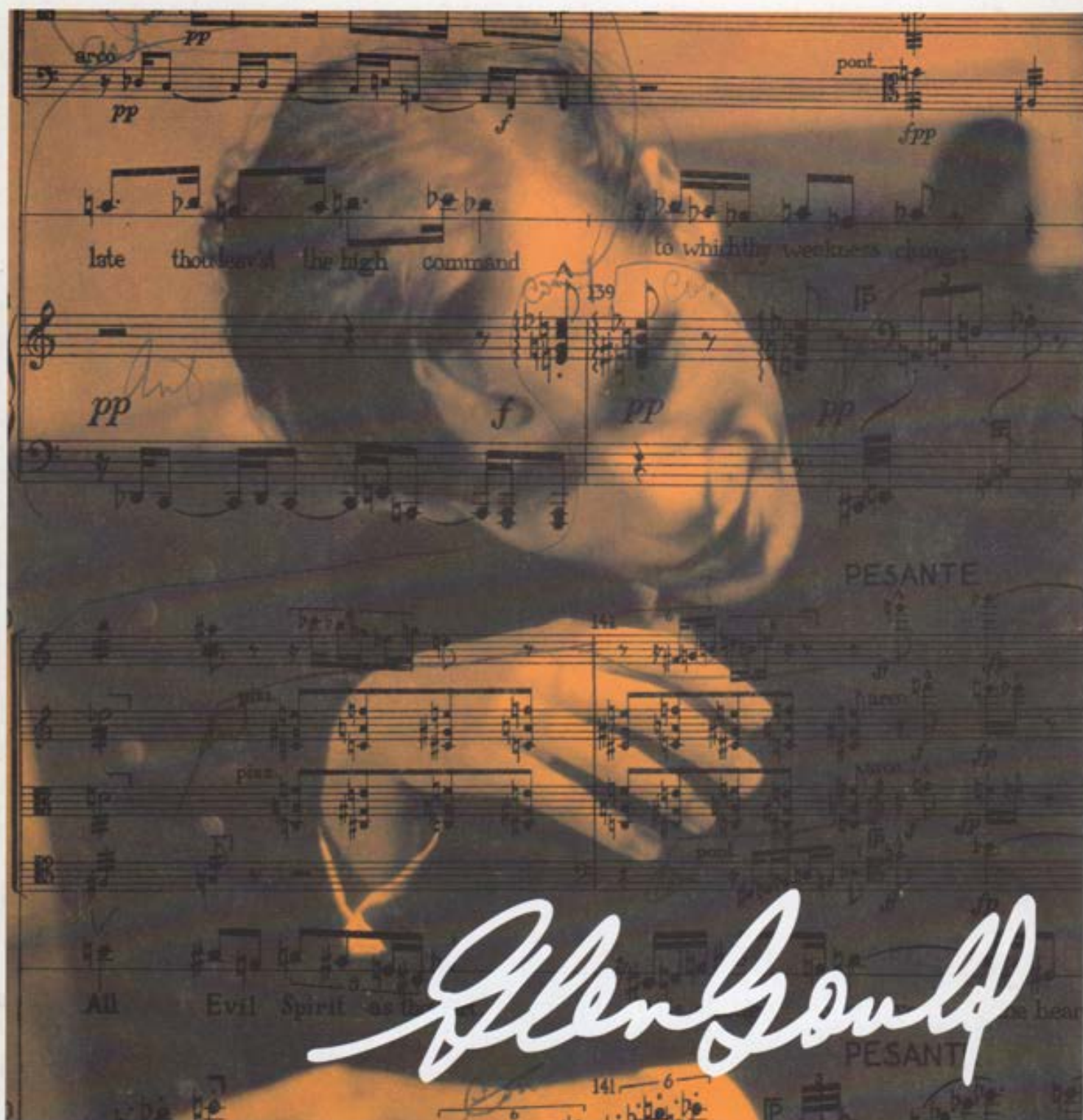




Glenn Gould

From the Editor	page 03
The Schoenberg Series: An Introduction	page 05
The Schoenberg Series: Scripts for a ten-part CBC radio series by Glenn Gould (1974)	
Part 1—Gould's Favourite Schoenberg	page 09
Part 2— <i>Liederabend</i>	page 15
Part 3—The Inventor	page 23
Part 4—The Crusader	page 33
Part 5—The Symphonist (Part 1)	page 37
"Gould, McLuhan, and the Fate of the Acoustic" — by Richard Cavell	page 44
"Remembering Niki" — by David Goldbloom	page 46



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We are proud to announce that, with this issue, *GlennGould* begins publication of its tenth volume. For helping to make this achievement possible, we thank all of the many writers, photographers, sponsors, advertisers, and others who have contributed to the magazine over the years—and, of course, hundreds of Friends of Glenn Gould from dozens of countries around the world.

On the first page of our premiere issue, which was published in the fall of 1995 with a cover featuring the Don Hunstein photograph reproduced on this page, we set out our mandate with these words:

GlennGould will serve as a forum for writings by and about Gould, as a trove of illustrative material, and as a clearinghouse for Gould-related information of every kind. We aim to appeal to both lay readers and professional musicians—to Gould fans and Gould scholars—by offering interesting new perspectives on Gould and on subjects of related interest, in a format that is attractive and approachable but that also meets demanding scholarly and editorial standards. We will function as a source of current Gould news, but also as a kind of book in progress, as a repository of primary sources and critical writings that should prove to be of permanent value to future Gould studies.

We believe we have been true to this mandate through our nine volumes to date. We have, for instance, certainly proved to be a “book in progress”: taken together, the Gould writings and interviews and musical compositions and archival documents and photographs we have published could indeed fill a book. *GlennGould* can thus stand alongside books like *The Glenn Gould Reader*, *The Art of Glenn Gould*, and *Glenn Gould: A Life in Pictures* as a volume of primary source material.

Volume 10 itself amounts to a small book, in fact. Wanting to offer something special this year, we have chosen to publish all ten of Gould’s scripts for his 1974 CBC radio series on Schoenberg, divided between the two issues of Volume 10, both of which will be longer and more lavishly illustrated than usual.

Over the years we have also published a wide range of articles about Gould—articles on his youth and musical development as well as the end of his life, on his tour of



From the Editor

Russia, on the hand problems that beset him in his later forties, on some of his specific Bach performances, on his radio documentaries and writings and compositions, on his views of jazz, on his incipient post-modernism, on his relationships to musicians ranging from Liszt and Schnabel to John Cage and Lois Marshall—not to mention reviews and the tidbits collected in our “Miscellanea” section. We have published a series of articles on Gould’s reception in various countries outside North America, a special issue on his work at the Stratford Festival, and an entire volume devoted to the proceedings of the 1999 Glenn Gould Gathering in Toronto.

Most of the articles about Gould were exclusive to our pages—many, in fact, were specially commissioned—and most of the material by Gould, too, was published here for the first time. Only very occasionally, for some special reason, have we reprinted something previously published in English; our principal goal has always been to bring Gould fans

material they could find nowhere else.

Beginning with Volume 10, we are adjusting our mandate in one respect, by increasing our commitment to “subjects of related interest.” We plan to broaden our scope to include articles dealing only partly—or even not at all—with Gould himself, but addressing ideas or practices that were of great importance to him and that should interest his fans. In this issue, for instance, we include an article in which Gould’s work is but one of many facets of a broad, fascinating, and eminently Gouldian topic: “acoustic space.”

GlennGould should prove to be a major contribution to the study and appreciation of one of Canada’s most important cultural figures.” We said that almost ten years ago, at the end of the editor’s introduction to Volume 1. We think—we hope—that we have made a major contribution to Gould studies to date, and we are committed to doing so for years to come. ■

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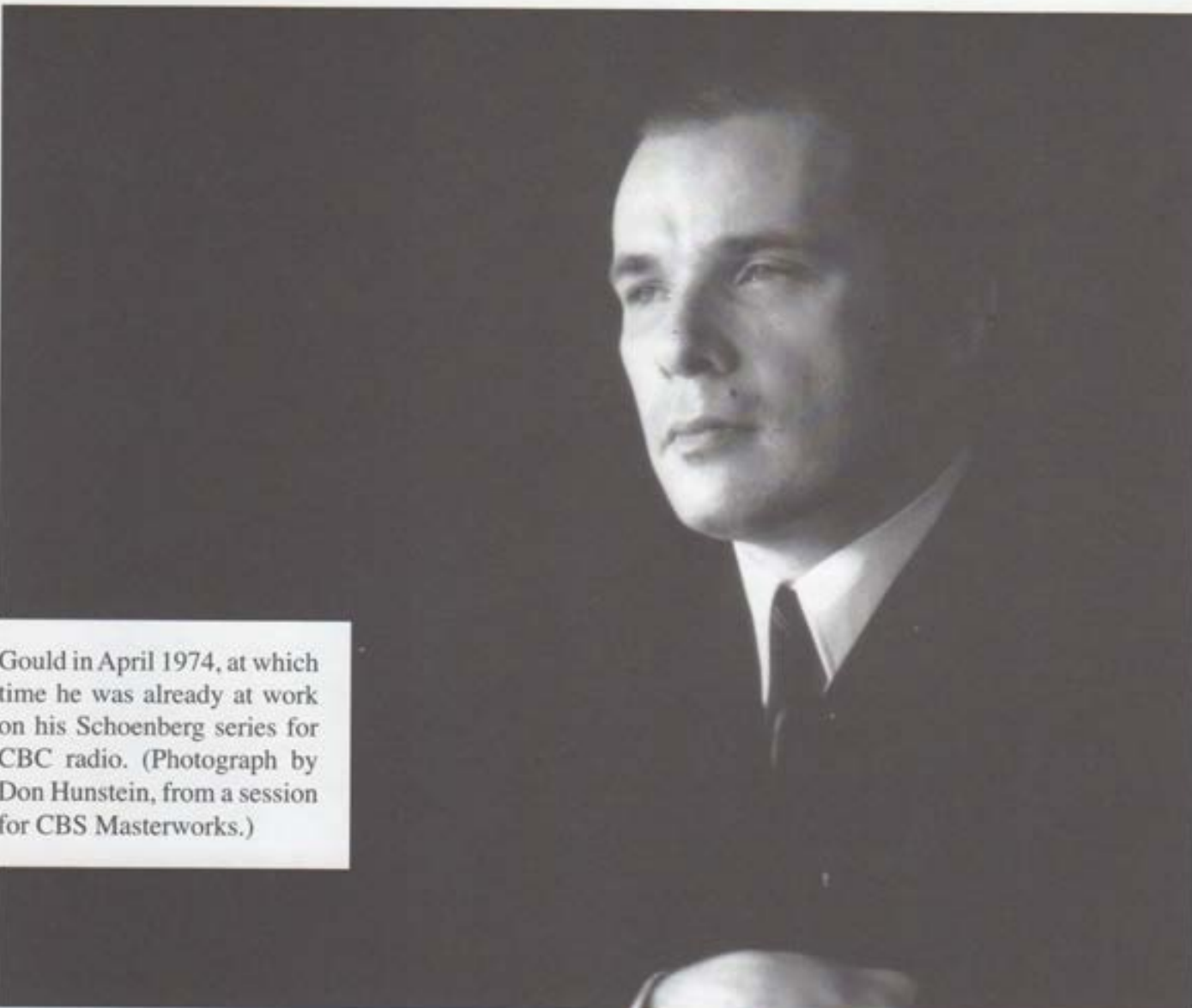
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Gould in April 1974, at which time he was already at work on his Schoenberg series for CBC radio. (Photograph by Don Hunstein, from a session for CBS Masterworks.)

The Schoenberg Series An Introduction

Gould was introduced to the music of Arnold Schoenberg in his mid-teens, by his piano teacher, Alberto Guerrero, and at once it began to exert a powerful influence over him. Before long he had become a devoted champion of the whole Second Viennese School—that is, of Schoenberg and the composers who were his pupils and acolytes—and, eventually, of several other strains of contemporary music. He proselytized on behalf of his new passion whenever he could find an audience. Even in a high-school English essay, entitled “My Pet Antipathy,” he could not resist issuing a polemic against the general public’s resistance to contemporary music, and when asked to say a few words about his musical tastes in 1952, on a personnel questionnaire for the CBC, he responded with a four-hundred-word defence of the Schoenberg school and its place in music history.

He immediately drew Schoenberg into his own fledgling efforts

as a composer. Among the compositions of his mid- and late teens are piano and chamber-music works influenced by Schoenberg’s atonal and twelve-tone styles; even the resolutely tonal String Quartet he composed in his early twenties was crucially informed by the Schoenberg aesthetic.

Before he was twenty years old Gould had already taken his Schoenberg campaign public, and had earned a reputation as a champion of the sort of contemporary music not much admired in conservative, provincial Toronto. He first attracted real attention as a modernist by organizing an ambitious “Recital of Contemporary Music,” at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto, on 4 January 1951. The program included no Schoenberg, but all of the music—some of it by Gould—was composed between 1936 and 1950; for its time and place, the concert was astonishing, and for an eighteen-year-old high-school student it was a *tour de*

force. Schoenberg died on 13 July that year, and that fall Gould paid tribute to him in his first public lecture, delivered at the Conservatory (the text has not survived).

In 1952, Gould formed New Music Associates with his friend Robert Fulford, and for its debut event, a "Schoenberg Memorial Concert" on 4 October 1952, he gave his first public performances of music by Schoenberg and wrote a long program note on Schoenberg's development (it was read to the audience by Frank Herbert, a CBC announcer). For the second New Music Associates concert, on 9 January 1954, Gould organized a program exploring the whole Second Viennese School: Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. As the composer John Beckwith recalled, these concerts were "singular events, in a period before Toronto had any modern-music performance outlets to speak of."

As a concert artist Gould performed some of Schoenberg's solo-piano music, even in his encores, but he was a particular champion of Schoenberg's rarely played Piano Concerto. On 21 December 1953, he gave the Canadian premiere of the work in a broadcast with the CBC Symphony Orchestra. (Four days earlier, he had delivered a long, densely analytical, and by some accounts largely incomprehensible lecture on the concerto at the Conservatory.) In early December 1960, he gave the first Canadian public performances of the concerto, with the Toronto Symphony—performances that led Beckwith, in a review, to dub him "the eighth wonder of the music world." (Recordings survive of the 1953 broadcast and of Gould playing the concerto in concerts in New York and Cleveland.)

Canadian summer music festivals gave Gould opportunities to feature Schoenberg's music in highly original programs. At the 1956 Stratford Festival, he offered a challenging program that included the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*. At the 1960 Vancouver International Festival, he drew twelve hundred people to an all-Schoenberg lecture-recital (of which a recording survives). And at the 1962 Stratford Festival, he played Schoenberg's Suite, Op. 25, as part of a hammy, controversial lecture-recital dubbed "Panorama of Music of the 20's." His dedication to Schoenberg at Stratford extended to concerts in which he provided inspiration and program notes but did not perform: "The Schoenberg Heritage," in 1962, and a program polemically juxtaposing music by Schoenberg and Strauss, in 1963.

As a writer and lecturer and program annotator, Gould championed Schoenberg throughout his concert career and beyond. In fact, his first published article, in 1956, was a consideration of Schoenberg's legacy, "The Dodecacophonists' Dilemma." In 1963, in Cincinnati and Toronto, he delivered a wide-ranging lecture on Schoenberg that was published by the University of Cincinnati, in 1964, as the monograph *Arnold Schoenberg: A Perspective*—the only book he published in his lifetime.

He made his first Schoenberg recording for Columbia Masterworks in 1958, though from the mid-60s through early 70s—that is, after retiring from concert life—he had a genuine "Schoenberg fit" in the recording studio. Eventually, he recorded all of the solo-piano music and Lieder, the Piano Concerto, and most of the chamber music with piano, usually supplying his own liner notes. (These recordings are all now available from Sony Classical.)

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Gould performed Schoenberg's music from time to time on CBC radio between 1952 and 1975 (some of the early performances have been released by CBC Records), and, given the opportunity to create his first major radio program away from the piano, in 1962, he produced a two-hour documentary entitled *Arnold Schoenberg: The Man Who Changed Music*. On CBC television,

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A 10-program radio series on Schoenberg, written and presented by Glenn Gould, in conversation with Ken Haslam. Most of the piano music features Gould recordings.

Sept. 11 - Gould's Favorite**Schoenberg:**

Songs, Op. 6, No. 4; Serenade, Op. 24 (excerpts); Chamber Symphony No. 1.

Sept. 18 - Lieder Abend:

Waldsonne; Songs, Op. 1, No. 1 and excerpts from Op. 3 and 6; String Quartet No. 2 in F Sharp Minor (last movement); Songs for voice and orchestra, Op. 8 (excerpts).

Sept. 25 - The Inventor:

Six Little Pieces for piano, Op. 19, No. 4 (1911); Five Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16 (excerpts); Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21 (1912), (excerpts); Suite, Op. 25 (1925).

Oct. 2 - The Crusader:

Kol Nidre, Op. 39; Ode to Napoleon, Op. 41b; A Survivor from Warsaw, Op. 46; Dreimal tausend Jahre, Op. 50a. Interview with conductor Erich Leinsdorf.

Oct. 9 - The Symphonist, Part I:

The influence on Schoenberg of Mahler and Strauss. Interview with Henri-Louis de la Grange, definitive biographer of Mahler. Pelléas and Mélisande, Op. 5.

Oct. 16 - The Symphonist, Part II:

Accompaniment to a Film Scene; Piano Concerto; Chamber Symphony No. 2.

Oct. 23 - Operatic Works: Interlude from Moses and Aaron; Von Heute auf Morgen; Erwartung. Documentary sequence with Frau Gertrude Schoenberg, psychiatrist Dr. Peter Ostwald, who studied music with Schoenberg in Los Angeles, and with composer Aaron Copland.

Oct. 30 - The Transcriber: Gould speaks with conductor and musicologist Denis Stevens about the orchestrations of Monn, Brahms and Bach.

Nov. 6 - Pupils: Music by Berg and Webern, and a conversation with American composer and iconoclast John Cage.

Nov. 13 - An epilogue. Music includes Verklärte Nacht, Die Glückliche Hand, and Fantasy for Violin and Piano.



Announcer Ken Haslam (L) and producer David Jaeger (standing) listen to Glenn Gould's ideas on Schoenberg.

he offered Schoenberg for the first time in *Duo*, a recital with Yehudi Menuhin broadcast in May 1966; the two performed and discussed the *Phantasy* for violin and piano. Later that year, Gould and Humphrey Burton discussed Schoenberg in one of four *Conversations with Glenn Gould*, a BBC-CBC co-production. Schoenberg and his pupils figured prominently in the four-part

film portrait of Gould that Bruno Monsiegeon made in 1974, for the French television series *Chemins de la musique*. And in 1974 and 1975, Gould played and discussed Schoenberg in his CBC television series *Music in Our Time*, one program of which included his only performance of music from *Pierrot lunaire*.

Gould was still writing about Schoenberg as late as 1978, when,

in one of his last articles, he reviewed H. H. Stuckenschmidt's *Schoenberg: His Life, World, and Work*. And Schoenberg continued to figure in plans he made in his forties but did not live to realize—plans that included major new essays as well as more recordings and films as a pianist. In his last months, while planning a new career as a conductor, he considered recording several works by Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht*, *Pelleas und Melisande*, the two Chamber Symphonies, and the chamber-orchestra arrangement of the “Lied der Waldtaube,” from *Gurrelieder*.

Schoenberg was crucially important not just to Gould's career but to his musical personality. His tastes and proclivities, his repertoire, his piano style, performance practices, and interpretations—all were fundamentally influenced by his absorption of Schoenberg's music and Schoenberg's aesthetic. There were composers, like Bach, whose music, statistically, he performed and recorded more often, but there was no musical figure—not even Bach—more essential to his musical thought or on whom he lavished more time and effort to champion.



Among Gould's most ambitious Schoenberg-related projects was a series of ten hour-long programs he prepared for the radio show *Music of Today*, as part of the CBC's four-month-long celebration of the centenary of the composer's birth. The series ran on consecutive Wednesday evenings from 11 September through 13 November 1974, and was followed, on 19 November, on *CBC Tuesday Night*, by the premiere of his latest “contrapuntal radio documentary”: *Schoenberg: The First Hundred Years—A Documentary Fantasy*. Each episode included a generous sampling of Schoenberg's music—the amount varied, but was always more than half of the allotted hour—and featured commentary in the form of scripted conversations between Gould and the CBC announcer Ken Haslam, supplemented, on occasion, by Gould's recorded interviews with various distinguished guests.

The Schoenberg series was produced by David Jaeger. A composer and performer—he is a founding member and past artistic director of the Canadian Electronic Ensemble—Jaeger went on to develop CBC radio's contemporary-music program *Two New Hours*, which first aired in 1978 and of which he is still the executive producer. Technical assistance for the Schoenberg series, in Toronto, was provided by various CBC employees at various points in the series: Frank Bertin, Edward Marshall, Larry Morey, Dan Murray, Tom Prentice, James Reid, and Derek Stubbs. Additional technical assistance, in New York, was provided by David Scrivens and Andrea Kolchinsky. The announcers for the series, who supplied the opening and closing credits, were George McLean (Parts 1, 2, and 5 through 10) and George Finstead (Parts 3 and 4).

Our source was a set of dubs of the original programs, which we are publishing in the form in which they were broadcast. (Gould and Haslam sometimes departed from their scripts, and Gould occasionally made cuts to the script where a program was running long.) As always with his scripts, he and his conversation-partner attempted to make the talk seem spontaneous, though there is never really any doubt that Haslam is speaking Gouldese. We tried to transcribe the dialogue as accurately and idiomatically

as possible, and noted the participants' frequent (and impromptu) laughter, though we did not feel compelled to include every “um” and “yeah” and “you know” with which the scripts were peppered during the recording process. We consulted Gould's original typescripts in order to clarify inaudible or confusing passages, and consulted some press clippings, promotional material, letters, lectures, essays, and other archival sources relevant to the Schoenberg series; all of this material resides among Gould's papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada. We also gratefully acknowledge input from David Jaeger.

Incidentally, Gould gave his series no title beyond the generic “Schoenberg Series,” and gave no titles to the individual programs in his typescripts; we made up program titles based on the announcer's credits and on some of the promotional material among Gould's papers. We have cut the announcer's opening and closing credits where they merely duplicate information provided above or within the scripts themselves. However, those credits—penned by Gould—are often amusing, with Gould sometimes gently ribbing his patient, long-suffering colleague and sparring-partner Ken Haslam. In the closing credits of Part 5, for instance, at the mention of the name of his “resident alter-ego,” Gould splices in a little Gregorian-chant-like motif of parallel fifths from Strauss's tone poem *Ein Heldenleben*, a motif Strauss used to parody pedantic critics.



Though we are publishing these scripts for the first time in English, all ten were published in French in 1998, in *La Série Schönberg*, translated by Caroline Guindon and edited by Ghyslaine Guertin (Paris: Christian Bourgois). Running to 223 pages, this book includes copious footnotes by Guertin and Stéphane Roy, and an introduction in which Guertin develops the interesting suggestion that the Schoenberg series was a kind of self-portrait. Gould as formalist, as contrapuntist, as Romantic, as “fin de siècle man,” as nonconformist, as autodidact, as Wagnerian, as transcriber—all, Guertin notes, are revealed through his treatment of these themes in Schoenberg's work. We recommend *La Série Schönberg* even to the reader who now has the original English scripts in hand: the book's footnotes and other scholarly apparatus flesh out Gould's texts in ways that are useful but beyond our own mandate and limits of space.

Incidentally, we chose not to publish a transcription of *Schoenberg: The First Hundred Years*. Though the documentary originally served as the culmination of the Schoenberg series, the two were separate productions and stand alone. More to the point, it is impossible to reproduce adequately in print the tapestry of words and music in Gouldian “contrapuntal radio.” A transcription would be counterproductive, as it would “flatten” Gould's evocative counterpoint, and, of course, would lose completely the seamless musical track, which offers crucial commentary, not merely background music. Besides, it is our understanding that CBC Records, which to date has released five of Gould's documentaries on CD, plans to release the final two—*Schoenberg: The First Hundred Years*, and *The Bourgeois Hero*, his portrait of Strauss—in the not-too-distant future.

—Editor



to Mr. Glenn Gould
Gertrud Schoenberg
June 1952

PLEASE RETURN
GLENN GOULD
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The Schoenberg Series Part 1 Gould's Favourite Schoenberg

ANNOUNCER: On *Music of Today* this week, we begin a series of ten programs devoted to the works of Arnold Schoenberg, and in honour of the one-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. Our host for this series-within-a-series is Glenn Gould, who'll be heard in conversation, about the life, times, and music of Arnold Schoenberg, with Ken Haslam.

KEN HASLAM: — who will be heard asking the inevitable question, Why Schoenberg?

GLENN GOULD: Surely you're not going to be a centennial party-pooper, sir?

K.H.: [laughing] No, certainly not, Glenn. I'm only too aware of the immense influence Schoenberg has had on twentieth-century music—on twentieth-century *art* altogether, indeed. But isn't it permissible to admit the extent of that influence—to concede him a secure place in history, if you will—without, at the same time,

denying the fact that—for me at least, and I think I represent a fair body of public opinion in this respect—Schoenberg is one of the *least* ingratiating composers of modern times.

G.G.: I think that's fair, and I think that's his dilemma, Ken.

K.H.: Oh, well, I don't just mean ingratiating, or rather *un*-ingratiating, vis-à-vis his more accessible contemporaries—

↑
Arnold Schoenberg. This photograph, found among Gould's papers after his death, was inscribed to him by Gertrud Schoenberg, the composer's widow, in June 1952. Gould had obviously contacted her, perhaps to express condolences upon Schoenberg's death the previous summer.



The sixteen-year-old Gould in duet with his beloved English setter Sir Nickolson of Garelochhead (Nicky), in a photograph that accompanied a profile in the *Toronto Evening Telegram*, on 5 February 1949. It was around just this time that Gould was first discovering twentieth-century music—including Schoenberg's.

G.G.: Hindemith?

K.H.: Hindemith, yeah—Bartók, and so on. Now, I personally find that a good deal of the music written subsequent to his death—some by his disciples and some not—is infinitely more ... *accessible*, at least to my eardrums.

G.G.: [after a pause] Are you waiting for me to disagree?

K.H.: Well, Glenn, I happen to know that you've recorded virtually every note that Schoenberg ever penned for the piano—the concerto, of course; all the solo-piano music, eh?

G.G.: Yeah, yeah ...

K.H.: Oh, and all the Lieder, I guess. And all the chamber music.

G.G.: No, not all. I've never recorded *Pierrot lunaire*.

K.H.: Well, *almost* all, at any rate. And surely this bespeaks advocacy of a kind?

G.G.: Well, I suppose. Certainly Schoenberg's music has meant a great deal to me, Ken. I first became attracted to it as a teenager, and his way of *dissecting* scores—that sounds rather a strange thing to say, but it was really the way of dissecting a score rather than the scores themselves initially that attracted me. The way he dissected his own scores in his essays, and other people's, was, particularly during my teens, a *tremendous* influence on my own notions of the ways in which musical analysis could be wedded to the interpretation of music. But, above all, a great deal of Schoenberg's work ranks, in my opinion, among music's most passionate and intense experiences.

K.H.: Well, now, *that's* where we part company, I'm afraid, Glenn.

G.G.: Mind you, some of it, especially the later music, I find rather austere and arid, even self-consciously concerned with technique—all of the things that Schoenberg's critics say it is, or said it was. But, on the other hand, I'd be hard-pressed to dredge up three works more vital and passionate and affecting than the three that I've snatched from the library for this program.

K.H.: Aha, so this is "Ye Olde Hoste: His Commande Programme," is it?

G.G.: It's the "How to Stop Worrying and Learn to Love Arnold Schoenberg Hour," yes. [They laugh.]

K.H.: That's interesting, because if the selection were in *my* hands—

G.G.: —the program would consist of *Transfigured Night*, and *Verklärte Nacht*, and *La Nuit transfigurée* ...

K.H.: Oh-oh-oh, I resent that, Mr. G.—come on! My appreciation of Herr Schoenberg's output may be limited, I agree, but it's not *entirely* confined to his—oh, whatever opus that was.

G.G.: Op. 4.

K.H.: Indeed, no. I'm also very fond of *Pelleas and Melisande*. What opus is that?

G.G.: Op. 5. And I feel that that displays the catholicity of your taste *qua* Schoenberg quite effectively, if I may say so, sir.

K.H.: [laughing] Well, in any event, may we have *your* nominations, sir, for the Schoenbergian Hit Parade?

G.G.: You certainly may. I've brought along three items, as I said, Ken: a song from the collection of Op. 6; a segment of the *Serenade*, Op. 24; and the *Chamber Symphony* No. 1.

K.H.: Well, I know you've planned a *Liederabend* [song evening] for next week's program, Glenn, so I assume that your selection from Op. 6 is—what?—a sampler of things to come?

G.G.: Yeah. I happen to think that Schoenberg's early development

Gould's sketch, dating from around March 1952, for a twelve-tone fugue. On the first staff is a fugue subject in which the twelve pitches of a tone row are set out as a melody, as in the opening of Schoenberg's Piano Concerto. In the middle of the page is what seems to be a preliminary plan for a fugal exposition, and at the bottom are notes on tone rows and their permutations. The opposite side of this page includes work on another set of pieces, this time tonal, entitled *3 Fugues on one Subject*. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

is best defined by his evolution as a song writer, Ken, so I thought we'd go into that more extensively next week. But, for openers, I've chosen my own favourite of all Schoenberg's early songs, and in some ways, both poetically and musically, the most typical of them, or at any rate the one most pregnant with omens of the future. It's a song that's knit together with a kind of relentless motivic concentration—

K.H.: Aha—which is, of course, Arnold Schoenberg's trademark, really, no matter the idiom.

G.G.: Yeah, that's true. But here, of course, we find it applied to a very sophisticated *tonal* language, a somewhat more intellectualized idiom, perhaps, than that of Strauss or Mahler, but really no less accessible.

K.H.: Yeah. And the poetic omens?

G.G.: —are all, I think, summed up in the title.

K.H.: Which is?

G.G.: "Verlassen."

K.H.: And that would translate—let's see—as ... "forsaken"?

G.G.: I think that's pretty close, yeah.

K.H.: Let's hear it.

MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Verlassen,"
from *Eight Songs*, Op. 6/No. 4.
Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Glenn Gould, piano
(1968 Columbia Masterworks recording).

K.H.: Well, Glenn, it's a lovely song, but it doesn't *really* speak to, as they say, the preliminary objections that most of us who are not Schoenberg devotees would be inclined to raise.

G.G.: No, it doesn't, because those objections of yours—and I'm not questioning their validity, mind you, Ken. I think Schoenberg's music does raise really thorny questions about musical perception and intelligibility, and I hope we can get to some of them later in the series. But, as I was saying, *most* of the objections relate to music that he wrote *after* his thirty-fifth birthday.

K.H.: Well, now, this song would have been written—what?—obviously around the turn of the century?

G.G.: In 1905, actually, yeah. [Editor's note: "Verlassen" was in fact completed in December 1903, though all eight songs of Op. 6 were not completed until October 1905.]

K.H.: And so Schoenberg would have been ... thirty?



The Schoenberg Heritage

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Program for a concert Gould organized and wrote program notes for, but did not perform in, at the Stratford Festival, given on 13 July 1962 and repeated on 15 July. (Stratford Festival Archives.)

G.G.: Thirty-one.

K.H.: Aha. So he was really very close to the end of his (forgive the term) "accessible period" at the time.

G.G.: [laughing] Otherwise known as his "tonal period"—yes, he was. Mind you, there are some chronological inconsistencies about the way in which tonality cropped up from time to time in his later years, and I hope we can get into some of *those* at a later date, too. But, by and large, the *consistent* use of tonality disappeared in his music three or four years after that song was written; it disappeared in 1908 or 1909—take your pick. It pretty much depends on how generous the ear is inclined to be, how many tonally motivated connections it's prepared to admit.

K.H.: And I gather that the disappearance set the stage, then, Glenn, for what became known as the twelve-tone technique?

THE SCHOENBERG HERITAGE

1 VERKLAERTE NACHT, op. 4 SCHÖNBERG

OSCAR HIRSHBY, BERUL EUGARMAN, violin;
STEPHEN KONDAK, EUGENE HUDSON, viola;
ISAAC MAMOTT, MALCOLM TAIT, cello

Verklärte Nacht was written in 1899 when its 25-year-old composer was still exhibiting his passionate enthusiasm with the Wagnerian vocal language, an enthusiasm which with a decade he would qualify and intellectualize. Though it is a work which exhibits a complete mastery of the inheritance of Wagnerian harmony, there are in it only a few indications that point to Schoenberg as more than just another gifted person, a symphonist—a certain lively quality of the lower voice passages, a particularly independent and self-enclosed horn line. The first verifiable evidence of the new things were going for Schoenberg would wait until the symphonic poem *Pelléas and Melisande* of 1902 and would not be finally confirmed until the epochal *Kammeroper* Opus 9 and the largest string quartet Opus 10. Schoenberg, at this period, was exhibiting an incredible extension of the productivity range of Wagnerian harmony, combining it with an intense music, unity which happens a conceptual discipline all his own in his generation. It was eventually the combination of these tendencies that caused Schoenberg to make the final break with key-oriented tonality and to aim at a language which exhibited a limitless expanse of pure dissonance.

Despite the fact that *Verklärte Nacht* was the last achievement of Schoenberg's important early years, it does, more than any, exhibit both the satisfaction and the danger inherent in a language too full of possibilities, a vocabulary which provided too many total alternatives, and although *Verklärte Nacht* achieves perfectly the balance of its central key of D minor, much of its revolutionary design hinges on the constant ambiguity of the dominant, Wagnerian, *plendour*.

According to *Verklärte Nacht* in its first reading was a rather simply romantic poem by Richard Dehmel which dealt in typical turn-of-the-century manner with a lady who was, as they say, up the creek, but who was redeemed by the "transforming love" of the gentleman whom she had betrayed. At the conclusion of the poem, as at any time at the conclusion of the series, they wander off into the moonlight with the firm intention of "getting married" in D Major. The transformation of words and music, of literary ideas and musical architecture was an absorbing study for Schoenberg's generation, sponsored as it was by the implications of Wagner's total-art direction, but it had various organic implications as well. Indeed, in highlighting the possibility of total dissonance which spread before the composer of that day that for music mankind was created to supply a remedy of unity to the design by an adherence to the approach of a musical reference. Thus we find Richard Strauss attempting to replace the philosophic need of Nietzsche by writing *Four Episodes Zarathustra*, and we find Thomas Mann attempting to apply the substance of a *Summa-Algebra* to his novelistic *Doctor Faustus*. *Verklärte Nacht*, however, stands as an unrepentant identification in pure reality and unity to its architecture. It remains instantly after 60 years still the most popular of Schoenberg's works.

II FIVE PIECES, op. 5 for String Quartet WAGNER

DAVID ZAFER, BERUL EUGARMAN, violin;
EUGENE HUDSON, viola; MALCOLM TAIT, cello
Conducted by VICTOR DI BELLO

These five short pieces were written in 1900 and they show Webern following the lead of his teacher, Schoenberg, into the land of "atonality." It is, of course, difficult for us to put ourselves in the position of 1900, or even those strange little pieces with the axes of the public of that day, for whom they lacked any sort of coherent form. To us, granted the premises of Schoenberg, they were a logical extension of our particular aspect of those premises. The two tones required very different methods in dealing with the voluminous resources of dissonance. Schoenberg, in his first few years of atonal position, continued to employ a vast canvas, a large symphonic fabric, while Webern, almost from the outset, had the approach of a miniature, of a man for whom the resources of atonality automatically required the response of romantic architecture. Thus, in later years, it was Schoenberg who would attempt to weld together classical forms and serial technique, while Webern would evolve a fragmentary "pointillistic" style which sought its own forms and balances.

The music matter in Opus 5 is like a combination of the starting methods of early Schoenberg. Webern, at first glance, seems almost to be riding an expensive crest and to know little of conventional development. The developmental manner of this music, however, while devoid of the profane beauty—the obligatory recapitulation, for instance—hinges rather on the basis of a perpetual evolution of material. It is a language of gentle suggestion, of subtle hints of an intricate series of consciousness.

LUKAS FOSS: TIME CYCLE

Luken Four Time Cycle was commissioned for Adèle Addition by the First Foundation's Homophony and Arts Program. The work marks a departure from the composer's earlier music, mainly because of the absence of the neo-classic or neo-romantic. The vocal setting is "Luken" rather than "Amen." *First Song of Songs*, for instance, would be termed a series of songs. Furthermore, tonality is clearly defined only in some places, usually destroyed in others. Finally, form and content, organization and substance can no longer be distinguished one from the other. They have become inseparable. Each song develops in own serial device (of which the twelve-tone row is the least frequently used).

The four songs are not tied to each other by either motive or tone. Only a short, a single word—*CHANCE*, which undergoes various alterations—serves as a unifying element. Though there is no overall musical motion, there is a literary one: the "time motion." Each poem refers to time, clocks, or bells. The relationship between music and words in the individual song goes beyond word painting. The idea and structure of the poem is mirrored in the idea and structure of the music. Text and music are below comparison. The four two poems are English, the last two German. Each song is sung in the original language.

SONG 1: *We're Lost* W. H. Auden

Copyright 1945 W. H. Auden, by permission of Random House, Inc.

Chords cannot tell our time of day
For what event to pass
Because we have no time, because
We have no time left
We know what time we fill,
Why time is other than time was:
Not our own question easily
The answer in the clock's eye:
Only the living art which knows
May hear the Roman hour's voice:
The dead say only how
What happens in the living when we die?
Death is not undervalued by death; nor you, nor I.

SONG 2: *When the Bells Jangle* A. E. Housman

Copyright 1907-18 Laurence Housman, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

When the bells jangle in the tower
The bellows might send
Then on my tongue the taste is new
Of all I ever did.

SONG 3: *From Franz Kafka's Diaries* (Translation by the composer)

Copyright 1940-45 by Schoenberg Books, Inc.

January 16. This last work was like a total breakdown—Impossible to sleep, impossible to wake, impossible to hear life, or more accurately, to hear the continuity of life. The clocks do not work; the house one hears in a dream, or dream, or at any rate in human nature; the same one goes looking at its usual pace. What else can happen than that the two different worlds separate, and they separate, or at least tear at one another in a terrible manner. The attitude, based upon one to the ground, sought by me to some extent. But what else is this than being found? In taking an insupportable course toward the extreme limit. What will it lead? It may (this seems most plausible) lead toward madness. Nothing further can be said about this, the stage goes through me and leaves me apart—But then again I say, I may, be it only in the millionth degree, hold myself up, for the chosen "other" one. Then where does this bring me? "Chaos" is but an image—may be my answer, undoubted against the last frontier.

G.G.: Oh, no, no, it didn't at all, Ken—at least, not directly. The twelve-tone system wasn't officially launched until 1923, and the period between 1908 and 1923, the early years of which witnessed some of Schoenberg's most influential works—*Pierrot lunaire*, for instance, the Op. 16 orchestral pieces—and the later years of which witnessed almost no work at all, employs what was originally described derogatorily by his critics as an "atonal" idiom.

K.H.: Oh, much as "impressionism" was originally employed as a term of disparagement, I think.

G.G.: Yes, exactly.

K.H.: Well, so the terms "atonal" and "twelve-tone" are not interchangeable, as applied to Schoenberg's music?

G.G.: No, no, no, not at all, and I'm glad you raised the point, Ken, because sixty-odd years after the fact one still encounters the terms used interchangeably, and hence improperly—mainly in the press, I'm bound to say, and often in relation to performances of relatively new music, moreover.

K.H.: Well, now, let me venture what may seem a rather naïve question, Glenn: If an atonal work is not necessarily a twelve-

tone work, is a twelve-tone work inevitably atonal?

G.G.: Inevitably, no; usually, yes. Schoenberg and his pupil Alban Berg, in particular, both managed to concoct tone rows in which interval sequences were sufficiently triadic as to encourage tonal perceptions.

K.H.: Would the Berg Violin Concerto qualify?

G.G.: Oh, it certainly would. It's the very best example of that process, as a matter of fact, Ken. And that process is very probably accountable for the fact that, as you know, Berg's Violin Concerto is one of the two or three—what would you call them?—genuine repertoire pieces, I guess—

K.H.: Warhorses.

G.G.:—which happen to utilize twelve-tone techniques.

K.H.: Yeah, well, it's certainly one of the very few that's ever caught my fancy.

G.G.: Yeah, well, I can understand that, Ken. But since the subject at the moment is not Alban Berg, nor even tone rows, may I sug-

gest, as a point of order, that we return to Schoenberg's Greatest Hits, so that I can try out on you a piece written at the very end of the so-called "atonal" years.

K.H.: —and which employs the new twelve-tone methodology?

G.G.: Well, you know, Ken, since Schoenberg wanted to have his works loved for themselves, and *not* for their methodology, I'd like to pass on that question, if you'll allow me to.

K.H.: Very well. I'll consider my knuckles rapped. Shouldn't we be given at least a cursory briefing?

G.G.: Well, it's a work for violin, viola, cello, clarinet, bass clarinet, guitar, mandolin, and, in one movement, bass voice. It's called *Serenade*. It's Schoenberg's Op. 24. His official debut as a twelve-tone composer on a first-note-to-last basis was Op. 25, if that helps answer your question.

K.H.: Aha. It does.

G.G.: And we've time for five of its seven movements: *March, Variations, Sonnet, Lied, and Finale*. And I think it makes for the most delicious divertimento this side of the "Haffner" *Serenade* [of Mozart].

**MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Serenade*, Op. 24:
March, Variations, Sonnet, Lied, and Finale.
Chamber ensemble conducted by Bruno Maderna.**

G.G.: Isn't that gorgeous?

K.H.: Well, I'll have to concede that it does offer some attractive sonorities, Glenn.

G.G.: Don't go head-over-heels on me, Ken! [They laugh.] To say that the *Serenade* has attractive sonorities is like saying that *The Well-Tempered Clavier* has an impressive variety of key signatures. [They laugh.]

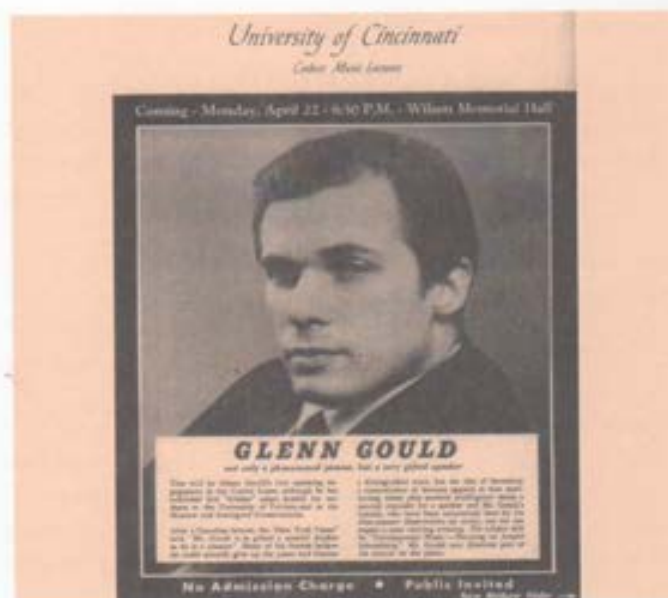
K.H.: No, no, I can sense the appeal of a work like that, Glenn, really. Matter of fact, I'd like to hear it again.

G.G.: Well, there was a time, in my misguided youth, when I listened to it practically every day. As a matter of fact, it was dangerously addictive. I simply *had* to hear it at least two or three times a week, just to clean out the sinuses, you know.

K.H.: Well, Glenn, I'm sure it fulfilled its medicinal function admirably. [They laugh.] OK, what about Choice 3?

G.G.: Choice 3 is the *First Chamber Symphony*, and it was written in 1906.

K.H.: Well, now, I can't resist the observation, Mr. G., that two of your three choices come from the first decade of



Advertisement for the 1963 lecture published the following year, by the University of Cincinnati, as the monograph *Arnold Schoenberg: A Perspective*. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

the century, and none from the last twenty-five years of Schoenberg's life.

G.G.: Well, there's no value judgement implied, Ken. It's just that as a *fin de siècle* character myself I happen to have a sweet tooth for *fin de siècle* situations. I've always been attracted to states of transition and musical brinkmanship, if you like, whether these states define an era or simply a moment in the creative life of a particular artist.

K.H.: [They laugh.] Oh, well ...! You've already indicated that the *Serenade*, which we've just heard—what?—straddled the end of Schoenberg's atonal phase and the onset of his twelve-tone period.

G.G.: Right, and *this* piece, Op. 9, although at times triumphantly tonal—its fundamental key is E major—explores such essentially atonal phenomena as fourth chords, for example, but in a framework which compels them to accept the gravitational pull of tonality.

K.H.: So that, as you said, Glenn, it's really this meeting—or *mating*—of opposites that attracts you to the Chamber Symphony.

G.G.: That, and the fact that it has some good tunes, too. 🎵

**MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Chamber Symphony No. 1*, Op. 9.
Members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic,
conducted by Zubin Mehta.**



The Schoenberg Series

Part 2

Liederabend

MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Waldsonne," from Four Songs, Op. 2/No. 4. Ellen Faull, soprano; Glenn Gould, piano (1964 Columbia Masterworks recording). The music continues in the background as the conversation begins ...

KEN HASLAM: —and an excerpt which I would never in a million years have attributed to Schoenberg, Glenn.

GLENN GOULD: I'm not surprised.

K.H.: Well, I mean, I'm very fond of *Verklärte Nacht*, as you know—

G.G.: As are we all.

K.H.: Yeah, of course. But one could already sense in *it*, I think,

something of the tension that, to those of us who are not converts to the faith, seems to be present to some degree in *all* of Schoenberg's work—or so I've thought 'til now. But this is just a lovely, relaxed, uncomplicated—

G.G.: Undemanding?

K.H.: Exactly. An undemanding bit of lyricism.

G.G.: And with no apparent idiomatic axe to grind, eh?

↑
In this amusing photograph, from around 1895, a twenty-ish Arnold Schoenberg plays the cello in the Fröhliches Quintet [merry quintet], in Vienna. The mustachioed violinist (second from left) is the great Fritz Kreisler. (© Arnold Schönberg Center, Vienna.)

NEW MUSIC ASSOCIATES
present
A Schoenberg Memorial Concert
at the Royal Conservatory
Oct., Oct. 4, 1952.

Program

1 - Arnold Schoenberg, A Commentary Part I: To 1908.

2 - Six Songs, Opus 3, 5, 6 (1896-1905):

Erwartung	(Expectation)	Deland
Waldsonne	(Forest Sun)	Seidel
Traumboden	(Life's Dream)	Hart
Die Aufgewegten	(The Excited ones)	Keller
Verlassen	(Forsaken)	Coopers
Voll Jener Stille	(Full Jener Stille is from Six Orchestral Songs, Opus 6, with a piano reduction by Aaron V. Kobern.)	Peterson

Elizabeth Benson Gay, soprano; Glenn Gould accompanist.

3 - Three Piano Pieces, Opus 11 (1908 - Revised 1942):

Moderato
Very slow
Con moto

Glenn Gould, pianist.

INTERMISSION

4 - Arnold Schoenberg, A Commentary, Part II: From 1908

5 - Suite for piano, Opus 25 (1909):

Prelude
Gevatte and Hummel
Intermezzo
Muset and Trio
Gigue

Glenn Gould, pianist.

6 - Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte, Opus 41 (1942)

A musical setting of a poem by Lord Byron

Victor Feldbrill, conductor; Barbara Franklin, reciter;
Glenn Gould, piano; Harry Eisenstein and Harry Bergart,
violins; Ross Lechow, viola; Donald Whitton, cello.

The commentary was written by Glenn Gould and read by Frank Herbert.

Program for the "Schoenberg Memorial Concert," given on 4 October 1952 in the concert hall of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto—the first event of Gould and Robert Fulford's company New Music Associates. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

K.H.: [laughing] Precisely. What's it called, by the way?

G.G.: It's called "Waldsonne."

K.H.: "Waldsonne"—which would translate as "woodland sun," something like that?

G.G.: Yeah.

K.H.: Well, as a matter of fact, I'm a little surprised that I've never run into it in concert programs before.

G.G.: Oh, I'd be very surprised if you *had*, Ken. One of life's minor mysteries, in my opinion, is the almost total neglect of Arnold Schoenberg's early songs. There are approximately three dozen of them, written during what you rather uncharitably dubbed last week, if I recall correctly, sir, the "accessible period."

K.H.: [laughing] A modest début as a musicologist, Mr. G.

G.G.: I'll try not to hold it against you, Ken. [They laugh.] Anyway, there are about three dozen songs written between 1898 and 1908, and that's not counting the fifteen songs that go to make up his great cycle *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*.

K.H.: And they're all in the style of the present opus?

MUSIC: "Waldsonne"
comes to an end in the background.

G.G.: Well, the song cycle, *The Hanging Gardens*, certainly isn't, and there's one posthumously discovered Lied, written to a text by Rilke, in which we find Schoenberg quite firmly settled in his atonal style. But, those exceptions aside, the remaining songs partake, I think, of the post-Wagnerian vocabulary just as the Strauss songs do, or, with folkish modifications, those of Mahler, perhaps.

K.H.: Well, could the explanation for their neglect simply be that Schoenberg's name automatically conveys an impression of anarchy and scares off prospective interpreters?

G.G.: Yeah, I've often felt that could be the answer, Ken. The only flaw in the theory is that Alban Berg's early songs—which are far fewer in number, as you know, and, with all due respect to Berg, much less imaginatively constructed, in my opinion—get a great deal of airplay, relatively speaking, and platform exposure.

K.H.: Yes, that's true. I've certainly encountered Berg's Seven—what are they called?

G.G.: Oh, the Seven Early Songs.

K.H.: Yeah. Well, *they're* practically staples in the repertoire, aren't they?

G.G.: Yeah, indeed they are. So I think that maybe we have to look elsewhere for clues.

K.H.: Well, before we do, Glenn, perhaps you'd like to provide us a clue as to the vocalist in "Waldsonne."

G.G.: Oh, it was Ellen Faull.

K.H.: And her accompanist?

G.G.: Er, a local chap whose name escapes me at the moment.

K.H.: I see. Well, could we sample one or two more of these early delights?

G.G.: OK. How about "Hochzeitslied" [wedding song], from Op. 3, which is virtually a throwback to Schumann, and "Traumboden"

Glenn Gould
Stimme bewegt. Schoenberg Waldsonne, op. 2

en die er - neu ren seten nach - te pflichtet er
 pp
 Licht he - ren grün - zel - den ein
 p
 sehen ist. Blau - we beuten auf Grund
 pp
 Grä - sen und die wei - ßen - den - sprie - ßen Wald - was son - nen

The first page of Gould's handwritten copy of the song "Waldsonne"—one of six songs from Schoenberg's Opp. 2, 3, 6, and 8 that he copied out, for unknown reasons. The copies are not dated; the handwriting suggests perhaps the early 1950s. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

[dream life], from Op. 6, which is perhaps a bit more ambivalent harmonically.

K.H.: And the singer this time?

G.G.: Helen Vanni.

K.H.: With the same local chap at the keyboard, I dare say?

G.G.: Until further notice.

MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Hochzeitslied,"
from Six Songs, Op. 3/No. 4,
and "Traumleben," from Eight Songs, Op. 6/No. 1.
Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Glenn Gould, piano
(1964-65 and 1968 Columbia Masterworks recordings).

K.H.: Well, they certainly are accessible songs, Glenn, no doubt of that. But you were going to furnish a theory as to why they remained in limbo, repertoire-wise.

G.G.: Yeah, the theory ... Well, I think there are two possible explanations, Ken. One is that, by and large—though you'd never know it from the examples we've just heard—Schoenberg treats the piano in a much more intricate and involved manner than was customary at the time. Strauss, for instance, who certainly wrote very sympathetically for the keyboard, nevertheless kept the accompanist in his place, so to speak, in a supportive and basically deferential role, which automatically, of course, flatters the voice. Schoenberg, on the other hand, with a very few exceptions—of which "Hochzeitslied" is certainly one—makes the piano a full partner, really, gives it full rein contrapuntally. There's one magnificent song, which I guess we don't have time to play, called *Alles* [everything], in Op. 6, which appears to be conceived, and almost exclusively carried through, as a three-part invention, as in Bach—the vocalist supporting a middle line throughout and very rarely given any kind of octave doubling or such-like from the piano, anything that would tend to glamorize the curve of the vocal line. But the other theory that I think is worth trying on, about why these songs are neglected, is that, unlike the Strauss Lieder, for example, which maintain a fairly consistent idiomatic profile throughout a comparable time frame—

K.H.: You mean like the first decade of the century?

G.G.: Right. Unlike the Strauss Lieder, the Schoenberg songs are very fluid in terms of their approach to harmony. They're idiomatically mobile—

K.H.: Well, now, this was the point that you raised last week, Glenn—that you felt his songs depicted Schoenberg's development more clearly than any other facet of his early output.

G.G.: Yeah, I do believe that, Ken. I think you can trace

Schoenberg's early evolution through his songs, much as you can Beethoven's through his piano sonatas, or Haydn's through his string quartets, maybe. First of all, statistically, five and a half of Schoenberg's first ten published *opera*—I'll never get over feeling diffident about pluralizing "opus."

K.H.: [laughing] Back to driving Bentleys, Mr. G.!

G.G.: [laughing] Well, at least you haven't *grilled* me for the reason.

K.H.: I wouldn't touch that with a five-foot roasting spit.

G.G.: Shall we call a truce?

K.H.: Oh, very well. [They laugh.] No, but I'm curious, Glenn, about your nose-count of *opera*: "five and a half"?

G.G.: Yeah, because in addition to the more conventional Lieder collections, Op. 10, alias the Second String Quartet, finishes off with two movements in which the instruments are joined by a soprano.

K.H.: Oh, right. Isn't that the much-quoted lyric by Stefan George, which is assumed to relate metaphorically to Schoenberg's state of mind at the time?

G.G.: Exactly: "I feel the breath—"

G.G. and K.H.: "—of other planets blowing."

G.G.: Right, right, I think that's the usual translation. And it's a particularly prophetic one, because it happens to coincide with Schoenberg's first flight outside the tonal orbit.

K.H.: Ah, yes.

G.G.: But, you know, Ken, I should really amend the comparison with Beethoven's sonatas and Haydn's quartets, I think, because both Beethoven and Haydn wrote in those forms, or for those media, pretty well throughout their careers, but Schoenberg discontinued his Lieder activities almost as soon as he settled into his atonal phase around 1910.

K.H.: Oh! There are no Lieder after that?

G.G.: No, there are a few. There's one rather undistinguished set of three written in 1933 [Op. 48], but otherwise he used the voice for other purposes subsequently: for *Sprechstimme*—"speech-song"—in *Pierrot lunaire*—

K.H.: That's where you have relative as opposed to finite pitches, isn't it, Glenn?

G.G.: Yeah, right. And of course he used it [i.e., the voice] for purposes of narration in *Survivor of Warsaw* and *Kol nidre*; for choruses, sacred and secular; for orchestral Lieder, in the case

of Op. 22; and, as we heard last week, in the bass solo which constitutes the fourth movement of the Serenade, as occasional contributor to basically *non-vocal* works.

K.H.: Right. Well, now, before we look ahead, may I request that we look back for a moment, Glenn, now? We've already talked our way through samples of opus numbers 2, 3, and 6, but I'd rather like to be the first on my block to have sampled Schoenberg's Op. 1.

G.G.: There must be some formidable musical Joneses on that block of yours, sir, but we're cued and ready. *[They laugh.]*

K.H.: And who's the artist on *this* occasion?

G.G.: Donald Gramm, on this occasion.

K.H.: Same local chap presiding at the keyboard, I assume.

G.G.: Just try to get rid of him.

MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Dank," from Two Songs, Op. 1/No. 1. Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Glenn Gould, piano (1965 Columbia Masterworks recording).

K.H.: Well, that Op. 1/No. 1 seems almost Brahmsian to me.

G.G.: You should hear Op. 1/No. 2!

K.H.: Well, why didn't we?

G.G.: Because it's ten minutes long and rather boring, actually. The piano is assigned some of the chintziest tremolandos this side of Charles Alkan, I'm afraid. *[They laugh.]*

K.H.: Well, you've already implied that Schoenberg's accompaniments are notable for their contrapuntal independence, Glenn, and having heard examples from *opera* 2, 3, and 6 I can sense some—well, a greater refinement of texture, perhaps, in those later examples. But surely that credit alone won't suffice to support your theory about the way in which Schoenberg's songs represent in miniature his expanding tonal universe.

G.G.: No. What was happening to Schoenberg during that decade, I think, was that in a series of two string quartets and a sextet—

K.H.: *Verklärte Nacht*.

G.G.: Right—plus two chamber symphonies and a symphonic poem—

K.H.: *Pelleas and Melisande*.

G.G.: Right—and in the ongoing *Gurrelieder*, which occupied him

intermittently throughout the decade. Each work, with the possible exception of *Gurrelieder*, was set up to solve different problems of form than those with which its predecessors had to deal, I think. And the problems were inevitably resolved through solutions of an essentially harmonic nature. As I said last week when we were talking about the First Chamber Symphony and the relation of fourth chords to triads in that work, it's not just an harmonic phenomenon, it's also a means of formal delineation. In the Second Chamber Symphony, which he finished about thirty years later—

K.H.: In the style of the early period, Glenn?

G.G.: Yeah, but with some interesting modifications—I hope that we'll get to it later in the series, actually. But in that work, in the Second Chamber Symphony, Schoenberg simply bypassed the kind of harmonic connectives that would have been *de rigueur* for a piece like *Verklärte Nacht* or *Pelleas and Melisande*.

K.H.: In other words, you're saying that familiarity breeds polytonality? *[They laugh.]*

G.G.: I am *not* saying that for a moment, sir! But anyway, maybe it does, but not for Schoenberg. No, I'm talking about an assumption that, in a way, is peculiarly Germanic, and which was by no means unique to Schoenberg but which grew apace with Schoenberg's evolution—the assumption (now how do I put this ...?) that tonal centres do not inevitably require the reinforcement of all available harmonic factors in order to make themselves psychologically understood. Have I made myself understood on that one?

K.H.: Wow!

G.G.: —that they can relate to factors psychologically present but not physically demonstrable.

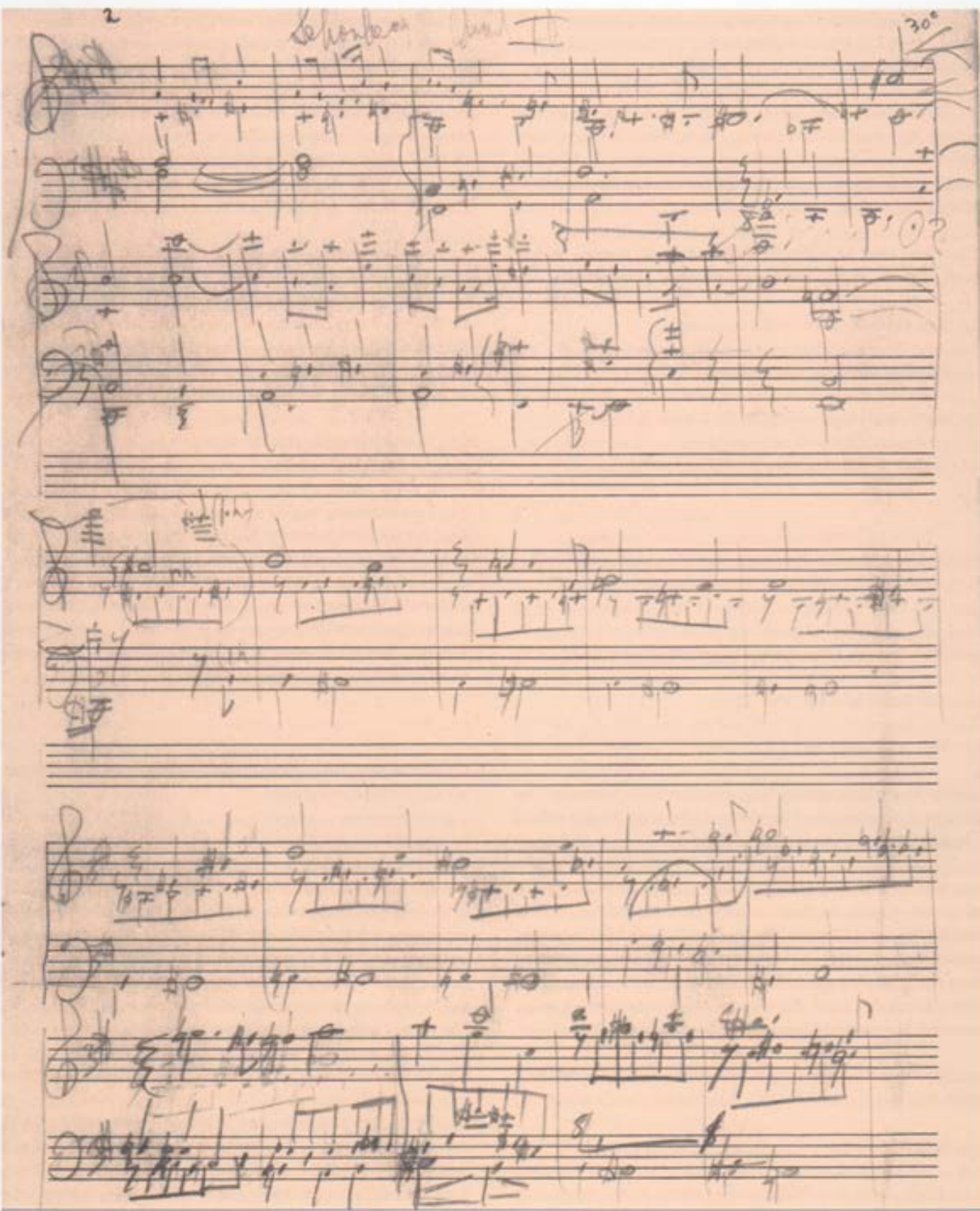
K.H.: Good heavens, Glenn!

G.G.: If you want it technically—*[laughing]* which you probably don't, but I'll give it to you anyway—it has to do with one of the staple notions of nineteenth-century German musicology, really: the so-called "absent root" theory of the analyst Simon Sechter—and a theory that had a great influence on Schoenberg and that plays a very important and prominent part in his book *The Theory of Harmony*, actually.

K.H.: Well, would this be related to the "Tristan chord" theory?

K.H.: Yeah, sure it would. And it played an important role in the life of figures less technically adroit than Wagner and Schoenberg—Bruckner, for instance, as well. In fact, it strikes a kind of Freudian musical pose, really. The missing factors—the operative substrata, you might call it—has to be weighed into the bargain at all times.

K.H.: Gee, I should think that theory would be *anathema* to many composers.



The first page of Schoenberg's String Quartet No. 2 in F-sharp Minor, Op. 10, from an unfinished, handwritten short score (i.e., reduction to two staves) that Gould began perhaps around 1953, the year he began composing his own String Quartet, on which Op. 10 was an acknowledged influence. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

G.G.: Oh, it has been—to Hindemith and Stravinsky, for instance, both of whom were determined to assert the primacy of visible or audible entities. But you see, Ken, I think that when we head toward the end of this really fabulous decade and ask ourselves what made Arnold Schoenberg run, especially at that moment when he steps over the proper bounds of triad-centred harmony as it had been practiced for three centuries, we have to reckon with this theory as the only really satisfactory harmonic explanation for many of his seemingly ambivalent chord progressions. And I think that, as he progressed as a song writer, he was able to test its ramifications without a great expenditure of time and effort per work—per experiment, as it were—simply because songs are short.

K.H.: Well, does this sort of ambiguous musical climate parallel the texts chosen, Glenn?

G.G.: Er, that's a difficult question, Ken. I'm not sufficiently up on turn-of-the-century German poetry to really answer it definitively, but on the whole I think I'd have to say yes. Certainly the Stefan George songs—

K.H.: The *Hanging Gardens* cycle.

G.G.: Right—are as nebulous in the imagery employed as in the harmony that supports them. On the other hand, I'd have to say that songs like "Hochzeitslied" or "Traumleben," which we heard earlier, are—well, let's face it, they're rather treacly love songs.

K.H.: Yeah, in a sense.

G.G.: There are, however, I must say, even within that genre, a number of love songs with a rather quirky metaphoric twist—the metaphor usually relating human sexuality to a spider-fly type of scale.

K.H.: Good heavens, Glenn!

G.G.: Yeah, really. For example, "Die Aufgeregten" [the upset], of Op. 3, or "Lockung," [of] Op. 6. There are also, I must tell you, a good many songs in the best Rod McKuen tradition of "Hochzeitslied." [They laugh.] Absolutely! Songs like "Freihold," of Op. 3, or "Verlassen," of Op. 6, which we heard last week, all of which are poetically in the "These Boots Are



↑
Gould and the mezzo-soprano Helen Vanni recording Schoenberg's song cycle *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*, Op. 15, at Columbia Records' 30th Street Studio in New York, June 1965. (Photograph by Don Hunstein.)

Made for Walking" or "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" style. [They laugh.]

K.H.: Listen, I'm getting curious, Glenn. How about some musical for-instances?

G.G.: OK. Here comes "Lockung."

K.H.: And that would translate as—oh, dear—"seduction," I suppose.

G.G.: Yeah, I think that's pretty close. In any case, it *is* one of those spider-and-fly, won't-you-walk-into-my-web type of love songs. But a very sophisticated bit of chromatic writing, all the same. And then I want to play you one of Schoenberg's *really* great inspirations: "Der Wanderer" [the wanderer], to a poem of Nietzsche, which brings forth an ecstatic, long-limbed vocal line and then supports it by a harmony that alternates between a sort of *Knaben Wunderhorn*-like simplicity and a *real* ambiguity of tonal emphasis, and altogether reminds us where Arnold Schoenberg was really heading musically.



MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Lockung" and "Der Wanderer," from Eight Songs, Op. 6/Nos. 7 and 8. Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Glenn Gould, piano (1968 Columbia Masterworks recordings).

K.H.: Well, that ends a bit indecisively, doesn't it, Glenn?

G.G.: You mean because the final note avoids the tonic?

K.H.: I don't know. Is *that* what I mean?

G.G.: Well, that's what it *does*. [They laugh.] And you're right: it is curiously inconclusive. As a matter of fact, it has a little something in common with Strauss's [tone poem] *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, which ends, as you'll recall—

K.H.: —very peculiarly.

G.G.: Indeed. It ends on a seemingly fulfilled B-major chord—that is, *Zarathustra* does—challenged by a low C which quite deliberately sets out to disorient the listener, to prevent him from settling down contentedly for the duration, you might say. And speaking of not settling down, this is of course what "the breath of other planets" prevented Schoenberg from doing in Op. 10.

K.H.: I think I just felt a splice going through!

G.G.: You noticed, eh? Well, a glance at the clock and at a distraught producer recommended Op. 10 to me post-haste.

K.H.: [laughing] I'd be the last one to abort a space mission, Glenn! All right, we're going to hear ...?

G.G.: We're going to hear the rather famous last movement of the Second String Quartet, in which, on this disc, the LaSalle Quartet is joined by soprano Margaret Price.

MUSIC: Schoenberg, String Quartet No. 2 in F-sharp Minor, Op. 10/IV, "Entrückung" [ecstasy], *Sehr langsam*.

G.G.: Strange, gorgeous, mixed-up piece.

K.H.: [laughing] That it is. But way back someplace, Glenn, you did a nose-count of Schoenberg's Lieder and you tallied five and a half [opus numbers]. Now, we've heard excerpts from Op. 1, Op. 2, Op. 3, Op. 6, and the quartet just now, of course. So that's four and a half, counting the quartet as fifty percent vocal content.

G.G.: You're a credit to the CRTC [Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission], sir.

K.H.: [laughing] So you were counting the *Gurrelieder* in order to—

G.G.: Oh, no—no, I wasn't. First of all, the *Gurrelieder* doesn't have an opus number; if it did, I suppose, it *would* qualify. But I was counting the orchestral songs of Op. 8.

K.H.: Oh, of course, yeah, forgot about them.

G.G.: Everybody does, somehow or other, which is kind of tragic, because they're a magnificent set.

K.H.: There are—what?—six of them, eh?

G.G.: Six, right.

K.H.: And what are we going to hear?

G.G.: Well, we're going to hear Nos. 1, 3, and 6, in that order: "Natur"—nature; "Sehnsucht"—what do you call that? "Longing," I think, or something like that?

K.H.: "Longing," yeah.

G.G.: And "Wenn Vöglein klagen," which I think translates as "The Elegy of Little Birds," or something like that.

K.H.: Yeah, something like that.

G.G.: "Natur" has a text by Heinrich Hart, "Sehnsucht" is from the *Knaben Wunderhorn* poems, and "Wenn Vöglein klagen" raids Petrarch for a text. They're all sung by Irene Jordan, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Robert Craft. 🎵

MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Natur," "Sehnsucht," and "Wenn Vöglein klagen," from Six Orchestral Songs, Op. 8/Nos. 1, 3, and 6.



The Schoenberg Series

Part 3

The Inventor

MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Six Little Piano Pieces*, Op. 19/No. 4, *Rasch, aber leicht*. Glenn Gould, piano (1964-65 Columbia Masterworks recording).

KEN HASLAM: Six little piano pieces indeed. That thing must have run all of fifteen seconds!

GLENN GOULD: Eighteen, in fact—and was finished—would you believe it?—in the same year as *Gurrelieder*: 1911.

K.H.: You're not threatening to compare them?

G.G.: Only in the sense that the miniatures would have been unthinkable without the experience of *Gurrelieder*, of Mahler's Ninth [Symphony], of all the symbols of gigantism which preceded them.

K.H.: Uh-huh. So we're up against the Zeitgeist this time out, are we?

G.G.: I'm afraid so. And it's not a confrontation I anticipate with pleasure.

K.H.: Well, indeed, I recall any number of dazed and amazed articles and jacket notes in which you've spurned and spoofed the whole idea of an era as reflected in its art.

G.G.: And now here I am reminding you that *Gurrelieder* was finished in 1911 and the Titanic in 1912. [They laugh.] A most unenviable position, may I say!

↑
Arnold Schoenberg with his children Gertrud and Georg, in Berlin, in 1912, the year he composed *Pierrot lunaire*. (© Arnold Schönberg Center, Vienna.)

K.H.: Well, how did Schoenberg view the matter?

G.G.: Rather ambivalently, I believe. After all, Schoenberg was a German—

K.H.: How about “a Viennese”?

G.G.: Same difference. And he had this *thing* about “invention equals progress” for at least the first half of his creative life. Later on, as you know, he made all sorts of conciliatory and anti-*zeitgeistlich* comments to the effect that much good music remained to be written in the key of C major—and indeed, without accepting C major as a stand-in for tonality per se, wrote some of it himself. But however uncomfortable I am with that equation is immaterial. I don’t think it’s possible to ignore Schoenberg’s middle-period outlook and output—and, as you’ve quite rightly inferred, its relations with the *Zeitgeist*.

K.H.: Well, you’ve given this program the “Schoenberg the Inventor” subtitle, so I assume that each of the inclusions had patents pending once upon a time.

G.G.: Quite so. Even that opener, silly as it sounds, set the tone and temper for the works of Anton Webern.

K.H.: But, surely, the miniature was an anachronistic gesture, a reaction rather than a positive step forward.

G.G.: I think that’s true, certainly as far as Schoenberg was concerned. I think that Schoenberg was a symphonist *manqué* and that he simply was not cut out to be a miniaturist.

K.H.: But you suggest, then, that Webern, for instance, *was*—was a miniaturist and not simply a composer who couldn’t manage larger forms.

G.G.: Well, I’m not sure it’s all that important whether Webern could or could not manage larger and/or older forms. To be sure, the evidence of his early, student, tonal works would not lead one to a sanguine verdict in that regard, but what I think is important is that Webern, whatever limitations there are on his own creative gift, was able, by denying the intrusion of large-scale forms, to focus on other parameters—on a whole other set of problems, in effect.

K.H.: Well, I’ve always associated Webern with spare, or I guess some would say “refined,” textures. Is that the sort of thing you have in mind?

G.G.: Absolutely. Considerations of timbre, forms in which dynamic indications assumed a predominantly architectural role, as opposed to the role of rhythmic correlative, which was largely their fate in post-Romantic music, and, of course, most particularly, the intrusion, if that’s the word, of silence as an organic element. All of these parameters make up what one thinks of as the Webern legacy and, for all of them, Webern owes a substantial debt to the Schoenberg of Op. 19. Now, sir, can I persuade you to listen to it again?

K.H.: All six of them?

G.G.: A mere five minutes, sir.

K.H.: Why not, then!

MUSIC: Schoenberg, Six Little Piano Pieces, Op. 19 (complete). Glenn Gould, piano (1964-65 Columbia Masterworks recording).

G.G.: You know, Ken, as I said before, I feel defensive about this program, in a way, because three of the four works on it—the exception being Op. 25—

K.H.: Oh, yeah, the Suite for piano.

G.G.: Right. Three of the four pieces are nowhere near the top of my personal Schoenberg Hit Parade.

K.H.: Well, as a matter of fact, you described yourself, rather effectively, I thought, a couple of weeks back, Glenn, as a *fin de siècle* character.

G.G.: And the label stands, I’m afraid! [*They laugh.*] The fact that a work attempts something radically new is, for me, an almost certain guarantee that it will present technical problems at best only haphazardly solved. I’m not a believer in what I once called the “plateau, peak, and precipice” theory of history, I think it was. I resent the idea that works are thought important in direct relation to their quirk quotient, to their innovative content, so to speak. By that yardstick, Monteverdi would have to be hailed as one of the greatest masters of all time, which, of course, in some circles he is. I happen to think of him as one of history’s most over-rated composers.

K.H.: Because his fame rests primarily on his pioneering work in the field of opera?

G.G.: Partly that. But also, partly at least, because of the fact that he so ambitiously explored the then new world of tonic-dominant harmony and turned out some really boring bits of business in the process.

K.H.: Hmm, not exactly a mainstream view, Mr. G.

G.G.: No, I’m well aware of that, and I’m only indulging in this diatribe because Monteverdi’s reputation rests so exclusively on his supposed progressiveness, while the work of a contemporary like Gibbons, for instance, an infinitely greater technician, in my opinion, and an infinitely more *simpatico* spirit, is largely overlooked.

K.H.: Uh-huh. And the moral?

G.G.: The moral is, Let’s not blind ourselves to the influence of Schoenberg’s Op. 19, but let’s not delude ourselves, either, that

because of its influence on other composers it's automatically great music into the bargain. I think, frankly, that Op. 19, the little piano pieces, is the enormously influential doodling of a desperately frightened man.

K.H.: Frightened?

G.G.: Absolutely, yeah. Schoenberg was completely at sea when he wrote Op. 19, as indeed he was, to a certain extent, in all of the works that followed his last-gasp-of-tonality stage.

K.H.: Well, now, you've got the [Five] Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16, on the turntable. Now, do they exemplify this same seasick syndrome?

G.G.: Well, Op. 16 is a much more aggressive-sounding work, Ken, and I think the year or two by which it preceded Op. 19 is responsible for that. I think the more deeply Schoenberg wandered into the thickets of atonality the more confused he became—and precisely because, unlike Webern, he was not a man who was able to explore when deprived of a secure formal lifeline. Later on, of course, the lifeline was reestablished; the first twelve-tone works allowed him a flirtation with Baroque forms, and then, of course, in his later years he returned to different aspects of sonata form. But, of course, there's an inherent contradiction in *that*, too, because the twelve-tone technique, as Webern understood it, was not cut out to service sonata-allegros such as Schoenberg utilized in the Piano Concerto, for instance.

K.H.: Ah, well, not to be rude, old chap, but could I ever-so-respectfully suggest that we defer our discussion of the Piano Concerto until a more convenient occasion?—and sort of head back in the general direction of Op. 16?

G.G.: As you will, sir. Yeah, the Five Orchestral Pieces are chiefly celebrated today because of a device that occurs in the third movement called *Klangfarbenmelodie*—the handing over of one note by one instrument, or group of instruments, to the timbral ministrations of its colleagues. It's an extension, really, of the sort of orchestral pointillism towards which Mahler was heading, I think, in his last two symphonies.

K.H.: And, once again, it would be the sort of device that must have influenced Webern tremendously.

G.G.: Oh, certainly, but I must say that, although the third piece of Op. 16—which, by the way, has the subtitle "Farben," from *Klangfarbenmelodie*—

K.H.: "Colours."

G.G.: —the third piece is to me the least attractive of the set. The work as a whole is still close enough to Schoenberg's tonal phase to display a sense of energy and an assurance that's altogether missing in his miniaturist phase, I think.

K.H.: Hmm. Alright then, let's hear it.

G.G.: Would you settle for the first and third movements only, sir?

K.H.: Oh, yes, gladly.

G.G.: That's all we have time for, OK? This is a performance featuring the Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Robert Craft.

MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Vorgefühle" [premonitions] and "Farben (Sommermorgen am See)" [colours (summer morning by a lake)], from Five Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16/Nos. 1 and 3.

K.H.: Well, I suppose that, next to the twelve-tone technique (so-called), the innovation with which most of us associate Schoenberg's name is the device of "speech-song," wouldn't you say, Glenn?

G.G.: *Sprechgesang*—yeah, I'd agree with that, certainly.

K.H.: —and which, for most of us, is just a bit hard to take, although I'm sure you will disagree.

G.G.: No, I can't disagree—surprise, surprise!

K.H.: What? What?

G.G.: As you know, Ken, I've never recorded *Pierrot* [*lunaire*], and the reason, quite frankly, is that, although I've always had at least a healthy admiration for the work from an instrumental standpoint, the vocal contribution, the *Sprechstimme*'s [speaking voice's] part, literally sends me up the wall.

K.H.: Ah, welcome to the club!

G.G.: Really? You, too?

K.H.: Yeah. Can't stand it.

G.G.: Well, at the same time, I have to recognize the enormous practicality of the device. You have to remember that the vast majority of singers—of people generally, indeed—do not have absolute pitch. They have, if they're lucky, a cultivated sense of *relative* pitch. Indeed, as far as I know, the ratio of absolute to relative pitch possession is *not* conspicuously higher among musicians than among people at large. And, of course, the relativity of pitch, generally speaking, is based on—oh, what would you call it?—"triad sensing," perhaps?

K.H.: Yeah. So what you're saying is that without the triad—or without tonality, perhaps—singers would—what?—flounder hopelessly in relation to the accompanying voices?

G.G.: Exactly. Mind you, I think it's fair to say that even in an atonal idiom the composer can still contrive an accompanimental cue.

4

Piano

Or + 3 H₆ D₅ 5 + 6 + 2 + 6 D₅ + 2 5 - 7
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On these pages, Gould sketched the first and last of his 5 *Short Piano Pieces*, in early 1950, not long after he was first introduced to the music of Schoenberg and his school. As he admitted, the 5 *Short Piano Pieces* reflect the influence of Schoenberg's Six Little Piano Pieces, Op. 19, and Webern's Op. 5 miniatures for string quartet; in fact, the fifth piece alludes unmistakably to the ethereal last piece of Schoenberg's Op. 19. All five pieces are atonal, though only the first two feature some twelve-tone writing.

Handwritten musical score for "5 Short Piano Pieces" by Arnold Schoenberg. The score is written on ten staves, with the first two staves being single-line and the remaining eight being grand staves (treble and bass clef). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. There are also some handwritten annotations and corrections throughout the score.

Gould gave the première of the 5 *Short Piano Pieces* on 4 January 1951, in his "Recital of Contemporary Music" at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto; around the same time, he made a brilliant private recording of them, which survives. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

He can double the vocal line instrumentally, or he can anticipate it canonically—

K.H.: —or simply have the first solo note played loud and clear on the trumpet three beats before, or something.

G.G.: Exactly. Berg, as a matter of fact, made something of a specialty of doing just that. He's basically much more considerate of his vocal soloists than is Schoenberg, and certainly more so than Webern.

K.H.: Well, perhaps it's no coincidence that Berg was the only atonalist—of that period, anyway—to make a reputation as an operatic composer. You know, I'm thinking, Glenn, of *Wozzeck*, which, for an atonal work, has stayed in the repertoire for—what?—half a century?

G.G.: Half a century, yes, right.

K.H.: —and which, as I gather, was received with enormous enthusiasm almost from the time of its première.

G.G.: Right, right. But, you know, as you were talking just now about *Wozzeck*, Ken, I did a mental flashback to the first *Wozzeck* performance I ever heard. If I'm not mistaken it was in 1951. It wasn't a staged performance—

K.H.: It was a New York Philharmonic broadcast, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, wasn't it?

G.G.: You were there?

K.H.: It would be a mere matter of total recall, sir. *[They laugh.]* No, no, as a matter of fact I was glued to the radio set for about the first fifteen minutes, as I can recall, Glenn.

G.G.: Really? Well, I stayed with it, because I had managed to get hold of a score, which was not easy to come by in those days, and with a kind of grim fascination discovered that on average the lead singers, although splendid artists, of course—

K.H.: —but who shall remain nameless, I take it?

G.G.: Right. I discovered that they were no closer than an average of, let's say, three semitones from the indicated pitch most of the time.

K.H.: Well, now, do you suggest that such performances were a result of—what?—an inexperience with the repertoire? And that today—

G.G.: Today I think it would be very much the same, Ken. I think that certain conventions of the *Wozzeck*-ian idiom would obviously be more familiar to a contemporary cast, and that consequently the batting average might be a bit improved. But the only way you could gather a note-perfect *Wozzeck*, certainly outside of the recording studio, even today, would be to limit the cast to pitch-perfect-only participants, which, given the vagaries of opera-

house management, would probably be just about impossible.

K.H.: Well, anyway, we got into this whole *Wozzeck* parenthesis, Glenn, because you were saying that the pitch problems in atonal music justify the use of *Sprechgesang*.

G.G.: Mmm, well, not exactly—at least, I don't *think* I said that. I'm not sure about justification; I was just posing an historical hypothesis. There are certainly other reasons for Schoenberg's turning to *Sprechgesang*, Ken, and I think that the fact that he also turned away from it subsequently indicates that they were reasons perhaps contained in the period itself. I think there's a real link, for instance, between *Sprechgesang* and the—what would you call it?—the sort of declamatory recitative of the "mellerdrammers" that were so popular at the turn of the century.

K.H.: Yeah, like Strauss's *Enoch Arden*, and that sort of thing.

G.G.: Exactly, sure. Schoenberg himself turned to melodrama in the last scene of the *Gurrelieder*, and in fact introduced a sort of modified *Sprechgesang* into it at that point. And it's also a convention that derives, I suspect, from what (we're told, at least) passed for projection in the turn-of-the-century theatre.

K.H.: Ah! *[in an exaggerated declamatory voice]* Yea, God, sir, defile not this heart with vile and insupportable references to the legends of a bygone day!

G.G.: *[similar voice]* Stay thy wrath most noble and most conscientious friend! I'll not besmirch the honour of those who trod the boards of yesteryear! *[Both laugh.]*

K.H.: *[normal voice]* Oh, what a pity the Hippodrome is dead, Glenn!

G.G.: *[normal voice]* We'd draw them in like flies! *[They laugh.]*

K.H.: *[declamatory voice]* Ah! Be not consumed with might-have-beens!

G.G.: Don't get carried away! You're out of your head, I would say! *[They laugh.]*

K.H.: *[normal voice]* What were we talking about?

G.G.: I don't know ... I think you were about to imply that I was implying that the *glissando-perpetuo* dramatic style of the turn-of-the-century theatre played a part in the conception of *Sprechgesang*.

K.H.: Right.

G.G.: And you're right, of course; I was implying that. I also think that Schoenberg's later *Sprechgesang* technique—in the *Ode to Napoleon*, for instance—was a substantial and sensible improvement over his original method of notation.

K.H.: Ah, well, how does it differ, Glenn?

G.G.: Well, it differs by concentrating, in the later work, in the *Ode*, exclusively on relativity. In the *Ode* he uses only one line designated as to pitch, and simply writes in a number of additional lines above and below the principal horizontal bars.

K.H.: Aha. So this means that the narrator has only to be concerned about the relationships above and below that stave, right?

G.G.: Right, except that very frequently Schoenberg opts for motivic outlines in which, quite clearly, the swing of the voice from high to low is intended to be ... relatively absolute—how's that for a contradiction in terms?

K.H.: Quite adequately brilliant! [They laugh.]

G.G.: But, of course, in *Pierrot [lunaire]* there's a much more extensive problem, because the vocal part is written out on a conventional five-line stave, as in any other music, and at this point a very real dispute arises.

K.H.: To wit?

G.G.: To wit, that he went to the trouble and concocted, for the *Sprechstimme*, constant motivic cross-relations with the instrumental contribution, not simply as to line contour, but on occasion [the pitch of his voice now rising and falling, speeding up and slowing down, in exaggerated imitation of *Sprechgesang*] by having the voice anticipate, or simply collaborate with, the very calculated pitch values of the instrumental parts. And this is of course most difficult to bring off successfully.

K.H.: [similar *Sprechgesang* voice] But still you feel that one must do it?

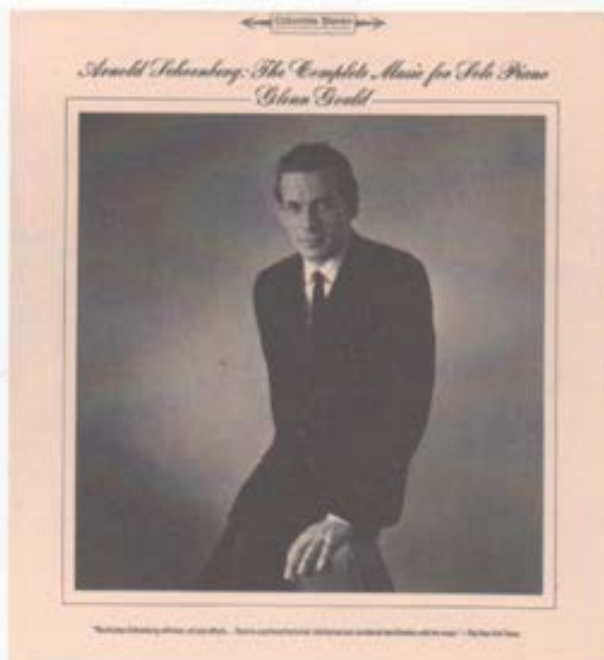
G.G.: I do, yes! [normal voice] First of all—this is bad!—first of all, Schoenberg had a really superb sense of vocal inflection, which we obviously do not have! [They laugh.]

K.H.: [normal voice] Ah, well, Glenn! We can certainly see that in the songs on last week's program.

G.G.: Yeah, and he also manifests it in whatever idiom he happens to be working at—a consuming concern for harmonic balance, for the vertical interplay of his contrapuntal strands. And whether [he is] operating tonally, atonally, or whatever, I simply cannot accept—or at any rate I don't want to accept—the idea that Schoenberg was even for a moment indifferent to the fate of a semitone, I suppose.

K.H.: Well, are there, then, two established traditions for performing *Pierrot lunaire*?

G.G.: I'm not really sure, Ken. I recently broke down and taped some bits of it [with contralto Patricia Rideout and a pick-up chamber ensemble] for a [CBC] TV special [*Music in Our Time*, No. 2: "The Flight from Order, 1910-1920," broadcast 5 February



1975], and I had occasion to witness at first hand the contradictory, if not virtually impossible, demands of a notated score within which only a handful of notes are to be sung per se. In a sense, of course, there's an aleatoric element in *Sprechgesang*, but, ideally, as I said, I would like to think that it would be possible to execute the *Sprechstimme* part in such a way that its glissando aspect would remain intact, as of course it did in our magnificent performance just a moment ago, and at the same time that it would glance off each of the notated pitches *en passant*.

K.H.: Well, now, I gather that we're going to hear excerpts of *Pierrot*, intoned by Jan de Gaetani?

G.G.: Right, right.

K.H.: Well, now, how does she approach the pitch problem, Glenn?

G.G.: With great flair, first of all. [They laugh.] No, no, I don't mean that derogatorily. She's inclined to be perhaps a bit casual as to pitch, but she contributes a remarkably vivid performance, I must say.

K.H.: Well, I suppose we should identify the selections involved, shouldn't we?

G.G.: Indeed. We're going to hear the first seven of the twenty-one pieces which constitute *Pierrot*, and they are entitled, respectively, "Moonstruck," "Columbine," "The Dandy," "A Pale Washerwoman," "Valse de Chopin," "Madonna," and "The Sick Moon." Instruments involved in this segment of the work are violin, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, cello, and piano, and the performance [by the Contemporary Chamber Music Ensemble] is conducted by Arthur Weisberg.

K.H.: Right. Let's hear it.

**MUSIC: Schoenberg, "Mondestrunken,"
"Colombine," "Der Dandy,"
"Eine blasse Wäscherin," "Valse de Chopin,"
"Madonna," and "Der kranke Mond,"
from *Pierrot lunaire*, Op. 21/Nos. 1-7.**

K.H.: Well, now, Glenn, *Pierrot lunaire* was written in—what?—1912, as we mentioned earlier, yet it's already catalogued as Op. 21, right? And I was just reading the notes on the back of your album of the solo-piano music and discovered that the piano Suite, with which I gather you plan to bring this program to a close, stems from—what?—1924, and yet it's only listed as Op. 25.

G.G.: That's absolutely right. And if you want the same phenomenon even more graphically illustrated, let me give you this example: Op. 22, the Four Orchestral Songs, stem from 1913, while Op. 23, the Five Pieces for Piano, and the last of which constitutes Schoenberg's first-ever twelve-tone effort, was written exactly ten years later—and it's not one of those chronological disparities between pen and publication, either, Ken.

K.H.: Well, it really was the result of a decade of silence, then.

G.G.: It really was—and the only such period in Schoenberg's life. You know, I think we have to remember how very far he strayed idiomatically from those early songs to *Pierrot lunaire*, and that, even though *Pierrot* and its atonal companion-pieces are written with a contrapuntal integrity that would do credit to the exercise books of J. J. Fux, Schoenberg was a man who needed, I think—and, courtesy of his tonal indoctrination, had received, until about 1908—the assurance that every process with which he became involved met with certain established, *a priori* criteria. No matter how far-fetched certain harmonic progressions might be in those early works, they could be still be analyzed according to laws more or less equally applicable to all Classical, Romantic, and post-Romantic music. Now, Schoenberg, I think—and I think this is really the point—was a man possessed by what we might call a sense of Darwinian inexorability vis-à-vis his own evolution. He visualized himself as the logical successor to Wagner, and his style was the inevitable extension of Wagnerian chromaticism.

K.H.:—and all that which goes against the grain, what with your abhorrence of the Zeitgeist.

G.G.: Well, I could wish it otherwise, yes, but one does have to confront the Zeitgeist when one tries to explain away certain of Schoenberg's motivations, I must say.

K.H.: So, then, you're saying that, cut off from the Linus-blanket of tonality, Schoenberg was an explorer without a mountain to climb.

G.G.: Nice image—something like that, yeah. I think he had technical goals, of the sort we've already discussed, but at the same time I think he was hit with a crisis of confidence when he tried

to subject the works he was writing circa 1912, around the time of *Pierrot lunaire*, to criteria of an *a priori* sort. Schoenberg was always a bit confused, it seems to me, about the whole issue of *a priori* divination. I remember that he once confessed that, in his First Chamber Symphony—

K.H.: Oh, yes, which we heard on the first program.

G.G.: Right—that in it the second theme, which goes something like [*sings the theme*]*—*that it had occurred to him out of the blue at the time of its composition, or so he later said, but that many years later he realized that, give or take an accidental or two, it was an inversion of the fundamental tones of the opening theme, which is [*sings the theme*]. And to me, that's very typical of the man. He rejoiced in spontaneity, but he didn't really trust his own intuition.

K.H.: And you feel this is part and parcel of the crisis of confidence you spoke of earlier?

G.G.: Absolutely. You could find, as I've indicated, a tremendously persuasive logic for all the motivic happenings in works like *Pierrot* and the harmonic suppositions do have an intensity profile which is very graphic indeed. But what *none* of those works *does* possess is the assurance that the processes, vertical or horizontal, are preordained, so to speak—inevitably preordained in the way that a tonic-dominant relationship is inevitable within the exposition of a sonata-allegro, for example.

K.H.: But isn't it true to say, Glenn, that most listeners find it difficult to differentiate between the harmonic idiom of works like *Pierrot lunaire*, for example, and a twelve-tone composition?

G.G.: Sure it is. The twelve-tone system wasn't invented for listeners; it was a prop, I think, which Schoenberg set up for his exclusive benefit. As a matter of fact, unlike many of his distinguished successors, he was usually rather reluctant to talk about the stratagems he employed. He always wanted the work to stand or fall on its aural merits, as distinct from whatever facts of technical derring-do it might embody.

K.H.: Yeah, well, that's all very well, Glenn, but if the smattering of program notes and miscellaneous errata that I've read concerning the twelve-tone system was even halfway accurate, it seems a remarkably primitive device, however great the reputation of its inventor.

G.G.: Well, you're positively *not* going to get any disagreement from me on *that* one, Ken. It's a childish concoction, in my opinion, at least as Schoenberg first conceived it. I think perhaps that some of his later technical modifications are a bit more promising, and, of course, its extension into the so-called serial technique, by Boulez and other people, is a much more sophisticated, though not necessarily more logical, idea.

K.H.: Well, exactly, because if the original concept was mathematically unsound, or technically unsound, or just plain musically unsound, then its ramifications, no matter how sophisticated or

how persuasive or how influential, are still the outgrowth of a fundamentally *un*-sound idea.

G.G.: And still no disagreement, Ken, although I do think I should perhaps postpone that subject for another day.

K.H.: Alright, fair enough.

G.G.: But, in any case, you're absolutely right about the twelve-tone technique, in its first manifestations, as realized by Schoenberg. The "rules"—I use that word in italics or quotes or whatever—are on a level of sophistication halfway between checkers and Parcheesi, really. [Both laugh.] You know: All twelve notes must appear in a sequence to avoid octave doubling. And: All transpositions, inversions, retrogressions, not to mention transposed retrogressive inversions, are allowed except that, in the instance of— [Both laugh.]

K.H.: How can you take *that* mechanistic nonsense seriously?

G.G.: I don't, except for one reason.

K.H.: Which is?

G.G.: That it got Schoenberg writing again. You know, mechanistic—or formalistic, as the Soviets would say—it unquestionably is, but to the Central European mind there's an almost metaphysical mystique about numbers—to play with them, to justify one's invention by virtue of an appeal to their supposed arithmetical certitude. As I say, I don't *agree* with those assumptions, but—

K.H.: But I think what bothers most people, and certainly what bothers me, Glenn, is the utterly arbitrary imposition of these techniques upon the music.

G.G.: Agreed. And in that sense, the systems of—well, let's say Hindemith, were, however self-justifying, at least based on an attempt to rationalize some aspect of a natural acoustical law, in Hindemith's case the overtone series. But I can only say again, Ken, that Schoenberg preferred—and I think rightly—not to wax analytical about his techniques, or to justify his works because of them. As the old saying goes, he had a lot to be modest about as far as the twelve-tone technique was concerned. [They laugh.] But I do think that the twelve-tone technique was important, as I said, simply because, in relation to the workings of a very Germanic mind, Schoenberg, once he devised this peculiar, arbitrary, (as you said) childishly naïve method, was in effect reborn as a composer.

K.H.: Yes, well, I gather we're going to hear a portion of the Suite, Op. 25?

G.G.: Yeah, which, as I said earlier, was his first entirely twelve-tone work, and which also happens to be my own favourite from among his five major piano pieces.

K.H.: Well, as a suite, does it observe the allemande, courante,

sarabande—you know, the order of the Baroque genre?

G.G.: No—well, yes and no. There are no allemandes, courantes, or sarabandes. There's a Prelude, followed by a Gavotte and Musette (with a conventional Baroque *da capo* for the Gavotte, by the way), and then an Intermezzo, which, despite its rigorous adherence to twelve-tonery, is nevertheless, in my opinion, one of Schoenberg's most passionate utterances, and then a Minuet and Trio, and yet another *da capo* for the Minuet, and finally a Gigue.

K.H.: And is there even one moment in all of those movements in which the twelve-tone technique—what?—earns its keep, organically?

G.G.: Oh, gee, that's impossible to say, Ken. In terms of the laws of probability, which is what you're asking, I guess—in terms of whether or not he *could* maybe have concocted the work in its present form without recourse to twelve-tone technique—I just don't know. It's certainly true that particular phenomena of the row that he happens to choose for this work are used, if not organically, then at the very least for dramatic effect. For example, it happens that the third and fourth notes of the row form a tritone—[sings a tritone] that interval—and because Schoenberg uses only the original row and its inversion, and a transposition at six semitones (alias half an octave higher), and *its* inversion, this same tritone [sings it again], containing the notes G and D-flat, turns up in every one of the transpositions that he uses. And, as but one example of the sort of theatrical effect that I mentioned, the Musette, for instance, apes the Rameau-era musettes, which frequently have a sort of droning open-fifth in the left-hand part, and in this case the constant repetition—which is a bit of an inside joke, since tonal or quasi-tonal emphasis, alias repetition, is officially prohibited according to Schoenberg's own laws—that the constant repetition is devoted not, of course, to the open fifth but to the tritone, which is part of his row. And the effect is that of an absolutely delightful pun. But, to answer your question in more detail, I think the fact that he does go back to Baroque or Rococo forms is enormously significant. I don't think it's simply Schoenberg's version of neo-Classicism. I think Schoenberg felt that, in this new milieu of his, he simply could not *afford* to cut all his ties to the past, that in fact he had to reestablish some that had perhaps already apparently been severed—in this case, a link to a known form, the better to search out the *terra incognita* of the twelve-tone technique.

K.H.: OK, Glenn, let's explore it.

G.G.: Right. We're going to hear the Prelude, Gavotte, Musette, the Gavotte *da capo*, and Gigue from the piano Suite, Op. 25. ■

MUSIC: Schoenberg, Suite, Op. 25/*Präludium, Gavotte, Musette, Gavotte da capo, and Gigue.* Glenn Gould, piano (1964 Columbia Masterworks recording).



The Glenn Gould Prize

2005

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Acknowledgements

For their generous support and assistance towards this Prize process The Glenn Gould Foundation thanks:

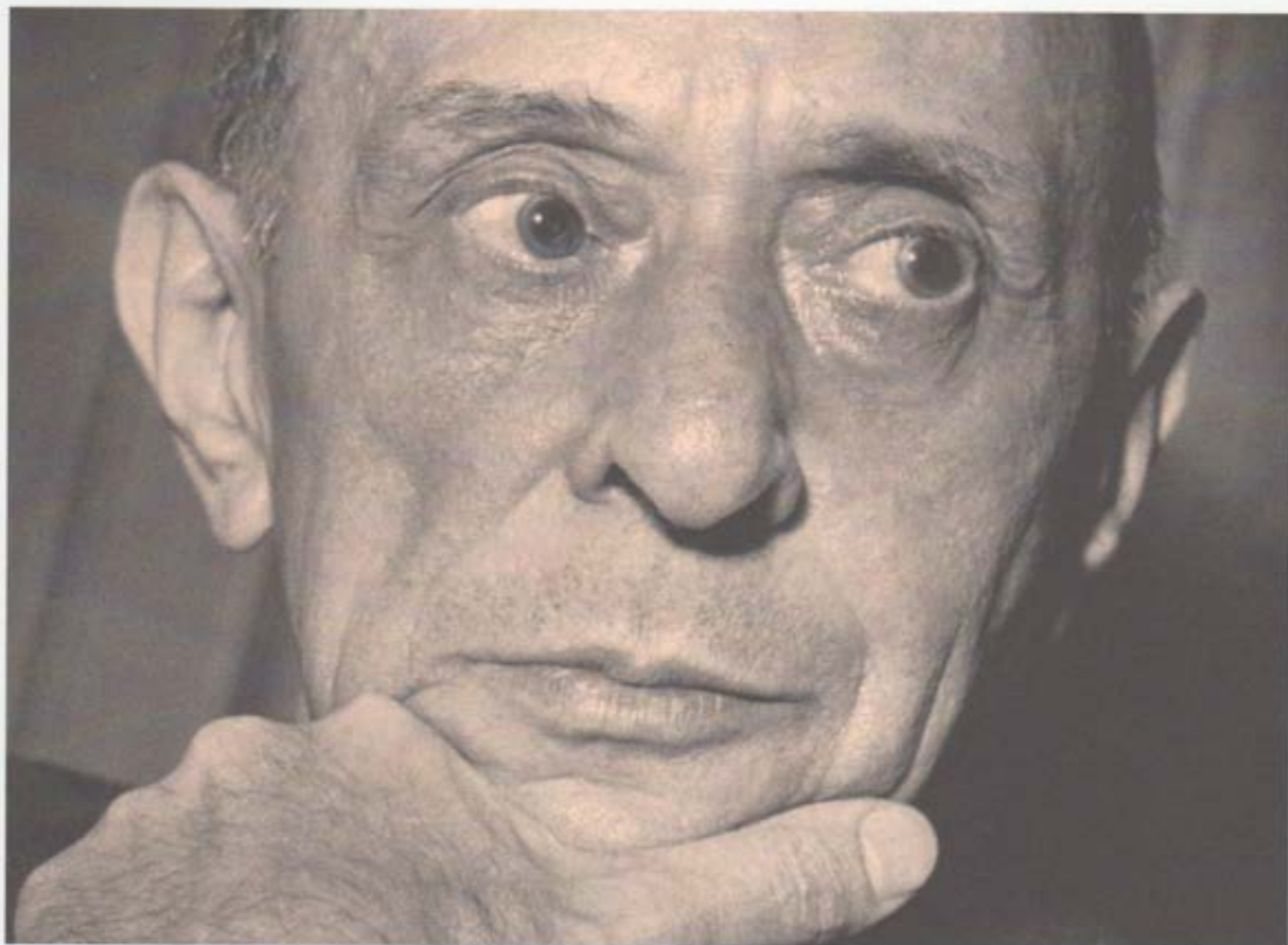


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The Schoenberg Series

Part 4

The Crusader

MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Kol nidre*, Op. 39.
Victor Braun, speaker; Festival Singers of Canada;
CBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Robert Craft.

KEN HASLAM: What an extraordinary piece, Glenn! And if we'd been playing "Who's The Composer? (in Twenty Questions or Less)," I don't think I'd have ever guessed Schoenberg to be its author.

GLENN GOULD: Well, I'm not surprised.

K.H.: It was written during the war, wasn't it, Glenn?

G.G.: No, just before, actually—in '38, I think.

K.H.: Well, of course, I know that Schoenberg was living in America by that time, but did he *really* change his spots all that

radically to match his environment?

G.G.: Well, that's a much-argued-about question, Ken. There are those who claim he *did*. There are those who claim he *really* only wanted to nostalgically revisit the harmonic landscapes of his youth, you might say. And there are those who point out—quite rightly, I think—that there are really *two* strains of work, so to speak—and complementary ones at that—which Schoenberg produced in America. There was the neo-tonal strain, of course—

K.H.: Yeah, which would include the *Kol nidre*, certainly.



Arnold Schoenberg in Los Angeles, in the 1940s. (© Arnold Schönberg Center, Vienna.)

G.G.: Certainly—and the continuation of the twelve-tone strain, which he'd begun in Europe, of course, in the mid-twenties, but which in his American period [i.e., from October 1933], I would say, subtly overlapped the neo-tonal commitment.

K.H.: Now, wait a minute, Glenn. The Haslams do happen to have on their record shelves *your* disk of the Piano Concerto—

G.G.: They do? Really?

K.H.: Oh, indeed they do. Oh, you'll forgive me, I'm sure, if I confess that I put it on the turntable somewhat less frequently than the Liszt A-major or the Chopin F-minor. [They laugh.]

G.G.: I'm just quite overcome that you give it cabinet space at all, sir.

K.H.: Oh, indeed! But the point I would like to make, Glenn, is that—kidding aside—to my ear, anyway, the Piano Concerto, which is, after all, one of Schoenberg's American works, and which certainly seems to be more—well, *symphonic* in scale than the earlier twelve-tone pieces, like the piano Suite, which we played last week—

G.G.: Oh, well, naturally, sure.

K.H.: Well, it's not—to my ears, again—a notably *accessible* piece, using that word again. In other words, what I'm trying to say is that I don't find in it any particularly conciliatory reminiscences of tonality, any of that—what did you say?

G.G.: "Subtle overlapping"—something like that?

K.H.: —to which you referred a minute ago.

G.G.: Well, Ken, I think maybe that's because to the extent that that overlap, subtle or otherwise, exists—and I don't want to *exaggerate* the role of the common denominators involved—it exists because, in the twelve-tone works, like the Piano Concerto, Schoenberg uses a comparatively simplified row structure—the operative word being "comparatively"—which, again, because of this comparative simplicity, vis-à-vis his earlier twelve-tone rows, tends to flatter the ear, you might say, to impress itself upon the ear by virtue of its ability to linger longingly upon certain types of vertical structures and harmonic units. In the neo-tonal works, on the other hand, which he was writing at more or less the same time, Schoenberg was developing relationships between triad harmonies which are not normally heard in conjunction one with the other. The opening of *Kol nidre*, for instance, meanders between triads of, I think, G minor and B major and E-flat major and minor—something like that.

K.H.: Do you mean that he was moving back and forth between those particular keys?

G.G.: No, no, no, I'm not talking about keys at all.

K.H.: Oh!

G.G.: I'm talking about triad units, of the sort which appear in the *Kol nidre* or in the *Ode to Napoleon*, for example, which are run together without benefit of intermediating harmonies, you might say, and as would be required in conventional tonal music.

K.H.: Aha. Well, I had a *glimmer*, but it's still a little bit beyond me.

G.G.: Well, let me see if I can put it another way. In most of Schoenberg's more-or-less-conventional twelve-tone works—in fact, indeed, in a lot of his atonal pieces, too—*anything* that suggests tonality at all was—

K.H.: *Verboten*, perhaps?

G.G.: Exactly, *verboden*, yeah. There are, of course, occasions when one can isolate the intervals of a triad, but the emphasis in the earlier twelve-tone pieces was certainly on the—what would you call it, now?—the dissonant totality rather than on the—what's the opposite of that?—on the euphonic particularity—will that do? [They laugh.]

K.H.: Splendidly, splendidly!

G.G.: You liked that, eh? OK. But in the American works, like *Kol nidre* or the *Ode to Napoleon*, Schoenberg somehow seemed to be fascinated by the possibilities of utilizing triads and other nominally tonal-associative combinations, within an harmonic climate which is not, however, consigned to the service of one guiding tonal impulse.

K.H.: Ah, yes. But can I add this: You're saying, then, that there's no *overt* tonality *per se*, then.

G.G.: Absolutely, that's right. In my opinion there is *not*, despite surface phenomena that do seem to exist—the triads in *Kol nidre*, for instance, to continue with that example for a moment—do not interrelate as diatonic neighbours normally would. At most they make an impression of a highly fluid tonal ambiance, to put it mildly. But they *are* directly related to a row process that Schoenberg became quite fond of in his later years, and which allowed him, if he so chose, to be *both* triadic (or non-dissonant) and at the same time to preserve certain *a priori* aspects of twelve-tone procedures. In a way, the most interesting example of this process, I think, is not to be found in *Kol nidre* but really in the *Ode to Napoleon*, actually.

K.H.: Oh, well, that's what we would call a propaganda piece, isn't it?

G.G.: It sure is. I think it represented for Schoenberg a propagandistic stance not unlike that of Shostakovich, maybe, in the Seventh Symphony, or Prokofiev in the Seventh Piano Sonata.

K.H.: Or perhaps even Thomas Mann in his famous broadcasts to Germany via the Voice of America.

G.G.: Yeah, indeed. What is it?—"Listen, Germany," I think.

K.H.: Yeah.

G.G.: I had a chance recently to talk about this, and related matters, with Erich Leinsdorf, who was in Toronto to guest-conduct a concert of the Cleveland Orchestra, during which he simultaneously directed and narrated a performance of the *Ode to Napoleon*.

K.H.: Hmm, my goodness, that's quite a feat!

G.G.: It certainly is. And in any event, during our chat I took the opportunity to ask for his views about the supposed harmonic concessions of Schoenberg's American years, and here's what he had to say.



ERICH LEINSDORF: It's inconceivable that Schoenberg would have done anything but *spite* the Hollywood community. The whole life of this man has been marked by a battle to avoid compromise in any form. It was the sternest and most unbending honesty, and one can say many things but this is an opinion which is totally unfounded—I don't think there is any concession, I think. In the works you mentioned, Schoenberg is trying to come, on the highest level of artistry, to terms with the ghastliness of the times.

GLENN GOULD: Do you think that the fact that he was dealing with the times, as you say, as opposed to more abstract [qualities of] the earlier decade, that this dictated to him the possibility of using certain segments of twelve-tone technique within what are (nominally, at least) tonal works, or at any rate works that throw up a lot of low-dissonant combinations—triads and so on?

E.L.: I would think that for Schoenberg the system was never a purpose; at least, he was very outspoken on the subject, but sometimes composers do defend, with their own sophistry, what is dearest to them. But I think that Schoenberg always had the desire to have his work taken as what it was regardless of what compositional system he used. Actually, when he wrote the [Theme and] Variations for band [Op. 43a], he put it in, I think, G minor, a strict tonal framework. The *Ode to Napoleon* is certainly a tonal work, in our way of speaking. I do think that the involvement of various allusions also dictates—

G.G.: The E-flat-major close, the C-minor—

E.L.: Yes. The E-flat-major close, of course, is [an] *Eroica* association [i.e., an allusion to Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, the *Eroica*, which is in E-flat major]. The associative power of music is very strong, and, needless to say, if the *Ode to Napoleon* were transposed and closed in D major it would not have the allusion to the *Eroica*.

G.G.: It's interesting you mention transposition, because he uses in it a row—if one can [even] call it a row, since it consists of four little amoebic cells that are simply each other's representation retrogressively, and inverted retrogressively, and so forth and so

on—but he uses a row that throws up, via the connection of every second note, nothing but triad progressions. I've had the feeling often that, in the *Ode to Napoleon*—well, to take a good example, in the verse about the Roman, as I recall, he uses—

E.L.: "The Roman, when his burning heart/Was slaked—"

E.L. and G.G.: "—with blood of Rome./Threw down the dagger—dared depart./In savage grandeur, home." [They laugh.]

G.G.: We made it! And he uses [in this passage] only six tones [sings them], which comes out of the first and only possible transposition of his row [sings part of it]. And then follows that wonderful stanza [with] my own favourite stanza, I think, obviously aiming it at Franco: "Spaniard—" What are the words? Help me out a bit.

E.L.: "The Spaniard, when the lust of sway/Had lost its quickening spell./Cast crowns for rosaries away./An empire for a cell."

G.G.: Right. Obviously a man divided between church and state—and [he] divides, at the same time, at that moment, his row between the combinations which basically reflect upon (roughly) D major, F-sharp minor, E-flat major, and the combinations which remain for the antecedent portions of the row [sings it], which is played, as I recall, by the solo fiddle, and commented on by the piano. Now, this is a kind of theatrical device which I find enormously affecting, and effective. And it certainly characterizes Mussolini and Franco with great deftness. At the same time, throughout much of the piece, what he is doing is taking the first six tones of his row and the last six tones and opposing them—in the string-quartet textures, as opposed to the piano textures, or whatever. And it seems to me that there is at that point a very real argument as to whether the vertical comprehensibility is something that does make sense if one were to put it on a weigh-scale and measure it in terms of its dissonant quality. I'm thinking now of moments such as the overture and the reprise of the overture, and the beginning of the recapitulation, and so on, where the piano constantly, and almost for the sake of it, opposes the quartet.

E.L.: Well, they're interchanged, between the first statement and ... Well, this is of course reflected in the writings of [the German philosopher, composer, and music theorist Theodor W.] Adorno. I say often, without wanting to be funny, I wish that somebody would translate Adorno—and I don't mean into English, I mean first into *German*, the language in which he wrote, allegedly, [laughing] but it is a German which I find gets so dense after two pages that I have to pause. I cannot read more than a very short time Adorno at any one sitting. Now, you are actually saying more or less the same about this very densely packed music [of Schoenberg]. It would be as if one gives a lecture and every sentence is so overly filled with information that people say, "Now wait a moment, Mr. Lecturer, give us a few seconds or a few minutes to rest our mind." And I think there has been, in the whole Second Viennese School, that urge of proving all the time that you are on solid ground. This is very Germanic.

Handwritten annotations in Gould's hand include:

- +20-3
- ?20-3
- +221-1
- by 21-4
- +21-5
- 20-3
- ?20-5
- +22-4
- ?22-1
- ?21-5
- +21-6
- 20-5
- 21-6
- 22-4

The musical score is for Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo markings are **ALLARG. POCO A POCO** and **MOLTO RIT.**. The lyrics are "there was but one!". The score includes measures 263, 264, 265, 266, and 267. The final bar (267) contains an E-flat-major chord.

The last page of Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, with the E-flat-major chord in the final bar, reproduced from Gould's own score. The annotations, in Gould's hand, presumably relate to the editing of his 1965 Columbia recording of this piece. (Glenn Gould Archive, Music Division, National Library of Canada.)

G.G.: Does this Germanic thing, this need for *a priori* confirmation, and realization post-*priori*, does this have to do with a belief in numerology that is also peculiarly Germanic, do you think?—a numerology that led Schoenberg to accept a really childish device and make a thirty-years career out of it?

E.L.: I'm not a mass psychologist in that I venture to comment on what the Germanic hang-up is, but it goes through all art and through all art appreciation in German-speaking lands, that things, in order to be important, there has to be—and now comes the equation—probably in theatre it has to be in verse, or in music it has to be counterpoint, in order to be important. So there *is* some kind of belief that things have to be right, numerologically (if you please), because that of course makes always for the most easily discernible perfection. But then again, you see, [the Swiss conductor Ernest] Ansermet was a mathematics professor and wrote a whole book against the dodecaphonic system. [They laugh.]

G.G.: One of the curious things about Schoenberg is that he was an autodidact, a man who was not really inhibited by too much book-learning (as we say in school). Is it possible that that is what made him eventually the supreme inventor that he became in our time?

E.L.: Invention, I don't think, has, one way or the other, anything to do with learning. In many years of conducting a variety of music one goes off certain composers for a time and comes back to them. I think, for instance, that Bruckner is a genius but not a good composer. I find that Mahler is a much better composer than Bruckner and on occasion no genius at all.

G.G.: [laughing] You've just said something, the words for which I've been looking for many years!

E.L.: I'm so happy! I'm very happy! I must say, it makes me very happy, because, you know, there will be quarters where we will be—

G.G.: —drawn and quartered!

E.L.: —outlawed for such heinous crimes! So the inventiveness of a man, I think, is the grace that is bestowed upon him. Genius? Let me tell you a funny story about genius. In 1956 was the centenary of Sigmund Freud, and for the centennial lecture in New York's Town Hall, the New York Psychoanalytic Society had invited Dr. Ernest Jones to come over from London. And I was interested to hear the lecture, and I called one of my very good friends, the late Dr. Heinz Hartmann, an eminent disciple of Freud and psychoanalyst in his own right. And we were standing in Town Hall, in front of our seats, waiting for the beginning of the lecture, and of course everybody knew everybody else—it was like a large family party. And Heinz Hartmann had the program in his hand, and the title of the lecture he read out: "The Nature of Genius." [pause] And he said, "I don't think we'll find out tonight either." [They laugh.]

G.G.: Ah, that's gorgeous!

E.L.: Have you ever read the Berg introduction to his *Wozzeck*—his lecture?

G.G.: No, I haven't.

E.L.: Well, this is a fantastic thing, and I can only speculate if it was in Schoenberg's, that idea expressed by Berg. To give briefly the background: In the late twenties, when *Wozzeck*, after the initial enormous success in Berlin, was immediately accepted (I don't know) by twenty, thirty of the provincial opera houses of Germany, Alban Berg went and, a few days before [each of] the local premières, gave a lecture. And this lecture starts with a statement that in 1914, at the time when he was beginning to think of *Wozzeck* and made his plans, when he started to sketch it, the atonal composers of the [Second] Viennese School were only composing small pieces. And that he found, when he studied the whole question, that in order to compose larger forms—symphonies, operas, large choral works, works of large dimension—that there had to be something which replaced the tonal cadence. And then he analyzes *Wozzeck*, with those main pillars explained. Now, I wonder if Schoenberg took the superimposed triads, these combinations of triads, and made them some sort of cornerstone in replacing these pillars of tonality.

G.G.: I think you're absolutely right. I think also there—

E.L.: It's a possibility.

G.G.: Yes, absolutely. Having said all that about Schoenberg and his residence in America, let's hear the *Ode to Napoleon*. And will you bear with me if I perform my own version of it?

E.L.: Indeed! Indeed! I hope you would.

G.G.: I will. Here we go.

MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, Op. 41. John Horton, reciter; Juilliard Quartet; Glenn Gould, piano and conductor (1965 Columbia Masterworks recording).

G.G.: It would seem to me that *A Survivor from Warsaw* is certainly the most eclectic of the American works in that it involves what could be called plainchant from the members of the choir, it involves narration, as does the *Ode to Napoleon*, but a much more stylized narration with theatrical overtones, accents, and so on, and at the same time it involves, in a way, a more conventional late-Schoenberg idiom. Is this because the war was over and he was reflecting upon it, as opposed to doing duty during it with the *Ode to Napoleon*?

E.L.: I really have never given this much thought. I find the *Survivor* a far more orthodox dodecaphonic work than the *Ode*. You don't find it as strict as I? It's a very *orthodox* work.

G.G.: Oh, no, I find it musically much more strict, yes.

E.L.: Yes, very orthodox.

G.G.: But I find that there is an inherent incongruity between the strictness of the music and the relative freedom of the theatrical disposition, and in *that* sense that it represents an eclectic stance that I think is interesting.

E.L.: The success of the work proves you correct, because I know when we performed it in Boston I did it, as I did on the record, preceding the Ninth [Symphony of] Beethoven, because it was my desire to put together the brotherhood of man and the beastliness of man in the same evening, or afternoon. And the Friday-afternoon subscribers of Boston, for the first time in *their* lives, found Schoenberg to their liking. [laughing] Of course, they were moved by the *text*!

G.G.: [laughing] You have to remember that it's also a short work!

E.L.: Yes! And I repeated it right away.

G.G.: I see. Well, let's hear *your* recording of it now, which is made with the Boston Symphony, [the New England Conservatory Chorus,] and Sherrill ...?

E.L.: Sherrill Milnes.

G.G.: Sherrill Milnes [as the narrator].

MUSIC: Schoenberg,
A Survivor from Warsaw, Op. 46.

KEN HASLAM: Well, now, *that's* pure Hollywood, isn't it?

GLENN GOULD: Oh, come on, now!

K.H.: Oh, no, no, I don't mean to be disrespectful of the work, Glenn, or its interpretation, certainly not—it's a *stunning* performance.

G.G.: It certainly is.

K.H.: Yeah. And for late-late Schoenberg, if I may say so, it really communicates to me.

G.G.: Well, it's an impactful piece, I agree.

K.H.: But I still think it's pure Hollywood.

G.G.: Well ... how can I answer that? Try to imagine what Erich Wolfgang Korngold [an Austro-Hungarian-born American composer who wrote many acclaimed film scores] would have done with the same subject-matter, sir, before you put *that* judgement to a vote, eh? [They laugh.]

K.H.: OK, good point, Glenn! Alright, in any event, though, I gather you have an encore planned, in the form of *Dreimal tausend Jahre*. Now *that's* a work that's *totally* unfamiliar to me.

G.G.: Well, it was to me, too, as a matter of fact, Ken, until I sat down to plan this program.

K.H.: Really?

G.G.: Yeah. I'd always known that at the end of his life—and this *was* written at the very end of his life [in April 1949]; it's part of Op. 50, his last opus number—Schoenberg turned to religious texts, some of his own creation, some not.

K.H.: And this one?

G.G.: This one was written by a poet named Dagobert [D.] Runes—I don't know if that's the correction pronunciation or not—from a volume entitled *Jordan Lieder*.

K.H.: And I assume it had at least a subliminal connection with Schoenberg's return to Judaism?

G.G.: I'm sure it did. In fact, Erich Leinsdorf, in a portion of our chat that I had to leave on the cutting-room floor, in deference to the clock, pointed out that in his view many of the so-called "war pieces" derive from that stimulus.

K.H.: Yeah, well, why don't we listen to *Dreimal tausend Jahre*, then?

G.G.: Oh, well, I think before we *do*, Kenneth, you should join the distinguished roster of our preceding narrators, Messrs. Braun, Horton, and Milnes, and offer your *own* reading of its English translation.

K.H.: Oh, good heavens, modesty forbids!

G.G.: Nonsense, sir. I've noticed that, when you share *Afternoon Concert* chores with him, Jim Robertson is ever-ready with a spot of poesy, and besides it's only six lines.

K.H.: Oh, very well, you've talked me into it.

G.G.: Your script, sir!

K.H.: [shuffling papers] Ah, thank-you ... "Thrice thousand years passed since I saw you go./Temple of Jerusalem, temple of my woe!/And you waves of Jordan, the desert's silver band./Gardens and broad meadows richly spread across the land./And I hear and feel them soft from where the far hills burn./All the long-forgotten anthems proudly praising God's return." ❧

MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Dreimal tausend Jahre*, Op. 50a.
Festival Singers of Canada, conducted by Robert Craft.



The Schoenberg Series

Part 5

The Symphonist (Part 1)

MUSIC: Richard Strauss, opening of *Ein Heldenleben*.
The music continues in the background through
the first few minutes of conversation ...

KEN HASLAM: And may I ask why, in a program devoted to the relationship between Schoenberg and Mahler, you've chosen to serenade us with the opening strains of *Ein Heldenleben*?

GLENN GOULD: Just to help us recollect that there are two sides to every question, sir.

K.H.: [laughing] Ah, typically perverse bit of program building, Mr. G.! You do realize, of course, that as far as [Schoenberg's symphonic poem] *Pelleas und Melisande* is concerned that you're preaching to the converted.

G.G.: Yes, I'm well aware of that, sir. But seriously, it did occur to me that, having thus far surveyed Schoenberg's Lieder, and having looked at a couple of his major works for solo piano, and having heard a number of the most influential of his chamber pieces, that we've somehow managed to bypass, with the single exception of the [Five] Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16, all of his major full-orchestra works.

K.H.: Well, that's perfectly true, Glenn. And as I recall you more or less threw in Op. 16 simply as an illustration of Schoenberg's innovative techniques.



Arnold Schoenberg in 1902, around the time he began work on his symphonic poem *Pelleas und Melisande*. (© Arnold Schönberg Center, Vienna.)

Strauss - Schoenberg Concert

Sunday, July 21, 1963, at 2.30 p.m.
in the Festival Theatre

PERFORMING ARTISTS

SHERLEY VERRETT, mezzo-soprano

DONALD GRAMM, baritone

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
conducted by WALTER Süsskind



Program for a Stratford Festival concert on 21 July 1963, in which Gould polemically juxtaposed music by the “revolutionary” Schoenberg and the “reactionary” Strauss, in an effort to challenge the factionalism that was then widespread in avant-garde musical circles. Though he organized the concert and wrote the program notes, he did not perform. (Stratford Festival Archives.)

G.G.: Right, specifically of *Klangfarbenmelodie*, the timbre/tone-colour experiment.

K.H.: Yes, well, and you did say a few weeks back, Glenn, that you think of Schoenberg as a symphonist *manqué*.

G.G.: I did and I do, Ken, and although I didn't mean to use the term pejoratively, needless to say, I did intend it to reflect what I think of as one rather schizophrenic element in Schoenberg's musical character.

K.H.: Well, I think you referred to it in an earlier program as a discrepancy between—what?—Classical form and innovative content?

G.G.: Exactly, right.

K.H.: But you surely wouldn't apply that judgement to a work like *Verklärte Nacht* or *Pelleas and Melisande*?

G.G.: No, certainly not. I think that, initially, at the turn of the century, Schoenberg was exercising his gifts within a post-Romantic idiom to which they were ideally suited. I think that *Pelleas and Melisande* is at least the equal of any of the great symphonic poems of Richard Strauss, and I don't need to remind you of my affection for that particular fellow.

K.H.: No, indeed not—and the point is coming through loud and clear [i.e., through the background music]. But isn't it also true that Schoenberg was enormously, maybe even crucially, influenced by the symphonic style and the orchestral *savoir-faire* of Gustav Mahler?

G.G.: Certainly. Both Strauss and Mahler played an enormously important role in Schoenberg's development, personally as well as professionally. The *conventional* wisdom—particularly that currently espoused by the avant-garde, who, for reasons that have never been entirely clear to me, manage to restrain their enthusiasm for Strauss generally speaking, but who in recent years have begun the canonization of Mahler—the conventional wisdom, as I say, is that Mahler's influence was of enormous value to Schoenberg, while Strauss's influence was negligible *qua* his—Schoenberg's—development.

K.H.: And I take it that you disagree?

G.G.: I certainly do. First of all, Strauss and Mahler effectively shared an idiom, much as did Mozart and Haydn, Gibbons and Byrd, Schumann and Mendelssohn. It's perfectly true that Mendelssohn and Schumann were very different characters, as were Byrd and Gibbons or Mozart and Haydn, and that inevitably those character-traits infiltrate the end-product. But I don't think that anyone would take the trouble to deny the mutuality of the idioms they share simply because the ends to which they put those idioms were quite singular.

MUSIC: During the preceding speech, *Ein Heldenleben* drops out (at the end of the first section of the work), and is replaced in the background by the closing pages of the finale of Mahler's Second Symphony (*Resurrection*), which continues throughout the conversation the follows. (Both excerpts share a main key: E-flat major.)

K.H.: Well, didn't Stravinsky have something to do with this current out-of-vogue-ness in regard to Strauss? Now, as I recall, he got off some jibe to the effect that “Strauss's operas should be banished to whatever purgatory punishes triumphant banality”—something like that.

G.G.: Yeah. I don't know whether he started it or, perhaps more characteristically, merely reflected an attitude that was already in the air, so to speak. But he certainly managed to influence some impressionable souls with cracks of that kind. Then again, he also said that, by contrast, I think, Mahler's work was closer in spirit to

"our music"—whatever that was supposed to mean. Personally, despite my none-too-well-disguised preference for Strauss, I do feel that Mahler himself managed to sum up the mutuality of their endeavour rather effectively with his much-quoted comment that he and Strauss were in effect digging a tunnel from opposite sides of a mountain and could anticipate a rendezvous mid-way.

K.H.: Well, now, you've copped an interview with Henry-Louis de La Grange for this program. I know, of course, that a few months back you reviewed, [in "Data Bank on the Upward Scuttling Mahler,"] for one of our local tabloids [*The Globe and Mail*, 10 November 1973], and very enthusiastically, as I recall, the first volume of his biography of Mahler.

G.G.: That's right. And a mammoth first volume it is—just under a thousand pages, as a matter of fact—but an enormously impressive piece of documentation.

K.H.: And what's his view about the Strauss-Mahler dichotomy?

G.G.: Well, I asked him about that, in the course of our interview, as you'll hear, Ken, and I also discovered that, since he's now working on the second and final volume of his work, which deals with the last ten years of Mahler's life, he's dug up some fascinating data about the relationship during that decade between Schoenberg and Mahler.

[Editor's note: Volume 1 of de La Grange's biography appeared in 1973, but, as it turned out, the second volume was not the final one. Volume 2 of *Gustav Mahler*, subtitled *Vienna: The Years of Challenge (1897-1904)*, was published only in 1995, and Volume 3, *Vienna: Triumph and Disillusion (1904-1907)*, followed in 2000. As of early 2004, the book's fourth (and presumably final) volume still had not appeared.]

K.H.: Well, let's hear about it.

G.G.: Just as soon as we hear our friend Gustav's E-flat-major apotheosis.

K.H.: Ah, well, never let it be said that I stood in the way of Mahler's resurrection!

**MUSIC: Now in the foreground,
Mahler's Resurrection Symphony comes to an end.**

HENRY-LOUIS DE LA GRANGE: The first interesting fact I discovered—and it was quite recent, because I've just been working on this period of Mahler's life—was the way in which Schoenberg and Mahler got acquainted. It had been reported by [the composer's widow] Alma Mahler, in her memoirs, that the link had been [the Austrian composer and conductor Alexander] Zemlinsky, who had been *her* [composition] teacher. But actually I think that Mahler had seen Schoenberg, at least briefly, sometime before. It's been said by

many people, although I've never found concrete evidence of this, that Mahler attended some of the first rehearsals of *Verklärte Nacht* when the Rosé Quartet was performing it in 1902.

However, later, there was a very close connection, and this happened (contrary to what Alma Mahler has written) because Guido Adler, who was a great friend of Mahler, and who came from the same town of Jihlava, in Moravia—Guido Adler was a musicologist, and despite this fact—despite the fact that he is even one of the founders of modern musicology—he seems to have been very interested in contemporary music. And Guido Adler, on 1 April 1904, wrote a very important article in the *Neue freie Presse*, in Vienna, in which he introduced to the Viennese public a new group, a very advanced contemporary group, which is of course the famous *Vereinigung schaffender Tonkünstler* [Society of Creative Musicians]. Well, it's famous, although it didn't last for very long [1904-5], because it was the occasion of the first performance of quite a few works by Schoenberg, and some of his pupils, and Zemlinsky, too. And right after, Guido Adler brought Schoenberg to Mahler's house with Zemlinsky. And therefore the scenes that Alma Mahler has described, of these very stormy meetings in which Schoenberg went into what Alma calls "his usual paradoxes," which made Mahler extremely mad—these must have happened during their first meetings, I suppose, in March or April 1904.

Now, it was at this time also that Guido Adler persuaded Mahler to become honorary president of this group. Not only did he accept this post, which was very important, I'm sure, for Schoenberg, but he also accepted to conduct, at the beginning of the following year, 1905, a complete concert of his works for the group, and agreed that they would do a complete concert of Lieder. And this is, of course, when the première of the *Kindertotenlieder* took place, and the *Rückert-Lieder*, and of the complete *Knaben Wunderhorn* Lieder; this took place at the end of January 1905.

The last interesting fact which I discovered—and I don't think anyone has really mentioned this before—is that in June 1904 Alma was sick right after the birth of Anna Mahler, the daughter of Mahler (who is still alive today), and she had to remain in Vienna, and Mahler was all alone in the country, in Maiernigg, on the Wörther See [in Carinthia, southern Austria], where he went every summer to compose. And he wrote letters every day to Alma. He never mentions the work that he is composing; however, there is a later letter to [the Dutch conductor Willem] Mengelberg in which he says, "I've taken up an old work of mine and finished it."

This was very important to me because this is what I call the "Sherlock Holmes" aspect of my research. It became completely obvious to me that the reason why Mahler finished the *Kindertotenlieder*, three of which had been composed in 1901, was simply because Schoenberg wanted a complete concert of Lieder, and his Lieder output simply wasn't quite large enough to fill a whole concert. Also, he felt the three *Kindertotenlieder* which he *had* composed were not quite self-sufficient as a cycle. So therefore, none of this story of the children playing in the garden while he was composing, and so on, that Alma tells, is really true. One of the children was two months old, therefore not playing in the garden in any case. But he did definitely finish the cycle that year, and I believe very much that it was because

Schoenberg asked him for a new work. And this, I really think, is an interesting new fact, which hadn't come to light before.

GLENN GOULD: It certainly is. From everything you've said, then, I would gather that Mahler must have been enormously impressed by every evidence he had of Schoenberg's talent.

H.-L.d.L.G.: I really think that *Verklärte Nacht* had impressed him very, very much, and he had decided immediately that Schoenberg was a genius. There's another fact also, which I discovered, and it is the fact that the Vienna press reported, at the end of 1904, that Mahler himself was going to conduct the first performance of *Pelleas and Melisande*, of Schoenberg, in 1905.

G.G.: Really?

H.-L.d.L.G.: And this, I think, is really very important. It means that he'd believed in Schoenberg enough to really feel like studying this new work. And I really think the reason why he *didn't* do it, finally—he didn't conduct *Pelleas and Melisande*—is simply because the première took place, as far as I can remember, exactly a week before the concert of Mahler Lieder, which was, I think, 29 January 1905. Therefore, I don't think Mahler could possibly study and rehearse a new work by Schoenberg at the same time as preparing his own concert such a short time after.

G.G.: From what you've said, then, I would assume that Mahler admired Schoenberg. Did Schoenberg reciprocate? Did Schoenberg in fact admire Mahler?

H.-L.d.L.G.: I think that the enormous admiration that Schoenberg had for Mahler really was conceived rather late. Originally, Schoenberg was completely negative; then, in December 1904, when Mahler conducted the Third [Symphony] in Vienna, then suddenly Schoenberg had a revelation, and he discovered that Mahler was a very great composer. Now, I also wonder if he wasn't putting the man and the music together. I think the man had had such an enormous impact, I mean, in his own life, in the past six months only, such a strong impact, that he immediately thought of Mahler as a saint. But I think also he must have realized that there was a world of difference between Mahler and himself, and he considered, I think, Mahler as a predecessor much more as a man than as a composer, with, I believe, the one exception of the Ninth Symphony.

G.G.: Right, right. Well, your mention of the Ninth Symphony brings up a question that is of some importance to me and that I've often raised with other people, because the Ninth Symphony is, I suppose, one of, if not *the*, most contrapuntal items that Mahler ever penned. And it seems to me that Schoenberg, who was primarily a contrapuntist in every idiom that he undertook, derived a great deal of that contrapuntal technique from Strauss, and I think really derived many other things from Richard Strauss, possibly even—and I don't know whether you'll agree with that or not, or whether that's even to you heresy—but derived much of his inspiration as a composer, in his early years particularly, from Strauss and not at all from Mahler.

H.-L.d.L.G.: No, I'm quite certain that you're right. And I think that Strauss was very much more a progressive composer, taking up where Wagner had stopped, and going towards Schoenberg. I know that the harmony in Strauss is more progressive. I know that if you hear *Verklärte Nacht* the shadow of Strauss is just as important as that of Wagner or that of Brahms, in many ways. I don't admire Strauss nearly as much as Mahler, although I know he's a very great composer. I think the reason why I don't is that I find his personality so thoroughly *antipatique*, as we say in French. I have to be very frank, because that's always the way I am. But, however, that's not saying that I don't think Strauss is a great composer.

G.G.: In your view, had Mahler lived on to a ripe old age, and let's say—since he died in 1911 at the age of—what?—fifty-one, he could well have lived on into the [nineteen] forties or even the fifties—and had continued to be productive, to write, would Mahler, do you think, have been influenced by what Schoenberg subsequently did? Would he have been influenced by Schoenberg's handling of miniature forms, or even ultimately of serial technique, twelve-tone technique, for instance?

H.-L.d.L.G.: I don't think Mahler would have ever accepted himself to write miniatures, because after all Mahler's basic conception in music—and he expressed it, I think, to Sibelius, as far as I can remember—is when he said that writing a symphony was building a universe with all the means at his disposal. I don't really believe that Mahler would have become much more advanced, certainly not in the way of harmony. I don't think he could *possibly* have accepted serial techniques, but these were of course born only in the 1920s. I think he would very definitely have prolonged his own line, in extending sonata form, in making it much freer, in writing maybe very savage music, such as the Burlesque of the Ninth Symphony. I think that he did feel himself that he belonged to a dying world, and this dying world, we discover nowadays, was a very prophetic one.

But I realize now that I didn't answer all of your first question, when you asked me first of all what Mahler thought, really, of Schoenberg's works—besides the fact that he was defending them, because he might have defended them publicly, because he admired Schoenberg, and not really liked the music. Well, according to Alma, this is partly true. Alma states that Schoenberg one day explained the whole idea of *Klangfarbenmelodie* to Mahler, and that he was quite horrified by this, that he thought this couldn't possibly work. But anyway, the other thing that Alma says, which is very important, about Mahler towards Schoenberg, she says that after these discussions, when Mahler felt that Schoenberg was being too modern and too advanced and he didn't understand what he said, Mahler would say, "Of course, I don't follow him, and I don't understand all his music; however, I am the past and he is the future, therefore he must be right." 🍷

MUSIC: Schoenberg, *Pelleas und Melisande*, Op. 5.
New Philharmonia Orchestra,
conducted by John Barbirolli.

ending...

It is with regret that we announce that, as of July of 2004, **John Miller** will be leaving his post as Executive Director of The Glenn Gould Foundation.

The Board wishes to commend Cultural Support Services Limited and its president, John Miller, on 15 years of valuable service to the Foundation. The Foundation recognizes that John's advice, wisdom, support and, in many cases, execution have been a key factor in the significant progress it has made in fulfilling its mandate. The Foundation wishes to express its gratitude to John and Cultural Support Services Limited and we hope that our association with John will continue long into the future.

An opportunity to more publicly thank and honour John will be announced shortly.

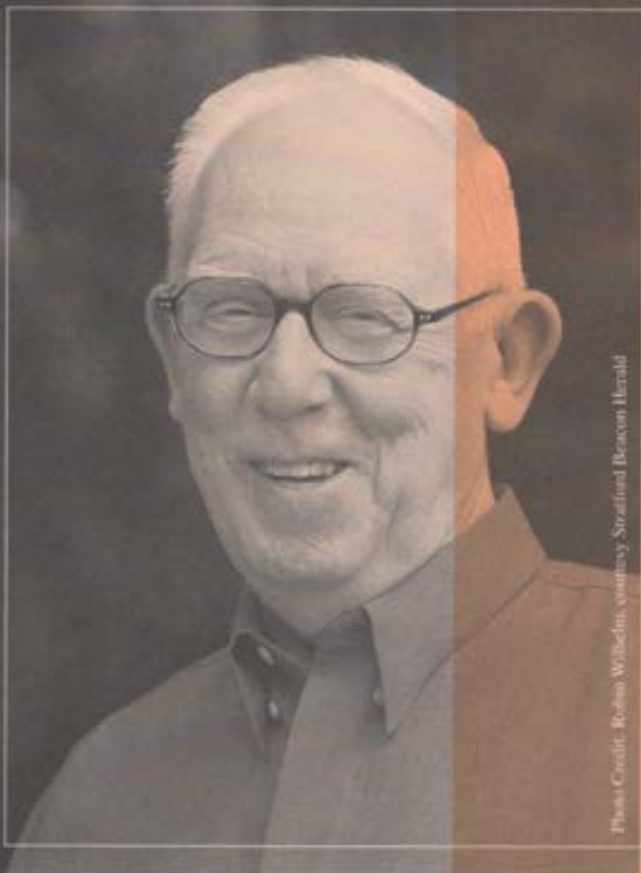


Photo Credit: Robin Wiltschko, courtesy Stratford Beacon Herald

beginning...

We also announce that as of June 1, 2004, **Malcolm Lester** will take on the role of Managing Director of the Foundation.

Malcolm has had a distinguished career in the Canadian publishing industry. Among the many books he published were *The Glenn Gould Reader*, edited by Tim Page, *Glenn Gould: A Life and Variations*, by Otto Friedrich and *The Art of Glenn Gould*, edited by John P. L. Roberts. He also recently produced *Glenn Gould: A Life in Pictures* which Doubleday published in 2002. In addition Malcolm is the literary advisor to the Glenn Gould Estate and is currently a director of the Foundation.

We welcome him to his new role. He can be reached at managingdirector@glenn Gould.ca. Please note that as of June 1, 2004, our new address will be:

The Glenn Gould Foundation
Box 538, 66 Avenue Road
Toronto, ON Canada
M5R 2G0

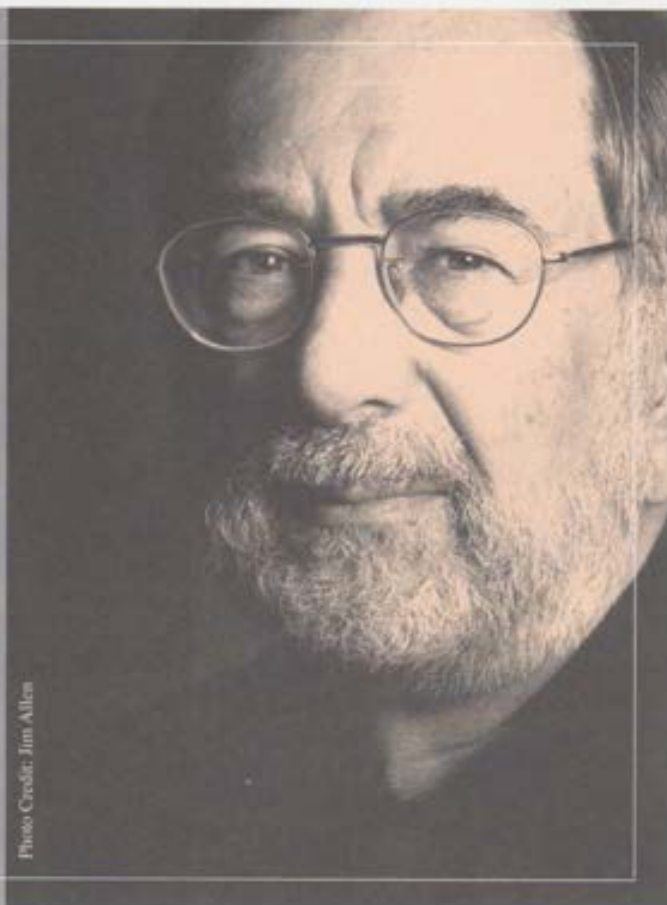


Photo Credit: Jim Allen



Gould, McLuhan, and the Fate of the Acoustic

BY RICHARD CAVELL *In memory of Edward Said*

↑
Six of Canada's most distinguished artists, gathered on a grassy slope overlooking Lake Ontario, in late June 1967. From left to right: the writer Morley Callaghan; the organist, conductor, and composer Sir Ernest MacMillan (who, years earlier, had been a great local supporter of the young Gould); the actress Kate Reid; the Group of Seven painter A. Y. Jackson (whom Gould called "a magician" and one of his favourite painters); Gould; and McLuhan. Several photographs from this session were published on 1 July 1967 in a special issue of the *Toronto Telegram* honouring Canada's Centennial that day. To our knowledge, this session, shot by *Telegram* photographer Dick Loek, was the only occasion on which Gould and McLuhan were photographed together. (Toronto *Telegram* Photo Collection, York University Archives and Special Collections, Neg. No. 0-0252.)

Richard Cavell has been commenting on Glenn Gould since 1985, when he wrote and produced a two-part radio program for CTR-FM (Vancouver) called "Reading Glenn Gould." In 1988, he gave a lecture on Gould at a conference honouring Edward Said, on which occasion he had the privilege of speaking with Said about Gould, Leonard Bernstein, and the politics of performance. Cavell is Professor of English and Director of the International Canadian Studies Centre at the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver, and the author of *McLuhan in Space: A Cultural Geography* (University of Toronto Press, 2002; reprinted 2003) and the editor of *Love, Hate and Fear in Canada's Cold War* (University of Toronto Press, 2004), in which Gould has a cameo. In his spare time he takes lessons on his Zuckermann clavichord.

And, just as certain creatures are the last surviving testimony to a form of life which nature has discarded, I asked myself if music were not the unique example of what might have been—if there had not come the invention of language, the formation of words, the analysis of ideas—the means of communication between one spirit and another.

—Marcel Proust, *In Search of Lost Time*



Glenn Gould's "The Prospects of Recording" is among his most important essays—his "magnum opus," as Kevin Bazzana states in his 2003 biography *Wondrous Strange: The Life and Art of Glenn Gould*—not only for its prophetic quality but also because it allows us to understand his work in a philosophical context. Gould as philosopher is not a new notion, of course; Geoffrey Payzant's 1978 book *Glenn Gould, Music and Mind* placed him in a paradigm reflecting Payzant's own philosophical training, and Elizabeth Angillet's 1992 study boldly proclaims Gould a *Philosopher at the Keyboard*.

These approaches, however, tend to locate Gould in the "philosophy of being"—philosophical reflections on the nature of the self—or in the philosophy of music strictly defined. What I would like to explore here is Gould's place in another, albeit related, philosophical tradition: the philosophy of knowing. This approach is highly appropriate as a way of understanding Gould, given that he understood music to be a form of knowledge that embraced not only musical composition but also dialogue, documentary, and electronic communication, all of which had profound implications for the way we understand the practices of everyday life. This was much more than a set of reflections on the self, and ranged well beyond a philosophy of music; understood in its totality, it was a philosophy of sound.

While the English philosopher W. Mullinger Higgins could publish a book titled *The Philosophy of Sound, and History of Music* in 1838, the idea of under-

standing contemporary culture in this way may strike us as odd, given that we seem to be living in an overwhelmingly visual culture. Yet there was one contemporary thinker who, in his typically counter-intuitive way, argued that we were moving further and further into the domain of the acoustic, and that thinker was Marshall McLuhan. McLuhan's influence on Gould was profound; indeed, "The Prospects of Recording" began life as a dialogue between Gould and McLuhan, as I demonstrate in my book *McLuhan in Space: A Cultural Geography*, and to understand Gould in the context that McLuhan's theories provided for him is to discover a Gould who is not always the familiar one encountered in the vast body of writings that have collected around him.

McLuhan was personally gratified when a musician of Gould's calibre abandoned the stage for the recording studio—"Bless Glenn Gould for throwing the concert audience into the junkyard," he wrote in *Counterblast* (1969)—because he felt that Gould had provided the most high-profile confirmation of the notion that electronic media were retrieving the acoustic elements that had long lain dormant in a culture dominated by print and the visual generally and bringing them into everyday life again. As I write in my book, "It was the rejection of visual space with which McLuhan most often associated Gould's retirement from the concert stage and his subsequent immersion in the space of the sound studio. If acoustics can be defined as 'the study of sound in space,' and if 'sound manifests itself at its most complex and interesting when bouncing off solid forms' ... then Gould's decision to abandon the concert stage can be seen as having profound implications for the way in which we understand acoustic space." (My quotations are from McLuhan's "Inside the Five Sense Sensorium" (1962), and he draws here on the work of Paul Hindemith.) Acoustic space becomes less a place than an event in this reading,

a virtuality rather than a physicality. This virtual element provides a good deal of the basis for the "philosophy of being" approach to Gould—the approach that stresses Gould's desire to transcend the physical constraints of performance and reach a form of extasis.

What I suggest in my book, however, is that Gould's interests took him in the opposite direction as well, towards what Edward Said (the late cultural theorist who was also a Juilliard-trained pianist and writer on music) called the "worldly"—that is, engaged with the social context of music. This notion of engagement will strike us as odd, given the image of a Gould cooped up for years in his Toronto recording studio, until we remember that the world of music has increasingly come to be defined by its modes of electronic production—even in "live" performances, which are markedly different from those of a hundred years ago precisely because of what and how recordings have taught composers, performers, and audiences to hear. Recorded music, in other words, is, by and large, the world of music now. And acoustic media, as McLuhan tirelessly noted, were engaged with a much broader sensory domain than visual media, further extending these media into the worldly.

Gould's last performance was given at the Wilshire Ebell Theater in Los Angeles, and that venue is associated with another philosopher of sound, Arnold Schoenberg, not only because the composer lived out his last years in L.A. but because of the large portrait of Schoenberg that hangs in the lobby. (In what follows I am drawing on the detailed account I provide in *McLuhan in Space*.) Schoenberg's theories of composition were so important to Gould that he became the most prolific commentator on Schoenberg at the time. It is clear from his lecture *Arnold Schoenberg: A Perspective* (published as a monograph in 1964) that the importance of Schoenberg's compositions extended beyond their status in the history of music; as Gould puts it,

Schoenberg's output delineates "the basic pattern for much of what has taken place in the first half of the twentieth century." This pattern was characterized by a shift from tonality to modality, a shift whose mirror image could be found in the Renaissance. As such, it paralleled the transition that McLuhan, writing in *The Gutenberg Galaxy* (1962), had argued was taking place from literacy to a form of electronic orality (just as, in the Renaissance, there had been a shift from oral modes to literate ones as a result of the invention of printing). Gould further aligned his thought with McLuhan in his comment that "the concert hall is dead," which echoed McLuhan's notion that the visual space of the book was giving way to the acoustic space of electronic media (a dynamic powerfully conveyed by the tensions in the conjunction of "phono" and "graph").

These notions are present in Schoenberg as well, who often spoke of his music in spatial terms (influenced perhaps by his other career as a painter), and whose notion of *Sprechgesang* was, in the words of the art historian Dore Ashton, "an uncanny fusion of speaking, singing and incantation. ... The result is the incomparably moving sense of shifting spaces ... that he had begun to envisage as his new structure." McLuhan likewise commented (posthumously), in *Laws of Media* (1988), on Schoenberg's abandonment of "the visual structures of tonality" for the "multi-locationalism" of atonality which McLuhan specifically likened to acoustic space. It was recording technology which had facilitated this shift from visual to acoustic space; as Douglas Kahn has remarked in *Wireless Imagination*, "we only begin to really hear about sound as a cultural entity with the introduction of Cros' paleophone and Edison's phonography."

It shouldn't surprise us, thus, if Gould devoted significant attention to the prospects that electronic media augured for recording. His famous essay began life as the text of a CBC radio program called *Dialogue on the Prospects of Recording*, for which he interviewed McLuhan and which McLuhan published in *Explorations*, the continuation (in the University of Toronto's *Varsity Graduate* magazine) of his and Edmund Carpenter's journal of

that title published in the 1950s. McLuhan had edited the typescript of *Dialogue* prior to this publication, then Gould further revised it before publishing it in *High Fidelity*, in 1966, as "The Prospects of Recording." The essay discusses the ways in which electronic recording of musical performance had achieved "a great degree of clarity, immediacy, almost tactile proximity," qualities with which Gould's playing was similarly associated, emphasizing, thus, the porosity between recording and performing practices.

Likewise, the shift from stage to studio meant that Gould's recordings tended to be internally resonant, rather than resonant in terms of the space in which they were recorded. Indeed, even the resonance between notes is emphasized, as in the performance of the Scriabin Sonata No. 3 in F-sharp Minor. While the score is marked "*drammatico*," Gould plays the first movement very slowly, such that (as Kevin Bazzana, in *Glenn Gould: The Performer in the Work* (1997), remarks of Gould's playing generally) "each note seems to occupy its own acoustical space," an effect Gould emphasized by the recording process, which employed ranks of microphones ranged round the instrument. This notion of internal resonance also characterizes the difference between the first recording of the Goldberg Variations and the second, especially in the performance of the Aria.

Gould's farewell to the concert hall, thus, was part of a much larger investigation of spatial dynamics within an acoustical field, which he understood as having philosophical implications not only for the status of the performer but for culture and society as a whole—for "the regulation of our environment" and "the conduct of our daily lives," as he put it. In the "Prospects" article he enters this territory specifically in his remarks on "take two-ness," a notion that questions not only traditional ideas about artistic production but also the "humanistic ideal" and related notions of "authorship" that underpins them. Here Gould comes very close to McLuhan's idea that in our technologies we are most human and that notions of individuality and authorship are the products of print culture. Electronic reproduction of music had

shifted these values from the performer to the consumer, from product to process: "[I]f McLuhan's right and it's a trend of our times to take an interest in the process of production, then surely that interest ... should permit us to treat art as a source of greater mystery than symmetry and unity ... can define."

Comments such as these are often read as part of an idealistic philosophy whose ultimate goal was to remove the performer from the public realm into a realm of priestly solitude. But McLuhan points the way to another way of understanding Gould: as an artist-performer interacting with a medium that paradoxically permitted intense individuality through the medium of mass communication. And judging from Gould's readings in the music philosophy of Theodor W. Adorno, he did not consider that the recording medium removed the performer from his worldly context. In his copy of Adorno's *Prisms*, Gould set off with brackets the comment that culture is a dangerous idea because it suggests that art can find its meaning exclusively in the closed world of ideas. Rather, writes Adorno, works of art "have always stood in relation to the actual life-process of society." Similarly, in Adorno's essay on Schoenberg, Gould marked the passage in which Adorno states that the difficulty of the composer's music "requires the listener spontaneously to compose its inner movement and demands ... not mere contemplation but praxis." One might make a similar comment with regard to the often controversial interpretations Gould made in his music and his writing (including in his rather selective reading of Adorno, who was virulently opposed to mass culture).

Technology, for Gould, was not a way of removing the performer from the world but of re-integrating the performer with the worldly, and precisely by breaking down the barriers between composer and performer, performer and listener. Gould achieved this reintegration in a number of ways and first of all through his long association with one of the largest public broadcasting networks in the world, the CBC. He achieved similar forms of engagement through his liner notes, his essays, his sound documentaries, his movie soundtracks, and even through the humming that accompanies many of his recordings. While his friend and biographer

Peter Ostwald thought this humming was a sign of his self-absorption, Gould himself thought differently. Asked by Jonathan Cott if his performance practices might be deemed Brechtian, Gould agreed absolutely with this suggestion that such practices might include alienating elements as a way of provoking critical reflection. A related effect of the humming is that it connects the musical performance to the bodily, perhaps the most profound way in which Gould's performances remind us that music is not just a signifying system but also a sensory phenomenon.

In his 1970 CBC television special *The Well-Tempered Listener*, Gould stated, "I think our whole notion of what music is has forever merged with all the sounds that are around us, everything that the environment makes available." In this he sounds very much like another McLuhanite (and another musical philosopher), John Cage, who had had Schoenberg as his mentor. As Cage stated in an interview with Gould, "the only aspect of sound that existed when there was not sound was duration," and hence Cage titled his most famous composition with an indication of the performance time: 4' 33". And, as we know from listening to this work (generally referred to as "*Silence*"), it is deeply and profoundly environmental, making of all the sounds around us into a strange and haunting music.

The overall effect of Gould's performance techniques was to make his music more "worldly," in the sense that Edward Said defined. "Thus," writes Said, in *Musical Elaborations* (1991), "Gould went to very great lengths after he left the concert stage in 1964 to communicate his diverse talents to an audience as he spilled out his knowledge, his articulate analyses, his prodigious technical facility into other forms and styles well beyond the two-hour concert experience." Gould's abandonment of the stage was a dramatic indicator of how music was leaving the confines of the concert hall and becoming environmental. This was its importance for him and indicated why he insisted that writing about music had a purchase that extended beyond the high cultural aficionado to a domain where Streisand mingled with Schwarzkopf.

In understanding Gould's position we must remember that his career unfolded in what Mark Prendergast has called *The*

Ambient Century (2000), one of whose chief avatars was the American composer Terry Riley, about whom Gould wrote a most perceptive bit of radio commentary, published in *The Glenn Gould Reader*. As Brian Eno remarks in the foreword to Prendergast's volume, the social dimension of music was forever changed when it became separable from the space in which it was performed. That new space was heralded by the "immersive" experience created by composers such as Mahler, Debussy, Satie, and Varèse, and later by Stokowski, Cage, La Monte Young, rock and pop musicians, and composers and performers of electronic music (such as the Moog-synthesizer Bach that Gould so admired). All of them were "getting right inside what it meant to create sound, no longer only concentrating on the external but also the internal processes of becoming aware of what a sound was actually like," in the words of Prendergast, and they all were aware that the history of twentieth-century music would in many ways be a history of sound in the broadest sense.

The point of making sound, for John Cage, was to "wake people up to the very life they are living." This attempt to bring music together with the world out of which it was born had been given a philosophical foundation by Friedrich Nietzsche, whose *Birth of Tragedy Out of the Spirit of Music* (1872—its second edition, which changed the subtitle, was published in 1874, the year of Schoenberg's birth) argued for a reconciliation between the Apollonian elements of art—the elements of abstraction—and the Dionysian elements—the elements of deep engagement. What is important to note is that Nietzsche's essay, which in many ways inaugurates modernism, suggests that music is key to our understanding the world that was dawning as he wrote.

Seventy-five years later, Thomas Mann, L.A. neighbour to both Schoenberg and Adorno, thought Nietzsche was right; Mann's novel *Dr. Faustus* is a profound reading of the events of the first half of the twentieth century in the context of musical production, and to that end alludes to aspects of the lives of both Nietzsche (a musician as well as a philosopher) and Schoenberg, in addition to a range of Western composers, from Pérotin through to Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and the Wagner who likewise

obsessed Nietzsche (and Gould).

In these musings, Mann is concerned with the fate of the acoustic, which is likewise the fate of the twentieth century in its oscillation between extremes, such as the formalism and expressionism that haunt his characters. Gould combined such polarities in his own career, which juxtaposed the rigorous pursuit of the fugal form with popcult impersonations of Marlon Brando. In doing so, he defined a moment in which we still find ourselves living. If the fate of the acoustic has been, paradoxically, to expand through electronic media to the limitless extension of the world wide web while inaugurating an era of mediated silence, then Gould positioned himself through his work as the master of these contradictions. "In the best of all possible worlds," he writes at the end of "Prospects," the "audience would be the artist and their lives would be art."

This is at once a statement of Apollonian abstraction and a manifesto for the Dionysian engagement of music in the world out of which it is made. Like Nietzsche, Cage, and McLuhan, Gould understood the necessity of worshipping at the altars of both gods, be they abstraction and expressionism, be they technology and humanism, be they the hot medium of print and the cool medium of television. Unlike Mann, who feared that serialism marked an end to the tradition of Western music, Gould had the brilliant insight that the revolutionary musical ideas of Schoenberg, et. al., had already become part of our environment through movie soundtracks, Muzak, and television, as well as through the general confluence of music with ambient sound.

As Proust had noted at the beginning of the twentieth century, unmediated communication was a myth; limited to what language—be it verbal, musical, or technological—would allow us to know, we were forever immersed in the world that we ourselves had made, and it was to this fate that the acoustic increasingly spoke. As a philosopher of sound, Gould was acutely aware that hearing is an intermediate sense, distinct from the abstraction of sight and the embodiment of taste, yet taking tactile pleasure in the richness of their gamut. Gould's art was in this sense also his philosophy. ■

Remembering Niki

by David Goldbloom



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In Canada's artistic community there has been an outpouring of affection for the late Nicholas Goldschmidt, C.C., O.Ont., who died on 8 February 2003 at age ninety-five. His achievements have been honoured nationally and internationally, and chronicled in a recent biography by Gwenlyn Setterfield, *Niki Goldschmidt: A Life in Canadian Music* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2003).

In contrast to the many Canadian musicians, artists, patrons, and colleagues who have known and worked with Niki for many decades, I came to know him only in the last eight years in the context of the Glenn Gould Foundation, of which we both served on the board of directors. Sitting next to Niki was a highlight of many meetings for me, where his hearing difficulties placed me in the role of synthesizing the remarks made by others at the far end of the table. Niki's reactions would range from emphatic endorsement

to abject dismissal but were rarely neutral, passive, or inaudible. On occasion he would doze off during the proceedings, waking suddenly and describing the most recent suggestion as "preposterous" in his mellifluous way.

Despite being the senior member of the board by dint of age, he was among the youngest in terms of looking to shake off the past; he was keen to do things differently, and do them for reasons of substance rather than of show. He was also a frequent hitcher of rides home after the meetings.

During some of those drives, he would demonstrate his extraordinary connection to the past sixty years of music in Canada. I once mentioned a personal fondness for Gian Carlo Menotti's opera *The Consul*, staged, in my view, all too infrequently. Niki's eyes lit up as he recounted how he had conducted the Vancouver premiere in 1955 and had staged it again at the Guelph Festival in the early 1970s. Another time, I told him about my great-aunt Ellen Ballon, a now largely forgotten Canadian pianist who enjoyed some success internationally and had been a champion of the works of the Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos. He immediately pointed out he

had heard her in concert several times and remembered her well.

My last visit with Niki was in his home five days before his death. Despite his obviously weakened state, he was eager to talk. He was overjoyed with a viewing of a videotape of his latest version of Benjamin Britten's opera *Noye's Fludde*, which he had produced in the context of his successful three-city Britten festival, in 2003. Niki, of course, had attended the premiere run of this work at the Aldeburgh Festival, in England, in 1958. Within two years, he had brought this twentieth-century masterpiece to Canada in the first of several productions that he would oversee over the years. The CBC, through Ian Alexander, had ensured that Niki would see his final production of it by bringing the viewing equipment to his bedside.

I told Niki about the terrific recital I had attended five days earlier by Leon Fleisher, the great American pianist who in recent years had regained the function of his right hand after decades of disability. Naturally, Niki had a Leon Fleisher story: some sixty-seven years earlier, he had attended the audition of a nine-year-old Leon Fleisher for lessons with the

legendary Artur Schnabel. As a pianist, Niki thought that Fleisher was (in Niki's middle-European accent) "mahvelous."

I asked Niki if he wanted some music to play. He dismissed the idea with a wave of his hand, saying he had heard enough. The only thing he wanted to hear was Beethoven's "Ghost" Trio played by with the violinist Bronislaw Huberman, the cellist Pablo Casals, and the pianist Ignaz Friedman—and he intimated that someone had a recording by them of that piece. "I heard them play it live in 1927" was his explanation for that choice.

Instead, Niki wanted to discuss the 2005 Glenn Gould Prize, as well as plans for piano scholarships for young Canadians. He had thoughts about the prize level, the geography, potential patrons, and other details. However, he cautioned me that he didn't know when he was going to "pop off—it could be days, weeks, or months." The next morning, we spoke by telephone and he reiterated his wish for visitors—"Come early and stay a long time" were his last words to me.

Four days later, Niki was dead. I returned to Setterfield's biography and learned that the "Ghost" Trio performance he had requested was part of a Beethoven festival in Vienna in 1927, the centenary of the composer's death; Setterfield described the festival as a pivotal moment in Niki's life. Part of his legacy is a tradition of music festivals in Canada that evolved under his leadership, musical intellect, passion, and persistence.

Niki loved, in an impish way, to goad stuffy people. Under the bushy eyebrows and dark-rimmed glasses were twinkling eyes and a boyish, barely contained enthusiasm. Quite apart from his longevity, it was a relentless capacity to look forward and explore new ideas that kept him young. Niki energized people around him and warmed every room he entered. I shall miss him. ■

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The Friends of Glenn Gould, founded in 1995, is a society for those who share an interest in Gould's artistic accomplishments and visionary ideas, and who wish information about special events, new publications, audio and video releases, and so on. Friends will receive the twice-yearly journal GlennGould, among other benefits, and will have the opportunity to receive rare Gould items not otherwise available to the public. Friends will also support The Glenn Gould Foundation's ongoing efforts to promote public awareness of Gould's work and ideas.

For information on becoming a Friend of Glenn Gould, please contact John A. Miller, Executive Director of the Foundation, at the address on page 50.

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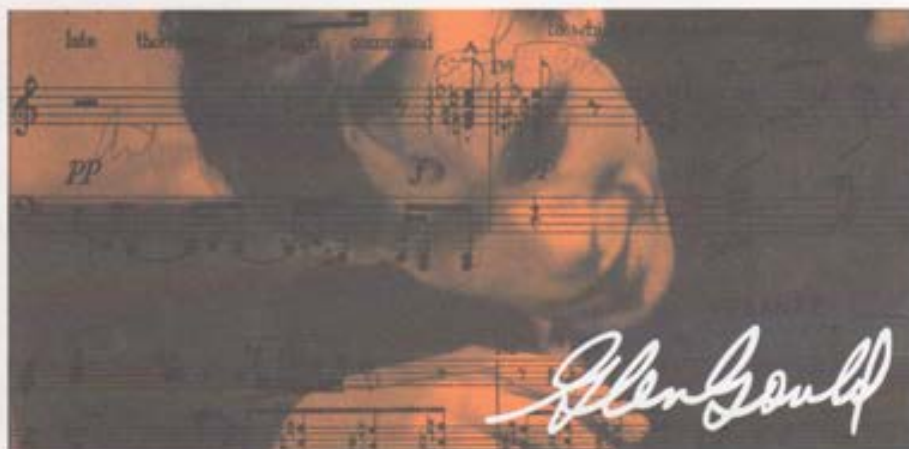
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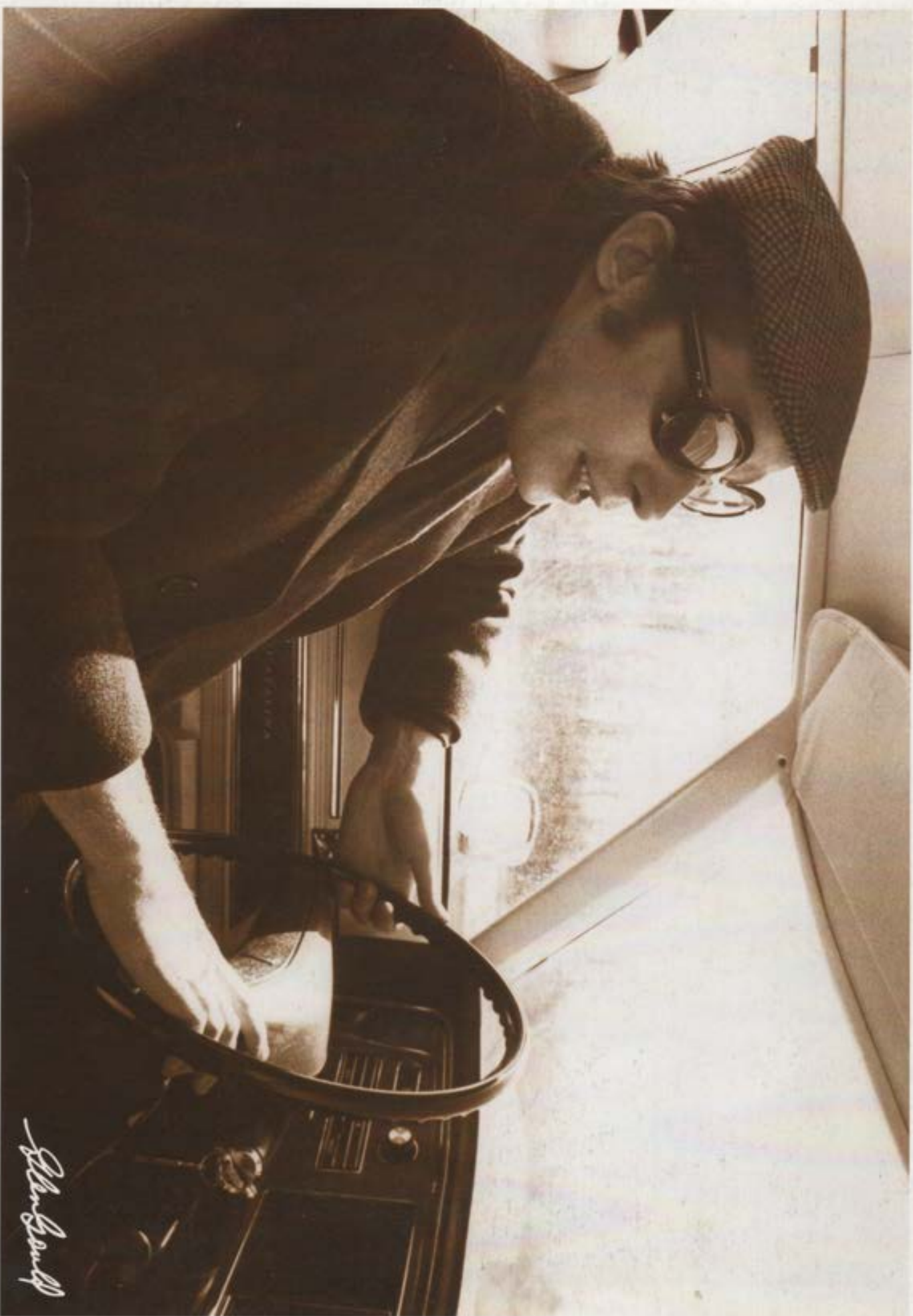
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Gould driving through Toronto in one of the big American cars he always preferred, April 1974. (Photograph by Don Hummel)