you.

HABAKUK

Oui, Mademoiselle, and this knowledge gives me the strength to despise your vulgarity. (Exit with great pathos)

LISA

(Alone)

And I'll run to the Master's room and look in the broken mirror to see if I've still got all my beauty. Then I'll sweep up the torn love-letters and slowly shovel these trampled feelings into the fire. That's the way with men, their oaths are all IOU's to eternity and they never pay a one in this life. When I come to earth again, I'll be a man and I don't want to keep a single one of my present abilities except the art of conquest.

Arietta

Oh, why must I a maiden be?
It's such a waste of time,
The army's just the place for me,
To gen'ral's rank I'd climb.
Oh, I'd be such a daring man,
All covered up with glory,
But when the cannonfire began,
'Twould be a diff'rent story.

And where I saw two flashing eyes,
I'd quickly make my way.
The army at my call would rise,
The hero of the day.
Fond glances to and fro would fly,
As warm as musket-fire.
Along the front my battle-cry,
Would all the troops inspire.
You warriors, don't give up the field,
Till victory's completed!
For once the left flank starts to yield,
(Indicating her heart)
The enemy's defeated.
So perseverance wins the day
And gains its fame undying,
Proud Hymen's banner holds its sway,
In Cupid's hand aflying.

With song and dance we'd take the town,
Parade the troops so daring.
I'd take no laurel as my crown,
But myrtle I'd be wearing.
I'd use the arts of war in strife,
But just—a maiden gaining,
I'd take my leave of army life,
Here with my wife remaining.
(Exit)

Scene Twenty

Change of Scene.

(Deep forest. Down right the charcoal-burner's hut. A door, next to it a window, on the roof a practicable attic window. Across from the hut a tall oak-tree, behind which are bushes. In the background a little waterfall. It is late in the evening. Rappelkopf enters from the hut with a water jug. He wears the charcoal-burner's sooty sleeping cap and a round peasant's hat on his head, and has on a jacket of the charcoal-burner.)

RAPPELKOPF

There!—Timon is all set, now all we need is his companion, the Jackass.---and though I'm not one now, I certainly used to be—I was too soft-hearted, that was my biggest mistake. People won't have that. A lot of people, when they meet somebody, no matter how many good turns he's done them, they'll maybe say: "He's a nice guy, doesn't do anybody any harm and is glad when people don't bother him." (Waving indifferently) "Howdy, howdy! Let
him go his way. " But when somebody comes along who they think might be able to hurt them, then they huddle together: "Oh! He's a mean one. You got to watch out for him. " (Friendly, deep bow) "Your servant! Your servant! It's an honor to pay my respects."--If he wants something, he gets it. --Right away again: "Your servant!" Oh, it'll drive me mad. I'm not safe in my own house any more, my wife wants to have me murdered. Do you hear me, you persecuted trees of this noble forest, whom man condemns to a double death by felling you with the ax first, and burning you afterwards too? Did you hear? My wife wants to have me murdered! Isn't there any echo in these woods, am I the only one to trumpet out this infamous deed? (A rustling sound in the bushes) Ha! Who's that moving? If it's a man, come out here so I can throw my whole stock of insults in your face. Come out, whoever you are! Qui vive?

A BULL
(Sticks its head out at Rappelkopf from behind the bushes where it had been grazing and bellows very loudly.

Only the upper portion of the animal is seen, from the chest down it is concealed by the bushes.)

RAPPELKOPF
(Astonished)

That answer I didn't expect. (Tears off a tree-branch and chases the bull away) Get away! I can do without your sort of company.

Scene Twenty-one

The preceding. Astragalus comes out.

ASTRAGALUS

It's all you deserve. Why are you chasing this son of my herd?
RAPPELKOPF

Then keep better track of your children. This is my territory, and I don't allow any animals here, four-footed or two-footed. So move along. Father and son!

ASTRAGALUS

You're mistaken, if you think you're in command on your own land. This valley where the mountains begin is mine. So I ask you how you dare to utter shameless curses, which hang on these leaves like poison frost, and how you can scorn a world in which a worm like you, born of mud, has to hide in the dark bosom of a forest because it fears the rays of joyful life?

RAPPELKOPF

What do you care? (Aside) The fellow looks like he was made of cast-iron. I won't even answer him, I'll just leave him alone. (Starting into the hut)

ASTRAGALUS

(Aiming his weapon at him)

Halt! Your answer or your life!

RAPPELKOPF

What sort of a way to act is that, shooting at a man?

ASTRAGALUS

You're no man.

RAPPELKOPF

No? First I heard about it.

ASTRAGALUS

You have shut yourself out of the society of men. Prove it, if you're still a man. Are you sociable, like a man? You are not. Do you have feelings? You feel only hatred. Do you have any intelligence? Not a trace.
RAPPELKOPF

Impertinence!

ASTRAGALUS

Then tell me, how should I classify something like you, which joins the merciless crudity of the beast to the mild appearance and power of speech of a man?

RAPPELKOPF

Well, that's a good one, he uses logic to prove I'm an animal, and a brand-new kind to boot.

ASTRAGALUS

What is your answer?

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

I'd give him an answer, all right, if he just didn't have that gun.

ASTRAGALUS

Answer me. Do you belong in my hunting grounds as prey to my bullets?

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

Now I have to justify myself to him, where I'd much rather massacre him. (Aloud) Put that gun away. I'm a man, and a better one than I should have been.

ASTRAGALUS

Why do you hate the world?
RAPPELKOPF

Because I was playing blindman's buff with it and wanted to catch fidelity but ended up with treachery, which took off my blindfold for me.

ASTRAGALUS

Then you'll have to flee the forest because it has a twisted tree, avoid the fields, because poisonous herbs grow there, and mistrust the blue of the sky, because it is often hidden by clouds, if you insist on taking the part for the whole.

RAPPELKOPF

What good is the whole, when every part plagues me? In my own house I'm not even sure of my life any more.

ASTRAGALUS

Overcome this distrust--it's telling you nothing but lies.

RAPPELKOPF

My wife hates me, my child runs away from me, my servants defy me.

ASTRAGALUS

Because your behavior embitters everyone, because you have earned the hatred, which everyone shows you.

RAPPELKOPF

That's not so, I'm the sweetest man alive. Only I have every pleasure destroyed, and it's not my fault.

ASTRAGALUS

The greatest fault is yours. You don't know yourself.
RAPPELKOPF

That's not so. I'm Rappelkopf.

(It begins to become night)

ASTRAGALUS

And that's all that you know of yourself. That you're stubborn, violent, disgustingly mistrustful, driven by blind obstinacy to the very border of deepest wickedness, and have, I don't know what all evil attributes—all that is new to you, isn't it?

(The moon rises)

RAPPELKOPF

All I know is, you're a liar who's trying to say I've got a lot of faults which I don't have.

ASTRAGALUS

Then take my bet that you have even more. I'll prove it to you if you'll trust my power and swear to reform.

RAPPELKOPF

I'd have done that long ago if I'd found it to be true. I won't trust anyone. Deceit is the world's motto.

ASTRAGALUS

Do you think the world was created, just so you could spit on its coat-of-arms? That mankind is subject to your whims? That others have to satisfy you, but you have to satisfy no one? Are you mad, you presumptuous worm?

RAPPELKOPF

Damn it, cut out this worm business, or I'll get sore. I won't give in, you bankrupt philosopher! I'm too good and you're too rotten for me to talk to you any more. So
get away, the moon's coming up, you're taking off and from now on I'm going to lock myself in my hut and shoot a cannon whenever I see anybody.

ASTRAGALUS

Then you won't offer your hand for your own good?

RAPPELKOPF

I won't offer anything, even if the water comes up to my neck.

ASTRAGALUS

Then let the trial begin without delay,  
If reason cannot hold thee in its sway.  
For spirit might will force thee in the end,  
And with the Mountain-King thou shalt contend.  
Avoid this house! Or in thy ev'ry path,  
The past with chalk-like cheeks will show its wrath.  
And if the elements would suit thee so,  
Then learn their rage and terror here to know.  
Wild lightning shall thy humble roof embrace,  
And fill with warmth thy heart's cold empty space.  
Since air thou lovest more than faithful wife,  
Let howling storm bring terror for thy life.  
The ground thy feet to bear shall now refuse,  
The base ungrateful earth thou canst accuse.  
And since thou wilt with waves thy strife begin,  
I'll send the foaming flood up to thy chin.  
Water, Fire, and Earth and Air shall traitors be,  
Till once thou choosest full to place thy trust in me.  
And so shalt thou thy heart to mankind loving bend,  
Or here in dismal forest night untimely end.

(Exit quickly)

RAPPELKOPF

(Alone)

That's an awful man. And I'll still do just what I want! I won't lose any sleep tonight because of you. Good night, friend forest, you oaks, we'll meet again at breakfast.
this successor, Gottfried Prehauser (1699-1769), soon dimmed the memory of the original.

The theatrical situation was in a constant state of change during the middle decades of the eighteenth century. Control of the Theater am Kärntnertor went to two Italians who had previously been active with the court opera. Their goal was to produce opera at the theatre, but they were unable to break the monopoly of the court until 1741. In the meantime, they gained permission to include more elaborate musical portions in their productions, but only if the German comic figures appeared in them as well. The net result of this imperial decree was to increase substantially the importance of song in the Viennese Popular Theatre, an importance which continued to the end and was probably an important factor in the development of the later Viennese operetta. Parallel to this musical development in the popular theatre was the sudden popularity of Italian commedia dell'arte characters and scenarii. Hanswurst and a few local Viennese types remained, but they were surrounded by the familiar Italian types in a curious late flowering, long after the improvised comedy was fading away even in its homeland. During the 1730's and 1740's improvisation reached its high point in the Viennese theatre; the ensemble at the Theater am Kärntnertor was famed
Figure 18. Ferdinand Raimund as Rappelkopf in the final scene of Act I of Mountain-King and Misanthrope.
(Starts toward the house. When he opens the door he finds the spirit of Victoria sitting on a chair. She is wrapped in blue veils and looks very ghostly. Her face is pale and her whole figure is illuminated with green light. She speaks in a half-whisper.)

THE SPIRIT OF VICTORIA

Where were you so long, you dissolute man?  
You dare to come home in the night here so late.  
Get in right away, I'm afraid by myself,  
Or I'll tear all the hair from your pate.

RAPPELKOPF

Good God! It's my first wife, I recognize her because she wants the upper hand even in the grave. Nothing in the world would make me cross that threshold now.  
She's a devil incarnate. If only the window were open!  
(Thunder) Now it's starting to thunder. (Wallburga's spirit is sitting in the window looking out; similar to Victoria's spirit) Who's that looking out there?

THE SPIRIT OF WALLBURGA

(In a hollow voice)

It's me, you faithless man, you traitor you!  
How dare you take those other wives to follow me?  
And yet I love you, and even in the grave now too,  
I look at no one else, no one can take your place,  
So please come in and come to my embrace.

RAPPELKOPF

(Starting back in terror)

Horrible! Terrible night, are you showing me the second one too? -- there's no mistaking her jealousy! She's rotting already, and still won't live without me. What a horrible situation! I'm chilled to the marrow.  
(Lightning) Thunder roaring and lightning flashing like crazy. If I can only get in the house through the attic!  
Courage! I'll try it. (He climbs on to the roof. As he does so, the spirit of Emerentia appears, sitting on the
roof. Rappelkopf starts back in fear.) Oh woe! Here's the third one too, as faithless to the grave as she was to me! (Starting to climb down)

THE SPIRIT OF EMERENTIA

Where are you going? You must not leave. You have to watch the moon with me.
(The moon changes into a white-veiled spirit head looking out from among the clouds)
Look there, that pale face there,
It is the face of your present wife.
She's weeping! Look there! Look! Look!

RAPPELKOPF

Now the fourth one's grinning at me too. Devilish quartet! I'm choking with fright! Hey, let me go! I feel faint. Vindictive Hades, why do this to me? I can't stay here, I have to get down. (Jumps down from the roof) Thank heavens, I'm on the ground again. But what'll I do now? (The storm is howling) The storm's getting worse and worse. It's going to pour and these terrible ghosts still won't disappear. (Rain streams down) Now it's a cloudburst! I'll climb this tree or I'll be washed away. (He climbs the tree. The women vanish. The hut is struck by lightning and bursts into flame.) If this goes on the whole world's going to fall to pieces. (The hut continues to burn. Violent rain, howling wind, and thunder. The flood rises higher and higher until it reaches Rappelkopf's mouth—he has climbed to the top of the tree. Only the top of his head is now visible.) Help, help! I'm drowning!

ASTRAGALUS
(Sails in quickly in a golden boat right up to Rappelkopf's head and says:)

What have you decided?

RAPPELKOPF

I'll reform, I see it now, now that the water's getting in my mouth.
ASTRAGALUS

Then I'll take you to my palace

Quick change of scene.

(The boat changes into two mountain goats with golden horns. The tree on which Rappelkopf is perched becomes a beautiful cloud-chariot, in which are found the Mountain-King and Rappelkopf. The water disappears. The whole scene is transformed into a picturesque mountain region, representing the devil's bridges in Switzerland. Children dressed as mountain hunters are on them, shooting off small cannons while the cloud-chariot traverses the stage. At the same time from offstage:)

CHORUS

The spirit-battle now is won,
Through darkest night now shines the sun.
The Mountain-King has won the day,
See--to his goal he flies away.

The Curtain Falls

---

1The use of children or of miniature figures in the upstage areas of settings was a common practice throughout the period of perspective scenery. The children for such tableaus at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt may have been drawn from the children's ballet of the theatre, for which a training school was run.
Act Two

Scene One

(Throneroom in the ice-palace of Astragalus, adorned with tall columns, which glisten like silver. In the foreground a high throne of picturesque appearance, as if it were formed from irregular ice.

On it, Astragalus, dressed as the Mountain-King. Long, light-blue, white-embroidered tunic, broad Grecian cloak. White beard, on his head an emerald crown. Before him are kneeling mountain-spirits, in idealized dress. Short white tunics embellished with green foil leaves.)

CHORUS

Fair to see here in thy palace,
Art thou, Prince of mountain land.
Thou dost banish hate and malice,
Crowned art thou by Virtue's hand.

ASTRAGALUS

(Rising and speaking)

Here behind the icy portal,
Friendly song I gladly hear.
Summon now the gloomy mortal,
For the time is drawing near.

ALPANOR

Long he waits with mounting passion,
In the hallway does he stand,
Clad in garb of other fashion,
Thus Your Highness did command.

ASTRAGALUS

Let him under scorn appear.
(Rappelkopf is led in. He wears a beige colored travelling coat, matching spats with silver buttons, and has slightly receding black hair.)

A MOUNTAIN-SPRIT

Prince, the foe of man is here.

(All laugh)

RAPPELKOPF

Well? What's so funny?

ALPANOR

Can you see no reason, stranger? Mankind's foe they all did fear, As a dragon, threat'ning danger, Grim and monst'rous would appear. But a midget comes instead, And to laughter all are led. Friend, you must renounce this madness, All you do is in reverse. Hating others brings them sadness, Brings the hater even worse.

RAPPELKOPF

I thought so. You'll tell me what I have to do. (To himself) Damned magicians.

ASTRAGALUS

You have accepted my wager. You agreed to assume a more noble nature if you come to see the faults you now possess.

RAPPELKOPF

Yes, I agreed in the presence of four witnesses--Fire, Water, Earth, and Air. Now convince me, or leave me alone in my forest.
ASTRAGALUS

Then hear me. In order to let you look into such a mirror for souls, I will take your spirit from your body and exile it to the shelter of a newly-created form.

RAPPELKOPF

You mean my spirit's going to get poured from one bottle to another. That's no good, people can play tricks too easy with something like that. I want to be there when this filling goes on--something might get lost or mixed up. I don't trust anybody any more.

ASTRAGALUS

Nothing like that will happen. I swear it by the ice-crowned head of Chimborasso. You will see your thoughts, will, actions and feelings exactly presented by someone else.

RAPPELKOPF

And what about me? Do I go running around without a soul or do I get another one from someplace on loan?

ASTRAGALUS

You will appear as your wife's brother.

RAPPELKOPF

Huh--never thought I'd get related that way.

ASTRAGALUS

But you will retain completely the strength of your own convictions.
You mean I'll look like my brother-in-law but think what I want?

Exactly. In that way you can determine just what your wife, your child, and the hated painter think of you. But in order for you to have fullest sympathy with your double and to see yourself in him completely, I decree that your future fate shall depend entirely on the free actions of this double. And whatever happens to your advantage or disadvantage in your house because of him will irrevocably remain for you when he disappears.

So if he sells my house, I can live in the street afterwards? That's a fine guest to have.

Your life, too, is bound to his, and if he loses it while he is in your place, then you will die with him—and you will fall sick through him, if evil fate should rob him of health.

Two people and only one life! Now even Nature's starting to economize. Death has it easy, it can take people two by two. Well, all right, let's see what you can do with all this slight-of-hand. The trial can begin. An extremely complicated case, probably won't be solved for centuries. So what happens now? Do I still have my soul, or does somebody else have it? Am I my brother-in-law already, or am I still my brother-in-law's brother-in-law?
ASTRAGALUS

Everyone will recognize you as your wife's brother now. That is why I have caused you to look like him. Ye mountain-spirits, take him away and lead him to the foot of the mountain. You'll find a small coach there with two strong mules hitched to it, all dusty as if they came on a long journey from Italy. They will bring him quickly to his mansion and there his arrogance will find shame, conviction, and punishment.

RAPPELKOPF

All right, I'll enter this harbor of treachery again. I go, and leave you my soul, which I know has as many faults as there are oceanliners on the Danube, acorns on a cherry-tree, or blond hairs in your gray beard.

(Exit with the mountain-spirits. Only Alpanor remains.)

ASTRAGALUS

It's his stubbornness which gives me firm hope, because once he comes to see himself, he'll be seized just as violently with the desire to improve as his imagination is now seized by hatred. Alpanor! Have you delayed his wife's brother, so that he didn't arrive this morning at the misanthrope's mansion?

ALPANOR

It's being done right at this moment. The mountain-spirit Linarius holds the reins of his horse's and will keep him in a barren mountain region until you permit him to arrive, great Mountain-King.

ASTRAGALUS

And I will now assume his earthly guise,

(He changes into the figure of Rappelkopf in his original clothing)
And ways to help him slyly there devise.
As on the castle's highest peak the metal spire,
Protects the house against the storm's desire,
I shall the hate, which he against the world does send,
Upon his head cause raging to descend.
The thunderclouds shall thus their might employ,
And brightly flaming, fire shall fire destroy,
Till from the ashes to a better life,
Shall love, like Phoenix, rise from bitter strife.

(Both exit)

Scene Two

Change of Scene

(Wild rocky region. In the background a high practicable rock which extends from the right wing over two-thirds of the stage to about two feet from the left wings where it ends with a steep cliff. On it is seen a closed travel-coach drawn by two white horses. The horses have come right up to the cliff-edge.

On the box sits the mountain-spirit, Linarius, dressed as a coachman. In the coach is Silberkern, dressed in the way Rappelkopf was at the beginning of Act Two. He is threatening the coachman with his stick and calling loudly:)

SILBERKERN

Stop! Stop! What are you doing, you damned scoundrel? You'll kill me! Where are you taking me?

LINARIUS

Be patient, sir, we'll be there right away.

SILBERKERN

We haven't a chance, he's drunk as a fish, he must think there's a wine-cellar down there. I'll tear you to pieces, you crazy idiot! What are you doing with your damned horses?
throughout Germany and imitated by numerous wandering companies, which carried the new mixture back up to the North.  

Prehauser's principal rival for popular favor in the company was Johann Josef Felix von Kurz (1717-1783). Most of Kurz's comic figures bore the name "Bernardon," though the character never became as clearly defined as was Hanswurst. Although at his peak he overshadowed even his famous rival, Kurz's career was interrupted by a variety of political and social changes in Vienna, and he was a forgotten man when he died. His personality had been strong enough, however, to give the plays in which he performed the name "Bernardoniades," and they were a principal target of the theatre reformers who were to work the next great change in the Viennese theatre.  

The reform movement instigated by Gottsched in Germany was beginning to make itself felt in Vienna by this time. In 1751 the Empress Maria Theresia took advantage of the hot dispute between advocates of the "regular" literary drama and the supporters of the improvised comedy to introduce a theatrical censorship to the city. Since censorship could hardly be enforced without a written documentation of what was to be played, this decree was followed in 1752

24 Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 337-62.

25 Ibid., pp. 363-80.
LINARIUS

I've unhitched them.

SILBERKERN

Don't you dare, you rascal! We'll roll back down.

LINARIUS

Who cares? Once and for all, your tips are just too small. Good-bye sir!

SILBERKERN

Where are you going?

LINARIUS

I'm going to ride through the air. --(The horses sprout wings. Linarius rises on them half the height of the stage. The coach stays where it is, and at the same time the rear part of the rock falls away and only the portion on which the coach is standing remains.) You stay here on your rock and enjoy the air. When the time comes, I'll hitch the horses up again. And for that I'll expect a good-sized tip. Till then, farewell, and enjoy yourself. Yippee! This stop's called the Mountain-King Inn. You horses, hi! don't trip on a stone! Good-bye, passenger, and stay nice and healthy! (Flies away blowing his posthorn)

SILBERKERN

Damned enchantment! He's flying around like a bat. Let the vultures get you, deceitful raven! I don't need your horses. (He tries to climb out) What the dickens, what's that? I can't get out. The coach is stuck in mid-air. They must want to starve me to death. You damned scoundrel, come back here! Nothing's stirring, I can't see a soul, not even animals graze here. I'm all by myself. (Shouting) Can anybody hear me?
ECHO
Hear me--(more distant) hear me--hear me--hear me--

SILBERKERN
(Stamping his foot)
I'll blow up--

(The rock on which the coach is standing opens like a
cave. In it are several little mountain-spirits cowering
together. They are laughing loudly with malicious
delight. Some also peek out rougishly from the bushes
around the rock.)

MOUNTAIN-SPRITS
Hahahahahaha!

SILBERKERN
(Speaking rapidly fencing around with his stick)
Oh, you spirit rabble, you invisible pack of thieves,
come up here and I'll knock you dead. This is a hell of
a situation.

(Renewed laughter, and the drop representing a room in
Rappelkopf's house falls quickly)

Scene Three
Several servants rush on to the stage. Sophie comes
from the side.

SOPHIE
Where is he, where's my brother?

SERVANTS
He's coming up the stairs now. Here he is already.
SOPHIE

Call Mr. von Dorn and my daughter. Put the luggage in the green bedroom.

Scene Four

The preceding. Rappelkopf rushes in.

SOPHIE

(Flinging her arms around his neck)

Oh, my brother, my dear brother! (Holding him in her embrace)

RAPPELKOPF

(To himself)

Horrible! This viper on my breast. She really doesn't recognize me. Pull yourself together, Rappelkopf! (Friendly) It's so good to see you again, dearest sister. (Aside) I can't look at her. (Friendly again) How are you, my dear?

SOPHIE

Oh, my brother, I'm so miserable.

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

Ha! Serves you right.

SOPHIE

What did you say, dear?

RAPPELKOPF

That I'm very sorry for you, in a very special way. I know everything, sister, your husband is a terrible man.
SOPHIE

Oh no he isn't, brother, but he's a very unhappy man.

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

Viper!

SOPHIE

If you only knew how I've longed to have you here, so that I could pour out my heart to you!

RAPPELKOPF

Then pour it out now, sister dear! (Aside) Now I'll learn some things. Pour it out!

SOPHIE

Oh, but surely you're tired from your trip?

RAPPELKOPF

Only my feet are tired, not my ears.

SOPHIE

Please sit down.

(She places chairs)

RAPPELKOPF

Thank you, sister dear. (Sitting) Horrible situation!

SOPHIE

My daughter and her future husband will be here right away.
RAPPELKOPF

(Bursting out angrily) What? (Controls himself and says suddenly with a friendly smile) It'll be a great honor.

SOPHIE

You seem so strange, brother dear. What's wrong with you?

RAPPELKOPF

Oh, various things. The trip, the sight of you, I'm deeply moved by it all.

SOPHIE

Thank you. There aren't many brothers like you in the world.

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

That's what I think too.

SOPHIE

It's five years that you've been away. You must know the cause of my unhappiness already from my letters.

RAPPELKOPF

I know, you hate your husband.

SOPHIE

What are you thinking of? Where is there a woman who is fonder of her husband than I?

RAPPELKOPF

Really? (Aside) Learn something new every day!
SOPHIE

If you only could have seen the patience with which I bore his moods, how gently I treated him.

RAPPELKOPF

Yes, I'd like to have seen that. (Aside) It's enough to wear you down, the way she lies. I'm black and blue on this side already.

SOPHIE

And his unjust misanthropy only increased my care.

RAPPELKOPF

But why does he hate everyone? He must have a reason.

SOPHIE

Because he's a fool and misjudges people.

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

Thank you very much.

SOPHIE

And yet I love him so dearly--

RAPPELKOPF

That fool? Oh foolish love! (Aside) It's unbearable!

SOPHIE

And have to endure the worry of having him missing since yesterday.

RAPPELKOPF

Oh? Where is he?
SOPHIE

In a fit of rage he smashed all the furniture, got the idea that a servant wanted to murder him, and ran out of the house in a fury.

RAPPELKOPF

Well, I'm sure he'll come back again.

SOPHIE

No, he won't. Whatever he decides to do, he always carries it out.

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

She really knows me. (Aloud) But how did he ever get the idea that somebody wanted to kill him?

SOPHIE

It was the silliest thing in the world. I told a foolish servant to go to the garden and dig some chicory, and the knife in his hand made my unfortunate husband think he wanted to murder him.

RAPPELKOPF

He was going to dig chicory?

SOPHIE

Why, yes.

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

It can't be true, or I'd be the silliest man under the sun. (Lost in thought) He wanted to dig chicory?
SOPHIE

Why are you so taken by that?

RAPPELKOPF

(Indifferently)

Because it makes me think of the coffee I drank in the last inn. It was poisoned with chicory too.

SOPHIE

What shall I do now, dear brother?

RAPPELKOPF

Let the fool go!

SOPHIE

You can't mean that. He's my husband, and I'll never leave him.

RAPPELKOPF

(Quickly)

Is that true?

SOPHIE

Certainly

RAPPELKOPF

(Unwillingly delighted, aside)

She really isn't so bad after all. (Changing again) But she's bad, just the same.

SOPHIE

Oh, brother! (Sinks on his breast). My husband might even be capable of doing himself harm! (Weeping) It wouldn't be my fault, but even so I wouldn't survive it.
RAPPELKOPF

The woman's torturing me, I'm all in a sweat. And she's really crying, my vest's all wet. But I don't believe her, women can pretend anything. (Aloud) Pull yourself together, sister dear, someone's coming.

Scene Five

The preceding. August. Amalia.

AMALIA

Is it true, has Uncle come? (Seeing him) Oh, dear, good Uncle! We've been longing so for you.

RAPPELKOPF

She's as false as her mother.

AMALIA

August, come here.

RAPPELKOPF

(Starting)

Who?

AUGUST

(Coming forward)

Mr. von Silberkern, sir--(Starting to approach him)

RAPPELKOPF

(Starting back)

Why, how dare you bring this man in here?

SOPHIE

What's the matter, brother dear?
AMALIA

But Uncle!

RAPPELKOPF

(Aside)

I have to control myself so I can find out the truth about all of them. (Aloud, with an effort) Excuse me, sir, I'm very glad to see you.

AUGUST

Permit me, Mr. von Silberkern—(coming closer)

RAPPELKOPF

(Bursting out again)

No, it won't do—Stand back from me! (Aside) I'd like to poison the seducer!

AUGUST

I don't know what to think!

AMALIA

Uncle!

SOPHIE

(At the same time)

Brother!

RAPPELKOPF

(Controls himself again)

Excuse me, but you have a resemblance, a resemblance—

AUGUST

To whom?
Figure 5. Prehauser as Hanswurst.
RAPPELKOPF

To—to someone—

AUGUST

Who then?

RAPPELKOPF

Who robbed me.

SOPHIE

But Brother!

AUGUST

(Laughing)

Mr. von Silberkern—

AMALIA

Oh, Uncle, the only thing he's ever stolen is my heart.

RAPPELKOPF

(Bursting out)

That's just—(controlling himself) what doesn't concern me. (Very amiable) Don't be so silly, I was just joking. (To himself) Dissembling, stand me by! (Aloud) At last we're all together, my dear children. (Laughing sardonically) Today is a happy day. (To himself) I'm ready to explode!

SOPHIE

We'll leave you alone now, brother dear, so you can get an hour's rest. You're too moved by seeing us. There's a bed in this room, and in the meantime we'll redouble the search for my husband. I won't know a moment's peace as long as I have to live in uncertainty about his fate. (Exit)
RAPPELKOPF

Maybe somebody else can figure her out, I can't.

AUGUST

Mr. von Silberkern, I know you have a lot of influence with Mr. von Rappelkopf.

RAPPELKOPF

That's true. If I can't handle him, nobody can.

AUGUST

Oh, then you won't refuse me your help.

RAPPELKOPF

You? hahaha! Well, I should hope not.

AUGUST

If Amalia's father returns home and you succeed in persuading him to take a kinder view of the world, please don't forget me too! Assure him that there's not a young man in the world who could bring a more enduring love to his dear daughter or more intense gratitude to her noble but unfortunate father than August Dorn, whom he has so unjustly persecuted. (Bows, and exit)

RAPPELKOPF

I don't understand that at all.

AMALIA

(Weeping)

Dear Uncle, when you speak to my father--since I don't dare--tell him that he has deeply hurt his Amalia, that no one loves him so much as his daughter does, but that
her heart will surely break if she has to lose her August.
(Weeping bitterly)

**RAPPELKOPF**

(His fatherly emotions break through, he takes Amalia warmly in his arms)

You really are my child, even if I'm not your father now.
(Raising her head) What does that matter, I can't resist.
I must kiss you, Amalia.

**AMALIA**

Oh, good Uncle!

**RAPPELKOPF**

Do you really love your father?

**AMALIA**

From the bottom of my heart, Uncle!

**RAPPELKOPF**

And you're telling the truth?

**AMALIA**

So help me God.

**RAPPELKOPF**

(Joyfully surprised)

That's very good of you, I'm happy to hear that. (Rests her head on his breast) She loves me! At least I have one person in the world who loves me. But now go away, I beg you, go away for heaven's sake.

**AMALIA**

You're not turning me away, are you, Uncle?
RAPPELKOPF

No, I'm not turning you away, I'll even kiss you again, but go away now or I'll make fool of myself, go now.

AMALIA

Then have a good rest, Uncle. (Exit)

RAPPELKOPF

(Alone)

Oh, disgrace! I'm a misanthrope, and there I get started kissing and can't stop. That was the only happy moment I've known in five years. But what's the matter with me? Am I drunk? It can't be true. If everything's the way they all say it is, then they're all perfect angels. It's deception, there must be something behind it. It's a plot. My wife's a serpent. What does she need chicory for? We've got plenty of coffee. But my daughter's a good girl, I won't let anything else happen to her. I don't trust that young man though, they must have rehearsed him. He almost ran out of nice words as it was. Ha, there comes Habakuk, that bandit. I'll make him talk.

Scene Six

The preceding. Habakuk.

RAPPELKOPF

Hey, Habakuk!

HABAKUK

What? You know my name, sir, and never saw me before?

RAPPELKOPF

Oh, I must have seen you somewhere else.
HABAKUK

Oh, of course, I spent two years in Paris. Can I do something for you, sir?

RAPPELKOPF

Yes, what I wanted to say--(Aside) I don't trust the fellow. (Aloud) Do you have a knife with you?

HABAKUK

No sir, but I'll get one right away. (Starting out)

RAPPELKOPF

(To himself)

Well, there we have it, he's a professional killer. (Aloud) My friend, it'll mean a good tip if you give me a little help. You know I'm the brother of your mistress.

HABAKUK

Got it, sir.

RAPPELKOPF

(To himself) Stupid vocabulary! (Aloud) Tell me, how does my brother-in-law treat his wife?

HABAKUK

Disgracefully, sir.

RAPPELKOPF

What's that?

HABAKUK

Oh, he's an awful man, who thinks people are there just for him to walk all over them.
RAPPELKOPF
(To himself)

Well, at least you can hear an honest word from him. He says what he thinks. (Aloud) Yes, I hear it's really unbearable. I suppose that's why my sister can't stand him, isn't it?

HABAKUK

Oh, what do you mean sir? She cries her eyes out over him. I can't console her at all.

RAPPELKOPF

But I'd heard she even wanted to have him murdered.

HABAKUK

Oh, stop it, sir. You wouldn't be so silly as to believe that, would you sir?

RAPPELKOPF

Why, I understood that you were the one who went after him with a knife.

HABAKUK

Me? Oh, sure sir, me, who faints when I just have to kill a chicken. He was in the garden room and nobody dared go out and the cook needed chicory and the mistress told me to go dig some.

RAPPELKOPF
(Aside)

This eternal chicory! It'll turn out to be true after all!

HABAKUK

He never lets you get a word in edgewise, the devil.
RAPPELKOPF
(To himself)

That's an insolent fellow. A slanderer. (Aloud) Now tell me, is your master a smart man?

HABAKUK
(Shaking his head)

Oh! (Confidentially) You know, sir, just between you and me, he's got nothing up here. (Indicating his head)

RAPPELKOPF
(Aside)

It's unbearable! (Giving him money) There you are, my friend. You've told me some very nice things. I'm very satisfied with you, but now go.

HABAKUK

Your servant, sir! (To himself) Aha, he likes to hear me run down the master. He can't stand him either. I'll lay it on some more, maybe he'll give me more money. (Aloud) Yes, you see sir, I spent two years in Paris, but I've never run into a more unpleasant man. Everybody gives in to him, but it's no use, he'll never be cured. I don't know anything about medicine, but I think that if he got a sound thrashing, it'd change his nature completely.

RAPPELKOPF

It's time you got out of here. This instant! You ungrateful wretch, what do you mean talking about your master like that? Get out of here or I'll break you in pieces. (Looking for a stick)

HABAKUK

That's right, now he's starting too. (As he goes) One of these days I'll tell him off too. This sure is an awful family. Well, what do I care? (Exit muttering)
RAPPELKOPF
(Alone)

That's one way to get to know your servants. He didn't speak too badly of my wife--probably didn't dare because he thinks I'm her brother. But he's too dumb for a murderer. I thought he was sharper. It must have been the chicory after all. What a strain it is to have to talk with all these people! But I have to finish my investigation, as long as I've started it--I never give ground in anything I start, except when I have to, like in the woods today.

Scene Seven

The preceding. Lisa.

LISA

The mistress asks if you'd like to have a cup of tea, sir.

RAPPELKOPF

No, thank you. (To himself) I'll put her through the mill too. (Aloud) What's my sister doing?

LISA

She's very worried.

RAPPELKOPF

About what?

LISA

About the Master.

RAPPELKOPF

About me?
LISA

Oh no, not about you.

RAPPELKOPF
(Catching himself)

Oh, of course. (To himself) She doesn't recognize me either. (Aloud) And what is my niece doing?

LISA

She's talking with her fiancé.

RAPPELKOPF

(To himself) Heaven and Hell! (Composing himself) What sort of a man is he?

LISA

A very nice man.

RAPPELKOPF

What do you mean? Is he courting you too?

LISA

That I'd like to see--he hardly dares even look at another girl. He'll be a real gem to have around the house. --I think he hasn't given me a single tip just to keep from touching my hand. He and the young mistress were just made for each other, and it's a crying shame the way the master won't give his consent.

RAPPELKOPF
(Quickly)

And he's perfectly right, not to give it. The young man doesn't respect him.
LISA

Oh my, he values him much more highly--if you'll excuse me for talking about your brother-in-law this way, sir--much more highly than he deserves.

RAPPELKOPF

(To himself)

It seems they've all been plotting together against me. Patience, don't desert me! (Aloud) I'm going to give you a tip, but first tell me quickly all the bad qualities of your master.

LISA

Quickly, sir? That's impossible.

RAPPELKOPF

Why?

LISA

Because if I start right this minute, I still won't be finished tomorrow morning.

RAPPELKOPF

I wish I knew where I find the patience to listen to all this!

LISA

It's enough that he's a misanthrope. I just don't understand how anyone with such a large fortune, such a good-natured wife, such a well-brought-up daughter, and such a pretty chambermaid, could ever be a misanthrope.
by a second regulation which forbade the production of plays other than those based on established texts from French, Italian or Spanish literature. Nothing could be more Viennese than the fact that this decree was rendered completely ineffective by the support given the local comedy by Emperor Franz I, who found the "regular" plays boring. The conflict continued primarily as a literary dispute led by Gottsched's main disciple in Vienna, Josef von Sonnenfels (1733-1817). After the death of Prehauser in 1769, the actors of the Kärntnertortheater decided to perform only "regular" plays, and this date was for all practical purposes the end of the improvised theatre in Vienna. The influence of this acting style was carried by members of the Kärntnertor ensemble into the newly formed Burgtheater in 1776 and strongly affected the distinctive "Burgtheater style" of the nineteenth century. This lively and more natural playing was a far cry from the declamatory style favored by the Gottsched camp and makes the question of who won the struggle much less clear-cut than might be assumed at first glance. 26

Although improvisation survived until 1769, the Prehauser company had been forced to make some response to the efforts of the reformers before this date. Beginning in 1751 they had agreed to set

26 Ibid., pp. 380-87.
Song.

Oh, the world is gay and cheerful,
And our life can be so fair.
There's no reason to be fearful,
Meeting joy with hateful stare.
Ev'rything shows pleasing features,
All the world unites in hope,
But the ugliest of creatures,
Surely is the misanthrope.

Happy spirits bring us pleasure,
Joy makes music fill the air,
Love to all is richest treasure,
Hatred only brings despair.
But while others evil scorn,
Laughing hearts so full of hope,
In the woods, by hatred torn,
Sits alone our misanthrope.

See the sun with rays so golden,
Proudly in the heavens rise.
All mankind he does embolden,
Fills with purest joy the skies.
Why should we the world be hating,
When its beauty all can see?
If your love is unabating,
Misanthrope you'll never be.

(Exit)

RAPPELKOPF

Horrible! I even have to let myself be sung at! Those are insults set to music, and I can't even beat the time. And they all keep coming back to the same thing! Who's there?
Scene Eight

The preceding. Sophie. Lisa.

SOPHIE
(Rushing in)

Brother, he's coming!

RAPPELKOPF

Who's coming?

LISA

The Master!

SOPHIE

My husband!

RAPPELKOPF

I'm coming! (Striking his breast enthusiastically) At last. There's never in the history of the world been anyone so curious about himself as I am.

ASTRAGALUS
(Shouting while he is still outside)

Don't let anyone in to see me!

RAPPELKOPF

My voice exactly. I can hear myself already. (Stepping back)

Scene Nine

The preceding. Astragalus enters.
ASTRAGALUS
(When he sees Sophie he starts back violently and cries)

Ha! (Starting to leave again)

RAPPELKOPF
(Quickly)

That's me, no doubt about it!

SOPHIE
(Holding him back)

Oh, please stay, dear husband! We're so happy to see you again.

ASTRAGALUS
(Tearing himself free)

Either you go or I do.

SOPHIE
(With an effort)

Well, then stay. I'll go. (Exit sighing)

(Astragalus comes forward angrily, stands with folded arms, and looks around wildly without noticing Rappelkopf.)

RAPPELKOPF
(Looking him over from head to foot with great amaze-
ment; says then with conviction:)

It's me--I'm not in a good mood, but there's plenty of reason for that.

ASTRAGALUS
(To Lisa)

What do you want?
LISA
(Trembling)

To ask you if you have any orders, sir.

RAPPELKOPF

Everybody's scared of me--it's a joy to see.

ASTRAGALUS

Where's the ink?

LISA

There. (Indicating the table)

ASTRAGALUS

And plumes?

LISA
(Fearfully)

I don't have any.

RAPPELKOPF

Now the goose has no plumes!

ASTRAGALUS

Get me some! You hear? Get out of here, you serpent, you cockatoo, you crocodile, you anaconda!

RAPPELKOPF

I always was good in natural history.

LISA

Right away, sir. (As she goes) The devil sent him back. I won't show my face again. (Exit)
RAPPELKOPF

Look at her run! I don't know, I'm right pleased with myself. I am a bit hasty though, that's true.

ASTRAGALUS
(Determined)

Yes! I'll make my will.

RAPPELKOPF
(To himself)

Will? Now that I can do without. I'll interrupt that decision right now. (Aloud) Greetings, brother-in-law. I just got here.

ASTRAGALUS

Who's that?

RAPPELKOPF
(Delightedly)

That's quite an experience to stand in front yourself.

ASTRAGALUS
(Quickly)

What are you doing here? Why didn't you write? Did you bring my dividends with you? How are things with my fortune?

RAPPELKOPF
(To himself)

That's right, I'd like to know that myself.

ASTRAGALUS

I hear that the house in Venice is in bad shape, has it fallen?
RAPPELKOPF
(Starting)

Fallen? What gives you that idea? (Aside) I'm getting scared myself.

ASTRAGALUS

I haven't received any dividends.

RAPPELKOPF

Me neither.

ASTRAGALUS

You must have. You always sent them to me before. There must be some treachery behind it.

RAPPELKOPF

Just let me tell you--

ASTRAGALUS

I won't listen to anything. --I know the world, it's treacherous as a cat--

RAPPELKOPF

I--

ASTRAGALUS

(Raging)

Shut up--

RAPPELKOPF

If only he wouldn't shout so, my ears hurt already.
Scene Ten

The preceding. Habakuk with plumes.

**HABAKUK**
(Trembling)

Sir, here are the plumes.

**ASTRAGALUS**
(In horror)

*Ha! This assassin dares come into my sight!* (Taking the chair and retreating) Don't come near me! Bandit!

**RAPPELKOPF**

Oh, that's overdoing it. Who could be frightened of this donkey?

**HABAKUK**

The mistress asks if she might come over.

**ASTRAGALUS**

No.

**HABAKUK**

But she's crying something fierce.

**ASTRAGALUS**

She'll have to cry pretty, then, hahaha, or I'll start to laugh.

**HABAKUK**

But what if she gets sick?

**ASTRAGALUS**

Let her get the gout! Then into a rest home with her!
RAPPELKOPF
(Aside)

That's a funny mood.

HABAKUK

Oh, excuse me sir, but that's too much. I spent two years in Paris, but--

ASTRAGALUS
(Leaping up)

If you dare to let that unbearable proverb be heard in this house once more--then here are your wages in advance.

(He throws a purse at Habakuk's feet and hits Rappelkopf in the shin with it)

RAPPELKOPF
(Pulling back his foot)

Hey, look out, that's good hard coin!

ASTRAGALUS

Did I hurt you?

RAPPELKOPF

I think it cut my foot.

ASTRAGALUS

Serves you right. (To Habakuk) If you say that one more time, you're out of my service on the spot. Even if I'm not there to hear it. Take it!

RAPPELKOPF

Just the way I do it. (To Habakuk) Go on!
HABAKUK

Sir, under these conditions I can't; the only thing I have to be proud of is that I spent two years in--

ASTRAGALUS
(Seizing him by the throat)

I'll strangle you if you say another letter.

HABAKUK

Help! Help!

RAPPELKOPF
(Jumping between them)

Why, brother-in-law, I never thought you'd do such a thing.

ASTRAGALUS
(Still holding him)

Where did you spend two years, was it in Paris?

HABAKUK
(Crying out in fright)

No, in Stockerau.

ASTRAGALUS

Get away from here then, far away. (Shoving him out the door)

RAPPELKOPF

I must admit, I have something repelling in my manner. If this goes on, I won't be able to get along with myself. -- Oh, yes! I'd better put my money away again. That's some bank we have, when one of us throws money away, the other picks it up. And if only it weren't that whatever happens to him happens to me too. He insists on
staying outside so long when he's all overheated. If he gets a chill, we'll both get the flu.

(Astragalus enters)

ASTRAGALUS

Since I have no peace in the forest, they won't have any from me here, either. They're all vicious, they'd just as soon poison me. (Sitting in a chair)

RAPPELKOPF

That's so exaggerated. If you could only reason with him. Brother-in-law!

ASTRAGALUS

(Turning his back to him)

Get out! Monster!

RAPPELKOPF

Just the way I used to do. (Aloud) But why? We're the best of friends.

ASTRAGALUS

I'm nobody's friend. And I don't even want to see you. You have a suspicious-looking face.

RAPPELKOPF

You surely don't take me for a traitor too?

ASTRAGALUS

Not that, but I think of one when I see you.

RAPPELKOPF

Hey, that's an insult. I wouldn't have thought I was so impolite. Still, I seem to remember similar words.
aside two playing days a week for the "regular" drama, leaving four
for the improvised comedy. During the 1760's the need to build up a
repertoire of written plays became greater than ever. It was fortu-
nate for the Viennese Popular Theatre that the right man appeared to
establish legitimate forms which were suited to the tastes and
abilities of the Viennese public and players. The man was Philipp
Hafner (1735-1764), the "father of the Viennese popular play," who in
the two years of playwrighting which his brief life allowed him
established the main forms of local Viennese comedy and farce.
These forms were to share the stage with the baroque magic plays
for nearly a century. Hafner's plays drew on the comic traditions
and characters of the popular theatre, but they gave the wild
burlesques and adventures a legitimate dramatic form, and developed
the comic stereotypes into living Viennese human beings. They dif-
fered radically from the sort of thing the Gottsched followers
advocated, in that they did not didactically preach moral lessons, but
rather let the moral spring from the action of the play itself. This
fact alone was enough to make them unacceptable to Sonnenfels,
although he later acknowledged Hafner's talent. In any case, this
freedom from preaching was certainly essential if plays were to

27 Ibid., p. 382.
ASTRAGALUS
(Looking out the window)

Wait, who's that sneaking out the door? Hell and the devil, it's that painter, he's been visiting my daughter!

RAPPELKOPF

Here we go again.

ASTRAGALUS

Just wait, you won't get away!

(Rushing out the door, pushing Rappelkopf, who was standing in his way, to one side)

RAPPELKOPF

I'm a real madman. I'm beginning to find myself obnoxious. I'd never in my life have expected that.

ASTRAGALUS
(Shouting from offstage)

You get in there, I won't let you go!

RAPPELKOPF

Got him already.

ASTRAGALUS
(Offstage)

Get in there, I say!

RAPPELKOPF

Just listen to him shout! and that's all charged to my account. Before he's through he'll ruin my lungs.

(Astragalus drags August in by the hand)
ASTRAGALUS

Get in here, you seducer of my daughter! How dare you come in my house? Who gave you permission?

RAPPELKOPF

That's well said, I like that.

AUGUST

(Very pale)

My love, Mr. von Rappelkopf, and my honest intentions.

ASTRAGALUS

You have no business having intentions, because you haven't any prospects.

RAPPELKOPF

Bravo!

ASTRAGALUS

I can marry my daughter to whomever I want! I'm her father.

RAPPELKOPF

Bravissimo!

ASTRAGALUS

And it's an impertinence for you to try to sneak into my house without my permission in order to make my child disobey her father.

RAPPELKOPF

Very well put, if I do say so myself.
AUGUST

Mr. von Rappelkopf, I beg you, by all the feelings which ever raged in your passionate heart, have pity on me. I can't live without your daughter; I was away for three years and my feelings haven't changed. I have a small fortune, I've improved in my art—give me your consent. I'll never forget your generosity and you'll gain in me a grateful son.

RAPPELKOPF

That's not such a bad fellow after all. He shouldn't be so hard on him.

ASTRAGALUS

I don't trust your words, because there's deceit in your eyes. So don't you dare cross my threshold again. I'll sooner open my door to hungry wolves, I'll sooner let vultures nest on my roof, I'll sooner nurse poisonous serpents at my breast, I'll sooner let disease rage in my house and invite the plague to dinner before I'll let your lungs draw a single breath in my home.

RAPPELKOPF

That's complete nonsense. It's hard to believe a man can talk like that.

AUGUST

Mr. von Rappelkopf, if a man's life means anything to you, don't drive my passion beyond its limit—Mr. von Silberkern, help me.

RAPPELKOPF

I can't. I'll be glad if he doesn't throw me out too.

AUGUST

Then you want to violently rob me of my life?
ASTRAGALUS
(Wickedly)

I'll be in your debt, if you make me a present of it.

RAPPELKOPF
(Outraged)

That's outrageous--Brother-in-law--(going toward Astragalus)

ASTRAGALUS
(Violently going at him)

Shut up! You're in cahoots with him, but I swear to you by the glowing guts of Vesuvius: if you dare support my child in this affair, if you so much as look as if you don't approve my ideas, you'll take a souvenir back to Venice with you that'll horrify all Italy. (Exit into the next room)

Scene Eleven

Rappelkopf. August.

RAPPELKOPF

No, that's not my double. He's exaggerating. That's a frightful man, I'm getting to hate him with a passion. If he keeps raging like that, we'll both be dead in a week.

AUGUST
(Struggling with himself)

Farewell, Mr. von Silberkern. Say hello to my Amalia for me, and don't forget me.

RAPPELKOPF

Where are you going?
AUGUST

Don't ask. I can't live without Amalia--(Starting out)

RAPPELKOPF

Just calm down, I give you my word that you'll have her.

AUGUST

But if her father won't agree?

RAPPELKOPF

He'll agree, her father. Don't worry. Now go away. I'll smooth things over, and if you have any love-letters, give them to me and I'll see that she gets them.

AUGUST

Oh, best of uncles, I must embrace you. Oh joy, joy, don't leave me. Tell my Amalia--

RAPPELKOPF

Go on, now--

AUGUST

I'll never forget your kindness--

RAPPELKOPF

(Forcing him out the door)

Good-bye! (Alone) That's a pretty nice fellow. I almost misjudged him. In fact, I'm beginning to see the light about a lot of things.

Scene Twelve

Habakuk. The preceding.
HABAKUK

Please excuse me, sir, if I take refuge with you, but talking to my master is dangerous. You're much kinder, sir. You only wanted to break my arms and legs, and to take the lesser of two evils, I've come to your honor.

RAPPELKOPF

That's a stupid fellow. I can't imagine how I could let anything he says insult me. Well, what's the matter?

HABAKUK

I have a request, sir.

RAPPELKOPF

What is it?

HABAKUK

You see, sir, I--(stopping and uttering a deep sigh)--I can't stand it.

RAPPELKOPF

What can't you stand? (Aside) That's an unbearable fellow, I'm getting angry with him already.

HABAKUK

Your honor knows that I'm not allowed to say you-know-what any more, and if that goes on, I'll go to pieces.

RAPPELKOPF

But what do you get from saying that you spent two years in Paris?
HABAKUK

Oh, so much sir. Everybody respects me more. I've noticed it hundreds of times with people. So if I have to keep quiet, I'll go crazy, I'll just explode.

RAPPELKOPF

(Smiling involuntarily)

I don't know whether to be angry or to laugh.

HABAKUK

I keep suppressing it, and that puts me under a terrible strain. Because I spent two--(breaking off) There, you see sir, it's making me ill.

RAPPELKOPF

Well, why can't you say it?

HABAKUK

He'll drive me away.

RAPPELKOPF

But if he doesn't hear it?

HABAKUK

Oh, you have no idea what ears the man has, he hears everything.

RAPPELKOPF

Never stops complaining about me and doesn't even know it. All the insults I have to swallow! (Sharply) If he's forbidden it, you have to obey, I can't help you.
HABAKUK

No rescue then. Well, good-bye, sir! But someday it'll be too late. I've done my job properly. I've never pocketed a single kreutzer, but that's my passion and I can't give it up.

RAPPELKOPF

Well, then say it--

HABAKUK

I don't dare.

RAPPELKOPF

I'll take the responsibility.

HABAKUK

You'll let him drive you away instead of me?

RAPPELKOPF

All right--

HABAKUK

Well, I tell you sir, I spent two years in Paris, but I'll never forget this. (Taking a breath, as if he felt relieved) That's a relief, I just can't describe it.

RAPPELKOPF

All right, from this moment on I give you permission to say it again, under the condition that you don't complain about your master any more.

HABAKUK

Oh sir, you're a man in a million. And now sir, permit me to embrace you. You're my benefactor, sir, my
father! You won't hear me say another word today except:
I spent two years in Paris! (Exit)

RAPPELKOPF
(Alone)

It's incredible. The one wants to be in love forever, and
the other is satisfied if he can say that he spent two years
in Paris. It's ridiculous--and yet there are others like
that. We all have our quirks.

Air.

I'll just give the world its label,
It's just a crazy drunken fable.
The one would like to reach the stars,
Another never leaves the bars,
And this one says we'll meet our doom,
Unless we all will wear perfume.
The one decides that water's fine,
The other's always drinking wine.

Now this one's brains are in his feet,
And that one's blinded with conceit.
Here's one who makes a million sitting,
And one who just makes debts by flitting.
Now some just want to get ahead,
While some would just as soon be dead.
The blindman gladly eyes would find,
And some who see, just wish they're blind.

And so the world just spins away,
And in the same old spot does stay,
With egotism as the axis,
It's pride at last that pays the taxes.
The earth, to get right to the core,
Is just a madhouse, nothing more.
And as I now begin to see,
The biggest fool of all is me.
Scene Thirteen

The preceding. Sophie, Amalia and Lisa enter.

SOPHIE

Brother dear, what do you say to my husband's behavior? Have I deserved that from him?

RAPPELKOPF

No, sister dear, not as long as I've been here you haven't. (Aside) Unless something else comes up.

AMALIA

(Weeping)

Oh, Uncle, my misfortune is certain.

RAPPELKOPF

Cheer up, Amalia! (Aside) I'm just sorry for the child, the others don't matter.

(A bell is heard offstage)

LISA

He's ringing. Who'll go in now?

SOPHIE

He doesn't want to see me.

RAPPELKOPF

And I don't want to see him.

LISA

I don't dare go in.
attain any genuine popularity on the Viennese stage. Hafner's plays were popular, and in adaptations by Joachim Perinet (1765-1816) formed an important part of the repertoire of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt well into the nineteenth century.\textsuperscript{28}

The other principal type of play which developed in the middle decades of the eighteenth century, and which was to form the second important building block of the Viennese Popular Theatre, was the contribution of the already-mentioned Josef von Kurz. Except for a few later scripts written to satisfy the censorship requirements, his dramatic output was in the form of detailed \underline{scenarii} for his own "Bernardoniades." It was in these extravagant serio-comic fantasies about his popular character Bernardon that the baroque tradition of visual theatre maintained its place on the popular stage. The stories consisted of series of strung-together adventures around very loose plot lines and the different portions of the plays might include ballet and comic opera sequences along with dialog scenes. The whole structure was designed to allow for a maximum number of set changes and magic transformations, and each scenic effect served to throw fresh complications into the plight of the comic hero. This delight in stage effects as an active part of the play remained a

\textsuperscript{28}Ibid., pp. 387-99.
AMALIA

I don't either, Mother.

RAPPELKOPF

I'm certainly popular.

AMALIA

Dear Uncle, you go!

RAPPELKOPF

Me? Oh no. (Aside) I'm afraid of myself.

(The bell rings again)

SOPHIE

He's ringing again. I'll have to--

LISA

(Quickly)

I'll go ma'am. (Sticking her head in the door and calling)
What is it, sir?

ASTRAGALUS

Some water! Quick!

ALL THREE

What's the matter with him?

LISA

He's sweating and sitting at the window. He doesn't seem to feel well, and he's calling for water.

SOPHIE

Bring some. If only he doesn't get sick!
(Exit Lisa)

RAPPELKOPF

Oh fine, that's just what I need!

SOPHIE

He'll have a stroke yet.

RAPPELKOPF

Stop, you're frightening me to death!

SOPHIE

Get the first-aid kit! A powder to calm him down!

RAPPELKOPF

Hurry, something to calm him!

AMALIA

(Taking it from the cupboard)

Here it is.

LISA

(Bringing a glass of water)

Here's the water!

RAPPELKOPF

Wait, I'll stir it in myself. (Does so. To himself:) I've got to keep an eye on myself or no telling what might happen.

LISA

(Listening at the door, then jumping away)

He's coming!
Scene Fourteen

The preceding. Astragalus enters from the next room.

ASTRAGALUS

So that's the way my orders are carried out? (To Sophie) What are you doing here? I'll talk to you later.

SOPHIE

Just be calm, my dear, you're not well. Sit down and take some medicine. (Handing him the glass)

ASTRAGALUS

(Furiously)

I want water and nothing else.

SOPHIE

Please, I can't let you get sick. Take it, I beg you.

ASTRAGALUS

No!

AMALIA

Please Father, take it.

RAPPELKOPF

You really need patience with him--I'd like to box my own ears, but on his head.

ASTRAGALUS

Give it here then. (Taking the glass) Damnation, what's that? The water's cloudy. Confess, you've poisoned it!

AMALIA

But Father--
LISA
Sir!

ASTRAGALUS
It's no use denying it, the drink's poisoned.

RAPPELKOPF
That's even worse than the chicory.

SOPHIE
Please listen, it's just a soothing powder.

ASTRAGALUS
That's a lie!

RAPPELKOPF
I'll soothe him without a powder.

ASTRAGALUS
(Throwing the glass to the ground)
My life's not safe in my own house.

RAPPELKOPF
Horrible! My own words.

ASTRAGALUS
My wife is a murderess. Then fall you fruits, ripe for my hatred! (Tearing Sophie's necklace from her. His portrait is hanging on it) What are you wearing there around your neck? Away with it, the only souvenir from me you'll have is the curse with which I'll reward your wickedness. So hear me, murderous woman--
RAPPELKOPF

Enough, enough! That's just exactly the fool I was, I can't bear to look at myself any more.

SOPHIE
(Collapsing in a chair)

Oh misery!

ASTRAGALUS

Leave my house, I want to live here alone, and my trade will be misanthropy. I don't want to know any more of you or of the world, curse you, curse my child--

RAPPELKOPF

Now damn it, that's too much! The man's cursing my whole household.

ASTRAGALUS

Go to your painter, paint the town, wear all the colors like a chameleon, green for hatred, black and blue from blows, red for shame, white with worry, yellow with fever, gray from old age--

RAPPELKOPF
(Joyfully)

Fine, he's run out of colors.

ASTRAGALUS

But never let me see you again, deny me, I'm not your father--

AMALIA
(Embracing his knees, weeping)

Father, mercy, don't drive me away!
ASTRAGALUS

Get away from me!  (Shoving her away)

RAPPELKOPF

I won't put up with that--damn it all to Hell--I've had enough!  Now I've got to help my family.  The fellow will ruin my wife and child for me.  Confound it! You're no human, you're a devil, you're making me blacker than I really am.

ASTRAGALUS

You're just in time, you disgraceful traitor!  Give me satisfaction for the plots you've been making behind my back.  Give an accounting--(seizing him by the shirt) how things are with my fortune--

AMALIA

(Help!  Uncle!

SOPHIE

(Help!  Brother!

LISA

(Help!

RAPPELKOPF

What?  Grab me will you?  Ha, dishonor!  Satisfaction, duel!

(Enter all the servants)

ASTRAGALUS

Bring pistols!
RAPPELKOPF

Bring cannons!

ASTRAGALUS

(Taking pistols from the wall)

Here they are.

RAPPELKOPF

It will be the battle of the century.

SOPHIE

Husband, I beg you, for all our sakes!

ASTRAGALUS

No use!

AMALIA

Uncle, be sensible!

RAPPELKOPF

Go away, there's no time for that.

ASTRAGALUS

Five paces are enough. We'll shoot each other at the same time. Count three!

SOPHIE

Please make up!

RAPPELKOPF

We're the best of friends--this is the first time we've agreed on anything. Get out of the way, it has to be. (Counting and aiming) One, two--
SOPHIE
(Falling in a faint)

Oh!

RAPPELKOPF

She's falling already and I haven't even shot.

AMALIA

Mother's dying!

RAPPELKOPF

Tell her to wait!

ASTRAGALUS

Fire!

AMALIA
(Embracing her father)

Oh, Uncle, stop or you'll kill two people.

RAPPELKOPF
(Starting back violently)

What! My God, now I remember, I can't duel with him! We both have only one life. If I shoot him, I kill myself. If I'd fired just now, I'd be done for.

ASTRAGALUS

Come on! Why are you stopping?

RAPPELKOPF

If one of us doesn't stop us, we'll both regret it.

ASTRAGALUS

Only one of us will fall, you or me.
RAPPELKOPF

That can't be—we'll fall together.

ASTRAGALUS

No matter, it's life and death. (Aiming)

RAPPELKOPF

Stop, it's death and death!

ASTRAGALUS

(Going to him)

Why don't you shoot, you coward?

(Sophie has recovered in the meantime)

RAPPELKOPF

Because I'm sorry for my sister—I don't want to make her a widow—and her child, and her brother-in-law, and all her friends. (Aside) What a mess, I don't know what to say.

ASTRAGALUS

I don't want to save my life for her, and I want to owe it to you least of all. It's no use to me, so I'll throw it away, this flat remnant of my worn-out existence. I don't need it.

RAPPELKOPF

The way he goes waving my life around, and he doesn't care a bit.

ASTRAGALUS

But I won't stand for your cowardice here. Get out of my house or I'll throw you out--
RAPPELKOPF

Now he's going to throw me out of my own house? He pushes me around, and if I really get him in a rage, we'll both have a stroke. I don't know what more he wants; I see it now, I was a senseless beast, a tiger, so I'd like to know what else is going to happen.

(Habakuk enters quickly with a letter)

HABAKUK
(In a monotone)

A letter.

RAPPELKOPF

From Paris? Idiot!

HABAKUK

No, sir, this time it's from Venice.

ASTRAGALUS
(Grabbing it)

From Venice? Give it here!

RAPPELKOPF

Give it here! That's my business too! (Trying to see it)

ASTRAGALUS
(Turning on him)

What do you want?

RAPPELKOPF
(Frightened)

Oh! I can't even read my own letter now. Damned double! (Astragalus becomes upset turns pale as he reads, trembling) That must be good news.
characteristic of the Viennese Popular Theatre and represented the aforementioned last great flowering of the baroque theatre long after its demise elsewhere. 29

With the death of Prehauser and the elimination of the Theater am Kärntner Tor as a popular theatre in 1769, there was a dry spell of several years in the local forms. Theoretically the theatre monopoly prevented outside troupes from performing in the city, but there is evidence that exceptions were made. When an imperial decree founded the national theatre at the Burgtheater, thus ending the monopoly, wandering companies descended on the city in droves, and new theatre buildings sprang up throughout the suburbs. The audience and the tradition were ripe for a golden age of popular theatre, and once the legal barriers were removed, the deluge came. At least half-a-dozen new theatre buildings were put up in the suburbs during the next fifteen years, and wooden shacks provided playing space for wandering troupes in the inner city. Not all of these enterprises were successful in this era of frenzied competition, and in 1794, when a new imperial decree prohibited further theatre building, there were only three companies which had survived and were able to profit from the resulting monopoly. 30

29Ibid., pp. 399-411. 30Gregor, pp. 149-55.
ASTRAGALUS
(Dropping the letter and saying with horror)

I'm lost!

RAPPELKOPF
(Beginning to tremble)

Then I am too.

ASTRAGALUS
(Sinking into a chair)

I don't feel well.

RAPPELKOPF

And I'm sick. (Sinking into a chair opposite from him)

ASTRAGALUS

I'm dying.

RAPPELKOPF

I'm dead.

ALL

Water! Water!

(The women are worried. Lisa runs off.)

ASTRAGALUS
(Jumping up)

Water! Yes, that's just the thing! (To Rappelkopf)
Traitor, it's all your fault! (Rushes out blindly)
RAPPELKOPF
(Also jumping up)

No, it's all my brother-in-law's fault! Where's that letter? (Reading, Numbly) "Sir, I have to report that the banking-house where you had your fortune has fa--fa--fallen." I'm done for, I'm already dead.

(Enter Lisa, trembling)

LISA

Help! Help! The master's gone, he's shouting he wants to drown himself, he's going to jump in the river.

SOPHIE

My husband!

AMALIA

Father!

ALL

After him, quick!

(All dash out)

RAPPELKOPF
(Can't move from the spot for fright)

Stop him, the miserable wretch, the way he treats my life! I go from one death to another. (His knees give way) I can't move, he's jumping in. He's in the water already, I'm starting to swim now. (Dragging himself along) Heaven help me, once a misanthrope, never again. Despair, give me strength, or I'm lost. (Exit)
Scene Fifteen

Change of scene.

(Outdoors before the mansion. In the background a deep river, on the side a high rock.)

All the servants. Amalia. August. Astragalus is held. Sophie kneels before him. Tableau.

CHORUS

Hold him fast! Hold him fast!
Don't take any chances.
Keep him there, keep him there,
See, he's lost his senses!

(Astragalus tears himself loose and runs up on the rock. At that moment appears)

RAPPELKOPF
(and calls)

Stop!

(Astragalus leaps. Rappelkopf falls unconscious in the arms of his wife and daughter.)

Quick change of scene.

(In the Temple of Recognition. Tall crystal columns trimmed with gold. On the rear wall a large sun, in whose center Truth hovers. Before it, a sacrificial altar.

The figure of Astragalus which leaped into the water was a dummy. The real one shows himself as at the beginning of Act Two. With him are mountain-spirits. Rappelkopf has in the meantime changed into his real form. Sophie. Amalia. August.)
ASTRAGALUS
(To Rappelkopf)

Welcome to the shining Temple of Recognition, this truth-illuminated chamber. I see you standing before me full of shame and repentance.

RAPPELKOPF

Am I still alive then? Didn't I drown with the double?

SOPHIE

You're still alive, my dear!

AMALIA

You're alive, Father!

RAPPELKOPF

And in the future only for you. (Embracing them both) If I'm not too bad for you to live for me, too.

ASTRAGALUS

Now you've seen misanthropy and a misanthrope's end.

RAPPELKOPF

Is he really gone now, this cursed double, this distorted image of my intolerance?

ASTRAGALUS

He has vanished, just as has your misanthropy.

RAPPELKOPF

Whew, those were a pair of delightful fellows, I'm sure glad I'm rid of them. But since your Highness seems to be so powerful, couldn't you manage to do something about my lost fortune too? So I can also forgive my brother-in-law, since he's the only one I still hate.
(A posthorn is heard)

(Enter Linarius, dressed as the coachman, with von Silberkern)

LINARIUS

Here I deliver my passenger from his cloud journey. The mountain air has done him a lot of good.

SILBERKERN

Just wait, you confounded coachman! Brother-in-law, is it you at last?

RAPPELKOPF

That's a fine brother-in-law, now you get here, after it's all over. You're to blame for my misfortune, I'm a beggar.

SILBERKERN

With one hundred thousand gold pieces cash, which I withdrew from the bank without your consent before the house fell. I got wind of their trouble in time. Here are the checks for it.

RAPPELKOPF

Now there's a brother-in-law after my own heart, he's brought something with him after all. (Embraces him. Silberkern embraces Sophie.) Children, my fortune, all these checks, I'm all checked out for joy! Brother-in-law, I'll never forget you for this.

SILBERKERN

I'd rather you'd pay me for all the worries I had on your account.

RAPPELKOPF

I'll give you my own in their place, that'll give you plenty.
SILBERKERN

But how did all this happen? —

RAPPELKOPF

Friend, we'll tell you about it tomorrow, otherwise it'll be too much for these people here. I've done so much talking, so all I can say now is: (to August) You're my son-in-law, take her. But you're a painter, so don't change color on her. Love her as much as I unjustly hated you and she'll be happy.

AUGUST AND AMALIA

Dear Father!

RAPPELKOPF

(Indicating the Mountain-King)

There's the man to thank.

AUGUST AND AMALIA

(Falling at Astragalus' feet)

Great Mountain-King, thank you!

ASTRAGALUS

(Moved)

A promise I did make to bring my blessing,
As yesterday I saw thy face of woe;
My word was more than merely false professing,
Thy pain is gone, the wreath now show.

(He takes a wreath made of shiny foil mountain-flowers which one of the mountain-spirits hands him, and places it on Amalia's head)
So take it then, thou maiden wond'rous strange,
Who truly keeps the promise love does bring.
And since 'twas I who all this did arrange,
Remember in thy heart the Mountain-King.

(Exit)

RAPPELKOPF

Children, I'm a retired misanthrope. Stay with me,
and I'll live out my days in peace in the Temple of
Recognition.

Finale

Oh, recognition, incomparable star,
Not ev'ry one seeks thee, for some wish thee far.
There are for example, the ones who betray.
If insight they wanted, the truth they would say.

But first let us mention girls fair as the moon,
The ones that we men always recognize soon.
We're slower the praises of good girls to sing,
But once they are known, only joy do they bring.

A young man so often desires recognition,
And swallows things whole to attain this condition.
But let him just wait till old age arrives,
And for recognition he won't have to strive.

A man should at first just himself seek to know,
A precept the oldest philosophers show.
And all men can say, if their faults they will trace,
I've seen my own nature, I know my true face.

Above all our art recognition desires,
This dainty coquette to your favor aspires.
And if she today little glory did show,
At least we can hope that her will you did know!

The End
APPENDIX A

A LIST OF THE PLAYS OF FERDINAND RAIMUND

All plays were first performed in Vienna on the dates and in the theatre indicated in each case. All plays were first published in Vienna in 1836, edited by Johann Nep. Vogl.

Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinsel
Zauberposse mit Gesang in zwei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Leopoldstadt, December 18, 1823.

Der Diamant des Geisterkönigs
Zauberstück in zwei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Leopoldstadt, December 17, 1824.

Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt, or Der Bauer als Millionär
Romantisches Original-Zaubermärchen mit Gesang in drei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Leopoldstadt, November 10, 1826.

Moisasurs Zauberfluch
Zauberstück in zwei Aufzügen.
Theater an der Wien, September 25, 1827.

Die gefesselte Phantasie
Original-Zauberspiel in zwei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Leopoldstadt, January 8, 1828.

Der Alpenkönig und der Menschenfeind
Romantisch-komisches Märchen in drei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Leopoldstadt, October 17, 1838.

Die unheilbringende Krone, or König ohne Reich, Held ohne Mut, Schönheit ohne Jugend. (Also known as Die unheilbringende Zauberkrone.)
Original-tragisch-komisches Zauberstück in zwei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Leopoldstadt, December 4, 1829.

Der Verschwender
Original-Zaubermärchen in drei Aufzügen.
Theater in der Josefstadt, February 20, 1834.
APPENDIX B

SOME CONTEMPORARY COMMENT ON THE
ACTING OF FERDINAND RAIMUND

As Fortunatus Wurzel in Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt.

... Well-deserved laurels of the loudest applause were awarded to Herr Raimund not only as playwright, but also as actor. He brought the character of Fortunatus Wurzel to life... with the Prometheus fire of his own representation... That he carried out this role, which he wrote exactly for his own individuality, with true mastery and perfection surely needs no new proof. At every moment expressions of the most sincere acclaim were offered to the playwright and actor in a single person. With sharply defined outlines he drew the destructively thoughtless debauchery of the millionaire, his contrasting weakness and peevishness as an old man, and, above all, the pitiable figure of the weary ashman... 

Theaterzeitung, November 10, 1826.

*

... Herr Raimund knows how to bring more and more life into this fine work of art. The favorite scene of the audience is Herr Raimund's appearance as the ashman, although the high point of the role remains the transition from a jovial, happy maturity to a feeble old age. Every gesture is planned, and although this transition takes place instantaneously, the whole is prepared through his bearing and manner.

Sammler, February 3, 1827.

*

1 All selections from Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle-Brukner, V.
By far the most important of these three for the development of the Viennese Popular Theatre and for the work of Ferdinand Raimund was the Theater in der Leopoldstadt, which was opened in 1781. The troupe of Matthias Menninger (1733-1793) from Baden had settled permanently in Vienna in 1777 after some successful guest appearances in earlier years. At the initiative of the company's co-director, Karl Marinelli (1744-1803), permission was obtained in 1780 to build a permanent home for the productions, and on October 20, 1781 the new building was opened. Menninger soon withdrew from the management entirely, and Marinelli successfully ran the theatre until his death. The company enriched its modest talents by merging with another group in 1783 and by hiring additional members over the years, but its most important member came with the original troupe. His name was Johann Laroche (1745-1806), and he became the most famous performer of Kasperl, the comic figure which had supplanted Hanswurst as the leading comedian of the popular theatre in both Germany and Austria. He remained at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt as long as he lived, appearing an average of fifteen times a month, and his unfailing popularity kept a number of older farces in the repertory long beyond their natural time. After Laroche's death, they disappeared immediately from the stage. The most important playwright for the company was
... In this transformation scene Raimund made ... a completely tragic impression, and I can hardly believe that anyone who sees him for the first time in this scene will have any inclination to laugh. The playing between the departure of Youth and the arrival of Old Age is also a genuine masterpiece. After he has complained about headache, drafts, and the cold, he asks for champagne, less for the enjoyment than for warmth; as he opens the bottle he hums a few notes from "Brother o'mine" in a hoarse voice, then fills the glass but shudders as he brings it to his mouth and puts it down with disgust on the table. Immediately thereafter the knocking of Old Age is heard at the door. . . .

Freischiitz (Hamburg), August 11, 1830.

* . . . It was to be expected that many who were not familiar with the character of the South German would find this sort of humor, this tone of delivery which extends into dialect, somewhat strange; but nonetheless, the whole uniqueness, the vitality, the relaxed and friendly humor of the artist evoked a very strong response. Herr Raimund speaks rapidly, and in the Viennese manner he contracts final syllables; consequently, those who cannot follow him rapidly must, of course, miss many of the drastic jokes with which he overflows; nevertheless, we hear from many who have come to know him previously how quickly they were able to become adjusted to the witty playing, and we are convinced that this will be the case here as well.

In the third act Herr Raimund sang the "Ashes Song" very effectively, and many of the verses which were particularly directed to the audience, especially after an encore was demanded, aroused general jubilation. The way in which Herr Raimund thanked the public when he was called at the end also testified to a man of noble modesty, perception, and culture. . . .

Hamburger Nachrichten, September 1, 1831.

*
... Herr Raimund chose the Bauer als Millionär as his second guest role. ... What has been said about his Florian in the Diamant also applies to the more serious parts of his Wurzel; the same consistent characterization, at no time does the actor appear, he is submerged in the character of the clumsy, presumptuous, cocky peasant; the same grotesquely-elegant humor (opposites collide throughout!) ... Raimund pleased the audience in these comic portions, but the applause was not as loud as might be expected because the character itself is not yet appealing at that point. Now comes the transition; Youth ... leaves him, Old Age comes. The master is revealed in the transitions, every movement contributes to the aging. The oldtimer is complete; but he is just as obnoxious an oldtimer as he was an unpleasant man. We sense the truth of it all, but the truth still doesn't attract us. Now misfortune comes in addition, and Contentment offers the ashman her hand. He is born anew, emotion speaks out from under the weight of old age in need, we see there was something better in him which had long been suppressed and hidden. It comes to the surface, and he becomes another man, a deeply tragic character. Here is Raimund's greatest strength; everyone feels that this is truth, it speaks from heart to heart. These tones of the "Ashes Song" with their simple words, their simple melody, touch a pain which vibrates through the universe and finds an echo in every breast. In addition there are this touching figure, these touching gestures, everything is trembling, and only hope, like a last feeble thread, holds the fragile structure together. But we do the performer an injustice to say that he has become another man here! Closer observation lets us see that the basic tragic tone permeates everything. As playwright and as actor Raimund is completely serious. Those who do not notice it have simply overlooked it. He is never frolicsome; when he appears to be so, there is only a thin partition which separates the humor from that view of the end of all things, of which humor is one. The deep, moving truth overwhelmed the audience at this point, the applause rose to a storm, and Raimund was called forth. ...

Sammler, April 13, 1832.
(On a Berlin appearance)
As Rappelkopf, in *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind*.

... Herr Raimund's playing as Rappelkopf in the first act and as the brother-in-law in the second can be called the non plus ultra of comic acting; only he might be a little more moderate in his declamation, as he occasionally becomes unintelligible. ...

*Sammler*, October 17, 1828.

*

... Raimund as Lord von Rappelkopf deserves the palm before all others. He played his role just as he had written it, and it was impossible that he should not succeed. He was so excellent that even the strictest criticism can find nothing with which to quarrel in his classic playing. It need hardly be said that for this new gift from his double muse he received great--very great--applause. ...

*Theaterzeitung*, 1828.

*

... The artist played the first act, in which Rappelkopf's rage develops, with great energy and was able to intersperse his egotism (according to which he sees himself as the most gentle of sufferers) with manifold masterful nuances. It was splendid that he did not use comedy directly, but rather left it to the extremity of passion to become comic in itself. The manner in which he recites to music, keeping the presentation midway between singing and speaking, with consideration for the key of the accompaniment, deserves to be particularly commended for its merit. He was already called out after the first act. In the second act, where the established character is driven through all the elements of moral purification, the actor has less opportunity to excel, although an effort is required here which can easily overstrain all his vocal powers,
as was somewhat noticeable in Herr Raimund. In the third act,\(^2\) when he sees his double before him, his nuances played all the scales of tragedy and comedy, and the occasions were particularly outstanding in which he maintained that his twin was exaggerating. The most natural humor spoke even in the wordless sounds which he uttered here as exclamations.

Vossische Zeitung (Berlin),
April 27, 1832.

* 

. . . This play is truly one of the most original works of the German stage, and we can hardly name any other which has made such a wonderfully strange impression on us. . . . One feels himself drawn simultaneously to shudders and jubilation, to laughter and to tears. . . . Feelings which others are capable of awakening only in succession among the spectators are evoked by the master Raimund in one and the same instant. Just that is his great, incomparable individuality. He touches the heart and the diaphragm at the same time; his ashman moves us to tears, and yet our mouth is forced into a happy smile in the process; his misanthrope makes us shudder, seizes our deepest emotions—and yet we feel ourselves torn to laughter at the same time. . . . The . . . performance of the guest in the packed house found once more a loud, stormy recognition. . . .

Originalien (Hamburg),
September 9, 1832.

* 

. . . The applause once more as enthusiastic as at all of the previous guest performances. Even after the first act the unique artist was unanimously called forth. In the second act the applause was still louder. The

\(^2\)The play was sometimes played in three acts.
Prague spectators especially admire the truth and fidelity in Raimund's performances. They call him the Iffland of the magic-play. What Raimund presents is always a deeply thought-out fully colored picture from the reflection of life, which is gently breathed upon the stage. Nothing overdone, no reaching for effects, no theatrical dressing, Nature, genuine, uncounterfeited Nature.

Theaterzeitung (Vienna),
February 22, 1836.
(On a guest appearance in Prague.)
Books


Mantle, Burns, et al. (eds.). The Best Plays. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1921-.


Articles and Periodicals


News item, Mykenae Theater-Korrespondenz (Darmstadt), XI (September 30, 1960), 14.


"Werkstatistik," Die deutsche Bühne (Darmstadt), December, 1958; December, 1959; December, 1960.

Phonograph Records


. Der Verschwender. 2 12" LP's. Amadeo AVRS 6200/01.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I. Corliss Edwin Phillabaum, was born in Cortland, New York, August 1, 1933. I received my secondary-school education in the public schools of Forty Fort, Pennsylvania, and my undergraduate training at the University of Illinois, which granted me the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1954. As a Rotary Foundation Fellow I studied at the Ludwig-Maximilian University in Munich, Germany during the school year 1954-55. From the Pennsylvania State University I received the Master of Arts degree in 1961. In September, 1958, I was appointed a graduate assistant at The Ohio State University, where I specialized in the Department of Speech. I held this position for two years while completing the course requirements for the Doctor of Philosophy degree.

I spent two years as Instructor in Speech at Michigan State University from 1960 to 1962, and I am presently Instructor in Theatre Arts at Lake Erie College.
Figure 6. Laroche as Kasperl in his younger days.
CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS</th>
<th>iv</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PART I. BACKGROUND TO THE PLAYS OF FERDINAND RAIMUND

Chapter

I. THE VIENNESE POPULAR THEATRE: A BRIEF HISTORY | 6 |
II. FERDINAND RAIMUND: BIOGRAPHY                | 40 |
III. FERDINAND RAIMUND: THE MAN AND THE ARTIST | 54 |
IV. THEATRE PRACTICE IN RAIMUND'S DAY            | 73 |

PART II. THE PLAYS OF FERDINAND RAIMUND

V. INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS | 103 |
VI. ON TRANSLATING RAIMUND    | 113 |

PART III. ENGLISH VERSIONS OF TWO PLAYS BY FERDINAND RAIMUND

VII. THE MAID FROM FAIRYLAND, OR THE PEASANT AS MILLIONAIRE | 122 |
Karl Friedrich Hensler (1759-1825), who wrote eighty plays between 1786 and 1803, after which time he took over management of the theatre. 31

The first years of the nineteenth century were years of crisis for the Theater in der Leopoldstadt. The immediate problem of running the theatre after Marinelli's death in 1803 was solved by giving Hensler the concession, but the thirteen years of his management only postponed settling the struggle among the heirs for control, and it broke out again in the second decade of the century. Hensler's own problems became most critical just three years after he took over, when Laroche died. This comedian's popularity had kept the Kasperl comedies alive even after social conditions in Vienna had outgrown such rustic humor, and there was therefore no possibility of any successor in the role. Hensler had to look not only for new performers, but also for a whole new repertoire. His regime was filled with experiments, both in performing personnel and in types of productions, and by the time he relinquished control of the theatre in 1816, he had created both the ensemble and the stable of writers which were to provide the theatrical soil from which sprang the works of Raimund and Nestroy. 32

31 Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 412-42.

32 Ibid., pp. 616-23, 719.
The remaining two popular theatres which shared the monopoly of 1794 were less influential in shaping the Viennese Popular Theatre. The Theater auf der Wieden was built in 1787 as an investment, rather than to provide a home for an already established troupe. Its first managers were unsuccessful, and it was not until Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812) took over the theatre in 1789 that it assumed any importance. Just two years later it became famous as the site of the first production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, the greatest work to spring from the Viennese Popular Theatre. Schikaneder himself wrote the libretto and played Papageno. In the next decade Schikaneder's success in Vienna as producer, playwright, and performer was immense. When his theatre was faced with being closed as unsafe, he had no difficulty in obtaining a renewal of his privilege and in getting financial backing to build a splendid new house. In 1801 the Theater an der Wien was opened. It was the largest and best-equipped theatre in Vienna, and it became the site of the premieres of many major works by Beethoven, Grillparzer, and numerous later composers and playwrights. For ten years after World War II it was the home of the Vienna State Opera, and it has recently been refurbished for use as a festival theatre for the Viennese theatre and opera companies. Unfortunately Schikaneder himself had little joy from his enterprise. He quickly ran into
financial difficulties, was forced to sell his theatre privilege in 1802, and left the Viennese theatre completely in 1806. The Theater an der Wien came under the control of a group of noblemen who radically changed the repertoire and largely withdrew it from the Viennese Popular Theatre for several decades. 33

The last of the great suburban theatres to be founded was also the smallest. The Theater in der Josefstadt was built in 1788 for the actor Karl Mayer (1750-1830) by his father-in-law. However, Mayer soon went on to an engagement in another city and the theatre was leased to a series of generally unsuccessful managers. The lack of any consistent direction kept the theatre normally in the background among the popular theatres, although its privilege actually allowed it a much less restricted repertoire than the other two. It enjoyed brief periods of prosperity in 1812-1818 under the playwright Josef Gleich when Raimund was discovered, and again 1822-1825 under Hensler and 1832-1834 under Johann August Stöger. Its modest size and means made it impossible for it to hold on to its talented discoveries. Its mixed repertoire allowed a number of important works to have their world premieres there, among them Weber's Oberon and Raimund's The Spendthrift, and it also provided

the starting place for Nestroy's Viennese career. The great years which made it one of the most famous theatres in Europe came more than a century later under Max Reinhardt. 34

Thus, at the time of Ferdinand Raimund's arrival on the Viennese stage in 1814, the Viennese Popular Theatre had developed a relatively stable and clearly defined personality. The Theater in der Leopoldstadt was the center of its activity, with the Theater in der Josefstadt a fairly popular poor relation. The Theater an der Wien was at this time well removed from the main stream of the popular stage. The ensemble of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt was stabilized with the addition of Raimund in 1817 and reigned supreme with essentially the same personnel for over a decade. The repertoire had also taken a definite form after the crisis-filled years following Laroche's death, and a workable synthesis of the popular comedy, baroque stage expression, and Viennese local elements had been found.

This synthesis had not taken place overnight. In the 1780's the baroque elements in the Viennese theatre seemed to be following the same road to dissolution they had taken elsewhere in Europe. The local farce was enjoying a wave of popularity, which was encouraged

Figure 7. Scene from Bäuerle's Doctor Faust's Cloak or Staberl in Floribus. A typical magic scene at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt.
by the lack of restriction on freedom of speech and criticism the city enjoyed under Emperor Joseph II. The next decades, however, saw a revival of the elements of magic and fantasy in the popular theatre. This revival was due in part to the rigid censorship imposed by Leopold II, but even more to an undercurrent of reaction against the sober preachings of Rationalism which had dominated the intellectual climate throughout much of the century. This desire for the miraculous was reflected in literature by the great popularity of fairy tales and extravagant adventure novels, and in the popular theatre of Vienna by the rise of new forms of magic-plays and fairy tale plays. The intense pathos of the earlier baroque theatrical forms gave way to elements of parody and travesty in this revival, but despite the frequently disrespectful treatment of the magic elements in the plays, there was a foundation of naive acceptance of them. Above all, the distant lands of the earlier fantasies were replaced by Vienna and its surroundings, and the characters were drawn from the myriad types to be seen every day on the streets of the city. 35 From 1819 to 1830 nearly three-fourths of the repertoire of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt consisted of plays involving these fanciful elements in the many forms developed during the first two decades of the century. 36 Production and performing conditions were favorable, and the daily

needs of the theatre for new plays were being satisfied by a prolific stable of playwrights. The time was ripe for the appearance of a dramatic poet who could create plays of enduring worth. No one suspected that that poet had already arrived in the person of the popular and moody comic actor, Ferdinand Raimund.
Figure 8. Ferdinand Raimund. Pencil drawing by Schwind.
As is so often the case with a "rags-to-riches" story, information about Raimund's early years is sparse. He was born on June 1, 1790 in Mariahilf, a suburb of Vienna. His father was a skilled woodworker with a respectable but not very lucrative business, and when he died in 1804, two years after his wife had passed away, he left far too small an estate to allow for any further schooling for the fourteen year-old Ferdinand. As a result, the older sister, who had to take over responsibility for the boy, found it necessary to apprentice him to a confectioner named Jung. By this time, Raimund had already developed an urge to go on the stage, as he tells us himself: "Die Neigung zur Schauspielkunst, durch den Besuch des k. k. Hofburgtheaters geweckt, erwachte schon sehr früh und mit solcher Heftigkeit in mir, das ich schon als Knabe beschloss, nie einen

1The principal treatments of Raimund's life are Eduard Castle's introductions to his editions of the collected works (Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle; Ferdinand Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Eduard Castle and Fritz Brukner [Wien: Verlag Anton Schroll and Co., 1925-34], I), as well as Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 886-927. Information from sources other than these introductions will be specified as such.
In true romantic fashion, Raimund's apprenticeship brought him to the very place he longed to be, the theatre. He sold sweets during the intermissions of performances at the Burgtheater, and from the standing room in the gallery he was able to watch the performances of his idols to his heart's content. Apparently this constant exposure to theatrical life put the final fire to his ambition, and in 1808 he ran away from his master to go on the stage.

Documentation of the years in which Raimund gained his first stage experience with wandering companies is limited to an occasional handbill on which his name appears. The earliest, in 1810, shows him in a minor role, but a year later he was playing leading comic parts. At this time he also played serious roles, and his strong preference for this type carried over into the first years of his activity in Vienna. His engagement there began in 1814 at the Theater in der Josefstadt, and it gave Raimund considerable opportunity to play villains, roles in which he could imitate the actors he had idolized at the Burgtheater. His rather unimpressive

2"My inclination toward acting, which was stirred by visits to the Burgtheater, awoke very early and with such violence that even as a boy I resolved never to choose another profession." "Selbstbiographie," Ferdinand Raimunds Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle, p. 1. There are a number of inaccuracies in this autobiography, which appeared in 1836 in the Theaterzeitung, and its authenticity has been questioned.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VIII. MOUNTAIN-KING AND MISANTHROPE</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX A. A LIST OF THE PLAYS OF FERDINAND RAIMUND</td>
<td>371</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX B. CONTEMPORARY COMMENT ON THE ACTING OF FERDINAND RAIMUND</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>378</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUTOBIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>382</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
appearance barred him from the heroic roles which he longed most of all to play. A huge success in the role of Adam Kratzerl in Alois Gleich's comedy, Die Musikanten am Hohen Markt finally established the true nature of his ability in comedy, and he rapidly became a favorite of the Viennese public. In 1817 he was engaged permanently by the Theater in der Leopoldstadt, with which he remained associated for the major part of his career. His rapid rise to fame there is shown clearly by the new contract he was given after a change in management in 1821. The total yearly income of 6000 Gulden which he received is the equivalent of a very high theatre salary today.

The vital temperament which served Raimund so well on the stage had its disadvantages in his personal life. Though most of the love affairs attributed to him in popular accounts of his life have been discredited, those which have been documented indicate that he was hardly a puritan in the fairly free-and-easy theatre life of the day. One incident which occurred during his first years at the Leopoldstadt Theatre was to haunt him in later years. He had had an affair with a young actress in the company and they had lived together for a week. After the girl left him, Raimund became insanely jealous, and when he found her talking with another man in the theatre one day, he
Figure 9. Raimund as Adam Kratzerl in Gleich's Die Musikanten am Hohen Markt.
publicly scolded her, chased her, and hit her with a walking-stick.

For this offense he spent three days in jail.³

It was less than a year after this incident that Raimund met Antonie Wagner, who remained the object of his affections throughout the remaining years of his life, despite the fact that their relationship was hardly an idyllic one. Toni was the daughter of the proprietor of an elegant coffeehouse in the vicinity of the theatre, and Raimund first saw her at a window there early in 1819. Again the romantic pattern of his life appears, this time in that tritest of all stage clichés, "love at first sight." Toni seems to have been somewhat more hesitant, perhaps because of the objections her parents certainly raised to her association with an actor, but there seems to be no doubt that she did love him. The following winter Raimund asked for her hand and was flatly rejected by her parents, while Toni was packed off to visit some relatives.

If the beginnings of the affair follow the pattern of a sentimental comedy, the events which followed would be appropriate to a low farce, if their reality did not make them genuinely unhappy. In January, 1820 Raimund was taken ill. He was cared for by Luise Gleich, the attractive daughter of his onetime employer at the

Theater in der Josefstadt. Raimund found consolation for his disappointment over Toni with the attractive young actress, and when, a few weeks later, the consequences became evident, he rashly promised to marry her. The promise seems particularly rash in the light of information police investigations later turned up about a Lolita-like affair in which Luise had been involved some years before, a relationship which had continued up to a few months before the affair with Raimund. It is not clear whether Raimund knew of this situation. Certainly he seems to have known that he had been trapped, and when the time for the hastily arranged marriage arrived, he didn't. The scandal quickly spread through the city, and, as is usual in such cases, the public tended to see things in terms of black and white. At his next performance, Raimund was jeered off the stage. Several days later, on April 8, 1820, in a scene which must have come straight out of a stock shotgun-wedding farce, Raimund and Luise Gleich were married in a private home where the priest was waiting. Three days after the wedding, when they appeared together on stage, they were roundly cheered by the public.

Obviously a marriage built on such a foundation could hardly be expected to last, particularly when the child which had brought it

---

about died a few weeks after birth. In July, 1821, the two separated, and in December they filed for divorce. The time they had lived together had been a turbulent one, filled with quarrels and outright fights, and even before the separation Raimund had gained Toni Wagner's forgiveness and they had come together again. Under the marriage laws of that time, a divorced man could not remarry while his first wife was still alive, a circumstance which made Raimund's plight all the more pitiable. Shortly after his separation from Luise, he and Toni swore to regard their relationship as if it were a marriage, and they remained true to that oath the rest of their lives. Not until 1827 could Toni's parents be persuaded to recognize the relationship, and it was three years after this that Raimund was able to move into an apartment with Toni in her parents' home. Raimund's letters trace a constant pattern of jealous arguments followed by reconciliations throughout these years, and there seem to have been few extended periods of happiness for either of them.\footnote{Ferdinand Raimund, \textit{Sämtliche Werke}, ed. Castle and Brukner, IV.} Under the circumstances, it is amazing that there were as many as there were, and that the relationship was able to endure at all.

Whatever the difficulties Raimund faced in his private life, they seem not to have hindered his success as an actor, nor to have
prevented him from adding the title of successful playwright to his name. Theatrical customs of the day had made a certain amount of literary activity unavoidable for Raimund from his earliest days on the stage. He frequently wrote speeches to be delivered at the end of performances to announce the next production and invite the audience to attend, as well as occasional prologues and special speeches for benefits. After 1821, when his new contract called for him to be stage director as well as actor, he often found it necessary to rewrite the plays submitted to him by the staff playwrights. In that very year he wrote to Toni about his dissatisfaction. "Mit unseren Dichtern geht es immer miserabler; sie betreiben ihre Kunst, bloss um Geld herauszulocken, nicht um Ehre zu ernten, und es ist zum Verzweifeln, was man für Schmierereien lesen muss." Despite the frequent urging of friends that he write a play himself, he refrained from taking this step until a combination of circumstances forced him to it.

Karl Meisl was supposed to write a play for Raimund's benefit performance based on a fairy tale called "Die Prinzessin mit der langen Nase," but sickness prevented him from finishing it on time.

6 "Things are getting lousier and lousier with our playwrights; they write just to make money, not to gain honor, and it's completely depressing, the sort of junk I have to read." Ibid., p. 25.
Raimund himself took over the work, threw out nearly all of what Meisl had completed, and wrote his first play, Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinsel. Although it was announced in the Theaterzeitung that Raimund was the author, his name did not appear as such on the program, and it was not until the fourth performance, when the great success of the play was evident, that he let it be printed. The piece was extremely popular, and received eighty-six performances at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt during Raimund's lifetime, a very substantial total for the period.

Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinsel was produced in December, 1823. Its great success, together with the spread of some unfounded rumors to the effect that the play was really by Meisl, seem to have spurred Raimund to further writing. Just one year later his second play, Der Diamant des Geisterkönigs, which was also adapted from a fairy tale, was produced as a benefit for Raimund, to great acclaim. It proved even more popular than his first work and doubtless was decisive in leading the author to continue to turn out plays regularly.

In the spring of 1825 Raimund was taken ill and was unable to appear for over six months. His sickness delayed the completion and production of his newest work, and it did not appear until November, 1826. The delay was a fruitful one, however, for Das Mädchen aus
der Feenwelt or Der Bauer als Millionär was one of the playwright's greatest successes and has remained one of his most frequently produced works till the present day. With its production it became evident that the Viennese Popular Theatre had produced its first enduring dramatist.

Raimund's own literary ambitions were much encouraged by these successes, and his next two plays showed an attempt to cut down on the popular comic elements in favor of more serious poetic scenes. Moisassurs Zauberfluch, which was produced at the Theater an der Wien because Raimund had not been able to come to an agreement with the Leopoldstadt director about the royalties, had an immensely successful premiere, but failed to maintain the success in the subsequent performances. The same fate fell to Die gefesselte Phantasie, which was actually written before Moisassurs Zauberfluch, but not produced until four months after it, in January, 1828. A number of critics suggested that Raimund was overreaching himself in trying to write such serious plays, while others maintained that they were over the heads of the people who came to the suburban theatres. Critical opinion of them remains divided today, and they are much less frequently produced than his three major plays.
Raimund's popularity as an actor was unaffected by these relative failures, and he continued to be one of the reigning favorites in Vienna. His health, however, continued to plague him, particularly his nerves, which had always been a source of trouble for him. As a relaxation he took lengthy trips through the mountains and forests of Austria, trips which soon bore fruit in the idea for his next play.

In 1828 the owner of the Leopoldstadt Theatre, Rudolf Steinkeller, appointed Raimund as manager. In view of the actor's great popularity and great experience, the appointment was a logical one, but it nonetheless aroused serious opposition from the municipal authorities. The record of that incident of years before, in which Raimund had publicly attacked the unfaithful Therese Grünthal, was still on the books, and it was felt that his self-control was insufficient for him to be allowed to supervise an entire theatrical troupe. After an investigation and a number of assurances from Raimund and his employer that he could control himself, the appointment was approved, and on April 3 Raimund became manager. As it turned out, he proved quite successful in his relations with the members of the company, and it was only with Steinkeller himself that there were difficulties.7

During the two years he spent as manager, Raimund wrote and produced two plays, which was his normal pace. The first of these, *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind*, was the second of the trio of his plays which are most frequently played today, and its success began with its very first performance in October, 1828. The role of the misanthropic Rappelkopf had much of the author's own personality in it, and it became one of his greatest triumphs on the stage. The last play which he wrote for the Theater in der Leopoldstadt, *Die unheilbringende Krone*, was his greatest failure, with critics and public alike.

The difficulties with Steinkeller rapidly became unbearable, as the owner insisted on interfering with Raimund's management. The city officials were called in and sided with Raimund in insisting that he be left a free hand in artistic matters, but effective work under such conditions was impossible. On August 27, 1830 Raimund obtained permission to leave the Leopoldstadt, and the association which had produced so many triumphs came to an end. A few months later Steinkeller went bankrupt.8

In the years after his departure Raimund devoted himself to guest appearances in the Viennese theatres and to more extensive tours which reached as far as Berlin and Hamburg. There is no more

8 Ibid., pp. 163-67.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure</th>
<th>Illustration Description</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Engraving based on a design by Ludovico Burnacini for <em>Il Pomo d'oro</em></td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Scene design by Giuseppe Galli-Bibiena</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Scene from <em>Pietas victrix</em> by Nicolaus Avancinus</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Josef Antoni Stranitzky, the Viennese Hanswurst</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Prehauser as Hanswurst</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Laroche as Kasperl in his younger days</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Scene from Bäuerle's <em>Doctor Faust's Cloak or Staberl in Floribus</em></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Ferdinand Raimund</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>Raimund as Adam Kratzerl in Gleich's <em>Die Musikanten am Hohen Markt</em></td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>Raimund as Hamlet in a travesty</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Raimund as Valentin recognizes Flottwell in Act III of <em>Der Verschwender</em></td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>The Theater in der Leopoldstadt</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>The Theater in der Leopoldstadt</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Ignaz Schuster as umbrella-maker Staberl</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Ferdinand Raimund and Therese Krones as Wurzel and Youth in Act II, Scene vi of <em>The Maid from Fairyland</em></td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
striking proof of his ability as an actor than the fact that he was able to play Viennese dialect comedies in these North German cities with great success.

During these years of wandering he also wrote his last and greatest play, Der Verschwender. It had its premiere at the Theater in der Josefstadt, but soon became part of the repertoire of all three popular theatres and by far the most frequently performed of all of his dramatic works. In the two months after its February 20, 1834 premiere it was performed forty-two times, an amazing number of performances for a city which at that time had a population of only 300,000. Raimund stood at the peak of his success.

In the remaining two years of his life, Raimund continued his successful tours, but the symptoms of the nervous afflictions which had plagued him during most of his career became more and more evident. Even the satisfaction of being able to buy a country house in his beloved mountains near Gutenstein in 1834 had little effect on his despair. Despite his successes, he saw the beginnings of a change in public taste with the acclaim for Johann Nestroy, and he seemed to feel that his day would soon pass. During the summer of 1836 his fears and nervousness reached a peak, and when he was bitten by his dog on August 26 he was panic-stricken. Ten years
earlier he had been frightened into believing he would get hydrophobia by a similar incident, and his fear of the disease had become pathological. He tried to calm his fears this time with a brief excursion, but when he returned to Gutenstein he learned that the dog had bitten several other people and had been ordered destroyed. He at once set out for Vienna, convinced that he had the dreaded disease, but a storm made him take shelter for the night in an inn halfway to the city. At 3:30 A.M. he asked Toni to get him a glass of water. As soon as he was alone, he shot himself in the mouth with a pistol. The bullet lodged in his head, and he survived in great pain for five days before he succumbed. He was buried in Gutenstein.
CHAPTER III
FERDINAND RAIMUND: THE MAN AND THE ARTIST

By a fortunate combination of circumstances, Raimund's life and personality during his adult years have been thoroughly documented, and a large amount of this documentation has been published in the historical-critical edition of his works. Much information about his theatrical career was published in Bäuerle's invaluable Theaterzeitung, and there are many contemporary accounts of his acting and illustrations of him in costume and in private life. In addition, the many years of enforced separation from Antonie Wagner caused him to correspond with her much more extensively than would otherwise have been the case, and many of his letters have been preserved. As a result, it is possible to form a very clear picture of him, both as man and as artist, without being forced into the sort of unprovable psychoanalysis of his plays which makes so much criticism of Shakespeare and Moliere questionable.

1 Unfortunately, her letters to Raimund were destroyed. Schreyvogel, in Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Schreyvogel, pp. 739-42.
The personality which emerges from these documents is richer than the external theatricality of the events of his life might lead one to suppose. Certainly Raimund must have been a difficult person to live with. In truest tradition of clowns through the ages, this man who was so irrepressibly funny on the stage was moody, temperamental, and given to melancholy in private life. No matter how great his successes in the theatre were, he was constantly plagued by violent feelings of insecurity and dissatisfaction with his own work. The episode with Therese Grünthal was by no means an isolated example of his inability to control his feelings in moments of stress; there are many others, both in his private life and in his handling of actors in rehearsal. On the other hand, the fact that such incidents are not recorded as having occurred at performances is a strong indication that rehearsal outbursts, at least, were a reflection of an excessive, but certainly admirable, conscientiousness toward his art. Indeed, one of Raimund's most winning traits was the great seriousness of purpose he seems to have brought to his work as actor and as playwright, a seriousness that was by no means common among the relatively easygoing performers and writers of the suburban theatres. Raimund's theatrical ambitions had first been fired when he saw the great poetic theatre of the Burgtheater, and an unfulfilled ambition of his life was to appear
there and to have his plays performed there. If these lofty ambitions at times led him to overreach himself in his art, they were also the driving force which raised him out of the general run of hack writers and slapstick comedians and secured his fame during his lifetime and afterwards.

It is in the relationship with Antonie Wagner, however, where Raimund's human strengths and weaknesses are most clearly evident, and where he is most appealing as a person. Even without the complications of secret meetings and no legal marriage, it seems unlikely that this relationship could ever have been a peaceful one. Raimund's own oversensitivity and rapidly changing moods certainly contributed much to the frequent quarrels between the two. He was aware of the problem, but seems to have been able to do nothing about it. "Es ist wahr ich bin geeignet, Dinge, die andere Leute teils lächerlich finden, teils lau an sich vorüber lassen, mit dem tiefsten Schmerze aufzufassen und zu empfinden, aber es gibt auch Augenblicke der Freude für mich, die andere Leute nur dem Namen nach kennen, und die Beschreibung davon für schwärmerische Märchen halten." Unfortunately the depressive side of his

2"It is true that I am destined to see and feel things with the deepest pain which others in part find laughable and in part let pass indifferently, but there are also moments of pleasure for me which
personality became more and more dominant in his later years, and the moments of intense happiness much less frequent. Nevertheless, there is no question that Raimund sincerely loved Toni, and he took great care to provide for her in case anything should happen to him. He was careful to save a substantial amount each year, and when he died he left her a very respectable fortune. He seems to have found with her a refuge from a world in which he could never feel really at home. "Ich komme mir unter diesen egoistischen, nur ihre gemeinen Freuden liebenden Menschen vor wie ein Wesen aus einer anderen Welt, das nicht begreifen kann, wie Leuten zumute ist, die auf dieser geboren sind."³ "Ich lege das Los meines Herzens in Deine Hände, meine Toni allein hat noch das Vertrauen von mir, das ich der Welt und meinen Hoffnungen so lange schon entzogen habe."⁴ That Toni herself should have a strong tendency toward suspicions and jealousy is perhaps understandable, in view of Raimund's

other people know only by name and the description of which they hold to be exaggerated fairy tales."⁵ Letter to Antonie Wagner, 1822. Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, IV, 70.

³"Among these egotistical people who love only their vulgar amusements, I feel like a being from another world who cannot understand the feelings of those who were born on this one." Letter to Antonie Wagner, July, 1828. Ibid., p. 364.

⁴"I put the fate of my heart in your hands, only my Toni still has my confidence, which I have long since withdrawn from the world and from my hopes." Letter to Antonie Wagner, March, 1824. Ibid., p. 113.
necessary professional association with attractive actresses, but aside from the tragic affair with Luise Gleich, there is no indication whatsoever that her suspicions were justified. Raimund's letters give ample proof of how frequently this jealousy was a cause of dispute between them; he constantly found it necessary to reassure her of his devotion. It may be that this problem became less acute after 1830 when the two were at last able to live together, but the infrequency of letters from these last years makes it difficult to tell. Probably Raimund's nervous difficulties, which ultimately led to his suicide, more than made up for any peace which was gained.

Whatever ups and downs Raimund's personal life may have had his artistic life was a virtually uninterrupted rising curve. Indeed, many of the very traits which so complicated his private affairs were counted as his greatest strengths as a performer. Probably the most frequently mentioned characteristic in descriptions of his acting\textsuperscript{5} was the tone of melancholy with which his roles were suffused, and the way in which they were able to touch the heart because of it. If his offstage life was marked by rapid changes in mood, his early acting fame was built most importantly on his ability to shift instantaneously from one character to another before the eyes of the audience. Violent outbursts of temper may have seriously

\textsuperscript{5}See Appendix B.
compromised him a number of times, but within the framework of the stage they contributed to his most memorable scenes. Above all, the misanthropy which so tortured him, and the faithfulness and honesty which he found so lacking in the world, provided the themes for his finest and most deeply felt plays, *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind*, and *Der Verschwender*.

Raimund's success as an actor deserves all the more respect because it was achieved in spite of so many handicaps. Not only was his physical appearance too unimposing for tragic roles, but his voice was never a notable asset, and he was constantly tortured by the fear that it might fail him. In his early years he had a serious speech defect with "r" sounds which he managed to learn to control only with the greatest effort. Even late in his career, during the successful guest appearances in Berlin, a critic was struck by his physical disadvantages as an actor and expressed admiration at his ability to overcome them:

Herr Raimund ist ein Schauspieler von nicht vorteilhafter Theaterfigur, aber auch von der anderen Seite von keiner so possierlichen, die von selbst zum Lachen auffordert, nicht gross, nicht schlank, nicht dick, nicht verwachsen, nicht agil, ihm geht eine klangreiche Stimme ab, seine ist belegt, er kämpft mit Buchstaben, die Buffo-Bonhomie, die Freundlichkeit, die zuweilen auf den ersten gewinnt, gehen ihm ab -- seine Augen sind dafür zu klug, doch ohne

---

Figure 10. Raimund as Hamlet in a travesty.
besonders sprechend zu sein --, ihm fehlt die angeborene komische Kraft, wie sie die Natur zuweilen schafft, man weiß nicht woraus, und auch die Witzesblitze, die frappieren und fesseln, glaubten wir nicht an ihm zu erkennen. Kurz gesagt, er hat nicht die genialen Buffo-Mittel . . . und doch ist Raimund der grösste Komiker, den wir sahen!  

Probably this very neutrality of his physical equipment became a genuine asset to Raimund in playing a variety of character roles, much as it is an asset for such actors as Sir Alec Guinness and Peter Sellers today. Certainly the transformation roles he played in his early years at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt are very much like the sort of thing these modern performers have done in a variety of films, though Raimund's task was even more demanding as he had to make the changes of character instantaneously before

7"Raimund is an actor without an advantageous figure, but also without a sufficiently ridiculous one which evokes laughter by itself, he is not tall, not slender, not fat, not deformed, not agile, he lacks a resonant voice, his is husky, he struggles with some letters, he lacks the buffo good nature, the friendliness which sometimes win favor at once -- his eyes are much too intelligent for that, though they are not particularly expressive -- he lacks the inborn comic power, which Nature occasionally creates from who knows where, and we do not see in him the flashes of wit which strike and hold. In short, he does not have the assets of a comic genius . . . and yet Raimund is the greatest comic actor we have seen!" Willibald Alexis, Berlin, 1832, in Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, V, '265.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16. <strong>Ferdinand Raimund and Katharina Ennöckl as Wurzel and Contentment in Act III, Scene iv of The Maid from Fairyland</strong></td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. <strong>Ferdinand Raimund as Rappelkopf in the charcoal-burner's hut scene, Act I, Scene xvi of Mountain-King and Misanthrope</strong></td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. <strong>Ferdinand Raimund as Rappelkopf in the final scene of Act I of Mountain-King and Misanthrope</strong></td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
the eyes of the audience. His skill at the trick must have been astonishing:

Raimund's Vielseitigkeit reisst zur Bewunderung hin, seine Darstellung des Geizhalses, des Gutmütigen, des Musikanten sind so sehr verschieden voneinander, dass man versucht ist zu glauben, jeden Charakter spiele ein anderer Mensch. Dabei hat Raimund das Geschick, sich augenblicklich zu verändern. Er benutzt hiezu an mehreren Stellen nicht einmal die Zeit des Umkleidens. In einigen Szenen verwandelt er sich auf der Bühne, und mit dem neuen Kleid fliegt auch ein neues Organ, eine neue Haltung an ihn. 9

Raimund's art grew beyond this sort of virtuosity, however. It created a far richer and deeper form of characterization, with a mixture of the serious and the comic which had not previously been known on the Viennese stage. If the peak of comic acting is the ability to make an audience laugh and cry almost simultaneously, Raimund reached that peak in his art. It was an ability which was also his in private life, and a report of how he described his

9"Raimund's versatility inspires admiration, his representation of the miser, the goodnatured fellow, and the musician are so different from each other, that you are tempted to believe each character is being played by a different person. At the same time Raimund has the ability to change himself instantaneously. In a number of places he doesn't even use the time of a costume change. In some scenes he transforms himself on the stage, and with the new costume he also dons a new voice, a new manner." Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, V, 114-15.
marriage for Grillparzer and Bauernfeld has preserved the clearest picture of it:

Raimunds Darstellung des ganzen Verhältnisses sowie gewisser Zwischenfälle war geradewegs hinreissend. Ich rufe Grillparzer als Zeugen an. Der Komiker gab uns Anekdoten preis, die das Zwerchfell erschütterten, dann wieder weiche und zarte Empfindungen dazwischen, eine wirkliche erotische Poesie, die uns die Tränen in die Augen brachte, bis ein neuer Theaterklatsch sie uns wieder abtrocknete.10

Probably the clearest indications of just where Raimund's strength as an actor lay are found in the roles he wrote for himself in his own plays. The earliest of these roles are clearly related to the traditional types he played regularly, but in his later plays the characters call for just that mixture of revealing comedy and touching humanity which has been described in his acting. With Valentin in Der Verschwender these characteristics reach their warmest and richest representation. In the early scenes Valentin appears as a warmhearted but naive and foolish servant, whose good nature is constantly abused. Even when it comes time to "defend his Rosa's honor," he first has to retire to the wine-cellar to imbibe

10"Raimund's presentation of the whole relationship and of some of the incidents was simply tremendous. I call on Grillparzer as witness. The comedian told us anecdotes which made our sides ache with laughter, and then there were gentle and tender feelings interspersed, a genuine erotic poetry which brought tears to our eyes until a new piece of theatre gossip brushed them away again." Ibid., p. 124.
some courage. As the mood of the play darkens, the other and more important side of his good nature is seen, and his complete and unquestioning loyalty to his now impoverished master is deeply moving. It is reported that Raimund's playing of the scene in which Valentin recognizes his former employer left no eye dry. Costenoble's report on the premiere of the play sums up what was distinctive in Raimund's art. "So wie Raimund ist kein jetzt lebender Schauspieler ins menschliche Herz gedrungen, und keiner hat das Vermögen, das Aufgefasste in so hoher Vollendung wiederzugeben."  

The care and conscientiousness which Raimund showed in his acting were also present in his work as a director. Directing as it is known today, of course, did not exist in the early nineteenth century. There was no concept of a director as an interpreter of the play or as a creative artist. However, with productions as complex as the fairy tale comedies in the popular theatres or the grand operas in the court theatres, some sort of organizing supervision was necessary. Raimund was very particular and very strict in running his productions at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt, especially when it came to his own plays. He was very careful that every element of

11"No actor who is now alive has penetrated the human heart as has Raimund, and none is capable of reproducing what he has grasped with such consummate mastery." Quoted in the annotations to the recording Ferdinand Raimund, Der Verschwender (Wien: Amadeo AVRS 6200/1, n. d.).
Figure 11. Raimund (r.) as Valentin recognizes Flottwell in Act III of Der Verschwender.
the production, including costumes and scenery, should be just right, and he was apt to become more than blunt if his instructions were not carried out.\textsuperscript{12} The stage directions in his plays are extremely precise, and to judge from the illustrations of his productions which were published by Bäuerle, they genuinely represent what was accomplished on the stage. In the "Selbstbiographie" he says that he never had the ambition to be manager of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt because his opportunities to direct offered him ample opportunity to maintain high standards of production there.\textsuperscript{13}

In many ways Raimund's position in the theatre of his day is very similar to that of Shakespeare and Molière in theirs. All three were actors with a major say in running the theatres in which they worked, all three wrote plays for an established ensemble whose skills they knew thoroughly, and all three produced plays which overshadowed those of their contemporaries. Raimund's plays represent both the highest point of development of the Viennese Popular Theatre and the end of its era. There were important plays produced in the suburban theatres after him by Nestroy, but they belong to a different world.

\begin{footnote}{12}Raimund, \textit{Sämtliche Werke}, ed. Castle, p. xxxvii.\end{footnote}

\begin{footnote}{13}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 3.\end{footnote}
Raimund's first two plays do not depart significantly from the conventional patterns used by Bäuerle, Gleich and Meisl, the so-called "big three" of the early nineteenth century. Had the later dramas not been written, it is doubtful whether much attention would be paid to the early ones today. Both are Vienna-colored adaptations of standard fairy tales which place a typical Viennese comic figure in the midst of a series of fanciful adventures with fairies, spirits, and countless magic charms. The magic elements are handled with that wonderful mixture of naive acceptance and not-so-subtle parody which defies standard categories yet was such a basic element of the Viennese Popular Theatre. Songs are sprinkled through them, as was also usual, and two of the numbers from Der Diamant des Geisterkönigs have become folk songs in Austria and Germany.\footnote{For a number of his most popular songs Raimund supplied the tunes himself, and such may have been the case here. Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, VI, xviii-xix.}

The plays are fresh and lively, and better constructed than the usual product of the time, but they give little indication of the extent to which Raimund's talent was to develop.

Although the balance of old and new elements and the great appeal of the central figure have kept it one of his most popular plays, Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt or Der Bauer als Millionär (1826) is
actually a transitional work. The new elements, which point the way Raimund's writing was to take in his later works, include the fact that the plot is original and no longer adapted from another story, and the brilliant central scene in which Youth takes farewell from the now dissipated peasant and Old Age comes to join him. As Rommel points out, Raimund devised in this scene a valid theatrical means of representing a sort of happening which had previously been the province of the narrative writer.\(^{15}\) Most of the rest of the play falls into the framework of the traditional parodistic magic-play, with its complicated curses and magic spells, its transformations and disguises, and its young lovers placed in jeopardy by evil spirits. Above all, there are the humanized fairies and magicians based on the multitude of local and visiting types to be seen every day on the streets of Vienna.

Raimund's remaining five plays show the playwright's continuing efforts to strike a successful balance between the sort of comic material he knew was necessary to satisfy his audiences and the more serious poetic elements which would satisfy his own literary ambitions. Although it is popular to see his successful plays as those in which he gave up the literary ambitions and used the popular

\(^{15}\)Rommel, Volkskomödie, p. 921.
style in which he was most at home, the truth is somewhat more complex. Certainly there are portions of _Die gefesselte Phantasie_ (written 1826, produced 1828), _Moisassurs Zauberfluch_ (1827), and _Die unheilbringende Krone_ (1829) in which Raimund's poetic vision outstrips his command of language and results in verse which is rather bombastic. On the other hand, there are numerous scenes in which his unique ability to dramatically represent interior or abstract actions in theatrically valid forms is evident, and for the sake of such scenes, the plays are produced now and again. The principal difficulty in these plays lies in the position of the Viennese comic figure (i.e., Raimund's own part) in the story. In each case these characters, who are always the actor-playwright's strongest, hover somewhat uncertainly on the periphery of the plot. Consequently the best scenes of the plays are only occasionally central to the principal dramatic action.

Raimund's ambitions to write unified dramatic works with fundamentally serious content are no less evident in his two masterpieces, which also date from this period. In _Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind_ and in _Der Verschwender_ the stories center more completely around the middle-class human figures, and the poetic elements from the spirit world intervene only to the extent necessary to cause the plot to unwind. In _Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind_ the
greatest part of the role of the Mountaining, Astragalus, is in the
guise of the human misanthrope, Rappelkopf, while in Der
Verschwender the spirit characters are limited to the brief appear-
ances of the fairy Cheristan and the single scene with Azur, who is
later seen only in the form of Flottwell as a beggar. In the latter
play, Raimund's role of Valentin is not the title part, but the events
involving this servant are so closely tied to the story of Flottwell
that there is no imbalance. In addition, Flottwell is by far the most
successful of Raimund's upper-class serious figures, and an audi-
ence finds it easy to identify with him. It is a serious misunder-
standing of Raimund's dramatic method to see in these plays an
attempt to lower his artistic sights for the sake of audience taste.
He simply chose in them material which was notably well-suited to
his talents and which allowed his ambitions to find a successful
expression.

The sensitive romantic poetry of Raimund's theatrical art was
at once the high point and the end of an era. Even before his death,
the man who was to be his successor in the public's favor was enjoy-
ing his first triumphs at the Theater an der Wien. In the plays and
playing of Johann Nestroy, the Viennese Popular Theatre had many
years of greatness ahead of it, but it was to be a different and
harsher world than Raimund's had been. Attempts were made to
copy Raimund's style as an actor and as a playwright, but inevitably no secondhand version of an artist could stand up against the authentic article. Nestroy also had a further advantage. His biting satire and slashing parody were very much in tune with the changing times, which were now beginning to move toward the revolution of 1848.

The development of the Viennese theatre has taken other paths, but Raimund's plays have retained their popularity. During his lifetime he did not allow them to be printed, in order to maintain control of the production rights, but barely a year after his death his collected works were made available in book form. A variety of editions have followed this early effort, including a six volume historical-critical edition. His lifelong dream to see his plays performed at the revered Burgtheater went unrealized during his lifetime, and it was not until 1885 that this august institution deigned to accept one of them. Since that time they have been produced regularly there, and the most recent cycle of the plays has had the distinction of being designed by the great Austrian painter, Oskar Kokoschka. The best-known plays have also conquered the stages of neighboring Germany, particularly in the southern portion of the country, and they have been offered by the Burgtheater to the
INTRODUCTION

When Professor Ernst Haeussserman took over the direction of the famous Vienna Burgtheater in 1959, he announced a series of plans for shaping the repertoire. The most extensive of these plans was a series of cycles of related productions, which were to extend over a series of years. The subjects of two of these cycles, Shakespeare's history plays and classic Greek tragedies, would hardly be surprising to anyone who is familiar with the production patterns of European state theatres, but the subject of the third cycle is another matter.² Ferdinand Raimund is a playwright whose name and works are likely to be wholly unfamiliar to an American observer, and his being listed in such exalted company as Shakespeare and Sophocles might well raise an eyebrow or two.

This flattering association, which certainly would have gratified Raimund and astonished many of his contemporaries, is a striking indication of the fact that his plays still have a strong appeal to German and Austrian audiences more than 125 years after they were

---
²"Wir sprachen mit Professor Ernst Haeussserman," Die Bühne, August, 1959, p. 7.
international public at the Salzburg Festival.\textsuperscript{16} Songs from the plays have spread throughout the German language area as folk songs which are known to every school child, even though Raimund's name may not always be associated with them in this form. His work has even attained the highest of all academic honors and been taken as the subject of a number of doctoral dissertations in Austria, Germany, and now even in the United States. None of these distinctions, however, speaks as strongly for the value of Raimund's work as does the enjoyment of audiences at productions of his plays. They are plays born in the theatre, and it is in the theatre that they live to this day.

\textsuperscript{16}Most recently in 1961, with Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt. Mykenae Theater-Korrespondenz, \textit{XI} (September 30, 1960), 14.
CHAPTER IV
THEATRE PRACTICE IN RAUMUND'S DAY

Despite its inevitably fragmentary nature, the documentation which is available concerning the Viennese Popular Theatre in the early nineteenth century is quite extensive. By combining a variety of sources, it is possible to recreate a vivid picture of the theatrical life in which Raimund was active.

For the average middle-class citizen in the mid-1820's, Vienna was a highly satisfactory place to live. The final defeat of Napoleon in 1815 had at last brought a period of peace to Europe, and the agreements of the Vienna Congress in the same year had stabilized political conditions by establishing a balance of power which was to endure for several decades. Economic conditions in the country as a whole were far from ideal, and the beginnings of industrialization were leading to conditions for factory workers which were to contribute to the March Revolution of 1848. Nonetheless, trade was booming and the danger signs were very easy to overlook or to ignore. Metternich's diplomacy at the Congress placed Austria in a leading position in European politics, and this
position had not yet begun its serious decline, at least not as far as
the citizens of the capitol could see.¹ With its central geographical
location and its far-flung ties as center of the Austrian Empire,
Vienna was a colorful international city, whose streets were filled
with a brilliant variety of local and foreign types.²

A bustling world capitol must offer recreation, and Vienna was
no exception. In the forefront of its attractions in the early nine-
teenth century was the theatre. Although the permanent theatre
companies had been in existence for only a few decades, their
activity in the 1820's was relatively stable and tremendously popular.
In addition to the opera, a theatre-goer had his choice of four
theatres to visit at any time during the long season. The greatest
prestige belonged, of course, to the Burgtheater, which was
frequently called the best of all German-language theatres. Here
was the home of serious classical drama and of acting in the grand
style. Founded in 1776 by Emperor Joseph II, it was enjoying a
great period of its existence under the supervision of Josef
Schreyvogel, who was able to maneuver many important plays into
the repertoire despite the strict control of the censor.

¹Hermann Gsteu, Geschichte Österreichs (Innsbruck-Wien:

²Friedrich Schreyvogel. "Ferdinand Raimund," in Raimund,
Sämtliche Werke, ed. Schreyvogel, p. 710.
For lighter entertainment there were the three theatres of the suburbs, the Theater an der Wien, the Theater in der Josefstadt, and the Theater in der Leopoldstadt. The most elaborate of these institutions was the Theater an der Wien, whose repertory included a wide variety of types of productions, from popular dialect farces to grand opera. The other two were entirely devoted to the popular theatre, the Josefstadt with relatively modest means and fame, the Leopoldstadt with a reputation which went far beyond the boundaries of Austria. With its alternating attractions of Ferdinand Raimund and Ignaz Schuster -- who shrewdly never appeared on the same bill -- together with a very talented ensemble, it represented the peak of the popular theatre tradition in the Austrian capitol.

Despite the fame of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt outside of Vienna, its audience on any given night was likely to be made up mostly of local residents. It was not merely that the humor was local in its references and point of view. Indeed, the plays of the Leopoldstadt were played throughout the Austrian Empire, and Vienna was seen as a main source of supply for good commercial stage material. The main problem for the non-Viennese visitor was language. Except for occasional high-class characters, all of the performers played in Viennese dialect, which is unintelligible to a North German and very difficult even for those from other
Figure 12. The Theater in der Leopoldstadt (1781-1847).
parts of Austria to understand completely. Outsiders did come to the productions, of course, and they were frequently amazed at how well they could follow the action through the expressive miming, but all admitted that the dialect was a great problem.

Information about what was being performed in the theatres on the coming evenings was best obtained from the playbills which were distributed and posted throughout the city. The various literary and theatrical newspapers devoted considerable space to recent theatrical productions, but they were not normally a source of information about specific forthcoming performances. They also seem to have exercised relatively little influence on the success or failure of a new production, as their reviews often did not appear until several weeks after a premiere. Probably the principal factor in the success or failure of a new play was the news which spread by word-of-mouth. Although only Paris on the Continent was larger than Vienna, the latter's 300,000 residents made it not too large for the word about a new theatrical sensation to get around rapidly, and the traditionally intense interest of the Viennese for their theatres made plays and players popular subjects of conversation in every coffeehouse.

---

3 Rommel, Volkskomödie, p. 1001.
4 Ibid., p. 596.
Tickets for the performances were available a few days in advance at a variety of places in town, and a small extra charge was made for the advance sale. Tickets could also be purchased at the theatres the evening of the performance, but if the production was recent and popular, it was wiser to buy ahead of time. In the event the performance was a benefit for a particular actor, the tickets could often be obtained directly from him in his home. The benefit was an important fringe benefit for the leading members of the company, and in provincial theatres they even sold tickets at the door to encourage over-payments on the part of the customers.

The three popular theatres were located in sections of the city referred to as the Vorstadt. Although this term is normally translated as "suburb," its meaning during the first half of the nineteenth century was closer to its literal translation, "city before." Until 1857 Vienna remained imprisoned inside its medieval fortifications, which completely surrounded the inner portion of the city. The various suburbs had sprung up outside of this immense wall, and the Leopoldstadt, which lay to the north, was also separated from the main city by a branch of the Danube. These boundaries were no obstacle to audiences for the theatre. The medieval inner wall,

5 Raimund, Sämtliche Werke, ed. Castle and Brukner, IV, 451.
the more recent Linienwand surrounding the suburbs, and the lack of any really efficient transportation system had combined to limit the geographical spread of the city and to create a high concentration of population in a relatively small area. Thus a large potential audience was within a convenient distance of the theatres.

Performances began at 7:00 P.M., but it was customary to open the theatre to the audience an hour before curtain time. In the Theater in der Leopoldstadt this early opening time seems to have served as more than just a convenience for audience members who might happen to come a bit early. The theatre was noted for the unusually dim lighting on the main floor of its auditorium, which made it a popular location for rendezvous of all sorts. The police viewed this situation with some disfavor, and in a report made in 1825 it was speculated that should the lighting in the auditorium be


9Ibid., I, 101.
Figure 13. The Theater in der Leopoldstadt (1781-1847).
increased, attendance at the theatre might fall off by as much as 50 per cent.\textsuperscript{10}

To the spectator of the 1820's who was waiting for the curtain to go up, the auditorium of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt must have been so familiar that he would hardly give it a second thought. In form it was a conventional rectangular gallery theatre of intimate size, seating well under 1000 spectators.\textsuperscript{11} (See Figure 13.) The three galleries were arranged vertically, but the poor sightlines which usually result from this auditorium form were partially compensated for by the shallowness of the stage. Oil lamps were used for illumination, and the principal source of light for the auditorium was probably a large chandelier, which was also an important light source for the stage during the performance.\textsuperscript{12} Obviously, such an arrangement made it impossible to darken the auditorium during the performance, a condition which doubtless

\textsuperscript{10}Raimund, \textit{Sämtliche Werke}, ed. Castle and Brukner, IV, xxxiii.

\textsuperscript{11}I have been unable to find any indication of the exact seating capacity. The Theater an der Wien, which has recently been restored and reopened, seats 1013. When it was built (1803) it was by far the largest theatre in Vienna. The dimensions of the auditorium of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt were 17 x 15 meters (c. 57 x 50 feet). Rommel, \textit{Volkskomödie}, p. 415.

\textsuperscript{12}\textit{Theaterlexikon}, I, 270-75.
written. There are many indications of this appeal. During the
seasons of 1957 to 1960 Raimund's plays averaged well over one hun-
dred performances a season in the German language area; they have
been recorded stereophonically, made into films, and new editions of
them are published with considerable frequency.

Indications of Raimund's unfamiliarity on the American stage are
equally easy to discover. Neither Odell nor Burns Mantle record a
single English-language production of his plays on the New York stage,
and at least one standard American reference work on world drama
fails even to mention his name. His most famous play was finally
published here in 1949, but it seems to have attracted virtually no
attention.

---

2"Werkstatistik," Die Deutsche Bühne, II, December, 1958, 229;
III, December, 1959, 228; IV, December, 1960, 229.

3George C. D. Odell, Annals of the New York Stage (New York:
Columbia University Press, 1927-49), I-XV. He does, however,
record frequent productions in German from the mid-1850's into the
1890's, often as vehicles for visiting stars.

4Burns Mantle et al., The Best Plays (New York: Dodd Mead and
Company, 1920-61).

5John Gassner, Masters of the Drama (New York: Dover

6Ferdinand Raimund, The Spendthrift, trans. Erwin Tramer
Figure 14. Ignaz Schuster as umbrella-maker Staberl (1814).
suited the desire of the spectators to see each other as well as what was going on on the stage. The social aspect of going to the suburban theatres was not as important a factor as it was at the opera, but the wide range of classes represented in the audiences must have made looking at the audience a not insignificant part of the entertainment.

The names on the playbill were likely to be equally familiar to the regular visitor to the theatre, as it operated on a repertory basis with a permanent ensemble. During the first two decades of the century this ensemble had gradually been formed into the finest group of popular theatre actors in the city's history, a troupe which was the culmination and the end of the easygoing popular theatre tradition in Vienna. Heading the company were its two famous comic actors, Ferdinand Raimund and Ignaz Schuster. Schuster was already a reigning favorite when Raimund first came to the company. His immense success as the umbrella-maker Chrysostomus Staberl in 1813 had established the character as one of the most popular comic figures on the Viennese stage and had led to the writing of a whole series of plays describing the adventures of this good-natured little blabbermouth. With Raimund's rising popularity, Schuster was pushed somewhat into the shade, and the journeymen playwrights began writing their best roles for the younger man. Schuster remained
a potent drawing-card, however, and the much-discussed rivalry between the two, which prevented them from appearing together until shortly before Raimund left the theatre, may well have been as much a matter of shrewd business management as of personal friction.\footnote{Rommel devotes an extensive section to an excellent description of Schuster's career and to Staberl. \textit{Volkskomödie}, pp. 676-98.}

Supporting these two stars was a solid company of talented performers. For warmly human fairy queens and dignified allegorical figures there was the gracious Katharina Ennöckl, who created the role of Contentment in Raimund's \textit{Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt} and had a long and successful career with the theatre. Even more popular was the first Youth in the same play, the beloved Therese Krones. She was Raimund's partner in many productions in the 1820's, and her death at the age of twenty-nine in 1830 was one of the most decisive blows to the existence of the tradition of the popular comedy in Vienna. Krones was slender, attractive, and quite captivating in a wide variety of roles which might be included in the general area called "soubrette." Spectators were particularly taken by the way even somewhat off-color humor became elegant and charming in her mouth.\footnote{Ibid., pp. 736-42.} (See Figure 15.) Finally, there was the popular comic character actor, Friedrich Josef Korntheuer, who
created both Bustorius and Old Age in *Das Mädchen aus der Feenwelt*. With his grotesque physique, in which everything seemed to be too long, and his adaptability to a large variety of roles, he was a mainstay of the company throughout the decade. His popularity was so great that some observers liked to compare his abilities favorably with Raimund's, a view which greatly angered Raimund's friends.\(^\text{15}\)

There was, however, no real doubt about Raimund's dominant position in the company, as the practice of printing his name in extra-large type on the playbills, which was started in 1818, clearly indicates.\(^\text{16}\) It is not clear whether this custom was begun to satisfy Raimund's ego or simply as a logical publicity practice by the management, but it certainly agrees with all of the other contemporary evidence in indicating that the actor's drawing power was immense.

The specialties of all of these performers were reflected in tailor-made roles in play after play written for the ensemble, including, of course, Raimund's own works.

Other names which could be found on the playbill for the Theater in der Leopoldstadt included that of the scene-painter (if there happened to be some new setting in the production), the machinist,

the pantomime-master (who staged the tableaux and any dances) and
the composer-arranger of the music. The best-known among these
names was likely to be Wenzel Miller (1767-1835), who was musical
director in Viennese theatres for nearly fifty years. He wrote the
music for some 235 plays and operas, including three of Raimund's
plays, and was one of the most beloved figures of his day. 17
Principal pantomime-master was Paolo Rainoldi, who also wrote
and appeared in the pantomime performances which made up a por-
tion of the repertoire. 18

The main suppliers of scripts for the popular stages were the
so-called "big three" of the Viennese theatre, Josef Alois Gleich
(1772-1841), Karl Meisl (1775-1853), and Adolf Bäuerle (1753-1859).
All three were more notable for productivity than for any great
literary merit, 19 and by the 1820's their work was beginning to show
the effects of being ground out so rapidly and steadily. Raimund
himself gained much of his writing skill in the process of revising
and improving some of the sloppier portions of the scripts with

17 Ibid., p. 441.
18 Ibid., p. 725.
19 Gleich wrote or adapted over 200 plays, Meisl over 180, and
Bäuerle over 70. Rommel provides annotated lists of their works
(Volkskomödie, pp. 1028-61) and has excellent discussions of their
careers in the same volume. He has also included a number of
their plays in his Barocktradition.
which they supplied him, and the way in which his dissatisfaction
with their work finally led him to turn playwright has already been
described. Nonetheless, their plays were mainstays of the
repertoire of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt and of many other
theatres in Vienna and in Austria. Gleich also had the distinction
of being Raimund's father-in-law during his brief marriage.

The plays performed at the Theater in der Leopoldstadt fell
into several main types. The relative proportion of each type
varied from year to year according to the quality of the new works
which became available and inevitable changes in public taste. The
need for new works was great, as it was normally possible to
repeat a new production no more than a dozen times or so during a
season, and older productions even less frequently. Consequently
at least thirty new plays were needed each season by the three
popular theatres. The great majority of these plays in the 1820's


21 Despite the great popularity of the theatres, the total number of
people available to support five full-time theatres in a city of
300,000 was obviously limited. Bäuerle's Die Bürger in Wien, which
introduced the immensely popular Staberl, was performed only
seventy-eight times in eighteen years at the Theater in der Leopold-
stadt, and yet it was considered one of his greatest successes. Only
the most fantastically popular hits, such as Raimund's Der
Verschwender could show totals of over 200 performances in a
comparable period. Rommel, Volkskomödie, pp. 1008-1009, 1055.
contained elements of magic or of the fairy tale as well as local Viennese material. Parody of all sorts was a vital part of the repertoire, and any new work done by the opera or by the Burg-theater was likely to be followed immediately by a parody at one of the popular theatres. Some straight adventure plays and light operas were also performed, but they made up only a small percentage of the total productions, as did the pantomimes, which were mimed versions of magic-plays.  

Though the scene that appeared to the audience as the curtain rose was in many respects crude, there are strong indications that the technicians at the Viennese popular theatres were more consistently successful with their stage machinery and effects than was generally the case in Germany at that time. As Rommel points out, the articles in the well-informed Theaterlexikon of 1839-46 made constant reference to the mishaps and malpractices common to the stages of the period. In contrast, the newspaper discussions of Viennese productions of the 1820's frequently expressed admiration at the skill and efficiency of the local technicians, and it was only during some of Raimund's later guest appearances that the technical effects seem to have given some difficulty.  

---

22 Ibid., pp. 716-19.

23 Ibid., pp. 769-73.
The scenery and stage equipment of the Viennese theatres were direct descendants of the elaborate machinery of the baroque opera houses. Their basic form and method of operation were standard for Continental theatres of the period, though the three popular theatres continued to make much more extensive use of the machinery as an essential dramatic element than did the serious theatres. In the cases of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt and the Theater in der Josefstadt, the equipment included many compromises necessitated by the small stages and limited fly space, but in the Theater an der Wien the stage was the largest and best-equipped in the city. The main scenic units were the flat wings, which were arranged on each side of the stage either parallel to the footlights or with a slight upstage slant, and backdrops, which were hung at the rear of the scene. The wings rode on wagons which were mounted below the stage floor and extended up through slots. Although the theatres all had the standard wooden drum under the stage, by means of which the wings could be shifted simultaneously through a system of weights and lines, the machinery was cumbersome and undependable. As a result, the usual practice seems to have been to rely on stagehands to shift the wings individually, with the operation being synchronized by a bell signal from the prompter.
This signal was frequently audible to the audience as well. At the same time, the backdrop was changed by lowering a new one in front of the one already on stage or by removing the one on stage to reveal a second drop behind it. The borders overhead were changed in the same way, and both of these latter operations were controlled by stagehands from catwalks over the stage. The limited height of the stage of the Theater in der Leopoldstadt made it necessary to roll up the drops and the front curtain rather than hoisting them up in their opened position. Counterweights, which had to be hoisted up in advance by a windlass, were used as power for this purpose, but there is a possibility that the Theater in der Leopoldstadt used the method called "jumping the curtain" for its house curtain and drops. In this method, the power was supplied by a stagehand who grasped a metal ring on the end of the line and jumped to the stage floor, using his body as a sort of living counterweight. The difficulty and noise of raising and lowering the front curtain doubtless helped maintain the custom of carrying out scene shifts which occurred during acts before the eyes of the audience.

24 Theaterlexikon, II, 239-42.  
25 Ibid., VII, 166-67  
26 Rommel, Volkskomödie, p. 770.  
27 Theaterlexikon, I, 170-71.
though the scripts of the plays show clearly that such transformations were frequently included as an important part of the entertainment. Furniture and set-pieces were kept to a minimum on the stages, because of the problems they caused for scene-shifts. If their function was merely decorative, they were often painted right on the wings or backdrop, or on pieces of cloth which could be pinned to the scenery. The practical units were carried on or off by stagehands when their use was unavoidable and when they could not be disclosed or concealed by raising or lowering a drop.\textsuperscript{28} This latter technique was a very common way of handling more complicated settings, and a skillful playwright was usually careful to place scenes which could be played on a shallow stage before or after elaborate settings which required heavy set pieces. The first act of Raimund's \textit{Das Mädchens aus der Feenwelt} demonstrates the process. The opening scene is an elaborate ballroom with an archway in the back wall, through which a cloud street is seen for the departure of the guests at the end of the scene. The stage direction for the shift states that "the curtain falls before" the setting, an indication that the backdrop for the next setting, a room in Wurzel's house, dropped in front of the elaborate archway and cloud street about which all the characters were grouped. The shift

\textsuperscript{28}Ibid., I, 84-85.