A STUDY AND EDITION OF RECENTLY DISCOVERED
WORKS OF LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK

Presented by

John Cary Lewis

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Thesis Director: Ernest Livingstone, Ph.D.

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VITA

John Cary Lewis was born November 23, 1942, in Uvalde, Texas. He lived in Houston and Brownsville, Texas, before graduating as valedictorian from Harlingen High School in 1960. As a piano major at North Texas State University, Denton, Texas, he won numerous awards for scholarship and musicianship as well as his Bachelor of Music degree in 1964 and his Master of Music degree in 1965. While pursuing his Doctor of Musical Arts degree at the Eastman School of Music, he taught class piano and privately in the Preparatory Department there. His work toward the degree was interrupted by a nationwide tour with Leventritt Award winner, Kyung Wha Chung, in 1968-69. He has spent two years studying at the Akademie fuer Musik und darstellende Kunst in Vienna as a Fulbright scholar. He is married to the former Dorothy Hall, with whom he has appeared in joint cello-piano recitals. As of August 1971 he will be assuming his duties as Assistant Professor of Music at Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebraska.
On February 25, 1968, the New York Times published an article by Harold Schonberg entitled "Let's Get to Gottschalk." The article detailed the addition of some recently recovered manuscripts to the collection of music by Louis Moreau Gottschalk located at the Music Library in Lincoln Center. Gottschalk has long been acknowledged to be the first American composer to achieve international fame, although this appraisal is qualified to some degree because of his association with salon music. The newly discovered manuscripts are important since they enable us to judge Gottschalk not only as a writer of short piano pieces of uneven quality, but also as a serious composer of music on a much grander scale. An unpublished dissertation by John G. Doyle, "The Piano Music of Louis Moreau Gottschalk" (New York University, 1960), ends with a notation of the existence of the orchestral scores in South America and suggests them as a possible research subject. This suggestion, along with Schonberg's plea for someone to "attempt to further the cause of this shamefully neglected American composer," provided the motivation for the present thesis.

The manuscripts have for many years been sequestered in the library of Dr. Abrahão Carvalho, a music collector in Brazil. He had acquired them at the sale of papers belonging
to Arturo Napoleão, a pianist and friend of Gottschalk in Rio de Janeiro. The scores include seven orchestral works. Two of these (A Night in the Tropics and A Montevideo) are evidently written in Gottschalk's own hand. Escenas Campestres, a festival piece for three solo voices and orchestra, and Marcha Triunfal y Final de Ópera seem to have been copied in Cuba. The two works for piano and orchestra, Tarantella and Variations on a Portuguese Hymn, as well as Marche Solennelle, are also the work of copyists. A Night in the Tropics, Tarantella, and the Portuguese Variations had previously been available in different arrangements, but the other four pieces were real discoveries.

Exactly one year after the publication of Schonberg's article, on February 25, 1969, the New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra gave the North American premiere performances of Escenas Campestres, A Montevideo, Portuguese Variations, and Marcha Triunfal. Marche Solennelle was reconstructed in December, 1969, with the aid of a piano reduction by Arturo Napoleão, which was found in the National Library in Rio de Janeiro. Since the inception of this thesis, all these pieces have been recorded in Vienna and Berlin, and are awaiting release.

In this thesis the author has examined the mentioned works with particular attention to their background and musical style, and has attempted some judgment as to their significance and impact. He has provided a piano reduction
of all the music, including a reproduction of Gottschalk's own arrangement of A Night in the Tropics, and of Napoleão's arrangement of Marcha Solene. The works for piano and orchestra have been edited for possible publication.

The author is exceedingly grateful for the invaluable aid he has received from the pianist Mr. Eugene List (who has more than a passing interest in Gottschalk generally and these scores particularly) for the use of materials from his private library and his constant encouragement. The author also wishes to express his appreciation to Mr. Arthur Osnn of Music Corporation of America for the loan of several scores.

Robert Offergeld, whose catalogue listing some three hundred works by Gottschalk has recently been made available, and John W. Barker, of the Department of History at the University of Wisconsin, have both been very generous with the material at their disposal. Very special thanks go to Dr. Ernest Livingstone for his ability to put things in their proper perspective and his assistance in the translation of source material.
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PART I.

COMMENTARY
CHAPTER I

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE COMPOSER
DEALING ESPECIALLY WITH THE PERIODS FROM
WHICH THESE WORKS COME

The incredible life story of Louis Moreau Gottschalk reads very much like a geography lesson of the Western world. It touches not only the sophisticated world capitals, but also small specks of land dotting the Caribbean Sea and crude mining towns in Nevada. His experiences were so many and so varied that they would seem to fill the life of a man twice his forty years. This aspect of his life seemed foreshadowed by the diverse backgrounds of his parents. His father, Edward Gottschalk (1795-1853), a well-educated businessman of Jewish ancestry, left his native London to study in Germany, and finally settled in New Orleans. There he met and married Aimée de Bruslé, whose upper-class family had barely escaped a slave uprising in Santo Domingo. On May 8, 1829, Louis Moreau became the first child born to this union, and the responsibilities of primogeniture hung heavily over his head throughout his life.

The boy showed signs of musical precocity early in his life. By the age of three he was picking out tunes by ear on the piano. He was given lessons on both the piano and
violin. Once when he was seven years old, he substituted for his piano teacher at the organ for High Mass at the Saint Louis Cathedral, thereby creating a minor sensation in New Orleans. In his eighth year he gave a benefit recital for his teacher. He played often at parties and soirées. Shortly before his twelfth birthday it was decided that he should go to Europe to receive the very best training as a musician and a gentleman. On April 23, 1841, he gave what was billed as a farewell concert. It was a glittering success. However, due evidently to his mother's reluctance, he did not actually sail for Europe until May 17, 1842.¹

Once in Paris, he settled down to become a serious student. He was rejected without even being heard by the director of the Paris Conservatoire. For six months he studied piano with Carl Halle, but was more pleased with his next teacher, Camille Stamaty, a disciple of Kalkbrenner. His composition teacher was Pierre Maleden, who also taught Saint-Saëns. With the help of his relatives, he was introduced to the world of the Paris elite, both social and artistic. These contacts gave him opportunities to be heard in salon appearances and other nonpaying recitals. Gradually Gottschalk gained more and more fame, especially for his own compositions based on his recollections of life in New Orleans (Le Bananier, La Savane, La Bamboula). His playing attracted  

the attention of Chopin, who predicted that Gottschalk would become the king of pianists. Berlioz also befriended the young American, and together they gave a series of concerts in the 1846-1847 season. This collaboration was to be of great value to Gottschalk years later when he used this experience to help him organize the large festivals which formed the basis for his great success in South America. This friendship was of even more immediate value to Gottschalk due to the influence of Berlioz as a music critic, who, with the following press release, helped to launch his career.

Gottschalk is one of the very small number who possess all the different elements of a consummate pianist, all the faculties which surround him with an irresistible prestige, and give him a sovereign power. He is an accomplished musician: he knows just how far fancy may be indulged in expression. He knows the limits beyond which any liberties taken with the rhythm produce only confusion and disorder; and upon these limits he never encroaches. There is an exquisite grace in his manner of phrasing sweet melodies, and throwing off light touches from the higher keys. The boldness and brilliancy and originality of his play at once dazzles and astonishes, and the infantile naïveté of his smiling caprices, the charming simplicity with which he renders simple things, seem to belong to another individuality, distinct from that which marks his thundering energy: thus the success of M. Gottschalk before an audience of musical cultivation is immense.²

Thus Gottschalk became the idol of the European aristocrats. In 1850 he toured Switzerland and the French provinces, and the following year he spent five months delighting the royal family in Spain. Piano pieces like Midnight in Seville,

Manchega (Étude de Concert), The Siege of Saragossa, and Jota Aragonesa were inspired during this period of his life. In the meantime, the great singer, Jenny Lind, had made a triumphant tour of the United States, and Gottschalk was eager to emulate her success in his home country. His biographer Fors suggests that Gottschalk had been intending to visit Portugal from Spain when he received a letter from his father asking him to return to America. In his journal, Gottschalk recollects the following:

When, in 1853, I returned to the United States . . . , my reputation, wholly Parisian, had not, so to speak, crossed the Atlantic. Two or three hundred concerts, given in Belgium, Italy, France, Spain, Switzerland, etc., had given me a name, but this name, so young, was not yet acclimated in America. My first concert in New York was a success, but the receipts did not amount to half of the expenses. The second, given at Niblo's Theater, was a fiasco; in the two concerts I lost twenty-four hundred dollars. . . . Barnum then wanted to engage me for a year, offering me twenty thousand dollars and expenses paid, but my father had his prejudices (unjust) against Barnum, in whom he obstinately insisted in seeing only a showman of learned beasts. I refused. We left, my father and I, for New Orleans, my native city. My fellow citizens received me in triumph. I was at that time the only American artist who had received the sanction of the European public, and, national self-love assisting, I was received with an indescribable enthusiasm by the Louisiana, less, without doubt, because I deserved it—I already have said that—but because I was first celebrated in Paris under the name of the "pianiste compositeur louisianais."

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A tour of New England was less than successful, and the death of his father gave Gottschalk the added burden of having to support his mother and six siblings. Also there were considerable debts left to be repaid. After a sojourn of over a year in Cuba, described in some detail by Forb, Gottschalk shouldered his responsibilities and embarked on an incredibly full 1855-1856 concert season under the management of Max Strakosch. In that single season he played eighty concerts in New York City alone. The music he performed at these concerts was mostly his own, although there were occasional concessions to Liszt, Keller, Beethoven, Weber, and others. One piece he seems to have played rather often was Beethoven’s “Kreutzer” Sonata for violin and piano. It should be remembered that recitals in his day were not the solo affairs they are today, but usually boasted a full complement of assisting artists. By and large, Gottschalk relied on his Afro-American pieces written in Europe, his Spanish pieces, and opera transcriptions. He was aware that nothing could excite an audience more than patriotic airs, and his journal gleefully relates several incidents in which he roused indolent audiences by such means.  

Some of his most popular pieces had been written while he was in Cuba—Recuerdos de Cuba, El Conocé, The Banjo, Columbia, Chant de Soldat, and the perennial The Last Hope. The popularity of this latter composition, which haunted Gottschalk throughout his life, was an important factor in hastening

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5 Gottschalk, pp. 25, 66, 109.
the repayment of his father's debts. In short, Gottschalk and his music became quite popular with society, the press (except in Boston), and particularly women.

In 1857 he began what was to become a five-year absence from his country when he went to Cuba on tour with the singer Adelina Patti. It was at about this point that he began keeping his journal, which was published by his sister after his death under the title Notes of a Pianist. He traveled throughout Cuba and then toured other islands in the Caribbean with tremendous success.

Evidently, for a couple of years, he relaxed in the Caribbean area, giving concerts only when he felt like it, and living the life of a playboy.

I sowed my heart and my purse with the ardor of a sower who hopes to harvest a hundred ears for every seed, but the fields in which spent doubloons are harvested and the loves of springtime blossom again were not yet ready for the husbandman, and my heart and purse, exhausted by this double prodigality, one fine day were discovered to be dry. Then, seized with a profound disgust of the world and of myself, tired, discouraged, suspecting men (and women), I hastened to hide in the wilds...

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6 See footnote 4, on page 4.

7 See Manuel Márquez Sterling, "Gottschalk, Musical Humboldt," *Américas*, XXII, No. 1 (January 1970), pp. 10-16, for a sympathetic account of Gottschalk's Caribbean experiences. Luis Fors, whose book was published the year before Gottschalk's memoirs, seems unaware of the extent of these voyages and assumes that Gottschalk returned to the United States (Fors, p. 104). But it seems more likely, according to Behrend, that at this time Gottschalk traveled extensively the Spanish, English, French, Dutch, Swedish, and British Antilles, the Guianas, and the shores of Pará (Brazil) (Gottschalk, p. 21).

8 Gottschalk, p. 40.
With a mentally deranged mulatto (who later regained his sanity and became Gottschalk's faithful valet) and a piano, Gottschalk lived for a length of time in a hut overlooking the crater of an extinct volcano in Guadaloupe. In this isolation he let the tropical sun renew his waning faith in humanity while he wrote pieces—good and bad—to renew his depleted pocketbook. It was at this time that he wrote *A Night in the Tropics* and portions of his opera *Carlos IX*, both of which are found in this collection. Fors places the blame for the many "potboilers" he wrote during this period solely on the shoulders of the North American publishers, who wanted him to write music easy enough for them to sell to the sweet young ladies languishing for their faraway loved ones. Fors charges further that the publishers reneged on their promises to publish this music under such pen names as *Seven Octaves*, *Oscar Litti*, and *Paul Ernest*. Because songs about death were popular at this time, many of Gottschalk's commercial compositions have titles of a sentimental nature. It is unfortunate that the American public came to link his name indelibly with this genre of music, for when this music went out of vogue, Gottschalk and his more important serious music were forgotten.

Several years later, Gottschalk reminisced on the course his life took after his faith and pocketbook were restored.

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9 Fors, p. 117.

I again began to live according to the customs of these primitive countries, which, if they are not strictly virtuous, are nonetheless terribly attractive. I saw again those beautiful *triqueteras*, with red lips and brown bosoms, ignorant of evil, sinking with frankness, without fearing the bitterness of remorse. All this is frightfully immoral, I know, but life in the savannas of the tropics cannot be that of a London cockney, a Parisian idler, or an American Presbyterian.

The moralists, I well know, condemn all this; and they are right. But poetry is often in antagonism with virtue; and now that I am shivering under the icy wind and gray sky of the north, now that I hear discussions on Erie, Prairie du Chien, Harlem, and Cumberland, now that I read in the newspapers the lists of dead and wounded, the devastation of incendiaries, the abductions and assassinations that are committed on both sides under the name of retaliation, I find myself excusing the demisavages of the savannas who prefer their poetic barbarism to our barbarous progress.

It was at this period that Strakosch wrote, offering me an engagement for a round of concerts in the United States. I hesitated an instant, cast a last glance at the past, gave a sigh, and signed. The dream was finished— I was saved, but who shall say if, in this salvage, youth and poesy had not been wrecked? Poesy and youth are by nature vagabonds; they are butterflies. Shut them up in the cage of reason, and their transparent wings are broken against the prison bars. Regulate their flight and you take from them their scope and boldness—two qualities that often are found in inexperience and whose loss is not always compensated by maturity of talent.  

While Strakosch began making arrangements for the tour, which was to take place in 1862, Gottschalk returned to Havana in November of 1859. Two of the pieces treated in this thesis (*Tarantella* and *Escenas Campesinas*) owe their existence to this visit.

Gottschalk was never what might be called a healthy man, and on this occasion he was taken ill on the day after he arrived from Martinique. After being confined to his bed for

11Gottschalk, pp. 42-43.
about three weeks he gave a command performance at the palace and a public performance at the Liceo Artístico y Literario. The public enthusiasm as a result of these appearances seems to have moved Gottschalk to plan a great musical festival in honor of the Cuban people. He printed and circulated profusely the following invitation.

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Mr. ________

Dear Sir: In order to bring to pass in this city a Festival in which 850 musicians will perform several of my symphonic works, I have found it necessary to count on the cooperation of my artistic friends and admirers who have always demonstrated such kindness toward me. Numbering you in this company, I venture to hope that your assistance and your talent will increase the success of the FESTIVAL. Please let me know your decision either directly at my house, 470 Aguina [sic], or through one of the music stores of this city.

Let me take this opportunity to offer myself as your humble servant, etc.        

L. M. Gottschalk

Havana, Jan. 24, 1860

Note: The rehearsals will be announced in the papers.  

This was not the first notice to the people of Havana of Gottschalk’s gigantic project. As early as January 7, 1860, the Gaceta de la Habana printed a rather lengthy article introducing the idea, explaining the background and artistic purpose of such festivals, and trying to provoke a surge of public interest. 

In this manner Gottschalk’s brainstorm was thrust before the Havanese, and it became the most important current event.

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12Fors, op. cit., pp. 104-105.

13Fors, pp. 105-110 provides the full text of this article.
of the time. Gottschalk in his journal relates the preparations he made for the affair:

Two months later (on the offer made to me by the general-in-chief to place at my disposal all the military bands) I had, as I say, the idea of giving a grand festival, and I made an arrangement with the director of the Italian company, then in possession of the Grand Tacón Theater. He contracted with me to furnish his chief performers, all the choruses, and his whole orchestra on condition of having an interest in the result. I set to work and composed, on some Spanish verses written for me by a Havana poet, an opera in one act, entitled 

**États champêtres cubaines [Escenas Campastres]**. Then I composed a Triumphant Hymn and a Grand March. My orchestra consisted of six hundred and fifty performers, eighty-seven choristers, fifteen solo singers, fifty drums, and eighty trumpets—that is to say, nearly nine hundred persons bellowing and blowing to see who could scream the loudest. The violins alone were seventy in number, contrabasses eleven, violoncellos eleven;

You can imagine the effect. No one can have any idea of the labor it cost me. The copying of the orchestral parts alone amounted to five thousand francs. There were two thousand pages of the single act of the opera; for the Fête cubaine more than four thousand pages, and nearly two thousand pages for the Hymn. I was obliged to write out the original score for all. Besides, I had to devise page by page the whole eight or ten thousand pages. During the last week I had such an amount of labor that I remained at work seventy-two hours, sleeping only two hours out of every twenty-four. I was to pay a very heavy fine in case I was not ready at the time fixed in the contract made with the impresario of the theater:

"Notice to artists: To give a concert at the Tacón is equal to laying a plan for a campaign, to putting an opera of Meyerbeer on the stage, or to publishing Le Pére Goriot, by Balzac; finally it is an immense effort, requiring a great deal of money, time, diplomacy, and muscles of steel in the service of an iron will."

In addition to making all these preparations, Gottschalk sold the tickets at his home in order to circumvent the speculators.

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The monstrous orchestra was formed of artists and amateurs, colored and white, including some of Havana's most distinguished persons. Preparations in the theater included the construction of huge risers at the rear of the stage. At the proscenium and front of the stage was situated the orchestra. Behind this in a graduated semicircle were the soloists and chorus members. Then on the risers were the military bands. A group of trumpeters were located on the ground floor to combine and compete antiphonally with the trumpets on stage.

The program included Noche de los Trópicos, one act of the opera Carlos IX, and a Grand Triumphant March. (Fors cautions that this should not be confused with the Gran Marcha for orchestra written in Brazil, or the Marcha Solemn written for piano.) The Cassier husband-and-wife team, and the tenor Ernani sang the Escenas Campstrees along with the chorus, orchestra and bands. Gottschalk did play one solo piano piece, the perennially popular Banjo.

The whole project was a huge success. Gottschalk stayed in Cuba for several months playing recitals, not only in Havana, but in other parts of the island as well. On April 17, 1861, he attempted an even larger festival which did not succeed. The press complained that quantity rather than quality had been stressed. It lasted five and a half hours. Gottschalk had secured the services of the king of the Association

15Fors, p. 111.
of French Negroes, who came all the way from Santiago with a
battery of bamboulas (African drums) and a corps of native
performers for a second performance of Noche de los Trópico.,

Pors relates a story which may have a direct bearing on
some of the music dealt with in this thesis. Nicolas Ruíz
Espadero, a Cuban composer and pianist who was an eccentric
recluse, had befriended Gottschalk. He was afraid that Gott-
schalk's best music would be lost because Gottschalk refused
to write his music down in a permanent manner, for fear that
it would be pirated and published in a mutilated form. In-
stead, Gottschalk wrote his pieces in a peculiar notation and
was very careless about keeping them in order. Whenever Gott-
schalk needed an old piece for a new performance, he had to
rewrite the score and parts. With this fact in mind, there
is little reason for us to be terribly upset by the varied
versions that can be found of several of these pieces.
Espadero used any pretext he could think of to get Gottschalk
to write out his music in an abbreviated notation which
Espadero could understand. Whenever he had a chance,
Espadero spirited this music away and kept it in his archives.
Finally he decided to make a permanent, legible copy of each
piece so it could be kept safe for posterity in his possession.
After making complete scores from the sketches, he called in
Gottschalk and showed him his handiwork. After Gottschalk

16 Alejo Carpentier, La Música en Cuba (Mexico City:
recovered from his surprise, it was agreed that he was to leave these original scores in the custody of Espadero, but he could request copies at any time. To seal the bargain, Espadero gave Gottschalk a bound score and set of parts to take with him on his journeys. It is reasonably certain that the scores of Escenas Campesstras and Marcha Triunfal which have recently become the property of the Library of Performing Arts in New York were made in Cuba and given to Gottschalk.

The Tarantella had its humble beginnings in this period. Gottschalk often used to get together with Espadero and a violinist named White to improvise music. Once it occurred to them to play a tarantella, and Gottschalk quickly dashed off a short piece for violin and piano, which much later was expanded into the flashy piece for piano and orchestra with which we are now familiar.¹⁷

Finally it was time for Gottschalk to start his tour in the United States. But it was 1862 and the States were not so united. Civil war was raging. Before he could return to the United States, Gottschalk (being from Louisiana) had to swear allegiance to the Union and its Federal government. On January 18th he sailed for New York. His first concert there was postponed a few days to coincide with the ninth anniversary of his first appearance in New York. He did not play his best. But by his next appearance a few days

later in Brooklyn he was back to normal. Gottschalk then began his feverish tours, crisscrossing the continent, establishing himself from Washington to Montreal and from New York to San Francisco as the dominant musical figure of the Civil War era. His diary is brimming with humorous anecdotes, philosophical insights, and emotional passages that detail what it was like to travel from town to town, playing the piano for a nation at war with itself. At times he seemed to be having a good time; more often he was complaining.

This agitated life is a distressing monotony.... Everything is foreseen, everything is marked out, everything is regulated in my peregrinations. Thanks to the experience of my agent, I know in advance, within a few dollars, the amount of the receipts in a town of a given number of inhabitants. I know, with my eyes shut, every one of the inextricable cross-threads that form the network of the railroads with which New England is covered. The railroad conductors salute me familiarly as one of the employees. The young girls at the refreshment room of the station, where five minutes are given, select for me the best cut of ham, and sugar my tea with the obliging smile that all well-taught tradespeople owe to their customers. In my black suit at 8 o’clock I salute my audience, and give them Il Trovatore. At a quarter to nine they encore the Murmurée Melodius. At half-past nine they call again for the Barcarolle, in the midst of the enthusiasm of some young romantic virgins and some papas slightly inclined in a semiconscious state to sleep, who find the piece full of agreeable effects. At ten o’clock I carry off my patriotic audience to the belligerent accents of The Union Fantasia; and at half-past ten I throw myself, exhausted and depoetized, into the proscenium arms of the blessed Morpheus, whom I should be tempted to canonize if I were pope, and if the good man (I speak of Morpheus) had not chosen to live before the invention of canonization.

Then morning, breakfast in a hurry, and, alas! five, six, seven, eight, or ten hours of railroad, and always the same thing—the crowd, and to be isolated! Isolation is certainly sometimes a sad thing, but to be alone and
find yourself surrounded—be jostled by the multitude and feel that, aside from the indirect relations of the ticket office, no other tie attaches you to those who surround you—is it not worse than ostracism or the desert?

I live on the railroad—my home is somewhere between the baggage car and the last car of the train. Certain naturalists assert that insects reflect in their physiological conformation the peculiar characters of the vegetation upon which they live. According to that (if this peculiarity of insects extends as far as pianists), I ought to have the gait of a locomotive and the intelligence of a bandbox. All notions of time and space are effaced from my mind. . . . If you ask me what time it is, I will reply, "It is time to close my trunk" or "It is time to play The Banjo" or "It is time to put on my black coat." These three events are very nearly the most memorable of my daily existence. I console myself by thinking that I am not the only one of my species.18

Gottschalk had to contend with critics of every description. In Boston the ogre was John Sullivan Dwight, publisher of Dwight's Journal of Music. Dwight maintained that Gottschalk should not limit himself to his own music, but should play more music of the masters. Gottschalk liked to boast about how he tricked Dwight by reversing the order of one of his own pieces and a Beethoven Bagatelle without announcing the change. True to form, Dwight attacked what he thought was Gottschalk while he raved about what he thought was Beethoven.

On the other hand, not everyone who paid good money to hear Gottschalk had the same tastes as Mr. Dwight. Several times we are told that the audience would have preferred a good minstrel show to Gottschalk's overly complicated music. The typical audience was described as follows:

First, the young girls from the boarding school (may I be permitted to confess that it is the most interesting element of the audience, and that upon which my attention most willingly rests). Leale Nome and Pastiche, the first, doubtless, on account of the romantic tint of its title, the second, thanks to the small talk between the malicious and awkward young girl and the amorous chevalier, generally have the privilege of awakening in an unequivocal manner the notice of the pretty battalion on the left or right wing. At one or the other extremity, like the guardian of the flock sheep, is generally found the local Beethoven, who is not celebrated, whose immaculate, delicate taste cannot be pleased with the plain water gruel served up to the barbarous vulgar, and who feeds only on the divine ambrosia emanating from the masters (dead—this is important, and purified in the crucible consecrated by opinion and by time); this is the best tone, seeing that aristocracy is always conservative. The great dead! How many crimes are committed in their name! It is sweet to be able to crush a living youth who incommodes you (and what way is more commodious and less compromising than to throw an old name at his head?).

In April of 1865 Gottschalk set out for California and the Wild West. He became immensely popular in San Francisco; he even made a tour into the mining towns of Nevada, where the natives would have preferred to hear imitations of bird calls on the violin--music that could be "felt and understood without any need of being a musician." In San Francisco, as in Spain and Cuba, Gottschalk found that the public was impressed with things done on a grand scale; so he began to advertise multiple piano concerts. These intensified his popularity immensely.

However, not everyone in San Francisco loved Gottschalk. A powerful impresario named Maguire disliked the local

\[19\] Gottschalk, p. 118.
\[20\] Ibid., p. 313.
Chickering piano dealer and insisted that Gottschalk dishonor his contract to play Chickering pianos exclusively. When this demand was refused, Maguire extended his ill will to Gottschalk. His opportunity for revenge came when Gottschalk was caught returning a young girl to her private school at an indecently late hour. Maguire raised such a hue and cry that Gottschalk was forced to flee aboard a ship bound for South America. Although they were later shown to be exaggerated, scandalous stories were flashed across the country, permanently tarnishing his image in the eyes of the American public (see Appendix I, p. 89). As Jeanne Behrend remarks editorially, "Gottschalk, it seems, was always to be plagued with an over-abundance of women and pianos."\(^{21}\)

Gottschalk arrived in Lima, Peru, just in time for a civil war in the fall of 1865. In South America, where he spent the rest of his life, the wandering pianist seems to have been on his own, with no manager to guide his fate, and entries in his journal from that period underscore his indecision concerning future plans. He began to write more and more about extramusical affairs--particularly politics, religious hypocrites, and public education.

This is not to say that he was neglecting his music. He gave a lengthy series of successful concerts in Lima, after which he began to wander southward. The Chilean

\(^{21}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 320.\)
people had heard of Gottschalk’s successes in Peru and were eagerly awaiting his arrival. In Santiago he stayed long enough to give a good many concerts, including a monster-concert involving three hundred and fifty musicians. He found that a large percentage of the musicians could not read music and had to be taught their parts by rote. Gottschalk’s habit of donating the proceeds of many of his concerts to charities had endeared him to the South American people, and they responded to the monster-concert with wild demonstrations in the streets. He was showered with medals, wreaths, and decorations by the idolatrous public.

Two of the pieces played at the monster concert belong to this collection. The "Andante" from A Night in the Tropics was introduced in a newly orchestrated version that is somewhat shorter than his Cuban version. The second piece, Marcha Solemne a Chile was probably an earlier version of the Marche Solennelle, which was later dedicated to the Emperor of Brazil.22

In May of 1867 he left the Pacific side of South America for a trip through the Straits of Magellan to the Rio de la Plata region. He disembarked in Montevideo, Uruguay, and spent the better part of the next two years commuting between that city and Buenos Aires, Argentina. At first there was

some hostility in the press at Montevideo. Fors speculates that this was due to envy of his power over women, who were trying to get locks of his hair to wear in elegant "petites 'relicarios' d'or." Fors continues that in time even his most obstinate adversaries came to be numbered among his closest friends.

It was in Montevideo that Gottschalk met Luis Ricardo Fors, an exiled Spanish republican, who later became his faithful friend and biographer. Together they worked to accomplish social reform, particularly in the area of public education. Gottschalk helped to found the Sociedad de Amigos de la Educación Popular, and swelled its coffers with the proceeds from a special benefit concert. In November 1868, he organized another festival for three hundred fifty musicians. Once again he triumphed; the papers seemed particularly impressed because he had conducted the entire performance from memory.

As success followed success, Gottschalk had once again begun to feel the urge to compose. For his monster concert in Montevideo he composed a symphony in one movement entitled A Montevideo. The political implications of this tribute were apparent when, in the closing section, the Uruguayan national anthem was mingled with strains of "Hail Columbia"

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23 Fors, p. 168.
24 Gottschalk, p. 391.
25 Hensel, p. 169
and "Yankee Doodle." Also for this concert he reworked the Gran Marcha Solemne to include the proper national tunes for its Uruguayan premiere. On December 15, 1868, Gottschalk confided to his journal:

I am writing at this moment my grand Tarantella for the piano with orchestral accompaniment, which I have dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess Marguerite of Italy. One of my best friends, Count Gioannini, an excellent amateur pianist, ex-minister from Italy to Buenos Aires, has promised to present the composition to the princess, himself, and assures me that it will be worth the new decoration of Italy, which has just been instituted by the king, Victor Emmanuel.

I compose also a great deal for Ditson of Boston under the pseudonym of Seven Octaves, and also for Schott of Mayence [Mainz] who asks me for twelve pieces a year.26

The following letter from Gottschalk to a friend in New York gives a more detailed account of the pieces he was writing, as well as a handy summary in his own words of his adventures in South America up to that time:

As for myself, you know pretty much all I have done since I left the United States. I went to Peru whilst civil war was raging; was at the battle of Lima when the city was stormed by that black-hearted, half-breed, ignorant, savage dictator Prado. In Chili I organized, after having given sixteen concerts in the capital [sic] (Santiago), several festivals of four hundred and fifty musicians, which I led, and had several of my symphonias performed. The Government decorated me with a gold medal. I then gave several concerts for the hospitals, and afterwards a series of performances for the benefit of the public schools. The Board of Instruction of Santiago presented me with another gold medal, as did also the "National Society of Lima": this last medal is ornamented with pearls and diamonds.

In Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Montevideo, &c., &c., I was also decorated with gold medals, diplomas of membership of academies, institutes, &c., &c. Having

26 Gottschalk, pp. 397-8.
given for the building of the German hospital one concert in Buenos Ayres, which netted over sixteen thousand dollars, the Board of Directors agreed that my name should be inscribed on a marble tablet in the lobby of the establishment.

My new compositions are very numerous. They are as follows: two books of Etudes de Concert; two symphonies for orchestra; one "Marche Herolque," dedicated to the emperor of Brazil; also, for orchestra, six mazurkas de concert, six waltzes de concert, about a dozen of bravura pieces, a score of melodies, nocturnes, romances, and a grand Tarantella for piano and orchestra, which is my "cheval de battle,"[sic] as it is called for at all my concerts, and always encored.27

Finally in May of 1869 he arrived in Rio de Janeiro and immediately sought out the musical elite of the city. First, he found Arturo Napoléão, a concert pianist with whom he had associated in Cuba at the time of the monster concert, and who had lately settled in Rio de Janeiro to open a music publishing house as well as a piano store. The ruler of Brazil at that time, Emperor Dom Pedro II, evidently an enlightened man who was interested in the arts as well as the well-being of his country, was flattered by the arrival of the pianist, and requested that a meeting be arranged. Gottschalk and the Emperor spent a good deal of time in conversation on a wide variety of subjects. The royal family liked this fascinating artist and gentleman, and attended every concert he gave. These were all financial successes; speculators were getting

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27Kensel, pp. 176-7. The date under which this letter is published cannot be accurate. On October 24, 1869, Gottschalk wrote other letters from Rio; this letter is postmarked San Isidro, and discloses a plan to arrive in Rio within four weeks. There is no mention of his bout with yellow fever (see below).
up to twenty-five dollars for a single seat. But, as before, fate decreed a sudden change of circumstances. On July 30, he played a command performance at the royal palace. When the festivities ended at four in the morning, Gottschalk had to stand in a drenching rain while waiting to be taken home. The next day he was too ill to get out of bed. When the illness persisted, it was diagnosed as yellow fever. This attack was almost more than his weak constitution could bear. But he survived, and, even as he was recovering, he was making plans for ever grander projects. In September of 1869 he wrote the following letter to a friend in Boston:

I am recovering slowly. Of course I do not yet feel strong; but, thank God! I am in good health.

The papers in the Rio Plata have had me dead lately. The fact is, that, on the 5th of August, I was so low (yellow fever) that my physicians gave me up. The emperor, who had constantly shown me the greatest kindness since my arrival, as soon as he knew of my sickness, sent every day officiously (?!) one of his chamberlains to inquire after my health; but, on the 5th of August, he ordered his first gentleman in waiting to call on me officially. At half past eight in the evening, a court carriage stopped at my door; and, a few minutes afterwards, the chamberlain in full court uniform stood at my bedside. Of course I could not speak, and hardly understood what was going on; the fever being so intense that I had been delirious, singing, and making political speeches, during four consecutive nights and days.

Notwithstanding my being unconscious, the courtly gentleman, in his glittering tail coat, delivered solemnly the imperial message, and, after remaining half an hour in my room, returned to the palace. All this I heard of when the fever subsided. As soon as I could stand on my feet again, my first visit was for the emperor to thank him for the kind interest he and the empress had shown me.

I gave a concert night before last, crowded: it is my seventh in Rio. The next one takes place day after tomorrow. After that, I give a new series, with orchestra and thirty pianists; and at last, for the bonne bouche,
three grand festivals, with eight hundred performers, at which I will produce my symphonies, and the grand "Marche Triomphale" [sic] I dedicated to the emperor. He is very anxious to have those festivals organized, and has offered me the means to muster in Rio all the musicians that can be had within the province.

If you can speak of all this in the papers, you will please me much, as I would like our people to know that there is one emperor who is not a tyrant, and who likes the Americans. 28

A month later he wrote to the same friend hastily:

No time to write... Am preparing grand festival, eight hundred musicians; new symphony to be performed under my baton.

The emperor has issued an order to secretaries of war, navy, and justice, by which I am appointed, pro tempore, director-general of all the bands of national guards, army and marine. I have already three hundred and seventy-four men working. Five hundred more await my orders. Just think of eight hundred performers and eighty drums to lead. 29

While all these feverish preparations were getting under way, Gottschalk took time out to engage in other activities. On October 31, 1869, a week after he wrote the short letter above, he appeared as one of several performers in a festival honoring the thirty-first birthday of the king of Portugal, Luiz I. For his own personal contribution to the occasion, Gottschalk premiered his new piece Fantasia sobre o Hymno de Luiz I, for piano and orchestra. This piece was repeated on November 15 in a benefit program for a Portuguese society.

In the meantime, word began to get around about Gottschalk's gigantic new project. Newspapers began discussing

29 Ibid., p. 174.
the huge expenditure of time, effort, and money. There was a good deal of speculation as to whether or not eight hundred musicians could be found. They could not; the final number was six hundred and fifty. There were several reports that attempted to give an exact breakdown of the instrumentalists; but since they contradicted each other, this knowledge is uncertain.\footnote{30}

Gottschalk had to do all the orchestrating and rehearsing himself. He used eleven copyists working around the clock under his supervision to complete the fifteen thousand pages of parts for the musicians. The following note gives some idea of his existence during the final preparations:

I go from one barracks to another. I am a symphonic, voltaic pile; a steam engine become man. If I do not go mad, it will neither be my fault nor that of my soldiers. My room is a Capernaum, my heart a volcano, my head a chaos! This will explain to you, as an excuse, this disorderly scrawl that I am making in haste, while waiting for my third rehearsal today.\footnote{31}

Also, most sources add parenthetically, we may be sure that Gottschalk was not neglecting the beautiful women of Rio.

By the day of the concert, November 24, the theater was sold out, in spite of the overpriced tickets. The program began with a one-act comedy produced by a local company. This was followed by a group of short pieces: Gottschalk playing a fantasy on themes from \textit{Faust}; the violinist Luigi

\footnote{30}See Lange, Vol. V, p. 332, for complete list of bands.  
\footnote{31}Gottschalk, pp. 403-4.
Elena playing a fantasy on the Carnival of Venice; and Gottschalk again, playing his Tarantella with a small orchestra. After a forty-five minute break, the curtain rose to reveal the huge orchestra. The very sight of such a spectacle brought the audience, cheering, to its feet. When relative calm was restored, this mammoth ensemble played a March from Meyerbeer's Le Prophète, the overture from Méhul's Chasse du jeune Henri, and Gottschalk's Night in the Tropics. Each piece was followed by a five-minute break. The finale, Marcha Solemne Brasileira, included a battle scene with real artillery pieces stationed backstage. Of course, it had to be repeated.

The people were ecstatic, the papers raved, and a second performance was scheduled for the evening of November 26 in order to try to recoup some of the tremendous investment of money. In the meantime, Gottschalk had long since promised to appear at the regular concert of the Sociedade Philharmonica Fluminense on the evening of November 25. Although he was very tired, and not well after the excitement and pressure of the previous weeks, Gottschalk kept his word. After playing one of his virtuoso pieces, he began his favorite sentimental piece, Morte!: (She Is Dead!). Several bars into the piece he had to stop, complaining that he was unwell, and the sadness of the piece was more than he could bear. This was his last public appearance. He had to be helped home. The next day he was too sick to get up, but by evening he determined to go through with the Festival. He went to the theater, but an
excruciating pain in his stomach kept him from going on 
age to face his impatient public. A deputy conductor was 
asked to carry on while Gottschalk was taken home. Dr. Sever- 
iano Martins, who had helped him overcome yellow fever, once 
again tried to save him. After several days of pain, Gott- 
schalk was taken to Tijuca, a suburb of Rio, in the hopes 
that a change of atmosphere would be helpful. On December 14 
an internal abscess broke, diminishing the pain, but emptying 
too much poison into the blood to be tolerated by his weakened 
system. Shortly after midnight on December 18, 1869, Gott- 
schalk sent for a lawyer to take his last will and testament, 
saying he would be dead within four hours. He was. By the 
time the lawyer arrived, Gottschalk had gone into a coma, 
but not before he had dictated a will to his valet Firmin 
Moras—a will which he was too weak to sign. In this will a 
good deal of his property was left to Moras, but the lack 
of a signature made it impossible for him to collect. This 
episode created much bad feeling between Gottschalk's sisters 
and this faithful friend who had stayed with Gottschalk ever 
since the sojourn on the volcano.

The body of "o divino pianista" was immediately embalmed 
and taken to the hall of the Sociedade Philharmonica Pluminensae. 
Papers announced his funeral for the following afternoon. As 
his body lay in state, a small orchestra played an arrangement 
of his Morte!. The body was then taken to be buried in the 
cemetery of Saint John the Baptist. A great mass of people
followed the procession through the streets, and the press was filled with flowery eulogies in memory of his great genius.

When his sisters heard about his death, they immediately made plans to have his remains moved to New York. Finally on August 27, 1870, his body was put on board the steamer Merrimack. On a rainy October 3, 1870, after a funeral in St. Stephen's Church, his body was laid to rest in the Green Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn. Above his grave was erected an elaborate monument of an angel holding a lyre and a book bearing the names of six of his compositions. Today the angel, lyre, and book are gone; the grave can be found only with great difficulty. Even the name on the pedestal is all but indecipherable. 32

32 See Appendix I for eulogy published in New York World, January 22, 1870.
CHAPTER II

A DISCUSSION OF FORM AND MUSICAL STYLE AS
EXEMPLIFIED IN THESE WORKS FOR ORCHESTRA
AND SOLOISTS WITH ORCHESTRA

Gottschalk the composer was a product of the age in
which he lived and the environment in which he moved. His
lifetime fits entirely within the boundaries of what is
commonly called the Romantic Era. The artists who flour-
ished in that period placed a great amount of emphasis on
personal expression. A quest for the effect of spontaneity
often superceded the strict and conscious adherence to some
of the more complex formal structures. Accordingly, one
would search in vain among the works of Gottschalk for a
single movement in sonata-allegro form. But it would be
a mistake to assume that his musical creations are "without
form and void," for they reveal his careful attention to
matters of order and symmetry. Indeed, some of his most
banal pieces would be sources of great pleasure to those
who gauge music by the perfection of its form. Doyle, in his
dissertation on the piano music of Gottschalk, asserts that
he found no significant contribution to form therein.¹ He

¹John Godfrey Doyle, "The Piano Music of Louis Moreau
University, 1960), abstract, 2nd page.

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reported the following figures: 5% of the pieces are in binary form, 52% are in ternary form, 16% are in rondo form, and the remaining 27% are either theme and variations, mutations of ternary and binary, or free fantasy.²

But a study of his orchestral pieces reveals that their forms must more often than not be judged on a somewhat broader standard than textbooks ordinarily supply. Jacques Barzun defines the new criterion as follows:

One then judges the creator’s formal power not by reference to some classified plan suitable to another subject, but by measuring the degree to which massive materials have been grasped and held in place by the organizing mind.³

This quotation should not be construed as an indication that Gottschalk used "massive materials" (his orchestral works are engagingly short), but it does serve as an excellent point of departure for a survey of the structures of these compositions. The following discussion will begin with the piece written in the most orthodox form and proceed by degrees to the freest.

The very title of the Variations on a Portuguese Hymn reveals this piece to be organized according to a time-honored formula. In one sense this type of form can be said to be highly unified in that it deals continuously with the same theme. But for precisely the same reason, it seems to

²Doyle, p. 114.

be sectionalized as the theme finishes and begins again with a new figuration. Both these qualities are highly in evidence in Gottschalk's use of the form. There are four variations and a finale. After a short orchestral introduction the piano announces the theme in open octaves over a very simple orchestral accompaniment. The end of the theme is marked by a ten-measure interlude that acts in the capacity of a ritornello, reappearing between all but the last two variations. This reiteration has the effect of mitigating any dramatic succession of moods Gottschalk may have intended. The over-emphasis of these structural joints provides listeners with a mental scorecard to chalk up the variations as they go by. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of direction when the piece is considered as a whole. The first three variations are light, frothy, and chiefly for display; but the cadenza leading to the fourth variation changes the predominant mood as well as the tonality. In this variation there is an unabashed sentimentality treated with delicate pianistic embroideries. The final orchestral interlude expands this mood into a proud and triumphant statement. This deliberate build-up of emotions has proven itself effective to generations of preachers and political speechwriters.

The overall form of Escenas Campestres can be described as ternary--ABA. Theme A is an orchestral version of Gottschalk's piano composition Danza, Op. 33. This section is

[4] Quite probably the melody was arranged by Gottschalk from a popular Cuban dance of the time. Doyle's attempts to uncover the exact source proved to be futile. See Doyle, p. 152.
in a special form that Gottschalk seems to have liked—that is, \( \| abc \| \). In this case, \( a, b, \) and \( c \) each represent sixteen measures (eight bars repeated, though not always literally), and they are all closely related, never leaving the key of E-flat major. In the second appearance of \( A \) (\( \pi, 326 \) ff), there is an extra sixteen-measure passage interpolated between \( a \) and \( b \) in which the soprano soloist begins her epilogue. This section is omitted in the repeat, for which Gottschalk calls upon the services of a full-blown band to supplement his orchestra for a rousing finale. The middle theme (\( \bar{A} \)) of the overall form is itself in ternary form and is considerably longer than \( A \). The voices enter imitatively above a characteristically syncopated Latin dance. The bass enters in C minor, the tenor follows in F minor, and the soprano in A-flat major. After the trio sings together for a while, the orchestra unobtrusively begins the Zapateado which gradually builds in excitement and complexity. This wild dance is the peak of the arch form, both in this section and in the entire composition. The repeat of the first motive of this theme is a good deal more florid than its first appearance, particularly in the soprano part, which ends with a spectacular cadenza. In terms of structure, Escenas Campesinas is one of the strongest, most symmetrical pieces in this group.

\[5\] A Zapateado is a vigorous, foot-stamping Spanish dance characterized by intricate syncopations and cross-rhythms.
The Marche Solennelle is basically in the form of a song with trio. After a twenty-four measure opening fanfare, the principal theme makes the first of many, many appearances. The monotony of this melody is broken somewhat by the occasional appearance of a brief, lyrical passage characterized by modulatory harmonies (mm. 41-48) and by a change in texture (m. 79 f). The trio (m. 95 f) is similarly repetitious; however, it too is treated to a contrasting theme (mm. 127-143) and textural figuration distressingly like that added to the song theme (mm. 144 ff). But the real interest of this piece comes in the coda following the mercifully truncated reappearance of the principal theme. The little accompaniment figure which has served well throughout the music is now, with only slight modification, fitted over the Brazilian national anthem (m. 201 f). This tune is then fragmented and juxtaposed against itself in a bellicose atmosphere of trumpet calls and cannon balls (mm. 216-248), from which emerges the final grand and glorious statement of the Brazilian national anthem in honor of His Majesty, the Emperor of Brazil (to whom, after all, this piece was dedicated).

Tarantella is a perfect example of the way Gottschalk planned and organized his material without confining himself to textbook formulas. Doyle found this piece to be in a sonata-rondo form which he further clarifies as: Introduction--ABACABA--Coda. The edition from which he made his analysis

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6 Doyle, p. 116.
must evidently be somewhat different from the South American score, for the latter cannot be readily forced into such a form. A more nearly exact description of Tarantella would categorize it into the special form alluded to above—\\(ABC)\\— but with complications. Because of the smooth connecting passages, it is really quite difficult to pinpoint the exact measures in which thematic material evolves into bridge material; but the beginning of each theme is quite clear. After a brief introduction, the orchestra begins theme A in D minor with the three-eighth-note anacrusis to measure 18. The piano entrance in measure 65 marks the beginning of theme B, starting in D minor and modulating to F major. After a transition that is similar to the introduction, a descending chromatic scale leads to a dramatic cymbal clash (measure 177) signaling theme C, which appears first in D major and then modulates directly to F-sharp major. Following a transition that once again corresponds to the introduction, themes A and B are repeated literally, but theme C is drastically shortened to only sixteen measures. This is followed immediately by the spectacular finale, also in D major. Although the balance between the sections is not as perfect as that in Escenas Campestres, the overall structure is clear.

*Marcha Triunfal y Final de Opera* is an example of Gottschalk's method of creating larger forms by the process of chaining together smaller forms. It is divided into three principal sections with a coda. The first section is devoted
entirely to the band, without the strings, and is in the style of a lengthy fanfare. The second section (m. 112 ff), which, as will be noted in Chapter III, is somewhat incomplete, is an Andante maestoso that conveys the self-assurance of a royal march. A brief fanfare introduces the final section which includes two complete circus-like marches, each in ternary form (m. 210 ff, m. 293 ff). The coda begins with what seems to be a recapitulation of the first march, but the theme is motivically developed and builds to a triumphal restatement of the Andante maestoso theme (m. 439). At the very end, it is surprising that, instead of expanding the last phrase to increase the feeling of finality in this rather unusual progression, Gottschalk actually telescoped eight measures (mm. 188-195) into only six (mm. 446-451) and speeded up the tempo to rally the rabble breathlessly to their feet. It is impossible (see Chapter III) to know if this music was lifted bodily from Gottschalk's opera, or if it was more in the nature of an arrangement of tunes from the opera. If the former is true, any observations as to form must acknowledge the fact that the music is just an excerpt from a larger structure.

The symphony entitled A Montevideo is also of a chain-type construction. Three principal themes again provide the basis for three main sections. The first is rather slow and reflective, including only one really important melodic idea. The second section is a rondo-like presto, having a succession
of related themes and two similar passages that seem to act in the capacity of development sections. The general outline of the middle section is as follows: introductory material, leading to the sprightly tune a at measure 94; b (measure 126 ff), more a motive than a tune, and similar in treatment to the introductory material; a (measure 157); b (measure 173); a (measure 204); development, combining elements from the introduction, a, and b (measure 211); c (measure 274); development (measure 337); c' (measure 369). The third section (measure 436) is a collage of national tunes. "Hail, Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" are sandwiched between verses of the Uruguayan National Hymn.?

It is worthy of mention that the composition that seems to be the most successful aesthetically, the first movement of Gottschalk's symphony entitled A Night in the Tropics, is in the freest form. A high degree of unity is imparted by the fact that all the important melodies are in the key of E-flat major and are strongly triadic. The impression given to the listener is one of a very cohesive arch form that begins quietly, builds to an impassioned climax, and subsides to the mood of the beginning. The three most significant melodies are hymnlike (measure 1), poignant (measure 48), and grandiose (measure 93). The melodies beginning in measures 16 and 73 are more motivic and provide bridges between

7 For the interesting history of this anthem see Lauro Ayesterán, La Música en el Uruguay (Montevideo: Servicio Oficial de Difusión Radio-Electrónica, 1953), Vol. I, pp. 732-737.
the main sections. Although no program is given, the title of the symphony makes it easy to imagine a lazy tropical night; and the score clearly seems to denote birdcalls, a passing storm, and a shimmering new world.

As has been noted, almost all of Gottschalk's orchestral works are pervaded with dramatic qualities in varying degrees. This reflects an important fact of life for the composer of the mid-nineteenth century. Doyle summed it up in the following manner:

In the world of music, success at the opera was still the goal of composers. Society regarded music as a pleasant background for polite conversation, and when it listened, preferred tunes it could remember.8

Gottschalk was not completely at ease in his attempts at opera:

Nothing easier, I said to myself, than to make such operas. It has happened to me since to try to write an opera, and the day in which I sketched out a bad duo, I all at once perceived that Verdi possessed genius. I recommend this little exercise to pianisticules who deny talents to their confreeres, who dare to compose; it cannot fail to be useful to their petty vanity.9

But in spite of his troubles, Gottschalk was always pursuing his dream of having an opera produced in Europe. Certainly it can be said that a certain operatic style permeates much of his music, however unconscious it may have been.

The use of the rather broad term "operatic style" leads to a discussion of the problem of delineating the musical

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8 Doyle, p. 19.
9 Gottschalk, Notes, p. 300.
style of Gottschalk. If it is true, as Gottschalk professed to believe, that music begins where the word ends, then it can sometimes be exceedingly difficulty to describe in significant terms the musical style of a composer. Indeed, an attempt to explain even the clearest musical phenomena with words can easily degenerate into a display of one’s familiarity with numerous analytical techniques. There can be no denial that the exercise of such rather scientific procedures can be of great value in describing the music of some composers, particularly those with unusual or innovative ideas and those especially concerned with structural aspects. But more can be learned about the style of Gottschalk with one casual hearing of his music than can be gleaned from a concentrated study of data resulting from a hundred different analyses of the music.\footnote{Doyle, in his study of the piano music of Gottschalk, presents page after page of painstakingly acquired facts, figures, and percentages, but it is notable that Doyle is the first to admit that this information—a very accurate description of Gottschalk’s harmonic vocabulary—reveals very little information really pertinent to Gottschalk’s distinctive style. He points out on at least two occasions\footnote{See Doyle, p. 120.} that percentages derived from studies of the music of this composer...}

\footnote{Today we investigate the properties of music in less earthy regions and less picturesque language, and our conclusions are somewhat less useful in explaining Gottschalk than his own are.” In Offergeld, “The Gottschalk Legend,” Introduction to The Piano Works of Louis Moreau Gottschalk (New York: Arno Press and the New York Times, 1969).}
do not differ to a great extent from those derived from the music of the eighteenth century. If this is so, then selected general statements and oversimplifications that result primarily from aural rather than visual study might be more helpful in elucidating Gottschalk's style.

An important generalization that must be made with respect to his harmonic language is that it is not particularly unusual. Many passages are quite ordinary (some would say banal), and not nearly so imaginative as Chopin would have written them. But occasionally one finds in his works passages of which Richard Wagner would be justly proud (see A Night in the Tropics, measures 125-146), humorous passages with bizarre modulations that spawn chuckles worthy of Prokofiev or Poulenc (see the entire Presto of A Montevideo), and isolated instances of bold dissonance equal to those in Khatchaturian's Piano Concerto (see Tarantella, measures 461-473, and Marcha Triunfal, measure 45). These latter passages are mentioned because they are unusual. Another general statement that can be made is that these remarkable examples occur without warning in the midst of very ordinary surroundings. This lack of consistency, which is sometimes found even in the greatest composers, seems to be especially evident in the works of Gottschalk.

In terms of style, the two compositions for piano and orchestra must be considered separately from the others. They are both virtuoso pieces intended to display the soloist.
Main stylistic features are Gottschalk’s unique use of pianistic figuration with his emphasis on the treble range of the instrument, sparkling repeated notes, and brilliant arpeggios. A very typical trick is to break chords into a variety of triplet figurations that fit easily under the hand, a treatment that creates a brilliant effect with a minimum of effort. The second variation of the Portuguese set, and a great portion of the Tarantella, illustrate this technique.

The wide leaps from one end of the keyboard to the other in the finale of the Tarantella display one of the most difficult features of Gottschalk’s writing for the piano. Both as a composer and as a pianist, he was often somewhat vulnerable to the charge that his music was full of trick passages that were easy to play but dazzling to the ear. But if Gottschalk actually played the finale of the Tarantella as he wrote it, then the man was no charlatan.

Tonality can be the subject of another general statement on style. Doyle quite correctly points out a decided preference for the keys of E-flat major and A-flat major.\(^{13}\) Of course, these tonalities were not used so extensively in his commercial music written for the "tea-and-crumpet set" as they were in his more important music. Doyle states that the reason for this is found in the reluctance of amateurs to

\(^{13}\)Doyle, p. 107.
play pieces having over two accidentals in the key signature. This statement is true, as far as it goes, but one should be aware of the paradox that Gottschalk's characteristic figurations are much easier to play on black keys than on white keys, although they are not necessarily easier to read. It must be admitted, however, that Gottschalk carried this idea to a farfetched extreme in the fourth of his Portuguese Variations. He used so many accidentals that he ran out of black keys: the progression E#7 - E#7 - A# is a terrific strain on the eye (see measures 162-163 and 170-171). But to return to the point, it seems likely that the composer worked out his orchestral compositions at the piano and slipped naturally into the keys that suited him best as a pianist, i.e., E-flat and A-flat, around which all the orchestral works except Tarantella are centered.

It has been mentioned that the orchestration for the piano pieces is purely perfunctory. Indeed, the Variations on a Portuguese Hymn, written very hurriedly, reveal an appalling lack of polish in the accompaniment. And Gottschalk's own orchestration of Tarantella is much less interesting than the exciting but somewhat anachronistic orchestral reconstruction prepared by Hershey Kay in 1963.\textsuperscript{14} However, in the other pieces one can find evidence of an evolution in Gottschalk's concept of how an orchestra should be treated. Escenas Campestres and Marcha Triunfal are rather self-consciously "festival pieces"—that is, they were written

\textsuperscript{14}Published by Boosey and Hawkes.
expressly for a huge ensemble, and must be modified in one way or another to be practical with a smaller number of players. Both call for the addition of a full-size band to the regular orchestra. This augmentation makes a large variety of effects possible, and Gottschalk exploited them fully. He used the band and orchestra as separate units, combining them for dramatic climaxes. (In *Marcha Triunfal* there are, perhaps, a few too many dramatic climaxes.) Instead of omitting entire sections of instruments in order to vary the volume and texture, Gottschalk often would designate that only two or four instrumentalists play the line. Dynamics were carefully marked in order to produce effects that are not possible with more conventional ensembles—effects guaranteed to delight an opera-oriented audience. One heavily used device was the extended crescendo from very soft to very loud. These scores require band instruments that are now obsolete and all but forgotten: the big E-flat military trumpets, D-flat piccolos, *trequntos* (flutes pitched in E-flat), and several varieties of the ophicleide. The clarinets, cornets, trombones, and *bombardinos*, are, according to the tradition of military bands, divided into first and second parts; but each of these lines is divided to give as many as four parts on each staff. There is no great complexity of moving lines; rather the music is orchestrated in block style, with huge columns of sound marching from beat to beat.
A complete score of both movements of *A Night in the Tropics* (as well as a sketch for an early version of *Tarantella*) can be seen in the Music Library at Lincoln Center in New York. Both of these date from Gottschalk's sojourn in Cuba, several years prior to the time that the recently found South American scores were written. A casual comparison between the two versions of each piece reveals that the composer seems to have grown more conservative in his instrumentation. The later score calls for fewer instruments, with less doubling and more discrimination in voicing, resulting in a remarkably transparent texture. The instruments are grouped in their own choirs, and these are combined and alternated judiciously. As in *Montevideo*, the score of the later version of *A Night in the Tropics* is uncluttered, almost classical in appearance; but there are occasional reminders, such as the lyrical cornet solo in *A Night in the Tropics* (m. 48 ff), that Gottschalk was influenced by operatic principles.

One of the most important aspects of Gottschalk's style is his preference for nationalistic materials. Since the use of familiar idioms and melodies was a virtual guarantee of success in the local concert hall, it would be a bit idealistic to ascribe this practice purely to artistic considerations. But the fact remains that much of the music of Gottschalk represents the first real attempt to introduce the music of the various cultures of the American hemisphere.
to the rest of the world. Of the pieces included in this present collection, only the Tarantella and Marcha Triunfal are entirely devoid of any nationalistic qualities that would be of meaning to their original audiences. These gestures toward national pride take several forms. In the first movement of his symphony A Night in the Tropics, only the title is symbolic. Stronger references can be found in the use of patriotic tunes in A Montevideo and Variations on a Portuguese Hymn (written for the Portuguese people in Brazil). Gottschalk's treatment of these melodies is a good illustration of the romantic ideal of expressing musical ideas in a very personal manner. Though the songs retain their identity, they are reshaped in a unique and fascinating manner. Notice the curiously "out-of-kilter" rendition of "Yankee Doodle" and the surprisingly effective modulations in the Uruguayan National Anthem. But Escenas Campestres is of infinitely more value with respect to nationalism, in that it uses the actual Cuban melodies and rhythms in a professional and entirely convincing manner. Melodies doubled in thirds, guitar-like textures, repeated-note singing with the strong accents of the words not necessarily falling on the strong beats of the music, sharply syncopated rhythms--these are

15 Gottschalk was the only composer the nineteenth century managed to invent who was at once a grass-roots American and a ground-floor Romantic.
the qualities characteristic of Latin American music that are demonstrated in this composition. It is quite possible that if Gottschalk had lived to return to Europe, the only place where he could have built an indelible artistic reputation, his name would now be linked with Glinka, Dvorak, Bartok, etc., as a composer who advocated the promotion of the music of a certain culture. There are features in Latin American music that were somewhat more forward-looking than those of contemporary European music. In the rhythms one can detect a foreshadowing of jazz which was to take the world by storm in another half century. Perhaps that is one reason that his music sounds fresh and light in our ears even today.
CHAPTER III

PROBLEMS IN EDITING AND THEIR SOLUTION

One of the principal goals of this thesis is to present the orchestral works of Gottschalk in a piano version in order that they might be more readily accessible. With the burgeoning popularity of the recording industry, the piano reduction has lost much of its value as a tool for learning unfamiliar music. But since at this time the scores in this collection have been recorded, but not yet released, the following quotation is still pertinent.

In considering the subject of arrangement we must not overlook the important part played by the pianoforte score in widening our musical range and in providing the means at once for the enlargement and gratification of our taste.

The pianoforte score enables us to study at close hand various types of compositions that in their original form would be beyond the comprehension of all but trained experts. Works for the stage or concert platform that are often enshrined in scores of great complexity may reach us in this simplified form with relatively small musical loss, and in the guise of a more or less easy pianoforte piece the music of all styles and periods becomes available for study and assimilation in every home that can muster an upright piano. In this sense the pianoforte score may be compared to the photograph, one of whose uses in another sphere is the reproduction and distribution of the great masterpieces of plastic and pictorial art.1

This description is particularly apt in relation to the purely orchestral pieces in this collection—the two symphonies and the two marches. On the other hand, the Tarentella and the Variations on the Portuguese Hymn for piano and orchestra, as well as the Escenas Campesinas for chorus and orchestra, could be worthy additions to the repertoire. A reduction of the orchestral parts for the piano is an invaluable aid in the preparation of such works.

Generally speaking, the basic problem in making a piano reduction of an orchestral score is that of maintaining the proper effect. Note-for-note arrangements are often ineffective, if not impossible to play.

The function of the arranger and translator are similar, for instruments, like languages, are characterized by peculiar idioms and special aptitudes and deficiencies which call for critical ability and knowledge of corresponding modes of expression in dealing with them. But the quality most indispensable to both is a capacity to understand and appreciate the work they have to deal with. For it is not enough to put note for note or word for word, or even to find corresponding idioms. The meanings and values of words and notes are variable with their relative positions, and the choice of them demands knowledge of the work generally as well as of the details of the materials of which it is composed.²

This editor attempted to follow the principles set forth above in his treatment of the orchestral scores of Gottschalk. The remainder of this chapter will deal with a more specific study of the problems encountered, and their solutions.

As luck would have it, the piece that at the outset seemed to present the thorniest problems, that is, Marche Solennelle, was actually the easiest to prepare for presentation. The score was hopelessly incomplete, and even the few individual parts that accompanied the score were not enough to indicate what was supposed to be happening in the blank measures. However, it was noticed that a major source included in its illustrations a picture of the title page of a piano arrangement of this work.\textsuperscript{3} Subsequent communications with Professor Lange revealed that his only copy of this work had burned in a fire in his personal library some years ago. But his suggestion to try the National Library in Brazil was followed with the result that an arrangement by Arthur Napoleão is now available for reproduction in this thesis. A comparison of this piano edition with the orchestral score revealed the only discrepancy to be that the score is longer by twenty-four measures, due to the fact that measures 49-72 are repeated. Therefore, this editor's problem of preparing a piano reduction was easily solved; and on the basis of the Napoleão edition, an orchestral reconstruction has been completed by Dr. Donald Hunsberger. This score, as are all the others considered here, is now available on rental from MCA Music, Inc., in New York.

\textsuperscript{3}Lange, Vol. V, p. 329.
Only slightly more difficult to prepare was the "Andante" movement from Gottschalk's first symphony A Night in the Tropics. This editor knew when he undertook this project that there existed a piano version of this movement, but there was some doubt as to how closely it would correspond to the score newly acquired by the Music Library in Lincoln Center. Subsequent examination proved such fears groundless, for the piano edition seems to have been taken directly from the score. Even the skimpy indications of the orchestration coincided perfectly, and there were only a very few minor textual discrepancies. The piano edition published long ago by B. Schott's Söhne in Mainz has been reproduced in this thesis, along with appropriate indications at the points in which it differs from the score.4

An attempt to prepare Marcha Triunfal y Final de Ópera proved to be a good deal more taxing. At first glance, it seemed that, aside from only two or three rather obscure places in the score that needed special attention to be deciphered, the only real problem would be that of trying to read the copyist's name, which is written illegibly on the last page of the score. That problem remained unsolved, but it was of little importance in relation to others that soon became apparent.

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4Perhaps it should be mentioned that there is also an edition for two pianos made by John Kirkpatrick. This reduction was made from the earlier Cuban version of this symphony, which is considerably longer than the South American version.
In a conversation with this editor, Robert Offergeld, whose complete catalogue of Gottschalk's works has just recently been published, indicated his belief that the Carvalho score of the Marcha Triunfal was incomplete. Later investigations gave substance to his claim. An important source was found to contain an account of the discovery of the original score and parts for a Final y Marcha from Gottschalk's opera Carlos IX.\footnote{Edwin T. Tolon and Jorge A. González, Óperas Cubanas y sus Autores (Havana: Ucar, García y Cia, 1943), Chapter 5.} This book also published a facsimile of a page from the flute part at the beginning of the Andante maestoso section (m. 122). It was obvious from this illustration that the opera in Cuba, and the Carvalho Marcha Triunfal, etc., were the same piece. The book, however, described the Cuban score as having parts for vocal solos and chorus, and it even gave the Italian libretto.\footnote{Tolon, p. 50.} The score from South America has no voice parts. Since there was no way to compare the Cuban manuscript (now evidently in the archives of Cuban music in Havana) with the one which was available, the only recourse was to conjecture that the voices may have been used in the long seven-measure rests in the fanfare (m. 97 ff, m. 195 ff), or in the chorale-like sections of the Andante maestoso (m. 180 ff). Perhaps Gottschalk intended to use the piece in South America without voices, or perhaps the voice parts have been lost. The music does not seem to
suffer markedly from the lack of voices, and probably no
listener would suspect that he was being cheated if he were
to hear this composition as it stands in the Carvalho score.
Indeed, its performance in New Orleans seems to have been
fully satisfying.

Since the illustration of the flute part in the Tolon
book served as the key that unlocked a veritable Pandora's
box, it should be described in some detail. It is written
in the hand of the person who copied the Carvalho score. In
the upper left-hand corner are scribbled the words
"17 Feb. 1860/por la Habana/festival," and in the lower
right-hand corner, "17 abril 1861." There are other notations,
but they are too faint to read. On the top lines are the
words in large print "Final de Opera--Flautas." Immediately
under that is the indication "Orquesta." The part begins
with twenty measures of rest followed by twelve measures
written out. The outline of the melody on the next page
can be made out because the ink has come through the paper.

Those twenty measures of rest were the clue that some-
thing was amiss. A double-check revealed that four pages
were missing from the Andante maestoso section of the Carvalho
score. In other words, the fifth measure of the latter corre-
sponded to the twenty-eighth measure of the flute part.

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This proves without a doubt that the latter originated
in Cuba. It was probably sent to Gottschalk for his use in
South America, or it might have been one of the bound scores
that Espadero gave him when he was in Havana. See p. 13.
Apparently this deficiency was either unnoticed or ignored in the performance at New Orleans, since it happens that the resultant cut is only slightly awkward. However, it deletes the first statement of the principal theme and goes directly to the beginning of a much weaker theme. This omission weakens the structure considerably. To alleviate this problem, the editor decided to attempt a reconstruction of the missing section, in which his aim was not so much to duplicate the exact number of missing measures as to accomplish musically what Gottschalk must have done—that is, to provide a transition from the rather strong motive found only at the beginning of this section to the principal theme. At the entrance of the flute part, the reconstruction was based on the texture of the last few bars of it which are present in the Carvalho score. The editor felt that while this reconstruction weakened the authenticity of the piece, it strengthened the form considerably. Perhaps some day the score in Cuba will be available for comparison, and these measures can be corrected.

Escenas Campestres was also copied by the same person in Cuba. This fact contributed to the most difficult problem in the editing of this work—that of reading the text in the score. The old or incorrect spellings were corrected by the editor, and accents were added where needed. The copyist had made no effort to correlate any given syllable to its proper note. This meant that even after the words were deciphered,
there was still some question as to the correct placement of the text. Sometimes there were more notes than syllables; at other times there were more syllables than notes. The latter condition was easy to solve because of the Spanish practice of eliding adjacent syllables into one sound if the first syllable ends with a vowel and the second begins with a vowel. But when there were too many notes for the syllables, the placement of words had to be done by instinct and, therefore, in a rather arbitrary manner. One somewhat puzzling problem was encountered in regard to a passage nine measures long in which the soprano line has no text whatsoever (m. 307 ff). There is nothing stylistically wrong with having her sing "Ah---" or "La-la-la" throughout this section. As a matter of fact, the editor chose to suggest this procedure. However, a shadow of a doubt is cast by the fact that the placement of these measures (all on the same page) in the original score suggests that perhaps the copyist merely forgot to write the text on this page. This possibility is strengthened by the absence of the second syllable of the word "Adiós" which, according to the context, should appear under the first note on the page. But the melody does not lend itself readily to a repetition of the words that the soprano has been singing. If there were words intended for this passage, they are now lost.

There was one instance of quite the opposite problem (m. 388). The words "canto" and "bajle" [sic] are superimposed
on each other, and it is impossible to tell which word is intended. Since both words are used extensively, the context does not provide an easy solution.

The copyist was much more careful in his treatment of the orchestral details than he was with the text. Only occasionally did he omit a rest or an eighth-note flag.

The transcription of the orchestral accompaniment was relatively easy except for the *Zapateado*. This dance begins quite simply, but as it progresses, it becomes more and more complicated. Different instruments begin to play important cross-rhythms within a limited pitch range. Any attempt at a literal transcription would result in a muddle of repeated notes with no recognizable rhythmic patterns, since the piano with its limited tone colors cannot imitate the multitude of colors in the orchestra. The only practical solution was for the editor to choose the two or three most important rhythms and omit the others.

There remains a slight possibility that this version of *Escenas Campestres* is incomplete. All sources refer to it as being written for four solo voices rather than three. Even Lange, who claims to have examined these scores when they were still in the possession of Dr. Abrahão Carvalho, repeats this information.\(^8\) However, it seems likely that the idea that this piece was for four voices began with Fors' biography and

\(^8\)Lange, Vol. V, pp. 243-44.
was propagated by subsequent studies based to some extent on this book. Evidently Lange repeated this information without carefully checking the score. The illustrations that Lange published with his article prove that the score he described is the same as that from which these editions have been made.

The romantic symphony A Montevideo offered only two troublesome spots to the editor. The first was in the presto section (m. 244 ff). In these measures there are several distinct melodic fragments that should be heard clearly as they begin to stack up above each other one at a time. The situation is not helped by the fact that the tonality is rather fluid at this point. Therefore, these measures are difficult both to read and to play, but a few minutes of careful scrutiny will make this passage more accessible. The second problem was a rather common one in arranging orchestral works for the piano—that is, a successful imitation of the full, rich orchestral sound covering a wide range. Gottschalk used it in his arrangement of "Hail Columbia." In order to imitate this, the editor chose to use a pianistic device used by Gottschalk in his America. These widely spaced chords are difficult to play, but are in keeping with the characteristics of Gottschalk's music.

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Before any kind of edition of the *Variations on the Portuguese Hymn* could be made, several obvious problems had to be overcome. The most immediately apparent obstacle was that whole sections of the score were empty except for numbers in the measures. It did not take long to discover that these numbers were a method of shorthand referring to a passage that is repeated as a kind of refrain between the variations. However, these were not the only blank measures in the score. The piano part was written out only as far as the upbeat of the second variation. After this the only indications in the piano part were cues to locate key changes, the beginning of the cadenza, and a long scale near the end of the piece (m. 253). Because of these omissions, it is impossible to claim absolute authenticity for this present edition. In order to fill in the solo piano part, the editor relied on an arrangement of this piece for one piano that had been made by Arturo Napoleão and published as Gottschalk's opus 91 by B. Schott's Söhne in Mainz. Lange states that although it is all but forgotten now, this version was once a kind of war horse for many professional pianists.¹⁰ However, a detailed comparison of this arrangement and the Carvalho score indicates several discrepancies—some minor, some not so minor. For instance, it is of no great moment whether some of the longer notes in the theme should have

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¹⁰Lange, Vol. V., p. 244.
one or two dots after them, but it becomes a matter of concern when the chords of Napoleão's arrangement do not agree with those in the orchestral score. In these cases, the editor chose the version of the orchestral score, and indicated the alternate reading in footnotes. Another discrepancy was that the Napoleão version was found to have repeats not present in the score. Since some of the variations in the score had repeats either indicated or written out, the editor assumed that their absence in the second and third variations were simply oversights on the part of the copyist.

A couple of arbitrary changes have been suggested in this edition on the basis of what had been deemed desirable at the North American premiere of the Variations in New Orleans on February 25, 1969. The fourth variation is originally scored for violin solo and strings, evidently leaving little for the piano to do but strum supporting chords. It had been decided in New Orleans and is suggested in the present edition that the violin and piano take the phrases by turns, joining forces only for the climactic phrase, until the piano is given its own distinctive figuration. In other words, some of the orchestral material has been given to the piano. The second suggestion was in the finale where it was found to be more effective if the piano begins its long scale with the last chord of the orchestral tutti rather than waiting a full measure to enter, as is indicated in both sources.
One other editorial observation can be made. The final fourteen measures constitute a rather uninteresting finale. If the various manuscripts this editor has seen are any indication, Gottschalk rarely notated his final flourishes. More than likely he changed them from performance to performance. Perhaps he would use interlocking octaves, crashing chords, or flying scales—whatever suited his fancy at any given moment. One might hazard a guess that these last fourteen bars were filled in entirely by Napoleão. At any rate, the editor feels that any artist who would like to improve on the ending can feel justified in doing so, within the bounds of the style of Gottschalk's music.

Gottschalk's Cuban friend Espadero emphasized this quality of transience in the former's compositions. "If one of his great compositions were to be written exactly, it would be necessary for him to do it immediately after having composed it."\(^{11}\) Espadero elaborated by recounting a fascinating tale. It seems that, on his first visit to Havana, Gottschalk had captured the public with his display piece The Carnival of Venice. Several years later, during his last visit to the island, he bowed to the public's demand to hear the piece again. However, he failed to take into account that he had not played the piece in several years, and had in fact forgotten it. Espadero, who must have had a phenomenal memory.

\(^{11}\)Fors, p. 317.
had learned his friend's piece from having heard him play it several times years before, and had sketched out a shorthand version without Gottschalk's knowledge. Aware that Gottschalk was in something of a dilemma, Espadero wrote the piece out in full and showed it to him, hoping to help him.

To his [Gottschalk's] great surprise, the following day we placed before his eyes his very own music, which he had never taken care to write out, but which was absolutely exact. But what was our surprise to hear him exclaim, "Perfect, perfect, my fine and beloved thief, but this does not help us along, for it will be easier for me to make another version for tomorrow than to memorize all these details that are as foreign to me as if they were not mine." We left our manuscript, confident that he would look at it; but in the rehearsals the following day, he did little but improvise on the theme in a grand manner, but not in the least like his old Carnival.

On the following day, as the hour of the concert approached, we made known our fears to him, based on the fact that the public was well acquainted with his old version. But the great artist answered us, "Don't worry, because I have a plan based on what you heard yesterday, and I think the public will not have to say anything about my Carnival."

So it was. Gottschalk played what he had practiced the night before, improvising magnificent passages which transported the public, thanks to the immense difficulties which he made heard.

That was the last time we heard that beautiful work. Moreover, disgracefully, he did not take advantage of this lesson and has never written it out. Nor did he try to keep a copy of our manuscript. . . .

Gottschalk has not exhibited toward his more serious works, or even his most favorite works, any more care and attention than for the Carnival.12

The foregoing quotation serves as a convenient introduction to the problems involved in preparing for possible publication this new version of the Tarantella, for piano

12Fors, pp. 318-319.
and orchestra. If the Carvalho score were the only source extant for this virtuoso piece, there would be very few problems, but there are several arrangements available in libraries, and they are all different. In the years following Gottschalk's death there were great conflicts as proponents of the various editions hurled charges and countercharges at one another.  

13 These accusations are interesting to read, but can be very confusing for an editor trying to find out the truth. Doyle described the editions as follows:

Espadero's version, combining the orchestra and solo parts is complex and virtuoso. Very likely this edition is a reflection of Espadero's memory of former performances of the work by Gottschalk, who undoubtedly played it in the grand manner. The relatively simple editions published by Ricordi and Schott may indicate the composer's wish to make the work accessible to performers of limited ability. The possibility that the simplified versions served only as a memory sketch for the composer's own performances cannot be disregarded.  

14 Offergeld, in a conversation with the present editor, also expressed the opinion that all the published editions were simplified and incomplete--mere skeletons around which Gottschalk improvised at his performances.

The editor was able to compare the following versions: a series of sketches in Gottschalk's own hand (dating from his sojourn in Cuba); an arrangement in Espadero's hand for


two pianos, which seems to be a reduction of the orchestral score since some of the solo sections are incomplete; the Espadero version published by Escudier; two different arrangements published by Schott & Söhne—for two and four hands at one piano (probably arranged by Napoleão); and the reconstruction by Hershey Kay published by Boosey & Hawkes in 1963. The latter seems to be based on the Espadero version, particularly with its inclusion of two sections which do not appear in the formally identical editions by Schott and the Carvalho score.¹⁵

One might conjecture that those particular passages were included in the Mamellé when Gottschalk played it in Cuba, but perhaps he began to feel that they were dull, repetitive, or unnecessary, and omitted them in South America. If this speculation were true, it would be possible to grant a measure of authenticity to all editions. Unfortunately, the discovery of Gottschalk’s own version of the full score was not able to settle any issue of authenticity with absolute finality, except for the matter of form. This is because the copyist left 153 measures blank with an indication that the orchestra was to repeat from measure 18 to 176. It seems unlikely that Gottschalk also repeated the piano part note for note. Therefore, in this present edition the editor has chosen to include the Espadero version as an alternative reading for those measures in which it seems more interesting.

¹⁵Mm. 96-124, and 174-189.
and does not conflict with the orchestration. These optional passages are enclosed in brackets. It is important to remember that both versions are reasonably authentic, considering the circumstances.

As in the Variations on the Portuguese Hymn, there were occasional discrepancies between the harmonies of the piano and the orchestra that had to be adjusted. Either the copyist was careless, or Gottschalk was surprisingly bold and artless in his choices of chords. That the former is true is certain; the score abounds with misplaced accidentals and \( \frac{3}{4} \) signs, and unintentionally incomplete measures (mm. 425-428). The final measures of the piano part were reconstructed based upon one of Gottschalk's favorite pianistic flourishes. All discrepancies are indicated in the edition.
CHAPTER IV

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING

THE IMPACT OF THIS MUSIC

Any discussion like this on the significance of certain compositions is bound to be made difficult by the intrusion of such matters as personal taste and predisposition. Each person who approaches a piece of music brings with him a unique set of likes and dislikes which colors his reactions. Granting this difficulty, we need not limit ourselves solely to a discussion of intrinsic musical values. The significance of music does not rest entirely on its internal merits. Also to be considered is the effect of the particular piece on the people for whom it was originally intended. In other words, music does not have to be great to be significant.

Gottschalk himself was well aware of this fact. When he penned the following words, he probably had in mind his small salon pieces that made up his programs; but the concept he revealed applies equally well to the larger forms with which we are dealing.

"He plays only his own music." Of all the criticisms of which I am the object on the part of the impotent and jealous who, like thorns and barren bushes, encumber every avenue of art in America, I avow that this is the one I am the least disposed to accept. If I had never been able to compose, no doubt the poorest of musical pretenders who had manufactured a polka or a valse would
have thrown it in my face that I played only the music of others. If my compositions had failed in originality, "They are copies" would not have failed to be said; but I compose, and what I compose is unfortunately my own, and, further, the public seems to like my music; hence their rage. I understand it, but what I cannot understand is that, after taking a great deal of trouble to find fault with me, they make into a crime what in me really is a merit. It is the cunning of the fox—unfortunately one of that animal's ancestors was guilty of the same thing with a vine of our acquaintance, and since then we have held him in slight estimation.

Sometimes, in my moments of discouragement, I feel what the white man felt in the midst of Negroes, when he was disconsolate because he was white and had not a flat nose. I begin to regret having received from God the afflicting gift of being able to create. Why cannot I enjoy in all the plenitude of its glorious privilege the right of criticism, and of being able to bark at those who compose? Criticism in these cases is so much sweeter. If Thackeray were lecturing to you, would you complain that he gave you Thackeray, and would it not be absurd if he recounted to you the passages of Hamlet or Othello which any actor could recite to you? Perhaps they could recite it better than Thackeray; would you conclude, from that, that Thackeray had less talent? No, certainly, because a vulgar mind, possessing no peculiar physiognomy, no strongly marked character, can accommodate itself to every fashion, while he who has been cast in an original mold cannot abdicate his individuality, or that which gives him superiority, in order to reduce himself to the level of the first comer who knows how to read and has a voice loud enough to make himself heard. Do you insinuate that the classics are superior to all we accomplish? Granted, but besides reserving the right to ask you what you understand by classics—this convenient club with which you knock on the head all those who annoy you—I should like to know if, because the apple is a fruit less delicate than the pineapple, you would wish that there should be no apples? Berlioz told me that the originality, the subtle refinement of a special talent, could be appreciated only in very old societies. If we are yet to proclaim an art and to form our taste, then I understand that you would like better a tame interpretation of consecrated chefs-d'œuvre than an original that is not yet consecrated and whose place in art you dare not yet designate. I continue the comparison I began. The consecrated chefs-d'œuvre are the roast beef, les grosses pièces de résistance, on which the people who begin to feed at the banquet of civilization must be nourished. But wherefore, when they are sufficiently fortified, should you refuse
then the littleainties of the dessert, particularly if, instead of being insipid and indigestible, they seem to stimulate your taste and refresh your palate dulled and overheated by too rich food? Have you complained that Rachel was great only in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine? Have you denied her talent because she avoids comedy? We all know that Shakespeare is superior to Mr. de Cordova; nevertheless, none of those who listen to the charming lectures of this witty artist conceives that it is a crime in him to give us his own instead of permitting himself to be taken in tow by a great name embalmed by the glory of two or three centuries. The question is reduced to this: "all apples must have the taste of pineapples." If this be the case, "your humble servant" is not the man for you. I do not understand that art is like a uniform in which all of us must be aligned and drilled like Prussian sergeants. There are some individuals who like only dried fruit; they even like it a little moldy, and if they find dust in it they are transported. The fruit in flower, the perfume that opens to the sun and betrays a young and vigorous growth, "Fie, then, pooh!" and every fool who knows no better cries out, Fie! pooh! and all the envious and impotent, who in their conscience know better, join in the chorus, so well that the poor apple tree that innocently opens its flowers to the sun, leaving to Nature—who had made it a tree and not a bush—the ripening of its fruit, finds itself wholly interdicted and would let itself dry up with chagrin, if it did not feel within a conscience stronger than the clamoring of the fool, the envious, and the ignorant.\[1\]

\[1\]Gottschalk, op. cit., pp. 173-175.

... Music is a thing eminently sensuous. Certain combinations move us, not because they are ingenious, but because they move our nervous system in a certain way. I have a horror of musical Puritans. They are arid natures, deprived of sensibility, generally hypocrites, incapable of understanding two phrases in music. They never judge until they are assured that it is proper, like those tasters who do not esteem a wine until they have seen the seal, and who can be made to drink execrable wine imperturbably, which they will pronounce excellent if it is served to them in a bottle powdered with age.\[2\]

\[2\]Ibid., p. 75.

The form! O pagans of art! The form! When, then, will the time come, routine fetish worshipers, when you will have the courage or the talent to avow that there
is more genius in the pretty waltzes of Strauss than in five hundred pages of schoolwork; in eight notes of genius, wholly without ornament, ignorant of their naughtiness, but beautiful in their ignorance, than in a logarithmic problem. 3

We hasten to point out that while Gottschalk ardently defended his music, he did not consider it to be superior to the classics. Surprising as it may seem, Gottschalk and his archenemy Dwight actually sought much the same goal—the improvement of musical standards. Gottschalk liked to think of himself as an important contributor to the developing tastes of Americans, and indeed, in his own way, he was. He taught his public to appreciate the softer, more delicate pieces; this was a giant step in the right direction for a public which needed "grand movements, tours de force, and noise" to be satisfied. 4 Dwight felt that in order to educate the people in matters of taste, they should be exposed to only the very best music—that is, European (preferably German) music. On the other hand, Gottschalk felt that the best approach was to take the people at their own level and lead them by degrees to a deeper appreciation of music. He knew from experience that a bored audience would not throw away their money a second time. In a letter to Rafael Mendive, quoted by Fers, Gottschalk picturesquely expressed his ideas:

3 Ibid., p. 118.
4 Ibid., p. 239.
Lovers of Gran Digo From Treviut! Sing your masterpiece to any explorer of the Far West, and I am sure he will prefer Yankee Doodle, declaring that your music does not reach his heart. What will you do then but shrug your shoulders with pity,探测ing the bad taste of the brave colonist. And if it should occur to the latter to whistle his favorite tune to a Cherokee, be assured that the Indian will find it incomprehensible, and apply the injurious epithet of "learned music," and try to forget this bad experience by intoning his war chant. Suppose a Hottentot hears the savage to whom we have been referring. Without doubt he would allege that he prefers the monotone of his drum, and he would not be far from right if he establishes that the only music that is good for him is that which he understands. If you can admit the successive superiority of the Indian over the Hottentot, the explorer over the Indian, and finally the Gran Digo over Yankee Doodle, can you rightly say that the scale of perfectibility in musical matters concludes in yourselves? On the contrary, do you not believe that the intelligence of a Rossini, of a Meyerbeer, of a Mozart, of a Beethoven, and even of a simple musician of merit, gives them command of immense heights at which others cannot arrive without supreme efforts and much time spent in being initiated in the divine art? Do you not admit that your taste in literature has varied with your age and education? Do you delight today, perhaps, in the novels which, when you were fifteen, filled your evenings with enchantment and pursued you in your sleep like a thousand visions of love? At that time did you read Shakespeare, Byron, Dante, etc., except when your teachers demanded it? Tell me: if the vigilance of your teachers had suggested to them the idea of examining your satchels, would they not have found, more than a hundred and one times, works which you admired at the time, but which would cause you to blush or smile with pity at yourselves today?

And if such growth can take place in literature, how can you imagine depriving of similar privilege that most elevated, most noble, most undefined, and most unlimited of the arts—music. How can you intend to subject it to a bed of Procrustes, narrowly limiting it to that which is given to you to understand without effort? Oh! human nature is such that if we did not accept, in whatever concerns intellectual progress, more than that which does not cost some effort, soon, very soon, we would return to the state of barbarousness.

Genius is the privilege of understanding on a higher level than the masses, of dominating heights from which

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5Procrustes was a legendary highwayman who tied his victims on an iron bed, and stretched or cut off their legs to adapt them to its length.
the spirit can discover new horizons, and for that reason, beauties hidden from the rest of humanity. The great author, the great composer, the great philosopher—these need to make mighty efforts to lift the multitudes to their level, although the latter would rather oblige the former to descend to their level. The privileged ones influence particular facets of their epoch, making it mount a current which, without such aid, would drag it down the soft and easy slope of Mediocrity.6

At the time Gottschalk wrote this letter he was in Cuba; he had just recently (February 17, 1860) produced his first huge Festival in Havana, at which time he had introduced three of the pieces under consideration in this thesis—the Romantic Symphony A Night in the Tropics, Marcha Triunfal y Final de Ópera, and Escenas Campesinas.7 Let us consider each of these in turn.

As has been mentioned, the score of the Andante from Gottschalk's first symphony is not exactly the same as the one which was played in Havana; but the differences have little or no effect on the significance of the music. A person who listens to this movement must concede to it a certain simple charm, beauty, and, in its own way, a depth of expression. Gottschalk's goal in this first movement was not to compose a piece in the typical first-movement form, but to express his appreciation of the beauties of nature that surrounded him on Guadaloupe.

6Fors, pp. 130-132.

7Fors, p. 67. Leon Escudier is quoted as saying that A Night in the Tropics and Marcha Triunfal y Final de Ópera had already been performed at the festival Gottschalk organized on the island of Martinique—the very first concert of its kind in the New World with 600 performers. This is probably a mistake on the part of Escudier.
Every evening I moved my piano out upon the terrace, and there, in view of the most beautiful scenery in the world, which was bathed by the serene and limpid atmosphere of the tropics, I played, for myself alone, everything that the scene opened before me inspired—and what a scene! Imagine a gigantic amphitheater, such as an army of Titans might have carved out in the mountains; to the right and left virgin forests filled with wild and distant harmonies that are like the voice of silence; before me sixty miles of country whose magic perspective is rendered more marvelous by the transparency of the atmosphere; over my head the azure of the sky; below the activities, surmounted by the mountain, descending gradually toward the plain; farther on, the green savannas, then, lower, a gray point—it is the town; and farther on again the immensity of the ocean, whose line of deep blue forms the horizon.8

The first movement seems to follow this quotation almost as if it were a program. The beginning sounds like an intermezzo from an Italian opera, and indeed, the entire movement seems oriented toward an operatic style. The Brazilian press was particularly impressed with the wondrous effects that Gottschalk wrote into the percussion section.9

The second movement of this symphony, which was not found in the South American scores, was evidently used only in Cuba and never again. It is much more difficult technically and rhythmically than the first, and, therefore, unsuited to the great numbers of performers in the so-called "monster concerts" in which Gottschalk used his music. It is a "gay, glittering, and sumptuous fiesta, in which the full orchestra abandons itself to irresistible cinguillo syncopation

8Gottschalk, p. 41.
9Lange, Vol. IV, p. 139.
above habanera rhythms in the percussion."\textsuperscript{10} The sum of the two movements was a testimonial to the pleasures of tropical life that pleased and fascinated the Latin Americans. Fors called it "a work of huge conception, of brilliant genius, of very vast plan, in which Gottschalk, besides demonstrating a very high level of aesthetic and selective beauty, adapts himself in his rhythms and temper to all the characteristic qualities of the country, to the point of satisfying even the most exacting musical taste."\textsuperscript{11} Sixty years later the symphony had "virtually disappeared,"\textsuperscript{12} but during the nineteen-forties this work enjoyed a revival of interest. The first movement, which had been reconstructed in 1937 by Quinto Maganini, precipitated the following critical remarks in a book on music in Cuba:

\ldots it is of a quality considerably superior to the piano compositions of the musician. A certain passage in the middle, above all, anticipates harmonically the chromaticism of \textit{Tristan}, revealing a fertile, restless creativity.\textsuperscript{13}

The discovery of a full score in Gottschalk's own handwriting in 1948 prompted the following observations


\textsuperscript{11} Fors, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 111.


\textsuperscript{13} Carpentier, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 158.
by John Kirkpatrick:

[The symphony] illustrates what a good piece he could write when he really wanted to—it impresses one as perhaps the only time he really tried—the poetic atmosphere throughout is admirably realized—the line has surprising expansion.14

Subsequent performances and recordings brought critical acclaim. The American Record Guide noted that the symphony catches the very air and languor of the tropics better than anyone else has done since . . . This heretofore extremely rare piece of musical Americana still has enough power to move and stir even the most sophisticated listener of today.15

Offergeld called it "a resounding joy in the ear" and "unequivocally the chief evidence we have of America's participation in the real, not the counterfeited, Romantic tradition."16

Before leaving this discussion of A Night in the Tropics, we should make mention of the fact that the second movement of this symphony has some historical significance. In Havana on April 17, 1861, Gottschalk performed it with an ensemble that included forty pianos and a battery of Negro percussionists. Two books (which, by the way, are not devoted exclusively to Gottschalk) cite this performance for its historical value.

16 Offergeld, op. cit., p. 60.
Carpentier states that Gottschalk was the first musician to use Afro-Cuban instruments in his music;\textsuperscript{17} but perhaps more important is Tolon's assertion that Gottschalk with that performance marked the origin of the use of themes based on Negro or African rhythms in the Cuban theater.\textsuperscript{18}

Much less can be said at this point about the Marcha Triunfal y Final de Ópera. Perhaps when the complete manuscript in Cuba is available for examination, some confusion will be cleared up. Fors states that this was one of Gottschalk's most grandiosely effective pieces. The Havana press wrote of the "extraordinary effect," as well as the "inspired skill and enthusiastic poetry."\textsuperscript{19} The North American premiere in New Orleans seems to have met with success. Harold Schonberg of the New York Times wrote:

The "Marcha Triunfal," after a rousing fanfare, goes into a kind of writing influenced by Berlioz and Meyerbeer, plus a bright-sounding American kind of melody that is as native as Plymouth Rock.\textsuperscript{20}

Indeed, there are some imaginative moments in the score that almost rescue it from the fate of being just another rabblerousing march; the writing for the huge wind section is varied and interesting, calling for a very wide dynamic range. As it

\textsuperscript{17}Carpentier, p. 158.

\textsuperscript{18}Tolon, op. cit., p. 47.

\textsuperscript{19}Fors, op. cit., p. 107.

stands now, without the vocal parts, the *Marcha Triunfal* is a very good specimen of its genre. Perhaps with voices it was something very special.

If there is any external significance to the *Marcha Triunfal*, aside from the fact that this is all that remains of one of the earliest attempts at a major opera by an American composer, it lies in the fact that a Parisian-trained Creole—living on a volcano in the West Indies and writing for Cuban consumption a French grand opera with an Italian libretto—could, in so doing, produce melodies that seem "as native as Plymouth Rock." This is a remarkable degree of synthesis, which makes it easier for us to see that Gottschalk had a talent for writing music into which his listeners could project themselves.

Without doubt Gottschalk had this goal in mind when he composed *Escenas Campestres*. This so-called "opera in one act,"²¹—it is really more like a cantata—was based on Cuban melodies with words written by a Havanese poet. Schonberg pointed out (in his article announcing the acquisition of these scores by the New York Library of the Performing Arts) that the text is not very distinguished.²² Lange even went so far as to call Gottschalk's literary taste into question on the same matter.²³ But the music itself is absolutely

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²³Lange, Vol. V, p. 244.
delightful; Cuban dance rhythms abounded. The enthusiasm of early Cuban audiences knew no limits—they were flattered that this vanquished man had come to their country and done wondrous things with their music without changing its basic character. North Americans were also pleased with their initial hearing of the Escenas Campestres. The critics seemed to like it:

Like the other discoveries, it is a product of Gottschalk's last years in Latin America, and of those heard Monday night, it is the most Latin. There is a zarzuela lilt to the music, also a "pop" repetitiveness that caused one audience member to comment that the score sounded like something heard on a Laredo radio station.

But it has bounce and vitality and, like the other Gottschalk performed, surface attractiveness rather than musical profundity. It is music to entertain.  

The background is peppy Latin-American rhythms. It may sound trite until one remembers when it was written. Then it becomes prophetic.  

Certainly the Escenas Campestres is far different from the academically correct cantatas then being written in Boston.

While Gottschalk was in Cuba one of his most important compositions had its humble birth. The growth of his Tarantella has been chronicled in another part of this thesis. This amazingly effective piece is one of his few good compositions to continue to be heard after he died. This was largely due to the success of some of his South American pupils—notably Teresa Carreño—who were proud to play the


music of their great idol. The second composition for piano and orchestra in this collection, Variations de Concert sur L'Hymne Portuguais du Roi D. Louis PR, is one of Gottschalk's very last compositions; he premiered it less than a month before his last public appearance. It is the last of a series of fantasias or caprices built on national hymns. His variations on the Brazilian national hymn were popular well into this century. There were similar tributes to Argentina, the United States, Spain, and others; most of them were probably never even written down, much less published. All of these fantasias had one thing in common with the Tarantella—they were primarily display pieces to show off Gottschalk's amazing keyboard facility. The Tarantella has recently received much attention due to its reconstruction by Hershey Kay, and subsequent recordings by Reid Niblcy and Ivan Davis. As a virtuoso piece, the Variations on the Portuguese Hymn is unexcelled; but at present, when it is considered vulgar to show off too much at the piano, such display is a weakness rather than a virtue. In New Orleans the critics recently stated both sides of the case.

Next came a spectacular piece, the third premiere, "Concert Variations on the Portuguese National Hymn," with List as piano soloist... It was a delightful work, and List's dazzling playing featured.[sic]26

Gottschalk wrote himself into the performance picture with obvious virtuoso opportunities—runs, arpeggios and trills. Some might consider the music appealingly old-fashioned; others might be appalled at its frequent showy vulgarity. 27

Mr. Gottschalk was a good melodist. He was an awful orchestrator. His genius was at the piano keyboard, and it was amusing to contrast the high order of sophistication in the piano writing of the "Portuguese" variations with the low order of the orchestration. 28

To be completely fair, it should be pointed out that this disparity was probably premeditated in order to set the pianist in relief against a simple background. The orchestration of Chopin has been attacked on similar grounds. No critic seemed to complain about a lack of color or interest in Gottschalk's orchestration when there was no piano solo. But this brings up an important point; Gottschalk's own orchestration of the Tarantella is markedly less involved and less imaginative than the reconstruction by Hershey Kay. As a matter of fact, it is also simpler than the early sketches dating from Cuba that are also preserved in the New York Library of the Performing Arts. Evidently Gottschalk found it easier in rehearsals and performances when the orchestra could play its part easily.

The significance of Tarantella and the Variations does not rest solely on their virtuosity. These compositions are possibly the first by an American-born composer for the combination of piano and orchestra, but they are

27 Gagnard, loc. cit.
28 Schonberg, loc. cit.
certainly the first to have anything like an international success.

Because of the recent reconstruction by Dr. Donald Hunsberger, it is now possible to approximate the fabled wonders of the Marcha Solennelle. It must have been an extraordinary piece. Lange described it in this way:

The Marcha Solennelle is another elastic, migratory product, which traveled across America serving the purpose of patriotic exaltation. Yesterday it might have been called Marcha heroica or Marcha triunfal, in the manner of a screen into which could be woven the proper national hymn in a manner that was sure to cause public pleasure. "Premiered" in Montevideo, with the presence of the military staff of the armies of the United States and Brazil anchored in the port of the Uruguayan capital, it may have already served the same purpose in Valparaiso, as Napoléon noted in his Autobiography, in which he says he helped Gottschalk intercalate the National Hymn of Brazil.29

Gottschalk had dedicated the Brazilian version to the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II. This, as he expected, precipitated a good deal of favorable press coverage. The people of Rio de Janeiro read the following preview three days before its first performance:

This march is conceived on a vast plane and in solemn proportions. In the austerity of its design and form, it is almost religious; and its movement is very slow to permit all the sounds of the orchestra to unfold their multiple harmonies. . . .

Played on the piano, the piece produced in us an unexplainable vibration. In a theater, played by an orchestra of 650 musicians, the impression should be majestic and imposing. We say "should be" because, such a gathering of musicians being a new thing for the

people of our city, it is possible to imagine what will happen, but not to say for sure.30

At the performance, it was the final piece. It created such a sensation that it had to be repeated—artillery and all. The press was lavish in its praise:

... The finale was a grand Marcha Solemnas Brasileira, composed and dedicated to the Emperor by Gottschalk.

We expected much from this unexcelled artist; we expected everything from him; yet we are forced to confess he exceeded all our expectations. For this reason we make the point of not even trying to give an idea of such a monumental piece of music, since it would be impossible for us to do so.

The spectators filled the air with frenetic applause, and everyone, from the Emperor to the simplest citizen, stood to salute the grand master, to the glory of America, and the honor of the artistic world.31

The following was quoted in the biography by Octavia Hensel:

The music was superb. The 'Marche Solennel [sic],' which he had composed and arranged for the entire orchestra, and dedicated to the emperor, was the last and crowning piece of the evening. It was received with such manifestations of approval as one rarely witnesses in a life-time. When, towards the close of it, was [sic] heard the well-known strains of the national hymn, which were so beautifully interwoven with the original theme of the composition, the effect upon the audience was electrical. All sprang to their feet, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. This was one of the proudest moments of Gottschalk's life. Again and again was he called to the front of the stage, and it was long before the audience finally dispersed.32

Lange conjectures that a primary reason for the tremendous success of this Marcha was the explosion of the

30Lange, op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 137.
31Ibid., p. 135-136.
artillery-piece backstage that added a touch of realism associated with the recent triumphs of Brazilian armies in Paraguay. It is very likely that upon hearing the piece in all its original glory, we would be inclined to place it in the same category as the 1812 Overture of Tchaikowsky and the Wellington's Victory of Beethoven. Since the past triumphs of Brazilian armies in Paraguay seem at present less important than the past misfortunes of French armies in Europe, a good deal of emotional impact would be lost on North American audiences; but for the Brazilians at that time the piece served as an inspiration to new heights in national pride.

The final composition in this collection is Gottschalk's second romantic symphony, A Montevideo. Lange thinks that although it was ostensibly written for Uruguay, it might have been used earlier in other countries with appropriate changes in the national hymns. The critics at New Orleans seemed to enjoy it.

The work was altogether charming. It starts in a Rossini-like vein with lively melodies tumbling after each other, and about midway, it develops into what sounded very much like variations of "Hail Columbia!" which, indeed, is punctuated by a brief flute treatment of "Yankee Doodle."

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34bid., p. 277.

35Dufour, loc. cit.
All the critics pointed out the United States patriotic tunes but none mentioned the Uruguayan hymn (which they can probably be forgiven for not recognizing). The first section of this one-movement symphony is remarkably like the first movement of Gottschalk's first symphony. The second section is pure fun, with sparkling melodies and sudden, unprepared changes of key to sharpen the interest. The third and final section is a collage of patriotic songs.

*Montevideo* has far more significance than just being a charming piece with a finale that is prophetic of Charles Ives. In this music Gottschalk revealed a facet of his personality that was not well known in his native country, which considered him to be little more than a traveling entertainer. The liberty-conscious people of South America thought of Gottschalk as an envoy from the great free country in the north—a messiah sent to aid them in their progress toward freedom. Practically every country Gottschalk visited in Latin America claims him to be an important part of their cultural heritage. From Cuba we read:

> Louis Moreau Gottschalk was not Cuban by birth, but he was Cuban in his heart. Although his sojourns on this island were relatively short, no one knew how to capture our rhythms and adapt to the spirit of our people as he did. . . . [He] loved our beautiful land, and yielded himself to us like a rare perfume which remains even across the years. 36

The scattered references to Gottschalk in the huge Música en el Uruguay, by Ayestarán, seem to indicate that his appearance there was a turning point in Uruguayan musical history. Vicente Gesualdo devotes nearly twenty pages to Gottschalk in his Historia de la música en la Argentina.37 From Brazil come the words of D’Or, a musicologist, to the effect that Gottschalk was "um dos maiores impulsos artísticos em nosso país," and that he "prestou relevante serviço cultural ao país."38

In short, as Gilbert Chase points out, "The United States has seldom if ever had a more effective cultural ambassador in South America than Louis Moreau Gottschalk."39 The Chilean Pereira Salas elaborates on this theme:

[Gottschalk] had a profound and decisive influence on Latin American music. Gottschalk fascinated Latin American musicians. He launched a new trend, characterized by pianistic romanticism in which sentimental melodies based on popular and urban themes predominated.40

Lange probes even deeper into this aspect of Gottschalk in the following somewhat overblown terms:

We see him as the first great Americanist, far from all preoccupation with borders, and at odds with arbitrary symbols which could disturb the peace of the world. With

39 Chase, op. cit., p. 320.
40 Pereira Salas, op. cit., p. 6.
the unquestionable magic of his pianistic technic and interpretation, he captivated his listeners. And with his prodigious talent for organization, . . . he shook the often decadent musical life of our countries, producing monster-concerts, for which he brought together nearly all the musicians living in a given city, communicating to them during the exacting and exhausting rehearsals something of his spark of genius, of his fervor for the fine arts, and the rigor of interpretation from which a scorned profession could not but profit.

. . . We firmly believe Gottschalk procured a desired result—that is, the awakening of a musical restlessness which was to cause the activities of professional and amateur musicians to prosper, whether in favorable or unfavorable circumstances. The act of centralizing in his own person the official interest of the country in which he was working had to benefit instantly the general attitude toward music and those who served it. . . .

Like a good sower, Gottschalk dignified his art; and, upon having chosen for his arduous and thankless [?] work our promised land, he constituted himself as the first bearer of a practical Americanism which planted in fertile soil the seed of gradual emancipation and the advent of a musical life and language of our own.

Gottschalk . . . never compromised. He took his message to people living under diverse political regimes—monarchies, republics functioning constitutionally, or taken by some dictator by force—and his manifestations on politics always carried the same stamp of dignity as his professional conduct. The man who was nourished since his infancy on the ideas of Jefferson, and who followed with lively interest the lofty figure of Lincoln, publicly professed his faith in the dignity of the human being, especially in these our blessed lands of America.

. . . Placing his art at the service of the spiritual emancipation of our republics, he showed that without the necessary instruction and spiritual foundation, our people will always be victims of tyranny and its resultant disgrace that damage a growing culture.

For this reason, the figure of Gottschalk is strictly contemporary, more so than the music he cultivated. . . . Louis Moreau Gottschalk must be called the most complete man from the States [el estadounidense más completo], a veritable ambassador who made his appearance at a time in which the incipient international relations in no way favored the common destiny of the Americas. . . . Descended on his mother's side from French nobility, and on his father's side from a restless German doctor educated in England [?], product of the French salon, but provided with a strong, liberal, "United-Statesian" [estadounidense] dose, he tempered his spirit through
contact with the Spanish nobility, and he opened his heart in the limitless extent of the countryside and of the Hispano-American, Portuguese-Brazilian family. What more could be asked of providence in order to make us see in the events of his professional rise and life the ideal ingredients that make up the future of a continent, that future which was bequeathed to its inhabitants with the dying breath of its heroes—soldiers and artists—on the altar of the ideal American.41

From our vantage point after a hundred years, it is easy to listen to A Montevideo and the other pieces with a certain righteous contempt for their light, entertaining qualities. But we must remember that for its first audiences, this music had a far deeper message—one of pride, freedom, self-respect, and a healthy joy of living. It is no wonder that the people of South America idolized him. He underscored in his music some of their deepest emotions, and he did it in a way they could understand and appreciate.

In 1865 Gottschalk had published a fairly extensive article in the Atlantic Monthly42 which was basically an elaboration of a quotation from Lamartine, "La musique est la littérature du cœur, elle commence là où finit la parole." Gottschalk believed this adage, and practiced it thoroughly during his Latin American years. The finale of his symphony A Montevideo is a prime example. The people who heard the first performance of this symphony understood what Gottschalk was trying to say just as clearly as did

42Quoted in Gottschalk, pp. 106-112.
the citizens of Buenos Aires on October 29, 1867, when they read his words in La Tribuna:

A son of the great Republic of the North, I have been in the habit since my infancy of considering the entire American continent—without restriction as to latitude or language—as the common fatherland for all who long for progress and liberty.\textsuperscript{43}

This concept is a far cry from the message that seems to have come across in the New Orleans premiere of these pieces. The press notices all referred to its entertaining features. Schonberg summarized his review in this way:

All of this is light music, but music that for its day was unprecedented. And every once in a while comes a harmonic twist or a lovely melodic idea that puts the music into a special category. Louis Moreau Gottschalk deserved this anniversary celebration. He was a much more significant figure in musical history—and not only American musical history—than scholars up to now have been prepared to admit. And his music still has power to please. Please? Some of it is marvelous, in its way.\textsuperscript{44}

Mr. Gagnard, however, was not entirely convinced by the music:

The concert opened appropriately with Liszt, a contemporary of the American's and no doubt an influence in pianistic flash and romantic fervor. Liszt and Gottschalk were of compatible musical aims—they wrote for popular consumption. Their music was intended to dazzle, to be understood and to entertain, above all to be accepted. But Liszt, being of profounder gift, has lasted. Gottschalk survives primarily as a museum piece.\textsuperscript{45}

Perhaps this will be the final judgment of the musical world on Gottschalk the composer. If so, however, it would be

\textsuperscript{43} Quoted in Vicente Gesualdo, op. cit., p. 243.

\textsuperscript{44} Schonberg, loc. cit.

\textsuperscript{45} Gagnard, loc. cit.
unfair not to add that Liszt lived his life in the sophisticated circles of Europe, while Gottschalk spent his mature life in the culturally backward New World. When the young American was in Europe, he wrote his most outstanding piano compositions. In America tastes were considerably less developed, and Gottschalk felt he had to react to them or lose his power of communication. It would be interesting if one could step into the world of what-might-have-been to see how far Gottschalk would have prodded American taste if he had been granted the same length of life as Liszt. His most famous protégée, Teresa Carreño, quoted Gottschalk as saying:

They speak of Gottschalk as a popular pianist merely, and as a writer and player of what they are pleased to call trash. Wait and see. When America has advanced and is able to appreciate something better, you will see Gottschalk there also.\(^46\)

APPENDIX I

EULOGY FROM NEW YORK WORLD, JANUARY 22, 1870

GOTTSCALK

A necessarily brief mention was made in THE WORLD of yesterday of the sudden death at Tijuca, near Rio, South America, of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the distinguished pianist. The news was aggravatingly meagre, but unquestionable. The brilliant young artist was dead in a strange land. It came with a severer blow to his many friends in this city that it was almost upon the heels of the announcements made with much of the performer's enthusiasm that he was meeting with the most brilliant success in South America, and had risen on the wings of popularity from the soloist to the director of monster concerts, and was the recipient of all honors and acclaim which popularity and royal patronage can bestow.

In his death America loses one of the most notable of her musicians, who, if he lacked some of the qualities which are essential to win an equable and permanent name among the great art workers of the world, was, nevertheless, the possessor of the sacred fire in some degree, and albeit the flame was fitful and served to render the shadows of an erratic life more apparent, rather than to irradiate with steady and increasing glow the great gloom beyond, it was,
nevertheless, hailed by the public with great delight, and the ignis fatuus of genius fled about the continent, leading a life of joyous adulation pursued by enthusiastic men and women, and flinging as he went with a regal bounteousness, all sorts of dainty and effeminate caprices, morceaux, and fantasies to such as had keen parlor sensibilities. Born on the warmer soil of the South, this ardent soul had that in him which in any clime was sure to gather about it the fluttering world, and when, attuned by the culture of Paris to full utterance, he came back like an Apollo, chaplets fell upon him from fair hands. For here was no abstruse and abstracted priest of Art looking beyond the present world into the poet's ether and its unattainable glory, but flesh and blood, comely withal and highly strung, responding to all the human emotions which music but typifies. Not yet, nor indeed ever to be, wedded to that mistress of whom all others are of the earth earthy; but breathing out of a young heart the melody of young sentiment—''Valse Poetique,''' ''Murmures Eolens,''' ''Printemps d'Amour,''' ''O, ma Charmante,''' and we know not how many other gentle and fascinating and amorous morceaux that seemed to touch fair fingers with a magnetic or at least a sympathetic thrill, and which, when Apollo himself struck the lyre, sank into gentle hearts, and seemed to carry with them some new magic of music.

That return was, in all conventional senses, a brilliant success. Few men who have given themselves to the piano won
so easily and so generally the popular acclaim, and none 
else, indeed, at all of America's making. He was literally 
a favorite at once. It is true that flattery soon converted 
him, for all concert-room purposes, from an Apollo to an 
Adonis; but that conversion seemed but to endear him to the 
dilettanti, and especially to the fashionable circles. He 
lounged listlessly in upon the platform, snuffled up the 
incense of applause, and sat down at his instrument with a 
dreamy, languid grace that was accounted irresistible. Some-
thing of the same voluptuous charm was evoked from the piano. 
Airily he swept the strings, not as a humble aspirant in the 
shadow of great mysteries, but as a proud and careless prince 
of tones, caressing a subject, waving a divine scepter over 
the little kingdom of caprice, but always sure to forget him-
self when the music approached a climax, and then, down from 
his throne and into the rout of his melodic rabble, with such 
intoxication and frenzy as wine and music alone produce.

Wonder there need not be that the young musician car-
rried captive the multitude. His was the temperament and the 
elegance that they needed and could best respond to. Always 
tender, always romantic, these piano songs, flung so splendid-
ly forth, were accounted of greater potency and weight than 
they deserved. Poems, dreams, passions came at his bidding 
in brilliant flashes. Often the weird pathos of a strain 
reminded one of Liszt's description of Chopin; often the 
ardent fantasies seemed to be struck unto a white heat of
passion; but in none was there any of the lasting refulgence of that higher poetry which beams, when it beams at all, either in verse or in melody, with the calm and unattainable splendor of a star. At the best, the effect he produced was effervescent and indefinite. It animated, it blinded, but it never lifted the hearer above his own passions and little round of emotions and impulses.

Herein we catch the hint of Gottschalk's weakness. Divinely breathed into, he forgot that the implanted voice was not only a gift, but a responsibility, and linked him, if he so chose to strengthen and use it, with the mysterious world from which all others are cut off, and from which he was to speak with the voice of an oracle those mystic truths [sic] that every heart hungers after. He chose the easier dalliance of man. Through all the list of his morceaux we may search in vain to find other than rosy pictures, radiant rhapsodies, the throb of high pulses, the passion of the creature; never the aspiration of the soul, the longing of the ordained ministrant, the elation of the spirit, alone in keen sorrow and keener joy of its mission.

Given the very temperament and organization of genius, Gottschalk does not seem to have had the endurance or moral strength to attain to the position which belonged to him. Endowed with a marvelous natural talent that the world recognized with singular alacrity, he fell short of the high mark through that weakness of his which the world abused
good-naturedly. Given the fulness of emotion, he chose to squander it in answering prettiness upon society. Set up for an artist by nature himself, he must needs be also a beau, and we hesitate not to say, to take pride in the conquests of the roué. Gottschalk's career points afresh the old and everlasting moral that under all true art must lie morality. It must breathe into it, and inspire the worker. It is in very truth, when we come to know it, the same thing under another name, and the time is past when the vagaries of genius can be overlooked and its high responsibilities not only to its master but to the world it was meant to beautify, and in some measure, evaded and indeed abused, without our hearty regrets taking some form of a warning.

The hosts of friends which Gottschalk had in this city were always too glad to overlook his foibles, and forget them too, for the sake of his rapturous music. But it is only just to say, that when he first appeared to our plaudits his head was already crowned with laurels, placed there by the genius and sovereigns of Europe. Fifty concerts in one season were given by him in New York when he returned here in 1853, and every one of them served but to lift him higher in the estimation of his countrymen. Thalberg, who came when Gottschalk was reaping his first harvest, only served to heighten the young American's position. Of all the men it would have been difficult to select one more widely differing from him in method and meaning. One all genius, the
other all art, as usual the people did not hesitate a moment
between them. But in the salons of the metropolis, at that
time, a protracted battle was waged by the admirers of each.
The two artists, during that season, played a duet together
in public, and there are long and enthusiastic accounts of
it to be gathered, even at this day, from old files.

Gottschalk gave his last concert in this country in
1865, and he sailed for California on the 8th of May of that
year. His career in that State was attended by considerable
notoriety at the time. He subsequently went to South America,
and there seemed to have given himself with renewed ardor to
the prosecution of musical enterprises of an extensive nature.
Here, as elsewhere, he made hosts of friends. The following
letter, the last received by Messrs. Hall, his publishers in
this city, indicates the nature of those enterprises:

RIO, October 24, 1869

Herewith I send you a new piece—("Morte"—"She is
Dead")—a lamentation. I do not know whether it will be
successful or not, but I believe it to be my best effort
for years. Ever since I have played it it has been
en coresd and a great many women have hysterics and weep
over it—maybe, owing to its romantic title. However,
here it is. Please beg your engraver, for common sense
sake, to pay some attention to the orthography of the
French indication and to the title. He has given me so
often proofs of his complete unconcern, interpolating
all sorts of nonsensical words of his own invention,
that my request ought to be taken into consideration.
I am preparing a festival for 800 performers; will
lead myself, and have performed several new works of my
own composition. I have been appointed by his Majesty
director-general (temporarily) of all the bands of the
army, navy, and national guards. An order from the
Emperor, issued to the Secretaries of the Navy, Justice,
and War, has been issued, communicating his intention that I am to be obeyed. In great haste, yours always,

GOTTSCHALK

It was while his friends were enjoying his triumphs and regarding with deep interest and some pride his new and seemingly brilliant career in the south that the unexpected news came of his death. It fell with a heavy blow upon many who knew him intimately, and for his virtues and graces loved him sincerely. He leaves four sisters in Paris—Ernestine [sic: actually Célistine], Clara, Adalide [sic: actually Augusta], and Blanche—and a younger brother (Gaston) now in Mexico. It is said that Gottschalk never failed, in any circumstances, to labor for the welfare of these sisters, and that to his thoughtfulness they are indebted for the musical instruction they have received.

Gottschalk was a man of varied social attainments. He was a linguist in a limited sense, and obtained some literary notoriety by the publication of a series of articles on music in the Atlantic Monthly. The last piece of music which he published, singularly enough, bore the title of "Morte!"
APPENDIX II

FOOTNOTES IN THEIR ORIGINAL LANGUAGES

Chapter I

12Fors, op. cit., pp. 104-105.

"Señor don

Muy Sr. Mío: Para llevar a cabo en esta ciudad un Festival en el que 650 músicos ejecutarán varias de mis obras sinfónicas, he debido contar necesariamente con la cooperación de los numerosos amigos artistas y aficionados que tantas simpatías me demostraron siempre. Contándolo a V., en este número, me atrevo a esperar concurra V., con su talento al mejor éxito del FESTIVAL; y ruego a V. se sirva comunicarme su determinación, bien directamente a mi morada, calle de Aguiar [sic], no. 470, bien en alguno de los almacenes de música de esta ciudad.

"Aprovecho esta oportunidad para ofrecerme su más atento

S. S. Q. B. S. M.

L. M. Gottschalk.

"Habana, Enero 24 de 1860.

"Nota.—Los ensayos se anunciarán oportunamente por los periódicos."

Chapter III

11Fors, p. 317.

"Para que una de sus composiciones fuese escrita exactamente, era preciso que lo hiciese inmediatamente después de haberla compuesto."

12Fors, pp. 318-319.

"Con gran sorpresa suya, el día siguiente le pusimos delante de los ojos su propia música, que jamás había cuidado de escribir y que halló exactísima. Pero cuál fué nuestra sorpresa al oírle excluir: —Exact, exact, notre cher et fin larron, mais nous n' sommese plus avancés, car il m'est plus facile d'en faire un autre pour demain, que d'apprendre par coeur tous ces détails que me sort aussi étrangers que s'ils ne m'appartenaient pas". Le dejamos nuestro manuscrito en la confianza de que lo consultase, pero en los ensayos no hizo sino improvisar sobre el mismo tema de una manera admirable, sin parecerse al más mínimo giro de su antiguo Carnaval.

"El día después, al acercarse la hora del concierto, le hicimos presente nuestros temores, fundados en que su
Carnaval era muy conocido del público, pero el gran artista nos respondió: --"No temas, porque tengo formado mi plan sobre lo que ayer has oído, y creo que el público nada tendrá que decir de mi Carnaval."

"Así fué. Gottschalk tocó lo que había ensayado la víspera, improvisando pasajes magníficos, que excitaron movimientos de verdadero trasporte en el público, merced a las inmensas dificultades que hizo oír.

"Aquella vez fué la última que oímos tan hermosa obra; mas por desgracia, no le aprovechó la lección y nunca la ha escrito, ni siquiera trató de conservar una copia de nuestro manuscrito, que felizmente se halla todavía en nuestro poder y nos permitirá hacerle conocer al público algún día.

"Gottschalk no ha tenido para sus obras más serias ni aún para las que prefería sobre otras, mayores cuidados y atención que para el Carnaval."

Chapter IV

"[Admiradores del Gran Dio de la Traviata! Cantad vuestra obra maestra á cualquiera de los exploradores del Far West, y estamos seguros que preferirá el Yankee Doodle, manifestando que vuestra música no le llega al corazón. ¿Qué haréis entonces sin alzar los hombros con lástima, deplorando el mal gusto del valeroso colono? Y si á éste se le ocurre silbar su tonada favorita á un Cherokee, de seguro que el último la hallará incomprensible, le aplicará el injurioso epiteto de "música sábia" y se resarcirá del mal rato entonando su canto guerrero. Suponded que un potentate oye al salvaje referido, y sin duda el primero alegrará que mejor que esa música es la monótona de su tambor, no faltándole mucha razón si asienta que para él solo es buena la música que comprende. Si admitís sucesivamente la superioridad del indio sobre el potentate, del explorador sobre el indio y, por último, del Gran Dio de la Traviata sobre el Yankee Doodle, ¿poderéis con razón decir que la escala de perfectibilidad en materias musicales concluye en vosotros, y no creeréis, por el contrario, que la inteligencia de un Rossini, de un Meyerbeer, de un Mozart, de un Beethoven y hasta de un simple músico de mérito, los hace dueños de inmensas alturas á que no pueden llegar los demás sin después de supremos esfuerzos y de mucho tiempo de haber sido iniciados en el divino arte? ¿No admitís que vuestro gusto en Literatura ha experimentado variaciones con la edad y la educación? ¿Os deleitáis hoy, por ventura, con las novelas que cuando teníais quince años llenaban de encanto vuestras vigilias y os perseguían hasta en las horas de sueño en que se os aparecían mil fantasmas de amor? Leíais entonces á Shakespeare, Byron, Dante, Quintana, Racine,
Montesquieu, la historia de Thiers, la Filosofía de Balmaes, y á Séneca, Ciceron, Virgilio, Homero, Xenofonte, etc., fuera de las veces que á hacerlo os obligaban vuestras profesores?

Decidme: si la vigilancia de éstos, á menudo burlada, les hubiese sugerido la idea de registrar vuestras carpetas, ¿no hubieran encontrado en ellas más de una y cien veces, obras que á la sazón admirábais y que os causarían hoy sonrojo ú os harían reír de lástima de vosotros mismos?

"Y si tal acontece en Literatura, ¿por qué se os antoja privar de semejante privilegio á la más elevada, más noble, más indefinida y más ilimitada de las artes, como lo es la música? ¿Por qué intentais sujetarla á un lecho de Procuste, circunscribiéndola á los strechos límites de aquello que os es dado comprender sin esfuerzo? ¡Ay! la naturaleza humana es de tal condición que si no admiitiesemos, en cuanto concierne á progreso intelectual, más que lo que no nos costase esfuerzo alguno, pronto, muy pronto volverísemos al estado de barbarie.

"El génio es el privilegio de ver desde mayor altura que la generalidad, de dominar eminencias en que el espíritu puede descubrir nuevos horizontes, y por lo tanto, bellezas ocultas para el resto de la humanidad."

11Fors, op. cit., p. 111.

"Ejécutése la grandiosa sinfonía Noche de los Trópicos, obra de concepción gigantesca, de genio brillante, de plan vastísimo, en la cual Gottschalk, a pesar de demostrar un elevadísimo grado de belleza estética y selecta, se amolda en sus ritmos é índole a todos los giros característicos del país, hasta el punto de satisfacer el gusto musical más exigente."

12Alego Carpentier, La músicá en Cuba (Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1946), p. 158.

"... es de una calidad considerablemente superior a las composiciones pianísticas del músico. Cierto pasaje central, sobre todo, se anticipa, armónicamente, al cromatismo de Tristán, revelando una fecunda inquietud creadora."

29Lange, op. cit., Vol. V., p. 244.

"... La Marcha Solemne es otro producto elástico, migratorio, que viajó a través de América sirviendo a fines de exaltación patriótica. Pudo haberse llamado ayer Marcha heroica ó Marcha triunfal, a manera de pantalla para intercalar el respetivo himno, como efecto seguro que aceptaría complacido el público asistente. "Estrenada" en Montevideo,
con la presencia de la plana mayor de las armadas de Estados Unidos y del Brasil ancladas en el puerto de la capital uruguaya, ya habría servido a idénticos fines en Valparaíso, según anotó Napoleón en su ya citado Autobiografía, pues dice haberlo ayudado a Gottschalk a intercalar el Himno Nacional Brasileiro."


"Tocado ao piano, a peça produziu sobre nós um abalo inexplicável. No teatro, executada por uma orquestra de 650 músicos, a impressão deve ser mágica e imponente. Deve ser, dezemos nós, porque novo para a população desta cidade um conjunto de tantos instrumentos, pode imaginarse o que será, mas nunca dizer-se ao certo."

31. Ibid., pp. 135-136. "... e finalmente a grande Marcha Solemne Brasileira, composta e dedicada ao Imperador por Gottschalk. Muito esperávamos do inesquecível artista, tudo esperávamos dele; todavia, força é confessar que subio além da nossa expectativa. Por isso fazemos ponto, desistindo da empreza, impossível para nós, de dar uma ideia de tão monumental peça de música. Os espectadores atroaram os ares com freneticos aplausos, e todos desde o Monarcha até o simples cidadão, em pé saudavam o grande mestre, a glória da América, a honra do mundo artístico."

35. Edwin Tolon and Jorge González, op. cit., pp. 35, 51. "Luis Moreau Gottschalk no fue cubano de nacimiento, pero fue de corazón. Ninguno como él supo captar nuestros ritmos y adaptarse al gusto de nuestro pueblo, a pesar de ser relativamente corta su estancia en esta isla... que tanto amo esta bella tierra y que dejará entre nosotros como un raro perfume que aún perdura a través de los años."

41. Lange, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 49-50, 53-54. "... Lo vemos como el primer gran americano, lejos de toda preocupación de fronteras y enemigo de los símbolos accidentales que podían perturbar la paz del mundo. Con la indiscutible magia de su técnica pianística e interpretación cautivaba auditórios y con su prodigioso don de organizador, no sospechado en los rasgos físicos que denotaban sus retratos, convulsionó por momentos la muchas veces decadente vida musical de nuestros países, realizando conciertos monstruos para los cuales reunió la casi totalidad de los músicos existentes en una ciudad, comunicándoles durante los
ensayos minuciosos y agotadores algo de su chispa genial, de su fervor por el arte superior, y el rigor de la interpretación que una profesión mal vista no dejaba prosperar. Creemos fundadamente que Gottschalk procuraba una finalidad, o sea, el despertar de inquietudes musicales que hiciésem prosperar... El hecho de centralizar en su propia persona el interés oficial del país en que actuaba, tuvo que beneficiar instantáneamente el concepto que podía tenerse de la música y de quienes la servían...

"Como buen sembrador, Gottschalk dignificó su arte y al haber elegido para tarea tan ardua como ingratísima nuestra tierra promisora constituyóse en primer portador de un idealismo práctico que dejó caer en surco fértil el germen de la emancipación gradual y el advenimiento de una vida y un lenguaje musicales propios."

"... Gottschalk, nunca fué acomodativo, llevó su mensaje a públicos que vivían bajo diversos regímenes políticos: monarquías, repúblicas constitucionalmente funcionando o tomadas por algún dictador en súbito asalto, y sus manifestaciones sobre política llevaron siempre idéntico sello de dignidad al de su conducta como profesional. El hombre que se alimentó desde su infancia de las ideas de Jefferson y acompañó con vivo interés la descollante figura de Lincoln, hizo fé pública sobre la dignificación de la criatura humana, especialmente en estas nuestras benditas tierras de América. ... Poniendo su arte al servicio de la emancipación espiritual de nuestras repúblicas mostró que sin la debida instrucción y formación espiritual, nuestros pueblos serán siempre víctimas del caudillaje y de las desgracias que de él deriva en perjuicio de una creciente densidad cultural.

"Por esta razón, la figura de Gottschalk es estrictamente actual, más que la propia música que él cultivó. En antecedentes de esto y recomendando al interesado el relato que sigue, Luis Moreau Gottschalk debe ser llamado el estadounidense más completo, un verdadero Embajador que hizo su aparición en tiempos en que las incipientes relaciones internacionales en nada favorecían el destino común de las Américas... Descendiente, por el lado materno, de nobles franceses y por el paterno, de un inquieto médico alemán educado en Inglaterra, producto del salón francés pero provisto de una fuerte dosis liberal estadounidense, templó su espíritu al contacto con la hidalguía española y abrió su corazón en los ámbitos infinitos del paisaje y de la familia hispanoamericana y luso-brasileira. ¿Qué más podría pedirse de la providencia para hacernos ver en los accidentes de su ascensión y vida profesional los ingredientes ideales que componen el futuro de un continente, ese futuro que fué legado a la humanidad que lo puebla con el hálito que sus próceres--guerreros y artistas--expiraron en el altar del ideal americano!"
"Hijo de la gran República del Norte, estoy habituado desde mi infancia a considerar todo el continente americano sin restricción de latitud ni lenguaje, como la patria común de cuantos aspiran al progreso y a la libertad."
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**Newspapers**


On the following pages are:

A facsimile of two sides of one page from a previously unpublished letter written by Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

A translation of the complete letter.

A previously unpublished photograph taken in Rio de Janeiro.

(All these documents are used with the kind permission of Mr. Eugene List.)
ma vie par presque vingt-
le tiers en partie -
un jour de ma vie.
à mon âge.
À propos: Gaston tira carré
28 de beurres (il y a un an 75
pou plusieurs centaines de beurres.
Je ne payai aucune fois.
Puis-je lui envoyer une
j'ai envoyé lui une lettre une
béquille de la triste comm
les plus tristes choses. Comme
aujourd'hui. Je vis
au moyen de la terre de la
en lui faisant profiter
la mine du Chili et le pétrole de Californie. Quoiqu'il en soit, il a régi
séculairement à ses dépens depuis trente ans. 5 000 000 en or pour au.
Je fais ces dépenses qui sont l'une
dans l'autre de 6 000 000 par
an et qui paraissent, en outre mettre le
pays une quinzaine de mille francs
par an c'est peu comparativement
mais qui la contre avec le chômage
le pain de 20 à 30 de 6 mois
dans aucune affaire. Jusqu'ici
vous ne devriez pas longuement
ôter comptes avec moi. Je comprends bien que
n'est pas votre façon de

My dear friend,

I will begin by telling you that we are dying of heat. The thermometer shows 97 above zero, which cannot but seem singular to you in the month of February, but we are in mid-summer. In this hemisphere the seasons are the reverse of those of the north. The month of May, the fair month of May, so much sung by the poets, is here the beginning of autumn, and the one that replaces it is November when cold ceases, the rains stop, when the roses bloom, and winter at last departs for good. You can imagine how much this would distract a European poet who would have to remake all his arsenal of spring rhymes and flowery metaphors. Absolutely everything in this country is opposite to the rest of the world. You would have to write constantly for years before you could exhaust the comments which deserve to be preserved in the notes of an intelligent traveller. The superstition, the fanaticism, and the barbarous cults which, from corruption to corruption, have ended by taking the place of true Catholicism, are the first subjects upon which you would exercise your pen. In Peru, Catholicism is an incongruous mixture in which there are idolatrous Indian rites, gross practices of African fetishism, vestiges of panism, such as male and female saints who control rain, wind and harvests, and on top of all these the fanaticism of the Spanish inquisition and the unappraisable cupidities of a priesthood that is ignoble, libertine, grossly illiterate and cruel, which sells all and can buy all, thanks to its immense wealth. How many times on the public streets have I not met Franciscans in hoods and gown, reeling drunk, clinging to women of the streets, and headed for some public brothel. As regards the Government, politics, in a word the Republio as it is conducted, there is matter to disgust great principles in observing how monstruosities hide behind sonorous words and falacious theories. If ever I return to the United States, or if we meet somewhere on this planet, my travel notes will interest you with mysteries which surpass all that the most exaggerated romance has invented and which have the merit of being history.

After my journey in California where every misfortune befell me at once, — bad health, poor audieces, poor receipts, a thieving impresario and a singer as angular physically as morally — after this odyssey where I lost money, almost lost my life, and only gained disillusionment and white hair, I betook myself to Peru. Lima was then torn by civil war. I assisted (much in spite of myself) at the taking of Lima and at the battle which was carried on the streets. My balcony was raked from side to side by a bullet, and a minie ball was embedded in the wall of my room two inches from my head. The dead and dying strewn the interior court of my house, and during the combat two Frenchmen and I were able to pick up 49 wounded of whom, unfortunately, the greater part died in our arms. My court was not much larger than that of your house in 8th Street, and consequently, space failing, we were soon obliged to lay the bodies one on top of the other,
the dead at the bottom, the wounded on top. It being im-
possible for the blood to flow away, we had it over our feet,
and the heat caused dense vapors to rise in this small space.
Towards evening the odor became insupportable. I then had
to pay a negro carter a dollar a body to carry the dead to
the cemetery and the dying to a hospital.

In Chili, as in Lima, I was decorated with several grand gold
medals— one among them has pearls and diamonds and cost
one thousand dollars. But none is so beautiful as that of
San Francisco which cost twenty-five hundred gold dollars.
At Buenos Aires I also received, as at Montevideo, gold medals
and beautiful presents. My concerts were fruitful. Un-
fortunately, I have probably lost money in the mines of Chili
and in the oil of California. No matter what happens, for
the last three years I have sent money regularly to my sisters,
three thousand gold dollars a year. I pay my expenses,
which, between one thing and another, are sixty-five hundred
dollars a year, and I can besides put by one thousand francs
a year. That is comparatively little, but I have against me
cholera, wars and a six months summer in every affair.

What are you doing? Write fully to me. I expect to give you
more circumstantial details about my life by the first boat.
I am pressed for time.

A handful of truth that is apposite. Gaston drew upon me
from Mexico (a year and a half ago) for several hundred dollars
which I paid. To-day I received from him a letter full of
distraction, as from one of the most unhappy persons without
any resources. I have taken measures to extricate him by
sending him money.

Your friend who loves you,

L. G.

(Louis Gottschalk)
PART II.

THE MUSIC
Rondante
DE LA SYMPHONIE ROMANTIQUE
Huit des Tropiques
TRANSCRIPTION
pour
PIANO
par
L. M. GOTTSCHALK

N° 22870

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ANDANTE
DE LA SYMPHONIE ROMANTIQUE

„NUIT DES TROPiques“

L. M. GOTTSCALK.

PIANO.

Andante.

Corni.

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m.g.

Ped.

Viol. 2o

m.d.

Flauto.

m.g.

sempre tranquillo e legatissimo