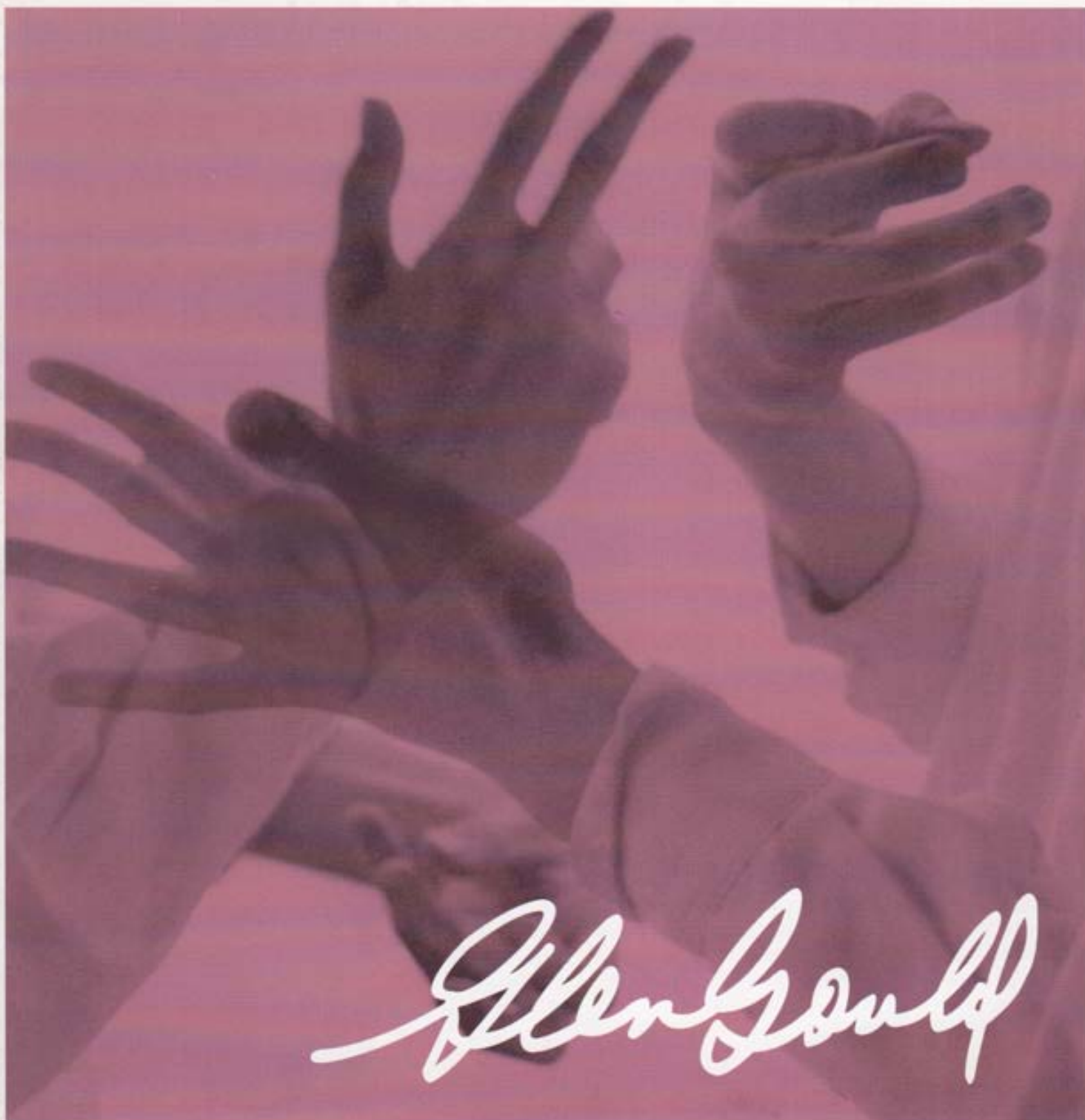




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This conversation was recorded over a period of three days in January of 1968, in Columbia Records' 30th Street Studio in New York. Gould's conversation partner, John McClure, was then the director of Columbia's Masterworks division, as well as a record producer, principally for the New York Philharmonic (he also produced one of Gould's recordings). Under the title *Glenn Gould: Concert Dropout*, the conversation was released in April of 1968, as a bonus LP with Gould's recording of the Beethoven-Liszt Fifth Symphony. (Given Gould's reputation for loquacity, it is amusing to note the original catalogue number of that bonus LP: BS 15.) *Concert Dropout* was rereleased on LP in 1984, in the first volume of the CBS Masterworks series *The Glenn Gould Legacy*, and since 1986 it has appeared several times on CD in Japan, from CBS/Sony CD; however, to our knowledge it is not currently available—or due to be rereleased—as a recording, and its text has never before been published outside Japan.

This is one of the longest and most comprehensive interviews in the Gould canon, and ranks among his most important public statements. As the title suggests, Gould's retirement from concert life, less than four years earlier, at the age of thirty-one, was still fresh in people's minds when the conversation was taped—still a controversial act much discussed and much deplored by musicians and critics. Even as late as 1968 many people still assumed that Gould's retirement was only temporary, and their hopes were doubtless fanned by Vladimir Horowitz's "Historic Return" to concert life in 1965, after a retirement of no less than twelve years. But in *Concert Dropout*, Gould left no doubt that he now intended to perform solely through the electronic media, and he revealed how his aesthetic ideas were evolving in light of this change in his career-path.

Gould tackles a wide range of subjects here, including his reasons for preferring recordings to concerts; his work as



Glenn Gould: Concert Dropout In conversation with John McClure

a broadcaster, including his recent experiments in "contrapuntal radio"; his preferences among pianos; his approach to interpretation; his working methods in the recording studio; his notorious singing at the keyboard; his views on the creative role of the listener; his attitude toward the contemporary avant-garde; and his views on musicians ranging from Bach and Beethoven to Strauss and Schoenberg to Petula Clark and the Beatles. These, of course, were all pet themes that he would discuss again and again in the course of his career, though in some cases his

remarks in *Concert Dropout* rank among his earliest and best on the subject. His comments are interspersed with revealing anecdotes from his own career—about Israel, Stokowski, the Canadian North, his own recordings—making *Concert Dropout* an invaluable source from the biographical point of view, too. Not surprisingly, this interview has been quoted often in the Gould literature, starting with Geoffrey Payzant's book *Glenn Gould, Music and Mind*, in 1978; in fact, certain Gouldian motifs that have been widely disseminated—the story of "the Chickering in the desert," the term "non-take-two-ness"—are drawn from this source.

Our principal source was the original *Concert Dropout* recording itself, though we have also consulted the many annotated drafts and transcripts held among Gould's

→ Since Glenn Gould first appeared, in the fall of 1995, we have refined the magazine's appearance from time to time, but as we approached our sixth anniversary of publication we thought it a good time to thoroughly reconsider its basic design. In this issue, Jay Wilson, who has designed the magazine and other Foundation publications since 1997, unveils a fresh look to carry us into our eighth year—and into the seventieth anniversary of Gould's birth.

papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada. They suggest that Gould and McClure first roughly planned what they were going to talk about and recorded an improvised conversation; after looking at transcripts of that conversation, they settled on a final script for the various questions and answers and then rerecorded the interview for release. Gould clearly had final authority over the finished product, but the surviving paper trail leaves no doubt that McClure's input was crucial throughout the process. The conversation includes musical examples in which Gould plays his beloved Steinway grand piano (CD 318). We may assume that these examples were separately recorded and dropped into the final conversation (they sound as though they were), and that McClure was merely trying to make the conversation seem spontaneous when he remarked, "This instrument you're seated at, Glenn..."

JOHN MCCLURE: Glenn, right here in New York, where we're talking, I know, personally, half a dozen impresarios *dying* to present you in concerts, all across the country, your pick of locations, they offer to pay you any fee that you name. Why do you deny them all?

GLENN GOULD: Because it's not a very enticing prospect, John. It's a very flattering one, I suppose, but it's not an enticing prospect.

J.McC.: But the life of a glamorous concert artist—

G.G.: —is hideous, is dead, is a part of the past. I think that that has no relevance to the contemporary musical scene; I don't think it even has very much relevance to the contemporary scene as regards performing music. I couldn't conceive of going back to that life. I was part of it for eight or nine (whatever it was) rather unpleasant years, rather traumatic years, years in which I did it because I felt it was very good experience, and perhaps necessary in the sense of creating an audience which might perhaps buy my recordings. But it was an experience that I wanted to be rid of, and to shuck off as quickly as I

could, and when that moment came I did it. And I think it would be a terribly retrogressive step to retreat back into the embrace of the concert.

J.McC.: How long since you've given a concert?

G.G.: It's about four years, now—and they've been four of the very best years of my life, four years in which I've come to terms with music, and with myself *qua* music, in a way that I didn't realize was possible before. I couldn't possibly go back, I think, to the concert without losing something of that "coming-to-term-ness," and I wouldn't be prepared to do that, because it's been a remarkable experience to start thinking about music not via an instrument, not by having to decide precisely what Beethoven was really like, or Bach was really like, but in terms of an instrument [i.e., recording] by which I might translate that decision to an audience. I had to encounter a work and an experience of music once and once only, never to be repeated, perhaps—unless some other process like that of stereo ten years ago happens to befall us shortly, as it well may, I suppose—never to be repeated, and the fact of that finality is quite staggering, and quite impressive.

J.McC.: You mean it frees you to go on to something else.

G.G.: It frees you to go on to something else. It also intensifies the experience of that single encounter with the work. It means, first of all, that you cover an immense terrain of music. You can look down from a fairly considerable height upon a vast literature that's spread out before you, as you cannot do when you're going from Poughkeepsie to Nyack and playing with the respective Philharmonics, if they have such, and on to Hoboken and do it again the next night. That experience does not exist and cannot exist in that particular framework because a tremendous conservatism takes over the concert performer. They're really afraid to try out the Beethoven Fourth if the Beethoven Third happens up till then to have been their specialty. That's the piece with which they've had success on Long Island, by George;

it's going to be the experience which brings them success in Connecticut as well. Tremendous conservatism. And a stagnation sets in—at least, it certainly did for me, and I think it's true of most people. I think that an innate conservatism belongs to the concert experience.

J.McC.: You mean you find you have more options, more choice, as an artist this way than on the concert boards.

G.G.: Well, you have, first of all, a means of really encountering music as a totally enjoyable and personal experience. That encounter does curious things to you. It makes you aware not just of a tremendous range of repertoire, which is good for you by and of itself, it makes you aware of the mental process of assimilating repertoire very quickly, which is also very good for you, but it also makes you aware of the—it sounds a little corny—of the magnitude of music.

J.McC.: You mean you become less of a performer and more of a musician.

G.G.: Exactly.

J.McC.: Your encounters are broadened.

G.G.: Exactly. And I—

J.McC.: Well, that's very good for you, but there seems to be a considerable lack of comprehension and a great deal of ruefulness in the musical public, and among critics and entrepreneurs, I must say, about this attitude of yours. It seems to get at them and put their backs up. They're still, four years later, shaking their heads about it, about your willful refusal to appear in public, as if you were personally hurting them.

G.G.: Yes, well, I think in a way I *am*, of course, because except for a few octogenarians I'm really the first person who has, short of having a nervous collapse or something, given up the stage. I don't believe in it, and I don't think most people who do go believe in it. I think people go to concerts because it kindles memories, and they want to do that, simply because in kindling those memories they feel that in some way they've got a proximity with

music. They haven't, of course—it's total self-deception—and most people who go to concerts are certainly not musicians and care very little about music, I think.

J.McC. Well, I suppose I can see their point. I mean, the role, the position, of a concert artist in our society is a very exalted one. You might almost say that it's a throne toward which hundreds of thousands of music students are painfully swimming, climbing, clambering, and then to have one of the most talented, most controversial, certainly a unique figure in music, suddenly step off the throne, drop the cloak, and say, "I don't want it"—I can understand that this disorients them, and makes them wonder, Well, what is happening to our life? What's happening to our goals?

G.G. I would like to think that I've replaced it with some much more viable goal. I mean, you would be in a much better position to talk about the statistics relevant to the matter. I can't claim that recording is the *only* future for music. Perhaps it's not; perhaps recording combined with—I don't know—videotape cartridge is the more immediate future, or something. But certainly it is one way in which music can be made a much more cogent experience to a much larger audience. In fact, I'm available, [laughing] if they choose to seek it out, to a much larger audience. So it isn't really a retreat in that sense at all, and I wouldn't want it to be. I didn't think of it at the time as a retreat; I thought of it as something absolutely necessary, something—

J.McC. As a step forward.

G.G. As a step forward, certainly.

J.McC. Uh-huh. Well, now, this is what they cannot comprehend, apparently—that the performer alchemy in you is so constituted that you find no handicap in the lack of a live audience. I mean, there are many artists that you know of that say they cannot give their best in a studio, that they have to have a live audience to react with. You don't find this true.

G.G. No. For me it's a great liability to have a live audience. First of all, I resent

the "one-timeness"—the "non-take-two-ness"—of that particular experience. [Both laugh.] And as a matter of fact, I can remember many times, when I did give concerts on the North American concert circuit, my performance was going rather inadequately, and rather haphazardly—maybe I hadn't practiced, or I felt as if I was competing with my own recorded version, if such existed, and I often felt that way, [laughing] and if I was I was damned if I was going to practice for it, as a matter of fact—and if the performance were going that way I would be terribly inclined to stop—this is something that a psychiatrist would have marvelous things to say about, I'm sure—terribly inclined to stop in the middle and say, "Take two!" [Both laugh.] But one couldn't quite, without risking a bit of a scandal and very bad reviews, and so I never quite did. But I always wanted to.

J.McC. Perfectly legitimate means of behaviour, it seems to me; it's just, there's no provision for it in the habits of our concert life. There's no reason why a performer could not say to himself, Now that was damn bad. Now let me play it for you again the way it should be played.

G.G. Can you imagine the reaction if that happened? I'd love to do it! I mean, that would be almost worth going back and trodding the boards for—if I could really do that! [Both laugh.]

J.McC. Since you don't enjoy giving concerts, you also don't enjoy attending them—is that true?

G.G. Yeah, that's true. I think that the only time when I go to a concert these days is if a work is being presented which I know I'll have absolutely no opportunity to hear via recording or via radio or whatever. Then I will go. I'll take a tranquilizer, which will sedate me sufficiently that all my old traumatic hang-ups about being up there and doing [that] can disappear for an hour or two. And I'll concentrate on the work—and perhaps that is the one still-viable reason for going to a concert at all, to hear a work that cannot be otherwise encountered. I can see a certain utility in that. But I think also that most works that

are being constructed today (if that's the word that's in nowadays) for the concert hall are works which really do demand a kind of eccentricity of microphone employment and so on that you can't have in a concert hall; they really do demand a certain kind of dissection that we just can't make available to a concert audience, normally. I mean, people try—John Cage certainly tries, with the help of specialists in microphone technique, and so on—but I don't really think that's the answer. I think that John Cage and others like him should be writing for radio, essentially; that's really what they're doing. They ought *not* to be writing for the concert hall in the first place, and it's a very curious compromise that they're trying to effect, because they are *not* thinking in terms of a concert-hall audience, and I don't think that *most* music being written today in a post-Webern manner is being conceived in concert-hall terms.

J.McC. Well, certainly Cage is not writing for a *traditional* concert-hall audience. He may be, actually, trying to transform that audience, to get a rise out of them, and get, in other words, feedback from them. But certainly it's not a traditional—

G.G. Yes. Yes, in some Cage is a rather bad example, because he *is* a theatrical craftsman, in a certain sense. Karlheinz Stockhausen, perhaps, is a better example: he *ought* to be writing exclusively for radio and for records, not for the concert audience. It's idiotic to try and force that kind of anachronistic stature upon the works that he creates. They *don't* belong in the concert hall. And in the same way, I think that most of us who occasionally go to concerts, and for a very special project which can be encountered there and only there at that particular moment, go anticipating the fact that we *can't* have it dissected for us as analytically, as clinically, as we can at home, on our relatively good speakers, or whatever—that it's a very poor substitute at best. And I think that's the most that can be said for it at the moment. I think perhaps there's still an excuse to go to Bayreuth. I've never been there, but if I were inclined to become a Wagner pilgrim—and I do worship at the shrine, in many ways—I suppose I could

go to Bayreuth and get very misty-eyed about all those who have trodden there before me. I can see that happening.

J.McC.: That's extra-musical.

G.G.: That's extra-musical, and insofar as it's musical at all it has to do with the association of that particular strand of musical idea with that particular hall. And really, I suppose, only *The Ring* and *Parsifal* would even qualify, wouldn't they, in that sense?

J.McC.: Do you maintain that even a work like the Mahler Eighth Symphony or the Mahler Second, an enormous work for soloists and organ and chorus [in addition to orchestra], can be adequately presented at home?

G.G.: Indeed. Because, as a matter of fact, I happen to be a bit of the connoisseur where the Mahler Second and Mahler Eighth are concerned. I think they're quite the best of Mahler: I think that Mahler was at his best being contrapuntally bombastic and at his worst being influenced by Chinese poetry. I don't really think that the thinness of Mahler, as represented by *Das Lied von der Erde* and *Kindertotenlieder* and the Fourth Symphony, shows what he really could do not only with an orchestra but as a contrapuntal craftsman. I think that that great, glorious, massive texture that we saturate ourselves with in the Second and Eighth Symphony is what Mahler was all about. And I think that's precisely why you will find the Second and Eighth Symphony virtually leading the *Billboard* charts these days, as I think they do, because they do so much beg to be dissected, and to be analyzed by the microphone. That's precisely what the microphone—I mean a good record production—will do for those works, and why the microphone has managed to rediscover an audience for Mahler, in this last five years.

J.McC.: Does the average listener want a work dissected or does he want to be swept away by it?

G.G.: I don't think the average perhaps knows quite what he wants, and I don't mean that derogatorily in any sense at all. I don't know there's any reason the aver-

age listener *should* know quite what he wants. I don't think that I, as a very average car driver, know whether I'm driving a "tight" or a "loose" car, as a mechanic might define it; I simply know that I'm driving one and it gets me there. Nevertheless, I'm probably vaguely appreciative of the things that a good mechanic can do for that car. In the same way, I think that the listener, whether he knows it or not, is appreciative of what a microphone *can* do for that work. And I'm quite sure that the Mahler Eighth *can* create a much more overwhelming effect heard properly at home, intimately and quietly and reflectively, than it ever can in a concert hall.

J.McC.: Despite the splendour and the pageantry and the drama of, say, Royal Albert Hall, or—

G.G.: But the splendour and the pageantry and the drama of Royal Albert Hall has to do with the fact that, by George, old Henry Wood got up there four-thousand-odd occasions, and perhaps there are two thousand people in the chorus singing Mahler Eighth at this moment—and that's really not splendour and drama, it's just statistics. As Stalin said, you know, "One man's death is a tragedy, but for a regiment we can only regard it as a fact of life, as statistics." I can't see that this has any viability in the concert experience.

J.McC.: Do you feel that a person can get everything out of a work, of a piece of music, more adequately at home than sitting in a concert hall sharing the experience with several thousand others?

G.G.: Yes, I do, very much so. I don't think that the pressure of three thousand other apprehensive listeners can ever accommodate any one listener adequately to the concert experience, because those listeners *are* very apprehensive. There's a very curious and almost sadistic lust for blood that overcomes the concert listener. There's a waiting for it to happen, a waiting for the horn to fluff, a waiting for the strings to become ragged, a waiting for the conductor to forget to subdivide, you know. [Both laugh.] And it's dreadful! I mean, there's a kind of gladiatorial instinct that comes upon the hardened, the case-hardened con-

certgoer, which is why I suppose I don't like him as a breed, and I don't trust him, and I wouldn't want one as a friend. I don't really have any concertgoers as friends.

J.McC.: You have no concertgoers as friends?

G.G.: I'd have to rack my brain—perhaps one or two, way back someplace, but I can't recall any currently. I think also that the concert experience, of course, is very bad for the performing musician, and I can give you no better instance of that than what it did to me in the few years—relatively few years—when I trod the boards, as they say. I went to Russia, about a decade ago, and that was my first tour abroad.

J.McC.: Good Lord! A decade!

G.G.: Yes, it *is* that [long]—ten, eleven years ago. And that was my first tour abroad, and at that time I was very fond, as most concert performers are, of playing the same, safe set of secure repertoire pieces. One of my favourite pieces in those days was the Fifth Partita of Bach—you know, [sings the opening bars], the nice G-major one. It was absolutely my favourite Bach Partita at that time; maybe still. So favourite, in fact, that I played it on virtually every program. When I would first play in Leningrad that would be the feature work for the first half of the program; ditto in Moscow, etc. If it was not on a program it might even turn up, partially at any rate, as an encore. And when I came back from that tour I decided to record it, and it was, I swear, the *worst* Bach recording that I've ever made. It was also the most pianistic. It was perhaps the one that the connoisseur of the piano would like best; it's the one that I like least, because it's least Bach, it's least *me* (vis-à-vis Bach, in any case). It's full of all sorts of dynamic hang-ups; it's full of crescendi and diminuendi that have no part in the structure, in the skeleton of that music, and defy one to portray the skeleton adequately.

J.McC.: Accrued bad habits.

G.G.: Accrued bad habits—precisely. And

the reason that they got into it was that I had to play it in very large halls, which weren't set up with Bach in mind, certainly, and to try to project it to that man up there in the top balcony. And as I did that I gradually picked up all kinds of what I suppose Sir Tyrone Guthrie would call "bits of business." And I added *this* hairpin and *that* hairpin to a phrase that didn't demand it, didn't need it, and that ultimately destroyed the fabric of the music.

J.McC.: What kind of thing—can you illustrate it?

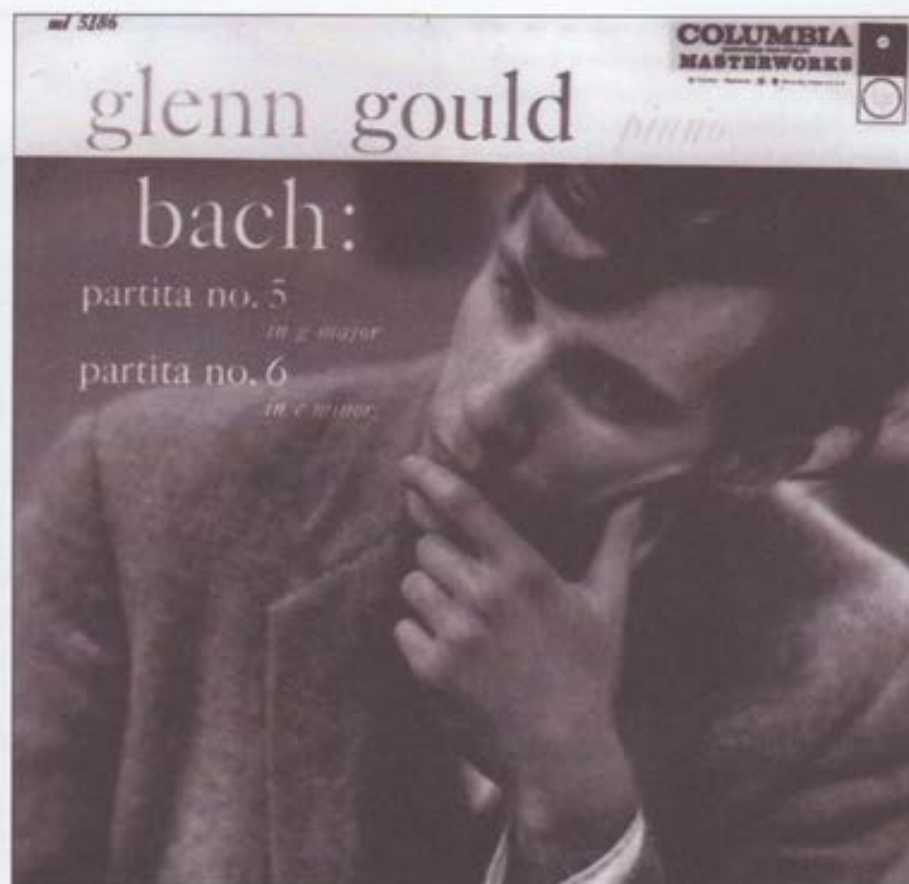
G.G.: Well, let me try by playing as I recall I played that recording, ten or eleven years ago. Perhaps I'm not doing it quite adequately, perhaps I'm not remembering exactly, and perhaps I'm exaggerating just a bit. Here's a bit of the Allemande:

Music: Bach, Partita No. 5 in G Major, Allemande, mm. 1-5, played with a singing melody in the right-hand part, a relatively subdued left-hand part, a good deal of rhythmic and dynamic inflection, and some pedal.

G.G.: But I'm quite sure that if I'd not managed to mess up my interpretation of that piece by giving so many public performances of it, I might have played it with some regard for the structure of the music—maybe something like this:

Music: Same, mm. 1-6, played with more detached articulation, a more equable contrapuntal texture, greater control of rhythm and dynamic nuances, and more discretion in terms of expression.

J.McC.: Glenn, your voluntary switch from the concert stage to the electronic media of recording and television is very possibly a pioneering step. You're one of the first and certainly the most important of your breed to cross that bridge and come into the electronic age and begin to utilize it the way McLuhan tells us it will be increasingly utilized in the future. I understand that it's even gone so far that you're now producing shows.



G.G.: Producing *radio* shows. It's relatively easy to do that, I suppose, because there isn't a great deal to be learnt about the technical side of radio that can't be taught by almost any adequate technician. There's an enormous amount to be learnt about the technical side of television, and I wouldn't *dare* suppose that I could inhabit a television booth as producer—not yet, anyway—and I'm not even sure I'd want to, particularly. But I've had for some few years the idea that radio was being improperly used, that it wasn't being used in a way that was quite faithful to its origins. It's always occurred to me that when those first people sat glued or wired to their crystal sets, what they really were recognizing was the phenomenon of another human voice. It wasn't a fact of news reportage, it wasn't vital weather information, it was the phenomenon of that human voice, the sheer mystery and challenge of another human voice being five blocks away and being heard. It didn't matter whether what was being said was being said accurately or inaccurately, or was senseless or serious—none of that counted. What really counted was that

there was a voice, there was a way of communicating something—no matter what—one person to another, and not being in the same room, in the same acoustical area.

J.McC.: A totally new experience.

G.G.: Yeah. And what we've tried to do on a couple of occasions with radio in Canada is to create what I've grown rather fond of calling "contrapuntal radio," which, as you know, is a term that I've picked up from a fondness for contrapuntal music and tried, rather arbitrarily, to attach to another medium where it's not belonged in the past. And it's amazing to me that it's not, because there's no particular reason, it seems to me, why one shouldn't be able to comprehend clearly and concisely two or three simultaneous conversations.

J.McC.: Oh, certainly not. Our ears have certainly sharpened, I think—

G.G.: Indeed.

J.McC.: —in the past five years, just through listening to records, for one thing.

G.G.: Indeed. And not only that. Some of our most aware experiences are experiences gleaned from sitting in—oh, I don't know—in subways, in dining cars aboard a train, in hotel lobbies, and simultaneously listening to several conversations, or ultimately switching from one to the other, switching our points of view, picking out strands that fascinate us. And we've tried to do this in radio in Canada. I've just made an hour of radio [*The Idea of North*] which had some success—had a lot of critics, of course: it found all sorts of ill favour with people who were rather traditionally minded about the experience of radio.

J.McC.: Any new technique is controversial.

G.G.: Yeah. But, the basis of it was that we tried to have situations arise cogently from within the framework of the program in which two or three or four voices could be overlapped, talking essentially about the same thing, treating those voices as characters, and all of the material which they supplied us with was gained through interviews. It was documentary material treated, in a sense, as drama; it was, in fact, a documentary which thought of itself as a play. It was a program about the Canadian North, ostensibly; what it was really about, as a friend of mine very kindly said, was the dark night of the human soul. It was a very dour essay into the effects of isolation upon mankind. And the five people that we used as characters in this play-documentary were all people who'd experienced isolation in some very special way, had things to say about it, and by the time we were halfway through that hour we had a fair notion as to which aspect of isolation had attracted and repelled each of them, and in which way we could exploit that, so that in the second half of the documentary we began superimposing conversations or phrases, by which time they had become such archetypes that we no longer needed the precise words to identify them and their position, we needed only the sound of their voice and the texture of its mixing with other voices to do this. And not everything worked, by any means, but I think enough did that I know how I'd like to proceed. I think that's the way to use radio.

Page ONE

<u>Act I</u> (Approx. 11 min)	<u>Scene I</u> Prelude (or) Quotations (generic introduction)	A) Schrader - T. A. B) Helton - T. A. C) Phillips - T. A. D) Vallee - T. A. E) Schrader - T. A.
<u>Scene II</u> (Approx. 12 min) 3:2	Gould's Introduction	3 voices BG expressing - Disappointment, Expectation - Development, Disillusionment - Solitude, Loneliness - Isolation, Remoteness - Dislocation, Disorientation - Silence, Fundamental - Future, & Hope
<u>Scene III</u> (Approx. 2 min)	MacLean's Prelude	- found of people passing and hearing - misages, etc.
<u>Scene IV</u> (Approx. 6 min)	MacLean (speech) & Lotz (thinking) NY (voice 1) Lotz 8 into MacLean 8 John 2) MacLean 8 into Lotz 9... also John MacLean 8	- in compartment.
<u>Scene V</u> (Approx. 4-5 min)	Lotz & Phillips (into Schrader)	- in lounge car.
<u>Act II</u> (Approx. 11 min)	<u>Scene I</u> Schrader & Phillips (NY Lotz dominates group, intimate for etc.)	- in coach car.
<u>Scene II</u> (Approx. 1 min)	Lotz (thinking as in Act I S. 4)	- in compartment.
<u>Scene III</u> (Approx. 8-6 min)	Vallee & Phillips (as in Act I S. 5) + replacing Lotz	- in coach car.
<u>Scene IV</u> (Approx. 1 min)	MacLean's Introduction	

(+ 30 min)

A detailed outline of Gould's "contrapuntal radio documentary" *The Idea of North* (1967), showing the scene structure, settings, characters, and subject-matter. The outline was written by Lorne Tulk, Gould's technician for *North*, obviously at an advanced stage of production. (Reproduced from Gould's papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada.)

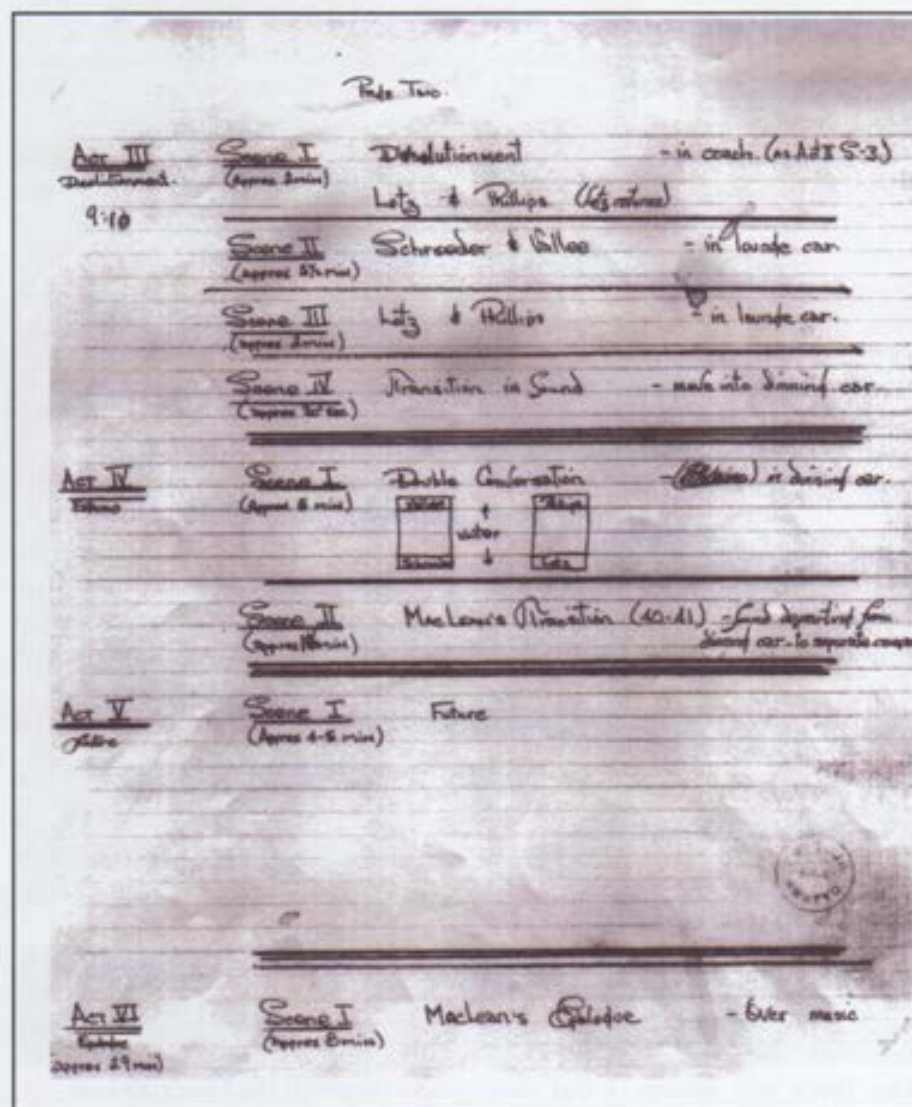
J.McC.: Fascinating idea. Maybe now that the presence of TV has taken the pressure off radio, now we'll become free to invent in radio—to create.

G.G.: I would like to think so, yeah, because it still is basically my favourite medium.

J.McC.: You said earlier that no one really quite knows how to present music on television, that we're still exploring possibilities of the medium for presenting music. Do you find that you can sell or put across a piece of music on television in performance

as well as you can, say, on records or in the concert hall?

G.G.: Well, I suppose the video track adds something. We haven't had such great success that I can claim to have found one way of presenting music on television. I think that most of us have got an awful lot of experimenting to do before anything of that kind can be claimed as yet. But I think there are ways, and I think we've begun to track down a few of them. I think the most obvious way is to forget all the trappings of television, because you know really the



problem of television is that it is an incessantly complicated medium, as indeed radio is not: the delight of radio is that it's very simple and one can cut through all that technical fluff and get at the essence of something. Now, in television, it's very difficult to do that, because immediately you're confined by the notion that Camera 3 is not quite where it's supposed to be, and if it starts to pull back now is it going to make a certain amount of noise in dollying, and is that going to destroy something? Well, one approach that we've found is to forget about the fact that Camera 3 need pull back at all, or if it does by all means let it make noise; allow the inner workings—the sort of Bauhaus scaffolding—of what we're doing, appear. Use an open cyclorama, which simply means no set at all; allow the studio-as-working-scenario to be an integral part of what you're doing, precisely as I suppose

[Ingmar] Bergman does by having opening flickers on his film sometimes—you know, that this is a film, there's no pretense about that, this is *not* real life, this is for us at times a television show, this is not a mock-up of a symphony concert or anything of the kind, or a public recital concert. We don't assume that the audience is being fooled into feeling that this is a concert experience or any experience in lieu of the concert experience, so I think perhaps that's worked very well for us, at times.

J.McC. In other words, really what you're saying is that you are developing a technique for working with television and gradually discarding the old film habits that people have carried into the studio.

G.G. Exactly.

J.McC. You're starting to develop a *modus operandi* for television.

G.G. On the whole, I think the best approach to television is to carry over something like the radio habit of twenty years ago, when radio was an entirely spontaneous adventure, and to create a sort of improvisatory—a kind of aleatoric television. And it works awfully well for certain kinds of didactic musical presentation.

J.McC. Once you're at all comfortable in the situation, in other words, it can lead you into new discoveries.

G.G. Exactly. I think you have to have basic scaffoldings in mind. You have to know what the form is going to be like, in roughest outline. And once you have that in mind, do it several times. Don't be caught up by the idea that one must do it once and decide whether it's good or bad and use it or not. Do it several times. Keep using variations on a theme until you find one way of presenting that work in that form.

J.McC. Do you think television can, for instance, broaden the audience for music?

G.G. Oh, there's no question. I mean, television has the audience today, and why we should not attempt to get at that audience via the medium has it in its lure already, you know ...

J.McC. Traditional thinking will say: Television exists; it keeps people from coming into the concert hall; therefore, television is bad for music.

G.G. Mmm. Well, I think for the very reason that it *does* perhaps prevent people from coming to the concert hall it's very good for music—anything that does that can only be a blessing! [Both laugh.]

J.McC. That's a wonderful consistency. Well, Glenn, as we talk, I can see some rather fascinating and strong contradictions thrusting up in your character. You, on one hand, have abandoned a concert career in favour of a more contemporary and electronically oriented career. At the same time, you dislike air-conditioning—I've seen you get up and leave a restaurant because it was air-conditioned. You dislike airplanes. You are cosmopolitan yet you hate cities. You don't like New York. You

can't wait to get back to Canada. And I know that very often during the course of a year you'll take off, either by car or by train, into the northern wastes of Canada, to look for—[*laughing*] I don't know what! Solitude? Or wildness, or something ...

G.G.: Or characters for another radio documentary. [*Both laugh.*]

J.McC.: Oh, I'd overlooked that! What is it? What does all this mean? What kind of a person are you, anyway? Do you like cities or hate them?

G.G.: Oh, I do hate them. And I don't think there are as many inconsistencies as you'd like to find, John. First of all, the recording experience is the most womb-like experience that one can possibly have in music; it is a very cloistered way of life. And indeed, I've given up all that was non-cloistered in my musical life. So that there is no very great inconsistency there. The fact of having to make a recording in a large city like Toronto or like New York, where I most often make them, is inevitable at this particular moment. I don't know quite how that could be circumvented. I don't know that I'd want to. I think that two days in New York make me appreciate the north woods of Canada, you know. [*Both laugh.*] So perhaps that's a good idea.

J.McC.: But what about air-conditioning? Do you like gadgets? Do you like the rest of our electronic impedimenta?

G.G.: I'm not interested in gadgets per se; I'm interested in what they can do for us, what I can do with them—in my occasional efforts in radio, for instance. Gadgets as such don't interest me. I don't think of myself as being a non-twentieth-century person; I'm not terribly concerned with contemporaneity either, on the other hand. I can certainly see myself leading a life in which cities played no part at all, and if I could build up a sufficient "ice-box" at Columbia Records that's precisely what I would do. I would like very much, as a matter of fact, to take off, for about a year, to some frontier experience, and in fact I may do just that very shortly: I may very well go to the Canadian Arctic and spend a

winter in the dark. I've even grown rather tolerant of air-conditioning, you know. The Arctic changed all that. I've not had very much experience of the Canadian North, but just enough of it to know that I can put up with and think clearly in much cooler temperatures than I'd ever imagined possible. And if you've stood, as I have, at Fort Churchill, Manitoba, in two feet of snow, eighty-one degrees [Fahrenheit] in the air, Hudson Bay entirely frozen, and with a few Métis gathered about—

J.McC.: That's eighty-one degrees *below* [zero]—

G.G.: No, *above*—above. In the middle of June, with two feet of snow still on the ground, and in high rubber boots in order to encompass those contradictions—you begin to get a very curious barometric sense, [*laughing*] and shift possibilities become available upon the moment. No, I think that I've become much more tolerant of things like air-conditioning.

J.McC.: That's fascinating. In other words, since you have become more and more involved in radio and in television and in recording, do you feel more contemporaneous now than you used to?

G.G.: That's very curious. I feel that, whether it's contemporaneity or not, I'm able to ... well, this sounds like a very conceited thing to say and I don't mean that: I think that I'm able to make a synoptic judgement about people and situations more easily, because I'm a little bit removed. And this is one of the extraordinary experiences, as a matter of fact, of any situation in which the frontier plays a part. There are more characters per square human being in the Canadian Arctic than in any other part of the world, and one can encounter extraordinary characters who have this ability to be terribly aware of what's going on down on Madison Avenue—many of them are, many of them subscribe to *Time* and *The New Yorker* and whatnot—they're terribly aware of just what's going on, what's being written and what's being said and what's next year's fashion line is likely to be, and yet at the same time they're completely removed from it, their decision-making process is

not governed by it, and it's the kind of removal that I would like to emulate if I could.

J.McC.: Well, perhaps you feel that the city, as an entity, is as obsolete as the concert hall.

G.G.: I've never really thought about that. Ask me that again in a year or two.

End of Side 1 of the original LP.

J.McC.: Back when your concert career was starting, and indeed was in full swing, you had a reputation of being rather choosy about your pianos. You wouldn't play just any old Steinway. Why is that? Is there some special need of your nervous system, and is your approach to the piano different from most soloists?

G.G.: I suppose so; I'd like to *think* that it is, in any case. I can't imagine anyone who would *want* their approach to be identical with that of any other person.

J.McC.: I mean, the big, burnished, singing tone is not a universal goal?

G.G.: [*laughing*] No, I don't think so.

J.McC.: Or at least not *your* goal?

G.G.: Not my goal, not quite. I found also that there were certain instruments that became prerequisite for me, certain instruments against which I tended to gauge all others. And I had in those days—I still have it, though I use it very seldom nowadays—but I had in those days an extraordinary instrument which was built in 1895 in the city of Boston by the company of Chickering. It had precisely those qualities of tactile grab and immediacy that I'd always believed pianos could have, but of course it was a turn-of-the-century instrument with all of the sound liabilities thereunto pertaining. And I decided that when I was in search of a more contemporary and more viable instrument for concert use, I was going to try and design it with something like that characteristic. And in the days when I did trod the boards and tour



THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

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JEAN MARTINON

Piano:
GLENN GOULD

PROGRAMME

"Ain du Ballet" from "Dardanus" Beethoven (1805-1806)

Concerto No. 2 in B-flat Major for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 19 Beethoven (1795-1800)

Symphony No. 1 in B-flat Major, Op. 38 Schumann (1828-1830)

Intermission

Overture to a Greek Tragedy (First Israel Performance) Martinon (c. 1955)

Symphony No. 1 in B-flat Major, Op. 38 Schumann (1828-1830)

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התכנית

"אין דו באלט" מ"דארדנוס" בטהובן (1805-1806)

קונצרט מס' 2 בסי בולט מייז'ור לפסנתר ותזמורת, אופ' 19 בטהובן (1795-1800)

סימפוניה מס' 1 בסי בולט מייז'ור, אופ' 38 שומאן (1828-1830)

פסקה

אודותה לטרגדיה יוונית (ראשונה בישראל) מארטינון (סביב 1955)

סימפוניה מס' 1 בסי בולט מייז'ור, אופ' 38 שומאן (1828-1830)

התזמורת הישראלית נתמכת ומומלצת על ידי הקונסול והשגרירות של ארצות הברית בירושלים.

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the concert circuits, here and occasionally (very occasionally) abroad, there was hell to pay, really, if I had to encounter a piano that was too different. And one did sometimes, because certain action characteristics were just so unassimilatable in relation to the piano that was my standard, and the basis of my judgement. I remember one time, I was in Israel and playing, with the Israeli Philharmonic, a series of concerts—I think eight or nine in about eleven days, and that in itself was a very difficult experience: I'd never done that before; I never had that kind of schedule. And I played on what was possibly the *worst* concert instrument I've ever seen in my life. I'm sure they could do no better in Tel Aviv ten years ago, [laughing] but it was a pretty terrible piano. And it got to the point where after three or four performances of some Beethoven concertos I could no longer control this instrument in any coherent way. It was running away from

me: it was like a car with power steering and I was a driver who was used to stick-shift, you know. [Both laugh.] And it was frightening, really. In any event, on the afternoon of the fourth or fifth concert (whatever it was), I decided that I simply had to reinstate my mental image of some other instrument, while, obviously, pursuing the concert with this particular instrument. (I had no choice: there was no other piano to call upon.) So I went out to a sand dune which was about fifteen miles north of Tel Aviv, and faced the Mediterranean at a place called Herzliyya-By-The-Sea—I don't know if I'm pronouncing it right or not. And I sat there for about half an hour in a Hertz car which I had rented from Hertz Jerusalem (which idea rather delights me, I must say), and I tried to feel and to recall the sight and the sound and the tactilia of this very ancient Chickering of mine. And I tried to play through I think it was the Beethoven B-flat-major concerto,

the Second Concerto, which I was to play that night, on that piano mentally, while sitting on a sand dune. I felt myself really to have been playing it, to have gone through that experience—this sounds very weird, John, and I swear to you it happened, it's a true story, and I can find you witnesses! I then went to the hall that evening, in Tel Aviv, and sat down at this dreadful piano (whose maker shall remain unidentified), and began a performance, which for the first couple of phrases absolutely terrified me, because the keys were barely moving. I was moving my fingers in relation to that remembered perspective, and not in relation to the instrument that was in fact in front of me at that particular moment. [laughing] And so the first couple of phrases barely sounded at all. When we had adjusted for that, something came out that was really quite extraordinary. There was a sense of, I suppose, detachment and removal with which one couldn't live indefinitely: eventually you would be swayed back by the perspectives of—

J.McC. —of reality, of that actual—

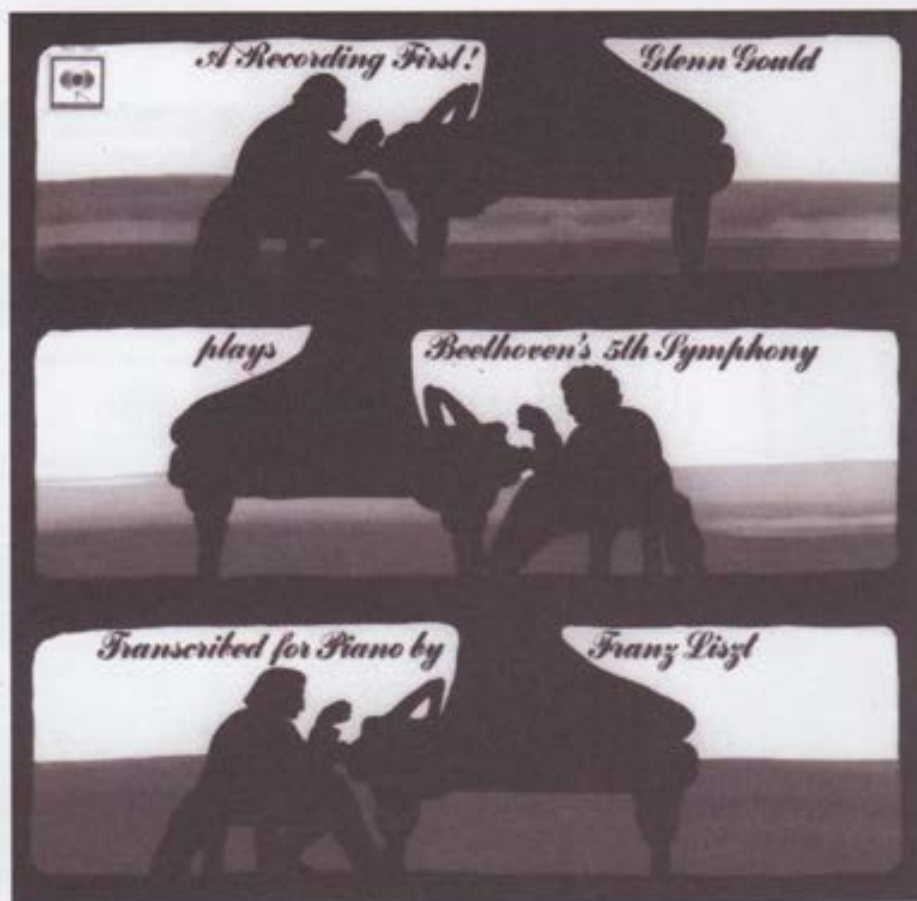
G.G. —of reality, yes. But for a thirty-minute concerto performance you could do it. And afterwards I was in the dressing room and a very dear old lady with a thick German accent—central-European accent, in any case—came backstage. I have no idea who she was. And she said, [slowly, in a German accent] “Mr. Gould, I want to say to you that I have attended several of your performances already and this performance tonight was something very special, I didn’t hear that quality before. It was as though you were in another world.” [normal voice] And I said, “Oh, thank-you very much. That’s very kind of you, Madam.” [German accent] “Yes, it was absolutely the most extraordinary Mozart I’ve ever heard in my life.” [normal voice] And it was, of course, Beethoven! [Both laugh.] Nevertheless, a well-meant compliment.

J.McC. Well, a triumph of the nervous system over battle conditions.

G.G. Indeed.

J.McC. This instrument you’re seated at, Glenn—is this a regular government-issue Steinway? [Gould laughs.] It looks a little bit shabby and down-at-the-heels.

G.G. Well, it’s followed me about for rather a long time, though it’s had a couple of easy years sitting at Columbia studio for the most part. It’s not quite government-issue; it’s vintage Steinway—I think 1938 or ’39—with substantial improvements (as I would like to think of them) that began around 1960. We’ve put about seven years into refining certain qualities that it seemed to have natively, and to perfecting them along lines that seem to me important if one’s going to use the piano to peruse Baroque repertoire, especially. It was essentially designed for Bach. At one time I found it important to have a different sort of piano for every kind of music that one played. I no longer do; I use this for everything now. This is my Richard Strauss piano, it’s my Bach piano, it’s my piano for playing William Byrd, the English Tudor composer, and that I’ve lately been doing with great delight.



Music: Byrd, Sixth Galliard,
closing two strains.

G.G. It’s a chest of whistles, it’s a set of virginals, it’s just about anything that you want to make of it. It’s an extraordinary piano. I think also it can be made to sound a bit orchestral. We’ve tried to do that in the Beethoven Fifth Symphony as arranged by Liszt. We’ve played it very orchestrally and it has a rather fat and fluffy sound for that recording, because we wanted it to sound that way. Do you want to hear a bit of it?

J.McC. Let’s.

Music: Beethoven-Liszt, Symphony
No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 67, first
movement (*Allegro con brio*), mm. 1-24

J.McC. It’s an amazing transformation, actually. When you compare that with the

Well-Tempered Clavier, it doesn’t sound like the same piano. There’s an old problem—it’s not really so much of a problem anymore, since we’ve all grown so accustomed to it here at Columbia—but you’re also rather well known as a vocalist, and we have to go to rather elaborate lengths to keep your vocal performances that accompany your keyboard performances out of the microphones so they don’t appear on the final record. Can you tell us, or describe to us, what function this vocal accompaniment serves while you play?

G.G. That’s very difficult, and it’s one of those “centipede” questions. You know, Schoenberg once said that he would not willingly be asked by any of his composition students exactly why such-and-such a process served him well, because it was in danger of making him feel like that centipede who was asked in which order it moved its hundreds [of] legs, and afterwards it could move no legs at all. There’s something impotent-making about that question. I’m rather afraid of it.

J.McC. I think, then, you should avoid it. I don't want to take any chances!

G.G. No, I'll answer it in one paragraph or less. I can't do without it. I would if I could. It's a terrible distraction. I don't like it. I would resent any artist whose records I bought indulging himself that way, [both laugh] and I don't see why anyone puts up with it. We do the best we can. We put as many baffles around the piano as we can. I can only say I play very much less well if I don't indulge in a few vocal elaborations.

J.McC. Well, there's obviously some kind of recreative element, or generation going on in there while you play.

G.G. I think there's a wishful-thinking element, too: that is the way I would like my phrases to be made, and I'm never quite able to do that at the keyboard.

J.McC. Glenn, I noticed you have a very unorthodox method of working, of recording. Now, most artists when they come into the studio have an absolute fixed idea of what they want to do. They've taken a piece and played it in concert in front of various audiences and honed it down to a certain style that they feel is right for that piece. They come in, and they do it. Now, I've seen sessions where you've come in with music that you obviously know *completely*, and play it in what seems to me five different styles, and five different tempi, each of them seemingly legitimate. And then, subsequently, you go in and you choose from among those you've laid down. [laughing] Now, that's very unorthodox.

G.G. Yeah, well sometimes it's a total inability to make decisions, John. [Both laugh.] I think I take my cue from soap-opera actors and actresses who tend to learn their lines the night before and forget them the moment they've done it. This sounds a very strange thing to say, but I have in many cases come to studio without the least notion of how I was going to approach the work that we were to play that day. I've come in perhaps with five or six (as it then seemed to me) equally valid ideas, and if we were lucky, and if time permitted, and if the producer had the patience, we would try all five or six of

those possible interpretations. And perhaps none of them worked, in which case we'd come back in a couple of weeks and try a seventh. If two or three did work, we [would] then repair to an editing cubicle within a week or so and listen to them—and really the week, at least, is necessary for some kind of perspective. The judgments that you make a week later are never those that you think you're going to make on the spot, on the spur of the moment. It *never* turns out that way. The things that seem best and most inspired and most spontaneous at the moment are very seldom that: they're usually contrived, they're usually affected, they're usually filled with all kinds of musical gadgetry that one doesn't really want in a recording.

J.McC. You need that temporal displacement to really be objective.

G.G. Absolutely, yeah.

J.McC. That means, then, that, strange to say, part of your artistic and creative process is going on in the editing situation.

G.G. It's editorial, absolutely. We know precisely what we want to do with that recording by the time we come to treat it as a finished product. We *don't* treat it as a finished product in the studio; we don't even think of it as that. I very often learn on company time, of course; [both laugh] fortunately CBS is very patient with me! But I think it's the only way to do it, because one gains ideas from actually trying things that one can't quite try at home, one can't quite try under concert circumstances. You don't *dare* experiment to that degree in a concert, and at home you don't quite have the tension of the moment to make it necessary and feasible to experiment that widely.

J.McC. There are lots of critics and concertgoers [who] I think would attach a kind of moral disapproval to that kind of behaviour. It's not quite honest, perhaps.

G.G. Yeah. They feel that there's a certain amount of cheating involved, and of course there is, because, as you know, a recording very often consists of a collection of tape fragments that are quite carefully

spliced together—a) to eliminate inaccuracies, finger-faults of one kind or another; b) and much more important, to create a very homogenous entity out of that particular composition. We've put out a lot of music that consists of Take 1 from start to finish. A lot of the Bach preludes and fugues, which are rather short pieces and hence no great achievement is involved, are Take 1's, with no splices of any kind.

J.McC. Or a complete Take 3—

G.G. Or a complete Take 3, yes.

J.McC. —with no splicing.

G.G. Yes. On the other hand, some of the very best things we've done—and I'm thinking particularly of one fugue: the A-minor from the first volume of the *Wohltemperirte* [sic] *Klavier*—that consisted of two extraordinary takes which were absolutely different in character and which, miraculously, matched each other, paced each other, in tempi, and this is very unusual

J.McC. Why don't you illustrate what you're speaking of.

G.G. Right. Well, we played the A-minor fugue about a year and a half ago, at a session, in two completely different ways, and in the first fashion this was the way in which we phrased the subject:

Music: Bach, *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, Book I,
Fugue in A Minor, subject, Version 1

G.G. And that became what we called Take 6. Then we had a Take 8—Take 7 was rather a letdown, as I recall—and Take 8 sounded something like this:

Music: Same, Version 2

G.G. And in Take 8, as you can see, there was a very Teutonic emphasis. It was very pompous, it was very grand, it was a little bit turgid, a little bit boring, and we felt

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FUGA XX.

(Chromatic scale, A-minor)

The first page of the Fugue in A Minor from Book I of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*, reproduced from one of Gould's own annotated scores (Music Division, National Library of Canada).

The first page of the Fugue in A Minor from Book I of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*, reproduced from one of Gould's own annotated scores (Music Division, National Library of Canada).

that we couldn't go on indefinitely being that pompous about a phrase, a motivic idea, that on the whole was rather light-hearted, even though its texture was quite thick. At the same time, we couldn't be quite as skittish as Take 6 was, either. So about a month later, sitting in the playback booth, we discovered that both these takes, Take 6 and Take 8, were accomplished in exactly the same amount of time—I don't remember what the minute and the second hand read, at the moment, but perhaps three minutes twenty for one, three minutes twenty-two for the other—very close, in any event.

J.McC.: That's incredible.

G.G.: Yeah. And we then found that it was possible, in effect, to make a constant shift of gear between Take 6 and Take 8—to use Take 8, to use this pompous, rather turgid,

rather Teutonic version of the theme and of its corresponding answers, for all of the basic expository passages, and for all the episodic and fragmentary ones to use Take 6, to lighten the texture as if one were shifting to the upper register of a harpsichord, or whatever. And it made one of the very best fugues that we've put out, I think.

J.McC.: So you build your interpretation with the razor blade and the engineer.

G.G.: Indeed. And we built it *after* the fact. We had *no* idea on the day of the session that it would turn out that way. We couldn't possibly have guessed at it, and I don't think that under any pressured circumstance—under concert condition, for instance—

one could ever have arrived at something quite that (if I may use the word in quite the wrong place) *inspired* version. [Both laugh.] I think that it's very much easier to do that when you're dealing with Baroque music, let's say, which has no written-in tempo indications and where composers like Bach provided few and far-between dynamic indications, for that matter. One can obviously improvise a great deal within the framework that you're given. It's rather *less* easy to do it, and one is inclined to bring down critical wrath upon one's head if one *does* do it, in Romantic music, where things are written out to a fair nicety—or even in Beethoven, for that matter. I had a nice experience about two years ago. As you know, we recorded the Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto with Leopold Stokowski, and that was great fun, because I had never worked with him before—in fact, we had met only at a railroad station in Frankfurt-am-Main, once,

and I *had* heard that he disliked doing concertos—I can't blame him for that at all, I must say. In any event, we came together about three days before the recording was to be done, and I said, with some temerity, "Maestro I have *two* thoughts about this piece, and I can't quite manage a decision as to which is preferable, if either, but I am going to suggest that we do it in one of two rather extremes: either very fast, on the whole, or very slow. And since I don't really believe in a great deal of rubato in Beethoven, I would suggest that we either have a particularly rapid "Emperor" Concerto or possibly the slowest in history. And to my great delight, he opted for the slow version, which was very grandiose and Napoleonic and full of tassels on the shoulder, and in which the first theme, the primary theme of the first movement, sounded something like this:

Music: Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat Major, Op. 73 ("Emperor"), first movement (*Allegro* main theme, at the slow tempo of Gould's 1966 recording)

G.G.: And the option which, I'm happy to say, he rejected would have made the first theme sound like this:

Music: Same, at a more conventional—i.e., much faster—tempo

G.G.: By comparison, I think it has no character at all. It has great virtuosic possibilities, it has a certain kind of Toscanini-like continuum perhaps available to it, but ours didn't quite turn out as a Toscanini-like performance, I'm happy to say. [laughing] I love it! That was a very happy experience!

J.McC.: Not at all Toscanini-like.

G.G.: It was also very funny, because at the first rehearsal with the American Symphony, Stokowski, in his most elegiac frame of mind, mounted the podium and he said—and you know, they're mostly young players who haven't had a great deal of experience with the standard concerto repertoire as yet—and he said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, remember the *Eroica*." That's exactly what we did: we did a sort of *Eroica* Symphony with piano obbligato. That's why I love it, I think. The piano is kept down; it's kept in a very modest perspective.

J.McC. That brings me to another subject which interests me. Your tempi tend, generally, not to fall into the routine and accepted tempi, the tempi that most concert audiences are prepared to hear out of habit. They tend either to be, in many cases, much faster, as you say, or much slower. Now why is this? Is this sort of a perverse desire to do something different from what everyone else has done?

G.G. It's certainly perverse.

J.McC. Why is that?

G.G. I think that if there's any excuse at all for making a recording it's to do it differently, to approach the work from a totally recreative point of view, that one is going to perform this particular work as it has never been heard before. And if one can't quite do that, I would say abandon it, forget about it, move on to something else where you *can* feel a little differently about it.

J.McC. Is this because you want Glenn Gould to be different, or are you consciously trying to shock the audience into a totally new awareness of the piece?

G.G. I would like to shock them to the extent that from the first note they should be aware that something slightly different is about to happen. I want to get their attention, I suppose. It's like the traditional cannonade at the beginning of the Shakespeare performances, or something—[*laughing*] no, it's not quite as devastating as that, I hope. But I wouldn't want to take the nice, easy, mean line in a performance if only because there are nice, easy, mean-line performances available all throughout the *Schwann* catalogue and I would incline to buy those myself if that's what I wanted. I don't think there's much excuse for another Beethoven Fifth Concerto unless one has a totally different approach. Now, if that approach is based only on eccentricity, only on the idea that

you want to shake people up and get dreadful reviews because of that shaking-up that you're trying instate, then forget it. Obviously that's not a sufficient excuse to do anything. There has to be some quite convincing reason behind all that eccentricity. But if you *can* somehow manage to forge those two things, to actually make it convincingly Beethovenian eccentricity that really does catch everyone unawares, then by all means do it. That's the excuse of making records, I'm sure.

J.McC. I suppose that the rather baleful outlook toward this kind of activity is based on the fact that editing, tape splicing, is a rather arcane subject. A lot of people tend to regard it, I suppose, as an invention of the devil. Anything that, for instance, steps between a concert artist and his audience they tend to regard with suspicion.

G.G. True. I think also they lay in wait upon occasion for a finger-fault of some kind to show through, to mark it with its imperfection, and to give them a feeling that this was a human being, after all, who could, just as they could, have a life compounded of error. And they resent the fact that you can in fact virtually eliminate error. I think one can really treat tape as a film director treats his rushes. One can look at it the day after and say, Now what have we really got here? What can we do with this? What does this all mean?

J.McC. Well, I think that's the way it *should* be. I mean, people don't object to editing in the creation of a film—

G.G. Exactly.

J.McC. —why should they object to it in the creation of a long-playing record?

G.G. I can't see any reason that moral issues come into it at all. I never have done.

J.McC. But it's interesting. What you're doing, in essence, is postponing your final artistic judgements about a performance until sometime when you come back in a totally fresh, objective state of mind. However, isn't it true that what you choose on that day could also depend on the mood you're in that day, and that you might come back a year later and pick different

takes? In other words, you might come back to tapes you made of existing records one or two years later, select different takes, and make totally new performances that would satisfy you on that day.

G.G. That's very true. I'm all for the kit concept, of course. I'd love to issue a series of variant performance and let the listener—

J.McC. Let the listener decide.

G.G. —choose what they themselves most like. Let them assemble their own performance. Give them all the component parts, all the component splices, rendered at different tempi with different dynamic inflections, and let them put something together that they really enjoy—make them participant to that degree. I'd very much like to do that.

J.McC. That's an answer to alienation and the terrible uninvolvedness of the public today.

G.G. Precisely.

J.McC. Make artists of *them*. It's a fascinating idea.

G.G. Yeah. I think that's one way of absolutely drawing them into the recreative process, as a starter, and perhaps, indirectly, into the creative process.

J.McC. Well, you *are* a strange breed of creative musical artist, Glenn. [*laughing*] I mean, to start with, you have left the concert business and you're in the record business and the radio business and the television business, all those places that concert artists are traditionally not supposed to be. Didn't you recently do an article for *High Fidelity* on the pop singer Pet Clark?

G.G. I did indeed. It was my first and quite probably last foray into the whole field of folk-rock (or whatever they're calling it these days). It was great fun to do. What I found in it was a very strange dichotomy, because here on the one hand was a young lady—not so young anymore, my age if she's a day—talking about the experience of suburban disillusionment, and she had found that these suburban enticements

were not quite what they were cracked up to be, so it was a very curious sense of the scale of disillusionment, of escalation and deescalation in human ambition. At the same time, all of these ennui-filled sentiments were being portrayed by the simplest shifts of IV-V-I cadences such as would fill most of the Methodist song and anthem books circa 1850 and in the best post-Mendelssohnish tradition. There's a very, very curious dichotomy between the music that was being used and the words that were being applied to it, and I couldn't resist pulling this apart and finding exactly why this was and what it did for Petula Clark. I think one thing it did for her was to give her a very wide audience. She has the oldsters as well as the teenagers, and that's no small achievement in the pop-rock field, certainly.

J.McC.: No, it isn't.

G.G.: But, more than that, it does somehow fit into the great North American scheme of things—and she is of course not a North American, but she has a North American appeal, essentially—the great North American scheme of things, to split oneself and to have a tremendous vaulting ambition about the things that one wants to accomplish in one's life, the lights and the lures that one feels are downtown, and then to reject them once one has found them, which I suppose is why I'm not a city person. And to do all this within a certain sense of familial tradition, which is represented I suppose by the tonic and dominant and subdominant—the secure, plagal chords of the Methodist hymn. Now, I found this quite fascinating. I may have been a very arbitrary and sort of post-Freudian glance at folk-rock, and I don't intend to do it again—it was my first and last attempt—but it was great fun. And I believe in it in a way that I do *not* believe, for instance, in the music of the Beatles. I think that's stuff and nonsense—and pretentious, moreover.

J.McC.: Uh-huh. In other words, the music that the kids are interested in now doesn't really interest you.

G.G.: I'm too old, I suppose, to side with that particular kind of anti-academic

rebellion. And I suppose in one way that's what *did* attract me to the Pet Clark repertoire: it was *not* anti-academic—it was very pro-academy, as a matter of fact, it was very cautiously considered music as such.

J.McC.: Uh-huh. In other words, then, you may even be a musical conservative.

G.G.: Yes, I think really I *am* a musical conservative in many respects.

J.McC.: Your love of Strauss is one instance.

G.G.: Yeah, well, certainly I don't see any contradictions about loving people who are terribly out of fashion these days. I don't think there's any great contradiction in loving Strauss, for instance, and loving Schoenberg, who was in a sense his arch-enemy. I can't see any reason that one love has to cancel out another. I think that's one of the great mistakes that people make today, and especially the avant-garde people make, when they try to decide who's in, who's out, who's with it, and who's not. Now that's a great mistake, and I wish they'd stop it—it's all so silly.

J.McC.: It's very often, though, a function of creators and composers and that kind of creative myopia that tends to erect walls against what they're trying to fight or overcome.

G.G.: Yeah, well, I think the blindfold for them is necessary, but I don't think they should propagandize on behalf of blindfolds for the rest of us, and for the public at large. I think that's a great mistake. And there was, of course, a sort of "Get Strauss" movement initiated just after the war, [laughing] just as there's a "Get Sibelius" movement today, you know. And that makes me very unhappy, because intelligent people were behind both, in a sense, much too intelligent were they to be engaged in a movement that silly or that futile. They're *not* going to get Strauss; he's going to be one of the supreme creators of the twentieth century.

J.McC.: Well, they won't get Sibelius, either. I mean, I can remember "Down with Beethoven" clubs when I was in college, too—

G.G.: Really?

J.McC.: —and I have a suspicion that he's survived it. [Both laugh.] You are interested in modern techniques and electronics, but I wonder: How do you feel about electronic music in general?

G.G.: I'm inclined to think that it's the future—very much the future. I feel rather optimistic, not about what's *been* done up till now, but what *can* be done with electronic music. I think that a lot of doors are going to be opened there in the next few years, especially if we get some very good technicians involved in it, because at the moment most composers who are seriously engaged with it lack good technical advice.

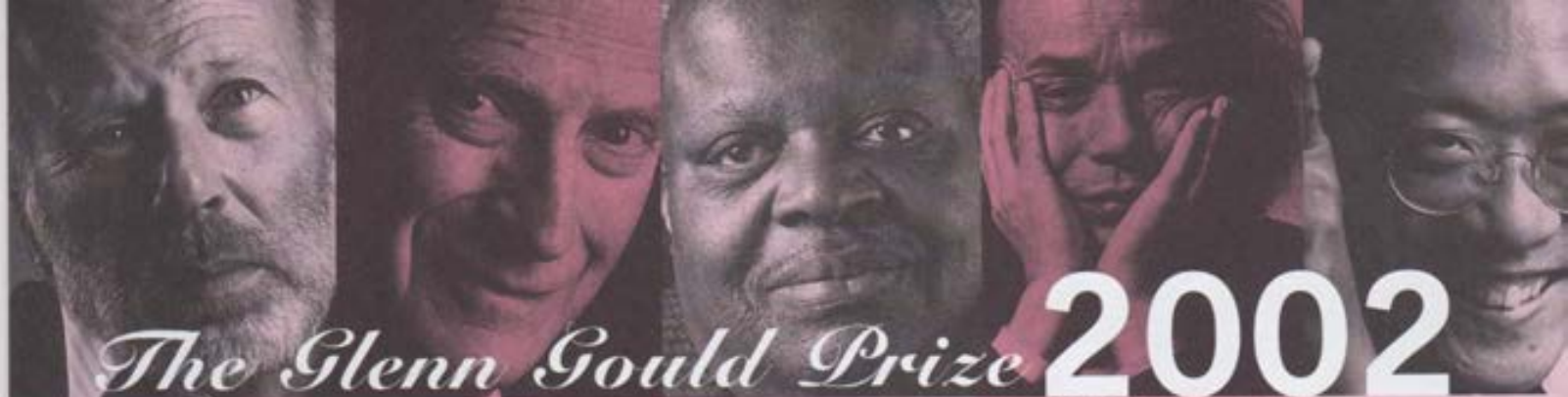
J.McC.: Very true.

G.G.: And they also lack good production advice in terms of those efforts that are put out by major labels, for the most part. They're *not* well produced—I'm not speaking of Columbia, or even *thinking* of Columbia, at this moment! [Both laugh.]

J.McC.: I'd love to turn you and a Moog synthesizer loose in the studio and see what happens. You might find it very fascinating.

G.G.: It might come out sounding like Richard Strauss—be prepared for that eventuality, John! [Both laugh.] ■





The Glenn Gould Prize

2002

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Laureates of The Glenn Gould Prize

(pictured above, left to right)

- 1987** R. Murray Schafer, Canada (photo: John Reeves)
- 1990** Lord Menuhin, Great Britain (photo: John Reeves)
- 1993** Oscar Peterson C.C., Canada (photo: John Reeves)
- 1996** Toru Takemitsu, Japan (photo: Tetsuya Fukui)
- 1999** Yo-Yo Ma, U.S.A. (photo: John Reeves)

Laureates of The City of Toronto - Glenn Gould International Protégé Prize in Music

(pictured left, left to right)

- 1993** Benny Green, with Oscar Peterson
- 1996** Tan Dun
- 1999** Wu Man



Nominations are now being accepted for the sixth Glenn Gould Prize, an international award initiated by The Glenn Gould Foundation as a continuing tribute to Glenn Gould from the people of Canada. This honour is awarded to a living individual from any country who has earned international recognition as the result of making an exceptional contribution to music and its communication to the public, just as did Glenn Gould himself.

The Glenn Gould Prize consists of a cash award of \$50,000 Cdn to the Laureate; an original work of art created by a Canadian artist, endowed by M. Joan Chalmers C.C., O. Ont. and the Woodlawn Arts Foundation to honour the Laureate; the right of the Laureate to name an exceptional young musician from anywhere in the world to receive the \$10,000 City of Toronto - Glenn Gould International Protégé Prize in Music; two Foundation Awards, bronze sculptures of Glenn Gould by Canadian artist Ruth Abernethy, endowed by Air Canada for each of the Laureate and the Protégé to keep as permanent mementos; and a new portrait photograph of the Laureate mounted in the lobby of Glenn Gould Studio in the Canadian Broadcasting Centre, Toronto.

Nomination Process - This is an international honour and citizens of every country may nominate candidates. Self-nominations and anonymous nominations are not accepted.

Nominations, in English and signed by the nominator, take the form of a letter which outlines why the nominee is deserving of the Prize and includes a comprehensive statement of the nominee's contribution to music. Eventually a potential Laureate will be asked by the Foundation to agree to come to Toronto to accept the Prize in a public ceremony.

At the discretion of The Glenn Gould Foundation, previous years' nominations may be carried over. The Foundation may also poll previous Prize jurors for their suggestions of other appropriate nominees.

Nominations must arrive at the Foundation office in Toronto no later than November 30, 2001 and should be addressed in this manner:

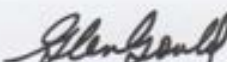
The Glenn Gould Prize - 2002
Attn: John A. Miller, Prize Administrator
#190, 260 Adelaide Street East
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5A 1N1

Fax or electronically transmitted nominations will be accepted only if hard copy documents, signed by the nominator, also arrive by November 30, 2001 at the Foundation address. There will be no deadline extensions. The Foundation will treat all nomination information as confidential and will not make public the names of any nominee except the Laureate.

Acknowledgements

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

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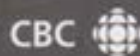


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On Keyboard Instruments

Gould wrote this text to read in a Columbia Masterworks tape intended to promote his own recordings. The text is not dated, but internal evidence—he says, for instance, that he has “just made” his Handel album, which was recorded in the spring of 1972—suggests a date in the middle months of 1972. In the tape, brief extracts from some of the recordings mentioned in the text (Scriabin, Byrd, Bach, Handel) served as background music, and this accounts for certain of Gould’s turns of phrase.

This text, published here for the first time, was originally prepared by John P. L. Roberts for The Art of Glenn Gould, his 1999 collection of Gould writings; however, this item (along with several others) was eventually cut from the book, and Roberts generously turned it over to us. Roberts based his text on Gould’s original seven-page, annotated typescript, which survives, along with two annotated carbon copies, among his papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada. Unlike Roberts, however, we chose to restore a couple of passages that Gould crossed out. The typescript, incidentally, is untitled, though Gould did scrawl “CBS” by hand at the top of the first page. “On Keyboard Instruments” was the (quite sensible) title that Roberts suggested.

The tape begins with several seconds of music ...

That music was written about 75 years ago by Alexander Scriabin and it fits the more-or-less modern keyboard, for which it was designed, to the “proverbial ‘T’.” By all accounts Scriabin was a formidable pianist and his works, like those of most of his turn-of-the-century colleagues, revel in the possibilities for rapid-fire articulation, spun-silk legato, fog-draped pedal effects which the piano of his day could produce. Well, the piano of our day is more versatile still, although most contemporary composers have a rather more dry-eyed attitude towards its employment. It’s no longer exploited as a substitute orchestra but, more often than not, for the percussive qualities which it possesses, in fact, but which, in practice, composers of Scriabin’s generation were determined to sublimate.

The problem with playing keyboard instruments, of course—I suppose the problem with all instruments, really—is that a well-designed piece of musical machinery can urge the performer, or the composer for that matter, on to feats of derring-do that may run counter to the structure of the music at hand. Needless to say, there need not be a correlation between the quality of the hardware and the degree of self-indulgence it elicits. I imagine one could pilot a souped-up Maserati with as much indifference to its



accelerative capacity as one might of necessity apply to a low-budget compact. But the question remains: should the performer deny those qualities with which technology has endowed his craft in deference to an appropriate historical frame for the music he surveys? Assuming that that music was written prior to his own time, must the performer always attempt to set the technological clock back?

If so—if you play Mozart, for instance, on a contemporary instrument—must you hold in abeyance all those assets of the modern piano which contradict the keyboard sounds that Mozart lived with from day to day. Mozart, as we know, regarded the harpsichord and the rather primitive piano of his day as interchangeably suited to the presentation of his earlier sonatas. In the later pieces, with the proliferation of sforzandi and hard-edged dynamic contrasts of all kinds—things that the piano could do and the harpsichord could only hint at—he clearly began to come down on the side of the future. But if he had not done, if his keyboard activity had ended with the sonatas he wrote at 18, say, would we necessarily be required to approach them through instruments whose demands he may or may not have sought appease.

Well, the problem is one which I've had to face with some

regularity because, over the past fifteen years or so, I've recorded on the piano a substantial percentage of the keyboard works of Bach, who certainly didn't have the piano in mind when he wrote them. In fact he made the acquaintance of a piano like *this* one, only in the last years of his life and nothing that he wrote thereafter would indicate that any stylistic transformation resulted from the encounter. I have been told by many people—friends, colleagues, critics, what have you—that I should not devote a substantial proportion of my time to a project which is, by definition, historically indefensible. They may be right; I am not much given to countering the argument musicologically. The usual counter, by the way, runs along the lines of—"if Bach had known the piano, he would have used it"; and the counter-counter is, "he didn't know it, and therefore didn't scale his works in the light of that knowledge." It's really a vicious circle and a pointless argument.

A year or so ago, however, I compounded the offence, if that's what it is, by preparing a disc which consisted of music by William Byrd and Orlando Gibbons, both of whom lived more than a century before Bach and produced keyboard works aimed not at the harpsichord, for which Bach wrote primarily and which is at least an instrument with some family resemblance to the

piano, but at the virginals which was—were—this, as you can see, is a set of keyboards which can be *super-imposed* on demand—was—were—the favorite household instrument of the Elizabethans and an instrument which pending amplification—which, of course, a recording permits—is almost entirely devoid of the carrying power of the modern keyboard.

(In order to make that record I had to rethink my whole notion of ornamentation; to the Elizabethans, extravagant flourishes were the order of the era—but no attempt was made to play it or record at a level equivalent to the decibel output of the virginals.)

I take a great deal of comfort from the fact that, just as many composers like Scriabin, or Chopin, or Scarlatti or, indeed, William Byrd, wrote with a particular type of instrumental sonority or instrumental tactilia in mind and shaped their structures, devised their contours, so as to fit the human hand like a glove, there were just as many who did not—for whom the structure was a sufficiently abstract proposition to justify its transfer from one instrument to another. I don't mean in the sense of a transcription—I rather doubt that Bach would have done handsprings upon hearing Busoni's re-writes of his organ fugues—I mean rather that a work like *that*—the "Art of the Fugue" by Bach can, and has, been played on just about every conceivable combination of instruments—by large orchestra, string orchestra, string quartet, wind quartet, harpsichord, piano, the Swingle Singers have scanned it, and, in the record which I made about 10 years ago, on the organ.

Beethoven certainly had something of that attitude, especially in his later years, when he treated sopranos like oboes, pianos like string quartets, and string quartets like Dow Jones graphs on a stock-broker's wall. So did Orlando Gibbons—William Byrd's companion on the disc I mentioned earlier; so did Carl Ruggles, the American composer, who died last year, and who once enumerated, in a preface to one of his symphonic works, the instrumental combinations which he deemed suitable for its rendition; the list occupied almost as much space as the two-page work itself.

Well, there's consolation in that. It means that for some minds, music works better [in memory] or even on the printed page than it ever can through the intervention of an interpreter, no matter how skillful. One feels as though released from the [particular] bonds of any one instrument and set free in the interests of music per se.

Anyway, to compliment [*sic*] and/or contradict everything I've just said, I've just made a harpsichord record—my first, not, I think, my last, because I enjoyed it—Handel's first four suites on this occasion. I guess I should really settle on some alibi with a modicum of musicological insight—a change of heart, perhaps, about the validity of the piano as a vehicle for baroque music, an educational tool, maybe, an attempt to discover for myself the problems of articulation and phrasing that a registered, dynamically unyielding instrument like the harpsichord imposes. But the first excuse—the change of heart—would be a lie—I intend to go right on making Bach records on the piano; and the second excuse would be at best a half-truth—I've played the harpsichord privately many times and am only too familiar with the problems it presents.

No, the real reason is that I did it because I thought it would be fun. And it was! ■

Variations in G minor

Sketch for a piano piece by Glenn Gould (1949)

Gould made this ink sketch (see next page) for an unfinished set of variations for solo piano on 12 April 1949, when he was sixteen years old. The manuscript is now held among his papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada (Scores, 24/4), and is published here for the first time. Notwithstanding the poignant cross-relations in bars 3 and 12 and the flatward-plunging half cadence in bars 7-8, the music is old-fashioned, unadventurous, and resolutely tonal, even though it seems to date from just that time when Gould first discovered twelve-tone music. The music continues to the very end of the second page, and breaks off just before the end of the virtuosic second variation, suggesting that he may have continued sketching on subsequent pages that are now lost; these two pages, in any event, are all that is known to survive of this piece. The music seems to have had some programmatic meaning for Gould, to judge from the epigraph, presumably of his own concoction, written at the head of the score: "And so, from the light of Fantasy, we enter the dark of reality."

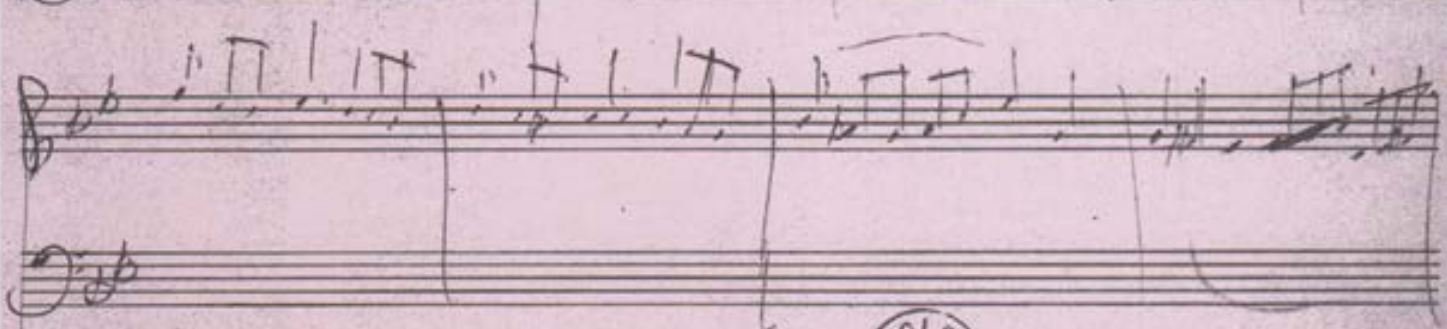
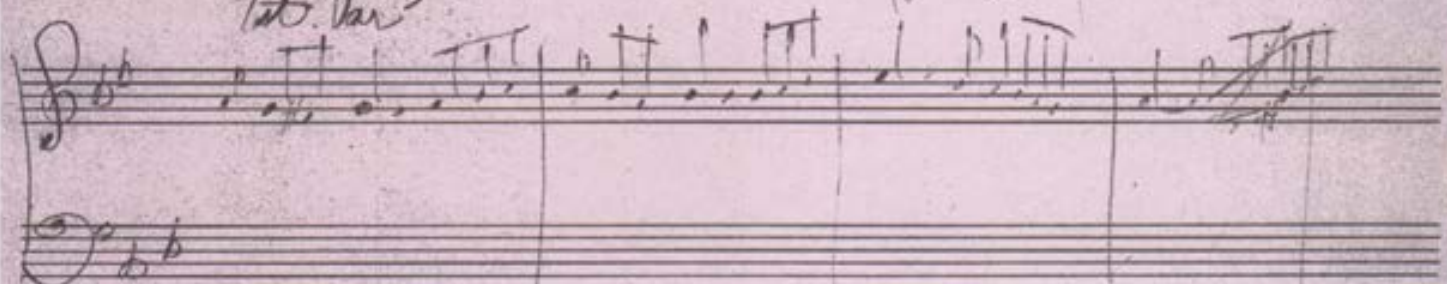
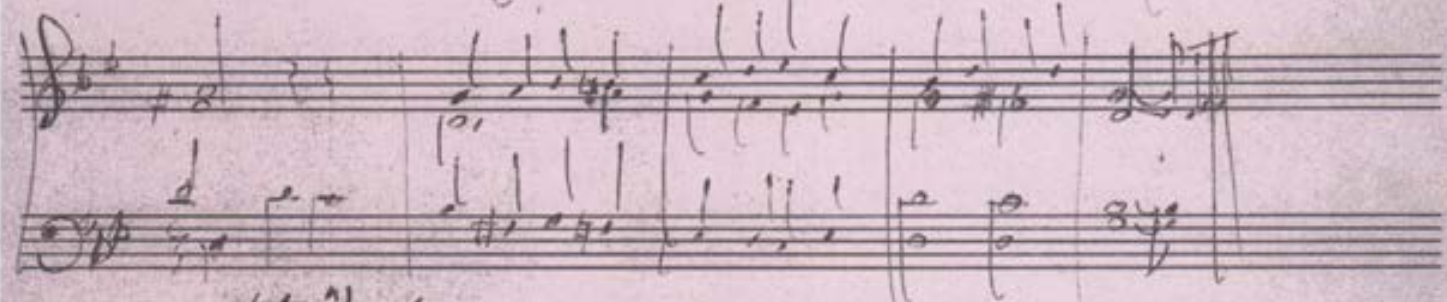
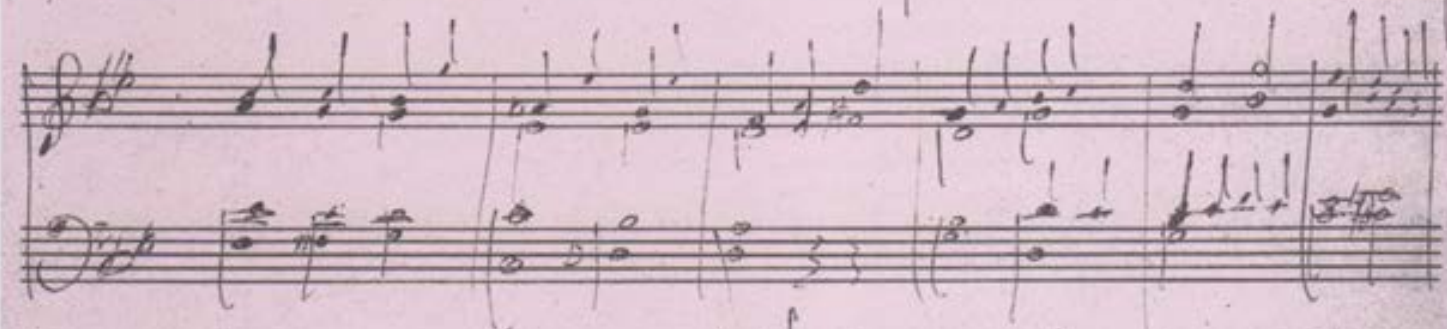
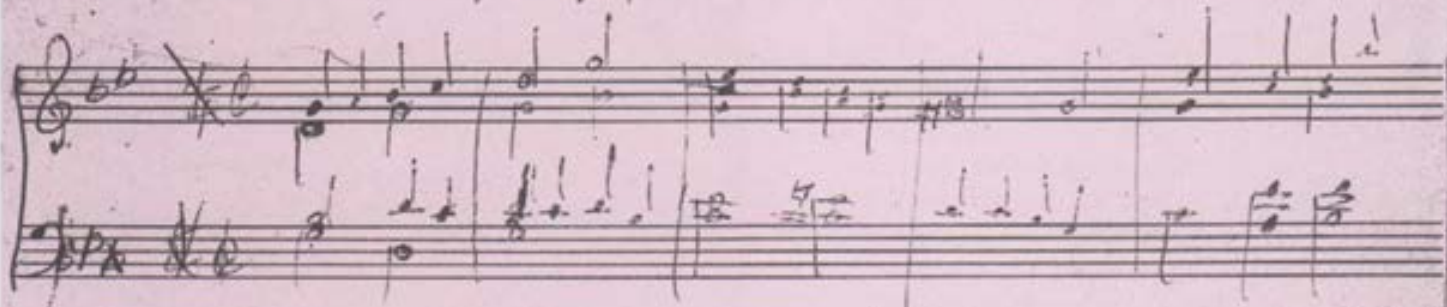
—Editor

Apr 12, 1949

Variations in D minor —

S. Gould

And so, from the light of fantasy, we enter the dark of reality.
Theme



Handwritten musical score on pinked paper, featuring multiple systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one flat), and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.



GLENN GOULD INTERVIEWED BY HUGH THOMSON (1958)

← Two images capturing Gould during his appearance in the CBC television variety series *Chrysler Festival*, on 20 February 1957, before a live audience at Loew's Uptown Theatre in Toronto. His fellow-guests that evening included the singer Rosemary Clooney, the comedienne Kaye Ballard, and the contralto Maureen Forrester. (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Still Photo Collection, Toronto.)

This colourful recorded interview between Gould and music critic Hugh Thomson was broadcast across Canada on 15 July 1958, in the CBC's nightly public-affairs radio program Assignment. Taped in advance in the CBC studios, the interview took up most of the second half of the hour-long show.

Gould was then at the height of his international concert career. At the time the interview aired he was nearing the end of a two-month break after the hectic 1957-58 season; a week later he would begin a week-long tenure at the Vancouver International Festival, after which he would embark on his second overseas tour, which took him to Austria, Belgium, Sweden, Germany, Italy, and Israel. Gould would be ill during much of that fall tour—clearly, concert life was already taking a toll on his mental and physical health—but in the summer, as the Assignment interview reveals, he was in good spirits, in a relaxed and generous frame of mind.

Gould and Thomson were old friends, and it shows in their warm, friendly banter, laced throughout with laughter. (Gould is often the butt of Thomson's good-natured ribbing.) Here, moreover, is a spontaneous, unscripted Gould, holding forth ad libitum on a variety of subjects; here is a revealing glimpse of that gregarious personality that was somewhat stifled when, in his later years, he took to writing out his interviews in advance. This conversation deals with less weighty and more personal matters than most of Gould's later, scripted interviews, yet it is full of surprises—including unexpected comments and anecdotes about Chopin, music critics, concert attire, jazz, conducting, recording, and other subjects.

To our knowledge, this charming and revealing document of the young Gould

has received little attention, and has never before been published. Our source was a cassette tape of the original Assignment broadcast made available to us by the Vancouver-based company DNA Media Inc., which drew on this interview in its 1998 CD-ROM Glenn Gould: The New Listener.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: *Assignment!*

[Theme music: Leroy Anderson, "The Typewriter."]

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: This is *Assignment*, Part Two, with Bill McNeil and Maria Barrett.

Music: Bach, Goldberg Variations, Vars. 26-27, from Gould's 1955 recording (continues under announcers, then fades out).

MARIA BARRETT: Glenn Gould, of Toronto, has been likened to a supernova among the musical stars of the firmament. At the piano, his treatments of the works of Bach, especially, have attracted the praises of music critics from Victoria to Moscow. His first Columbia recording, the Goldberg Variations by Bach, which we are hearing now, became a best-seller—something unheard of in the field of classical music.

BILL McNEIL: Perhaps the most telling review of his playing came, after his American debut, from the typewriter of Paul Hume, of *The Washington Post*. He said (and I quote), "January 2 is early for predictions, but it is unlikely that the year 1955 will bring us a finer piano recital than that played yesterday

afternoon in the Phillips Gallery. We shall be lucky if it brings us others of equal beauty and significance."

M.B.: Here, then, at an exclusive *Assignment* interview with Hugh Thomson, the distinguished music critic of the *Toronto Daily Star*, is Glenn Gould.

HUGH THOMSON: You have always loved Bach's music. To you he's no dry-as-dust classic.

GLENN GOULD: No composer presents quite so many problems, I think, as Bach does, and consequently there's no composer that gives you quite as much scope, either, for exercising your own judgement.

H.T.: I've read leading critics in England and in America suggesting that your Bach is extremely beautiful and beautifully articulated but perhaps a little too exuberant, and a little fast, at times. Do you concur in this?

G.G.: At times. At times I concur in this.

H.T.: You're very fair. Now, let me ask a question which I'm frequently asked as a music critic, and that is to this effect: Chopin, by common consent, I think, was the pianist's composer, and he is said to have discovered the heart and soul of the piano in his writing, and exploits the piano's full facilities and potentialities so perfectly. Why, then, may I ask, as Canada's leading pianist, do you consistently ignore Chopin's music?

G.G.: You've noticed, have you?

H.T.: [laughing] I've noticed for years!

G.G.: Well, that's a long story. You know, I used to play Chopin a great deal, I really did.

H.T.: Oh, I didn't know that.

G.G.: Oh, yes!

H.T.: This was a youthful indiscretion, undoubtedly.

G.G.: Oh, a very youthful indiscretion! When I was about fourteen years old, my star pieces were, without exception, Chopin, Liszt, or Schumann. At the end of the age of adolescence—[*laughing*] if I've come to it!—some great change occurred, and I simply could not any longer ... not to say not *enjoy* Chopin, but I simply could not play it with any great conviction. And, I mean, it wasn't a question of disliking Chopin as a composer. Actually, it's a composer that, lately again, I've become very curious about; I mean, I really don't underestimate him for one minute. You know, one very amusing thing occurred last year. I was going to play—I *did* play, in fact—on a program called *Chrysler Festival*, a [CBC] television program, and since this is a program (to put it mildly) aimed at the biggest audience, I decided that it would be very great fun if I could make my reappearance as a Chopin player in this format. Because I couldn't really see getting up and playing some of *The Art of the Fugue*—I mean, it just didn't seem somehow right. And so I spoke to the producer about it, and he said, "Well, I think it's a great idea," and so I worked out a routine. I was going to get up and I was going to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, there have been nasty rumours going around that because I do not play Chopin I *cannot* play Chopin, and tonight, once and for all, I intend to prove that I cannot play Chopin." And then I was going to play, in the schmaltziest fashion I could devise, some old warhorse. In fact, the one I had picked out and really practiced—I spent several nights burning the midnight oil working on it—was the Waltz in A Minor [Op. 34/No. 2]. You know: [*sings the opening bars*] ...

H.T.: Yes.

G.G.: Well, I listened very carefully to the ancient [1945] Horowitz recording, and copied all the rubatos and all the high points and all the low points, you see. And

I thought, If I get panned for this, [*laughing*] at least I can then play my recording side by side with Horowitz, you see. So, anyway, I worked very hard, and the day of the show came [20 February 1957]—it was a public show, it was in one of the theatres here. I went down in the morning to the rehearsal, and, being a sponsored show, and not sustaining, there was of course the sponsor's agent—you know, the executive guy standing there making suggestions, like which women should wear shorter dresses. Things of that kind; very important suggestions for the show. And so it came turn for my act, and I came out and I delivered this wonderful speech, and I thought I had them laying in the aisles, you see. And I went through, I played the piece, and afterward I was immediately called over to the producer's desk, and he said that unfortunately the agent objected very much. He didn't think that the sponsor would go for this at all. First of all, it was a slow piece, and secondly they wanted something a little bit more associated with me—something like *The Art of the Fugue*. [*laughing*] So that's what I played.

[In fact, Gould played three movements from Bach's Partita No. 5 in G Major, as well as conducting contralto Maureen Forrester in "Urlicht," the fourth movement from Mahler's Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection"). Both of these performances have been released on video in Sony Classical's Glenn Gould Collection.]

H.T.: Well, I guess Chopin is too commercial for television.

MARIA BARRETT: Well, just to see what Glenn Gould can do with Bach, here is his treatment of the prelude to the Partita No. 5 in G Major.

Music: Bach, Partita No. 5 in G Major, Praeambulum, from Gould's 1957 recording.

M.B.: We'll rejoin Glenn Gould in a moment. Now, this is *Assignment*.

[Here, an unrelated news item, about an

outdoor exhibition of paintings in downtown Montreal, was inserted.]

Music: Bach, Goldberg Variations, Var. 16, from Gould's 1955 recording (continues under announcer, then fades out).

BILL MCNEIL: A good deal of publicity—perhaps too much—has been aimed at the eccentricities of Glenn Gould. Hugh Thomson asks him about this.

HUGH THOMSON: Now, if I may, I'd like to touch on a topic that might be a little tender, I don't know. And that is: the fact that many of my confreres, many music critics, play up your so-called eccentricities on the stage—on stage and off. Magazines have shown lurid displays of you going through some esoteric rites, and so on. Now, when a critic plays up your mannerisms at a performance, to the neglect possibly of your performance itself, does it irritate you? Does it infuriate you? Does it hurt your feelings?

GLENN GOULD: Not in the slightest, not in the slightest. However, I've devised a system for reading reviews very quickly now, because I've decided which paragraphs represent musical criticism and which represent extraneous subjects, and I just skip over these. But no, it doesn't hurt my feelings in the slightest.

H.T.: Of course you realize, Glenn, that as a newspaper man for the past fifteen or twenty years, that it is your duty, even though you hold the exalted title of music critic, it's your duty to report local colour.

G.G.: Oh, absolutely, I think it has to be. And I don't see any reason that they *should* try to ignore it. The only thing that I will mention, which was to me rather significant: When I was in Europe last year it was for the first time, and so this may or may not be a pattern which will be followed, I don't know—apart from Russia, where it's rather difficult to read the reviews. [*Both laugh.*] When I played in Germany and in Austria, there was only one review, out of dozens, that mentioned—and that in a sort of passing way—what you would call mannerisms.

VANCOUVER
INTERNATIONAL
FESTIVAL
1958



GLENN GOULD
Pianist

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23
8:30 p.m.

ORPHEUM THEATRE

Recital by GLENN GOULD

Programme

- I
Sonata in E flat major (1789) - - - - - HAYDN
*Alligre
Andante
Tempo di minuetto*
- II
Sonata in A flat major, Opus 110 - - - - - BEETHOVEN
*Moderato cantabile
Allegro molto
Adagio cristiano-fuga-cristiano-fuga*
- INTERMISSION
- III
The Goldberg Variations - - - - - BACH

Setlist by piano by courtesy of North Okanagan Community
Concert Association, Vernon, B.C.

Program for Gould's recital at the Vancouver International Festival, 23 July 1958—a week after the broadcast of his interview with Hugh Thomson. (Reproduced from Gould's papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada.)

H.T.: Is that right?

G.G.: That's true, yes.

H.T.: And how long were you concertizing and enjoying such impunity?

G.G.: Well, only for two or three weeks, but the ratio was so small as to suggest that either an entirely different set of values prevailed over there, or that because I was there for the first time they were taking it easy on me. I don't know which it was, but in any case it was a relief.

H.T.: Well, possibly they regard it as bad manners to become personal, even with a public performer, you see.

G.G.: Could be, could be, that could be, yes. I wouldn't be surprised—but I don't know. It's a curious thing, because it really in some ways—I mean, one could make parallels and say that this had something to

do with the whole European idea of music-making, that it was primarily a somewhat more private affair, that whatever you do to accomplish your ends is your own business, so long as the ends are accomplished.

H.T.: Now, before we came up to this CBC studio, you asked if it was going to be properly heated, and I see you're wearing your mitts, and ... [Gould laughs.] Now, it doesn't bother me because we're old friends, but does this make you feel better?

G.G.: Well, it does, yes.

H.T.: Because you're a very intelligent fellow, and—

G.G.: Well, you know, it seems to me that part of the joy of running your own life is to be able to control as many factors that contribute to your comfort as possible.

H.T.: Good for you.

G.G.: And I just can't see ... Why ignore these things just for the sake of the appearance?

H.T.: Well, now, let me ask one question, and you needn't answer it. As you know, I've been in New York almost two years now, every time you've given a big concert or recital, and when you've kept big recording engagements, and after the thing is over we've got together a little bit, and I've had occasion once in a while to go up to your room, maybe have a meal there and talk, interview you. Your room always looks to me as though it's just been invaded by Vandals. [Gould laughs.] Now, how do you reconcile this with your extraordinarily polished, tidy, and beautifully cared-for music-making? I don't—

G.G.: Maybe it's just the bad maid service at the hotel.

H.T.: [Both laugh.] Oh-ho-ho! Oh, the shambles I've seen had nothing to do with

the maids, I can assure you! You stay always at a very fashionable hotel, and then, I think, you systematically set about setting the suite of rooms into disarray. Is that right?

G.G.: Well, you know, I mean, there are great decisions to be made before you leave for a recording session. I'll tell you one thing, which sounds really crazy, but it's quite true. I have found that there are certain—this sounds nuts, I shouldn't say it—

H.T.: No! [*Inaudible words.*]

G.G.: I've found that there are certain shirts which facilitate playing the piano.

H.T.: Certain shirts?

G.G.: Certain shirts—because of the position of the cuffs and this sort of thing. I go through at least a dozen shirts before I set off for the studio every morning.

H.T.: Oh, that accounts for it. I'd see this trail of shirts. [*Gould laughs.*] I thought there must be something Freudian behind it.

G.G.: Well, it's not really very Freudian, no.

H.T.: No, but I understand. You see, Glenn—I'm being serious now, and I'm not joking—as I see you ... they say genius is the capacity to take infinite pains, and as I see you you're an extreme perfectionist in your work. I imagine you suffer more than anybody when you make the slightest slip. And therefore, attendant upon this attitude is these little eccentricities, right?

G.G.: Well, I think so, Hugh.

H.T.: I mean, I'm serious, for once.

G.G.: It's a charitable explanation, but I think it's also fairly accurate, because playing the piano is a tremendous responsibility—

H.T.: Well, it certainly is.

G.G.: Doing *anything* in public is a tremendous responsibility. But it seems to me that part of the responsibility is the things that,

even if they aid only the mental capacity to carry on—

H.T.: That's right.

G.G.: You know, these things *are* psychological aids, and as such they cannot be overridden.

H.T.: Well I know in my nightly trips to concert halls and recital halls I see a great deal of eccentricity without one tenth of your talent. So I don't care so much about the eccentricity any more.

G.G.: Find a special reviewing shirt—[*laughing*] that's my advice to you.

H.T.: [*laughing*] I suppose it would help. Everywhere you go, you have a special rug and a special chair, both of which look like something that fell off the back of a truck. [*Gould laughs.*] Is there any purpose?—and do you ever miss these on your itineraries?

G.G.: Well, they get lost occasionally.

H.T.: What's happened when you haven't got your rug and chair now?

G.G.: Fortunately, the chair has never been lost just before a concert. If it was, I don't know what I would do—and I'm quite serious—because that chair is so designed that it will go to about thirteen inches off the floor. My normal seating position is between thirteen and fourteen inches off the floor, which is, as you know, extraordinarily low, and without that I would simply have to commandeer the nearest chair and cut some of the legs off—there's nothing else I could do.

H.T.: Have you had to do that?

G.G.: Well, before I had this chair designed I did that from hall to hall, and it was a very discomfiting procedure, because I usually had to *pay* for the chairs that I mutilated! [*Laughs.*]

H.T.: Well, I imagine you would! Who did the sawing?

G.G.: My father, finally, decided to—

H.T.: Oh, you brought Father along for the sawing?

G.G.: Oh, yes—oh, yes.

H.T.: I see. Well, you know, [*laughing*] parents have their use.

G.G.: [*laughing*] Absolutely!

H.T.: Now, let me ask this: I notice, too, in my following you around the United States and Canada, that your preference seems to be for what's called a business suit, even in Carnegie Hall. You don't seem to like tails, right?

G.G.: Right. However, I have been much more orthodox this past year. I've been wearing tails quite frequently. I always did wear them with orchestra—in engagements with orchestra, in concerto engagements—because it looked rather ludicrous if the sidemen were wearing them and the soloist wasn't, you know. [*laughing*] However, my preference in a recital was always for this [i.e., a business suit], because I felt that it made ... for one thing, it makes getting dressed for the concert much easier, and for another thing tails somehow always suggested to me, until very recently, putting a special effort forward, and I like to avoid anything that suggests this in relation to a concert, because it's very bad strategy to let yourself think that anything is a special event. The easiest way to be happy at this business of making music is to treat every concert as if it were a day's work of any kind. And the more things that you do to indicate that this is something special and apart from everyday pursuits, the more likely you are going to succumb to nervous tension. Fortunately, I'm not a person who *does* succumb to nervous tension very easily, and I think it's largely because of this. You know, I've sort of tried to avoid circumstances of this kind. For instance, I'll give you a very good example: I have always—now it doesn't make so much difference, but I remember very well that when I made my New York debut, which was about four years ago—

H.T.: I was there.

G.G.: —I specially requested my parents not to come. I even requested [Walter] Homburger, my manager, not to come—he did, of course, disobeyed orders.

H.T.: I think I was requested not to come.

G.G.: I think I requested you not to come, too, didn't I?

H.T.: But I came—yes!

G.G.: And for this very same reason: because I think that the more attention, the more special emphasis that is put on any one thing, the more concerned you become about it, and it just seems to me bad strategy.

H.T.: I see. Well, that's the Gould psychology, anyway.

G.G.: That's the Gould psychology.

MARIA BARRETT: The second [actually, third] record of Glenn's to appear combined his talents with those of another controversial and colourful young man, Leonard Bernstein. Here is part of Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto—the cadenza of the first movement—with Gould at the piano and Bernstein on the podium before the Columbia Symphony.

Music: Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat Major, Op. 19, cadenza and final bars of the first movement (*Allegro con brio*), from Gould's 1957 recording.

BILL McNEIL: In a minute, we get back to Glenn Gould and Hugh Thomson. This is *Assignment*.

[Here, a public-service announcement about automobile safety—"So, drive a safe car and help cut down the accident toll!"—was inserted, perhaps appropriately given Gould's own notorious driving record.]

Music: Bach, Goldberg Variations, end of Var. 21 and Var. 22, from Gould's 1955 recording (continues under announcers, then fades out).

MARIA BARRETT: And now, getting down to more human things, the curious critic Hugh Thomson asks Glenn:

HUGH THOMSON: Now, tell me, you're a fellow whom I've known for a long time, and you're certainly not one of these head-in-the-clouds types. Do you ever, when you're alone, maybe up in your retreat in Northern Ontario, sat [*sic*] down and taken a popular tune like "How High the Moon" and done a little improvisation on it?—jazz-style.

GLENN GOULD: Yeah, I know what you mean. You know, Hugh, I'm really fascinated with Dixieland, and as a matter of fact I used to have some recordings—not Dixieland particularly—but I used to have some Charlie Parker and Lennie Tristano recordings.

H.T.: I didn't know. This is a new facet coming out!

G.G.: Oh, yeah. But I wasn't very good at it; I was a complete flop as a jazz man. And it never fascinated me so much that I wanted to work at it, either. There does, however, exist a Leonard Bernstein-Glenn Gould transcription of the slow movement of the D-minor Bach concerto, for piano, double bass, and anybody else who cared to join in. We did this after we finished recording it last year with the Columbia orchestra.

H.T.: I understand that you now have three facets to your activities. You're naturally a concert pianist of great distinction. You're a composer of limited acceptance—

G.G.: [*mock-offended*] I beg your pardon!

H.T.: Well, I don't know that—I've never—[*Gould laughs.*] Your works aren't done in the national and international scale.

G.G.: No, that's true, all right.

H.T.: And you're also a budding conductor. Now, fill me in on this conductor, will you? I've never seen you conduct, but I imagine it would be quite a spectacle, old boy! [*Both laugh.*]

G.G.: Well, you know, I made my debut as

a conductor last September. I was in Vancouver with the CBC orchestra out there—

H.T.: Oh, I didn't know that. Where was I at the time?

G.G.: —and at the present time it's my debut and my farewell appearance, because shortly after that I found that when I was conducting (in a rehearsal sense, now) I was practically crippled for playing the piano. This sounds exaggerated, but actually it was exactly what happened. I found that one uses an entirely different set of muscular coördination in conducting, and it's something I learned as a rather hard experience, because I had to cancel a couple of concerts as a pianist when I found this out too late. So, what really broke my heart was that I had a wonderful engagement to guest-conduct the St. Louis Symphony next season, and I had to cancel it, because it came right in the middle of a tour, with concerts on either side by a few days, and I was afraid that if this sort of thing repeats itself very often it would seriously interfere with my playing the piano. However, I do not intend to forgo conducting indefinitely. I think one of these times I'm going to retire as a pianist; then I shall be a conductor for the rest of my life.

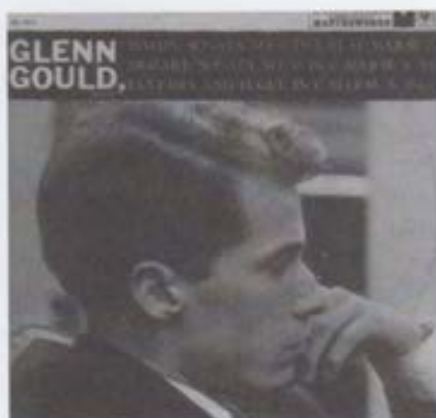
H.T.: A conductor for the rest of your life?

G.G.: Oh, sure. Conductors live a long time, you know. It'll give me several more years to look forward to.

H.T.: Would you like to be conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra some day?

G.G.: I think all the men know me for too long; I don't think that would work. They've known me since I was a kid. I'm generally regarded as a brat in those circles, so I better pick another orchestra, a little farther away from home.

H.T.: Now, Glenn, you've made a number of recordings, and, as they say, I've been down for some of the sessions. The last time you appeared in Massey Hall here you played a Haydn and [a] Mozart sonata [Haydn's No. 59, in E-flat major; Mozart's K. 330, in C major], and it seems to me



that when I went to Carnegie Hall later you played the same works—same two works.

G.G.: Just the Mozart; the Haydn I didn't do that night.

H.T.: Oh. At any rate, I was in New York when you recorded these [in January 1958].

G.G.: That's right.

H.T.: Have these been published yet?

G.G.: No. [*Inaudible words.*]

H.T.: Oh, I see.

[These two recordings, along with Mozart's Fantasia and Fugue in C Major, K. 394, were released on Columbia ML 5274 on 14 July 1958—the day before this interview was broadcast.]

G.G.: And, as a matter of fact, we did a couple more concertos [Bach's No. 5, in F minor; Beethoven's No. 1, in C major] which are—May I plug them?

H.T.: Well, sure, why not?

G.G.: —with Vladimir Golschmann conducting.

[These two recordings were released on Columbia ML 5298/MS 6017 in October 1958.]

H.T.: Knowing you, and your great concern for the conditions under which you work, such as the temperature and so on of the room, and your mitts—Have you any little anecdote you could tell us, amusing or otherwise, in connection with recording sessions?



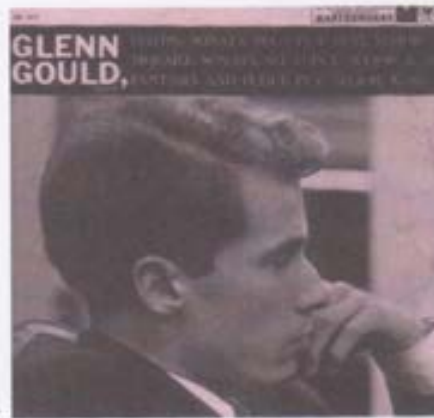
G.G.: Oh, that's putting me on the spot. We should have rehearsed this before! [*Both laugh.*] Well, I'll tell you one thing which has never been published—and all copyrights reserved on it. This is a special to *Assignment*. But it was actually something which was very funny and which, at the time, for various reasons, we didn't let out, but I don't really mind now. When I was recording the Goldberg Variations, the first record I made for Columbia, they first had occasion to notice the fact that I sing a little bit when I play—a very little bit, naturally. You know that, don't you?

H.T.: Yes.

G.G.: Thank-you. Anyway, they had occasion to notice that. And so somebody mentioned that it would be a very good thing when I next came to make a recording if I'd play with a gas mask on. [*Both laugh.*] And so we had another session a couple of months later, and I was recording some Beethoven sonatas, and I went to a war-surplus store a couple of months before and I bought a gas mask, [*laughing*] and I practiced with this thing, and I actually thought that I could play with it on! It was a marvelous thing. And as it happened, they had arranged for a photographer who was doing a story at the time for *Life* magazine, to drop in this day, you see. [*Both laugh.*]

H.T.: "Gould and Gas Mask"!

G.G.: And I sort of stepped out of the room—I didn't know there was anybody special going to be there, of course—and I stepped out of the room, put this gas mask on, came back in, and of course the studio were all convulsed. However, this fellow immediately started shooting pictures, and



at the time there had been so much nonsense about the various things I do [*both laughing*] that we decided that the great American public would really take this thing seriously. And we had one heck of a time to get those pictures suppressed—it was dreadful!

H.T.: I just want to say how grateful we are to have you on *Assignment*. I've always been a fan of yours, as you know, and I wish you the very best luck in your European tour this summer.

G.G.: Thank-you, Hugh, it's been a great pleasure.

BILL MCNEIL: We've been listening to a recorded interview between the Canadian piano virtuoso Glenn Gould and *Toronto Daily Star* music critic Hugh Thomson. Mr. Gould has recently been twice honoured.

Music: Bach, Goldberg Variations, Var. 27, from Gould's 1955 recording (continues under announcers, then fades out).

MARIA BARRETT: He's been invited to play with the Boyd Neel orchestra [i.e., the Hart House Orchestra] at the Brussels World's Fair [on 25 August 1958].

B.M.: And he's been invited to take part in the tenth-anniversary celebrations in Israel [in November and December]. Best of luck, Glenn Gould—and God-speed.

[Announcement of the next night's program, farewells, theme music, closing credits.] ■

Glenn Gould and Artur Schnabel

→ In his student days Gould was influenced by many older musicians, including some whom he was reluctant to acknowledge in later years, like Wanda Landowska, Vladimir Horowitz, and especially his piano teacher, Alberto Guerrero. But there were two pianists whose influence on his musical development he did acknowledge throughout his life: Rosalyn Tureck and Artur Schnabel. Tureck, born in Chicago in 1914 and still active, was a pioneering Bach pianist, and in her playing the young Gould found support for his own evolving ideas about Bach performance. Schnabel played relatively little Bach, and Gould dismissed as unidiomatic what little Bach he *did* play, yet it was Schnabel whom Gould repeatedly described as the “hero” and “idol” of his youth—and as “the greatest pianist of his generation.” Nevertheless, as a child he once refused the opportunity to hear his idol play in Toronto, because (he later recalled) Schnabel had had the audacity to program some music by Mozart, which Gould disliked from an early age; in the end, it was Schnabel’s records that won Gould’s admiration.

Born in Austria in 1882, Schnabel studied in Vienna as a child, with the renowned pedagogue Theodor Leschetizky. He was based in Berlin from 1900 until 1933, and in 1939 he emigrated to the United States, though he was never as deeply appreciated there as he had been in Europe. In many ways, Schnabel was an ideal model for the young Gould. For one thing, he was (as Gould always aspired to be) a polymath: he was not only a pianist of the greatest distinction, but an accomplished composer, editor, writer, and teacher. In 1935 he published an idiosyncratic but influential edition of Beethoven’s sonatas, which Gould studied and admired.

Schnabel was a serious musician with little patience for the heady, crowd-pleasing virtuosity of much nineteenth-century music. (Leschetizky once told him, “You will never be a pianist; you are a musician.”) He ignored showpieces in favour of

substantial works drawn mostly from the Austro-German canon—this at a time when, for instance, many professional pianists (Rachmaninov among them) were not even aware that Schubert had written any sonatas. As Harold C. Schonberg wrote, in *The Great Pianists*, “His concerts were not circuses; they were communions,” though Schnabel himself put it more wittily, noting that at *his* concerts the second half of the program was always as boring as the first half. (In this respect, Gould proved to be a devoted follower: his recitals often ended with Bach or Berg rather than, say, a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt.) Schnabel was adamant (as Gould would be) that a performer should not pander to his audiences; as he once said, “Applause is the receipt, not the bill.”

Schnabel liked to say that he was interested in music that was “better than it could be played.” He was a dedicated champion of Mozart, Schubert, and Brahms, but was particularly revered as a performer of Beethoven—Gould considered him “probably the greatest Beethoven player who ever lived”—and in the early 1930s he became the first pianist to record all thirty-two of Beethoven’s sonatas. These widely disseminated recordings, incidentally, made when Schnabel was in his fifties and before the era of tape-splicing, are notorious for their many technical lapses, particularly in the knotty late sonatas, though it should be noted that Schnabel had an exceptional technique, not only in his youth, and if he had a casual disregard for finger slips it was because his mind was on higher things.

Schnabel was more an idealist and intellectual than a sensualist, and as a performer he was guided by an analytical grasp of the architecture of the music. He believed that the piano’s tone was “neutral” and that pianists should attempt to imitate other instruments and voices. He believed that the piano was an inherently contrapuntal instrument, and once dismissed Chopin as

a "right-handed genius." He even sat unusually low at the keyboard and used a chair with a backrest. In other words, there was much in Schnabel's musical philosophy and practice that would resonate with Gould's own aesthetic. "Schnabel seemed to be a person who didn't really care very much about the piano as an instrument," he told an interviewer admiringly, in 1959. "The piano was a means to an end for him." Schnabel, he said, was not his pianistic idol but his *anti*-pianistic idol.

Given Schnabel's chaste repertoire, his seriousness, his analytical mind, his avowed concern for the composer's "intentions," many have assumed that he was a modern, "objective" pianist—"entirely unromantic," as Schonberg put it—yet he had absorbed through Leschetizky some of the most characteristic traits of nineteenth-century piano playing, and he remained in many respects a quintessential Romantic. His playing was flexible, dynamic, rich and varied in tone, and highly individual, occasionally even eccentric, for he was a truly *creative* interpreter, not a dry literalist. Also, like many Romantics (and later Gould), he wrote cadenzas in the modern idiom of his own compositions, and his near-atonal cadenzas in Mozart concertos can still astonish listeners.

Like many Romantic pianists, Schnabel had a penchant (especially in later life) for extreme tempos at both ends of the spectrum, and his playing was always highly charged and full of rhythmic nuance. Gould admired his ability to bend the prevailing tempo considerably for expressive purposes without losing control of the overall rhythmic structure of a piece. In fast movements Schnabel had a tendency to rush in hard-driving passages, sometimes sloppily but often to powerful effect, and one hears his influence in some of Gould's brash early performances of Beethoven sonatas, variations, and bagatelles: listen, for instance, to his impulsive readings of the fast movements in his 1952 radio broadcast of Op. 101 (preserved on a CBC Records CD), or to some of the rhapsodic playing and breakneck tempos in his 1956 Columbia recording of Opp. 109, 110, and 111. Some of Gould's very slow Beethoven performances, too—listen to the *Largo e mesto* movement from the Sonata in D Major, Op. 10/No. 3—seem to have been directly inspired by Schnabel's recordings.

References to Schnabel appear throughout Gould's writings, interviews, broadcasts, and letters: see, for instance, the indexes to *The Glenn Gould Reader*, *The Art of Glenn Gould*, and *Glenn Gould: Selected Letters*, as well as Jonathan Cott's book *Conversations with Glenn Gould*, pages 60-61. Unfortunately, he never made Schnabel the subject of a major article or radio documentary, but he discussed Schnabel at considerable length in "Take 8" of his CBC radio series *The Art of Glenn Gould* (6 July 1969), as a preamble to a broadcast of his own recording of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major. In a scripted conversation with announcer Bill Hawes, he recalled his preparations for his first public performance of a concerto, at the age of thirteen, in a Toronto Conservatory of Music concert on 8 May 1946. He played the first movement of the G-major concerto, which would later be one of the staples of his concert repertoire. While learning the piece he listened obsessively to Schnabel's 1942 RCA recording, with Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and he imitated (even exaggerated) all of Schnabel's nuances, until (he claimed) Guerrero took away the

record. Gould fleshed out this story with much witty detail, and with some poetic license: it is not literally true, as he claimed, that the *Globe and Mail* reviewer wondered, "Who does the kid think he is, Schnabel?" He included the same Schnabel anecdote, in revised form, in his 1970 *High Fidelity* article "A Desert Island Discography," reprinted in *The Glenn Gould Reader*, pages 438-40. ("Take 8," incidentally, also included Gould's interview with the German-born American pianist Claude Frank, who had studied with Schnabel.)

A bibliographic note: Schnabel's own books include *Reflections on Music* (1933), *Music and the Line of Most Resistance* (1942), and *My Life and Music* (1961). The standard biography remains Cesar Saerchinger's *Artur Schnabel* (1957), but an excellent source of information about Schnabel's musical ideas is Konrad Wolff's *The Teaching of Artur Schnabel: A Guide to Interpretation*, first published in England in 1972 and reprinted in the United States in 1979 with the title *Schnabel's Interpretation of Piano Music*.

Gould's papers in the National Library of Canada include several scores of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4, among them a Boosey & Hawkes pocket score generously annotated, in pencil, with comments pertaining to a Schnabel performance of that piece—a detailed record of his nuances of tempo, dynamics, phrasing, and expression. We thought at first that Gould might have annotated this score himself, perhaps in childhood when he was studying Schnabel's recording, but the handwriting does not match his trademark scrawl. Then we noticed that the cover of this score is stamped with the name of Louis Lane, who was George Szell's associate conductor at the Cleveland Orchestra back when Gould was giving concerts. We spoke to Lane recently—he now lives in Atlanta, Georgia—and he confirmed that the score had indeed belonged to him, and that the handwriting was his.

Lane recalled that he had noted Schnabel's nuances in the score during a concert performance with the Cleveland Orchestra, under Szell, sometime in the late 1940s or early 1950s. We then queried Carol Jacobs, the Cleveland Orchestra's archivist, who told us of several Schnabel performances of the Beethoven Fourth that fit Lane's description: two in March 1947, and two in April 1950, the latter his last appearances with the orchestra. (He died in 1951, in Switzerland.) Gould first played with the Cleveland Orchestra, under Szell, in March 1957, and he played there on several later occasions, always with Lane conducting, but he and Lane did not play the Beethoven Fourth together until 27 July 1960, in a concert at the Vancouver International Festival, to which Lane had been invited at Gould's suggestion. Lane knew of Gould's admiration for Schnabel, and believes that it was in Vancouver that he loaned Gould his old annotated score. Like many other items "loaned" to Gould by friends, the score remained in his possession for the rest of his life, testifying to his continuing admiration for his childhood hero. We are pleased to publish for the first time some sample pages from this score, drawn from the first and second movements.

—Editor

PIANO CONCERTO Nº 4

CONCIERTO PARA PIANO Nº 4

L. van Beethoven, Op. 58.
(1770 - 1827)

Allegro moderato

Flauto

Oboi

Clarineti in $\left[\begin{smallmatrix} C \\ D_o \end{smallmatrix} \right]$

Fagotti

Corni in $\left[\begin{smallmatrix} G \\ Sol \end{smallmatrix} \right]$

A. Schnabe
Pianoforte

Improvisando
Allegro moderato

p dolce

leggero

f

Allegro moderato

Violino I

Violino II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabasso

post.
SOLO

TUTTI **TUTTI**

Pfte.

VL I *p dim.* *sempre dim.*

VL II *p dim.* *sempre dim.*

VLA. *p dim.* *sempre dim.*

Vlc. e Cb. *p dim.* *sempre dim.*

40

point

SOLO *rubato molto*

Pfte. *pp* *pp* *pp*

VL I *pp* *pizz.*

VL II *pp* *pizz.*

VLA. *pp* *pizz.*

Vlc. e Cb. *pp* *pizz.*

no dynamic change

due, poi
una corda

Pfte. *dim sin'* 60 *tr*

Pfte. *al pp* *pp* *not fast* *wait a tempo*

Pfte. TUTTI

Vi. I *arco* *ppp* *poco liss. meno mosso*

Vi. II *arco* *ppp*

Vla. *arco* *ppp*

Vlc. e Cb. *ppp*

Pfte. SOLO

Vi. I *pp*

Vi. II *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Vlc. e Cb. *pp*

70 *pp*

Segue il Rondo

Glenn Gould: His First Recordings (1947-1953), a two-CD set, was recently released by the American historical label VAI Audio (VAIA 1198). This is an authorized release licensed from the companies that own the original recordings. (For more information, see the label's Web site, www.vaimusic.com.) The first CD, "The Hallmark Sessions," is a welcome reissue of recordings Gould made in 1953 for the fledgling Canadian classical label Hallmark, two years before he signed a contract with Columbia Masterworks. They include a revealing recording of Berg's Piano Sonata, Op. 1, and three recordings, with violinist Albert Pratz, of transcriptions of pieces by Shostakovich, Taneyev, and Prokofiev.

The second CD, "The Private Recordings," unfortunately includes no authentic Gould recordings. The disc includes four movements by Mozart for piano four hands, attributed to Gould and his teacher Alberto Guerrero (June 1947), as well as Bach's Italian Concerto, attributed to Gould (March 1948). However, as John Beckwith showed in this magazine, the Mozart recordings were in fact made by Guerrero's wife, Myrtle, and her regular piano partner, Robert Finch, while the Italian Concerto recording is by Guerrero, not Gould. (See Beckwith's article "Glenn Gould, The Early Years: Addenda and Corrigenda," in our Fall 1996 issue, and Michael Schulman letter of reply, in our Spring 1997 issue.) The misattributed recordings were first rereleased, shortly after Gould's death, along with the Hallmark recordings, in a poorly received two-LP series titled *The Young Glenn Gould*, and have been published elsewhere, too. It is unfortunate that they have appeared yet again, this time from a reputable company, with the attributions still not corrected. We took the liberty of writing to VAI Audio on the subject.

An interesting new book was recently published in Italy: *Glenn Gould: L'immaginazione al pianoforte*, by Carmelo di Gennaro, No. 45 in the series "Quaderni di Musica/Realtà" (Lucca: Lim Editrice srl, 1999). Di Gennaro produces music programs for Terza Rete Radiofonica RAI and is the music critic

for *Solo-24ore*; he has also contributed to books on music history and has written prolifically about twentieth-century music. His new book deals comprehensively with Gould's piano style and interpretations as well as his work away from the piano, his aesthetic positions, and his ideas on non-musical subjects. (Di Gennaro thinks of Gould as one of the most important intellectuals of the twentieth century, not, he stresses, as some "crazy pianist.") Running to 156 pages, the book comprises six large chapters treating different aspects of Gould as musician and thinker—respectively: the intellectual, the practitioner of electronic media, the performer, the interpreter of Bach, the interpreter of Beethoven, and the transcriber. The book closes with some forty pages of bibliographies and appendices, including an Italian translation of Gould's seminal 1966 article "The Prospects of Recording."

We also recently heard about a book by Denis Laborde titled *De Jean-Sébastien Bach à Glenn Gould: Magie des sons et spectacle de la passion*, published by L'Harmattan in Paris in 1997, as part of their "Collection Anthropologie du Monde Occidental," but we have not been able to find out anything more from the publisher.

Glenn Gould in Swedish? Just det! Jörgen Lundmark, a Friend from Stockholm, showed us the first collection of Gould writings in Swedish: "*Bort med applåder!*" och andra texter om musik ["Let's Ban Applause!" and other texts on music], translated by Erik Andersson (Göteborg: Bo Ejeby Förlag, 1998). This attractive paperback volume includes sixteen of Gould's most important and characteristic writings, on subjects ranging from Byrd and Mozart to Schoenberg and Strauss, from improvisation and fugue to concerts and recordings, ending with a 1980 interview with Tim Page. (The title refers to the first item in the book, a well-known Gould article from 1962.) The collection closes with a long Afterword, "Revoltensom kult," by Karl Aage Rasmussen.

Speaking of translations ... Junichi Miyazawa's Japanese edition of *Glenn Gould: Selected Letters* appeared in March 1999 (Tokyo: Misuzu Shobo), and includes much new editorial matter—and some additional letters—that did not appear in the original English- and French-language

editions. Miyazawa's edition of Peter Ostwald's psychobiography *Glenn Gould: The Ecstasy and Tragedy of Genius* (Tokyo: Chikuma Shobo), and Sadako Nguyen's edition of Kevin Bazzana's book *Glenn Gould: The Performer in the Work* (Tokyo: Hakusuisha), both appeared in Japanese bookstores, almost simultaneously, last fall. In June of this year, *Non, je ne suis pas du tout un excentrique*, Bruno Monsiegeon's 1986 collection of Gould writings and interviews, also finally appeared in Japan (Tokyo: Ongaku-notomo-sha), translated by Norio Awazu. And Bazzana's book will appear in a German edition (Kassel: Bärenreiter), translated by Claudia Brusdeylins, later this fall.

The Canadian publisher Colombo & Company has just published *Three Canadian Geniuses*, by Richard Kostelanetz, an insightful anthology of reprinted articles devoted to Gould and two of his most distinguished countrymen, Marshall McLuhan and Northrop Frye. The Gould pieces include "Glenn Gould: Bach in the Electronic Age" (1967), an article previously collected in *Glenn Gould: Variations*; "Glenn Gould as a Radio Composer" (1982), a text written for a German radio program; and short reviews of the Friedrich and Ostwald biographies. Described in a Colombo flyer as "the prodigiously productive and innovative New York-based writer, artist, critic, and editor of avant-garde publications," Kostelanetz has written about some of the most important figures in modern culture, and we welcome the attention he draws to some of the great "polyartists" (as he calls them) that Canada produced in the twentieth century. (As he points out in his preface, "The last book-length critical appreciation of Canadian culture written by an American was Edmund Wilson's *O Canada* (1965).") An appendix includes several short entries on Canadians excerpted from Kostelanetz's *Dictionary of the Avant-Gardes*.

Three Canadian Geniuses, edited by Oriana Leckert, is published in a "QuasiBook Edition" (inexpensively printed with a coil binding and a clear-plastic cover), and runs to 148 pages, about forty of them devoted to Gould. (ISBN 1-896308-95-3.) The book can be

ordered directly from Colombo & Company: for Canadian orders the cost is \$40 plus \$5 for shipping; for American orders, \$30 plus \$5 for shipping.

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"Glenn Gould" is the title of a short story by the American writer Lydia Davis, part of her collection *Almost No Memory* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1997), pages 153-64. The point of departure for the story is one of the more curious facts in the biographical record: Gould's predilection for taping episodes of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, a popular situation comedy that ran for many years on American television in the 1970s. (Many of these videotapes, incidentally, survive among the Gould papers in the Music Division of the National Library of Canada, and we look forward eagerly to the scholarly dissertations they will surely inspire.)

The narrator of the story, who feels the burden of raising a new baby while her relationship with her husband deteriorates, enjoys filling her afternoons by watching *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and finds that Glenn Gould apparently shared her passion. "I am terribly surprised by this," she says. "I see two of my worlds coming together that I had thought were as far apart as they could be." Gould had long been one of her heroes: "This pianist was a model for me all the time I was a child growing up and learning to play the piano." Now, she feels, "I have a companion watching the show with me." (Davis, in a recent interview, acknowledged that the story was based on her own experiences, and it is clear from the story that she has a respectable knowledge of Gould's life and work.) At the end of the story, the narrator realizes what attracts her about *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*: it offers a glimpse into a world in which order and kindness are possible, as well as recklessness and passion—a better world, in many ways, than the one in which she now

lives. In the closing paragraph, as she tries to understand why Gould was seemingly able to identify with the show's characters, she reflects on his reclusive lifestyle and his ability "to be selfish without hurting anyone," and she seems to long for something of his cherished creative solitude.

On 21 February 2000, the Canadian federal government's Heritage Minister, Sheila Copps, announced in Ottawa the twelve audio-visual "artifacts" chosen for the ministry's first "Masterworks" program. Each year, the program will recognize and preserve a dozen classic works drawn from Canadian film, television, radio, and sound recordings. Alongside pianist Oscar Peterson, film-maker Norman McLaren, radio producer Andrew Allen, the comedy duo Wayne and Shuster, and other distinguished Canadian artists, Gould made the inaugural list, for (no surprise) his 1955 Columbia recording of the Goldberg Variations.

Around the same time, polls and focus groups run by the federal government were seeking public input on new designs for Canada's paper currency. (For years Canadian bills have had a portrait of a Canadian prime minister or of the Queen of England on the front, and an image of a bird on the back.) Surprisingly, many iconic Canadian personalities, images, subjects, and events were considered unacceptable by the general public, including the painters of the Group of Seven, the writer Margaret Laurence, French explorers, the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Inuit stone sculpture, the inventor Alexander Graham Bell, the discovery of insulin, and even hockey. Among the rejected—Glenn Gould, even though he was recently deemed worthy of a stamp from Canada Post. According to poll results reported in the Canadian press, Gould was rejected because he was "eccentric to say the least; neurotic to the point of being damaged." Earlier this year, the first of the new bills, the ten-dollar denomination, was released—cluttered, garish, and safely Gould-free.

The American pianist and writer Charles Rosen included an interesting

anecdote about Gould in his article "On Playing the Piano," published in the 21 October 1999 issue of *The New York Review of Books*, to which he is a frequent contributor. (The two were acquainted, incidentally: Rosen has recalled encountering Gould from time to time in the 1960s, when they were both recording for Columbia.) Early in the article, in a discussion of sitting positions and of virtuoso octave passages like those in the Tchaikovsky concerto, he notes:

That is one aspect of piano technique that Glenn Gould, for example, could not deal with. (A recording engineer at CBS Records told me that when Gould recorded Liszt's arrangement of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, he first recorded some of the virtuoso octaves in the right hand by using both hands and overdubbed the left hand afterward.) Nevertheless, the low seated position enabled Gould to achieve a beautiful technical control of rapid passage-work with different kinds of touch.

We assume that the recording engineer in question was Andrew Kazdin, who revealed Gould's over-dubbing in Beethoven's Fifth in his 1989 book *Glenn Gould at Work: Creative Lying*, page 18. We believe Rosen's story: frankly, Gould's "right-hand" octaves in, especially, the finale of the Fifth Symphony do sound suspiciously ... clean. Was this, as both Rosen and Kazdin seem to suggest, a case not so much of "creative lying" as just plain cheating?

Gould recently turned up again on *The Simpsons*, a popular half-hour animated television series produced in the United States for the Fox network. A 1996 episode had alluded to *Thirty-two Short Films About Glenn Gould* (see the Fall 1996 Miscellanea), but in the episode broadcast on 7 January of this year Gould was actually mentioned by name. In that episode, Homer Simpson, the lovable oaf who is the show's main character, suddenly becomes intelligent, witty, and cultured. (Actually, he has a long-embedded crayon removed from his brain—don't ask.) As he sits in his living room, working through a basketful of Rubik's Cubes, he listens to a classical station on FM radio. An oleaginous

voice comes on at the conclusion of a piano piece and announces, "That sonata may not be a Glenn Gould performance, but I must say it's 'good as Gould'!"—at which Homer chuckles wryly.

Gould's name also turned up recently in *Primetime Glick*, a talk-show parody that began running this year on comedy networks in the U.S. and Canada. The show is the brainchild of the Canadian comedian Martin Short; almost unrecognizable in a startling fat suit, he plays Jimmy Glick, a gushing but hopelessly inept talk-show host, and in that guise he conducts improvised interviews with celebrities (who play themselves). One early episode, in which Short/Glick interviewed the comedian Steve Martin, included this odd exchange:

Glick: You were born Stephen Glenn Martin—named after Glenn Gould, the wonderful piano player.

Martin: No, it wasn't after him. It was after my father.

Glick: Your father? And his name was—?

Martin: Glenn.

Glick: And so, therefore, Glenn Gould was just a family friend?

Even we are surprised by some of the unlikely places in which Gould's name turns up. In the 3 November 1999 issue of *The Globe and Mail*, Jan Wong devoted her regular column "Lunch With" to an interview with Edmund Morris, who was in Toronto to promote *Dutch*, his biography of former U.S. President Ronald Reagan. By this time, the book had already provoked a storm of controversy over Morris's use of fictional alter-egos as a literary device within the book. According to the column, he was partly inspired in this respect by Gould: Morris himself noted that his book is full of "audio montage," and Wong wrote that Morris "consciously copied Glenn Gould's technique of layering dialogue in his radio documentary [The] Idea of North."

→ From Yi-Chen Chang:

"In my mind, Glenn Gould is not only a pianist, but also a great spiritual leader."

→ From Nestor Forster, Jr.:

"Congratulations on your great work on behalf of one of the greatest sensibilities of the XX century."

New Friends of Glenn Gould

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

For information on becoming a Friend of Glenn Gould, please contact John A. Miller, Executive Director of the Foundation, at the address given on page 86.

The following is a list of new Friends whose names were received to September 2001. All Friends who joined the society before 31 December 1996 have been permanently designated as Founding Friends. Future issues of GlennGould will list Friends as their memberships arrive.

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The following is a list of all Friends of Glenn Gould in good standing as of 30 September 2001:

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Piano

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- Anna Andrade (USA)
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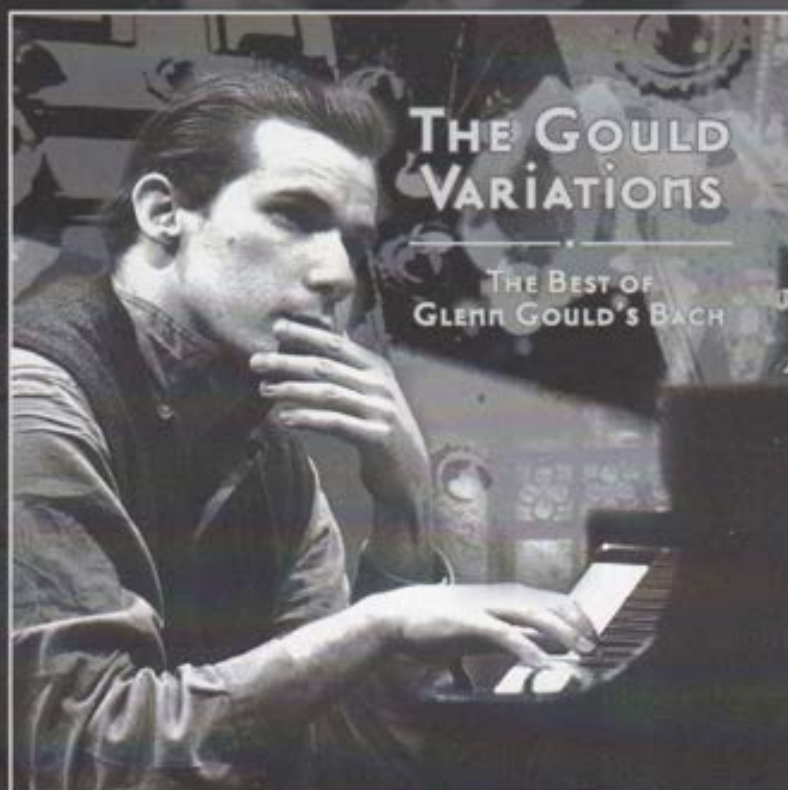
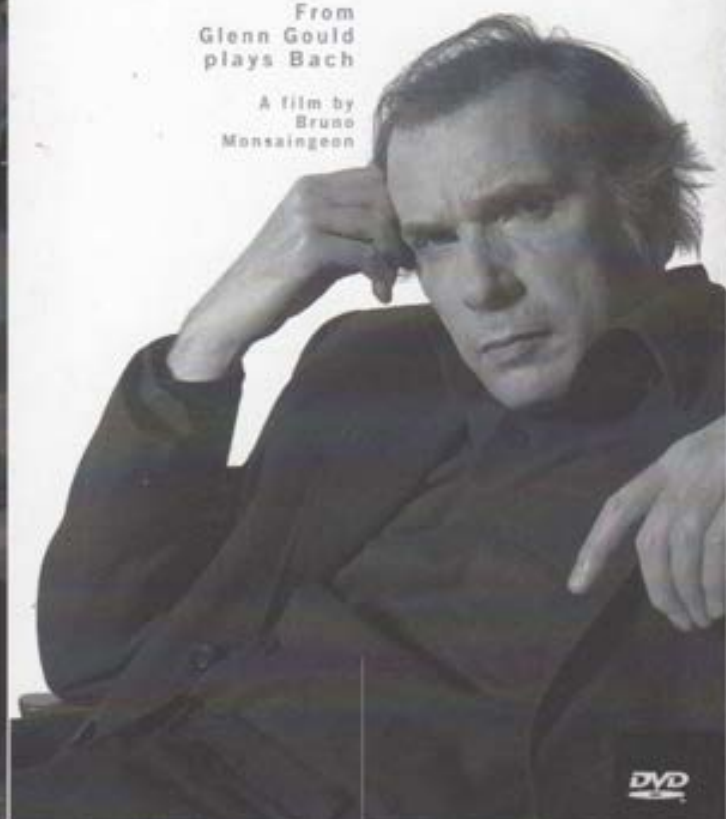
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