

numbers is irregular and hard to correlate with chronology; his celebrated monthly subscription (*Pränumeration*) series for fortepiano, chamber music and flute, in which some of Mozart's works first appeared, soon fell behind the calendar; and in the crucial years 1786-91 there is a gap in the advertisements in the *Wiener Zeitung*. Moreover Hoffmeister had a disconcerting habit of transferring the works he had engraved (but had not always published) to other firms, notably Artaria. Dr Weinmann's preface shows that he was aware of these difficulties, but he has not mastered them.

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In the first place the arrangement of the catalogue is unsatisfactory. It is stated to be chronological except where a series of plate-numbers takes precedence. The result is neither one thing nor the other: the order is by no means strictly chronological, while the plate-numbers jump all over the place. (On p.54, for example, are to be found four works with plate-numbers 41, 73, 106 and 136, published at various dates between March 1786 and the beginning of 1788; on p.57 are five more publications with plate-numbers 45, 71, 85, 95 and 124, which appeared between March 1786 and Oct 1787.) Nowhere is there an index to show on which page a particular work—or a particular plate-number—is to be found.

Each entry in the catalogue has the musical incipit of the work in question (if known); a word-for-word citation of the title-page ('with the omission of inessential details'); the location of surviving copies; and the publication date. Most of the value that one places on such an array of facts will depend on one's estimate of their general accuracy. I was surprised, for instance, to find that the title-page of Mozart's duet K521 was cited *without* its dedication to the 'demoiselles Nanette et Babette de Nattorp'. An inessential detail? Perhaps: but closer acquaintanceship with the Hoffmeister Catalogue is not reassuring, as examples will show.

For some people Hoffmeister's chief claim to fame is as Mozart's publisher: in the later 1780s he gave the world over a dozen of Mozart's major works. Where the autographs have been lost these rare editions are sometimes our primary textual source. We know when most of these works were *written*, since on completion they were entered by Mozart, with their date, in his own little catalogue of his compositions. It might have been hoped that Dr Weinmann, who is one of the editors of the sixth edition (1964) of Köchel's catalogue, would have been able to date these Mozart editions accurately. Instead, utter confusion reigns. K496 and K546, written respectively on 8 July 1786 and 26 June 1788, cannot possibly have been published 'c April/May 1786' (p.62) and 'c May 1788' (p.91); and it is at least very unlikely—unless one believes in instant publication—that K533 (written on 3 Jan 1788) appeared 'Jan/Feb 1788' (p.84), or that K511 (written on 11 March 1787) appeared 'c March/April 1787' (p.75). Sometimes Dr Weinmann provides two dates for an edition—on different pages: K501 (written on 4 Nov 1786) is published 'c Nov 1786' on p.69 (unlikely), but in 'August 1786' on p.31 (impossible). (In the new Köchel it is '1787'.) There are similar though slighter discrepancies in the dating of K499 and K521. It can easily be shown that the dates assigned to a whole group of editions linked with these manifestly misdated ones must also be wrong; and there is also a

poor correlation not only between the dates but between the contents of the three *Pränumeration* series as summarized at the beginning and as given in the main text. To put it at its mildest, it is reasonable to demand from a work such as the present one a far higher degree of internal consistency and of harmony with the ascertainable external facts than is displayed here.

Before he moved to Leipzig in 1800 Hoffmeister published a major work by Beethoven—the 'Pathétique' Sonata. Announcing this fact, Dr Weinmann says that 'until now' it has been supposed that Joseph Eder, not Hoffmeister, was the original publisher. This is not the case. Hoffmeister's priority was first established by the late R. S. Hill in the course of a review in the American periodical *Notes* (June 1958); and the whole matter was fully discussed by the present reviewer recently in these pages (see MT May 1963). I am sorry that Dr Weinmann missed the *Notes* review, since it was a kindly notice of one of his own books; and if he had seen *The Musical Times* he might not have fallen into the error of supposing (p.169) that Hoffmeister's Leipzig edition of the Sonata was printed from the same plates as his Viennese one.

ALAN TYSON

## Pianist's Journal

**Notes of a Pianist by Louis Moreau Gottschalk**  
edited by Jeanne Behrend. Knopf, New York, \$6.95

Gottschalk! To a reviewer only slightly acquainted with his music and almost equally ignorant of the man's personality and character, the very name conjured up thoughts of faded salon pieces and suspicions of charlatanry. Of course, there was that handful of pieces based on creole and negro elements from Gottschalk's native Louisiana that first demonstrated how American composers could forge a truly national music, and which occupy their own unassailable niche in musical history. He was very successful with Spanish-American idioms too. Such a piece as *Souvenir de la Havane*, for instance, quite clearly foreshadows Albeniz's famous *Tango*. A closer look at the salon pieces—such things as *Last Hope*, over which many a young female pianist swooned, *Berceuse* and especially *Morte!*, with which the composer provoked a good deal of feminine hysteria—confirms Jeanne Behrend's view that they are superior to others of their genre and time. They are sentimental, certainly, and many of them are showy, but the composer was no hypocrite when he expressed his contempt for the ubiquitous *Maiden's Prayer*.

Most of Gottschalk's music was composed for himself and poses not inconsiderable technical problems. He must, especially as a young man, have been a superb master of the keyboard. As a student in Paris he made his debut with Chopin's E minor Concerto. The composer himself was present and predicted that Gottschalk would become a king among pianists. Berlioz said that he had 'sovereign power' and William Mason said he was 'the perfection of his school'. But Gottschalk spent nearly all his concert-giving life in the Americas—the USA, West Indies and Latin America—playing to audiences whose tastes were deplorably low.

Despite his occasional appearance in a chamber work, it was a legitimate criticism, made repeatedly by Dwight of Boston, that he did little to spread a knowledge of fine music, preferring to give audiences what they wanted—his own compositions and operatic transcriptions and monster festival concerts at which such things as the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust* and the Pilgrims' Chorus from *Tannhäuser* were featured in arrangements for two orchestras and 31 pianists at 15 pianos. In his

stantly travelling to all parts of the American continent. (He estimated that at one time he travelled 40,000 miles in 14 months—'pianistomonambulist' he calls himself in one of his periodic fulminations.) Rather is it a travel diary, one of the best of its class, shot through with the author's always interesting thoughts and reflections on a great variety of subjects. He was perilously near the firing-line in the civil war and at least one revolution. He lazed in Cuba, was frozen in Illinois,



journal entry for 29 March 1864 Gottschalk attempted to rebut this charge, but his claim that the originality of his own music in some way exempted him from playing anyone else's is not very convincing.

Gottschalk's journal contains for the most part only fleeting references to music. The one major exception is the reprinted article from the *Atlantic Monthly* for February 1865. He quotes Lamartine: 'La musique est la littérature du cœur, elle commence là où finit la parole', and his attitude is the essentially romantic one that regards the impact of music as physical and moral and scarcely at all intellectual. 'Its power, limited, in the intellectual order of things, to the imitative passions, is illimitable in that of the imagination.' He regards music as 'one of the most powerful means of ameliorating and ennobling the human mind, of elevating the morals, and above all, of refining the manners of the people'.

The best way to get to know Gottschalk the man is through the journal which he kept from 1857 to 1868 and which first appeared as *Notes of a Pianist* in 1881 translated by his brother-in-law, Dr Robert E. Peterson (Gottschalk wrote in French). In this new edition Jeanne Behrend has tidied up the translation as well as supplying a prelude, postlude and connecting narrative that converts the book into a reasonably complete autobiography. It is not a book of primarily musical interest, nor is it dependent upon the fact that the author was a musician, except inasmuch as his profession kept him con-

braved the rigours of the Desert of Atacama and visited nearly everywhere between Canada and Cape Horn.

Gottschalk emerges from his pages as a man of extraordinarily wide interests, of enlightened liberal principles, compassionate, generous and extremely articulate. Born in Louisiana only 17 years after the Purchase, he felt himself to be somewhat outside American society, the materialistic nature of which he criticized powerfully. In religion he prized tolerance. A Catholic himself, he detested in about equal measure the puritanism of the north (the Protestant Sunday nearly drove him mad!) and the 'rapacious, cowardly, corrupt' priests of the South American sub-continent. A southerner, he was nevertheless bitterly opposed to slavery and to 'our monstrous war', the effects of which roused in him no ordinary feelings of compassion, and which moved him to many an act of charity. His one obvious weakness was for women, a very human frailty that eventually led to his last, unhappy, voluntary exile. Always he is an engaging and frequently an inspiring travelling companion. Charlatan forsooth! The wonder is that he was content to waste his talents.

FRANK DAWES

The Dent Medal (sponsored by the Royal Musical Association) award for 1964 has been made to M. Pierre Pidoux (Switzerland).