

# THE MANNES INSTITUTE

FOR ADVANCED STUDIES IN MUSIC THEORY

WAYNE ALPERN  
Founder and Director

INSTITUTE ON SCHENKERIAN THEORY AND ANALYSIS

June 27-30, 2002  
Mannes College of Music  
New York City

*Opening Speech*

Good morning, colleagues and esteemed members of the second annual Mannes Institute for Advanced Studies in Music Theory, and welcome to New York City. We gather here from all across America—twenty-five different states, indeed from all over the world—ten different countries are represented. Look around you: the Institute is truly international. You are each and every one a distinguished scholar, a thinker about music, joining your peers not as passive listeners to a select roster of papers, but as a true egalitarian *community* of scholars, an ingathering of like minds for the purpose of collective exploration, collegial interaction, and collaborative discourse. We are here to challenge, intrigue, and learn from each other. Are we elitist? Perhaps, but humbly so, and no more than any convocation of the best and the brightest in other fields. For this, I will not apologize: that is the Institute's mission.

Still, after the extraordinary success of last year's maiden voyage, I must confess I was a little apprehensive planning this year's outing. How can we top our groundbreaking achievement? My anxiety was only relieved when I accidentally stumbled across the words of Yogi Berra, the greatest philosopher to ever come from the Bronx, who wisely cautioned, "If you can't imitate it, don't copy it." And so I won't, at least not entirely. In any event, only the handful of you joining us again from last year know what the rest of you merely suspect: that we are embarking on an intense, strenuous, all-consuming, and quite remarkable intellectual and interpersonal journey together over the next four days.

You also know that I've reserved this early morning time slot to offer daily, and hopefully uplifting catechisms of my own to ease your passage, like morning mocachino before the heavy lifting of the workshops to follow. Please forgive the bully pulpit I guess, but it's my own modest way to contribute to our efforts on an intellectual instead purely administrative basis. This is not a normal conference, and I am not a normal administrator. After my talk this morning, I'll have a few brief announcements and simple ground rules about our four days lockdown in this Schenkerian think-tank. But for now, ladies and gentlemen, as they say in Indianapolis, let's rev up our engines.

*Mozart and Lavinia*

In Carl Schachter's final essay on rhythm, he calls the opening movement of Mozart's A major Sonata, K. 331 "that most overanalyzed piece" and compares it to Lavinia in *Titus Andronicus*. I confess when I first read Carl's remark, I had absolutely no idea who Lavinia was,

or what on earth she had to do with Mozart. But knowing Carl, I decided I should find out. You all know how this famous piece goes so I don't need to play it. According to Alan Tyson's study of the number of staves on the single existing sheet of its original manuscript, Mozart composed this piece while visiting Salzburg in 1783. Unlike typical sonatas, the first movement is not in sonata allegro form, but a theme and variations. Based on its simple didactic quality, the lack of intermovement modulation, and the curious use of the soprano clef, Tyson concludes it was essentially a teaching piece that Mozart scribbled down for some Viennese student, perhaps on the stagecoach ride home. The composer takes the barest musical material—a simple tune, sparse texture, transparent form—and reveals his incomparable ingenuity through its masterful manipulation. If this piece is designed to teach, it still does its job.

But Mozart's little theme is a bit of a conundrum. Even its source is contested. It's been variously traced to a Czech folk song, a German melody, a Neapolitan Christmas carol, and even a tune by Scarlatti. OK, that's interesting. But what does all this have to do with someone named Lavinia? Well, since I was—as my daughter says, “totally clueless”—I decided to ask Hedi Siegel, who I figured wouldn't completely embarrass me if I confided my ignorance. I discovered, as some of you probably already know, that *Titus Andronicus* is an early and particularly bloody Shakespearean tragedy. Innocent Lavinia, Titus's beautiful daughter, is kidnapped and brutally raped. The perpetrators then slice out her tongue and chop off her hands, so she can't identify them or reveal what happened. Her secret remains locked inside of her, so poor Titus, her father, can only guess at the truth. Horrible, yes, but again what does this have to do with K. 331?

It turns out that like innocent Lavinia, Mozart's equally innocent little tune has also been carved up by musical analysts like us, each trying to reveal its secret, yet each with a conflicting account of the truth. Take a look at my handout. Schenker, for instance, analyzes the first four bars as a 5-line from a headtone E on the afterbeat of m. 1, prolonged all the way over to a rapid descent of D-C#-B in m. 4. The downbeats C#-B-A of mm. 1-3 are lower third embellishments to the upper middleground descent of E-D-C#, which itself is what Bill Rothstein calls an “interior progression” prolonging the E above. Schenker's location of structural 4 as a fleeting sixteenth note in m. 4 is bolstered by its subdominant harmonic support and *sforzando* dynamic, with the apoggiatura E as a reiteration of the headtone. As Robert Snarrenberg and Bill both point out, there are two overlapping 3rds unfolded here, a slow but nonstructural E-D-C# over the tonic, followed by a fast but structural D-C#-B over the dominant. Arnold Schoenberg, incidentally, notes that the motion from C# up to E in m. 4 is a diminution of the same opening 3rd in m. 1.

But along come Edward Cone and Robert Morgan, who disagree and read Mozart's little theme from 3 instead of 5, taking the C# as the headtone instead of E. They concur with Schenker that the initial descent in mm. 1-3 is a motion to an inner voice and not a structural line. For them though, the downbeats on C#-B-A is the middleground structure embellished by *upper* thirds, prolonging C# over to m. 4. This view is shared by Lerdahl and Jackendoff, who hear a 3-line too, but for different reasons since they don't like the metric displacement of a 5-line beginning on the offbeat E against the tonic downbeat in the bass.

And then enters Allen Forte, who disagrees yet again. Forte casts his vote with Schenker's 5-line, but unlike the master, interprets the initial motion from E-D-C# not as a middleground prolongation of the E headtone, but rather as the true structural descent from 5 down to 3. So for Allen, it's the C# or scale degree 3 that's prolonged, and Schenker's structural D or scale degree 4 at the end of the phrase is only an upper neighbor to a prolonged C#. And just as things are

beginning to heat up, along comes Joel Lester, who rejects both Schenker and Forte, and allies himself with Cone and Morgan's a 3-line from C#. But being Joel, he quickly parts company with them too by arguing that it's the B over dominant harmony in m. 2 which is prolonged across mm. 2-3 as a lower neighbor returning to C# in m. 4, instead of passing down to A within a tonic prolongation.

I think you've got the picture. We have, I'd say, a fairly healthy cornucopia of views about what's going on in these 4 tiny measures of a fairly simple tune—with no consensus at all. Some of our best analysts have torn this little melody apart note by note trying to unlock the hidden secret of its structure, but none agree. And like Shakespeare's beautiful Lavinia, lacking tongue to speak or fingers to write, Mozart's innocent little tune can't simply pipe up and tell us what it's really all about by itself. Like Lavinia, its mystery remains sealed—and like Titus, we are left only to wonder.

Besides learning a bit of the bard, though, Carl's Elizabethan metaphor taught me something else—something about analysis, about Schenker, and about music itself. And it's a lesson that's important to state at the outset of this Institute. I decided that in the end we really ought to care more about music than analysis, and more perhaps about beauty than our own ideas of the truth. We ought to sympathize with music's analytic fate, even at our own hands, as though the notes we dissect were living creatures, just like Lavinia. Maybe that's what Carl meant when he told Joe Straus in an interview that he's deeply interested in Schenker, but more interested in Mozart. And maybe that's what Schenker is getting at by comparing musical notes to living beings with their own personal destinies—the *Tonleben* or "life of the tones." Sure, we poke and prod these little creatures as they scurry across the page, but isn't it really just to love them more?

Martin Buber wrote famously about his intimate relationship with a tree, but the same is true for music too. Good analysis requires an I-Thou relationship with the notes, treating music as a *Thou* instead of an *It*. Now I don't know if Schenker knew Buber, his Viennese Jewish contemporary, but I think music was always a *Thou* for Schenker, and never an *It*. Schenkerian analysis done right is not some mechanical autopsy of a lifeless corpse, but rather an ongoing dialogue or a dance, maybe even a love affair between analyst and music. And in the end, it celebrates not our own analytic prowess, but the mystery of music itself.

So if we learn our Schenker right—as I trust we will over the next few days—it will teach us less about the hubris of our own constructions, and more about appreciating music as a *Thou* and not an *It*. To analyze her, yes, that's our mission, but never to rape or chop out her tongue. For perhaps like Lavinia, the deepest secret of the simplest sonata, even one scribbled down on a stagecoach, ultimately remains best unknown, indeed unknowable. And like Titus, her father, perhaps we're always best left wondering. I have a vision of Shakespeare riding with Mozart in that coach to Vienna, guided by a mysterious and mute young woman, under a moonlit night, pondering Schenker's remark that "where there is no Wonder, there can be no Art."

### *Institute Ground Rules*

This year the Institute is truly international. We have representatives here from ten different countries, and applicants from fourteen countries. I believe this is one of our most important and exciting tasks as a profession: to unite with our colleagues around the world and learn from each other. And since some of these faces are unfamiliar, I'd like to take a moment to introduce our distinguished and enterprising guests who have braved air travel and come from afar. Would

each of you kindly stand as I call your name so others can get to know who you are:

Frank Agsteribbe from the Royal Conservatory of Antwerp and the Orpheus Institute in Ghent, Belgium, a sister organization with which we are exploring a future collaboration, Clemens Kemme from the Conservatory of Amsterdam, the overworked Nicolas Meeus from the Sorbonne in Paris—a familiar voice on the net, Giorgio Sanguinetti from the University of Rome, who graciously hosted me on a recent trip to my favorite city outside of New York, Oliver Schwab-Felisch from the Technical University in Berlin where I hope to be next March, Lasse Thoresen from the Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo, Margus Partlas all the way from the Estonian Academy of Music in Tallinn, and of course, our friends the British have landed: We have Nick Cook from University of Southampton as our first international faculty member, Matthew Riley from Royal Holloway University of London, and spanning two continents, our own Bill Drabkin from Southampton as well. Let's have a warm round of applause welcoming all of these outstanding international guests to the States, to New York, and to Mannes, and do our best to make them feel at home here as valuable and deeply appreciated members of this year's Institute.

Now I hope you'll forgive me if I don't mention our colleagues from Canada, Bill Caplin, Henry Klumpenhower, and Bill Renwick, because we know them all too well. I'm truly sorry though that Martin Eybl, a superb scholar who I recently met at the University of Vienna, could not be here, but I assure you Schenker studies are alive and well in Austria too. I would, however, like to introduce one more person, and that's Timothy Heltzel, an honorary guest at the Institute. Tim of all things—I can hardly believe it—is a lawyer. But despite this infirmity, he also happens to be an amateur theorist, a nice guy, and a knowledgeable Schenkerian. Many of you know him since he has probably attended more SMT meetings and Schenker symposia than several of you here. Tim has brought with him some original archival materials in the Schenker nachlass, which all of us can examine Friday evening. He has also kindly provided some financial support for this year's event. So Tim, would you please rise, let everyone know who you are, and accept our gratitude for your scholarly and financial contribution.

Let me conclude this morning's coffee klatch with a few simple ground rules to observe during our time together. First, as you've probably gathered, this is not a regular conference. In fact, we want to be as different from regular conferences as possible. Unlike other get-togethers, what we encourage is learning through interaction. That means we put a premium on participation. So everyone here is expected to pick up the stick and pitch in by joining the fray. We're here not just to listen to our faculty, despite their brilliance. The fact is that everyone here is quite brilliant, and it's collective discourse, dialogue and indeed debate we're after, not soliloquies. So please, if you're shy like me, get over it. Second, a corollary to the first. While we discourage passivity, indifference, and bystanding on one hand, we also frown on posturing, pontificating, and grandstanding on the other.

Remember, we're all teachers here, so we're all accustomed to leading the discussion. In other words, we're all required to talk, but also to listen. So please don't sit back quietly all the time, but don't monopolize the floor either. Be a team player. A caveat: We want to crank up the discussion, hone in on disputed issues, question our premises, and try to get to the bottom of all this Schenkerian stuff we keep hearing about. So let's dig in and not hold back. But please, no emotional or personal attacks. This undermines our purpose and mode of discourse. These issues mean a lot to all of us, but more important still is our sense of collegiality and good will. We're here to challenge, debate, and even provoke, but not to antagonize, mock, or impugn. So let's make it hot, but keep it civil.

Finally, I mentioned the word “lockdown” in my open remarks and I mean it—sort of. In order for the Institute to work right, you’ve really got to throw yourself into it body and soul, and commit yourself to it while you’re here. What this means is you should eat all your meals here (we’ve already paid for you), be on time to all events, including these morning pep talks, and spend your time and energy with the group. Stick with the program, don’t pick and choose, wander off with a few old buddies for lunch, or skip out to a Broadway show. Over seventy other people eager to seize this opportunity were turned away. Now of course, everyone including me needs some time out to get some fresh air or be alone, so use your judgment. The doors are shut, but not locked. The Institute’s not a prison, but it’s no vacation either. It’s a communal think tank. We’re all here to get something done together, and you’re each an important player on the team. The more you put in, the more you get out. As you’ll eventually see, staying the course has a cumulative effect—like Wagner—so by the finale, you’ll ultimately have the satisfaction that you’ve really participated in and experienced something quite special.

That concludes my morning talk. These 9 am sessions are also reserved for anyone to raise procedural questions, issues or problems along the way. We want this to go smoothly, so if something’s on your mind, now is the time to air it. In addition, please don’t hesitate to corner one of our excellent administrative coordinators at the conference, Phil Stoecker and Eva Sze, both outstanding CUNY grad students who will be busy making us as comfortable as possible while we’re together. Any questions? OK, if not, I welcome you all again, and propose we take a very short 5 minute break before reconvening promptly in this room where Hedi Siegel will kick off our opening plenary discussion on the State of the Discipline.

### *Honoring Carl Schachter*

Excuse me everyone. I’d like to welcome you all to my home and this reception for the 2002 Mannes Institute. If you haven’t already met my lovely wife Nancy, she’s the petite and effervescent woman bouncing around who looks more like a ballet dancer than a theorist. It’s obvious too that our wonderful caterers tonight, Michael and Josh, are probably not serious Schenkerians either.

But I’d really like to introduce our fabulous pianist, Derek Smith. Derek is simply one of the most talented and experienced jazz musicians in New York. He’s been active on the jazz scene for decades, has played with the likes of Benny Goodman, Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Ella Fitzgerald, Mel Torme, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and even Luciano Pavarotti, and was the pianist on the Johnny Carson Show with Doc Severinson for several years. I heard him play a week ago and was shall I say, “blown away.” As musicians ourselves, I trust you all appreciate, or in my case, envy his astonishing improvisational skills and elegant musicianship. It’s an honor really for us to have him with us tonight. I think there’s a lot we can learn from him, and a lot more we can just plain enjoy. So please let’s “give it up” as they say for Derek Smith.

Now, back to business. There’s an old Hasidic tale about a young Talmud student who wants to find out which of his teachers is the greatest of them all. One day he approaches the oldest rabbi in his village or *shtetl* and asks, “Rabbi, tell me who is the greatest Talmud scholar you know? There are so many different teachers, each with his own personality, method, and ideas, how can I tell which among them is truly great?” The old rabbi looked at the student, and replied in Talmudic fashion, “Who do you think it might be?” The student ponders for a moment and then says, “Why it must be Rabbi Nachman of Minsk. He has the fullest, whitest beard of all, and he looks so very, very wise.” The old man gazed back at the student and said nothing.

Somewhat uncomfortable, the student exclaims, “Well then, it’s Rabbi Zalman of Pinsk. He’s always lost in study and has no time for little things. Surely he must be the greatest Talmud scholar of all.” Again, the old rabbi looked back at the student but said nothing. Growing more frustrated, the young student blurted out, “Ah, surely then it must be Rabbi Mendel of Kiev, because he is so sure of himself, always talking and explaining everything to his students.”

Once again, the old rabbi looked back and said not a word. Finally, after a few minutes of silence, the old man quietly asked, “And why do you not mention Rabbi Eliezer of Chelm?” Taken aback, the young student retorted, “Rabbi Eliezer? He walks stooped over, with rounded shoulders, and his head bent down. How could it be that such a man is our greatest Talmud scholar?” The old rabbi looked back, paused for a moment, and said, “It is because by walking stooped over, with rounded shoulders and a bent head, only he leaves room for the feet of God.”

We are blessed to have such a man here among us—a great scholar not of Talmud, but of music. He is someone who has taught me and many others not only to understand music, but to love it in the deepest way possible. We learn not just from what he does, but from the way he does it. He is a model for what a music scholar should be: he has placed himself in the service of the Muse. He is a great man, because despite his profound wisdom, or perhaps because of it, he always leaves room for the feet of God. Carl would you please come up here?

Carl, I know you have jet lag, but you’re still largely the reason I’m here today. Over eight years ago I walked sight unseen into the middle of your classroom quite unannounced, told you I was a lawyer who studied music, and that I hoped someday to study with you. You were analyzing something by Chopin. You invited me into the room and told me to sit down and listen. When you finished, you asked me if I understood. I said yes, not completely sure I did. You smiled, and like the old rabbi in the story, said nothing. I knew then and there you were someone very special, but I never imagined how much you would influence me. One day early in my studies with you we took a bus together after class to the Upper West Side. I was thrilled to have the opportunity to finally be alone with you, with no other pesky students around. I was sure you would use this special occasion to reveal some great hidden secret about music that you were saving just for me. But instead, to my surprise, you told a few off-color jokes, and then asked me whether I knew of any good bargains at the new Filene’s Basement that had just opened in my neighborhood.

Gradually, as my studies progressed, I became frustrated because I now realized I would never have the musical knowledge or skill you possess. I called Joe Straus and told him I ought to quit and go back to law. What was the point of continuing? I’ll never forget what Joe said. He told me, “Wayne, don’t you realize that *everyone* feels this way around Carl?” Some time after that, I found myself together with Carl in some distant airport down south. We were both returning from a conference, and discovered we were on the same flight back to New York. As you were checking in, something went wrong with your ticket, and to my chagrin some officious ticket agent gave you a rough time. You eventually worked it out, but I was sorry to see the anxiety he caused you. Summoning my most derisive courtroom demeanor, I sauntered up to the counter after you, glared at the unruly agent, and disdainfully muttered, “Don’t you have any idea *who that is?*” So I guess, Joe, it’s not exactly *everyone* who feels this way around Carl.

This year Carl you’re celebrating your seventieth birthday. It’s an appropriate occasion to honor you, particularly here among such outstanding scholars and peers. With great admiration and personal gratitude, I’d like to present you with this gift on behalf of the Mannes Institute for Advanced Studies in Music Theory and its members, a facsimile of the *Waldstein Sonata* that I brought back for you from Vienna, and a piece that plays a central role in our studies together

this weekend. For me, the original score dispels the stereotype that Beethoven always struggled over every single note. Here, at least, he worked quickly, with little revision, and a sure hand. In any event, please accept this gift as a small token of appreciation from all your friends, colleagues, and students, old and new alike, including those who are learning from you for the first time here at the Institute—for teaching us how to think about music, how to love it, and above all, how to always leave a little room for the feet of God.

### *Welcome to New York*

Before I begin this morning's talk, I'd like to say just a few words about where we are. Mannes is a very special place. It's not just the birthplace of Schenker studies in America, but a jewel among music schools, as our Dean, Joel Lester, has so aptly put it. Mannes is that rare hybrid that seriously tries to combine musicianship with scholarship, intellect with intuition, and theory with practice. It has not only graciously given the Institute a home, but me a home as well. We all owe Mannes and Joel especially a debt of gratitude and round of applause, for hosting the Institute and having the vision to help make something this wonderful a reality. I hope our relationship will continue to grow in the future.

But I also mean something else in referring to where we are, and that's this city, what we New Yorkers call the Big Apple, and I must say something about it too. Paris may be prettier, Amsterdam a little hipper, London more refined, and Rome, well, more romantic. But none have that one characteristic that makes New York so extraordinary, and that's its vitality. It's that vitality, that raw energy, that causes creative things like this Institute to sprout up on this little island.

And please forgive me if I'm maudlin, but New York's vitality is something that no fanatic could ever destroy. New Yorkers won't allow it. Only 9 months ago, as I huddled together with terrified students and teachers in this very room, it seemed inconceivable that another gathering of distinguished scholars from all over the country and the world could take place here within the time it takes a baby to be born. Your being here today is not only a feather in cap of this wonderful school, but a tribute to our irrepressible city, its character, and in the end, its enduring vitality. As one who truly loves the Big Apple and lives off its energy, I am grateful to all of you for that alone, and proud to contribute to it myself in this very modest way.

### *Thinking Like a Lawyer*

I get a kick telling people like you that the greatest theorist of the twentieth century went to law school like me. It also helps me explain why I spent so many years being a lawyer. But the more you think about it, Schenker's legal training must have had some impact on his intellectual development. It did mine and every other law student I know. You see, you don't just study law in law school. You learn a certain way of thinking, a mental process commonly known as "thinking like a lawyer."

Take a look at today's handout: it's Schenker's law school transcript at the University of Vienna from 1884 to 1888. The inescapable truth is that young Heinrich took over thirty high technical courses in law school over four years—which not one of you neo-Schenkerians did, except for Tim Heltzel, and he's not a practicing theorist. So that just leaves Heinrich and me. And how many law-trained Jewish music theorists do you know? So what's the meaning of this? Is it simply musicological trivia, an archival curiosity that has nothing at all to do with us or what

we do, or why we've come from all over the planet to talk about Schenker? Let's examine.

Now most of you nonlawyers imagine law to be a set of rules telling you exactly what you can and cannot do. You have what I'd call an overly vivid sense of the law's determinacy. You tend to magnify its rigidity and exactitude, misconceiving law as dogmatic, unambiguous algorithms decisive of every social situation. As a result, you probably think of legal training as inducing a kind of exaggerated rule-orientation and authoritarian fixation on regulatory precision at the expense of the sensitive contextuality and creative fluidity you non-lawyers have. And those of you who see Schenker in this unduly rigid way might even diagnose the roots of Schenkerian orthodoxy in his overexposure to legal indoctrination.

But now I'll let you in on a dark secret: anyone who has actually studied law, like Schenker, Tim, or me, soon discovers the exact opposite is true: what one first imagines to be black and white quickly fades into shades of grey. The lawyer's untold secret is that the law is almost never clear. In fact, it's usually vague and inclusive. Legal pedagogy is a paradox: while it provides grounding in systematic generalization and respect for rules, it simultaneously exposes the uncertainty of those very rules and the rhetorical power of persuasion. It induces a deeper appreciation for law, but a skeptical awareness of its limitations as well.

This is very similar to Schenkerian analysis. In each instance, the nonpractitioner naively exaggerates its orthodoxy, certainty, and rigidity. Don't most non-Schenkerians misconceive the *Ursatz* as some sort of musical straightjacket, embodying a code of authoritarian rules mechanically enforced by legalistic practitioners to the point of stifling musical imagination? Students first exaggerate the rigidity of Schenkerian analysis, and are later disappointed they still have to make decisions. In time they realize not how systematic, but how wonderfully pliant our method is.

The same holds true for law. The layman exaggerates the certainty and overdetermination of law just as he does Schenkerian analysis. Contrary to both stereotypes, the lawyer like the Schenkerian is really the only one to realize how plastic and indeterminate their craft actually is. Thinking like a lawyer is not some slavish, deductive application of formulas any more than Schenkerian analysis is. They are both dynamic and flexible interpretative practices requiring sensitivity and discretion. It's only the layman who view each axiomatically. Schenker's legal training likely exposed him to law's plasticity as much as its structure, and its demand for interpretation within a normative framework. The mode of thinking he encountered was not mechanical or dogmatic as the nonlawyer presumes, but rather adaptive and contextual, honing his sense of analytic judgment and rhetorical imagination. Far from inducing intellectual rigor mortis, Schenker's legal education may have bred a finer appreciation not only for rules, but for their creative application as well.

Unlike the more abstract and speculative thinking of Kurth, Schoenberg, or Riemann, the legal character of Schenker's approach further resides in its practical, heuristic orientation toward concrete resolution. Its application of rules whose musical authority is logically derived from theoretical premises is legalistic in the sense that it is designed to generate a persuasive musical adjudication that precludes opposing determinations and disposes of a specific analytic situation. Schenkerian practice, like legal practice, is a mode of pragmatic decisionmaking. Like the lawyer's brief, an analysis is less concerned with pontificating some nuanced epistemological truth than arguing a reasoned solution to a practical problem. The Schenkerian's goal, like that of the attorney, is not to ruminate about abstract theoretical possibilities, but to advocate a conclusive disposition of concrete musical facts.

Yet another law-like aspect of Schenker's approach is its hierarchical conception of musical

levels. Other than the military, few things are as hierarchical as law, and Schenker was surely exposed to such hierarchical thinking in law school. His hierarchical organization of music parallels the pyramid of statutes, ordinances, and regulations governing hierarchical tiers of jurisdiction in a legal system. This congruence is readily apparent from the jurisprudential work of Hans Kelsen, Schenker's Viennese contemporary and the leading continental legal authority of the twentieth century. Kelsen's *Grundnorm* at the apex of the legal structure from which secondary proscriptions emanate recursively throughout a jurisdictional hierarchy directly parallels the Schenkerian *Ursatz* and its propagation on secondary jurisdictional *Schichten* below.

But mostly importantly, I think it's Schenker's ability to generate a set of practical constraints that provide sufficient structure while retaining sufficient flexibility that is the residue of his early legal training. During a formative intellectual period, he was exposed to the paradox of indeterminate legal reasoning. He learned, in other words, how to think like a lawyer. As a student of law, Schenker undoubtedly discovered the importance of rules for stability and predictability. But at the same time he also discovered their limitations and contextuality as well.

And it's that dynamic synthesis of rules with flexibility, that integration of structure and freedom—dare I say, between *Stufe* and prolongation—that makes his contribution so significant. For unlike the layman, who only sees the *Ursatz*, like the law, as a straightjacket, the true Schenkerian, like the true lawyer, understands the paradox of liberty within limits, and of creativity within constraint. I suspect Schenker may have discovered this paradox of ordered freedom, or what Hans Weisse called “lawful freedom,” while he was in law school, and specifically from Georg Jellinek, one of the leading jurisprudential scholars at the University of Vienna with whom Schenker studied legal philosophy, but also from other influential professors, such as Anton Menger, Lujo Brentano, and Robert Zimmermann. A dedicated Germanist seeking to rediscover the native roots of German law prior to its Romanization, Jellinek postulated a medieval Teutonic state where the competing demands of social organization and individual differentiation were in perfect equilibrium. His ideal of Teutonic law represented in his words, “a correct legal comprehension of the relation between the state and the individual,” balanced between the extremes of excessive social control represented by ancient Rome and excessive personal autonomy represented by modern democracy.

And it is this same synthesis, this jurisprudence of equilibrium between collective order and individual freedom, between whole and part, conformance and differentiation that governs Schenker's community of musical tones, guiding without dictating, channeling without confining the dynamic relationship between the melodic will of the individual tone and the communal harmonic law of the collective. Schenker's society of tonal citizens is in fact a tonal microcosm of Jellinek's Teutonic state, balanced between a musical Rome and a musical democracy. And note this: Schenker's musical state is regulated not by natural or acoustic laws, like the laws of physics or biology, but by socio-musical ones, resembling as Schenker says, “a constitution, regulation, or statute.” These mirror the laws of society, not of nature. “Tone are as living beings with their own social laws,” explains Schenker, each as “an individual with rights and obligations, governed by law and moved by freedom.”

For Schenker, a musical masterwork is much more than a mere passive reflection of the tension between order and freedom in human society. It is actually an encrypted legal code, a tablet, dare I say a Torah, for deciphering the ideal resolution of that fundamental dichotomy. Music theory is thus a form of jurisprudence, and analysis a call to social action. As Nick Cook put it, for Schenker “the works of the masters are practical manuals in social understanding,

object-lessons in the achievement of unity by contrast, demonstrating how individual differences can be reconciled with social cohesion. Analysis becomes a means to a better society through the balancing of these apparently incommensurable demands.”

And in fact, this very reconciliation of authority with autonomy, order with originality, and creativity with compliance at the heart of Schenker’s theory of music has always been the highest ideal of jurisprudence, dating back to Aristotle’s conception of a mixed government between Athenian freedom and Spartan control. This in turn is the *moral* of the *Ursatz*, that mottoed sharing of sameness, but in different ways. And this is also the greatest lesson Schenker learned in law school: that the law, like the *Ursatz*, does not *stifle* freedom, but *safeguards* it. “Creating under the irresistible *constraint* of the *Ursatz*,” he writes, paradoxically perhaps to those unschooled in law, “the great masters nevertheless felt completely *free*.” And surely it’s no coincidence that another law-trained musician, Igor Stravinsky, expressed this same paradox when he said, “the more constraints one imposes, the more one becomes free,” or that Goethe, who was similarly schooled, concluded that “only a limit enables a form to rise to perfection” and most eloquently, “the law alone can give us freedom.”

But in the end, I prefer the more colorful words of that great American lawman, Wyatt Earp, sheriff of old Tombstone. Like Schenker, Earp understood the symbiotic connection between law and freedom, but in a world of cowboys instead of chords. After the bloody shootout at the OK Corral back in 1881, Earp was accused of excessive brutality in enforcing law and order in the Old West. The crusty old sheriff is reported to have paused and replied, “It’s the horse’s reins, my friend, that allow it to leave the stable—and this here six-shooter that lets you whistle Dixie.”

### *Banquet Speech*

I apologize for speaking so much, but I was especially looking forward to saying a few words at the banquet tonight, and wish to thank Bill Rothstein for giving me this opportunity. I struggled to come up with something intelligent to say after all this intensive Schenkerian analysis, but it was only when I had a chance to make a pilgrimage to Schenker’s grave in Vienna a few weeks ago that I found my answer. Standing next to Schenker’s plot, or I guess right on top of it, it occurred to me that if I actually had a chance to meet him this weekend, I’d rather to do it here at the banquet, over some steak and beer, rather than in some heady workshop discussing music.

You can find Schenker’s body at gate 4, group 3, row 4, grave 8 of the Jewish section of the central cemetery in Vienna. It’s one of those places where even dead Jews can’t intermingle. What’s amazing though is that unlike the famous graves of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms, which are all clustered together on celebrity row, you wouldn’t know Schenker’s tombstone from the other folks around him. There he is, just stuck in the mud among a bunch of indistinguishable markers, more precisely wedged in between Benjamin Rappaport and Bernhard Wachstein. Sounds like *Yahrzeit* at my synagogue, the prayer for the dead: *yisgadal v’yiskadash shemei rabbah, in the name of Benjamin Rappaport, in the name of Bernhard Wachstein, in the name of Heinrich Schenker, in the name of Shleumi Menker*. But unlike my seat in synagogue, there’s happens to be a very nice tree right in front of him. And he has a much better view. When I asked the ladies at the cemetery office where I can find Schenker, they had no idea who he was. Even after I explained he was the greatest theorist of the 20th century, I still think they thought I was looking for my uncle.

But what impressed me most was that, unlike Mozart and the other big-shot cadavers, Schenker's grave seemed like the valhalla of a real person, an ordinary Joe who actually lived and moved on, just like poor old Rappaport and Wachstein. And there he still was, just 6 feet under, right in front of me. It was eerie, with the wind blowing in the trees, no one else around, I mean no one else who was more or less alive. What dawned on me was that I knew a bunch about Schenker's ideas, but not too much about the actual guy whose grave I was romping around on. And I don't mean his life story either, but his personality, who he was as a man. What was Heinrich like as a person?

Compare him to other celebrities in our field. We know, for instance, that aside from composing the *Rite of Spring*, Stravinsky liked to watch cartoons and eat at Horne & Hardart's. And it's easy to picture Schoenberg jotting down a combinatorial hexachord, and then flubbing a backhand to a more dapper Gershwin on the other side of the net. Or how about Webern with those weird round spectacles stoking up a Cuban after dinner—an unusually bad habit in his case [a soldier thought it was a gunshot, and killed him]. I can picture Berg stealing off to meet a secret lover under the moon, and then desperately rubbing balm on some nasty insect bite he picked up along the way. And who doesn't shed a tear imagining poor Bartok with towels wrapped around his noggin to block out traffic before dying half starved only a few blocks from the luxurious Fez?

But other than a bunch of theories, graphs, polemics—the real banquet of our Institute—what do we really know about Herr Schenker, this guy stuck somewhere in a box in the Viennese dirt between Rappaport and Wachstein? What about the man himself, his habits, likes and dislikes, his style and demeanor? Was he really just a cantankerous old pill like my Uncle Harold from Detroit? What was he like say shuffling around the house in his slippers after pancakes on a Sunday morning, or late at night slouched on the couch with his chubby wife? What did he consider a good time? Did he like to shop? Go bowling? Was there a sense of humor here, a flair say for ties? What was his favorite color? His best meal? Did he like to ski? Study Talmud? Did he ever toss on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt like me? Could he tell a funny joke or know a do-able diet I might try for a while? Hey do you think this guy could cha-cha any better than me?

These are the kind of things I'd secretly like to ask old Heinrich, not just further cross-examination about some prolongation in Brahms or an unsupported stretch of Scarlatti. They're the kind of things I might get away with after a couple of beers in the Fez Room, but not in a lofty workshop over at Mannes. I want to humanize this guy, put some real flesh and blood on that cold *Ursatzian* skeleton, and bring him down to earth or maybe up from the earth along with the rest of us. I'd basically just like to schmooze with Heinrich a bit on a playing field that's a little more level and a bit more real than music theory, where he's holding most of the cards in a poker game where he's the dealer. I think that might eventually help me understand more about his ideas too, how he sees things, and where they come from.

And in the end, that might help me know more about music, and perhaps myself, and maybe even why I found myself standing alone by his grave by that tree in Vienna, the one that's not in my synagogue, with the wind blowing between Benjie Rappaport and Bernie Wachstein, and why I'm standing here now with folks like you, sharing an experience like this. Wouldn't that be enough?

### *The Card Players*

Just so you know I wasn't kidding last night about Schenker's grave, I've handed out copies

of the handwritten record at the office of the Central Cemetery in Vienna, showing exactly where Schenker is buried, right between Messrs. Rappaport and Wachstein. I didn't want to you think I made that up.

One June afternoon a few years back, maybe even to the day, I invited Carl Schachter out to lunch at the Stanhope Cafe, a posh eatery across from the Metropolitan Museum over on Fifth Avenue. I rarely venture to the East Side—it feels like Europe to a Westsider—but this was a special mission. I had just finished taking Carl's class analyzing Mozart's piano concertos, and wanted to compensate him for my consistently flawed graphs by treating him to a fancy meal. Carl and I talked about Schenker while we dined. I had come to feel he almost knew Schenker personally, and in a way had introduced me to him too. I tried to imagine the three of us sitting at the embroidered tablecloth in the Stanhope. I felt I had invited both of them actually to my little celebration across from the Metropolitan that afternoon.

Our conversation eventually turned to Mozart. The fact is, I didn't really love Mozart until I met Carl. He was too subtle. Mozart for me was an acquired taste. Now I think that's the most important thing Carl ever taught me—how to love Mozart—even more than how to analyze his music. Anyway, our conversation gradually broadened to include Tchaikovsky too. The previous year we analyzed the 4th Symphony, with that spectacular brass introduction composing out a diminished seventh chord. It was incredible to apply Schenkerian analysis to a massive work like that. I started to appreciate the power or better the grandeur of prolongation. I recall reading a letter by Tchaikovsky where he called Mozart the “musical Christ,” and regretted that in his own music, unlike Mozart's, one could always tell, as he put it, where the “seams” were.

At some point during the chocolate mousse I suppose, Carl suddenly questioned whether atonal music might be a sort of musical heresy inevitably doomed to failure, because it artificially suppressed our natural tonal instincts. He compared it to communism's futile denial of a belief in God. Carl knew at the time I was also studying post-tonal theory with Joe Straus, and specifically told me not to repeat this to Joe—so I didn't, and I won't. I just sat there and stared at Carl across the table. I couldn't tell whether his remark was reactionary or radical. Around that time I was struggling to finish a string quartet I was composing in a dissonant modern idiom. But studying Schenker with Carl changed my views not only about music of the past, but about my own compositions as well. I became confused about what was important and in a sense, inevitable or universal in music, even my own. I didn't know what was conservative or progressive anymore. I couldn't tell whether Carl was a curmudgeon or cutting edge.

Schenker's unfashionable faith in tonality seems to have acquired new relevance in the postmodern era, like the refurbished churches sprouting up all over post-soviet Russia. T.S. Eliot, another traditional radical, once observed that “in art, any more than the rest of life, we can't live in a perpetual state of revolution.” Maybe the atonal revolution of 1911, like the Bolsheviks' in 1917, was finally over and tonality and God had both survived after all. What if, as Brian Hyer put it in what I think is the best essay in Thomas's new *History of Music Theory*, news of tonality's demise, like Mark Twain's, was premature? Anyway, on that provocative note, Carl thanked me for lunch and left me alone in front of the museum. Lost in thought, I wandered back across Central Park over to the West side. I never mentioned Carl's remark to Joe or anyone else, until today. But I added a key signature to my quartet.

Some time after that, my daughter Tess became obsessed with Vincent van Gogh. She's the only twelve-year-old I know who has a shrine of Van Goghs clustered around her bed. I've never worried about her chopping off her ear really, but on one occasion we counted them just to be sure. Anyway, one birthday I bought Tess an unsuitably mature volume of Van Gogh's complete

works, which now resides in my study, and not her shrine. It was there that I came across this remarkable observation by D.H. Lawrence. “Van Gogh’s earth,” he said, “was still subjective, himself projected into the earth. But Cezanne’s apples are an attempt to let the apple exist objectively on its own, without transfusing it with personal emotion.” And here’s the line I like best: “Cezanne’s great effort,” wrote Lawrence, “was to shove the apple away from himself.”

I was fascinated by Lawrence’s image of “shoving the apple away,” and “letting it exist on its own.” This idea of objective distance rather than subjective transfusion in art seemed to capture not only the essence of Cezanne, but of Mozart as well. It’s this sense of personal disengagement I think that makes both of them so subtle and in that way difficult, compared say to Van Gogh or Tchaikovsky, whose personal emotion so heavily transfuses their content. I decided to take another field trip over to the East side again, back to museum, in search of Cezanne’s apples to see if Lawrence was right.

I found the apples, little fleshy round balls sitting silently on a table. They seemed to be more about a fascination with form than fruit. Unlike Van Gogh’s emotionally infused cornfield and crows, they indeed appeared to exist entirely on their own, as if no human being had actually painted them, as if they had existed in some apriori, eternal, timeless state. Eventually though my eyes wandered over to the next painting along the wall—it’s my favorite Cezanne of all—the picture of the card players. I’ve loved this painting for as long as I can remember. I count it among my dearest friends. Staring at the card players, Lawrence’s insight fresh in mind, I was suddenly struck how calm and aloof the three men at the table suddenly appeared. They all had that same emotionless expression of detachment you see on those ethereal faces in Piero della Francesca centuries before, just like the three bystanders in his *Flagellation of Christ*, benignly impassive before the suffering of Jesus himself.

Lawrence was right. Cezanne had shoved not only the little round apple, but even humanity away from himself. There on the mask-like faces of these three cardplayers was true objective distance and Mozartean restraint, not the transfused subjectivity of Van Gogh or Tchaikovsky. Somehow Cezanne had come full circle back to della Francesca. So what was the Frenchman then—like Schenker—radical or conservative, cutting edge or curmudgeon?

I wandered out of the museum, mystified by my own befuddlement. Crossing over Fifth Avenue I found myself once again in front of the Stanhope. I suddenly recalled my lunch with Carl long before and our discussions about music, communism, and heresy. Now though I tried to imagine Mozart and Tchaikovsky eating there instead of me and Carl, the graceful Viennese calmly explaining to the tormented Slav that if one’s melodies are too overwrought, their seams inevitably show, and that if he could only shove the notes away from himself, like an apple, he could regain Piero’s ethereal repose. But eventually my thoughts drifted back into the Metropolitan. I now imagined these two great composers playing cards together, sitting expressionless at Cezanne’s wooden table instead of the embroidered Stanhope across the street. And I pictured Schenker as the third cardplayer in the painting, the one anchored calmly in the middle, holding his cards with the same poker face of detachment Lawrence had so wonderfully detected.

But as I wandered home across Central Park again back to the West side, I suddenly remembered there’s actually a fourth person in Cezanne’s painting—a lone figure standing off to one side, just like Christ in Piero’s *Flagellation*, back in the corner, arms folded, quietly puffing a pipe, wearing a bright red scarf. Perhaps it’s the artist himself, an observer of his own work, shoved away not only from the apple, the cards, and the table, but away from the painting itself by literally putting himself in it. But then again, maybe it wasn’t him after all. And why not

someone else? Crossing the park and turning the key in my front door, it occurred to me how much I wanted to be there too, that lone figure in the Cezanne, off to one side, back behind the cardplayers, with the red scarf, standing quietly, just to watch them play.

### *Thank You Speech*

Before we start our closing plenary session, I'd like to take a few moments to dispel the gratifying illusion that I've accomplished all this on my own, and thank some extraordinary people who helped make this extraordinary event possible. First off, I'd like to express my gratitude to Phil Stoecker, Eva Sze, and Jan Miyake, the Administrative Coordinators of this year's Institute. They are all talented and promising scholars in their own right who performed yeoman service in assuring that everything has gone smoothly. Jan is in China, but please give Phil and Eva a round of well-deserved applause. Second, I think it's high time to thank our absolutely superb faculty, Charles, Bill, Frank, Matthew, Nick, Robert, Hedi, and David. Am I forgetting anybody? Oh yes, and Carl. There's no question that the Institute's success in attracting outstanding scholars like you is attributable to the intellectual stature of these fine people. They bravely confronted the daunting challenge of leading workshops before an intimidating group of peers, and did it with grace, humility, and impeccable expertise.

Beyond that, it's self-evident that each of them put in hours of preparation in order to make this a truly meaningful educational experience for us all. I must warn everyone here that as we solicit others of you to conduct future workshops in your own areas of expertise, you'll be held to the same gold standard this remarkable group has set for us today. I'd therefore like to ask the nine scholars of our outstanding faculty to please stand and accept our heartiest applause. Within their ranks, I owe a special debt of gratitude to Bill Rothstein. As chair of this year's faculty, Bill helped me organize this event conceptually from the ground up, selecting the faculty, working with me to select the participants. Bill, to say the least, is one the brightest stars on the Schenkerian horizon. But he brings other important qualities to an event like this: a steady hand, open ear, inexhaustible patience, tireless dedication, and sound judgment. I relied on all of them. And though I suspect we may have stylistic differences when it comes time for him to approve my stillborn dissertation, we are all deeply indebted to him for helping me stay a steady course in this endeavor. Thanks, Bill.

And finally, I'd like to express my heartfelt appreciation to each and every one of you for coming to the Institute. This is a pivotal moment in the history of Schenker studies—it's a first. It's never been done before, and whatever it means, it means something important, and you helped make it so. So to the motley lot of you, I tip my hat for taking the plunge, doing the work, pushing yourself through this, and making it a rich and truly memorable experience that I think we'll all cherish for many years to come. Hear, hear. Now that we've complimented ourselves, let me turn the floor over to David Gagne for our closing plenary discussion on Schenkerian Pedagogy.

### *Closing Ceremony*

It's time to bring the second annual Mannes Institute for Advanced Studies in Music Theory to a close. This was an incredible experience, and one that I'm delighted not only to have made possible, but to have been a part of myself. I thank you all once again for your participation, but moreover, your contribution to its success. This is a group effort, and we all did a good job.

Before we disband, I have four matters to take care of.

First, I'd like to remind everyone to fill out your Institute Evaluation Sheet in your conference packet and send it to me in the stamped envelope provided in your folder. Please share your feelings and reaction to the Institute. If you enjoyed and were stimulated by this, please take the time and effort to let the people who have made this possible know they we on the right track. Second, if you don't already know, next year's 2003 program will be an Institute on Transformational Theory and Analysis, and I'm thrilled to say that David Lewin himself plans to be here and participate in all of the workshops. We've assembled another brilliant faculty of Rick Cohn, Joe Straus, Henry Klumpenhouwer, Bob Morris, John Roeder, and Ed Gollin.

Beyond that, we're already planning the 2004 Institute on Musical Form, led by yet another distinguished faculty of Bill Caplin, Janet Schmalfeldt, and other authorities in that field. Each year a different topic will be presented, which requires a core group of scholars working in a particular area sufficient to form a faculty. Future topics under consideration are rhythm and meter, jazz theory and analysis, critical studies, and sketch analysis—and I'm open to any other suggestions as well. Third, I'd like to ask each of you, and particularly those from Europe and abroad, to go home and tell your friends and colleagues about our Institute, and encourage them to join us in the future. The purpose here is to establish greater communication and collegiality within all aspects of our profession, and to give serious scholars in all locations a meaningful opportunity to talk to each other. The Institute is truly a gift bestowed upon our entire community, and we should all take advantage of it.

And finally, having all survived these past four days of intensive proceedings, it's my pleasure to drop the gavel on the second annual Mannes Institute this last day of June, 2002. By the power vested in me as Director of this great and noble enterprise, I hereby call the roll of newly admitted fellows into the Mannes Institute for Advanced Studies in Music Theory. As I read your name aloud in groups of six, kindly come up to receive your official certificate evidencing your participation in the 2002 Institute and your affiliation in this august body from this day hence:

Kofi Agawu, Frank Agsteribbe, Matthew Brown, Richmond Browne, Charles Burkhart, Poundie Burstein, Allen Cadwallader, William Caplin, Thomas Christensen, David Cohen, Richard Cohn, Nicholas Cook, William Drabkin, Yayoi Everett, David Gagne, Dora Hanninen, Daniel Harrison, Christopher Hasty, Timothy Heltzel, Peter Kaminsky, Richard Kaplan, Clemens Kemme, Henry Klumpenhouwer, Steve Larson, Joel Lester, Fred Maus, Patrick McCreless, Eric McKee, Nicolas Meeus, Margus Partlas, William Pastille, Wayne Petty, William Renwick, Matthew Riley, William Rothstein, Frank Samarotto, Giorgio Sanguinetti, Carl Schachter, Janet Schmalfeldt, Oliver Schwab-Felisch, Hedi Siegel, Robert Snarrenberg, Peter Smith, Deborah Stein, Joseph Straus, Lasse Thoresen, Eric Wen, and Lawrence Zibkowski. Congratulations everyone and *arriva derchi* till next year.