

Glenn Gould

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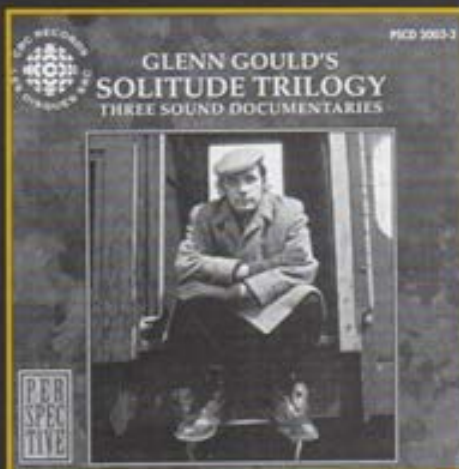
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Bach's Keyboard Partitas:



Gould recorded the six Partitas of Bach between 1956 and 1963, for release on three Columbia Masterworks albums. Toward the end of 1963, Columbia rereleased all six Partitas in a two-album boxed set, M2L 293/M2S 693, with Gould contributing liner notes in the form of the following conversation, reprinted for the first time in English.

Bruno Monsaingeon, introducing the conversation in his French-language edition of Gould's writings (*Contrepoint à la ligne: Écrits* (Tome II) (Paris: Fayard, 1985): 19-32), refers to the interlocutor, David Johnson, as an imaginary character, created by Gould in order to inject a note of casualness and humour into his writing. To be sure, the final version of this conversation was written out by Gould alone; indeed, this was one of the earliest instances in which he assumed total editorial control over a published interview—his usual procedure in later years. However, it seems that David Johnson was not imaginary after all. Among the Gould papers in the National Library of Canada, we discovered a Christmas postcard, written just around the time the boxed set of Partitas was released,



sent to Gould by one David Johnson and bearing a return address in New York City. We have not been able to locate David Johnson or find any more biographical information about him, but from the evidence of the postcard we feel confident in asserting that Gould's conversation partner did, in fact, exist.

The conversation is a long and revealing one. It offers Gould's thoughts on some of Bach's most important keyboard music, but it also ranges beyond the Partitas themselves to The Well-Tempered Clavier, to matters of performance practice like tempo and repeats, to the whole issue of playing Bach on the modern piano.

A Conversation with Glenn Gould



Our source is a copy of the original liner-note booklet, but we have also consulted Gould's typescript, held among his papers in the National Library of Canada (Box 17, File 17). We preserve the spelling, punctuation, and style of the original booklet. Notes are editorial. Gould's recordings of the six Partitas are currently available in a two-CD box in Sony Classical's Glenn Gould Edition, along with his late recordings of various short preludes, fugues, and fuguetas by Bach (SM2K 52 597).

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DAVID JOHNSON: The Partitas are referred to as bigger and more impressive works than the French and English Suites. Bach did publish them in the *Clavierübung*,¹ whereas he didn't publish the Suites. Do you make anything of this?

GLENN GOULD: I don't know quite where

Minor Partita is as delicately boned a work as almost any of the French Suites. The C Minor Partita is not a particularly large work in bone structure, either, but it's a more imposing work because of the somber attitude that it brings to each of its movements. The G Major and B-Flat Major are "middle-

quite special to it."²

D.J.: You anticipate my next question.

G.G.: Then I hasten to return to your first. You know, the A Minor—to start with the slightest one (possibly not in length, but still the slightest)—the A



▲ **Example 1:** Bach, Partita No. 3 in A Minor/Burlesca, mm. 1–32. The last measure of this excerpt shows the parallel octaves to which Gould objected. (Reproduced from the original edition of the complete Partitas (Leipzig, 1731), published by Bach himself as the first volume of his *Clavier-Übung*.)

to go with that question. The size of the Partitas is variable. Certainly the A

sized"; the G Major has the added complication of a double fugue which makes it seem bigger than it really is, gives it a kind of structural portentousness. The E Minor and the D Major are the biggest in terms of sheer length; they both run to about twenty-five minutes, with some repeats. Both of these—apart from the variables of the repeats—have a much larger, a much more expansive profile. They both tend to pursue totally different moods, but in a more exhaustive way than any of the others. And yet one thinks of each of the six as having a perfume and color

Minor is a very interesting work because it is the most casual and the least "thoughtful" (those terms are probably not applicable, but extensions of them are). It's the one in which there is the most rule-breaking, and this is curious because it would seem that the slightest works should be the most perfect ones in terms of book-learning and the achievement of a kind of momentum of motivic ideas. But they're not. The French Suites and the A Minor Partita have in common all sorts of shady voice-leading which aren't according to the books at all, and which

the G Major or the B-Flat major don't exhibit. The A Minor is one of the few solo keyboard works of Bach that has bare octaves, with no other textural components added to them; this is in the *Burlesca* [m. 32], and is probably part of its burlesque nature. [See Example 1.] For years I played this passage as either sixths or tenths—I couldn't bear the idea that anything in Bach could be outright octaves.³ But this Partita goes out of its way to be perverse in this manner, to leave behind some of the principles that Bach cultivated in his more sedate works. Because of its smallness, because of its compactness, it allowed certain kinds of experiment with the manner of the day. It's as if Bach were saying, "Look here, I know the kind of thing you want for your salons, but if I give it to you it's going to be in works in which I try a very wry synthesis of these binary architectures I've worked at for a long time. If, on the other hand, I get very serious and write you a *real* partita I'm not going to do these things." And, of course, the contrapuntal stance in the big ones is immaculate—the Gigue of the E Minor, for instance, is incredible. Now, there are lots of angularities in these big ones, too. In the Gigue of the D Major, or the Allemande of the D Major—which is the longest single movement in the Partitas—there are lots of moments when the voice-leading is almost transcendently awkward, there are moments when you think he is *never* going to get over that next suspension. But only in the A Minor are there things that one would have to rap a student over the knuckles for having done. And I have always felt that since we all pretty well agree that Bach if nothing else was just about the greatest technician that ever was, there is no excuse for that sort of thing—especially when he is dealing with the thinnest possible two-voice texture. Therefore, assuming that he didn't require an excuse, that he had

an idea in mind, I assume further that this is a deliberate side-stepping of his own conventions.

D.J.: Erwin Bodky, in his book on Bach's keyboard works,⁴ suggests that the A Minor Partita was intended for the clavichord, whereas the other five were intended for the harpsichord. Might that explain the lighter style? Or possibly it was written at an earlier period.

G.G.: Well, it was possibly written at a different period. But the fact that the clavichord is less audible doesn't mean that one writes for it with less care. No, I think it's not entirely a measure of boredom that produces effects like the octave passage in the *Burlesca*. There is a certain casualness about the A Minor Partita, but there is also a kind of decadent familiarity that he had with the things that ought to be done to mate one tone of voice to another, and, for reasons that were other than proving that he could do it all over again, in certain works he deviates from this.

D.J.: Let me ask you this next question anyway, although you've already partly answered it. Do you think a case can be made for Bach's Partitas having a unity of conception? That is, do you think that the succession of dances in a given partita *belong* peculiarly to that partita by virtue of more than a mere uniformity of key?—as the movements of a Beethoven sonata seem, at least, to belong together. Would any but a sharp Baroque ear be likely to know the difference if, at a recital, you were to shuffle around the various allemandes, courantes, sarabandes and giges?

G.G.: Assuming the key transpositions being effected?

D.J.: Yes.

G.G.: That's a very interesting question.

I've never thought of the shuffling part. I must try it some time and find out. (*With a broad smile*): I'd love to try it; that's a marvelous idea. It would be interesting to see if any of the reviewers notice it the next morning.⁵ Well now, this puts me at a disadvantage, because I never thought of this shuffling. And that's the key to the whole thing: whether you could take the E Minor Partita and transpose the middle movements into C minor and whether they would be absolutely unfitting to the C Minor Partita. . . . They would in one way, because the C Minor Partita is a fairly constant exercise in two, and occasionally three-voice counterpoint, whereas the E Minor Partita tends to have a highly arpeggiated variation of accompaniment in its bigger movements—in its Sarabande, particularly—which relates certainly to the expanse of its opening Toccata. The texture of the Sarabande, and also the sort of deviousness of register that goes on in such movements as the Courante, do certainly relate to a frame that is very big in the Sixth Partita—the movements are not big in themselves, but they have expanse. They have sampled of expanse prior to their coming; there is a feeling that the curtain that went up in the Toccata went up quite a way, with the great opening rolls and flourishes and then quite a nice, delicate fugue, followed by the opening again. I would think that if you followed that fanfare with the transposed middle movements of the C Minor Partita it would be a bit disappointing. Because the E minor Sarabande *does* partake of a sense of largeness, of an emotional response to what was an objective statement of the stern overture principle of the Toccata—French rhythm followed by fugue followed by French rhythm. And the Sarabande retains, in its accompaniment, the ruling arpeggio idea of the Toccata.⁶ Whereas in the C Minor Sarabande you have largely two-part

writing, much closer to the pruned and cautious quality of the last part of the first movement, the Sinfonia. It's true that in the opening of this Sinfonia you get the French rhythm again, but it's both shorter and not nearly as grandiose as its counterpart in the E Minor Partita. And the Capriccio that closes the C Minor is appropriate to the dimension of the Sinfonia and Sarabande.

Of course, there is enough consistency between a certain attitude of one Bach sarabande and some other that you might not altogether feel a real sense of divorce from the work. They'd be, first of all, very good no matter where you found them, and there would be a certain smile or frown on a sarabande, as against a courante, that would stamp it as quite satisfactory. But I think that in terms of a list of characters involved, so to speak, in terms of the size of cast, you would feel that something was missing; because certainly the size of cast of the E minor, judging by the corps de ballet at the beginning—the big Toccata movement—demands that the movements to follow in some way be large if not long. And so in that sense the Courante is one of those flighty and gibbering movements that goes through a big register, has lots of scales and sequential modulations. The Sarabande, as I said, is very perfumed and elegant, but big emotionally. This E Minor Partita is also one of these pieces where you get the extra interpolation of the movement before the Sarabande, a quick Air; you get the same sort of thing, an Aria, stuck in as a divertissement in the other big Partita, the D Major.

It's an awfully tantalizing point, this idea of interchanging the movements. It's so tantalizing that I'm going to do it some time. I'll do it before an audience that hasn't paid for their tickets, or something, so they won't feel gypped, and they'll get a charge out of the experience afterwards, especially when they read in my next book that that's what they heard.⁷

D.J.: On the whole, then, you don't feel that these Partitas withdraw into a kind of Baroque nonentity, but rather that each has its own atmosphere.

G.G.: Yes. Yes, I do . . . I think there is certainly a sense of atmosphere that dominates each one. To what extent that atmosphere is a "key" atmosphere is a very debatable thing; this involves the question of whether Bach chose a certain key to conform with a certain attitude of mind. There are certain indications that this was the case, as it was to some extent with every composer since Bach, until the whole process reached its logical absurdity with Scriabin. But to what extent this is an interchangeable relation, to what extent the C Minor Partita "means" the same as the final C minor chorus from the *St. Matthew Passion*, or stimulates the same kind of thinking modified only by a secular-versus-religious purpose, is a very difficult thing to make a pronouncement on.⁸

D.J.: How do you decide on tempos in Bach?

G.G.: Well, I am very tempted to say that I *don't* really decide on tempos in Bach. I have played many works—particularly works with contrapuntal textures, like the fugues and fugued gigue—which do allow an enormous variety of idea in terms of a great deal *happening*—I've played many such works at such incredibly varied tempi over the years that I am the last person who should talk about consistency in general. In fact the really astonishing point about Bach is that one can sometimes find oneself confronted with dramatic alternatives that seem to work almost equally well. I'm thinking more of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* here, but also of the Partitas to a degree.⁹

D.J.: Do you mean that you can play certain pieces slow or fast almost with

equal cogency?

G.G.: Exactly. And to a certain extent the extremity might even be an advantage. Now, in the case of the Partitas there is a qualification, because presumably if you play one movement arbitrarily slowly, as a point of experiment, it's going to impose certain demands on the other movements. You could not, in the C Minor Partita, play a very somber and quasi-tragic realization of the Allemande through Sarabande and then do a thoroughly giddy Sinfonia and Capriccio. Obviously, even the movements that are of some dexterity and caprice would still have to maintain that sobriety which you depicted in the other movements. Whereas in a straight fugue there is less to worry about in that degree; you could take, to give you a current problem for me, the F Minor Fugue from the first volume of the Forty-eight, which I am just now preparing to record, and find two absolutely satisfying ways to play it. [See Example 2.] The only qualification there is that since one has to play it, for recording purposes, with the accompanying prelude, that may throw some light on the decision. The version I've just committed to tape in a preliminary way is done extremely slowly, with pointillistic phrases every two notes in the subject, à la Webern, until you get to the last ones, where I put tenutos and marcos, apostrophes as it were, over each note. This is the way it now stands, but I am not entirely happy with it. There is a good case for doing this piece in a much more free-flowing, legato fashion, and this would change the character of the fugue entirely. And there are reasons that make this extremely applicable because the fugue is one of those that proceeds a lot in thirds and sixths in the accompaniment figure. It isn't that it lacks independence in voices, but it's not one of the super-oblique ones that have total independ-

ence. It's a remarkable piece but it doesn't teach one a special lesson in counterpoint or in how to adjust voices; it's a fairly ordinary contrivance in the relation of subsidiary material to main theme. And for that reason there is not the necessity of presenting it to contemporary ears as an important problem in that kind of contrapuntal adjustment. That's one argument. It spends a lot of time in A-flat and D-flat major, which are obviously close relations to F minor but at the same time are rather frolicsome, or at least meditative-through [though?]-carefree keys in disposition for Bach (using the "key" argument, which I don't fully accept). That's another argument. And so the Dixieland beat in this comes off surprisingly well; but I'm not fully convinced by it. I think I'll do it again in a slightly less

degree in a Chopin nocturne or even a Beethoven sonata.

On the other hand, I think that the sense of shock is not to be had. Most pianists manage to ignore Bach's keyboard works anyway, so they don't know if a given interpretation is different from what customarily has been

movement in the Partitas, as you've recorded them, that goes against a long-established tradition so far as tempo is concerned?

G.G.: I honestly don't think that there is a long-established tradition of Bach tempi. In fact I don't think there is a

▼ Example 2: Bach, *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, Book 1, Fugue in F Minor, mm. 1-6, showing the principal theme, which Gould, in his 1963 recording, articulated with "pointillistic phrases every two notes in the subject, à la Webern, until you get to the last ones,

where I put tenutos and marcato, apostrophes as it were, over each note." (Reproduced from Gould's own copy of the score—the Hans Bischoff edition of 1883, published by Kalmus—held among his papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada.)



intense version of what I've done up till now, which is perhaps too slow.¹⁰

This takes us a bit away from the Partitas, but it does illustrate the kind of thinking that goes into my tempo-making. These are some of the considerations. First of all, an examination of the material involved. If, as in the Partitas, a work of multiple movements is concerned, then I examine the total character and attempt to achieve a consistency of individual movements within that character. But the problem remains very great, because you're confronted with a dilemma that doesn't exist to the same

done. I don't know myself. There's a great deal of his music I've heard performed only on the harpsichord, never on the piano, or vice versa. And another factor which tends to ward against shock is that Bach is so convincing structurally, on so many levels—there are so many ways of looking at a particular situation—that a real intrusion upon a belief of decades isn't there in the way that it's there if you restyle a Beethoven symphony or, as I did a few years ago, a Brahms concerto.¹¹

D.J.: Could you point to a particular

tradition of Bach performance that is of any continuous duration. The lineage has been broken at so many points; it isn't like deciding how to do the last Brahms Intermezzi. Anyhow, I don't hold to this kind of tradition. My own tuition was such that it didn't derive from anyone who had the direct contact with the man who had the direct contact with the man who had it. Therefore, I have always tended to look askance at this sort of thing.

However, I think there are a few movements which, relative to the general practice of the last generation—the



► Gould at work in the studios of Columbia Records, in March 1963, around the time he was recording Bach's Partita No. 4 in D Major. (Photograph by Don Hunstein, courtesy of Sony Classical.)

only practice that one can really speak of—are different. The B-Flat Major Partita, which is the most popular one, the piece that every student plays and a great favorite of Lipatti and other pianists, contains a Minuet which is an encore favorite and is usually performed very quickly, with un-minuet-like haste. I have no objection to that whatever, because I would not myself be held to playing all allemandes allemande-like (whatever that may be). But it seems to me that this is a more arch movement than is permitted by this tempo. I think that it is of such captivating charm and delicacy that there is a temptation to play it as a “nice little piece,” to take it out of context of the total Partita. I play it as a straight minuet; relative to others, the tempo is quite slow;¹² the relation of Minuet I and Minuet II is a very strict one—Minuet II is of a slightly different poise and it also has a passage [the repeat of mm. 1-8] where I jump up an octave to give the impression of four-foot registration. By and large, this is one of the few places where a sufficient

performance practice exists that one can really say it's being contradicted. But the ideals and the accepted traditions of Bach are changing so rapidly right now that all of us are going to sound very odd even twenty-five years from now. The pianists who were important figures of the Twenties and Thirties who played Bach, tended to use such movements as the B-Flat Minuet as virtuoso showcases. This was left over from the generation before them, a generation who used it all as a virtuoso showcase, to the extent that they rewrote it to suit that virtuoso demand. At the present time two distinct styles exist. I'm not sufficiently clear in my mind as to which of these two I represent. I don't think I represent quite either of them. One style is the extremely motoric and firm—the German chamber style as I would call it. It can be heard in recordings by Karl Richter, and also in a conductor like Klemperer, although there you get a preference for acoustical size, whereas Richter is a chamber stylist. Klemperer sees things in terms of an almost rigid

motoric concept in Bach. Now I do too, to a very large degree. But I couldn't go quite as far; I would like to be a little more yielding than these two musicians, but I admire them enormously for the kind of momentum that they achieve. And the other style that's still going around is the super-extravagant, how-much-I-really-love-all-this attitude, in which, sometimes quite tastefully, violinistic attitudes of mind are imposed on the keyboard works. I think it's safe to say that most pianists still today—and this, disturbingly, includes most of the young generation just coming up—would perform Bach in a non-registered, non-plateaued simulation. But I hope that their numbers are dropping vis-a-vis those who see Bach in a more carefully terraced architectural form.

D.J.: In listening to your performances of the Partitas, I notice that you take certain repeats and don't take others. In fact, you leave out more than you take. What's the reason for this?

G.G.: I can answer that very simply: Timing. It's not a very profound answer. Timing and a sense of the dramatic. I do most of the first repeats in the middle movements and none of the second repeats. In concert performances of the Partitas I have at times done all the repeats and at others none of them, depending on what mood I was in and how long a program it was. One can pad a short program outrageously by taking all the repeats. But with a recording you are dealing with a basically very honest medium. In a concert, a lot

of the "second time through" can be made interesting by looking exhausted, as though you would dearly love to get your hands off the keyboard and wipe your brow. You can play to the balcony, in short. You can over-exaggerate, and pianists usually end up by doing that. Because they feel that they must "project," they will play one part of a movement particularly loudly, then they will go into an absurd alteration of this, which could never be duplicated on a registered instrument. I have never done that, publicly or in recordings.¹³ The contrasts I make are, I like to think, fairly subtle ones. They usually involve pulling out an inner voice the second time round, showing a certain side of the profile that was overlooked in the total view before—not, in any case, changing the basic momentum of the movement, and certainly not to any degree changing the tempo, which remains firmly as it was. In the second part of a binary movement this problem does not exist to the same extent. What has been said of Bach's cantata about St. Michael holds true in the Partitas as well: you can't possibly fight the battle twice; St. Michael battles through and then, according to the da capo form, he's supposed to go back and do it all over again—a patent absurdity.¹⁴ The convention of the second repeat has something of that difficulty because, having lived with the binary shaped movement and with its architectural proposition the first time, having varied its architectural proposition—AB to AB¹—then to try to follow BA with BA¹ is going to run you into some difficulty, unless that BA¹ is particularly varied in disposition.

I also do none of the repeats in the final movements of the Partitas; they build up a cumulative excitement that demands that you go straight through.

D.J.: What are your feelings about play-

ing Bach on a piano instead of a harpsichord?

G.G.: Let me broach just one aspect of that enormous subject now, an aspect that fits in with what we've just been considering. There are certain works which you can play marvelously at one tempo on the harpsichord and you cannot, by any means, attempt to approach that kind of tempo on the piano with any real success. People have the impression that the harpsichord doesn't accommodate itself to quick tempi as well as does the piano, which is made for blockbusting technicians who want to dash off Liszt etudes and things. But this isn't true in contrapuntal music, because of the immediacy of the harpsichord's attack, because it doesn't know of the sense of legato that is one of the aspirations of the piano, you cannot attempt the kind of sustaining effect of the piano—sustaining not in the sense of pedal suspension but in the sense of an ideal of an arched line. You cannot attempt that kind of line on the harpsichord. You very often find yourself taking the slow movements somewhat faster than you would ideally like to, I think, and the fast movement perhaps somewhat slower. The harpsichord offers, depending on its registration, a certain number of levels of articulation, independent of anything your fingers are able or are not able to do. Whereas the piano is less circumscribed in that way; there are more possibilities, more choices to be made.

You know, the piano is not an instrument for which I have any great love as such. I have played it all my life and it's the best vehicle I have to express my ideas because it's extremely convenient. It's the only instrument on which you can fairly suggest an orchestral effect, except, of course, the organ. I find myself, when confronted with an organ or harpsichord to prac-

tice on, going into wild, Widor-like throes of improvisation, and this has always been for me a test of how much I'm enjoying what I'm doing. I very seldom improvise at the piano. I do so on organ and harpsichord because of the attraction of being able to confront an instrument that is registered and still impose an interpretive will over it. The piano allows so many things to happen that it presents you with an embarrassment of riches.

The piano is an enormously good instrument for Bach, provided you approach it in a certain way. I have been greatly tempted to do Bach recording on the harpsichord; it's much easier on the harpsichord—I think I could do it in one third the time per recording session; I don't think there would be nearly as many retakes for questions of character for the reason that the harpsichord does not have the variety of character in it that the piano does. The piano has so many things that can go wrong that in order to get those many things to go right, in terms of inner balances, one must be careful in a subtle way that just isn't demanded by the harpsichord. This doesn't mean that the piano is a more faithful instrument to the idea; I am far from happy with the piano as it's been developed in the twentieth century, and I've done everything possible in the pianos I use to castrate them in such a way that they take on qualities which are almost harpsichordal in tonal characteristic.¹⁵ The sound I prefer is a very thin one relative to what the preference is today, relative to the piano as a Chopin-through-Rachmaninoff vehicle. I have fixed the action in some of the instruments I play on—and the piano I use for all recordings [the Steinway grand CD 318] is now so fixed—so that it is a shallower and more responsive action than the standard. It tends to have a mechanism which is rather

like an automobile without power-steering: you are in control and not it; it doesn't drive you, you drive it. This is the secret of doing Bach on the piano at all. You must have that immediacy of response, that control over fine definitions of things.

Given all that we know about Bach's preferences for his music, and given all that we assume about his own adaptation to the instruments of his day, we have every reason in the world to think that Bach built the kind of architecture that moves in blocks, rather than in triangular paths with crescendi and diminuendi, quick fallings-off and startings-up. He wrote in large sequences which had a block-like relationship one to the other. These are realizable in a particularly satisfying way on a piano, where you can still think in terms of relationships which are absolute within a particular voice and yet do not necessarily conform to the same pattern of dynamics. In other words, you may have a soprano voice which has a certain series of motives and reproduces them at so-and-so degrees of loudness; in the alto voice you may have another series of motives which you may want in one bar to slip under the soprano to support it at that same loudness minus one-third and then in the next bar to do the opposite. And if this supports and analytical conviction about the piece, about the particular line that's involved and its relation to the other lines, why not? This is the one way in which Bach himself must have suffered on a registered instrument, because there is such a crying need in Bach for an underlining of the things that are going on, of the actual structural ideas. If a certain voice which is a countertheme becomes an inverted countertheme it no longer has the same relation to the other voices that it had as a countertheme pure and simple.

The piano has the great advantage that it can act as a ruler to the blackboard of your analysis, saying, "This is what happens here, so watch!" This doesn't mean

that the basic granitic shape is changed; you can still keep things in terms of blocks but be able to pull parts out for display.¹⁶

D.J.: By "blocks" do you mean a block of *forte* followed by a block of *piano*?

G.G.: Yes, quite. But within that, the major and subsidiary matter can be varied on the piano as it cannot be on a registered instrument. So the piano can analyze, but the analysis has to be very, very acute: you have got to know what every voice is doing. You can get away with murder on a harpsichord or an organ, because you can proceed for pages on end just living on that marvelous clarity which they give you. The moment you sit down at a harpsichord it says, "I will present your digital qualities as clearly as any instrument can do for you." Well, the piano does not do this. It says, "I will make them as muddy as possible unless you present me with an analytical account so clear that I know exactly what you want." And everything on the piano, therefore, becomes a very special, inquiring proposition. I don't mean to be deprecating about the harpsichord, but everything does not on the harpsichord. It is much easier in that sense. It does not impose quite the same analytical question-and-answer session that you must hold with yourself.

¹⁶The six Partitas, comprising the first of the four volumes of Bach's *Clavier-Übung*, were originally published by Bach himself—first singly, at an average rate of one per year (Leipzig, 1726-1731), then collectively (Leipzig, 1731).

¹⁷In *The Question of Instrument* (1979), the first film in Bruno Monsiegeon's series *Glenn Gould Plays Bach*, Gould briefly comments on the character of all but one of the Partitas: No. 1, in B-flat major, is "the most charming"; No. 2, in C minor, has "the most interesting dichotomy that [Bach] achieves in any of the Partitas—dichotomy as

between drama and humour"; No. 5, in G major, is "the most obviously virtuosic"; and No. 6, in E minor, is "the darkest, the most brooding, the most intense—the most me," with a sarabande that "has an almost Wagnerian intensity." Gould discusses No. 4, in D major, in more detail, then gives a performance (one of his greatest, incidentally) of the complete work: "This is a funny piece, in a way, because despite the very heraldic opening, the French overture, with its trumpets blaring and its timpani beating and all of that—despite all that obvious formality, it has a curious kind of Latin quality almost, all the way throughout. There are syncopations in the Allemande, for example, that render it almost like a pavan, you know, and there are figurations in the Sarabande that seem almost to have been designed not even for the harpsichord but maybe for the lute, or something like that. I guess in general I think of it as the most humane, the most benevolent of the Partitas. It certainly does not have that transcendent aspirations of the E-minor and is therefore not my favourite, or the wit of the G-major, or the charm of the B-flat-major. But it does have a very special kind of warmth, a kind of philosophical repose that I think is really quite unique."

¹⁸In his recording of the *Burlesca*, however, Gould plays m. 32 as written—parallel octaves and all.

¹⁹In the 26 November 1960 issue of *Saturday Review*, Gould reviewed Bodky's book *The Interpretation of Bach's Keyboard Works* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1960). The review is reprinted, as "Bodky on Bach," in *The Glenn Gould Reader*, edited and with an introduction by Tim Page (Toronto: Lester & Orpen Dennys, 1984): 28-31.

²⁰Gould was still giving concerts when this conversation was written.

²¹Gould took pains to make audible in performance a thematic connection between the arpeggiated chords of the Toccata and those of the Sarabande; most notably, he rendered the opening chords of the Sarabande in such a way that they unmistakably recall the written-out arpeggios at the beginning of the Toccata. The connection is apparent in his original 1957 recording, but even more obvious in his performance for the final film in Bruno Monsiegeon's 1974 series for French television, *Chemins de la musique*.

²²Gould was technically correct here in implying that he was already the author of a book: his 1963 lecture "Arnold Schoenberg: A Perspective," which he delivered as the Corbett Music Lecture at the University of Cincinnati, and as one of the inaugural

MacMillan Lectures at the University of Toronto, was published as a short monograph in 1964, by the University of Cincinnati. (It is reprinted in *The Glenn Gould Reader*: 107-122.) According to Jim Curtis, a Friend from Fonthill, Ontario, Gould was announcing in the early 1960s that Viking was interested in publishing a collection of his writings, though the project never materialized.

⁹On 13 March 1969, Gould devoted an entire CBC radio programme to the role of keys in music. He discussed the issue in a (scripted) conversation with James Kent, and performed three works all in the same key, B minor: Bach's French Overture; Berg's Sonata, Opus 1; and Brahms' Intermezzo Opus 119/No. 1. For the record, Gould considered F minor to be the key that best expressed his personality ("half-way between complex and stable, between upright and lascivious, between grey and highly tinted"), though he sometimes hedged and described himself as a cross between F minor and B minor.

¹⁰Gould performed several fugues from Book II of *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, on different occasions, in widely diverging tempos. For example, his 1970 CBC television performance of the C-sharp-major fugue is more than twice as fast as his 1967 recording, while his 1969 recording of the E-major fugue is almost three times as fast as his 1957 recording. There are many other such divergences among his Bach recordings: for example, in *Contrapunctus 1* from *The Art of Fugue*, his 1962 recording on the organ is almost twice as fast as his performance on the piano in the 1979 film *The Question of Instrument*. That film, incidentally, also includes further Gould commentary on the issue of tempo choice in the Partitas.

¹¹The surviving outtakes for the recording sessions, in the Sony Classical vaults, confirm Gould's comments here. According to artist job sheets and tape-identification data provided by Sony Classical, Gould recorded the F-minor fugue in two sessions: 18 June and 25 September 1963. On 18 June, he taped six takes of the fugue, all of them at slow and very slow tempos, ranging between about 30 and 50 to the quarter note. After Take 2, one of the slowest, Gould wondered aloud, to producer Paul Myers, if the performance, though good in "shape," was not "just too slow." He must have come to feel that way about all six takes: when he returned to the studio on 25 September, it was with a new perspective on the fugue. He recorded just one take, at a tempo of about 70 to the quarter note, and it was this version that was released, in 1964, in the second album of his complete *Well-Tempered Clavier* (ML 5938/MS 6538). So, in the end, Gould did "do it again in a

slightly less intense version of what I've done up till now, which is perhaps too slow." (Incidentally, he never did commit to tape that "much more free-flowing, legato" interpretation about which he speculates here.) Gould's comments, and the recording process for the fugue, show that this conversation was obviously written sometime between the two recording sessions, in the summer of 1963.

¹²Gould is referring here to his performance, on 5, 6, and 8 April 1962, of Brahms' Piano Concerto No. 1 in D Minor, Opus 15, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. This was the famously controversial performance with Bernstein's pre-concert disclaimer, and with Gould's idiosyncratic interpretation (slow and proportionally related tempos, departures from the composer's dynamics, much exploring of latent counterpoint). Gould explained his interpretation in an article titled "N'Aimez-Vous Pas Brahms?," written around 1962 but published for the first time in *The Glenn Gould Reader*: 70-72. And in an interview with Tim Page recorded in 1982 (nominally on his second recording of the Goldberg Variations), he referred to the Brahms interpretation as his first attempt to unify a large-scale work through proportional tempo relationships. (Incidentally, Bernstein's own recollections of the performance, in *Glenn Gould: Variations*, edited by John McGreevy (Toronto: Doubleday Canada Limited, 1983): 17-22, are inaccurate about the details of Gould's tempos—or at least, are not confirmed by the surviving tape of the 6 April performance.) The performance, complete with Bernstein's speech, was released for the first time on LP in the 1980s, by the New York Philharmonic, and has subsequently appeared on pirate CDs from several labels; an authorized CD release from Sony Classical is forthcoming.

¹³Not slower than Dinu Lipatti, however: Gould's tempo is 62 to the dotted half note (that is, to the bar); Lipatti's tempo, in his famous 1950 recording for EMI, is 54. (Lipatti's recording was released in 1988 on the EMI Classics CD 0777 7 69800 2 7.)

¹⁴Well, perhaps not never. Gould himself was fond of pointing to his 1957 recording of the G-major Partita as an example of a recorded interpretation compromised—indeed, "contaminated"—by having been performed too often in concert. The Partita was one of Gould's signature pieces during his early international touring years, but he claimed that, in the process of playing it often in large halls, he picked up all sorts of exaggerated expressive nuances of rhythm and dynamics and pedalling that contradicted the structure of the music. In fact, in

his 1968 recorded interview *Glenn Gould: Concert Dropout*, he called it the worst recording he had ever made. (For a published discussion of the recording, see Elyse Mach, *Great Pianists Speak for Themselves* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., 1980): 95-96.) Gould came to prefer an earlier performance of the G-major Partita: his 1954 CBC radio performance, released as a Radio Canada International transcription disc and now available from CBC Records (PSCD 2005). That earlier performance was made before his American debut, when he was still playing only a few concerts per year, and indeed is, as Gould claimed, "less exhibitionistic ... unspoiled by concert wear and tear," corresponding more closely to his preferred, mature approach to Bach than the 1957 recording. Incidentally, Sony Classical's Glenn Gould Collection, Vol. 3 (*End of Concerts*), includes footage of Gould playing three movements from the G-major Partita as encores at a 1957 public concert, and shows precisely the rhythmic and dynamic exaggerations, the sheer force of adrenaline, that he always disdained in concert performance.

¹⁵Gould is referring to the opening chorus of Bach's Michaelmas cantata *Es erhub sich ein Streit*, BWV 19 (1726). In the first part of the chorus, the Archangel Michael fights the dragon (i.e., Satan), and in the second part he conquers it. But Bach, following the Baroque convention of *da-capo*-aria form in this chorus, then repeats the first part—reprising the battle after Satan has already been defeated!

¹⁶Years earlier, Gould had compared his preferred piano sound—no more flatteringly—to that of "an emasculated harpsichord." Interview with Dennis Braithwaite, "I'm a Child of Nature—Glenn Gould," published in the *Toronto Daily Star*, 28 March 1959: 28.

¹⁷The practice Gould discusses here—applying small dynamic variations for structural or expressive purposes, without upsetting prevailing dynamic terraces—was one that the great German music theorist Heinrich Schenker referred to as "layered dynamics." Gould may have picked up the idea from Albert Schweitzer, whose famous biography *J. S. Bach* seems to have influenced in many ways Gould's view of Bach. Schweitzer wrote that pianists playing Bach need to control simultaneously both the "architectonic dynamic" and the "dynamic of detail," to convey "a broad dynamic plan ... richly shaded in detail." (Quoted in the 1911 English edition, translated by Ernest Newman: I, 363.)

The Aftermath of

To our knowledge, this article, written 1966-1967 and found among Gould's papers in the National Library of Canada, has never before been published, in English or in translation. It is intimately connected to the Canada of the 1960s, and so may prove a little confusing to some readers, particularly outside of Canada, but we have decided to publish it because it is so completely unknown in the Gould literature. In the end, "The Aftermath of Breton" makes a good deal of sense—once one has discovered its key.

The article, as it turns out, is a parody, one with particular relevance to the time and place in which it was written. The parody is based on a book that had been published in Canada the year before, and had caused considerable controversy: *The Comfortable Pew: A Critical Look at Christianity and the Religious Establishment in the New Age*, by the popular Canadian journalist, historian, and media personality Pierre Berton (Toronto and Montreal: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1965). Commissioned by the Department of Religious Education of the Anglican Church of Canada, *The Comfortable Pew* was unsparing, though fair-minded, in its criticism of the Church's role in Canadian life—past, present, and future. (For more information on Berton, see the next article, page 63.)

Gould's parody takes the form of a report on reactions to a fictitious book on the state of Canadian music: *The Consonant Choirloft*, written by one "Lapierre Breton," and published, "in 1968," by "Stewart and McClelland." Gould reviews reactions to the book from various musical quarters, including debate on the subject in the Canadian Parliament. The article is a kind of parody à clef, full of barely disguised references to contemporary personalities of Gould's acquaintance. "Childs Haroldton," the "celebrated bon vivant" and creator of "tantalizingly irreverent woodcuts," is clearly meant to be Harold Town, at the time perhaps the most famous visual artist in Canada. "Lathen Gashen" of the "Toronto Evening Meteorite" is obviously Nathan Cohen, arts columnist for the Toronto Daily Star. "Kerry McQuaig" of "L'Etoile de Montreal" is Eric McLean, "the customarily astute music editor of the Montreal Star" (as Gould referred to him in another article written around the same time). And "Garvey Bollinck, Assistant Data-Procurement for the University of Toronto's Department of Computerized Musicology," is Harvey Olnick, a musicologist and professor at the university, an organizer of its Electronic Music Studio, and a friend of Gould's.

"The Aftermath of Breton" was one of Gould's earliest efforts at sustained humour, a prototype for such later efforts

as *Conference at Port Chillkoot* and *A Glenn Gould Fantasy*. In fact, it seems that some of the ideas in "The Aftermath of Breton", certainly the article's tone, and even the character "Kerry McQuaig," all ended up in *Port Chillkoot*, a parody of a music critics' conference that first appeared as a CBC radio broadcast, in 1967, and later as a published article (it appears in *The Glenn Gould Reader*).

Gould's original motivation for writing "The Aftermath of Breton" is unclear. The tone of the article, and the scene set in the Canadian Parliament, suggest that it might have made a good radio piece—with Gould, of course, doing all the voices. From the series of complete and partial drafts preserved among the Gould papers in the National Library of Canada, it seems that "The Aftermath of Breton" began life as a focussed parody (whether or not for radio) but was later expanded, provided with a new introduction to make it more suitable for publication.

The earliest draft, headed "The Breton Controversy" (Box 3, File 78), was handwritten and undated. Two typed and hand-revised drafts followed (Box 3, Files 69 and 71), now titled "The Aftermath of Breton," the second dated 21 March 1966. The third and final draft (Box 3, File 74) is also typed and hand-revised, and also dated 21 March 1966, though one of the two carbon copies of this draft (Box 3, File 76) contains further handwritten annotations, and bears a new date at the end: "Feb /67." All of these drafts contain the complete text only of the parody itself—that is, the text beginning, "Without doubt, the occasion célèbre for Canadian belles-lettres in 1968 was the publication by Lapierre Breton" ...

But then, in a new typed draft (Box 3, File 77), dated 4 February 1967, Gould changed the form of the piece significantly; he made a big cut, losing entirely the "Garvey Bollinck" and Parliament scenes; and he appended a new, three-page introduction on the subject of prognostication—that is, predicting the future. (Earlier typed drafts for this introduction survive in Box 3, Files 68 and 73.) These major revisions reflect a change in Gould's plans for the article: in this final form, it is an essay on the subject of prognostication, with the whole "Lapierre Breton" parody now serving as one example of a possible future for Canadian music.

Two unpublished letters, also in the National Library of Canada, suggest that Gould made these revisions in an effort to sell the article to the Canadian newsmagazine *Maclean's*, for a special issue celebrating Canada's Centennial in 1967. (There is internal evidence, too: the new introduction includes the phrase "the present issue of this magazine," near the beginning, and has a barely dis-

Breton

By Glenn Gould

guised reference to "Canada's National Magazine, 'McNab's'," at the end.) In a letter dated 4 February 1967, to Wells Ritchie of Maclean-Hunter Publishing, in Toronto, Gould follows up an earlier phone call by offering, as promised, "my essay on prognostication" for the Centennial Issue, including some thoughts on how the essay might be presented in the magazine.

But only a couple of sentences from "The Aftermath of Breton" appeared in the May 1967 Centennial Issue of Maclean's, in the article "Canada in 2067," by Douglas Marshall (pages 70-72); they appeared along with comments from many other Canadians, offering predictions for the future in various fields. On 24 May, Gould followed up with a letter to Alexander Ross, Managing Editor at Maclean-Hunter:

Could you tell me, perhaps, whether the paragraph excerpted from the prognostication-piece, 'Aftermath of Breton', which appeared in last month's issue, precludes your making use of it in any more substantial way. As I mentioned to you on the 'phone, I would very much like to use it as one of my contributions to High Fidelity, if you have no other plans for it, and since it does have certain relevance to the Centennial celebrations, it would be helpful if I could determine that fairly soon.

In the end, "The Aftermath of Breton" never did appear in print: it was certainly too specialized, obscure, and "inside"—and too long—for Maclean's, and it was undoubtedly too localized to make sense in High Fidelity or any other magazine outside Canada. So it languished in Gould's files, and later in the National Library of Canada, until we stumbled across it.

In preparing "The Aftermath of Breton" for publication, we examined all of the relevant drafts, and decided to present it in our own composite version. The introduction on prognostication in the 4 February 1967 draft is followed by the "Aftermath of Breton" parody in its complete form—that is, as it appears in the drafts dated 21 March 1966 and "Feb /67." Thus we restore the big cut that Gould made when preparing the piece for publication, though we honour the few smaller cuts that he made in a carbon copy of the final draft (Box 3, File 76). We include all of his handwritten revisions to the final draft, and as usual we preserve his spelling, punctuation, and so on. (The misspelled phrase "illiterating invective," on page 59, strikes us as a charming—if unintended—Joycean pun, worth retaining.) Notes are editorial. While the version published here does not correspond to any one draft of "The Aftermath of Breton," it does offer all of Gould's writing on the subject, in its most polished form.

Basically, there are two kinds of prognosticators -- those who believe in the visions they espouse and those who don't. The affirmative prognosticator, for all the glamorous trappings of his profession, tends to be a pragmatist, cannily aware of the actuarial considerations which can make or break his reputation and prepared to curb or modify the adventuresomeness of his predictions that they may more truly affirm recent observable experience. If he succeeds, he tends to be remembered as a stylist or a satirist. If he fails, then simply for his errors in judgment. Either way, the stakes of affirmative prognostication are not very high.

The negative prognosticator, on the other hand, is a more intense and interesting fellow. He's usually an idealist, so captivated by the intrinsic value of his vision or intimidated by the horror it entails, that he's prepared to risk absurdity, to let the chips of probability fall where they may in order that his projection will, through sheer mesmerization, if necessary, find a response in the psyche of man. If he succeeds, he tends to be remembered as a prophet. If he fails, and he usually does, as a poet.

The difference between the affirmative and the negative prognosticator is the difference between bland affirmation or enthusiastic denial of the world. It's the difference between accepting the course of mankind as a scarcely modifiable lineal progression or of assuming that the intercession of the individual is potentially capable of deflecting that course. If you want it in literary terms, its [sic] the difference between the dazzling surfaces of Karel Capek and the masochistic involutions of Franz Kafka, between the ritualized surreal landscapes of Shirley Jackson and the expansive extra-terrestrial orbits of Jorge Luis Borges.

Now it happens that Canada, at this moment, offers a very attractive market for prognosticators as the present issue of this magazine attests. Our national disinclination to celebrate our past is correlated with an obsessive search for guideposts to our future. And both preoccupations by tantalizing that quest for a national identity which so peculiarly absorbs us, create a climate in which lively local seers can turn a handsome profit ruing [sic] the puritan pilgrimage which led to our present or urging upon us the hallmarks of that 'better' tomorrow which generally turns out to involve the non-selective importation of what everybody else was doing yesterday.

There is a very real charm in the inverse jingoism of this excessive national modesty which so encourages the practice of diagnostic prophecy. And its [sic] relatively easy to fulfill one's prognosis-quota simply by following the strictures of affirmative prognostication as defined above. For example, looking down the coming decade I can safely predict that - - -
- - - - - Mr. Hugh LeCaine of the National Research Council will perfect the first imperfect computer - - a machine

which will be capable of studiously realizing that margin of error which aleatoric chart-music tolerates and even necessitates and which will be hailed by several noted academics as evidencing "a divine, nay, almost human inaccuracy".¹ I further predict that the LeCaine computer will celebrate an annual meeting of the Canadian Music Council by calculating a nervous breakdown ----- [Television and film director] Daryl Duke will use the word 'environment' sixteen times in one month while describing the effects of psychedelic television to the Secretary of State and through his linguistic tenacity will later influence an obscure prophet named McLuhan ----- Symphony orchestras across the country will emulate the music-loving publics of Toronto and Montreal in their quest for conductorial exoticism,² but the trend will begin its inevitable decline when Lee Phong Whee, the celebrated Cambodian maestro inaugurating his first season as conductor of the Fort St. John

Philharmonic will confuse a sub-divided sforzando with a karate chop and decapitate his concert-master ----- At Ottawa the construction of the National Arts Centre will be achieved with a degree of fiscal miscalculation which will make the launching of the sail-topped Opera House at Sydney, Australia, seem the very model of a taut ship duly christened -----.³

Such affirmative predictions are easy to come by. But its [*sic*] rather more difficult to isolate negative prognostications which tend to reflect more complicated patterns of observation, to be property, often as not, of less extrovert individuals, and to require the careful elucidation of a context in which they can be comprehended. But its [*sic*] worth it! To a very considerable extent, the friction generated by the play of negative upon affirmative prognostications shapes our future, and I hereby predict, that before the decade is out, we will find the effects of that friction detailed in an article very like the following which I can foresee in the review pages of Canada's National Magazine, "McNabs".

Without doubt, the occasion célèbre for Canadian belles-lettres in 1968 was the publication by Lapierre Breton, the distinguished journalist and TV host, of his eagerly awaited tilt with the musical establishment, "The Consonant Choirloft" (Stewart and McClelland, priced out of reach). The handsome-

ly limited edition comprised one dozen thought-provoking essays which cut a wide swath through the Canadian musical scene and which sported such raffish and revealing titles as "En Garde, Old Guard", and "Musique à Montreal: Concubinage ou L'Hermitage"? It was further embellished by a similar number of tantalizingly irreverent woodcuts (this numerical coincidence played a part in attracting the immediate support of the more doctrinaire serialists) executed by the author's friend and co-conspirator, the celebrated bon vivant, Childe Haroldton, and including among their number one at least which betrayed the unmistakable likeness of a nationally known Methodist clergyman fondling a diapason at the console.

Breton's work took as its central theme (if such a term can properly be applied to a treatise which proclaimed 'athematism' an article of faith for the new modality — the idea that Canadian music had for too long been held captive by certain

repressive influences deriving from a puritan aesthetic code. To document this contention, Breton, in the chapter indexed "Rhythmic Methods — Post-Tonal Independence of", contrasted the inhibited, rule-obsessed conduct of that generation of Canadian musicians which attained its majority before the Second Great Unpleasantness with, as he saw it, the spontaneity and anti-dogmatic inquisitiveness characteristic of the new musical 'left'.

"Let's get one thing straight", he was quoted as saying on the dust jacket.

"The musical spirit in this country today, whatever the moods of yesteryear, owes less to sentiments expressed through sanctimonious hymnody and Kiplingesque marchpast, through the

unarguable euphony of Parry deflecting off stained glass at Lenten vespers, than to hot licks in cool cellars at Yorkville, to Dylan dug by semi-beats in Bonsecours, to transistors taped to teenagers in Stanley Park and to Petula — hard upon the hour, each hour, and still on top of all the charts.⁴ It has less to do with counterpoint credits sworn to by the Royal Academy, with gentle, Mendelssohnish airs wafted in slow-vibrating triplicate by veiled and feathered ladies at the Wednesday afternoon auxiliary,⁵ than with Garant and Landini compared in Conference at Couchiching, with folkniks flowing into 'Sam the Record Man' at sundown and Petula — all night, all day — royalty-sifting, Petula!"⁶

Needless to say, Breton's flamboyant approach to the subject of Canadian music was not everyone's cup of tea. "An indulgent, insipid, intellectually insecure inventory", snorted the



Cartoon of Gould by Duncan Macpherson, originally published (in colour) in the *Toronto Star*, in 1981. (Reprinted with the permission of the Toronto Star Syndicate.)

Toronto Evening Meteorite's critic-at-large, Lathen Goshen, who, having shot his bolt on the lead, was unable to think up another example of illiterating invective for a week.

A more moderate judgment was that forthcoming from Kerry McQuaig, music critic of *L'Etoile de Montreal*. "While Mr. Breton's progressivism can only endear him to all liberal-minded connoisseurs, one may seriously question whether his rather pronounced anti-clerical bias, is the most effective foil for his sociologically-oriented musical views. From a technical standpoint, indeed, there are occasions when one suspects that Mr. Breton is even less well versed in matters pertaining to musical theory than in theological doctrine, concerning which subject one encounters from time to time the disconcerting rumor that he plans to write a book."

The daily press, having taken its toll, it was left to the periodicals to commission more detailed and, so far as the intelligentsia were concerned, more discriminating dissections of the Bretonian thesis. Of these, perhaps the most comprehensive and on balance, least charitable, was that composed free-lance for the *Abacus Review*, "The Quarterly for those who Count", by Garvey Bollinck, Assistant Data-Procurement for the University of Toronto's Department of Computerized Musicology.

Bollinck argued that the mischief in Breton's performance was not to be found in its unembarrassed rehash of certain incontestable facts of Canadian musical life, the statistical validity of which had not been questioned in sophisticated musical circles for two decades at least, but rather that in presenting these commonplaces to his audience, he had arbitrarily positioned his editorial italics at such vantage points as to imply that the recognition of these phenomena was an experience unique to the present day. And this tactic, Bollinck considered, was, however vulnerable to challenge from the academic community, executed with a journalistic bravado sufficient to confuse and mislead the layman.

"Mr. Breton suggests to us that musicians in this country have only recently, presumably in response to his exhortations, become cognizant of international stylistic developments. For the sake of his thesis, and the insupportable rural-urban axis on which it evolves, he contrives to remain oblivious to the fact that if in this day of inter-dependent economic planning and technological autocracy, such national, cultural reclusivity were, indeed, possible, he would have a subject more truly deserving of his inventions and speculations."

"But unfortunately the facts protest. Indeed, I can think of no compositional methods or devices utilized by the international avant-garde, whose practice Mr. Breton glibly chooses as his yardstick, with which Canadian composers have not already managed to familiarize themselves. Certainly, the fecundity of Arnold Schoenberg's genius could find no more persuasive advocacy than the sober, concentrated early works of Istvan

Anhalt at McGill [University, in Montreal].⁵ And, as if to make Montreal a microcosm of the international serialists' movement, [the Quebec composer] Serge Garant has not yet overlooked any innovations attributed in Paris to Pierre Boulez. While in Toronto, a city Mr. Breton callously dismisses as 'citadel of conformity, fortress of the familiar', the transient and ephemeral, as envisaged by the American Aleatoricists is rushed into mixed-media production at the Isaacs Gallery, even now and then, before Professor McLuhan's latest probe has spotted their significance."

Despite the controversy generated in intellectual circles by Bollinck's skillful rebuttal, it remained for a passing reference in *Hansard* [the official published record of Canadian Parliamentary proceedings] to garner for the "Consonant Choirloft" and its author, a celebrity unique in the annals of Canadian musical criticism. Reference to Breton's work was read into the Parliamentary record by Derrick Cadbury, crusading member for Wood-Buffalo, whose practised political eye had chanced to fall upon one of Breton's parenthetic asides and to isolate therein a possible source of government discomfort.

"MR. DERRICK CADBURY, INDEPENDENT-WOOD-BUFFALO.

Mr. Speaker:

I should like to ask the Honorable Minister for Northern Affairs and Natural Resources whether he has been apprised of the view expressed in a recent publication 'The Consonant Choirloft', that, and I quote 'No Longer can a smug self-satisfied, geographic segmentation fulfill the promise of our cultural vitality I believe, Mr. Speaker, that in view of the estimates of the Department of Northern Affairs recently tabled in the house and which forecast a substantial increment for the 'Poet's to Pangeniturtung' programme, a comment from the Minister would be in order."

"C. A. SHORT, MINISTER OF NORTHERN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Speaker:

Having anticipated just such a question from the Honorable gentleman opposite, and having scrutinized the work cited by my honorable friend with no little interest, I should like to point out that while it is neither the policy nor the desire of the present government to direct or legislate matters pertaining to the free expression of an artistic persuasion, Mr. Breton's comment upon the 'disadvantageous effect of Regionalist Segmentalism' which, of course, in and of itself this government neither condones nor condemns"

SOME HONORABLE GENTLEMAN [sic]:

"Evasion deception"

MR. SHORT

..... "Cannot in the light of such specific examples as has been advanced by the author to illustrate these limitations — notably, Mr. Speaker, Murray Adaskin's 'Algonquin Symphony', Claude Champagne's 'Danse Villageois', and Robert Fleming's 'Shadow on the Prairie',⁹ which opera in Mr. Breton's words 'evoke the image of a quaint rusticity, perpetuate a simplistic rural status quo' be construed as offering viable criticism of the department's programme, since the areas defined by the titles chosen and which clearly serve as inspiration or provocation for these valuable compositions relate to locations clearly *at or below* the southernmost intrusion of pre-Cambrian shield and hence falling within the exclusive and provincial jurisdiction of their respective Departments of Lands and Forests, and therefore, Mr. Speaker, relevant to a geographic land mass beyond the scope of the Department's present programme, a prime tenet of which is our unshakeable resolution to eschew the expenditure of government funds south of the sixtieth parallel."

"SOME HONORABLE MEMBERS: Cheap, cheap"

And so the "Consonant Choirloft" became un succès fou, widely quoted, and furiously debated, even if, due to Childe Haroldton's exorbitant royalty demands, almost entirely unread. Stewart and McClelland announced plans for a second volume, "The Reckless Conservatory", which would summarize the critical response of the musical profession. Lapierre Breton appeared almost nightly on the networks and, modestly declaring that his only intention had been to stimulate an atmosphere of healthful debate, guilelessly volunteered that his previous experience of the world of music had been confined to one month's duty as substitute second alto in the Continuation School choir at Snag, Yukon Territories. And so adept did he become at the homely embroidery for which this beguiling tale begged, that, changing only the setting of his alma mater to read, as occasion required, Reykjavik, Hammerfest and Dingwall in the Orkneys,¹⁰ went off to Europe to interview himself on location.

In the end, it remained for a man of the Arctic — a man of Northern vision — to crystallize the issues involved in the Bretonian controversy. Writing for an American audience in the record journal Bass-Rumble, an exercise in translation which unfailingly elicits the canniest observations in Canadian self-analysis, was Dr. Herbert Hochmeister, permanent fine arts correspondent for the Great Slave Smelt, the nation's most perceptive, if least heeded, critic.

"Canadians have an identity unmistakable and unduplicatable and the name of Lapierre Breton must now be appended to the ever-growing list of those who, burdened with good

intentions, have labored to obscure it."

"Let us concede that all the obvious picture-postcard facts of Canadian life — distance, climate, communication problems — have built a backdrop against which this identity can be projected. And indeed, who among us, having stopped awhile at Frobisher [Bay] or at Tuktoyaktuk,¹¹ has not blessed the distance that holds back Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine, 'til Tuesday week, by which date all the set-piece squabbles of the 'Arthur' clique have been resolved and 'People' and 'Transition' can be by-passed. Who, having gazed transfixed upon the Ellesmere desert at September's start of winter, could deny one's helped to clarity by cold, could deny that all the idle thoughts and empty works and obsolescently silly sentiments of the cliff-dwellers disintegrate in memory before this sharp, hard, creviced crunch of truth."

"But these factors are just as consequentially at work in McMurdo Sound or at Novaya Zemlya or at any spot in which the rigors of the frontier lend purpose and perspective to the attitudes of men. And if the Canadian identity is unique, it is not because of these things alone, but because while entertaining them, while responding to the therapy that isolation offers, we allow ourselves to be threatened by an obtrusive knowledge of the happenings of the world outside. We permit a state of tension to exist between a surfeit of information and a national reluctance to respond to its demands. We are the prototype of peoples soon to be — a mold for men who will exemplify that paradox of electronic culture's all-inclusiveness through which the most encompassing event draws each participant toward a heightened individuality."

"Imagine, if you will, a handsomely accoutred cell with good cuisine and splendid views, and an occupant forced to share it with a nervous ticker-tape incessantly chattering about the images of a world at work, cheating, creating, industriously self-deceiving. Imagine that, after noting all these things and without the need to make direct commitment, our occupant binds them together with a word — the reasoned discriminative, lustless, synoptic comment of the voyeur."

"For this is what we are — a nation of voyeurs — a nation of critics rather than creators — of analysts, not activists. And this is why those institutions which best represent us and which are most genuinely becoming to us, are repositories of dissective opinion. This is why the efforts of our broadcasting and our film-making are never so adroitly persuasive as when occupied with a synthesis of some condition developed in the world outside and with which we are only marginally involved."

"This is the substance of that 'good, gray, temper' Mr. Breton and his friends lament in us. It is the reason that even as we shy from a celebration of our past, we are so eminently fitted to the future. This is why in music, as in most things, it behooves us, while tuned to all the voices of the world, still,

Glenn Gould



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for the grace to keep ourselves as silent and as watchful as can be, [and] attempt to pray."

¹Hugh Le Caine (1914-1977) was a Canadian physicist who worked from 1940 to 1974 for the National Research Council in Ottawa, but he was also, from as early as the 1930s, a pioneer in the development of electronic musical instruments, and he composed many works for instruments of his own design.

²Gould alludes here to the Indian-born Zubin Mehta and the Japanese-born Seiji Ozawa, who, at the time this article was written, conducted, respectively, the Montreal and Toronto Symphony Orchestras.

³The National Arts Centre is a complex of auditoriums for the performance of music, opera, ballet, and theatre, established by the government of Canada in the mid-1960s (around the time this article was written) as a Centennial project. The Centre was completed and opened in 1969.

⁴Yorkville is a neighbourhood in downtown Toronto that was well known, in the 1960s, as a centre of local "hippie" culture. Bonsecours is a public market in a historical section of central Montreal, not far from the site of Expo 67. Stanley Park is a large park in downtown Vancouver.

⁵Gould alludes here to the women's musical clubs that were important institutions in Canadian musical life, particularly earlier in this century. They included the Women's Musical Club of Toronto; the Ladies' Morning Musical Club,

in Montreal; the Morning Music Club, in Ottawa; the Wednesday Morning Musicale, in Winnipeg; and many others—some of them, in fact, clubs for which Gould performed during his early concert years.

⁶It was just around the time this article was written that Gould developed an interest in the pop singer Petula Clark. "The Search for Petula Clark" was the title of an article he published in *High Fidelity* in November 1967, and of a programme he made for CBC radio in December. Sam the Record Man, incidentally, is a large, famous record store on Yonge Street in downtown Toronto, with other outlets across Canada.

⁷Gould surely alludes here to the subject matter of Pierre Berton's 1965 book *The Comfortable Pew*, the original impetus for the "Lapierre Breton" parody.

⁸Gould seems to have developed an interest in Anhalt's music at this time: he recorded the composer's *Fantasia* in July 1967, for a special Columbia album featuring music by three Canadian composers, in honour of the country's Centennial; and he interviewed Anhalt on CBC radio in 1969.

⁹These are all real Canadian composers of the day, and real works written between 1929 and 1958.

¹⁰In an annotated carbon copy of his final draft (Box 3, File 76), Gould considered revising "Dingwall in the Orkneys" to "Eigg in the Hebrides," then changed his mind.

¹¹In the final typed draft and carbons, these place names read "Baker Lake" and "Coral Harbor," respectively; Gould later amended them by hand.

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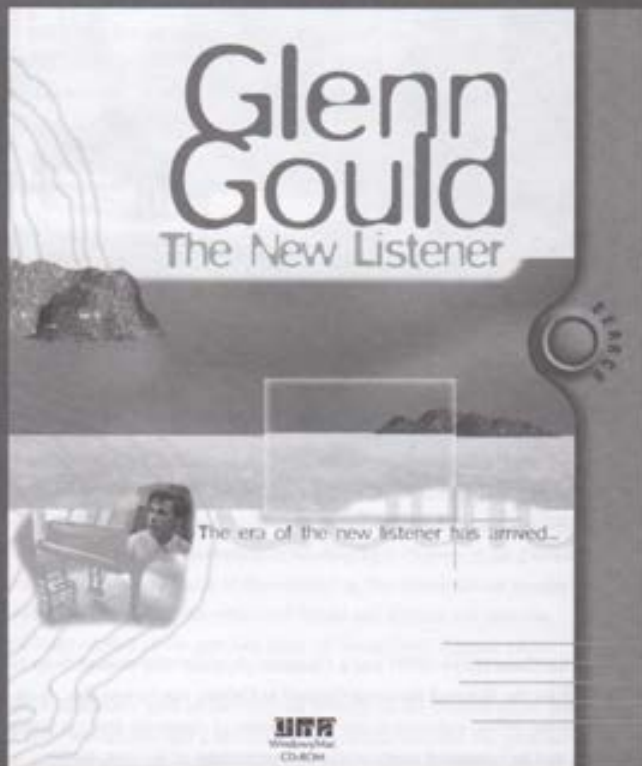
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Having published Gould's take on Pierre Berton, it seems timely to reprint Berton's take on Gould. His first contribution to the Gould literature was this article, published as his regular column "By Pierre Berton," in the *Toronto Daily Star*, 8 January 1959, page 31. It records the author's visit to the Gould family cottage on Lake Simcoe, on 31 December 1958, offering a colourful insight into Gould at the height of his fame as a concert artist, and revealing some of the demons that beset him as touring performer.

Berton adapted the article for inclusion in a chapter on Gould in his recent book on the Canadian Centennial: 1967: The Last Good Year (Toronto: Doubleday Canada Limited, 1997), pages 220-236. The chapter summarizes Gould's life, character, and career, and gives special attention to his own Centennial project, the "contrapuntal radio documentary" *The Idea of North*. Berton also recounts his one other personal encounter with Gould: he visited him at the family home in Toronto, in the late 1950s, and was privileged to watch Gould in action at the piano, improvising on demand in any given style—even Chopin's. The chapter opens with Berton's assertion that Gould was "the one authentic musical genius this country has produced," and closes: "It may well be that Glenn Gould, the outsider, the denizen of lonely places, the philosopher of North, will himself be seen one day as a pioneer, worthy to be ranked with Champlain, Mackenzie, and Hearne, explorers all in the Canadian tradition of experiment and inquiry."

This article is reprinted with the kind permission of Pierre Berton.

Pierre Berton, born in 1920 in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, has for decades been one of Canada's most widely read non-fiction writers, and one of its most popular, admired, and honoured cultural personalities. From the 1940s through the early 1960s, he was a prominent journalist, working as a writer and editor for major newspapers and magazines, and since the late 1950s he has been a fixture on radio and television. His first book was *The Royal Family* (1954), but his first major success came with *Klondike* (1958), a study of the Klondike Gold Rush. Since that time, he has written more than two dozen books whose colourful narratives have popularized many aspects of Canadian history, geography, and culture—among them, the War of 1812, the settling of the West, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, World War I, the Great Depression, the Dionne Quintuplets, the Anglican Church, the Canadian political and business establishment, the North, Niagara Falls, the Canadian winter, the culture of the 1960s, and Hollywood's view of Canada. Berton has also written autobiographical books, humour, fiction, and children's stories, and contributed to anthologies and picture books. He has won countless awards for his writing, has at least a dozen honorary degrees, and is a Companion of the Order of Canada. He lives in Toronto.

Boyz at a Piano Breaking All the Rules

(Photograph by Denise Grant.)

By Pierre Berton

THE EYES OF THE PIANIST are screwed shut, as in prayer; the head is tossed back over the left shoulder; the undisciplined hair flays the contorted brow. The torso is twisted as if in anguish, the gaunt young face is exalted as if in supplication, and the abandoned fingers caper up and down the keys as if to celebrate their release from the body.

Everything he does is wrong by traditional standards. He crouches seven inches too low beneath the keyboard, sitting cross-legged on a sawed-off kitchen chair, humming loudly and occasionally making wild conducting motions with his left hand. He does not practise heavily and he seldom plays scales. A music teacher would despair of him, for everything here is quite obviously out-of-kilter—everything, that is, except the music. And the music seems to have been made in heaven.

ON A COLD AFTERNOON a few days ago I drove out to see the boy at the piano, whose name is Glenn Gould, and to try to discover why he does what

he does, and why he is what he is. I found him in a snow-covered summer cottage on Lake Simcoe, sitting alone, except for his dog Banquo, in the shadow of an 80-year-old grand piano which he had been adjusting all morning.

Some concert musicians (Rubinstein is one) are content to play almost any piano they are offered, but Gould is more particular. He will cheerfully pay \$250 to ship a favorite Steinway from Toronto to Detroit for a single performance. He has pianos that he loves in two or three cities about the continent and tries to use them exclusively. Otherwise he may spend four days working on a strange piano, tearing it apart, changing the action and lowering the keys a sixteenth of an inch to help produce the light, crisp style that has become his trade mark.

To Gould every piano has a different personality and simply by reading a musical score he can conjure up in his mind the tactile sensation of a piano a thousand miles away and 10 months in the past. So, in a sense, he can practise on any piano he wishes, without touching it, which is why he practises less on real ones.

His wrists actually ache physically when he hears one particular record of himself playing a piano he dislikes, and he tries not to hear that record on the day of a concert for he fears it would affect his performance.

The Performance Counts

"Do you mind if I don't play?" Gould asked. He was slouched in an easy chair and dressed, as always, in shapeless old clothes, his shoes half kicked off. "I'd really rather not, because the action on this piano still isn't right and I don't want it to put me off my performance in Minneapolis on Friday."

To Gould, the performance is everything, a terrifying and at the same time an exalting experience. Everything he does; all his odd quirks, so-called mannerisms, bouts of hypochondria and his almost

fanatic struggles with the physique and mystique of the piano—all these are tied to his fierce insistence that a performance must be nothing less than perfect.

He takes that impossibly low kitchen chair to every concert and even jacks the piano another inch or so higher so that—in defiance of all the rules—he can get his hands below the keyboard. This is no mannerism; by so doing, Gould has found he can eliminate the excess movement of his shoulders and elbows and control the keys entirely from his finger tips, stroking them rather than hammering them.

"Feel this shoulder," he said suddenly, levering himself from the chair. I reached over and felt an awesome hump at the right shoulder blade.

"I wasn't born with that," Gould said. "I developed it over the years. I need it, you see, to keep my shoulders and arms rigid so that the fingers don't have to do the work of supporting them on the keys."

It is this fantastic control, this freedom of the fingers that helped Gould to master the incredibly difficult Goldberg Variations, where one hand often plays directly above the other, the fingers interlocking. It was Gould's tour-de-force. It helped make him famous.

And so he goes to great lengths to keep his body (slung unpardonably low) in proper balance: the legs crossed for better equilibrium, his head thrown over the left shoulder to balance the right hand which is the weaker, since Gould is left-handed. And often, in the interests of equilibrium, he swings his left hand in the famous conducting motion, like a pitcher winding up.

And he hums, to the dismay of the critics, for this is a psychological aid—an attempt to forget the piano completely, to drown it out of his mind.

The Piano as an Enemy

"It is very easy to let the piano become your enemy when you have

lived with it and worked with it—especially when the majority of the pianos are ones you don't like," Gould said. "The piano symbolizes the terror of the performance and the only thing you can do is hypnotize yourself so that the actual ordeal is less great."

This terror of performance is a real thing to Gould; it is, in effect, a terror of failing in public. When he was a boy of eight, a schoolmate standing near him was physically ill. All eyes turned on the wretched child and from that instant on Gould was haunted by the spectre of himself being ill in public. That afternoon he returned to school with two soda mints in his pocket, a small tousled boy on guard against the moment when he might lose face.

The soda mints were soon supplemented by aspirins and then by more pills. In school, Gould literally counted each second until lunch hour (10,000 seconds at 9 a.m., a comforting, four-figure 9,900 at 9.15), and prayed that nothing might happen to humiliate him.

Nothing ever did. He has never been ill in public, or anywhere else, to speak of. But the soda mints have become two full pill cases, jammed with an incredible potpourri of medicaments which he always carries. Their use has been exaggerated, but their presence comforts him, as the presence of a mother in a nearby room comforts and relaxes a sleeping child. Before a performance Gould seeks more relaxation in a final attempt to "play with new-born fingers," by soaking his hands in water, covering them from drafts and massaging his arms with a high-frequency sound machine.

I left him late that afternoon, alone with the piano he would not play. It happens that this was New Year's eve, but for Gould there would be no revels. He would sit there all alone until late in the evening, then he would drive to town and board a plane for Minneapolis where, once again, he would break all the rules and make music that seems to have come straight from heaven.

This interview was recorded in late 1964 for the Russian Section of CBC radio's International Service, and was broadcast, in five parts, early the next year, in Moscow. Patricia Moore, the interviewer, in a letter to Gould dated 14 January 1965 (now among the Gould papers in the National Library of Canada), supplied details of the broadcasts:

Attached is a transcript of your interview for the International Service which you may wish to keep. The Russian Section will broadcast the interview in five episodes with some musical illustrations in their 15-minute morning programme "Cultural Life In Canada". The episodes will be transmitted on Wednesday, January 27th, February 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th, at 03.30 GMT (6.30 a.m. Moscow time) on the following wavelengths: 7260, 6070, 5975, & 3975 kcs (41.32, 49.32, 50.21, & 75.47 metres). This hour is early, but most of our listeners tune in at this time.

The interview apparently never aired in Canada, however, and it is published for the first time here.

The interview deals primarily with twentieth-century music—Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Prokofiev, music in the Soviet Union, the International Conference of

Composers held at the 1960 Stratford Festival—but it also touches on Gould's interests in recording, lecturing, writing, and composing, and on his admiration for the Russian pianist Sviatoslav Richter. Some of his remarks only reinforce ideas that he expressed, around the same time, in other public forums—in "Music in the Soviet Union," in "Arnold Schoenberg—A Perspective," and in other lectures and articles—though we feel that the interview as a whole is important enough to warrant publication. Besides, it offers a good opportunity to hear Gould in extemporaneous conversation, where he was apparently more loquacious than in scripted interviews (the ratio of Glenn Gould to Patricia Moore is about fourteen to one).

Our text is based on a cassette copy of the interview obtained from a private source. We have also consulted the fifteen-page transcript that Moore sent to Gould, now among his papers in the National Library of Canada (Box 2, File 50), and have reproduced the information at the beginning and end of it. The transcript is dated 15 December 1964, though according to several sources the interview was taped on 27 November. Notes are editorial.

DATE: DEC. 15, 1964

USE: TRANSLATION--RUSSIAN SECTION

CAT: BACKGROUND

PCDIS 2251

INTERVIEW WITH GLENN GOULD, THE PIANIST

By Pat Moore,
I.S. STAFF, TORONTO

PAT MOORE: Mr. Gould, Schoenberg's twelve-tone technique seems to have made a considerable impact on young musicians. Do you feel that it's destined to be the most important twentieth-century technique?

GLENN GOULD: Well, that's a very difficult question to answer, for many reasons. Not the least of those reasons, I think, is the fact that Schoenberg the composer and Schoenberg the man who made up theories have been rather confused in the public mind. Not only in the public mind: in the critical mind, in the professional mind, in the musician's mind, in the last fifty years.

I think that one of the keys to Schoenberg as a personality is that he was always a teacher. I don't mean just in the obvious sense. He did teach, of course. He did give lectures and teach pupils privately on some occasions. And in the last years of his life, he worked at the University of California [at Los

Angeles]. But not just in that sense. He was a teacher in his writings. He constantly wrote about music, not only music as he wrote it himself, but analysis of other people's music: Mahler and Brahms, Mozart, and so forth—music that was dear to him.

But the most basic sense in which Schoenberg was a teacher is that he used his works as vehicles through which to teach, and this is something that one cannot say of every composer. You certainly wouldn't say that Puccini wrote operas to teach, unless it was to teach about the folly of Americans going Oriental or something, but certainly not to teach in any abstracted sense. But Schoenberg, on the other hand, was a man who taught through his works. Now, this means that what he had to teach, what he wanted to communicate through these works, was the practicability of certain ideas that he had worked out in the abstract. He wanted to prove them realisti-

cally through his compositions.

And I think this is where a great many people begin to say, No, no, we cannot proceed beyond this point with Schoenberg. One has to have a will to compose quite beyond any ideas that you feel must be abstractly expressed in composition. And I think this is what's happened in the twentieth century. You find people who believe passionately in Schoenberg, in all aspects of Schoenberg—in Schoenberg as a composer, in Schoenberg as a theorist—and then you find people who totally and violently disagree with everything that he wrote about and somehow, consequently, come to disagree with everything that he wrote.

Now, to me this is wrong. I think that many of Schoenberg's theories, many of the value judgements even that he made about other people's music, are not accurate. Many of them were based on historical judgements that were very much part of his time, and by that I mean that he had the same limited perspective that necessarily was owned by every composer of the turn of the century. He had, for instance, very little knowledge of Renaissance music, which is practically standard fare for us today. And his whole historical perspective was relevant really only to the two hundred and fifty or three hundred years of tonality in music. And consequently his whole sense of his own personal activity, to the extent that he was a revolutionary—which is true enough: he was—was limited to being revolutionary against tonality, to the extent that he reformed judgements about the practice of music that were really quite old, that were pre-tonality. To this extent he was more or less unaware; he was sort of operating subconsciously. I think that this aspect of Schoenberg, the pre-tonal relationship of his music, is being looked at now as possibly the most serious aesthetic judgement that can be applied to him. The revolutionary aspect, the idea of overturning something, of throwing out into the trash can three hundred years of tonal music—this was the aspect that caused everybody so much heartache, I suppose, those who opposed him during his life.

And I think that the only thing one can say there about him is that in the last years of his life he said what to me is a very revealing statement: he said that a great deal of music remains to be written in the key of C major. That means, to me, two things. First of all, it means that he was a man of some catholicity of taste. He didn't automatically assume that because he had espoused a certain system of composing music, which came to be called (not too accurately) the twelve-tone technique, that all music not composed in that system, or not harmonious with it, or not in some way acquiescent to it, was false or wrong. Obviously this statement does represent a rather more liberal judgement than that. That's one thing it represents. The other thing that it represents, I think, is the feeling that comes very strongly from Schoenberg's com-

positions and from his writing about his compositions in his last years, and that is that he begins to see that the very highly dissonant forms of twelve-tone music, of serial music, which was the basis of his operation from 1925 onwards, that the very highly dissonant forms aren't necessarily a concomitant of this music, that one could apply some of the quasi-mathematical (never more than *quasi*-mathematical) formulas that he worked out and apply these to sound formations that were really quite consonant, that were triadic, that were, in fact, precisely the sound formations that every composer from the Renaissance onward had worked with.

So that what you find in the late years of Schoenberg is this extraordinary coalescence of ideas that were extremely radical, in the sense that he was saying, I do not believe the arithmetical components of music as it's been practiced in the generation or two before my own, I do not believe that these are any longer serviceable. And at the same time extremely conciliatory, in that he was saying, Look, there is a way to take very old sound formations, very consonant ones, totally undissonant ones, if you like, and organize them in a mathematical relationship that gives them maximum expressivity and minimum debate against each other, which was the formation of tonality. So I see Schoenberg more as a man effecting a conciliation than as a man overturning things. I think there was something of both in his deliberations as a composer.

But it seems to me that the fact that Schoenberg was a teacher, that he constantly used these works as argument for ideas, has caused the works to be judged solely on the basis of argument, so that people who say the argument is invalid, it is inexact, it is unscientific, or it is unaesthetic or it is unmathematical or un-something, say consequently that therefore the works written with this system cannot be any good. And the one thing that they forget, the weak spot in that argument, I think, is that Schoenberg does, quite above and beyond his pedagogical urge, have this—what one can only call this enormous desire to compose. I think that even had he been born at an entirely different time—let's say had he been born in the time of Beethoven, I'm quite sure that he would have written music in the style of the *Grosse Fuge*. He would have certainly sought out a quasi-mathematical style of composition. But he probably, at that time, would not have occasioned quite this argument because historically he wouldn't have been around at a pivotal moment in which this argument could be turned against him.

To me, Schoenberg is a very great composer. The older I get—which is something that I now allow myself to say, having passed thirty—the older that I get, the more I think of him as probably the greatest composer of the twentieth century, and I don't mean just the most formative, just the most influential—I mean really the greatest.

P.M.: Thank-you, Stravinsky. When Stravinsky visited the Soviet Union recently [in 1962], he was very well received, and he got the red-carpet treatment, as a matter of fact, and his work has assumed great importance there. It has been suggested that he is something of a pioneer, a trail-blazer. Do you agree with this viewpoint?

G.G.: No, I don't. I don't think that, except in certain rather limited ways, that Stravinsky is a pioneer. I think that Stravinsky is a great man but not a pioneer. It seems to me that if you look back on Stravinsky's life, you find that he's taken an enormous journey in that life, and not just geographically—and geographically, too, because he is and always has been a wanderer. I mean, he's a man who was born in Czarist Russia and who had the training, who inherited the cultural attributes, of a most marvelous generation: the generation of Rimsky-Korsakov, his teacher, and of Scriabin, and whatnot. And then a man who goes to various countries in Western Europe in his middle years, and finally to the United States, and then in his old age, in his very old age, takes to revisiting all the places of youth, to the Soviet Union now, and to all of the other countries of Europe, and Asia, and South America.

And I think that this geographical wandering is allegorical, really, of his musical wandering. To me, Stravinsky is a man who has never quite come to rest. I think that's because he's never been completely at home with any culture, with any existing order. To me, Stravinsky is the kind of revolutionary that some people prefer to say Schoenberg is. I should say Schoenberg is *not* that kind of revolutionary, but that Stravinsky *is*. But at the same time, I don't think that "revolutionary" means "trail-blazer" in this sense. I would equate the activity of the revolutionary, as one describes it in Stravinsky's work, as being that of a man who wants to shock for the sake of shocking. I think that there's a great deal of this nose-thumbing *enfant terrible* in Stravinsky, and it's an attribute of his character that doesn't much appeal to me, I must say.

To give you some examples. I find *Le sacre du printemps* a very offensive work. I don't find it a good jest. I'm sure it's effectively presented on the stage (I've never seen it as a ballet, I regret to say). But I don't find it an important work from any aspect that one can judge it musically. I think it's an important work only in the sense of its acting as a kind of therapy to the admittedly high temperature of late-Romantic culture at the time in which it was written [1913]. But I don't think it's an important work of itself, starting from within itself. At the same time, I think that—this is a very conventional judgement, indeed—but I think that *Firebird*, which was written a couple of years earlier, and is much more truly of his inheritance, of Rimsky-Korsakov and of Scriabin, that *Firebird* is indeed a very great work. I think it's precisely the sort of

work that the world has always acclaimed it to be—possibly, indeed, one of Stravinsky's genuine masterpieces. To me [*Le sacre* is simply the work of a rather ill-tempered child, ill at ease in the society to which he's been transplanted—in that case, Paris.

Then one comes to the middle years of Stravinsky, and you find him writing again spoil-sport music, essentially, music that is deliberately contrived to make sacrilege of epochs in musical history that are hardly deserving of that kind of parody. You think of music like the *Symphony in C* [1940], which is certainly one of the, I suppose, the high-water marks of Stravinsky's period as neo-Classicalist. To me, Stravinsky uses the Classical forms of the eighteenth century and he turns them inside out, not because of some restoration of a technical tradition for which he turns to them, but simply to be shocking, simply to be irritating and annoying, to a degree.

I think there is a different kind of neo-Classicism altogether. There is Hindemith's kind. Hindemith was a man who was admittedly insecure in precisely the years that Stravinsky felt this insecurity of a post-World-War-I anemic disposition in world music coming upon him, and he wanted to do something to create a certain ripple in the lake of progress. Hindemith's way was a very different way. Hindemith saw neo-Classicism as a way of revitalizing certain traditions that were inherent within himself. So did Schoenberg, to a degree, at a certain time in his life. But Stravinsky saw it, I think, as a way of upsetting people, of deliberately seeking an easy success, a kind of sensational, blatant, nose-thumbing success. And I find this very distasteful.

Then we come to the last chapter of Stravinsky—as far we know, what one can assume is the last chapter—the works that have been written in the last decade.¹ For me, these works are the most interesting of all the things that he's done. I find some of them very beautiful. I find the *Movements* for piano and orchestra [1959], the ballet *Agon* [1957], very beautiful indeed. Because the one thing that can never go unsaid is that Stravinsky is, indeed, one of the most voraciously imaginative composers of this century.

I think that if Stravinsky is something less than a great composer (and I believe he is something less than a great composer), I think that what he lacks is simply a certain sense of application—a certain sense of application not to the world outside himself, because that he has in enormous abundance. He's constantly picking up tidbits here and there, and imitating this and that. And that's fine, that's all very good and inquisitive and admirable. What he lacks, I think, is a certain consistency starting from within himself, and I think that's because in all his life he's never really come across, he's never really uncovered the total character of Igor Stravinsky. I think when you look back on that life and that journey, geographi-

Poster announcing Gould's 11 May 1957 recital in Tchaikovsky Hall, in Moscow, with a programme including Bach's Goldberg Variations, two Intermezzi by Brahms, and Hindemith's Sonata No. 3. (Reproduced from an original poster in Gould's possession at the time of his death, and currently held among his papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada.)

cally and spiritually. Stravinsky comes across as a man who's never quite been able to synthesize his own experience and his own personality. To me, this is the tragedy of his life. To what extent this will be important, or be seen to be important, to historians who look back on his work in the future, I can't say. I find him, however, something less than the great composer of the age that other people proclaim him to be. They may well be right, I don't know. But I do find that, musically, he is as much on this same unfulfilled quest as, geographically, he's always been.

P.M.: Really, I think you have answered the next question I was going to put to you, that his works have become so Westernized now that Russians cannot recognize their own traditional themes. They say it doesn't even sound [like] the same thing at all, and, in fact, his music has become foreign to their ears. Do you agree with this?

G.G.: Yes, I'm sure that's true. Not being Russian, I can't see it from precisely that point of view. The purely Russian character in his music I would take to be, in large part, the rhythmic element in the music. I must say that when one returns to the earliest years of Stravinsky, which are perhaps the most interesting years, and compares the music that he wrote circa 1915 with music in much the same style that was written by composers like Prokofiev, who were as Russian as he by birth and perhaps more Russian by inclination, I find Prokofiev's music of that period—I'm thinking of music like the music to the Scythians ballet [i.e., the *Scythian Suite* for orchestra, drawn from the ballet *Ala i Lolli* (1915)]—and comparing it with

music like *Le sacre du printemps*, with which it shares certain characteristics, I find Prokofiev's music more genuine. Not necessarily more important, because I think that Stravinsky's music has this enormous influence that one cannot hold to Prokofiev's credit. But Prokofiev's music, I think, is more genuine. It's more essentially part of the unfolding of Prokofiev's personality, as Stravinsky's is not. To what extent the later works—the post-*Agon* pieces, the twelve-tone pieces, the serial works—to what extent these are un-Russian—well, they are to one extent, and that is that, as I understand it, in the Soviet Union very little, if any, music is written that relates to any degree to the Schoenberg theories. And to the extent that Schoenberg has undeniably influenced Stravinsky—ironically enough, only after Schoenberg himself is no longer around to witness his triumph—but to the extent that he did influence Stravinsky or has seemed to be a great influence on Stravinsky in the last ten years, these works perhaps are just more unfamiliar in idiom to people in the Soviet Union at the present time. To what extent the future will put all this into a different perspective and say, No, these works are quite as Russian as *Firebird* or [*Le*] *sacre*—this is something I simply can't answer.

P.M.: Well, then, we lead on to the question that should music become international? Should composers, in fact, try to retain a style that can be easily recognizable as originating from a particular part of the world, or should it become so international that it's acceptable everywhere?

G.G.: I wonder really if one can say, *Should* music become

international? I strongly suspect that one has to phrase the question, Has it not *already* become international in this way?

I would think that there are certain times in musical history when national strains have played a very important part in exciting the imagination of creative people. One of the most prolific advances, in a certain sense, that music has ever made within the limitations of a culture was certainly in Russia in the nineteenth century. And, to a very great extent, the sense of cause, the sense of national identity, played, as you well know, a very important part in this advance. The whole ferment of activity that took place with composers like Musorgsky and Tchaikovsky—this had its roots in national aspiration. But one has to also remember that a very special set of historical circumstances prevailed at that time and for music in that culture, to the extent that, in the nineteenth century, Russia produced the first great international composers that had been native to that country. And many circumstances were propitious to make these composers terribly conscious of their identity vis-à-vis the world, vis-à-vis Western Europe, and vis-à-vis also the sense of—when I say “historical limitation” I don’t mean this in any critical sense—but historical limitation, in that Russia was to some extent deprived of the knowledge of music in the West more or less before the time of Peter the Great [1672-1725]. And this necessarily imposes a certain limitation, and it also creates a certain and very justifiable pride in the tremendous accomplishments of the nineteenth-century artists in Russia—not just composers: writers also, certainly. At that time, historical circumstances were very propitious for a very strong nationalism affecting music and emboldening sentiment, I suppose, as among composers.

I don’t think this is so today. I think that a great many aspects of our international life, international feeling, argue against this, and not the least of these aspects is the media through which we become aware of music. In my view, electronic media—radio and television and recordings—represents the future of music, as of many other things, probably. But I think that it represents the future of music in that it makes an enormous audience accessible to a very few ideas. And it makes it very difficult for the specialized pockets of initiative that existed all throughout the nineteenth century, pockets that to some extent developed without very much concern for what was happening around them, what was happening in the world outside—it makes it very difficult for this kind of specialized interest in music to thrive. I’m not saying that it can’t exist; it can indeed. There is even a sense in which a certain kind of tolerance exists because of electronic media that has not happened before. By this I mean that in the past we’ve tended to see the existence of a culture, let’s say that of the Soviet Union, as a separate and identifiable thing which we could look in on more or less as we chose. Now this is no longer

likely to happen because it’s terribly accessible. The music that’s written today in the Soviet Union is viewed, as instantaneously as it’s recorded or broadcast or televised, by countries all over the world, and vice versa, of course. And it means that those particular historical judgements based on how good something is as within itself are no longer very important. So it becomes more important to decide how good it is as against that of which it is a part. But at the same time, the tolerance that is attained through recording is something that’s never happened before.

I’m fascinated to discover cases of composers—there really are such composers today—who write music in very old-fashioned styles. I know of one man who lives in Norfolk, Virginia, and who is not *active* as a composer. He’s in the import business, as a matter of fact, and he chooses *not* to be active as a composer in any professional sense. He has no relation with publishers or with critics or with performers or with conductors, but he sits at home and in the evenings he writes symphonies in the style of Anton Bruckner.² And the reasons for this extraordinary historical lapse are that he’s absolutely convinced that sooner or later it is going to matter very little indeed that his music is today considered terribly unfashionable, and that this music is going to be recorded, and to make sure of that he records it himself. He manages to arrange that each symphony, as he writes it, is recorded privately for him. He makes two or three dozen recordings of this and he sends it to people who believe passionately (or maybe less than passionately) in his music. In any case, he files it away. He’s convinced that when so many generations have passed someone is going to come back and discover his music and say, Ah, now why was this man overlooked all of this time? And he’s also convinced that it is possible only because of the recording, and he’s absolutely right.

Now, to the extent that this provides for a kind of tolerance—an *assumption* of tolerance I should say—that we’ve never known before in the arts, to the extent that it suggests that the future is going to examine the things that we do today and be less snobbish in the judgements that are applied against them, be less concerned with the degree to which they represent something new, something absolutely inventive and revolutionary—to this extent, recording goes *against* some of the immediacy that other forms of electronic communication imply, because certainly a television programme and a radio programme, unless it’s recorded, as this one is being, they do imply immediacy. They do imply that the listener is going to come to a decision, is going to judge, is going to react to an event that’s happening now. But recordings have this marvelous opportunity of saying, No, let’s hold in abeyance our judgements, let’s decide twenty years from now, or maybe let’s have our grandchildren decide how good something is.

To this extent, I think that the isolation that has occurred historically in a country like the Soviet Union will be seen in a very different perspective fifty or a hundred years from now than it is seen today. Because I think that there is no question that a certain artistic hostility exists between composers in the Soviet Union today, who tend to be against the more revolutionary traditions of twentieth-century music, and their confreres in the West, who, on the whole, if one can be statistical about this sort of thing, on the whole tend to be very much in favour of the more or less avant-garde judgements about musical theory.

I think it's unfortunate that composers argue so much. They do, of course; when put together they're constantly arguing. But I think that at the same time recordings are going to make possible this very tolerant view that's never happened before, and that it's quite likely that my friend in Norfolk, Virginia, who writes symphonies à la Bruckner, or a composer in Siberia at the present time who writes music in the manner of Scriabin, will be found a hundred years from now to be among the great geniuses of the time.

P.M.: You said Soviet composers always argue when they're put together, which leads me to the question of when the Soviet composers attended the international composers' congress in Stratford a few years ago—I think it was in 1960, as a matter of fact—they returned home very enthusiastic about it. They thought it was very useful. What is your opinion on the usefulness of such meetings?

G.G.: I think they *are* very useful. I think they're very useful right now, but I think at the same time we have to realize that composers' conferences are something that are quite new. They're something that certainly were never thought desirable at any time earlier than about the First World War. About 1920 is the first composers' conference that I can think of that was considered in any way important. In those days it was the getting together for the performance rather than the talking of new music, but that was simply because recordings and radio and television didn't present too many opportunities for performance of it, so they *had* to get together to hear it in one place. But today composers' conferences are all the rage. So are writers' conferences. Painters never seem to get together to talk very much. That's mostly because they *don't* talk very much, I suppose. But can you imagine the absurdity of putting Bach and Handel and Scarlatti and Telemann into one salon and saying, Have a composers' conference, gentlemen, and decide what one should do with this new music of our time—you know, are we going to go on writing fugues and cantatas, or are we going to write concerti and symphonies, you know; what's going to happen? This has never happened before, and I don't know really what's going to come out of all of this

because I'm convinced that when composers come to composers' conferences they come there less to learn from others than to defend themselves. I think they all come with the same set of biases with which they work, because composers *have* to work with biases. The whole force of the creative responsibility is based on a certain sense of hostility to what somebody else is doing, in a sense. And I think that composers come together to exercise, to sort of stretch their biases a little bit, but not really to adapt themselves to the ideas of others. So whether this great spate of composers' conferences that we have now, whether this is a mark of the future or whether music will become a talking craft, is something that I'm really far from sure about.

I think that one thing becomes quite clear, though, that insofar as music becomes more and more involved with electronics, not just that electronics play a part in making an audience aware of music through its performance over that media [*sic*], but insofar as composers themselves begin to work with electronics, they begin to write music that's suitable for the microphone. Strange as it seems, this is already happening. Composers today are actually writing works and thinking in terms of orchestral sonorities that are particularly palatable in a closed room instead of a large hall, for a microphone instead of for the ears of two or three thousand people listening to those sonorities. And this means an enormous change in the whole acoustical aspect of music. So to that extent composers have today something to talk about, not just among themselves, but to talk about with people who are specifically trained to give information about electronic media. And then there is the extent to which composers involve themselves in absolute electronic music, and prepared-tape music. Most of these composers are not sufficiently trained as engineers to do this without some outside help, and so they *have* to have recourse to technicians, to engineers. I would think that the *real* conference that needs to be arranged now is a conference that is between composers and engineers, rather than composers and composers. I think it's on that field that one can learn a great deal.

P.M.: I know you prefer the recording studio or the television studio now to performing at a public concert. Perhaps you'd explain why you have this preference.

G.G.: Yes, well, I had always hoped when I was very young that I was going to involve myself with music throughout my life. This seemed to be the one thing that I most wanted to do. The one thing that I did *not* want to do was to involve myself with music to such a limited extent that the piano served as my sole intermediary to music, and I had always felt that, as a performing musician, as a pianist, as someone who travelled

about and gave concerts, that I was necessarily imposing a set of limitations on my own personal horizon that weren't useful, that I wanted to be rid of. At the same time, I felt that I certainly did not want to stop playing the piano. This would be impossible. I couldn't stop playing the piano if I did want to because it means far too much to me.

Well, this combined with this same feeling of mine about the enormous potency of electronic forms and images, and a feeling that I wanted to be involved in playing the piano in only those roles in which what I was doing then could be to some degree made permanent. I felt an enormous sense—and I still feel, because I still occasionally give concerts, but very rarely, no more often than I can help—I felt an enormous sense of frustration that what I was doing then was vanishing forever with the doing of it.³ I don't mean by that that it was automatically so good that it should be preserved. I gave some very bad concerts. But on those occasions when one happened to give a very good concert there was this feeling that it did vanish with the memory of those who were in the audience, and that, on the other hand, recordings offered the possibility of preserving for as long as the recorded form is considered valid the best thoughts that you were able to assemble at any given time on a particular piece of music. Because one can assemble these thoughts in recording. You don't *have* to be subject to the whims of the moment. One is, to a very large extent, subject to whim when you give a concert. There's always this great temptation, no matter how self-effacing you may be (and I'm not saying that I was at all self-effacing), but there is, nevertheless, this great temptation, even if you are the most modest fellow in the world, to show off in front of the audience. And there are very few people who play in the same way for a large audience as they play for a microphone.

Now, many people would tell you that this is precisely what's *wrong* with the microphone, what's wrong with the microphone as a vehicle of communication, that people do *not* play the same way, or act or behave in the same way, in front of a microphone as they do in front of an audience, that they behave in a much less inspired way. I don't happen to believe that this is true. I think that there are undeniably certain artists of an older generation who have become so conditioned to playing before a public that in fact if they make a recording, they assemble their family and friends into the studio to give them the same sort of exhilaration that they find on the public platform.⁴ But I do think that this reaction to audience grows less and less valid with every passing year. In my own case, it was never a reaction that I acknowledged to any extent. I always felt that the opportunities that a microphone can give you, first of all, to not *have* to do something at a given moment if you don't feel like it—to sit and have another cup of coffee instead of do it at that very moment, if you will—to do things twice, or sixty-four times, as need be,

until you have absolutely assembled the best possible interpretation of a particular work of music. Well, this is something that you cannot do in public. You can give sixty-four concerts, you can give all sixty-four concerts on off evenings; you may have also the opportunity of giving them on evenings when you feel exactly right about a certain piece of music, but even at that, the impression will be forever lost.

Well, then you come to the third question, which is to say,



Gould addressing the June Convocation at the University of Toronto, after receiving an honorary doctorate, 1 June 1964. His lecture, "An Argument for Music in the Electronic Age," was later published in the University's *Varsity Graduate*. (Photograph by D. Darrell.)

Well, look, if you *don't* like giving concerts and if you *do* like recordings, why not give concerts and record the concerts?—because this has been done. Well, it *has* been done. Sviatoslav Richter has done it, and has done some marvelous concerts this way. But then, Sviatoslav Richter is a man who, I think, is genuinely made for the concert stage. There is a sense of electric communication about Richter and an audience. There's something quite special. The perfume of the event, to coin a phrase, is very much in evidence when he gives a concert. I heard him give concerts in the Soviet Union, and here, too, in Toronto. And there's no question but what something in Richter's temperament does happen to take off in full flight when he's confronted with an audience. So to record *his* concerts is a very different matter than to record those of most of the rest of us, who don't express this same intoxication with an audience.⁵

There's another question, that even when you record the concerts of a very great artist like Sviatoslav Richter, you don't get a recording. By that I mean that you don't get a studio product. What you get is the facsimile of an event. You get an attempt to render an evocation in sound of what a certain evening in a certain year happened to be like. You get an attempt by the engineers, by the producers, by the technicians, to be very discreet so that the microphone doesn't upset the artist and keep it well away from the piano, usually. And what

you get really is a sort of halo, a very saintly halo, put around the framing of the page which announced this concert, and made available for people who want to sit back and say, That was Richter on November the 16th, 1964, you know. But you do not get a recording, because a recording by its definition is something that aims at a certain kind of perfectionism, I think—perfectionism not just of the performance, because that you might well get from Richter on a certain evening, but it also aims at a perfectionism of sound, it aims at expressing a certain series of ideals about what sound is in relation to an instrument and the role that a microphone has to play, and this you simply cannot get in a public circumstance, recording a concert. So my feeling is that, for myself, recording is the future and the concert stage was the past. I will occasionally give concerts if I find one or more works that I have not at the moment an occasion to record, and that I very much want to try out on an audience or try out on myself, which is what it really is. Then I will give a concert as need be, but otherwise I will confine myself to recording.

P.M.: I know that you are very interested, at the present time, and perhaps you have been so for many years, in lecturing. Do you foresee this as assuming an even greater importance in your future?

G.G.: I don't know. I see writing about music, in some form. Whether I actually read what I write myself from a podium doesn't concern me too much.⁶ I see writing about music as an important part of my future because, as I have said before, I feel that what I want to do in my life is to sort of experience a certain series of statements about music, some of which will be statements that perhaps will be original to me through my performance or through writing or through composing, most of which will be original to other people and which I will simply test out and hopefully add a certain invention to. The things that one can do with music, the speculations that one can make about it, the theories behind the reasons that we involve ourselves with these strange twitchings that music produces in us at all, fascinate me, and I want to write about them and to think about them. Whether I actually deliver these thoughts from the platform is not important, but I do want to write about them.

P.M.: Then that really is your future—composing. Well, thank-you very much, Mr. Gould, for coming in this evening.

G.G.: Pleasure.

P.M.: Thank-you.

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⁶At the time of this interview, Stravinsky was eighty-two years old. He died in 1971, at the age of eighty-eight, having composed little during his last few years.

⁷The composer in question is Ludwig Diehn, whom Gould liked to bring up in polemics in favour of recording and against the idea of progress in music. He interviewed Diehn for his 1965 CBC radio programme *Dialogues on the Prospects of Recording*.

⁸Gould's remark about still occasionally giving concerts may appear surprising, since we know that he gave his last public concert on 10 April 1964, more than half a year before this interview was taped. The remark clearly shows that, for some time after 10 April 1964, Gould did not realize that he had given his last concert. He never consciously planned that on such-and-such a day he would appear for the last time; in fact, as many letters and other sources confirm, he was still considering concert engagements throughout 1964, and even into 1965 and 1966. But all such plans were eventually cancelled, as he came to prefer, more and more, his new life away from the public. In other words, Gould the concert artist never officially retired; he just gradually stopped showing up for work.

⁹Gould was undoubtedly thinking here of Arthur Rubinstein.

¹⁰For Gould's recollections of hearing Richter in Moscow, in 1957, see his 1978 article "Sviatoslav Richter," in *Glenn Gould 1* (Fall 1995): 12-13; and his comments in the 1959 CBC radio interview *At Home with Glenn Gould* (available as a special Friends of Glenn Gould CD). Richter made only two concert appearances in Toronto: on 5 December 1960, and on 28 September 1964. During his 1964 visit, he also played Ravel for a CBC television special, which Gould reviewed, under the pseudonym "Dr. Herbert von Hochmeister," in his 1965 article "The CBC, Camera-wise," reprinted in *The Glenn Gould Reader*, edited and with an introduction by Tim Page (Toronto: Lester & Orpen Dennys, 1984): 399-402. For Gould's comments on the poor recording quality of Richter's famous 1958 recording of Musorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, see his article "The Prospects of Recording," in *The Glenn Gould Reader*: 334. For more information on the subject of Gould and Richter, see also the Miscellanea section of the previous issue of *Glenn Gould* (Spring 1998).

¹¹Gould occasionally gave lecture-recitals throughout his concert years, but in 1963 and 1964 he also had a brief career as a public lecturer. He gave the inaugural series of three MacMillan Lectures at the University of Toronto, in 1963. He gave a series of two lectures on the history of the piano sonata in 1964, at Hunter College in New York and at the Gardiner Museum in Boston. He spoke on the occasion of receiving an honorary doctorate from the University of Toronto, in 1964 (see the photograph on page 71). He addressed the graduating class of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, in 1964. And he gave other talks in Toronto, Hamilton, and Cincinnati. Some of his lectures—on music in the U.S.S.R., on Schoenberg, on music in the electronic age—were later published. (His 1963 lecture "Forgery and Imitation in the Creative Process" was published for the first time in *Glenn Gould 2/1* (Spring 1996): 4-9.) Gould gave no more lectures after 1964: as his concert activity came to an end, so did his public appearances in all other respects.

Beethoven composed his so-called 'Hammerklavier' Sonata in 1817 at a time when, according to Sir Charles Grove, he was enjoying something of 'a German fit'. On a handful of occasions during that period, the margins of his manuscripts bore interpretive recommendations in that language in place of, or in addition to, the more familiar Italian tempo and expression marks and this fact alone explains the rather superfluous title "Für [sic] das Hammerklavier" which was, in fact, originally appended to three of the other late piano sonatas in addition to Opus 106.

But even if the title isn't all that musically intimidating, the piece itself certainly is. It's probably the least grateful work pianistically that Beethoven ever concocted and it can certainly hold its own on any pianist's list of all-time awkward pieces. Indeed, the most annoying thing about it, I suppose, is that, at precisely those moments when Beethoven is outdoing himself in tactile obtuseness, the musical result is likely to suggest nothing so much as an harmonically enriched Hanon exercise. And it isn't that Beethoven is simply indifferent to the specific problems of writing for the keyboard - as, for instance, Bach was when he composed the 'Art of the Fugue' for which virtually any instrumental combo serves almost equally well - it's that much of the time Beethoven seems to have taken the specific measure of some other medium altogether. That medium, at least in the last two movements of this four-movement work, would appear to me to be the string quartet and the finale of this piece which consists of three minutes of patient recitative followed by ten minutes of relentless fugal counterpoint is a sort of preparatory study for the 'Grosse Fuge' for string

quartet, Opus 133.

The textures in the first two movements of the Hammerklavier are a bit more conventionally pianistic, perhaps, though even there Beethoven insists upon flailing about in the outer reaches of the keyboard - a ploy which is virtually guaranteed to display even the best of instruments in the worst of lights. The instruments of Beethoven's time, of course, had taken a tremendous leap forward in terms of design and felicity of action during the 35 years or so that separated a work like the 'Hammerklavier' from let's say, the Mozart Fantasia heard earlier in the programme, and there is literally no comparison between the resonance and staying power of the instruments at B[eethoven]'s disposal and those of our own day. Yet this opus still remains singularly unapproachable - music for the eye rather than the ear, on occasion - essentially, a construction with which to exercise the imagination, perhaps, rather than one which can ever be fully realised via the rude reality of instrumental capability. This performance, by the way, marks my first attempt at the 'Hammerklavier' - and it may well be my last.

Gould's ambivalence about the "Hammerklavier" was understandable: it was just the sort of rhetorical Beethovenian drama that was unsuited to his musical temperament, and not surprisingly the result was a controversial performance, widely criticized at the time and since. As with the "Appassionata" Sonata and the "Emperor" Concerto, other Beethoven works with which he was uncomfortable, he made certain adjustments to the music in performance, passing it through the prism of his own sensibility. He offered a broadly scaled, "orchestral" view of the piece that undercut somewhat its taut drama and virtuoso

ambitions, and he used the unusually slow tempos to dig into the music's textures, revealing much latent counterpoint apart from the famous closing fugue. His leisurely traversal of the long slow movement is, at about twenty-one minutes (seventeen is more common), one of the slowest on record.

A few months after his radio performance of the "Hammerklavier," in a letter to a colleague at the CBC, Gould attempted to explain his conception of the piece. The letter appears in Selected Letters, pages 144-145, but we felt that, for the sake of convenience and completeness, it deserved to be reprinted here:



April 30, 1971
Miss Wendy Butler,
CBC

Dear Wendy,

Some thoughts on the 'Hammerklavier': it is, as I'm sure you know, the longest, most inconsiderate, and probably least rewarding piece that Beethoven wrote for the piano. I say this with some reluctance because, ever since my student years, I've been determined to find some real rewards in it and to document them in a broadcast or recording, or both. On several occasions, years back, I scheduled it for public

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audition - usually in spots like Dry Gulch, Mont., or Los Yahoos, N.M. but, inevitably, at the last moment, amended a discreet programme change. The piece simply alluded [*sic*] me as a totality and I was determined to unravel its enigmas before letting it go public.

Anyway, as you know, the bio-centenary advanced the day of reckoning - through a too complicated-to-go-into set of scheduling problems it was originally aimed at, and recorded by, December 1970 - and once again, I determined to have a go at solving its considerable mysteries. Well, I don't think I really managed to solve very many of them, but I did attempt some interesting methods of systems-analysis enroute [*sic*]. I decided, for instance, that since the piece is hopelessly unpianistic - not just because it's horrendously difficult (and what's worse, to the untutored ear doesn't sound all that hard) but because it's

written with little or no concern for the sympathies and antipathies which exist between various regions of the keyboard - I would attempt an orchestral approach. I would try to link first note with last through sheer conductorial momentum - not speed but rather through tempi coerced into coalescence - and minimize all of the piano-specialty gestures which, annoyingly and perversely in view of Beethoven's essentially anti-instrumental bias, still get in the way of the music so much of the time.

And there are a lot of them to minimize. There are, for instance, many occasions when arabesques of almost Chopinesque delicacy (the second theme of the first movement is one instance) are placed in unrewarding registers (high ones mainly) and separated from their accompanimental voices by at least one octave too much. [See Example 1.] Most of these problems

occur in the first and third movements - the second is short and taut enough to breeze by unnoticed, and the fugue-finale, for all its mathematical tom-foolery and its grimly vigorous attempts to break the neo-Handelian sound-barrier is both fascinating and fun.

But did my orchestral-overview, no-time-for-piano-conceits attitude really tie these four diverse structures together and make them one big work which does work? Not really. There are some moments that work, I think, and some that don't - which, come to think of it, was more or less Beethoven's score too - but at least I've tried it once and won't have to bother my head about it again until 2027 [the bicentennial of Beethoven's death].

All the Best,
Sincerely,
Glenn Gould

1972-73
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THE DAILY WOOF - THE ANIMALS PAPER

ETIDED BY GLENN GOULD

BACH DIES OF FUNGUS NOTLY BELIEVED TO HAVE LICE

TORONTO JAN. 41. THIS ITEM WAS RELEASED FROM CENSOR JAN. 3.

Bach, a goldfish residing at 32 Southwood Drive Toronto and after a illness of 2 1/2 mon[ths] died Thur. Dec. 22 [7].

MAKES DAILY ROUNDS GOLDY, THE DOG NEXT DOOR MADE HIS ROUNDS AROUND ONE THIRTY P.M. STOOPING AT OUR TREE EVERGREEN TREE ON OUR FRONT LAWN.

SQUIRREL ATTRACTS ATTENTION SPECIAL TO THE WOOF A BLACK SQUIRREL ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION HERE YESTERDAY P.M. WHEN HE DRAGGED A LARGE CHUNK OF BREAD ACROSS THE STREET SPREADING CRUMBS ON 2 LAWNS. HE IS WANTED FOR QUESTIONING BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES ON OTHER RECENT THEFTS.

MOTZY BELIEVED TO HAVE LICE AAP Jan 4, HIS RECENT SCRATCHINGS HAVE GIVEN THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAD LICE.

CONT. NEXT COLUMN

The Daily Woof--The Animals Paper

by Glenn Gould

This charming bit of juvenilia, a one-page newspaper devoted to the activities of local pets and wildlife, reveals the young Gould's love of animals, and offers early evidence of his literary ambitions. Regrettably, the *The Daily Woof* ceased publication after this premiere issue.

We have not been able to date the document with certainty. The first line of text, beneath the sad headline "Bach Dies of Fungus," seems to include the date "Jan. 41," though it is difficult to make out; if correct, this would mean that Gould wrote *The Daily Woof* when he was eight years old. A date of 1941 would be consistent with the reference to the censor in the first paragraph, a reminder that Canada was then at war; Gould, despite his youth, was obviously well aware of the war, and familiar with the local newspaper coverage. Unfortunately, the date at the bottom of the first column only adds to the uncertainty. The day appears to be "Wed[nesday]" corrected to "Thur[day]," and the date seems to read "Dec. 22" or "Dec. 27," but unfortunately neither date fell on a Thursday in 1940. We have been unable to come up with convincing readings of the dates in this document, dates that are consistent with each other as well as with the internal evidence suggesting that the *Woof* was written by the young Gould during the war years. We welcome alternative readings from readers with sharp eyes and good perpetual calendars.

The Daily Woof--The Animals Paper
Etided [sic] by Glenn Gould

Bach Dies of Fungus

Toronto Jan. 41

This item was released from censor

Jan. 3.

Bach, a goldfish residing at 32 Southwood Drive Toronto and after a[n] illness of 2 1/2 mon[ths] died Thur. Dec. 22 [7].

Makes Daily Rounds

Goldy, the dog next door made his rounds around one thirty p.m. stooping at our evergreen tree on our front lawn

Squirrel Attracts Attention

Special to the Woof

A black squirrel attracted much attention here yesterday p.m. when he dragged a large chunk of "bread" across the street spreading crumbs on 2 lawns. He is wanted for questioning by local authorities on other recent thefts

Motzy Believed to Have Lice

AAP Jan 4,

A matter still undetermined is whether or not Motzy, the budgie has lice. His recent scratchings have given the impression that he had.



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Gould was the subject recently of a new television profile, in the CBC's *Life & Times* series. *Glenn Gould: The Shadow Genius*, produced and directed by David Langer, written by Langer and Paul McGrath, and narrated by Kenneth Welsh, aired nationwide on 13 March. Intended for a general audience, the documentary offered a good introduction to Gould's life, character, career, and ideas. It was shot in Toronto and New York, and made generous and thoughtful use of visual illustrations—some of them not well known—drawn from the Gould papers in the National Library of Canada. The Canadian actor R. H. Thomson, who played the older Gould in the original Toronto production of David Young's play *Glenn*, in 1992, mimics the pianist in several voice-overs.

Those interviewed for the programme include Tim Page, the editor of *The Glenn Gould Reader* and currently a music critic at *The Washington Post*; Timothy Maloney, Director of the Music Division of the National Library of Canada, shown next to one of Gould's Steinway pianos; Andrew Kazdin, for years Gould's Columbia record producer; Walter Homburger, Gould's first manager; John P. L. Roberts, Gould's long-time friend and colleague, former head of music for CBC radio, and Founding President of The Glenn Gould Foundation; Ray Roberts, Gould's personal business manager in the latter part of his life; Lorne Tulk, a CBC technician who worked on Gould's recordings and radio programmes; Dr. Helen Mesaros, a psychiatrist who has done extensive biographical research on Gould; Berry Flowers, a writer and lawyer from Alabama, shown at Gould's grave site; pianist Elyakim Taussig; and an employee of the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Quebec, shown cataloguing some Gould personal effects—clothing, furniture, tchotchkes—for their collection. Gould's father, Bert, is also shown, in an inter-

view conducted by the Foundation's Executive Director, John Miller, shortly before Bert's death.

Glenn Gould: The Shadow Genius does an admirable job of setting out the basic facts of Gould's life and work: his childhood and relationship with his mother, his musical upbringing, his concert career and problems on tour, his views on the art of recording, his CBC radio documentaries, his untimely death. And it is by no means a whitewashed portrait: to the usual anecdotes about his lifestyle and eccentricities is added some frank discussion of his psychology, including his legendary hypochondria, his control mania, and his many private demons. Inevitably, there are some clichés (*of course* the programme has to end with Gould playing the *Aria da capo* from the Goldberg Variations), but we have only two serious reservations. First, the programme says nothing substantial about Gould as a pianist and interpreter of music; it simply takes for granted that he was a "genius." And second, the programme makes rather poor use of musical excerpts and archival audio clips, sprinkling them haphazardly through the narrative; sometimes, the commentary and the audio illustrations seem blissfully ignorant of each other, or even downright contradictory—strange, considering how important the integration of text and audio was to Gould in his own programmes.

These quibbles aside, the *Life & Times* profile is certainly one of the better documentary portraits of Gould. We look forward to its being rebroadcast, and perhaps offered for sale on videotape.

Jan V. Matejcek, President of Intermusic in Toronto, and the Canadian representative for the music publisher B. Schott's Söhne, of Mainz, Germany, kindly sent us the most recent volume in Schott's continuing edition of Gould's

musical compositions and arrangements: *Lieberson Madrigal*, for four solo voices or mixed choir with piano, edited by Carl Morey and published in the series Schott's Chor-Verlag (C 48 913). Morey based his edition on materials in the National Library of Canada, including sketches and a final draft, along with a private tape recording Gould made of the piece in 1964.

Like *So You Want to Write A Fugue?*, the madrigal is a humorous occasional piece of the kind that Gould liked to write for friends or special occasions. It was composed in 1964, to celebrate Goddard Lieberson's twenty-five years with CBS. Lieberson (1911-1977) joined the company in 1939, and in 1956 became president of its Columbia Records division, which Gould had signed with just a year before. Under Lieberson's enlightened leadership, Columbia expanded its classical-music catalogue and supported many recording projects that had little commercial appeal. Not surprisingly, Gould was fond of him, and his relationship with Columbia was generally amicable and mutually supportive.

As Carl Morey writes in his Preface, this witty piece, for which Gould wrote both words and music,

contains many reflections of both his and Lieberson's interests. The madrigalisms of the opening and closing movements recall Gould's performances of keyboard music by the Elizabethan Virginalists. A sudden excursion into atonality in the second movement clearly refers not only to Gould's interest in the music of Schoenberg but also to Lieberson's support for recordings of the works of the [Second] Viennese School as well as of other avant-garde composers. And of course there is a fugue in reference to Gould's celebrated recordings of Bach.

The text makes in-jokes about Columbia Records, including the low sales of some of its high-prestige recordings ("Oh, we're all uncommercial here, our sales get worse from year

to year"). The Fuga opens with the line, "Lennie Bernstein wants to do Boulez, Nono, Stockhausen ... Lennie, no, you can't, why must you be so damn avant, damn avant, damn avant?" And the closing Chorale ends with the chorus imitating a skipping record.



An important new collection of writings by Gould was recently published in France. *La série Schönberg* (Paris: Christian Bourgois éditeur, 1998) brings together scripts he wrote for a ten-part CBC radio series on Arnold Schoenberg, broadcast between 11 September and 13 November 1974, in celebration of the centenary of the composer's birth. The ten programmes were part of the CBC's series *Music of Today*, and served as a kind of extended lead-in to Gould's "contrapuntal" documentary *Schoenberg, the First Hundred Years—A Documentary Fantasy for Radio*, which had its broadcast première on 19 November.

The programmes featured many recordings of works by Schoenberg and others; interviews conducted by Gould; and Gould's own commentary, in the form of scripted conversations with Ken Haslam. Those interviewed included conductor Eric Leinsdorf, composers

John Cage and Aaron Copland, musicologists Henry-Louis de la Grange and Denis Stevens, psychiatrist and musician Peter Ostwald (author, last year, of a psycho-biography of Gould), and Schoenberg's widow, Gertrud.

The shows ranged widely through Schoenberg's life and work—from his early vocal works to the music of his later American years, from his fondness for transcriptions to the influence of Strauss and Mahler on his symphonic style. Here are the book's ten chapter headings:

- 1) "The man and his work"
- 2) "Schoenberg the melodist"
- 3) "Schoenberg the inventor"
- 4) "Schoenberg on crusade"
- 5) "Schoenberg and Mahler"
- 6) "Schoenberg the symphonist"
- 7) "Schoenberg the dramatist"
- 8) "Schoenberg and the past"
- 9) "Schoenberg and John Cage"
- 10) "Epilogue"

The texts of *La série Schönberg* were translated into French by Caroline Guindon, and were collected and edited by Ghyslaine Guertin, who teaches music and philosophy at two universities in Montreal, Quebec. Guertin is well qualified for the job: she has written a thesis and many articles on Gould; she edited the anthology *Glenn Gould, pluriel* (Verdun, Quebec: Louise Courteau, éditrice, 1988), which collected papers read at a Gould conference at the University of Quebec at Montreal, in 1987; and she edited, with John P. L. Roberts, *Glenn Gould: Selected Letters* (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1992). With Stéphane Roy, Guertin has supplied Gould's scripts with extensive and very useful notes, clarifying points of translation, explaining musical references, adding historical background information, identifying persons named, and fleshing out admirably both the Schoenbergian and Gouldian contexts. She has also contributed a lengthy and

interesting introductory chapter. She briefly introduces Gould as a writer for radio, then develops the fascinating (and very plausible) idea that in his Schoenberg series Gould was sketching a self-portrait. Gould as formalist, as contrapuntist, as Romantic, as "fin-de-siècle man," as nonconformist, as autodidact, as Wagnerian, as transcriber—all were revealed through his particular passion for Schoenberg.

Based on unpublished manuscripts now housed among the Gould papers in the National Library of Canada, *La série Schönberg* makes an important contribution to the Gould literature. Thanks to this new book, we have a much clearer idea of the size and range of Gould's contribution to the understanding of Schoenberg. Naturally, he sometimes recycled, in these ten scripts, ideas he had expressed elsewhere, and that can already be found in, say, *The Glenn Gould Reader*; this is to be expected, as he often recycled his writings, particularly when moving from one medium to another. But the sheer size and scope of the Schoenberg series ensured that it contained many fresh ideas and insights, so even the most hardened Gould fan will find new food for thought here.

La série Schönberg is part of Christian Bourgois's series "Musiques," edited by the French-Canadian musicologist and semiologist Jean-Jacques Nattiez, a professor at the University of Montreal. The book is bound in paper, runs to about two hundred pages, and sells for 120 francs. We recommend it highly, and hope that it will someday be available in an English-language edition.

Junichi Miyazawa writes from Tokyo to inform us of two new Gould-related books that appeared earlier this year in Japan. The first, published in April, is *Rihita, Gurudo, Berunharuto* [Richter,



Gould, Bernhard], by the art critic Atsushi Sugita (Tokyo: Misuzu Shobo, 1998). It is, according to Miyazawa, a highly theoretical and rhetorical study that examines aesthetic issues through three different artists of the same generation: Gould; the German painter Gerhard Richter; and the Austrian writer Thomas Bernhard, the author of *Der Untergeher*—in English, *The Loser*—a novel, first published in 1983, in which a rather fanciful version of Gould appears as one of the main characters.

The other new Japanese book, published in May, is "*Kusamakura*" *hensokyoku* ["*The Three-Cornered World*" Variations], by the journalist Shoichiro Yokota (Tokyo: Sakuhokusha, 1998). Taking his cue from Gould's enthusiasm for Natsume Soseki's novel *The Three-Cornered World*, Yokota

offers portraits of the two artists as he freely explores the kinship between them.

Miyazawa also announces the publication, this fall, of his Japanese edition of *Glenn Gould: Selected Letters*.

Finally, Sony Classical in Japan announces ten new CDs in its Glenn Gould Original Jacket Collection, a series of rereleases of Gould's original Columbia/CBS albums packaged in (miniaturized) reproductions of the original album covers, complete with (miniaturized and difficult-to-read) liner notes. The fifteen CDs of the first installment were released in the fall of 1997, in Japan only, in a limited edition that sold out quickly; the second installment is due to be released on 1 October.

The ten new CDs will include the following Gould albums: Vol. 1 of

Bach's *Art of Fugue* (played on the organ); Bach's French Suites Nos. 1-4; the French Suites Nos. 5 and 6, with the French Overture in B Minor; Bach's Partitas Nos. 3 and 4; the Partitas Nos. 5 and 6; Vol. 4 of the Mozart sonatas; piano concertos by Mozart and Schoenberg; Beethoven's three Opus 31 sonatas; Beethoven's bagatelles; and the three transcriptions of orchestral music by Wagner.

Again, regrettably, the series will be released in Japan only, in a limited edition. Miyazawa recommends that interested buyers outside Japan try Beltran, a Japanese on-line shop, by contacting Mr. Mitsukuni Isozaki of the Beltran Corporation, via E-mail (belmusic@ma3.justnet.ne.jp), through the shop's Web site (<http://emall.justnet.or.jp/shop/beltran>), or by fax: (81)-(3)-3260-0716. We hope that this second installment means that we can expect, eventually, a complete edition of Gould's original Columbia/CBS albums, and we hope that it will someday be more widely available.

We are pleased to introduce our readers to Art Lewis, a Canadian composer who recently wrote a short orchestral work in honour of Gould. *Hommage to Glenn Gould*, which takes the form of a four-bar ground with variations, was composed in 1996, for submission to a new-music competition sponsored by the Winnipeg Symphony. At first, says Lewis, he found the piece so abstract in nature that he could not think of an appropriate title. But after listening to Gould recordings, receiving a gift subscription to *Glenn Gould*, and attending the Glenn Gould Prize ceremonies in Toronto, on 25 September 1996, he finally decided on the title. (He describes the ceremony, at which the Prize was awarded, posthumously, to the Japanese composer Toru Takemitsu,

as "a highlight of my life.")

Lewis, who lives in Kamloops, a small city in the interior of British Columbia, was a contemporary of Gould's—he studied music at the Toronto Conservatory and the University of Toronto in the 1940s and 50s—though he never got to meet Gould or hear him play. He received his master's degree from the University of Winnipeg in 1969, and worked for more than thirty years as a music teacher. Among his many compositions are a dozen piano sonatas, concertos for violin, piano, and other instruments, and choral works.

We have reproduced the first page of the score of *Hommage to Glenn Gould*, with the kind permission of the composer.

A Friend from Washington, D.C., writes to introduce us to Hidekazu Yoshida, an influential, much-honoured Japanese classical-music and art critic who was writing seriously and in detail about Gould's playing long before it was fashionable to do so in Japan. (He is not mentioned in Junichi Miyazawa's article "Glenn Gould in Japan," published in the Fall 1997 issue of *GlennGould*.) Yoshida, apparently, was introducing many Japanese music lovers to Gould's work as early as the 1950s, not long after his first Columbia recordings and first international concert tours. At first, Gould was not well received by many Japanese musicians, so Yoshida resolved to express his admiration in print. He analyzed Gould's Bach and Beethoven in detail, and was one of few critics to find words of praise for the pianist's notorious Mozart recordings. According to our source, Yoshida's articles are literate and musically well informed, even including detailed musical examples. His writings on Gould were included in Vol. 6 of *Yoshida Hidekazu Zenshu*, a sixteen-volume collection of his work published by Hakusuisha in 1975, and we are pleased to hear that he

remains, in his mid-eighties, active as a writer and arts administrator.

The Glenn Gould Foundation announces its new Web site:

www.glenn Gould.ca

The site was inaugurated in Toronto on 25 September 1998, the sixty-sixth anniversary of Gould's birth. Supported by Yamaha Canada, the site offers information about the Friends of Glenn Gould; about this magazine, including the contents of back issues; about the second Glenn Gould Gathering, to be held in Toronto in September 1999; about the Glenn Gould Prize; and about the life-sized sculpture of Gould currently under construction by the Canadian artist Ruth Abernethy (it will be unveiled at the Gathering). The site allows visitors to send virtual postcards bearing Gould's image, and includes links to other Gould sites around the world.

Personals

The following personal notices have been placed by members of the Friends of Glenn Gould society.

I will be glad to help out with any Gould discographies. Mr. Frank Forman, 118-4740 Bradley Boulevard, Chevy Chase, MD, 20815-6337, U.S.A.; telephone (301) 652-5792.

(1) Is there available an English translation of *Glenn Gould: Leben und Werk*, by Michael Stegemann? (2) I have been unable to locate Vol. 13 (*The Goldberg Variations*) of Sony Classical's Glenn Gould video edition. Is it still in print? Daniel Baldwin, 150 West End Avenue, New York, NY, 10023, U.S.A.;

fax (201) 487-2552.

Editor's note: (1) Unfortunately, Stegemann's admirable life-and-work study, published in Germany in 1992, has not appeared in an English-language edition. However, Stegemann's thoughts and research on Gould are available in English in another, readily accessible form: his excellent and thorough liner notes for all of the CDs in Sony Classical's Glenn Gould Edition. (2) As far as we know, all of the videotapes and laserdiscs in Sony Classical's Glenn Gould Collection are still available. It should not be difficult—particularly in New York—to special-order a copy of the 1981 Goldberg film through a good classical-recordings shop or video dealer.

One of my desires is to have a high-quality black-and-white photograph of Glenn Gould. Can anyone inform me of any sources? Mr. David L. Osborne, 32 rue du Chateau, Neuilly-sur-Seine 92200, France.

Editor's note: One particularly beautiful black-and-white photograph of Gould that we highly recommend is the bust portrait by the Toronto photographer V. Tony Hauser. Taken in 1975, this photograph is only available by private purchase, and, to our knowledge, was never reproduced in the Gould literature until it appeared in the première issue of GlennGould, in the fall of 1995. Canadian and overseas customers interested in ordering the photograph, in a 6"x 6" hand-coated platinum print, should contact Hauser's studio, at 55 Front Street East, Toronto, Ontario, M5E 1B3, Canada; telephone (416) 862-7082; fax (416) 862-7593.

The Glenn Gould Foundation welcomes inquiries about dedicating future issues of this journal in honour of individuals or for special occasions. For more information, please contact John A. Miller, Administrator of The Glenn Gould Foundation, at the address given on page 86.

New Friends of Glenn Gould

The Friends of Glenn Gould, founded in 1995, is a society for those who not only share an interest in Gould's artistic accomplishments and visionary ideas, but who also 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 at the address given on page 86.

The following is a list of new Friends whose names were received to August 1998. All Friends who joined the society before 31 December 1996 have been permanently designated as *Founding Friends*. Future issues of *GlennGould* will list new Friends as their memberships arrive.

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