

Produced by Andrew Kazdin

GLENN GOULD PLAYS BEETHOVEN'S
5TH SYMPHONY IN C, OP. 67
TRANSCRIBED FOR PIANO BY FRANZ LISZT

- Side 1
I—Allegro con brio (15:59)
II—Andante con moto (10:40)
Side 2
III—Allegro } (18:40)
IV—Allegro }

The Symphony is in the public domain.

Reprinted from the British magazine The Phonograph

Letter from America
Sir Humphrey Price-Davies
Among recent developments of note in the American gramophone industry a certain pre-occupation with rather obscure keyboard repertoire from the nineteenth century takes precedence. One hears of plans in progress for an integral edition of the works of C. V. Alkan, thus whom, as my colleague R.F.P. remarked in the February 1963 issue of this journal "no one deserves obscurity more richly." The recently founded Astro-disc label has already formulated plans for a recording of the 'Chant de la Caribbe' (Chant des Caraïbes) by Louis Moreau Gottschalk (AS—42 10'6") utilising what the company's publicists describe as the 'lush' acoustics afforded by the pub facilities on board the riverboat *Tawatchee* currently moored at Seguin, Mississippi. The releases for the current month, that catalogue of American industry, CBS, includes one offering it rather inappropriately describes as 'a keyboard first'—Franz Liszt's transcription of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony as rendered by that extravagantly eccentric Canadian pianist, Glenn Gould.

Unusual interpretations of the Beethoven Fifth are, of course, no novelty to the British collector. One calls to mind that elegant statement Sir Joshua committed to the gramophone in his last years as well as that splendidly spirited rendition transcribed under actual concert conditions by the Newcastle-on-Tyne Light Orchestra upon the occasion of the inadvertent air-alarm of August 27, 1959. But no keyboard version of this work has previously been available in our shops and I fancy that the current issue will find little favour in this country. The entire undertaking smacks of that incoercible American pre-occupation with exuberant gesture and is quite lacking in those qualities of saturnal repose which a carefully judged interpretation of this work should offer.

Mr. Gould has been absent from British platforms these past few years and if this new CBS release is indicative of his current musical predilections, perhaps it is just as well.

Reprinted from München's Musikologische Gesellschaft

Fred. Dr. Katharina Henkel

It is not notable that in the posthumous (Besetzung-am-Rhein) Klavierwerke's second stanza concludes the thought:

With this off-ritend note let man now pause,
That who shall hear it, sounding thus, shall see,
That euphony's the one, sure, sacred cause,
And taking leave of octave doublings, flee
To that sacred and effortless repose
Upon that titimbalulating key.

And with that quiet confidence which knows
Here was a note, here was a middle C.

"Imogen, Algren" The Collected Klavierwerke (Dietz and Dietz)

This attitude is brought immediately to the mind since a new record on CBS poses very serious problems as to the resonating

capacity of the average middle C. The record comprises a transcription of the Fifth Symphony from Beethoven. The transcription is from Liszt and we can leave the decision as to whether it fulfills the moral obligations pertaining to a transcription of German music to our colleagues in anthropological musicology. The purpose of this present paper is to draw attention to bars 197 and 201 of the first movement of this work in both of which a middle C is missing. A study of the Liszt Archiv reveals that these notes are absent from the score of the transcription and are not, as one might be tempted to assume, an arbitrary dismissal of two critical notes by the performing artist.

If, then, these notes are dismissed by this Hungarian transcriber we must ask why has this been done? Is it that this transcriber thought to be helping Beethoven? Does he dare to instruct as with our own music? Does he presume to a private knowledge of Beethoven's notes?

It would be appropriate to remind the reader that these notes form in this work a very significant dissonance, which dissonance, as Professor Kimmeler has pointed, is characteristic of this composer. They are, in fact, C's played by the trumpet (trumpets) and take their place in a chord in which the bassoon (fagotti) is given to D flat (des). Without this contradiction, we have a typical, weak diminished chord such as any Hungarian composer could write. With it, we have a master stroke—a truly sply moment.

Why, then, has Franz Liszt removed this ugliness? Does he presume to lecture to us on the nature of resonance in the Klavier? Does he, in his intenable conceit, fear to be thought to play a wrong note?

Translated by Mathilde Henkel
(the former Mattie Green)

Insight

Digest of the North Dakota Psychiatrists Association

Paul D. Hicks, in his recent much-reviewed study "The Unconscious and Career Motivation," notes that most of us in middle life suppress occupational stimuli that, if indulged, would necessitate redrafting ambition-patterns. Among the upper-income stratum in American life, Hicks points out, this tendency is sometimes menapassably motivated, but more frequently, and especially among those active in the professions, it involves the reaffirmation of traumatic associations deriving from childhood resentment pertaining to the intrusion of school discipline upon the parental security patterns. As J. H. Tidy pointed out in his review (March Insight) of Hicks' work, much more study will be required before any consensus can be attained.

Nevertheless, with the kind co-operation of Columbia Records' medical staff, your correspondent was able to attend last January several recording sessions in New York City which have provided source material for the present analysis. The musical artist involved was Canadian (Hicks recognized no latitudinal differentiation), mid-thirties (the apex of career contradiction, Hicks points out, is attained prior to the fortieth year), male (Hicks commented that, in the female, disorientation is less pronounced) and is in many cases a by-product of resentment associated with incipient grandmother status), and appeared to be possessed of average energy quotients (the sessions usually consisted of two three-hour segments separated by a one-hour dinner break and the work being performed appeared to be of average difficulty).

As recording ensued, however, it became evident that career-disorientation was a major factor. The work selected by the artist was, in fact, intended for symphony orchestra and the artist's choice clearly reflected a desire to assume the authoritarian role of conductor. The ego gratification of this role being denied by a lack of orchestral personnel, the artist developed the record's producer and engineers as surrogates and, in the course of the session, attempted to demonstrate approval or disapproval of various musical niceties by gesticulating vigorously and in a conductor-like manner. He developed increasingly laconic speech

patterns as the sessions progressed (Hicks points out that mutism is frequently, though not invariably, a concomitant) and endeavored to telegraph his desires to the control room by the employment of broad, cue-like gestures.

The most impressive evidence deriving from these sessions however pertained to the escalatory aspects of Hicks' theory. While leaving the studio upon the conclusion of his assignment the artist was overheard singing various melodies from a composition identified by the producer as having been written by an Austrian composer, Mahler, and which evidently necessitates substantial choral as well as instrumental forces.

S. F. Lemming (M.D.)

Reprinted from Rhapsope

Journal of the All-Glenn Musical Workers of Budapest

New York Report

By Zoltan Mostanyi

The winter sun relinquished its half-hearted grasp on 30th and Third. A trace of newly fallen snow endeavored to obscure the heartless granite of the office fronts, to relax the hard, grim profiles of those artless monuments to greed. Released till morning from their bonds of toil, the ill-clad workers, lashed by the dry winds of Manhattan, set off, despairing, into the fast-falling night. Columns of limousines, the bare and telephones without their decadent interiors conspicuously flaunted by seductive purplish parking-lights, lined the curb-side awaiting the pleasure and emergence of their privileged commanders.

From within a building near this faded corner, curious sounds wafted upon the evening air. Sounds deceptively familiar—sounds of Beethoven, the democrat, of Liszt, hero of the people. Sounds of Beethoven as understood by Liszt and as prepared by him that he might share some rare, uplifting joy of music with the toiling masses. Sounds perverted and distorted now, sounds turned against the people. Sounds now full of avarice and lust for gain. Within that glib and merciless facade a solitary pianist was forced to do the work of eighty men.

What would you think, beloved Franz, were you to know that your most noble and most charitable enterprise, the product of your love and faith in man, that zealous undertaking through which you sought to bring acquaintance of the master's work to those poor blighted ones, depressed, restricted, by the dark over-lords for whom they laboured and whom you, too, so heartily despised, who had no private orchestra to play for them, who had no means by which they might encounter princely patronage, who had no way of knowing that from Bonn had come a prophet of rebellion—a man of music born to bear the burdens of the masses, to issue proclamations with his harmonies and labour on at them which served as harbinger of that riotous day of wrath to come—what would you say, if you could know that this, your work, your enterprise, distorted, serves only to enslave the few, impoverish the many.

You played for them, good Franz. You did it all yourself because you had to. No glory did you seek, nor profit either. But eighty men denied the right to work, dear Franz. Eighty men whose cold and sickly children will be colder still tonight. And all because one timid, spineless pianist sold his soul to the enslaving dollar, and in his lustful quest exploited yours.

And as I thought upon these things, I danced to see a lone musician, weary and dejected, frustrated and discomfited, emerge into that night. A violinist, vainly seeking work, with instrument in battered case clutched in his hand. Moved to pity, I approached him. "Come, my friend," I said, "Let's drink together." Touched, and newly hopeful, he agreed. "Salut," I said, when we'd attained the shelter of a bar found at that night-cloaked corner, "my name's Mostanyi, and I understand." "Thank you," he said. "I'm grateful that you do, and mine is Stern."

Reprints compiled by Glenn Gould.

Engineering: Fred Flatt, John Guertiere
Library of Congress catalog card number RB4-A33 applies to MSF 7095.



A Recording First!

Glenn Gould



plays

Beethoven's 5th Symphony



Transcribed for Piano by

Franz Liszt



COLUMBIA STEREO RECORDS CAN BE PLAYED ON TODAY'S MONO RECORD PLAYERS WITH EXCELLENT RESULTS. THEY WILL LAST AS LONG AS MONO RECORDS PLAYED ON THE SAME EQUIPMENT, YET WILL REVEAL FULL STEREO SOUND WHEN PLAYED ON STEREO RECORD PLAYERS.

Ludwig van Beethoven 1770–1827

Symphony No. 5 in C minor op. 67

c-Moll · en *ut* mineur

Transcribed for Piano by Franz Liszt

1	I. Allegro con brio	6:04
2	II. Andante con moto	14:38
3	III. Allegro	7:00
4	IV. Allegro	11:38

Total Time 39:20

Glenn Gould piano

Original LP: MS 7095 · Released April 3, 1968

Recording: Columbia 30th Street Studio, New York City,

November 22 & December 7, 1967 [1]; December 5, 1967 [2];

December 5/7, 1967 [3]; December 28/29, 1967 & January 8, 1968 [4]

Producer: Andrew Kazdin

Recording Engineers: Fred Plaut & John Guerriere

Cover Art: Henrietta & Clifford Condak

Liner Notes: Glenn Gould

LP Matrix: XSM 135359 [1/2], XSM 135360 [3/4]

© 1968 & © 2015 Sony Music Entertainment. All rights reserved.

Reprinted from the British magazine *The Phonograph*

Letter from America

by Sir Humphrey Price-Davies

Among recent developments of note in the American gramophone industry a certain pre-occupation with rather obscure keyboard repertoire from the nineteenth century takes precedence. One hears of plans in progress for an integral edition of the works of C. V. Alkan than whom, as my colleague R.Y.P. remarked in the February 1962 issue of this journal, “no one deserves obscurity more richly.” The recently founded Astro-disc label has already formulated plans for a recording of the “Chant of the Caribbean” (*Chant des Caribes*) by Louis Moreau Gottschalk (AS-1 – £2/10/6) utilising what the company’s publicists describe as the “lush” acoustics afforded by the pub facilities on board the riverboat Tawanhee currently moored at Segratoria, Mississippi. And in the releases for the current month, that colossus of American industry, CBS, includes one offering it rather immodestly describes as “a keyboard first” – Franz Liszt’s transcription of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony as rendered by that extravagantly eccentric Canadian pianist, Glenn Gould.

Unusual interpretations of the Beethoven Fifth are, of course, no novelty to the British collector. One calls to mind that elegiac statement Sir Joshua committed to the gramophone in his last years as well as that splendidly spirited rendition transcribed under actual concert conditions by the Newcastle-on-Tyne Light Orchestra upon the occasion of the inadvertent air-alarm of August 27, 1939. But no keyboard version of this work has previously been available in our shops and I fancy that the current issue will find little favour in this country. The entire undertaking smacks of that incorrigible American pre-occupation with exuberant gesture and is quite

lacking in those qualities of autumnal repose which a carefully judged interpretation of this work should offer.

Mr. Gould has been absent from British platforms these past few years and if this new CBS release is indicative of his current musical predilections, perhaps it is just as well.

Reprinted from *Münch'ner Musikilologische Gesellschaft*
by Prof. Dr. Karlheinz Henkel

Is it not notable that in his poetic-cycle *Resonance-on-Rhine*
(*Resonanz-am-Rhein*) Klopweisser's second stanza concludes the thought:

With this oft-strident note let man now pause,
That who shall hear it, sounding thus, shall see,
That euphony's the one, sure, sacred cause,
And taking leave of octave doublings, flee
To that secured and effortless repose
Upon that tintinnabulating* key,
And with that quiet confidence which knows
Here was a note, here was a middle C.
The Collected Klopweisser (Dent and Dent)

*(ringen, klingen)

This attitude is brought immediately to the mind since a new record on CBS poses very serious problems as to the resonating capacity of the average middle C. The record comprises a transcription of the Fifth Symphony from Beethoven. The transcription is from Liszt and we can leave the decision as to whether it fulfills the moral obligations pertaining to a transcription of German music to our colleagues in anthropological musicology. The purpose of this present paper is to draw attention to bars 197 and 201 of the first movement of this work in both of which a middle C is missing. A study of the Liszt Archiv reveals that these notes are absent from the score of the transcription and are not, as one might be tempted to assume, an arbitrary dismissal of two critical notes by the performing artist.

If, then, these notes are dismissed by this Hungarian transcriber, we must ask why has this been done? Is it that this transcriber thought to be helping Beethoven? Does he dare to instruct us with our own musik? Does he presume to a private knowledge of Beethoven's notes?

It would be appropriate to remind the reader that these notes form in this work a very significant dissonance, which dissonance, as Professor Kimmerle has pointed, is characteristic of this composer. They are, in fact, C's played by the trumpet (trompete) and take their place in a chord in which the bassoon (fagott) is given to D-flat (des). Without this contradiction, we have a typical, weak diminished chord such as any Hungarian composer could write. With it, we have a master stroke – a truly ugly moment.

Why then, has Franz Liszt removed this ugliness? Does he presume to lecture to us on the nature of resonance in the Klavier? Does he, in his intolerable conceit, fear to be thought to play a wrong note?

Translated by Mathilde Heinkel (the former Mattie Green)

Insight

Digest of the North Dakota Psychiatrists Association

Paul D. Hicks, in his recent much-reviewed study “The Unconscious and Career Motivation,” notes that most of us in middle life suppress occupational stimuli that, if indulged, would necessitate redirecting ambition-patterns. Among the upper-income stratum in American life, Hicks points out, this tendency is sometimes menopausally motivated, but more frequently, and especially among those active in the professions, it involves the reaffirmation of traumatic associations deriving from childhood resentment pertaining to the intrusion of school discipline upon the parental security pattern. As J. H. Tidy pointed out in his review (March Insight) of Hicks’ work, much more study will be required before any consensus can be attained.

Nevertheless, with the kind co-operation of Columbia Records’ medical staff, your correspondent was able to attend last January several recording sessions in New York City which have provided source material for the present analysis. The musical artist involved was Canadian (Hicks recognized no latitudinal differentiation), mid-thirties (the apex of career contradiction, Hicks points out, is attained prior to the fortieth year), male (Hicks commented that, in the female, disorientation is less pronounced and is in many cases a by-product of resentment associated with incipient grandmother status), and appeared to be possessed of average energy quotients (the sessions usually consisted of two three-hour segments separated by a one-hour dinner break and the work being performed appeared to be of average difficulty).

As recording ensued, however, it became evident that career-disorientation was a major factor. The work selected by the artist was, in fact, intended for symphony orchestra and the artist’s choice clearly reflected a desire to assume the authoritarian role of conductor. The ego gratification of this role being denied by a lack of orchestral personnel, the artist delegated the record’s producer and engineers as surrogates and, in the course of the session, attempted to demonstrate approval or disapproval of various musical niceties by gesticulating vigorously and in a conductor-like manner. He developed increasingly laconic speech patterns as the sessions progressed (Hicks points out that mutism is frequently, though not invariably, a concomitant) and endeavored to telegraph his desires to the control room by the employment of broad, cue-like gestures.

The most impressive evidence deriving from these sessions, however, pertained to the escalatory aspects of Hicks’ theory. While leaving the studio upon the conclusion of his assignment, the artist was overheard singing various melodies from a composition identified by the producer as having been written by an Austrian composer, Malherr, and which evidently necessitates substantial choral as well as instrumental forces.

S. F. Lemming (M.D.)

Reprinted from *Rhapsodya*
Journal of the All-Union Musical Workers of Budapest
New York Report
By Zoltan Mostanyi

The winter sun relinquished its half-hearted grasp on 30th and Third. A trace of newly fallen snow endeavoured to obscure the heartless granite of the office fronts, to relax the hard, grim profiles of those artless monuments to greed. Released till morning from their bonds of toil, the ill-clad workers, lashed by the dry winds of Manhattan, set off, despairing, into the fast-falling night. Columns of limousines, the bars and telephones within their decadent interiors conspicuously flaunted by seductive purplish parking-lights, lined the curb-side awaiting the pleasure and emergence of their privileged commanders.

From within a building near this fabled corner, curious sounds wafted upon the evening air. Sounds deceptively familiar – sounds of Beethoven, the democrat, of Liszt, hero of the people. Sounds of Beethoven as understood by Liszt and as prepared by him that he might share some rare, uplifting joy of music with the toiling masses. Sounds perverted and distorted now, sounds turned against the people. Sounds now full of avarice and lust for gain. Within that glib and merciless façade a solitary pianist was forced to do the work of eighty men.

What would you think, beloved Franz, were you to know that your most noble and most charitable enterprise, the product of your love and faith in man, that zealous undertaking through which you sought to bring acquaintance of the master's work to those poor blighted souls, depressed, restricted, by the ducal overlords for whom they laboured and whom you, too, so heartily despised, who had no private

orchestra to play for them, who had no means by which they might encounter princely pastimes, who had no way of knowing that from Bonn had come a prophet of rebellion – a man of music born to bear the burdens of the masses, to issue proclamations with his harmonies and labour on at themes which served as harbinger of that relentless day of wrath to come – what would you say, if you could know that this, your work, your enterprise, distorted, serves only to enrich the few, impoverish the many.

You played for them, good Franz. You did it all yourself because you had to. No glory did you seek, nor profit either. But eighty men denied the right to work, dear Franz. Eighty men whose cold and sickly children will be colder still tonight. And all because one timid, spineless pianist sold his soul to the enslaving dollar, and in his lustful quest exploited yours.

And as I thought upon these things, I chanced to see a lone musician, weary and dejected, frustrated and disconsolate, emerge into that night. A violinist, vainly seeking work, with instrument in battered case clutched in his hand. Moved to pity, I approached him. "Come, my friend," I said, "let's drink together." Touched, and newly hopeful, he agreed. "Salut," I said, when we'd attained the shelter of a bar found at that night-cloaked corner, "my name's Mostanyi, and I understand." "Thank you," he said, "I'm grateful that you do, and mine is Stern."

Reprints compiled by GLENN GOULD