LIVING STEREO SAMPLER

1 **INDIANA - EDDY ARNOLD**
from album Have Guitar, Will Travel 2:19
(Ballard McDonald - James F. Hanley) Shapiro Bernstein ℗1959 BMG Music

2 **TEENSVILLE - CHET ATKINS**
from album Teensville 2:11
(Wayne Cogswell) Cherio Music, BMI ℗1959 BMG Music

3 **WAKE UP JACOB - HARRY BELAFONTE**
from album My Lord What A Mornin' 1:51
(Okun - Corman - Belafonte) Clara Music, ASCAP ℗1959 BMG Music

4 **WHERE NO ONE STANDS ALONE - DON GIBSON**
from album No One Stands Alone 2:45
(Mosie Lister) Mosie Lister ℗1958 BMG Music

5 **THE BEAT - HENRY MANCINI**
from album The Blues And The Beat 3:06
(Henry Mancini) Southdale Music Corp., ASCAP ℗1958 BMG Music

6 **MARIA BONITA - PEREZ PRADO**
from album Prez 2:43
(Agustin Lara) Peer ℗1958 BMG Music

7 **DARK MOON - JIM REEVES**
from album The Intimate Jim Reeves 2:38
(Ned Miller) Dandelion Music Co., BMI ℗1960 BMG Music

8 **COOL WATER - SONS OF THE PIONEERS**
from album Cool Water 2:08
(Bob Nolan) American Music Inc., BMI ℗1959 BMG Music

9 **TWILIGHT TIME - THE THREE SUNS**
from album Twilight Memories 3:10
(Morty & Al Nevins - Dunn - Ram) Porgie Mus. Corp., BMI ℗1960 BMG Music

10 **JUMP DOWN SPIN AROUND - HARRY BELAFONTE**
from album Returns To Carnegie Hall 2:14
(Belafonte - Attaway) Shari Music Pub. Corp., BMI ℗1960 BMG Music

11 **EN AVRIL À PARIS - JOSÉPHINE BAKER**
from album The Fabulous Joséphine Baker 3:24
(Trenet) Chappell, ASCAP ℗1960 BMG Music

12 **SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD - MARIAN ANDERSON**
from album He's Got The Whole World In His Hands 3:06
(Trad. - Arr.: Lawrence Brown) Belwin Mills ℗1961 BMG Music

13 **FUNICULI FUNICULÀ - MARIO LANZA**
from album Mariol 2:31
(Turco - Denza) P. D. ℗1959 BMG Music

14 **KOL NIDREI - JAN PEERCE**
from album Hevrew Melodies 5:02
(Traditional - Arr. Russotto with Chorus) P. D. ℗1960 BMG Music

15 **TROIKA (FROM: LIEUTENANT KIJÉ - SYMPHONIC SUITE, OP.60) - PROKOFIEV**
Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony Orchestra
from album Hovhaness, Prokofiev, Stravinsky 2:38
(Prokofiev) Boosey & Hawkes ℗1957 BMG Music

16 **PLAY OF THE WAVES (FROM: LA MER) - DEBUSSY**
Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony Orchestra
from album Debussy La Mer 6:27
(Debussy) P. D. ℗1960 BMG Music

17 **THE BARTERED BRIDE: OVERTURE - SMETANA**
Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony Orchestra
from album Dvořák New World Symphony and other orchestral masterworks 6:31
(Smetana) P. D. ℗1955 BMG Music

CD 2

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS *(1835–1921)*

Symphony No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 78 "Organ"

1 I Adagio; Allegro moderato 9:53
2 Poco adagio 9:36
3 II Allegro moderato; Presto 7:33
4 Maestoso; Allegro 7:40

Berj Zamkochian, organ (2, 4)
Bernard Zighera & Leo Litwin, pianos (3, 4)
(Recorded April 5 & 6, 1959)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY *(1862–1918)*

La Mer

5 De l'aube à midi sur la mer 8:37
6 Jeux de vagues 6:15
7 Dialogue du vent et de la mer 7:58
(Recorded December 9, 1956)

JACQUES IBERT *(1890–1962)*

Escales (Ports of Call)

8 Rome-Palermo: Calme 6:34
9 Tunis-Nefta: Modéré très rythmé 2:42
10 Valencia: Animé 6:04

Ralph Gomberg, oboe solo
(Recorded December 10, 1956)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by Richard Mohr
Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 3

Daphnis et Chloé

Scene 1

1 Invocation to the nymphs 6:25
2 Entrance of Daphnis and Chloé 0:49
3 Dance of the young girls around Daphnis 0:59
4 Dorcon's advance to Chloé 2:12
5 Daphnis reasserts his love for Chloé 0:32
The Dorcon-Daphnis dance contest for a kiss from Chloé
6 Dorcon's grotesque dance 1:37
7 The gracious dance of Daphnis 2:31
8 The triumph of Daphnis and the ecstatic union with Chloé 0:57
9 Entrance of the temptress Lyceion and dance of veils 2:00
10 The invasion of the pirates and
Daphnis's unsuccessful efforts to save Chloé 1:41
11 Invocation to Pan by the nymphs and the prayer of Daphnis 5:03

Scene 2

12 Interlude 3:14
13 The orgiastic dance of the pirates 3:59
14 Bryaxis orders Chloé to be brought forward and to dance 0:29
15 Chloé's dance of supplication 4:15
16 Creatures of Pan appear and frighten the pirates,
who flee in terror, leaving Chloé alone with a shining crown 1:11

Scene 3

17 Sunrise. Daphnis prostrate at the grotto of the nymphs 3:47
18 Daphnis and Chloé are reunited 1:49
19 Lammon tells how Pan saved Chloé in memory of his love
for the nymph Syrinx. Daphnis and Chloé act out the story 2:02
20 Pan (Daphnis) fashions a flute from some reeds, on which he
declares his love for Syrinx (Chloé) 2:27
21 Abandoning their roles, the lovers embrace and kneel
at the altar of the nymphs 2:06

22 Girls dressed as bacchantes enter with tambourines 0:13
23 Young men invade the scene, and joyous tumult prevails in tribute to the triumph of the lovers 3:57

Boston Symphony Orchestra / New England Conservatory Chorus and Alumni Chorus
Robert Shaw, director **/ Lorna Cooke de Varon**, associate director **/ Charles Munch**, conductor
(Recorded January 23 & 24, 1955, Symphony Hall, Boston)

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: Leslie Chase / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel / Remastering Supervision: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss
Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

RICHARD STRAUSS *(1864-1949)*

Also sprach Zarathustra, Op. 30

1 Sunrise 1:34
2 Of the people of the unseen world 3:10
3 Of the great longing 1:44
4 Of joys and passions 1:50
5 Dirge 2:15
6 Of science 4:00
7 The convalescent 5:00
8 Dance Song and Night Song 7:36
9 Night Wanderer's Song 4:40
(Recorded March 8, 1954)

Ein Heldenleben, Op. 40

10 The hero 4:18
11 The hero's adversaries 3:04
12 The hero's companion 11:57
13 The hero's battlefield 8:45
14 The hero's works of peace 4:39
15 The hero's retreat from the world and fulfillment 10:54
John Weicher, violin
(Recorded March 6, 1954)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: Leslie Chase / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

BÉLA BARTÓK *(1881–1945)*

Concerto for Orchestra

1 Introduzione: Andante non troppo; Allegro vivace 10:01
2 Giuoco delle coppie: Allegretto scherzando 6:03
3 Elegia: Andante non troppo 7:59
4 Intermezzo interrotto: Allegretto 4:15
5 Finale: Pesante; Presto 8:59
(Recorded October 22, 1955)

Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta

6 Andante tranquillo 7:05
7 Allegro 7:03
8 Adagio 6:58
9 Allegro molto 6:44

Hungarian Sketches

10 An Evening in the Village 2:44
11 Bear Dance 1:41
12 Melody 2:05
13 Slightly Tipsy 2:17
14 Swineherd's Dance 1:57
(Recorded December 28 & 29, 1958)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN *(1770-1827)*

Violin Concerto in D, Op. 61

1 Allegro, ma non troppo *(Cadenza: Auer-Heifetz)* 20:40
2 Larghetto 8:45
3 Rondo: Allegro *(Cadenza: Joachim-Heifetz)* 8:23
(Recorded November 27 & 28, 1955)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN *(1809-1847)*

Violin Concerto in E Minor, Op. 64*

4 Allegro molto appassionato 11:00
5 Andante 7:01
6 Allegretto non troppo; Allegro molto vivace 5:58
(Recorded February 23 & 25, 1959)

Jascha Heifetz, violin **/ Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch**, conductor
(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Lewis Layton, *John Crawford
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

PIOTR ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY *(1840–1893)*

Piano Concerto No. 1, Op. 23, in B-Flat Minor

1 Allegro non troppo e molto maestoso 20:48
2 Andantino simplice 7:03
3 Allegro con fuoco 6:48
(Recorded May 30, 1958, Carnegie Hall, New York City)

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF *(1873–1943)*

Piano Concerto No. 2, Op. 18, in C Minor*

4 Moderato; Allegro 10:56
5 Adagio sostenuto 11:27
6 Allegro scherzando 11:44
(Recorded March 31 & April 2, 1962, Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Van Cliburn, piano / **Kiril Kondrashin**, conductor / **RCA Symphony Orchestra**
***Van Cliburn**, piano / **Fritz Reiner**, conductor / **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: John Crawford / *Produced by Richard Mohr
*Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

GEORGE GERSHWIN *(1898–1937)*

1 **Rhapsody in Blue** 16:17
Pasquale Cardillo, clarinet
(Recorded May 13, 1959)

Concerto in F*
2 Allegro 12:05
3 Adagio; Andante con moto 10:31
4 Allegro agitato 6:16
(Recorded May 17, 1961)

5 **An American in Paris** 16:37
(Recorded May 14, 1959)

6 **Variations on "I Got Rhythm"*** 7:59

7 **Cuban Overture*** 9:20
(Recorded May 18, 1961)

Earl Wild, piano / **Boston Pops Orchestra / Arthur Fiedler**, conductor
(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / *Produced by Peter Dellheim
*Recording Engineer: Anthony Salvatore / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

MODESTE MUSSORGSKY *(1839–1881)*
(orch. Maurice Ravel)
Pictures at an Exhibition

1 Promenade 1:51
2 Gnomus 2:34
3 Promenade 1:05
4 Il vecchio castello 4:27
5 Promenade 0:34
6 Tuileries 0:59
7 Bydlo 3:25
8 Promenade 0:44
9 Ballet of the Chicks in Their Shells 1:12
10 Samuel Goldenburg and Schmuyle 2:13
11 The Marketplace at Limoges 1:17
12 Catacombae, sepulchrum romanum 1:56
13 Con mortuis in lingua mortua 1:59
14 The Hut on Fowl's Legs 3:28
15 The Great Gate at Kiev 5:15
(Recorded December 7, 1957)

PIOTR ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY *(1840-1893)*
16 **Marche miniature** (from Suite No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 43) 2:05

MUSSORGSKY
17 **A Night on Bald Mountain** 10:14

ALEXANDER BORODIN *(1833-1887)*
18 **Prince Igor: Polovtsian March** 4:48

TCHAIKOVSKY
19 **Marche slave** 10:29

DMITRI KABALEVSKY *(1904–1987)*
20 **Colas Breugnon, Op. 24: Overture** 4:48

MIKHAIL GLINKA *(1804–1857)*
21 **Russlan and Ludmilla: Overture** 5:19
(Recorded March 14, 1959)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded in Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

GIUSEPPE VERDI *(1813–1901)*

Aida

1 Ritorna vincitor! 6:55
2 Qui Radamès verrà! 1:32
3 O patria mia 5:14
(Recorded June 27, 1960)

Il trovatore

4 Che più t'arresti? 2:28
5 Tacea la notte placida 4:31
6 Di tale amor che dirsi 1:25
Laura Londi, soprano

Timor di me?; D'amor sull'ali rosee 5:19
(Recorded July 15 & 22, 1959)

GIACOMO PUCCINI *(1858–1924)*

Madama Butterfly

7 Un bel dì vedremo 4:48
8 Tu? tu? piccolo Iddio! (Morte di Butterfly) 2:50
(Recorded June 29, 1960)

La rondine

9 Chi il bel sogno di Doretta 2:48

Tosca

10 Vissi d'arte 3:15
(Recorded June 28, 1960)

Turandot

11 Signore, ascolta! 2:33
12 Tu che di gel sei cinta 2:34
(Recorded June 28 & 29, 1960)

Leontyne Price, soprano **/ Rome Opera Orchestra**
Oliviero de Fabritiis, conductor **/ Arturo Basile**, conductor [4–7]
(Recorded Rome Opera House)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss
Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design
Photography: Sara Foldenauer

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN *(1810-1849)*

Ballades

1 No. 1, Op. 23 in G Minor 9:22
2 No. 2, Op. 38 in F 6:42
3 No. 3, Op. 47 in A-Flat 7:19
4 No. 4, Op. 52 in F Minor 10:42
(Recorded April 28 & 29, 1959)

Scherzos

5 No. 1, Op. 20 in B Minor 9:07
6 No. 2, Op. 31 in B-Flat Minor 9:46
7 No. 3, Op. 39 in C-Sharp Minor 7:17
8 No. 4, Op. 54 in E 10:58
(Recorded March 25 & 26, 1959)

Arthur Rubinstein, piano *(Recorded Manhattan Center, New York City)*

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: John Crawford / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 12

PIOTR ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY *(1840–1893)*

Symphony No. 6, Op. 74, in B Minor "Pathétique"

1 Adagio; Allegro non troppo 17:29
2 Allegro con grazia 7:05
3 Allegro molto vivace 9:04
4 Adagio lamentoso 10:35

(Recorded January 26, 1955, Symphony Hall, Boston)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Pierre Monteux, conductor

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Philipp Nedel
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 13

1 **JOHN PHILIP SOUSA** The Stars and Stripes Forever 3:35
2 **MORTON GOULD** Parade (for percussion) 2:12
3 **SOUSA** On Parade 2:45
4 **SOUSA** Semper Fidelis 3:10
5 **EDWIN FRANKO GOLDMAN** Jubilee 2:33
6 **GOULD** Fourth of July 2:24
7 **SOUSA** Hands Across the Sea 1:41
8 **GOULD** Battle Hymn (Based on Steffe: Battle Hymn of the Republic) 3:24
9 **E. E. BAGLEY** National Emblem 2:05
10 **GOLDMAN** On the Mall 3:08
11 **SOUSA** The Thunderer 2:14
12 **GOULD** American Youth March 2:26
13 **GOLDMAN** The Chimes of Liberty 2:33
14 **GOLDMAN** Happy Go Lucky 2:17
15 **SOUSA** Washington Post 2:28
16 **SOUSA** The Gladiator 2:02
17 **SOUSA** El Capitan 2:20
18 **SOUSA** The U.S. Field Artillery March 2:32
19 **DAN EMMETT** Dixie* 2:48
20 **SOUSA** The High School Cadets 1:55
21 **SOUSA** Sound Off 2:15
22 **SOUSA** The Corcoran Cadets March 2:26
23 **F. W. MEACHAM** American Patrol* 2:40
24 **TRADITIONAL** Yankee Doodle* 2:43
25 **SOUSA** Manhattan Beach 2:11
26 **SOUSA** National Fencibles March 2:36
27 **GOULD** Jericho 12:23

James Burke, cornet (3,4) **/ Morton Gould and his Symphonic Band** *(Recorded October 17, 19 & 26, 1956 [1]-[17] and January 22 & 23, 1959 [18]-[27], Manhattan Center, New York City)*

*Arranged by Morton Gould / Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 14

JEAN SIBELIUS *(1865–1957)*

Violin Concerto in D Minor, Op. 47

1 Allegro moderato 13:37
2 Adagio di molto 6:18
3 Allegro ma non tanto 6:48
(Recorded January 10 & 12, 1959)

SERGEI PROKOFIEV *(1891–1953)*

Violin Concerto No. 2 in G Minor, Op. 63*

4 Allegro moderato 9:02
5 Andante assai 7:59
6 Allegro ben marcato 6:11
(Recorded February 24, 1959)

ALEXANDER GLAZUNOV *(1865–1936)*

Violin Concerto in A Minor, Op. 82†

7 Moderato 3:59
8 Andante sostenuto 3:24
9 Tempo I 6:04
10 Allegro 5:29
(Recorded June 3 & 4, 1963)

Jascha Heifetz, violin **/ Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Walter Hendl**, conductor
(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)
***Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch**, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*
†RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra / Walter Hendl, conductor
(Recorded Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, California)

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Lewis Layton, John Crawford, John Norman, Leslie Chase
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 15
16

HECTOR BERLIOZ *(1803–1869)*

Requiem, Op. 5

DISC 1

1 Requiem et Kyrie 11:36
2 Dies irae 12:31
3 Quid sum miser 3:29
4 Rex tremendae 5:45
5 Quaerens me 4:48

DISC 2

6 Lacrymosa 10:34
7 Offertorium 8:23
8 Hostias 3:21
9 Sanctus 11:16
10 Agnus Dei 11:54

(Recorded April 26 & 27, 1959)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / New England Conservatory Chorus
Lorna Cooke de Varon, director / Léopold Simoneau, tenor
Charles Munch, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenaue

CD 17

MAURICE RAVEL *(1875–1937)*

1 **Boléro** 13:49
(Recorded January 23, 1956)

2 **La valse** 11:21
Choreographic Poem for Orchestra
(Recorded December 5, 1955)

Rapsodie espagnole

3 Prélude à la nuit 4:33
4 Malagueña 1:53
5 Habanera 2:31
6 Feria 5:57
(Recorded January 23, 1956)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY *(1862–1918)*

Images for Orchestra

7 **Gigues** 6:30

Ibéria:

8 Par les rues et par les chemins 6:58
9 Les parfums de la nuit 7:58
10 Le matin d'un jour de fête 4:30
11 **Rondes de printemps** 7:16
(Recorded December 16, 1957)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 18

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK *(1841–1904)*

Concerto in B Minor, Op. 104

1 Allegro 15:45
2 Adagio ma non troppo 13:13
3 Finale: Allegro moderato 13:03
(Recorded February 22, 1960)

WILLIAM WALTON *(1902–1983)*

Cello Concerto*

4 Moderato 8:13
5 Allegro appassionato 6:43
6 Tema ed improvvisazioni: Lento; Allegro moderato 14:23
(Recorded January 28, 1957)

Gregor Piatigorsky, cello **/ Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch**, conductor
(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)

Produced by Max Wilcox / Recording Engineer: John Crawford / *Produced by Richard Mohr / *Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK *(1841–1904)*

Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95
"From the New World"

1 Adagio; Allegro molto 8:47
2 Largo 12:27
3 Scherzo: Molto vivace 7:33
4 Allegro con fuoco 10:28
(Recorded November 9, 1957)

5 **Carnival Overture, Op. 92** 8:53
(Recorded January 7, 1956)

BEDŘICH SMETANA *(1824–1884)*

6 **The Bartered Bride: Overture** 6:32
(Recorded December 12, 1955)

JAROMÍR WEINBERGER *(1896–1967)*

7 **Schwanda: Polka and Fugue** 9:18
(Recorded January 7, 1956)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV *(1844–1908)*

Scheherazade, Op. 35

1 The Sea and Sinbad's Ship 9:06
2 The Story of the Kalender Prince 11:35
3 The Young Prince and the Young Princess 12:02
4 Festival in Bagdad; The Sea; The Ship Goes to Pieces on a Rock Surmounted by a Bronze Warrior (Shipwreck); Conclusion 11:47
Sidney Harth, violin *(Recorded February 8, 1960)*

IGOR STRAVINSKY *(1882–1971)*

Song of the Nightingale

5 Presto 2:38
6 Chinese March 3:41
7 Song of the Nightingale 4:06
The Mechanical Nightingale
8 The mechanical nightingale 0:57
9 The Emperor's displeasure at the departure of the real nightingale 1:07
10 The Emperor's sickroom 3:57
11 The real nightingale returns to thwart Death 2:52
12 Funeral march and Finale 2:59
(Recorded November 3, 1956)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 21

JOHANNES BRAHMS *(1833–1897)*

Piano Concerto No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 15

1 Maestoso 21:37
2 Adagio 13:17
3 Rondo: Allegro non troppo 11:22
(Recorded April 17, 1954)

Arthur Rubinstein, piano **/ Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner**, conductor
(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Produced by Richard Mohr & John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Lewis Layton & Leslie Chase
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 22

JACQUES OFFENBACH *(1819-1880)*

Gaîté parisienne
(Orchestrated by Manuel Rosenthal)
Complete score as performed by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo

1 Allegro 2:02
2 Allegro brillante 1:00
3 Polka 1:25
4 Ländler: Allegro 1:33
5 Mazurka 2:12
6 Valse 1:59
7 Allegro 1:03
8 Polka 1:19
9 Valse 2:51
10 Tempo di marcia 1:18
11 Valse 1:47
12 Allegro vivo 0:11
13 Valse 1:53
14 Allegro vivace; Misterioso 2:07
15 Valse 2:40
16 Allegro vivo 0:25
17 Cancan 1:44
18 Quadrille 1:51
19 Allegro moderato 0:41
20 Allegro 0:23
21 Vivo 0:57
22 Vivo 1:02
23 Barcarolle 3:50
(Recorded June 18, 1954)

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI *(1792-1868)*— OTTORINO RESPIGHI *(1879-1936)*

La boutique fantasque

24 Overture 4:48
25 Tarantelle 2:11
26 Vivo 0:37
27 Mazurka 2:25
28 Danse cosaque 2:10
29 Cancan 2:00
30 Valse lente 4:11
31 Nocturne 3:40
32 Galop 5:12
(Recorded June 21 & 22, 1956)

Boston Pops Orchestra / Arthur Fiedler, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Leslie Chase, John Crawford / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss
Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF *(1873–1943)*

Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor, Op. 30

1 Allegro ma non tanto 17:32
2 Intermezzo: Adagio 10:38
3 Finale: Alla breve 14:57
(Recorded live May 19, 1958, Carnegie Hall, New York City)

SERGEI PROKOFIEV *(1891–1953)*

Piano Concerto No. 3 in C, Op. 26*

4 Andante 9:44
5 Theme: Andantino; Five Variations 10:01
6 Allegro ma non troppo 10:09
(Recorded October 22 & 24, 1960, Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Van Cliburn, piano / **Kiril Kondrashin**, conductor / **Symphony of the Air**
***Van Cliburn**, piano / **Walter Hendl**, conductor / **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**

Produced by John Pfeiffer & *Richard Mohr / Recording Engineers: Edwin Begley & *John Crawford
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV *(1844–1908)*

Le Coq d'or—Suite

1 King Dodon in his Palace 9:43
2 King Dodon on the Battlefield 4:45
3 King Dodon with the Queen of Shemakha 6:59
4 March 3:34
(Recorded November 25, 1956)

GIOACHINO ROSSINI *(1792–1868)*

5 **William Tell Overture** 11:46
(Recorded November 26, 1956)

PIOTR IL'YICH TCHAIKOVSKY *(1840–1893)*

6 **Marche slave** 9:41
(Recorded November 26, 1956)

EMMANUEL CHABRIER *(1841–1894)*

7 **España** 6:22
(Recorded June 26, 1958)

FRANZ LISZT *(1811–1886)*

8 **Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2** 9:34
Pasquale Cardillo, clarinet *(Recorded January 3, 1960)*
9 **Rákóczy March** 6:42
(Recorded January 4, 1960)

Boston Pops Orchestra / Arthur Fiedler, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

JOHANNES BRAHMS *(1833–1897)*

Violin Concerto in D, Op. 77

1 Allegro non troppo 18:55
2 *(Cadenza: Heifetz)*
3 Adagio 8:15
4 Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace 7:19
(Recorded February 21 & 22, 1955)

PIOTR IL'YICH TCHAIKOVSKY *(1840–1893)*

Violin Concerto in D, Op. 35

5 Allegro moderato 15:51
6 Canzonetta: Andante 5:31
7 Allegro vivacissimo 8:12
(Recorded April 19, 1957)

Jascha Heifetz, violin **/ Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner**, conductor
(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CÉSAR FRANCK *(1822–1890)*

Symphony in D Minor

1 Lento 18:02
2 Allegretto 10:37
3 Allegro non troppo 10:21
(Recorded January 7, 1961, Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

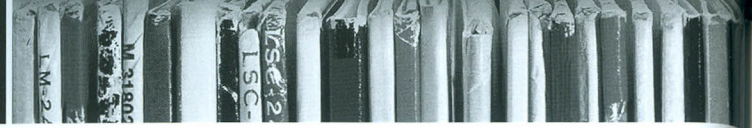
IGOR STRAVINSKY *(1882–1971)*

Pétrouchka*

Scene I: The Shrove-Tide Fair
4 Vivace 5:37
5 The Magic Trick 1:57
6 Russian Dance 2:32
7 Scene II: Pétrouchka's Room 4:10
Scene III: The Moor's Room
8 Feroce stringendo 3:21
9 Dance of the Ballerina 0:44
10 Valse 3:30
Scene IV: The Fair Toward Evening
11 Con moto 1:03
12 Wet Nurses' Dance 2:40
13 Peasant with Bear 1:28
14 Gypsies 0:53
15 Dance of the Coachmen 2:09
16 Masqueraders 1:41
17 Scuffle 0:44
18 Death of Pétrouchka 1:36
19 Pétrouchka's Ghost 0:43
(Recorded January 25, 26 & 28, 1959, Symphony Hall, Boston)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Pierre Monteux, conductor
*Bernard Zighera, piano **/ Boston Symphony Orchestra / Pierre Monteux**, conductor

Produced by Richard Mohr & *John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Lewis Layton & *John Crawford
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer



CD 27

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN *(1770–1827)*

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 67

1 Allegro con brio 6:02
2 Andante con moto 10:46
3 Allegro 5:32
4 Allegro 9:20
(Recorded May 2, 1955)

Symphony No. 6 in F, Op. 68 "Pastoral"*

5 Awakening of serene impressions upon arriving in the country: 9:03
Allegro ma non troppo
6 Scene by the brookside: Andante molto mosso 12:26
7 Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro 2:48
8 Thunderstorm: Allegro 3:30
9 Shepherd's Song – Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm: 9:04
Allegretto
(Recorded August 16, 1955)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by Richard Mohr & *John Pfeiffer
Recording Engineer: John Norman / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 28

HECTOR BERLIOZ *(1803–1869)*

Symphonie fantastique, Op. 14

1 I Reveries; Passions 13:23
2 II A Ball 6:12 III Scene in the Country 13:56
3 IV March to the Scaffold 4:30
4 V Dream of the Witches' Sabbath 8:39
(Recorded November 14 & 15, 1954)

Roméo et Juliette (Dramatic Symphony), Op. 17*

5 Part II – Love Scene 13:20
(Recorded April 23 & 24, 1961)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by John Pfeiffer & *Richard Mohr / Recording Engineers: John Crawford & *Lewis Layton
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

RICHARD STRAUSS *(1864–1949)*

Elektra

1 Elektra's Soliloquy: Allein! Weh, ganz allein 9:34
2 Recognition Scene: Was willst du, fremder Mensch? 21:37
3 Finale: Elektra! Schwester! Komm mit uns! 9:42

Inge Borkh, soprano
Paul Schoeffler, baritone
Frances Yeend, soprano
Chicago Lyric Theatre Chorus
(Recorded April 14 & 16, 1956)

Salome

4 Dance of the Seven Veils* 9:04
5 Final Scene: Ah! Du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund 17:03

Inge Borkh, soprano
(Recorded March 6, 1954 and December 10, 1955)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr & *John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Lewis Layton, Leslie Chase / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss
Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

GUSTAV MAHLER *(1860–1911)*

Symphony No. 4 in G

1 Bedächtig. Nicht eilen 15:58
2 In gemächlicher Bewegung. Ohne Hast 8:57
3 Ruhevoll 19:01
4 Sehr behaglich 9:40
Das himmlische Leben from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*
(Recorded December 6 & 8, 1958)

Lisa Della Casa, soprano **/ Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner**, conductor
(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN *(1810–1849)*

Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11

1 Allegro maestoso 19:41
2 Romance 10:45
3 Rondo 10:03

(Recorded June 8 & 9, 1961, Walthamstow, London, England)
New Symphony Orchestra of London
Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, conductor

Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor, Op. 21*

4 Maestoso 13:20
5 Larghetto 8:37
6 Allegro vivace 8:09

(Recorded January 20, 1958, Carnegie Hall, New York City)
Symphony of the Air
Alfred Wallenstein, conductor

Arthur Rubinstein, piano

Produced by Max Wilcox & *John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: K.E. Wilkinson & *Lewis Layton
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

FRANZ LISZT *(1811–1886)*

1 **Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 in C-Sharp Minor** 8:41

GEORGES ENESCO *(1881–1955)*

2 **Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 in A, Op. 11** 11:33

BEDŘICH SMETANA *(1824–1884)*

3 **Má Vlast – The Moldau (Vltava)** 12:21
4 **The Bartered Bride – Overture** 7:04

(Recorded February 7 & 18, 1960)
RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra

RICHARD WAGNER *(1813–1883)*

5 **Tristan und Isolde – Prelude to Act III*** 10:13
Henry Schuman, English horn

6 **Tannhäuser – Overture and Venusberg Music*** 25:09
Marilyn Wright, violin; **Arthur Garnick**, viola
Harvey Shapiro, cello; **Ralph Froelich**, horn
Chorus directed by Margaret Hillis
(Recorded April 20 & 21, 1961, and December 28, 1960)
Symphony of the Air

Leopold Stokowski, conductor *(Recorded Manhattan Center, New York City)*

Produced by Peter Dellheim / Recording Engineers: Robert Simpson, *Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss
Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

AARON COPLAND *(1900–1990)*

Billy the Kid: Suite

1 Introduction: The Open Prairie 3:30
2 Street in a Frontier Town 3:12
3 Mexican Dance and Finale 3:07
4 Prairie Night: Card Game 3:18
5 Gun Battle 1:47
6 Celebration: After Billy's Capture 2:13
7 Billy's Death 1:21
8 The Open Prairie *(reprise)* 1:45

9 **Billy the Kid: Waltz** 4:09

Rodeo: Suite

10 Buckaroo Holiday 7:42
11 Corral Nocturne 3:53
12 Honky Tonk Interlude 1:45
13 Saturday Night Waltz 4:27
14 Hoe-Down 3:29

(Recorded October 1 & 2, 1957)

FERDE GROFÉ *(1892–1972)*

Grand Canyon Suite

15 Sunrise 5:38
16 Painted Desert 5:32
17 On the Trail 7:40
18 Sunset 5:00
19 Cloudburst 8:33

(Recorded February 19, 1960)

Max Pollikoff, violin

Morton Gould and His Orchestra *(Recorded Manhattan Center, New York City)*

Produced by John Pfeiffer & Joseph Habig (Grofé) / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CHARLES GOUNOD *(1818–1893)*

Faust

1 Air des bijoux / Jewel Song 5:26

GIACOMO PUCCINI *(1858–1924)*

La Bohème

2 Mi chiamano Mimì 4:59

GIACOMO MEYERBEER *(1791–1864)*

Dinorah

3 Ombre légère / Shadow Song 5:58

GEORGES BIZET *(1838–1875)*

Carmen

4 Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante (Micaela's Air) 6:55

GIOACHINO ROSSINI *(1792–1868)*

Semiramide

5 Bel raggio lusinghier 7:04

PUCCINI

Turandot

6 Signore, ascolta 2:36
7 Tu che di gel sei cinta 2:38

LÉO DELIBES *(1836–1891)*

Lakmé

8 Air des clochettes / Bell Song 8:15

Anna Moffo, soprano **/ Rome Opera Orchestra / Tullio Serafin**, conductor
(Recorded July 28–30 & August 1, 1960, Rome Opera House)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CLAUDE DEBUSSY *(1862–1918)*

La Mer

1 From Dawn Till Noon on the Sea 10:22
2 Play of the Waves 6:31
3 Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea 8:20
(Recorded February 27, 1960)

OTTORINO RESPIGHI *(1879–1936)*

Fountains of Rome

4 The Fountain of Valle Giulia at Dawn 4:40
5 The Triton Fountain at Morning 2:25
6 The Fountain of Trevi at Midday 3:19
7 The Villa Medici Fountain at Sunset 5:26

Pines of Rome

8 The Pines of the Villa Borghese 2:43
9 Pines Near a Catacomb 6:46
10 The Pines of the Janiculum 6:28
11 The Pines of the Appian Way 5:12
(Recorded October 24, 1959)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

JOHANN STRAUSS, JR. *(1825-1899)*

1 Morning Papers, Op. 279 8:10
2 Emperor Waltz, Op. 437 7:42
3 On the Beautiful Blue Danube, Op. 314 8:12

CARL MARIA VON WEBER *(1786–1826)*

4 Invitation to the Dance, Op. 65 8:57

JOSEF STRAUSS *(1827–1870)*

5 Village Swallows, Op. 164 7:36

RICHARD STRAUSS *(1864–1949)*

6 Der Rosenkavalier: Waltzes 8:41
(arr. Fritz Reiner)
(Tracks 1-6 recorded April 15 & 16, 1957)

JOHANN STRAUSS, JR. *(1825-1899)*

7 Vienna Blood, Op. 354 8:56
8 Roses from the South, Op. 388 (*from* The Queen's Lace Handkerchief) 8:41
9 Treasure Waltz, Op. 418 (*from* The Gypsy Baron) 8:07
10 Thunder and Lightning, Op. 324 2:57
(Tracks 7-10 recorded April 25 & 26, 1960)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

FELIX MENDELSSOHN *(1809–1847)*

Symphony No. 4 in A, Op. 90 "Italian"*

1 Allegro vivace 8:05
2 Andante con moto 5:56
3 Con moto moderato 6:26
4 Saltarello: Presto 6:06
(Recorded February 18, 1958)

Symphony No. 5 in D, Op. 107 "Reformation"**

5 Andante; Allegro con fuoco 10:43
6 Allegro vivace 4:12
7 Andante 3:24
8 Chorale (Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott):
Andante con moto; Allegro vivace 8:55
(Recorded October 28, 1957)

Octet in E-Flat, Op. 20

9 III: Scherzo: Allegro leggierissimo 4:09
(Recorded March 7, 1960)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by *John Pfeiffer, **Richard Mohr & †Max Wilcox / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

ALEXANDER BORODIN *(1833–1887)*

1 In the Steppes of Central Asia 7:42

NIKOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV *(1844–1908)*

2 Russian Easter Overture 13:22

BORODIN

Prince Igor

3 Overture 10:07
4 Polovtsian Dances 11:03
(Recorded June 20 & 21, 1957)

ARAM KHACHATURIAN *(1903–1978)*

Gayane

5 Lullaby 4:57
6 Lezghinka 2:48
7 Dance of the Rose Maidens 2:03
8 Dance of the Kurds 1:58
9 Sabre Dance 2:28
(Recorded May 23, 1958)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

10 **Tsar Saltan:** The Flight of the Bumblebee 1:26
(Recorded May 30, 1958)

PIOTR IL'YICH TCHAIKOVSKY *(1840–1893)*

11 **Eugene Onegin:** Polonaise 4:34
(Recorded June 27, 1958)

12 **The Sleeping Beauty:** Waltz 4:32

KHACHATURIAN

13 **Masquerade Suite:** Galop 2:40
(Recorded June 25, 1959)

Boston Pops Orchestra / Arthur Fiedler, conductor *(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)*

Produced by John Pfeiffer & Richard Mohr (5–11) / Recording Engineer: John Crawford / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss
Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN *(1770–1827)*

Sonata No. 14 in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 27 No. 2 "Moonlight"

1 Adagio sostenuto 6:13
2 Allegretto 2:40
3 Presto agitato 6:45

Sonata No. 26 in E-Flat, Op. 81a "Les Adieux"

4 Adagio; Allegro 7:42
5 Andante espressivo 3:24
6 Vivacissimamente 5:40

Sonata No. 8 in C Minor, Op. 13 "Pathétique"

7 Allegro di molto e con brio 8:49
8 Adagio cantabile 5:41
9 Rondo: Allegro 4:49
(Recorded April 6, 1962)

Sonata No. 23 in F Minor, Op. 57 "Appassionata"

10 Allegro assai 9:29
11 Andante con moto 6:32
12 Allegro ma non troppo 7:57
(Recorded January 25 & 30, 1963)

Arthur Rubinstein, piano *(Recorded Manhattan Center, New York City)*

Produced by Max Wilcox / Recording Engineers: Anthony Salvatore & Lewis Layton (10–12) / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Additional Music Editing: Dirk Sobotka
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher / Special thanks for consultation: Max Wilcox
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

MAX BRUCH *(1838–1920)*

Violin Concerto No. 1 in G Minor, Op. 26

1 Vorspiel: Allegro moderato 7:41
2 Adagio 7:51
3 Finale: Allegro energico 6:38
(Recorded May 14 & 16, 1962)

Scottish Fantasy, Op. 46

4 Introduction: Grave; Adagio cantabile 7:48
5 Allegro 4:38
6 Adagio: Andante sostenuto 6:34
7 Finale: Allegro guerriero 6:43
Osian Ellis, harp

HENRY VIEUXTEMPS *(1820–1881)*

Violin Concerto No. 5 in A Minor, Op. 37

8 Allegro non troppo 12:32
9 Adagio 3:36
10 Allegro con fuoco 1:09
(Recorded May 15 & 22, 1961)

Jascha Heifetz, violin / **New Symphony Orchestra of London / Sir Malcolm Sargent**, conductor *(Recorded Walthamstow Town Hall, London)*

Produced by Eric Smith / Recording Engineers: K.E. Wilkinson, Allan Reeve / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 41

1 **Funiculì funiculà** (Turco–Denza) 2:36
2 **Dicitencello vuie** (Fusco–Falvo) 3:27
3 **Maria marì** (Russo–Di Capua) 3:23
4 **Voce 'e notte** (Lardini–De Curtis) 4:12
5 **Canta pe' me** (Bovio–De Curtis) 3:23
6 **O surdato 'namurato** (Califano–Cannio) 2:32
7 **Comme facette mammeta?** (Capaldo–Gambardella) 1:59
8 **Santa Lucia luntana** (Mario) 3:32
9 **Fenesta che lucive** (Genoino–Paolella–Cottrau) 3:43
10 **Tu ca nun chiagne** (Bovio–De Curtis) 2:39
11 **'Na sera 'e maggio** (Pisano–Cioffi) 3:22
12 **Passione** (Bovio–Tagliaferri–Valente) 4:16

Orchestra and Chorus / Franco Potenza, chorus director
Franco Ferrara, conductor
(Recorded November / December 1958, Italy)

The Vagabond King (Post–Hooker–Friml)
13 Drinking Song 3:48
14 Someday 3:19
15 Love Me Tonight 3:11
16 Only a Rose 5:34
17 Tomorrow 3:17
18 Love for Sale 2:36
19 Hunting 1:23
20 Nocturne 3:25
21 Instrumental Interlude & Nocturne (reprise) 4:54
22 Huguette Waltz 3:05
23 Song of the Vagabonds 3:36
24 Finale 1:57

with **Judith Raskin**, soprano (14, 16–18, 22, 24)
Orchestra and Chorus / Ralph Hunter, chorus director
Constantine Callinicos, conductor
(Recorded July 1959, Italy)

Mario Lanza, tenor

Arrangements: Ennio Morricone (1, 4–8, 12, 14, 17, 18, 20, 23, 24)
Carlo Savina (2, 3, 9–11, 22) A. Nadin (13, 15, 16, 19) Unknown (21)
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 42

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH *(1685–1750)*
1 **Fugue in G Minor, "Little"** 3:26
2 **Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring** 4:12

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL *(1685–1759)*
3 **Concerto No. 4 in F: I. Allegro** 5:20

4 **WILLIAM BOYCE** *(1711–1779)* **Ye Sweet Retreat** 4:53
(arr. Harold Bauer)

5 **HENRI MULET** *(1878–1967)* **Thou Art the Rock** 3:43

6 **HENRY PURCELL** *(1659–1695)* **Trumpet Voluntary** 3:09
(attrib. Jeremiah Clarke)

7 **BACH Trio Sonata No. 6 in G** 3:21

8 **HANDEL Concerto No. 1 for Strings: Aria** 3:55

9 **BACH Now Thank We All Our God** 3:45

10 **ROBERT SCHUMANN** *(1810–1856)* **Canon in B Minor** 2:19

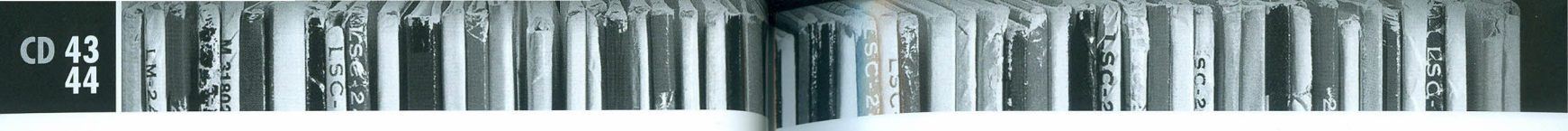
11 **BACH Air on the G String** 4:32
(from Suite No. 3 in D; arr. Virgil Fox)

CHARLES-MARIE WIDOR *(1844–1937)*
12 **Symphony No. 5 in F Minor, Op. 42, No. 1: Toccata** 4:53

13 **EDWARD ELGAR** *(1857–1934)* **Pomp and Circumstance** 4:14

Virgil Fox
Playing the organ at Riverside Church, New York City
(Recorded January 27–30, 1958)

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineer: John Crawford / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Additional Music Editing: Dirk Sobotka
Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Series Coordination: Tim Schumacher
Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer



LA BOHÈME

Opera in four acts
Music by Giacomo Puccini
Libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and Lugi Illica
based on episodes from Henri Murger's
Scènes de la vie de Bohème

First performed at Teatro Regio, Turin, February 1, 1896

THE CAST

Mimì, *a maker of artificial flowers*	Anna Moffo, *soprano*
Rodolfo, *a poet*	Richard Tucker, *tenor*
Marcello, *a painter*	Robert Merrill, *baritone*
Musetta	Mary Costa, *soprano*
Colline, *a philosopher*	Giorgio Tozzi, *bass*
Schaunard, *a musician*	Philip Maero, *baritone*
Benoît, *a landlord*	Fernando Corena, *bass*
Alcindoro, *a state councilor*	Giorgio Onesti, *bass*
Parpignol, *a toy vendor*	Adelio Zagonara, *tenor*
A Customhouse Official	Flavio Tosin, *baritone*
Sergeant	Adelio Zagonara, *tenor*
Student, working girls, citizens, shopkeepers, street vendors, soldiers, boys and girls	

DISC 1

ACT I

1 Questo *Mar Rosso* 0:57
2 Nei cieli bigi 2:29
3 Già dell'Apocalisse appariscono I segni 0:58
4 Pensier profondo! 1:16
5 Legna! – Sigari! – Bordò! 3:44
6 Si può? – Chi è la? – Benoît! 2:46
7 Timido in gioventù 3:36
8 Chi è là? – Scusi. – Una donna! 1:53
9 Oh! sventata! 1:38
10 Che gelida manina 4:17
11 Mi chiamano Mimì 4:34
12 Ehi! Rodolfo! 0:40
13 O soave fanciulla 3:44

ACT II

14 Aranci, ninnoli! 3:33
15 Questa è Mimì 2:33
16 Una cuffietta a pizzi 1:48
17 Oh! – Essa! – Musetta! 3:09
18 Quando me'n vo' *(Musetta's Waltz Song)* 3:24
19 Gioventù mia – Sciogli, slaccia! 1:11
20 Caro! – Fuori il danaro! 2:01

DISC 2

ACT III

1 Ohè, là, le guardi! Aprite! 1:20
2 Chi nel ber trovò il piacer 2:25
3 Sa dirmi, scusi, qual'è l'osteria 1:32
4 O buon Marcello, aiuto! 4:09
5 Marcello, finalmente! 1:10
6 Mimì è una civetta 4:17
7 Donde lieta; Addio, senza rancor! *(Mimi's Farewell)* 4:28
8 Che facevi, che dicevi 3:28

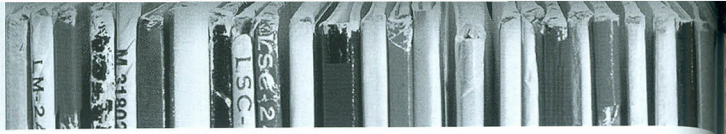
ACT IV

9 In *un coupé?* 1:18
10 O Mimì, tu più non torni 3:04
11 Eccoci. – Ebben? 2:16
12 *The quadrille and duel* 1:40
13 C'è Mimì che mi seque e che sta male 5:25
14 Vecchia zimarra, senti 2:14
15 Sono andati? Fingevo di dormire 8:28
16 Che ha detto il medico? 2:30

Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus / Erich Leinsdorf, *conductor*
/ Giuseppe Conca, *chorus master* / Luigi Ricci, Ugo Catania, Fernando Cavaniglia, *assistant conductors*
(Recorded June 15–30, 1961, Rome Opera House)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright
Libretto Preparation: Lucy Cross / Design: Red Herring Design ■ Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 45
46



MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Opera in three acts
Music by Giacomo Puccini

Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa
Based on the story by John Luther Long and the drama by David Belasco

First performed at La Scala, Milan, February 17, 1904

THE CAST

Madama Butterfly (Cio-Cio-San)	Leontyne Price, *soprano*
Suzuki, *Cio-Cio-San's servant*	Rosalind Elias, *mezzo-soprano*
B.F. Pinkerton, *Lieutenant in the United States Navy*	Richard Tucker, *tenor*
Kate Pinkerton, *his American wife*	Anna di Stasio, *mezzo-soprano*
Sharpless, *United States Consul at Nagasaki*	Philip Maero, *baritone*
Goro, *a marriage broker*	
Prince Yamadori, *suitor for Cio-Cio-San*	Piero de Palma, *tenor*
The Bonze, *Cio-Cio-San's uncle*	Robert Kerns, *baritone*
Imperial Commissioner	
The Registrar	Virgilio Carbonari, *bass*
Yakuside, *the uncle*	Arturo La Porta, *baritone*
Mother of Cio-Cio-San	Mario Rinaudo, *bass*
The Aunt	Leo Pudis, *bass*
The Cousin	Fernanda Cadoni, *mezzo-soprano*
	Gianna Lollini, *soprano*
	Silvia Bertona, *soprano*

DISC 1

ACT I

1	*Orchestral Opening*	1:03	
2	E soffitto e pareti	5:28	
3	Dovunque al mondo lo Yankee	3:54	
4	Amore o grillo	3:26	
5	Ancora un passo or via *(Butterfly's Entrance)*	3:01	
6	Gran ventura	3:19	
7	L'Imperial Commissario	3:02	
8	Vieni, amor mio!	2:26	
9	Ieri son salita tutta sola	1:50	
10	Tutti zitti!	1:16	
11	Madama Butterfly!	2:08	
12	Cio-Cio-San!	2:20	
13	Bimba, bimba, non piangere	5:25	
14	Bimba dagli occhi	*Love Duet* 4:01	
15	Vogliatemi bene	7:11	

ACT II

16	E Izaghi ed Izanami	6:29
17	Un bel dì	4:26

DISC 2

ACT III

1	C'è. Entrate	4:03	
2	Yamadori, ancor le pene	4:43	
3	Ora a noi	3:00	
4	Due cose potrei far	2:03	
5	Ah! M'ha scordata?	4:55	
6	Io scendo al piano	3:10	
7	Il cannone del porto!	3:42	
8	Tutti i fior? *(Flower Duet)*	3:52	
9	Or vienmi ad adornar	4:45	
10	*Humming Chorus*	2:55	
11	Oh eh! Oh eh!	7:40	
12	Già il sole!	4:03	
13	Io so che alle sue pene	3:43	
14	Addio, fiorito asil	2:56	
15	Suzuki, Suzuki!	5:47	
16	Come una mosca	2:43	
17	"Con onor muore ... *(Death of Butterfly)*	4:44	

RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus / Erich Leinsdorf, *conductor*
Nino Antonellini, *chorus master* / Luigi Ricci, Ugo Catania, Fernando Cavaniglia, *assistant conductors* / Stereophonic Stage Manager: Carl O. von Hoersten *(Recorded July 10–20, 1962, RCA Italiana Studios, Rome)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright
Libretto Preparation: Lucy Cross / Design: Red Herring Design ■ Photography: Sara Foldenauer

LA TRAVIATA

Opera in three acts
Music by Giuseppe Verdi
Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave
based on the play *La dame aux camélias*
by Alexandre Dumas *fils*

First performed at the Teatro La Fenice, Venice, March 6, 1853

THE CAST

Violetta Valery, *a courtesan*	Anna Moffo, *soprano*
Alfredo Germont, *her lover*	Richard Tucker, *tenor*
Giorgio Germont, *Alfredo's father*	Robert Merrill, *baritone*
Flora Bervoix, *Violetta's friend*	Anna Reynolds, *mezzo-soprano*
Gastone, Viscount de Letorières	Piero de Palma, *tenor*
Baron Douphol	Franco Calabrese, *baritone*
Marquis d'Obigny	Vito Susca, *bass*
Dr. Grenvil	Franco Ventriglia, *bass*
Giuseppe, *Violetta's servant*	Adelio Zagonara, *tenor*
Annina, *Violetta's confidante and maid*	Liliana Poli, *soprano*
Messenger	
Ladies and Gentlemen, Masquers, Servants	Sergio Livabella, *baritone*

DISC 1

1 Prelude 3:52

ACT I

2 Dell'invito trascorsa è già l'ora 4:53
3 Libiamo ne' lieti calici (Brindisi) 2:56
4 Che è ciò? 2:18
5 Un dì felice eterea 3:16
6 Ebben? Che diavol fate? 1:18
7 Si ridesta in ciel l'aurora 1:46
8 È strano, è strano!; Ah, fors è lui 4:09
9 Follie! Follie! Delirio vano 0:53
10 Sempre libera 3:39

ACT II

Scene 1

11 Lunga da lei; De' miei bollenti spiriti 3:42
12 Annina, donde vieni? 0:47
13 Alfredo? – Per Parigi or or partiva 3:50
14 Pura siccome un angelo 1:48
15 Non sapete quale giovine 4:47
16 Ah, dote alla giovine 5:32
17 Morrò! Morrò! 3:40
18 Dammi tu forza, o cielo! 3:44
19 Ah, vive sol quel core all'amor mio! 2:09
20 Di Provenza il mar 4:11
21 Nè rispondi 0:53

DISC 2

Scene 2

1 Avrem lieta di maschere la notte 1:03
2 Noi siame zingarelle 3:07
3 Di Madride noi siam mattadori 2:44
4 Alfredo! Voi? 3:58
5 Invitato a qui seguirmi 2:30
6 Ogni suo aver tal femmina 1:44
7 Di sprezzo degno sè stesso rende 6:06

ACT III

8 Prelude 3:42
9 Annina? – Comandate? 4:16
10 "Teneste la promessa . . ." 1:29
11 Addio del passato 2:42
12 Largo al quadrupede 0:47
13 Signora – Che t'accadde? 1:47
14 Parigi, o cara 3:31
15 Ah, non più 1:44
16 Ah, gran Dio, morir sì giovine 1:34
17 Ah, Violetta! – Voi, signor! 1:42
18 Prendi, quest è l'immagine 3:05
19 È strano! 1:14

Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus / Fernando Previtali, *conductor*
Luigi Ricci and Ugo Catania, *assistant conductors* / Giuseppe Conca, *chorus master* / René Boux, *stage manager*
(Recorded June 16–25, 1960, Rome Opera House)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Editorial Supervision: Elizabeth A. Wright
Libretto Preparation: Lucy Cross / Design: Red Herring Design ■ Photography: Sara Foldenauer

TURANDOT

Opera in three acts
Music by Giacomo Puccini
Libretto by Giuseppe Adami and Renato Simoni
Last duet and finale of the opera completed by Franco Alfano

Based on Carlo Gozzi's drama of the same name

First performed at La Scala, Milan, April 25, 1926

THE CAST

Princess Turandot	Birgit Nilsson, *soprano*
Liù, *a young slave girl*	Renata Tebaldi, *soprano*
Timur, *the dethroned Tartar King*	Giorgio Tozzi, *bass*
Calaf, *his son (The Unknown Prince)* Emperor	Jussi Bjoerling, *tenor*
Altoum	Alessio De Paolis, *tenor*
Ping, *the Grand Chancellor*	Mario Sereni, *baritone*
Pang, *the General Purveyor*	Piero de Palma, *tenor*
Pong, *the Chief Cook*	Tommaso Frascati, *bass*
A Mandarin	Leonardo Monreale, *bass*
Prince of Persia	Adelio Zagonara, *baritone*
Attendants of Turandot	Anna di Stasio, *soprano*
	Nelly Pucci, *soprano*
	Myriam Funari, *soprano*

Imperial Guards ■ Executioner and his men ■ Children ■ Priests ■ Mandarins ■ Dignitaries
Eight Wise Men ■ Attendants ■ Soldiers ■ Heralds ■ Musicians ■ Shades of the Dead ■ The Crowd
In Peking in Legendary Times

DISC 1

ACT I

1 Popolo di Pekino! 5:31
2 Gira la cote, gira, gira! 2:29
3 Perchè tarda la luna? 4:02
4 O giovinotto (Funeral March) 3:07
5 O divina bellezza! 1:27
6 Figlio, che fai? 1:40
7 Fermo! Che fai? T'arresta! 3:57
8 Non indugiare! 2:06
9 Signore, ascolta! 2:34
10 Non piangere, Liù! 2:34
11 Ah! Per l'ultima volta! 2:44

ACT II
Scene 1

12 Olà, Pang! Olà, Pong! 3:20
13 Ho una casa nell'Honan 3:01
14 O mondo ... O mondo ... 3:42
15 Non v'è in China per nostra fortuna 2:01

Scene 2

16 Gravi, enormi ed imponenti 3:55
17 Un giuramento atroce mi costringe 4:17
18 Popolo di Pekino! 1:41

DISC 2

1 In questa Reggia 6:10
2 Straniero, ascolta 2:17
3 "Giuzza al pari di fiamma" 2:11
4 "Gelo che ti dà foco" 3:15
5 Figlio del Cielo! 3:10
6 Tre enigmi m'hai proposto 1:48
7 Ai tuoi piedi ci postriam 2:12

ACT III
Scene 1

8 Così comando Turandot 3:20
9 Nessun dorma! 3:20
10 Tu che guardi le stelle 2:25
11 Straniero, tu non sai 1:36
12 Principessa divina! 3:52
13 Chi pose tanta forza 3:24
14 Tu che di gel sei cinta (Death of Liù) 2:42
15 Ah! Tu sei morta 4:59
16 Principessa di morte! 3:33
17 Che è mai di me? 2:38
18 Del primo pianto 4:57

Scene 2

19 Diecimila anni 3:03

Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus / Erich Leinsdorf, *conductor*
Luigi Ricci and Ugo Catania, *assistant conductors* / Giuseppe Conca, *chorus master(Recorded July 3–11, 1959, Rome Opera House)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Reissue Producer: Daniel Guss / Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright
Libretto Preparation: Lucy Cross / Design: Red Herring Design ■ Photography: Sara Foldenauer

FRANZ SCHUBERT *(1797–1828)*

Symphony No. 8 in B Minor, D759 "Unfinished"

1 Allegro moderato 12:19
2 Andante con moto 11:41
(Recorded February 2, 1955, Symphony Hall, Boston)

Symphony No. 9 in C, D944 "The Great"

3 Andante; Allegro ma non troppo 12:39
4 Andante con moto 13:15
5 Scherzo: Allegro vivace 7:58
6 Finale: Allegro vivace 10:53
(Recorded November 19, 1958, Symphony Hall, Boston)

Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch, conductor

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil & Warren Wernick
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Original Series Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

RICHARD STRAUSS *(1864–1949)*

Don Quixote, Op. 35
Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character

1 Introduction 6:05
2 Theme: Don Quixote, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance 1:06
3 Sancho Panza 1:15
4 Variation I: The Adventure with the Windmills 2:43
5 Variation II: The Battle with the Sheep 1:49
6 Variation III: Dialogue of Knight and Squire 8:52
7 Variation IV: The Adventure with the Penitents 1:53
8 Variation V: The Knight's Vigil 4:21
9 Variation VI: The False Dulcinea 1:18
10 Variation VII: The Ride through the Air 1:02
11 Variation VIII: The Adventure with the Enchanted Boat 1:37
12 Variation IX: The Combat with the Two Magicians 1:07
13 Variation X: The Defeat of Don Quixote by the Knight of the White Moon 4:02
14 Finale: The Death of Don Quixote 5:54
Antonio Janigro, *cello* / Milton Preves, *viola* / John Weicher, *violin*
(Recorded April 11, 1959)
15 **Don Juan, Op. 20** 16:30
(Recorded December 6, 1954)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded in Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

There is a substantial change in the orchestral set-up between the two selections on this disc. Don Juan was among Dr. Reiner's first recordings with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. At that time he arranged the orchestra with first violins to his left, second violins right, violas right center, cellos left center and double basses behind the cellos, far left. By the time Don Quixote was recorded, he had changed the arrangement so that all the violins were on his left, violas right center, cellos right and double basses at the rear of the cellos, far right. These differences will be apparent in the stereo imaging of these recordings.

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil & Warren Wernick
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Original Series Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH *(1685–1750)*

Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins, BWV 1043

1 Vivace 3:45
2 Largo ma non tanto 6:04
3 Allegro 4:46

Erick Friedman, *violin* / Thornton Lofthouse, *harpsichord*
New Symphony Orchestra of London / Sir Malcolm Sargent, *conductor*
(Recorded May 19 and 20, 1961, Walthamstow Town Hall, London)

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART *(1756–1791)*

Sinfonia concertante in E-Flat, K. 364

4 Allegro maestoso 12:18
5 Andante 8:50
6 Presto 5:52

William Primrose, *viola*
RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra / Izler Solomon, *conductor*
(Recorded October 2, 1956, Republic Studios Sound Stage 9, Hollywood)

JOHANNES BRAHMS *(1833–1897)*

Concerto in A Minor for Violin and Cello, Op. 102

7 Allegro 14:46
8 Andante 6:49
9 Vivace non troppo 7:43

Gregor Piatigorsky, *cello*
RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra / Alfred Wallenstein, *conductor*
(Recorded May 19 and 20, 1960, Republic Studios Sound Stage 9, Hollywood)

Jascha Heifetz, *violin*

Produced by Eric Smith & John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Leslie Chase, John Crawford & Allan Reeve
Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil & Warren Wernick
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Original Series Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

POPULAR CLASSICS FOR SPANISH GUITAR

Heitor Villa-Lobos *(1887–1959)*

1 Chôros No. 1 (arr. García) 4:54
2 Etude in E Minor 4:10

Federico Moreno Torroba *(1891–1982)*

3 Madroños 3:00

Joaquín Turina *(1882–1949)*
Homenaje a Tárrega, Op. 69

4 Garrotín 2:09
5 Soleares 2:00

Villa-Lobos

6 Prelude in E Minor 3:12

Isaac Albéniz *(1860–1909)*
Suite española, Op. 47

7 Granada (arr. Bream) 5:21
8 Leyenda (Asturias) 5:56

Manuel de Falla *(1876–1946)*

9 Homenaje "Le tombeau de Claude Debussy" 4:15

Traditional *(arr. Miguel Llobet, 1878–1938)*

10 Canciones populares catalanas: El testament d'Amelia 2:13

Turina

11 Fandanguillo 5:14

Julian Bream, guitar *(Recorded November–December, 1962, in the Library, Kenwood House, London)*

Produced by James Burnett / Recording Engineer: Robert Auger / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton
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CD 55

SPAIN

MANUEL DE FALLA *(1876–1946)*

El amor brujo

1 Introduction and Scene 0:36
2 In the Cave 2:39
3 Song of Love's Sorrow 1:48
4 The Ghost 0:13
5 Dance of Terror 1:56
6 The Magic Circle 2:59
7 Midnight 0:44
8 Ritual Fire Dance 4:15
9 Scene 1:05
10 Song of the Will-o'-the-Wisp 1:46
11 Pantomime 5:21
12 Dance of the Game of Love 2:58
13 The Bells of Morning 1:31
Leontyne Price, soprano
(Recorded March 4, 1963)

The Three-Cornered Hat

14 The Neighbors' Dance 3:21
15 The Miller's Dance 2:40
16 Final Dance 6:10

La vida breve

17 Interlude 2:56
18 Dance 3:41

ISAAC ALBÉNIZ *(1860–1909)*

(trans. Enrique Arbós)

Iberia, Book 2

19 Triana 5:06

ENRIQUE GRANADOS *(1867–1916)*

Goyescas

20 Intermezzo 5:40

ALBÉNIZ

(trans. Arbós)

Iberia, Book 1

21 Fête-Dieu à Seville 8:01

Iberia, Book 4

22 Navarra 5:39
(Recorded April 26, 1958)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, conductor *(Recorded in Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil & Warren Wernick
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Original Series Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 56

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS *(1835–1921)*

Concerto No. 2 in G Minor, Op. 22

1 Andante sostenuto 11:08
2 Allegro scherzando 5:56
3 Presto 6:20
(Recorded January 14, 1958, Manhattan Center, New York City)

CÈSAR FRANCK *(1822–1890)*

Symphonic Variations

4 Poco allegro 9:33
5 Allegro non troppo 3:52
(Recorded January 15, 1958, Manhattan Center)

FRANZ LISZT *(1811–1886)*

Concerto No. 1 in E-Flat*

6 Allegro maestoso 5:07
7 Quasi adagio 4:16
8 Allegretto vivace 3:51
9 Allegro marziale animato 4:06
(Recorded February 12, 1956, Carnegie Hall, New York City)

Arthur Rubinstein, *piano*
Symphony of the Air / *RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra
Alfred Wallenstein, *conductor*

Produced by John Pfeiffer / Recording Engineers: Lewis Layton, John Crawford / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

CD 57

HECTOR BERLIOZ *(1803–1869)*

Harold in Italy / Harold en Italie, Op. 16*

1 Harold in the Mountains / Harold aux montagnes 12:12
2 March of the Pilgrims / Marche des pèlerins 6:46
3 Serenade 6:33
4 Orgy of the Brigands / Orgie des brigands 12:30
(Recorded March 31, 1958)

5 **Béatrice et Bénédict Overture** 7:22
(Recorded December 1, 1958)
6 **The Corsair Overture / Le Corsaire, Op. 21** 8:02
7 **Benvenuto Cellini Overture, Op. 23** 10:28
(Recorded April 6, 1959)
8 **Roman Carnival Overture / Le Carnaval romain, Op. 9** 8:05
(Recorded December 1, 1958)

***William Primrose**, *viola* / **Boston Symphony Orchestra / Charles Munch**, *conductor*
(Recorded Symphony Hall, Boston)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

GUSTAV MAHLER *(1860–1911)*

Das Lied von der Erde / The Song of the Earth
(Text from H. Bethge, *Die chinesische Flöte*, after Li-Tai-Po)

1 Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde / The Drinking Song of Earth's Sorrow 8:36
2 Der Einsame im Herbst / Autumn Loneliness 10:11
3 Von der Jugend / Of Youth 3:22
4 Von der Schönheit / Of Beauty 6:43
5 Der Trunkene im Frühling / Wine in Spring 4:29
6 Der Abschied / The Farewell 29:48
(Recorded November 9, 1959, Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Maureen Forrester, *contralto* / **Richard Lewis**, *tenor*
Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, *conductor*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

RICHARD STRAUSS *(1864–1949)*

Symphonia domestica, Op. 53

1 Bewegt 5:22
2 Scherzo 6:27
3 Wiegenlied / Cradle Song 6:04
4 Adagio 12:18
5 Finale 13:34
(Recorded November 5, 1956)

Le bourgeois gentilhomme: Suite, Op. 60

6 Overture 3:52
7 Minuet 1:29
8 The Fencing Master 1:45
9 Entrance and Dance of the Tailors 4:43
10 Entrance of Cléonte 4:56
11 Prelude to Act II (Intermezzo) 3:15
12 The Dinner 10:09
(Recorded April 17 & 18, 1956)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Fritz Reiner, *conductor (Recorded in Orchestra Hall, Chicago)*

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue / DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka
Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil
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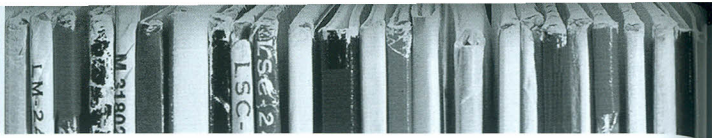
CD 60



ROBERT SCHUMANN *(1810–1856)*

Piano Concerto in A Minor, Op. 54

1 Allegro affettuoso 15:16
2 Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso 5:16
3 Allegro vivace 10:11
(Recorded April 16, 1960)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN *(1770–1827)*

Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-Flat, Op. 73 "Emperor"

4 Allegro 20:09
5 Adagio un poco mosso 7:58
6 Rondo: Allegro 10:01
(Recorded May 4 & 12, 1961)

Van Cliburn, *piano* / **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** / **Fritz Reiner**, *conductor*
(Recorded Orchestra Hall, Chicago)

Produced by Richard Mohr / Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton / Mastering Engineer: Mark Donahue
DSD Engineer: Dirk Sobotka / Remastering Supervisor: John Newton / Project Direction & Research: David Foil
Editorial Direction: Elizabeth A. Wright / Design: Red Herring Design / Photography: Sara Foldenauer

LIVING STEREO

CD 1

THE HISTORY OF LIVING STEREO

On October 6, 1953, RCA Victor made its first experimental "binaural" recordings. At New York's Manhattan Center, Leopold Stokowski conducted a pick-up orchestra in Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 and Tchaikovsky's Waltz from Eugene Onegin. In December RCA continued stereo tests in Manhattan Center with Pierre Monteux and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Then, in February 1954, RCA took equipment to Boston's Symphony Hall, where Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony were recording Berlioz's The Damnation of Faust. For the first time, RCA engineers captured the performance on both mono and two-track tape. These experiments, combined with further technological refinements employed in Chicago's Orchestra Hall in March 1954, were the first forays into the world of stereo.

At the time that RCA initiated multi-track sessions, disc mastering and consumer playback technology were monaural. RCA Victor proceeded to use two- and three-track equipment to record the world's greatest artists—Heifetz, Piatigorsky, Reiner, Munch, Rubinstein, Fiedler—in anticipation that home technology would catch up to stereo sound. Finally, in 1955, 1/4" 7 1/2ips stereophonic tape players arrived on the consumer market, and RCA released its first Stereo Orthophonic tapes.

Stereo Orthophonic tapes redefined high fidelity. In 1958, the Western Electric Company produced the breakthrough Westrex stereo disc cutter, thereby re-volutionizing master disc production. Stereo playback equipment was developed to coincide with the new disc cutting technology. The same year, Living Stereo LP records were launched, ushering in the golden age of stereo high fidelity.

RCA Victor's first two-track sessions in late 1953 and early 1954 were captured on proprietary RCA RT-21 1/4" 30ips tape machines, wired to a pair of mono mixers, each dedicated to one tape track. Neumann U-47 cardioid and M-49/50 omnidirectional microphones were favored, as were RCA-designed LC-1A 15" duo-cone speakers in the control room. Three track recordings were realized on tube amplifier Ampex 300-3 1/2" machines running at 15ips and in later years at 30ips, and were mixed down to 1/4" two-track masters. No equalization was used in the original tracking process; the microphone signals were summed through passive electronics and printed straight to tape. In addition, no equalization was used to alter playback takes for artist approval.

TECHNICAL NOTES

JOHN NEWTON, SOUNDMIRROR INC.

Since the earliest days of recording, engineers have strived to make recorded sound as immediate and thrilling as natural sound. The earliest electrical recordings were made with a single microphone positioned in the hall for optimum balance. The signal was fed to a cutting lathe, and with the advent of magnetic recording, to a monaural tape recorder; a copy of that tape was used to produce the LPs which consumers listened to at home.

With stereo, two microphones were placed in the hall. Signals were fed to a stereo tape recorder and consumers, listening back on two speakers, heard a new "depth" of sound. By placing microphones in the left, center, and right of the hall, engineers progressed to 3-channel recordings, which afforded them greater control over the musical balances that ended up in the stereo mix. Even as CDs replaced LPs, this same process was often followed.

In remastering these tapes, we kept the signal path as short as possible. A Studer-Aria analog tape recorder was connected with premium Siltech cabling directly to specifically chosen dCS converters. This DSD data is directly encoded on the SACD (Although this box set is released with normal CDs). Thus the listener is able to hear the output of these converters exactly as we heard it in the studio. The DSD program is essentially identical to the analog tape. What you hear are faithful copies of each historic recording—the pure performance, presented in its original splendor. No signal processing was necessary to "improve" these extraordinary tapes.

Throughout this very exciting project, history came alive as we heard the voices of legendary engineers verbally slating the tapes with the location and date of each session. We were greatly impressed not only with how little the original tapes were edited, but how skillfully engineers edited with their high-tech tool of the day, namely, a razor blade! Applying the best in 21st-century remastering technology, we believe we have done justice to the best in 20th-century recording technology for a new generation of listeners.

CD 2

SAINT-SAËNS: SYMPHONY NO.3 "ORGAN"

▸▸▸ NOTES BY R. D. DARRELL (1959)

Not the least singular phenomenon of our high fidelity age is its phonographic rejuvenation of music once considered revolutionary, which complacent concert audiences have allowed to fade into near obscurity. A striking example of such restorations has been the recent popularity among audiophiles of the mighty "Organ" Symphony by Camille Saint-Saëns.

Yet this work's scope is so broad, its performance and recording problems so complex (especially in maintaining sonic equilibrium between organ and orchestra at both the lowest and highest of dynamic levels, while still preserving distinctive individualization of kaleidoscopically varied tonal colors), that the most skillful of monophonic engineering techniques never has captured the full range of sonorities achievable in "live" performances, and even the best of these latter seldom can command the acoustical balance and transparency of which the composer perhaps over-ambitiously dreamed.

It has remained for the stereophonic era, in demonstrating its artistic as well as technological coming-of-age, not only to discover solutions to these problems, but also to electrify home listeners with a belated realization of Saint-Saëns' goal— a transcendentally new and quite incomparable musical-dramatic experience.

The music's wealth of melodic and rhythmic

attractions, like its dramatic range and power, always has been obvious at first hearing. The secret of their redemption from the fate of so much ultra-romantic tone-poetry, which has come to be disdained by cognoscenti as old-fashionedly lush and grandiloquent, is simply their revitalization in both sonic expressiveness and interpretative eloquence: for Charles Munch, himself a compatriot of the composer and heir to the latter's tradition, not only has long been a supreme exponent of this particular work, but here is enabled to draw upon resources in engineering and orchestral virtuosity never before available to him in re-creating this symphony for records as freshly and passionately as if it were being heard for the first time.

The means of accomplishing this are fascinatingly novel. When it was proved that optimum spatial breadth and sound-source differentiations, as well as maximum exploitation of the superb acoustics of Boston's Symphony Hall, were impossible to achieve with the conventional stage-seating pattern, the entire orchestra was boldly spread out over the front half and full width of the auditorium itself, from which of course the normal audience seats had been removed. And although the organ's pipe chambers are permanently located behind the decorative pipe-work at the upper rear of the stage itself, the use of a separate three-channel microphone array in the recording effectively shifts the apparent sources of the organ tones right into and all across the space physically occupied by the orchestra, and so ensures both perfect clarity of even pianissimo organ passages and their fortissimos' sonic equilibrium with even the most thunderous of orchestral tuttis.

But it is the end-result which really counts—and the recording enables the home stereo-listener, who closes his eyes and obeys Shakespeare's injunction to "Look with thine ears!" to vividly "see" the orchestra before him:

Left, front: the massed first and (behind them) second violins, with the piano still farther back and to the extreme left.

Right, front: the massed violas, violoncellos, and (rear) basses.

Farther back and spread across the center: the woodwinds (3 flutes—the third doubling with piccolo, 2 oboes and English horn, 2 clarinets and bass clarinet, 2 bassoons and double-bassoon); behind them, the brasses (4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones and tuba); still farther back and to the extreme right, the percussion section (3 timpani, bass drum, triangle, and cymbals.)

And, permeating all of these (when it is called for, in the second halves of both the first and second movements), the organ, with its deepest pedal tones (the 36.7-cps low D-flats of Side 1, and 32.6-cps low Cs of Side 2) providing the rock-solid foundations on which the whole towering, sonic structure is securely based.

The C Minor Symphony's architecture long has been esteemed for its cunningly patterned design, its thematic "transformations," and its programmatic triumph of a "calm and lofty" motive over a "restless, diabolical element"—features stressed by the composer himself in his often-quoted annotations for the first performance of the work in 1886, but which seldom if ever have been as plastically delineated in actual sound as they are here, or made as evident to the untrained auditor as they long have been to the technically trained score-reader.

Yet what most spectacularly "rejuvenates" the "Organ Symphony"—and will keep present day listeners replaying it again and again, long after they know every melody by heart—is the magical appeal of its imaginative combinations and permutations of instrumental timbres and dynamics. Heard in the matchless lucidity of the stereo medium, few if any other symphonic works more richly illustrate the art of soundweaving in its dual aspects of instrumentation (writing idiomatically for individual instruments) and orchestration (combining instrumental choirs to achieve both maximum sonic diversity and maximum overall sonority).

To enumerate all the aural high spots here would demand a bar-by-bar analysis of the 176-page written score; but, thanks to the latest advances in audio technology, the listener can hear each one. All that is necessary is responsive attentiveness—from the Adagio introduction's first plaintive phrases for contrasting string and woodwind timbres, with vibrant low-string pizzicati...to the thunderous last words hammered out by the timpani just before the full orchestra and organ conclude the entire work on an apocalyptic cadential chord which surely represents the ultimate in both sonic and dramatic impact.

The great Symphony Hall organ was designed by G. Donald Harrison, built by the Aeolian-Skinner Company, and installed in 1949. The particular registrations employed by Mr. Zamkochian here are, in the symphony's Poco adagio, first the Diapason and Flute stops of the Swell Organ; then the latter's Viole-de-Gambe and Viole-Celeste stops with the subterranean 32-foot Pedal Contre Violone; and, in the morendo ending of this movement, the barely audible ethereal tones of the 8-foot Aeoline stop of the Swell Organ. In dramatic contrast, the second half of the second movement calls for the unleashing of the tremendous resources of the full organ, sonically dominated by its Bombarde division, which comprises six ranks of Plein Jeu, 16-foot Bombarde, 8-foot Trompette Harmonique, and 4-foot Clairon Harmonique.

DEBUSSY: LA MER

- **De l'aube à midi sur la mer**
- **Jeux de vagues**
- **Dialogue du vent et de la mer**

IBERT: ESCALES

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN BURK (1959)

There could be no denying Debussy's fondness for the sea: he frequently visited the coast resorts, spoke and wrote with constant enthusiasm about "my old friend the sea, always innumerable and beautiful." He often recalled his impressions of the Mediterranean at Cannes, where he spent boyhood days. It is worth noting, however, that Debussy did not seek the seashore while at work upon La Mer. His score was with him at Dieppe, in 1904, but most of it was written in Paris, a milieu which he chose, if the report of a chance remark is trustworthy, "because the sight of the sea itself fascinated him to such a degree that it paralyzed his creative faculties." When he went to the country in the summer of 1903, two years before the completion of La Mer, it was not the shore, but the hills of Burgundy, whence he wrote to his friend André Messager (September 12): "You may not know that I was destined for a sailor's life and that it was only quite by chance that fate led me in another direction. But I have always retained a passionate love for her [the sea]. You will say that the Ocean does not exactly wash the Burgundian hillsides—

and my seascapes might be studio landscapes; but I have an endless store of memories, and to my mind they are worth more than the reality, whose beauty often deadens thought."

The work was first performed at the Concerts Lamoureux in Paris, October 15, 1905.

It would be hard to think of a score more elusive to minute analysis than La Mer. The cyclic unity of the suite is cemented by the recurrence in the last movement of the theme in the first, heard after the introductory measures from the muted trumpet and English horn. A theme for bass, also in the opening sketch, becomes an integral part of the final peroration. Music to set the imagination aflame, it induced from the pen of Lawrence Gilman one of his most evocative word pictures:

"Debussy had what Sir Thomas Browne would have called 'a solitary and retired imagination.' So, when he essays to depict in his music such things as dawn and noon at sea, sport of the waves, gales and surges and far horizons, he is less the poet and painter than the spiritual mystic. It is not chiefly of those aspects of winds and waters that he is telling us, but of the changing phases of a sea of dreams, a chimerical sea, a thing of strange visions and stranger voices, of fantastic colors and incalculable winds— a phantasmagoria of the spirit, rife with evanescent shapes and presences that are at times sunlit and dazzling. It is a spectacle perceived as in a trance, vaguely yet rhapsodically. Here is a sea which has its shifting and lucent surfaces, which even shimmers and traditionally mocks. But it is a sea that is shut away from too curious an inspection, to whose murmurs or imperious command not many have wished or needed to pay heed.

"Yet, beneath these elusive and mysterious overtones, the reality of the living sea persists: the immemorial fascination lures and enthralls and terrifies; so that we are almost tempted to fancy that the two are, after all, identical—the ocean that seems an actuality of wet winds and tossing spray and inexorable depths and reaches, and that uncharted and haunted and incredible sea which opens before the magic casements of the dreaming mind."

The Mediterranean which Debussy knew as a boy in Cannes (although his musical sea is certainly unidentifiable) furnished Ibert with musical thoughts which became Escales (Ports of Call). Like Debussy's La Mer, Ports of Call grew out of the sights and sounds its composer had experienced; Ibert was reluctant to fasten geographical labels upon his music and did not furnish any in the score. But when Ports of Call was first performed in Paris in 1924, Ibert admitted to the French publication Courrier Musical that the composition had emerged after a Mediterranean cruise where he had visited the ports of Palermo in Sicily, Tunis-Nefta on the African coast, and Valencia in Spain. He further explained that, although the musical material was entirely his own, he had willingly subjected himself to the tarantella rhythms of Sicily and to the dance music he had heard in the Spanish cabarets. For the second movement he had borrowed the Oriental rhythms and characteristic musical color which had attracted him in Tunis.

"Inspiration with elegance—that's Charles Munch," wrote Moss Hart of the man who was music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the fall of 1949 until he resigned in the spring of 1962 at the age of 70. Born in 1891 in Strasbourg, Munch made his first appearance on the podium in Paris in 1932 at the age of 41. His rise to fame was meteoric. Just six years later he was appointed to the most coveted conductorial post in France, the directorship of the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. After World War II Munch appeared as guest conductor in Europe, the Near East, South America and the United States, where he made his debut in 1946 with the Boston Symphony. Upon the retirement of Serge Koussevitzky, he became its music director. Following his own retirement from the Boston post Munch appeared frequently as a guest conductor and in the fall of 1967 became music director of the newly created Orchestre de Paris; he was touring the United States with that orchestra at the time of his death, November 6, 1968. He was a conductor of the widest musical culture, noted particularly for his interpretations of the music of France and Germany, inspired by his Alsatian heritage.

CD 3

RAVEL: DAPHNIS ET CHLOÉ

▶▶▶ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK (1955)

Sergei Diaghilev, the fabulous genius who shortly before the First World War gathered together the arts of theater, music and dancing into ballet productions such as we may never hope to witness again, left no important composer of his day untried. He "discovered" two unknowns in Russia—Stravinsky and Prokofiev; he engaged Debussy and Ravel in France, Strauss in Germany, for his purposes. He put the ballet on the map as a high and musically respectable form of art. Great music in this form was forthcoming from some of the composers he commissioned. What he could not do was to make ballet composers out of them. The Firebird, Pétrouchka, The Rite of Spring, The Scythian Suite, Daphnis and Chloe— all were orchestral in intent, all have shed their choreographic paraphernalia and enjoy a lusty survival wherever orchestras give concerts.

Ravel, while writing Daphnis and Chloe, by far his richest and most sumptuously colorful work, probably had honorable intentions about meeting the stage requirements of the anxious entrepreneur. Meanwhile he went his own way in spite of himself—and that was the symphonic way. As has happened before with great composers, the creator in the heat of composition took flight to new heights of his own. Performers had to adapt themselves as best they could.

In his Autobiographical Sketch (1928) Ravel made a comment which becomes significant as we listen to the entire ballet score, rather than to the two suites which he later extracted from it: "The work is constructed symphonically according to a strict tonal plan by the method of a few motifs, the development of which achieves a symphonic homogeneity of style." In the whole score this method of integrating "motifs" becomes clear as we hear many premonitions of the themes to be heard in the final dance, themes progressively developed and reaching their culmination there.

The two suites familiar to concert audiences consist of the second and third parts of the ballet. Between them is an episode in which Chloe, a captive, tries to escape. The first part, which had been unpardonably neglected until it was revived for the

full concert performance, is of great importance to a unified concept of the whole. Charles Munch, who has given sympathetic attention for many years to the music of Ravel, has, by performing it entire, restored Daphnis and Chloe to a single, rounded work, drawn together not only thematically, but by its characteristic mood and color. Its presentation complete is a restitution long overdue in America.

The first dozen measures establish the tonal picture perfectly. We hear soft, shimmering strings (muted), a harp arpeggio, suave blending chords from the chorus, a limpid flute solo answered by natural notes from the horn. This phrase is a true leading motif, ardent, gently expressive of the two lovers. It recurs throughout the score, forever changing in shape and color. Other motifs are also to appear, undergo subtle transformation, and at the last reach their most vivid expression.

The opening scene of the ballet is a meadow on the edge of a sacred grove. It is a clear afternoon in spring. Young men and girls enter, bearing baskets with offerings for the nymphs. Dancing shepherdesses surround Daphnis, a handsome shepherd. Chloe appears, and is drawn into the dance. Dorcon, a grotesque figure, performs a dance with Daphnis, his rival for Chloe. Pirates burst upon the scene and carry off Chloe. Daphnis enters, finds a sandal that she has dropped, and prays to the nymphs for her safety. The three sculptured nymphs come to life, and all pay homage at the altar of Pan.

The second scene shows the camp of the pirates by the sea. Chloe is brought in, her hands tied. She performs a dance of supplication, tries to escape, but is prevented. Satyrs, emissaries of Pan, surround the pirates. The god himself appears to terrifying music and the pirates flee in alarm, leaving Chloe.

In the third and last part of the ballet, the scene is that of the beginning. The prostrate figure of Daphnis, mourning Chloe, is seen. Shepherds enter; they find Daphnis and wake him. Chloe arrives and the two re-enact the story of Pan and Syrinx, the nymph who, according to the legend, successfully evaded the god's pursuit, whereupon he broke off reeds from the thicket into which she had disappeared and fashioned what was to become the traditional flute. The pantomime is concluded by a sacrifice at the altar of Pan. Then the "general dance" begins. It becomes increasingly wild and bacchanalian. Chloe falls into the arms of Daphnis. The ballet ends in a "joyous tumult."

"Inspiration with elegance—that's Charles Munch," wrote Moss Hart of the man who was music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the fall of 1949 until he resigned in the spring of 1962 at the age of 70. Born in 1891 in Strasbourg, Munch made his first appearance on the podium in Paris in 1932 at the age of 41. His rise to fame was meteoric. Just six years later he was appointed to the most coveted conductorial post in France, the directorship of the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conser-vatoire. After World War II Munch appeared as guest conductor in Europe, the Near East, South America and the United States, where he made his debut in 1946 with the Boston Symphony. Upon the retirement of Serge Koussevitzky, he became its music director. Following his own retirement from the Boston post Munch appeared frequently as a guest conductor and in the fall of 1967 became music director of the newly created Orchestre de Paris; he was touring the United States with that orchestra at the time of his death, November 6, 1968. He was a conductor of the widest musical culture, noted particularly for his interpretations of the music of France and Germany, inspired by his Alsatian heritage.

CD 4

STRAUSS: ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA

NOTES BY R. D. DARRELL

The complex relationship between Stereo and Monophonic High Fidelity, so puzzling to laymen and so difficult to clarify in non-technical language, perhaps never can be fully understood except in terms of personal aural experience. It is only in direct listening-comparisons between stereo and monophonic editions of the same recorded performance that we can learn to feel, rather than just comprehend intellectually, that stereo provides not merely an augmentation or enhancement of high fidelity techniques, but a psychological transformation of the listener's sonic perspectives. Frequency and dynamic ranges are unchanged in themselves, as are the actual tonal qualities, but in stereo all sounds gain a new dimensionality and more specific source localization within vastly expanded spatial surroundings—so that we hear not only the music itself but the very air in which it is both framed and buoyantly floated. An illusion? Perhaps—yet nothing can be more vivid or psychologically "real" than the listener's conviction that, whereas monophonic high fidelity miraculously brings an undistorted full symphony orchestra into his living room, stereophonic high fidelity even more miraculously transports him right into the auditorium where that orchestra is actually playing.

Few demonstrations of the "world of difference" stereo makes can be more dramatically impressive than the successive playing of Fritz Reiner's superbly authoritative performance of Strauss's Also sprach Zarathustra: first in the monophonic edition (LM-1806), which has been acclaimed as one of the landmarks of high fidelity recording; then in its stereo version. Everything in this fantastically elaborate score (from its floor-shaking deep "lows" to its pyrotechnical high frequencies, from its quietest pianissimos to its heaven-storming climaxes), which has been captured so cleanly in the monophonic recording, is even more vividly evident in stereo—but with the vital "difference" that now everything can be heard not in isolation but in the authentic ambience of Chicago's Orchestra Hall itself, that now the Chicago Symphony Orchestra is spread out in its normal width and depth, and each tonal strand is more individually differentiated while the over-all sonic web assumes far greater expansiveness, weight, and an almost palpable solidity.

In the very first 21 bars, all the features which have made this spectacular "Sunrise" prologue an audiophile touchstone as the ultimate test of home sound systems' capabilities (the pianissimo low C—32.7 cps—in the double basses and organ pedal, reinforced by a bass drum "roll"...the successive trumpet proclamations of the "World-Riddle" theme...the timpani hammerstrokes, rich in explosive transients...and the surging crescendo to a full orchestral and organ climax of overwhelming

sonority) now testify dramatically to stereo's unique capacity for conveying the awesome impression of vastly expanding volume in the spatial sense as well as in that of loudness only.

And each of the following sections in the kaleidoscopically varied score provides innumerable further illustrations of what stereo plus high fidelity can achieve in both sonic excitement and subtlety: in "Of the people of the unseen world," the muted horns' intonation of the Credo theme...in "Of the great longing," the rising agitation spurred on by the "World-Riddle" theme and rushing strings and wind "runs"...in "Of joys and passions," the exultant, quintessentially "Straussian" horn passages...in the "Dirge," the expressive oboe, English horn, and violin solos...in "Of science," the groaning doublebasses which begin one of the most complex of fugues, and later the "bouncing" bowing of the violins...in "The convalescent," the energetic working up to another full orchestral climax, and the glittering glockenspiel decorations in the following scherzo...in the "Dance Song" the transparency of even the most richly "divided" string passages...in the "Night Song," the lyrical arabesques for solo violin...in "Night Wanderer's Song," climaxing the entire work, the midnight-tolling deep bell...and in the Epilogue, the enigmatic antiphonies of the very ending, with pizzicato basses reiterating the "World-Riddle" theme in C major against the upper strings' and winds' B major chords....

The "meaning" of this ending, and indeed all the philosophical connotations of the programmatic attempt to "depict the development of the human race...up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman," have been debated endlessly—and futilely. But for most listeners today such extra-musical considerations have scant interest in comparison with that of the music itself, heard for its own sake: a sonic experience in which Strauss's imagination and skill, those of Fritz Reiner and his players, and those of both stereo and high fidelity technology all combine to make Also sprach Zarathustra not only incomparably thrilling on first hearing but—no matter how often repeated—inexhaustably rich in new revelations of sheer sound-sorcery.

STRAUSS: EIN HELDENLEBEN

▸▸▸ NOTES BY R. D. DARRELL

Although High Fidelity's sensational rise to general fame has come only in the last few years, the notion itself—if then only as a distant ideal—was by no means unfamiliar to record makers and collectors back in the Forties and even the Thirties. As a frequently recorded composer and occasional recording conductor, Richard Strauss must have known the term, or its German equivalent, long before his death on September 8, 1949. Yet it is extremely unlikely that he ever realized the extent to which he was this new sound-gospel's lifelong prophet and evangelist.

It was Richard Strauss who most consistently and brilliantly explored the extremities of the audible spectrum—forcing individual instruments to play at the very top or bottom of their ranges, combining old and new timbres in strikingly novel sonority blends and contrasts, and stirring up an immense variety of the most potently intoxicating aural stimulants.

The present recording updates a long tradition of collaborative effort between RCA Victor technicians and distinguished interpreters of Strauss literature. Conductor Fritz Reiner and the personnel of the Chicago Orchestra are musicians deservedly famous for Straussian readings and Dr. Reiner himself is no less esteemed for his practical insight into the complexities of audio engineering.

EIN HELDENLEBEN (A HERO'S LIFE)

(Symphonic Poem, composed in 1898 and first performed in 1899.)

Perhaps the most consistently and completely characteristic of all Strauss' orchestral works, A Hero's Life reveals to perfection the contradictory elements which have given rise to so many controversies about both the composer and his music. Purportedly a symphonic "poem," it is actually constructed (as Cecil Gray was one of the first to point out) in the form of the first movement of a symphony "magnified and distended out of all proportion." Purportedly again an approach to the ultimate possibilities of programmatic depiction, its most enduring appeal lies in the expressive warmth and ardor with which it speaks directly to the emotional susceptibilities of its hearers.

The "program" itself traces a story sequence of "The hero," "The hero's adversaries," "The hero's companion," "The hero's battlefield," "The hero's works of peace," and "The hero's retreat from the world and fulfillment."

"Program" notwithstanding, listeners nowadays seem to be more willing to forget their program-books and abandon themselves whole-heartedly to the passionate sweep of the music itself. What will enthrall them is far less a "story" than a tonal drama built on the familiar principles of exposition, development, and recapitulation. And if the thematic idioms are frankly romantic, that only lends richer emotional coloring to the most "classical" of all dramatic subjects: man's struggle to assert his own individuality, to overcome obstacles, to find love, and to fulfill his personal destiny.

Basically, then, Ein Heldenleben typifies late nineteenth-century romantic classicism or classical romanticism (take your choice!) in music. That alone would ensure it a permanent place in some listeners' affections. But with many others nowadays, and particularly those with a special interest in High Fidelity, the work's most electrifying appeal is to their ears rather than their emotions.

Controversial as Ein Heldenleben may be in some respects, its contributions to the combined art and science of meaningful sound qualities remain indisputably fresh, vital, and stimulating. They can be misjudged only when they are muffled or distorted by inadequate reproduction or aural insensibilities. At best, hearing can be believing—both in the tonal miracles achieved by Richard Strauss and in those of which true High Fidelity sound reproduction is capable.

Fritz Reiner (1888-1963) was recognized as the world's foremost interpreter of the works of Richard Strauss, with whom he enjoyed both an artistic association and a personal friendship for nearly 35 years. In 1914, 25 years old and fresh from his native Budapest, Reiner was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden, which vied with Berlin for top place among the theaters of Germany. Strauss's favor had much to do with the preeminence of Dresden, where Salome, Elektra and Der Rosenkavalier—and, in all, nine of his 16 operas—received their premieres. During his seven years in Dresden, Reiner worked with Strauss on

productions of the early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. He made his Metropolitan Opera debut on February 4, 1949, with Salome, and during his decade as music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (1953-63) he conducted many notable performances of Strauss scores.

Strauss performances have also been one of the chief glories of the Chicago Symphony since the founding of the orchestra. Theodore Thomas, its first conductor, gave the American premieres of Zarathustra (1897), Don Quixote (1899) and Heldenleben (1900). And during the 1903-04 season, the composer himself conducted a program of his own music, with his wife, Pauline, as vocal soloist.

Devotion to the compositions of Strauss is reflected in Reiner's discography, which includes Ein Heldenleben, Also sprach Zarathustra (two versions), Don Quixote (with Antonio Janigro), Don Juan (two versions), Burleske (with Byron Janis), Symphonia domestica, Tod und Verklärung, scenes from Elektra and Salome (with Inge Borkh), the suite from Le bourgeois gentilhomme and the waltzes from Der Rosenkavalier.

CD 5

BARTÓK: CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA

▶▶▶ NOTES BY IRVING KOLODIN (1956)

For years, the Concerto for Orch-estra has been not only the most played of Bartók's works, but also the most frequently performed among other contemporary scores. Between 1945 and 1955 it had more than two hundred performances, here and abroad.

In a very real way, Fritz Reiner is the conductor preordained to conduct this masterful score, written during the difficult last years of Bartók's life, when he was a self exile from Nazi-occupied Hungary and far from adjusted to life in America. Beset by economic difficulties, plagued by an undiagnosable illness which restricted his activities, Bartók was nevertheless a proud man to whom charity was abhorrent. One of his occasional engagements in 1943 was with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. In writing about it to a friend, Bartók described it as "a 'unique' engagement... a 'family' business...made through my friend Fritz Reiner who is guest conductor in some of these concerts. So we [Bartók and his wife] live from half-year to half-year..."

Before the "half-year" was out, Bartók was again hospitalized, inactive, with little mind for composition. Alerted to these circumstances by my article in the New York Sun, Reiner, in association with Joseph Szigeti, set in motion means to stimulate Bartók's mind for work. It took the form of a commission from the Koussevitzky Foundation, personally conveyed to the composer in his room at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York by the man who often said, "If we do not encourage the music of today, there will be no music of tomorrow."

The mood for work came to Bartók in August at Saranac Lake in the Adiron-dacks, and he brought the finished score to New York with him in October. Early in December, he visited Boston for the first performance, of which he wrote: "...the performance was excellent. Koussevitzky is very enthusiastic about the piece, and says it is 'the best orchestral piece of the last 25 years.'..."

This qualifies Koussevitzky for honors not only in generosity but also in prophecy; and gives to Reiner the rare distinction, among conductors, of having assisted in the creation of a work, as well as in its recreation.

Concertos for orchestra and solo instrument are, of course, common commodities in the concert hall. For that matter, the work for orchestra alone in which the word "concerto" appears was an equally common commodity in the eighteenth century. But the connotation was quite different, even as the orchestra itself was; and Bartók may be credited with inventing a pattern and perfecting it, all in the space of three months. "The title of this symphony-like orchestral work," he commented in a note written for the Boston premiere, "is explained by its tendency to treat the single orchestral instruments in a concertant or soloistic manner. The 'virtuoso' treatment appears, for instance, in the fugato sections of the development of the first movement (brass instruments) or the perpetuum mobile-like passage of the principal theme in the last movement (strings), and especially in the second movement, in which pairs of instruments consecutively appear with brilliant passages...."
The movements are as follows:

- **ALLEGRO VIVACE:** Two main themes dominate this movement: an active, chromatic one, in shifting 3/8, 2/8, 3/8, 2/8, etc., which promises much for development; and a leaping, chordal one, with contrapuntal implications. All sorts of instrumental effects are utilized.
- **ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO:** This second movement is subtitled Giuoco delle Coppie or "Game of Pairs." Pursuant to the description, the bassoons have the first duet, followed by oboes, clarinets, flutes (each at different intervals) and then muted trumpets in major seconds. Out of this varied but harmonious plan Bartók evolves a charming series of permutations.
- **ANDANTE, NON TROPPO:** In this Elegia, Bartók utilizes the introductory material of the first movement, shaped to folk song-like contours. It has a kind of nocturnal quality, described by the composer as a "misty texture of rudimentary motifs."
- **ALLEGRETTO:** An intermezzo intrudes, interrupted by a reference to the "Leningrad" Symphony of Shostakovich, which Bartók heard broadcast while at work on this Concerto.
- **PESANTE:** Bartók described the Concerto's mood as "apart from the jesting second movement, a gradual transition from the sternness of the first movement and the lugubrious death song of the third, to the life assertion of the last...." Dance rhythms predominate in this finale, as the virtuoso demands on the orchestra accumulate.

▶▶▶ NOTES BY ROGER DETTMER (1960)

Fritz Reiner first met Bela Bartók, whose friend he was for forty years and whose music he has championed for nearly half a century, in 1905. Both were piano students of István Thomán at the Budapest Academy. The conductor-to-be, only son of a prosperous metropolitan merchant, was seventeen and an undergraduate; Bartók, at twenty three, had begun the final year of his fomal education in music. Although the "Kossuth" Symphony of 1903 had gained him the reputation of composer both at home and in England, the young Bartók was far better known as a concert pianist— and as

a patriot. He was a slender youth, withdrawn and quietly dignified, always dressed in the Hungarian national costume: black embroidered jacket, black sash tie, and black boots. Despite his orientation as a keyboard virtuoso, Bartók's passions already were folk music and composition, destined ever increasingly to dominate his life's work. In 1907, however, Bartók succeeded Thomán at the Academy, as professor of piano—not then, or ever, of composition.

Reiner, a pianist in whom the conductor was just awakening, studied a full year with Bartók, and when Reiner graduated in 1909, it was Bartók who recommended him for honors and signed his diploma. Thirty-one years later, Reiner was able to return that recommendation and signature—on an affidavit that permitted Bartók's entry into the United States as a resident alien.

In 1910 Reiner went to Laibach (Ljubljana today) as conductor at the local opera, and this forced a suspension of direct contact with Bartók. His appointment to Dresden in 1914 took Reiner entirely from Bartók's personal orbit, though not so distant as to lose contact with Bartók the composer and correspondent. In Dresden, at a concert of the Saxon State Orchestra, Reiner conducted his senior countryman's music for the first time. His domain there, however, was principally operatic, and not until he was invited to America in 1922 as music director of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra was Reiner able really to promote his controversial colleague's bold, spiky scores. There, in staid southern Ohio, Reiner gave the music of Bartók its first American performances—Suite No. 1 in 1923; Suite No. 2 in 1924; the Dance Suite and Deux Images in 1925, and two scenes from The Miraculous Mandarin in 1926.

The composer himself finally came to the United States in 1927, as a pianist, bringing with him a new concerto for the occasion. It was scheduled for performances by the New York Philharmonic under Willem Mengelberg's direction. One look at the score of the Concerto No. 1, however, convinced Mengelberg that the music would be impossible to prepare in the allotted rehearsal time; Bartók played, instead, his early Rhapsody. When Reiner heard the news, he asked for first performance rights, received them, prepared the music, and conducted performances with Bartók as soloist not only in Cincinnati but on tour in New York and Boston. If the Ohio premiere was sensational, the audience in Carnegie Hall disapproved vocally. Bartók's press was savage, yet his career had been importantly served: the entire nation knew his name in a matter of days.

Reiner moved to Philadelphia in 1931 as a teacher at Curtis Institute and guest conductor, but he continued to champion Bartók's cause. With the Philadelphia Orchestra he introduced to America the five Hungarian Sketches on this recording (orchestrations of early piano music, undertaken by Bartók at Mondsee, in Austria, during the summer of 1931 "on account of the money" he was sure would accrue from frequent performances). When Reiner went in 1938 to Pittsburgh, his professional home for a decade, not only did he continue to play Bartók's earlier music but added the Divertimento for Strings to his list of first performances in North America.

Only Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, the suite in four movements composed in 1936 found no place in the Reiner repertoire until, at concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in December 1958, he conducted this music for the first time, with overwhelming success.

Bartók, for his part, revisited the United States briefly in 1939. Then, in 1940, he returned here, never to leave. His American years were neither prosperous nor at all happy ones—through no neglect, it must be said, on the part of his friends. As a man of pride, Bartók steadfastly refused any help so labeled, and made it, for that matter, increasingly difficult to render even indirect assistance. Nevertheless, on January 21, 1943, in New York, Reiner conducted the first performance of the Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra with the composer and his wife as soloists—Bartók's last public appearance as a concert artist.

It was Reiner that same year who apprised Serge Koussevitzky of Bartók's American residence, and urged that the Koussevitzky Foundation commission a work: the Concerto for Orchestra of 1943. And it was Reiner who opened his home near Westport, Connecticut, whenever Bartók cared or was able to visit. Here at "Rambleside," in the final years of an austere life, ravaged by illness, in the company of a colleague and friend he respected, Bartók spent many of the too few happy days remaining to him in a land far from his own. A land, however, that did give him haven in time of need, and that has paid his memory unexampled tribute— this in major part because of Fritz Reiner's devoted and unceasing service to music he believed in, long before the rest of the world came to share his vision.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his musical education at the Academy of Music there. At the age of 23 he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper and two years later was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then in 1953 he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign his post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic. He was equally the master of the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

CD 6

BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR
MENDELSSOHN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR

▶▶▶ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL

Robert Schumann, an amiable though penetrating

critic as well as an eminent composer, remarked more than once that "the best discourse upon music is silence." A summary statement, and perhaps a bit reckless; yet not without its point. For music is itself a language, the most direct, eloquent and universal; if its meaning, if its communication could be expressed in any other, there would be no need of music. In the present instance, analysis and explanation seem particularly superfluous; and when we are confronted by such a performance as we have here, verbal dissection of either music or its present playing, or even the most praiseful criticism, can be no more than an amplification of the obvious, and quite futile.

The Beethoven Violin Concerto is perhaps spiritually the richest of the four or five greatest works for the instrument. Heifetz has brought to bear upon it the powers—musical, technical and spiritual accumulated during an extraordinary, full artistic life; powers which, in the considered opinion of many, have been and are without peer in the history of the violin.

The Concerto in D dates from a period of comparative happiness in the life of the composer. His kind of happiness came of accomplishment, and his papers and sketchbooks show that when this music was composed (1806) he was successfully active in various directions. In the same sketchbook one finds notes for the Fifth Symphony and for this concerto, as well as for the Sonata for Cello (A major). And in the same year Beethoven completed his Fourth Symphony and initiated the project which resulted in the "Rasumovsky" Quartets. All this during a period when the Napoleonic forces had occupied Vienna, and even the house where the composer lived. It is recorded that they annoyed and disturbed him, but they could not distract him!

The Violin Concerto was played for the first time, in Vienna, December 23, 1806, by one Franz Clement, a kind of vaudeville musician, a bit of a clown, and a friend of the composer. Clement interrupted the concerto, after the first movement, by playing a sonata of his own composition, on one string and with his fiddle upside down! He then proceeded with the second and third movements of the concerto. This was the "clemency" which Beethoven, in mock humility and a bad pun, had asked of the violinist Clement.

There is an apocryphal story, too, that Clement played the work at sight and with no rehearsal. If this is true, it might help to explain the unenthusiastic and, at best, patronizing attitude of the critics who heard this first performance. The response of the audience, in spite of the burlesque performance, was much warmer, yet a good many years passed before the D Major Concerto became established in the repertoire of the great violinists. After the Clement performance, there were no notable presentations of the work until the famous Tomasini played it in 1812, Baillot in 1828, Vieuxtemps in 1838; and even these distinguished violinists were not conspicuously successful. It remained for a thirteen-year-old boy to establish, by a single inspired performance, the preeminent position of this mighty music. The boy was the prodigy the world came to know as the sensitive, idealistic, dedicated artist Joseph Joachim, who first played the concerto in London, May 27, 1844. Again at Düsseldorf, May 16, 1853, Joachim gave a memorable performance, again under a conductor of understanding and sensitivity—Robert Schumann. And during his long artistic life, Joachim, boy and man, then considered the greatest violinist in history, made the Beethoven concerto his own, and helped mightily to make it ours. It does not seem too hazardous to speculate that the present performance, by Heifetz, Munch and the Boston Symphony, will have a similar effect.

The concerto, perhaps the crowning achievement in his musical output of violin literature, is but one example of Beethoven's superb feeling for the instrument. His ten violin sonatas, his Romances for Violin and Orchestra, his various occasional compositions for the violin—not to mention his chamber works—all bear testimony to the fact that Beethoven was master in every field of musical composition and scoring.

Heifetz, in turn, in his interpretation of Beethoven's major violin works—on the concert stage and on records—has done a service to the public that could only have received the blessing of the composer himself.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOSEPH WECHSBURG

There can he no doubt today that Jascha Heifetz is the greatest violinist of our generation. When all is listened to and said and done, Heifetz' supremacy as fiddler and musician emerges as one of the few unchallenged facts of our clouded musical age.

I've been an ardent Heifetz fan since I first heard him one night in the 'twenties in Vienna's Konzerthaussaal when he performed the Mendelssohn Concerto. Like other Heifetz fans I've taken a proprietary interest in him and am secretly as pleased with his artistic durability as smart investors are with their IBM shares, which they bought at 100 and watched go up and up all these years. Heifetz has always been a gold plated investment for the listener; no matter what happened to others, he would pay off his regular dividends.

It has become a popular indoor sport in our concert halls to judge a performer not by the tens of thousands of right notes he plays in one concert but by the four or five false ones. It is almost impossible to hear Heifetz play five false notes in one evening, and some listeners amuse themselves watching out for passages of "cold tonal beauty" or matching him against other prominent fiddlers—as if artists were ballplayers. These indoor sportsmen have to admit that Heifetz' batting average has been consistently high. And although the myth of his "brilliant coldness" persists in certain circles, he can still make it as hot for other fiddlers as some thirty years ago in Carnegie Hall when Leopold Godowsky made his famous crack that it wasn't hot in there during a Heifetz recital—not for pianists.

An artist is the image of his times. Paganini's contemporaries loved his stupendous technique, Kreisler's his warm, glowing tone. Today we take for granted Heifetz' technical prowess and disciplined emotion (which to some people may sound like "cold tonal beauty") before we ever discuss his spiritual interpretation of a work. I am assured that G. B. Shaw really told young Heifetz "to make a habit of playing one wrong note every night before going to bed." Shaw knew that perfection per se was a dangerous thing because it implied mechanical, soulless virtuosity.

I remember one afternoon in Beverly Hills when I asked Heifetz, after a long talk, how he'd played an extremely difficult passage in a concerto that had puzzled me as well as a lot of fellow fiddlers. Heifetz nonchalantly picked up his Guarneri and performed the atrocious passage for me so quickly and easily that I was unable to see how he'd

done it. I asked him whether he would do it once more. He obliged—and again I hadn't the faintest idea how he'd done it. Seeing the blank look in my eyes, he shook his head sadly at such ignorance. To this day I don't know how he played that passage; and I bet there are a lot of able fiddlers who wouldn't know it either if they saw it. It must be very lonely up there where Heifetz performs.

It isn't difficult to analyze Heifetz' greatness as a violinist but very difficult to get to the core of his art. Heifetz always sounds like himself, on his 1714 Stradivari, made in Cremona, or on a ten dollar factory "Strad," made in Czechoslovakia. He is a great violinist because of his beautiful tone—which has a timbre all of its own—and the depth of his emotion, the incisiveness of his bowing, his impeccable taste and sound instinct. (Asked by young Heifetz how he should play a certain passage, his great teacher, Leopold Auer, once said, "Play it with your nose; you'll make it sound all right.") Heifetz makes even the fascinating hillbilly passage in the Gruenberg Concerto sound wrong, as it should. No one has ever heard him play a false portamento.

But there's a lot more to Heifetz, the artist. When he performed for the first time Prokofiev's G Minor Concerto No. 2, on December 17, 1937, with the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky, many listeners are said to have cried during the beautifully lyrical second movement. There are not many performers these days who would bring tears to my eyes, but Heifetz in his moments of lyrical expression is one of them. No artist can do that unless he's found the meaning of the music, the meaning behind the notes.

Strangely enough, Heifetz has recorded the Mendelssohn Concerto only once before, in 1949, with Sir Thomas Beecham; I would have sworn he'd done it at least three times. (In September 1920 he recorded the last movement as a solo piece, accompanied by Samuel Chotzinoff on the piano, but you will have trouble finding the recording, which is a collector's item.) The Mendelssohn Concerto takes a special place in Heifetz' vast repertoire; he has played it on many important occasions of his career. Probably the first was the evening in 1908, when little Jascha, aged seven, performed the concerto on a half sized violin in Kowno, then in Czarist Russia, before an excited crowd of a thousand listeners. According to his biographers they were quite bewitched "by the smooth round tone he produced and the masterly way in which his little fingers overcame the difficulties of the last movement..."

That was, mind you, fifty-one years ago.

For 83 of his 87 years Jascha Heifetz (1900-87) played the violin, and for over 60 of them in front of audiences the length and breadth of the world. Since his first public concert in St. Petersburg on April 30, 1911, he exposed his art to the world through more than 2,000,000 miles of travel (much of it in front of World War II troops), a prodigious recording program, countless appearances on radio, in several films, an hour long television special and, for a dozen years, a vigorous teaching schedule.

He started to play on a quarter size violin given to him by his father in his native city of Vilna, Russia, and at 7 made his public debut, in Dovno. He entered Leopold Auer's famous class in St. Petersburg at 9 and in three years was acclaimed a child prodigy of unexampled gifts.

"You know," Heifetz said, "child prodigism—if I may coin a word—is a disease which is generally fatal. I was among the few to have the good fortune to survive. But I had the advantage of a great teacher in Professor Auer and a family that instinctively had a high regard for music, very good taste and a horror of mediocrity."

In the years following his St. Petersburg debut, he concertized in Germany, Austria and Scandinavia, and when the Russian Revolution broke out, the family, after many difficulties, traveled to America. Heifetz made his debut in Carnegie Hall on October 27, 1917. The noted critic Samuel Chotzinoff reported: "The 16-year-old violinist seemed the most unconcerned of all the people in the hall as he walked out on the stage and proceeded to give an exhibition of such extraordinary virtuosity and musicianship as had not previously been heard in that historic auditorium." Overnight Heifetz became the musical idol of America, and during that first year he made 30 appearances in New York alone.

He soon adopted the United States, became an American citizen in 1925 and amply sampled the "American way." In the '40s he settled into a comfortable house atop one of the Beverly Hills in California, where he lived until his death.

When Heifetz reached his 60s, after half a century of concertizing, he began to curtail his appearances gradually and gave his last public recital in 1972.

Heifetz devoted his later life to teaching. Handling his students with steel rod control tempered with humor, he instilled in them respect for discipline ("It's something you have to do, so you might as well do it and get it over with") and the ways and means for making music with the violin. Certainly no one knew them better.

CD 7

TCHAIKOVSKY: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1

▸▸▸ NOTES BY ALAN KAYES

With his thrilling victory in the first International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow in April of 1958, Van Cliburn, 23-year-old pianist from Kilgore, Texas, captured the imagination of the international music world.

According to reports from Russia, where he performed a series of concerts in leading cities immediately following the Moscow competition, "not within living memory has a musician, regardless of nationality, had such an impact on the critical, sophisticated Soviet metropolitan audiences."

From his first appearance in the Tchaikovsky Competition preliminaries, Cliburn caused a sensation, and the word spread through all Moscow that the six-foot-four-inch, 160-pound Texan with the shock of sandy hair was kharashó (good) indeed. After the semi-finals, Muscovites were referring to him affectionately as "Ványa," and the popular verdict was ótchin (very) kharashó. And in the finals, when on April 11th he played Tchaikovsky's First Concerto and Rachmaninoff's Third with the Moscow Radio Symphony under conductor Kiril P. Kondrashin, the crowd went wild, chanting in unison, "First-prize! First-prize!" for their adored favorite, who by now had become universally known as "Vanyúsha" or "Ványitchka".

His Russian triumph was repeated shortly thereafter with a series of concerts in the United States which resoundingly corroborated the judgment of the Tchaikovsky Competition's prize jury.

Arriving in New York City on May 16th, Cliburn plunged into a series of arduous rehearsals for a Carnegie Hall concert on May 19th, duplicating the award-winning program he had played in Moscow. Maestro Kondrashin, a conductor of genuine stature who holds top rank in his native country as Honored Artist of the Republic, again was on the podium, having come to the United States at Mr. Cliburn's invitation for the concerts in New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

In Carnegie Hall Cliburn performed twice before capacity audiences which received him with thunderous applause. In Philadelphia his concert resulted in a standing ovation, unprecedented in the history of the Academy of Music. In Washington, D.C., his concert was a brilliant triumph. The reaction of the American public and the critical press in the cities where Cliburn played was summed up by Winthrop Sargeant in The New Yorker following the first Carnegie Hall concert.

Mr. Cliburn, he wrote, "proved to be a pianist in the grand manner. In saying this, I am referring to a special, rare, and profoundly impressive kind of piano playing.... He is a living representative of the great nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century school of virtuosity, which included such formidable artists as Sergei Rachmaninoff, Josef Lhévinne, and Josef Hofmann, and it is indeed heartening to find the traditions of this school flourishing again in one so young. Mr. Cliburn has plenty of technique. His octave passages are electrifying; he can produce a tremendous volume and variety of tone; and he could, if he desired, make a magnificent impression as a master of the showier side of his art. But the most arresting thing about his playing is his mastery of other things—the tasteful and assured use of rubato in the style of the distinguished virtuosos of the past, the delicacy in executing pianissimos, the sure sense of musical phraseology, the feeling for restraint as well as climax, and all the remaining elements of musical sensitivity that go to make up a superb keyboard artist."

RACHMANINOFF: PIANO CONCERTO NO.2

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN ROSENFIELD (1962)

The Romantic movement and the term "Romantic" showed up first in the literary school of the late 1700s and for the next century assumed the proportions of a "Zeitgeist" in all the arts. Reaching music at the transitional period of Beethoven, Romanticism sped toward fulfillment. Composers broke with traditional forms and invented their own—which needed only a few years to become traditions themselves. Many composers found it plausible to observe the outward forms but to imbue them with Romanticism, this being the personal, emotional statement.

The method took advantage of the richer musical voice that came out of the nineteenth century, the larger and more colorful orchestra, the spectacularly perfected virtuosity—Paganini and Liszt—the more sophisticated sense of

unification and stylistic consistency.

On such terms the late Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943) was almost the last of the Romantics. Much of his music, however, has worn so well in contemporary repertoire that he stimulates the inquiring philosophical mind to reconsider the belief of E.T.A. Hoffmann. This author, musician and subject of Offenbach's The Tales of Hoffmann, proclaimed that all music is Romantic and always has been. What makes some of it "Classical" is that the person-to-person speech lost its idiomatic cogency, like a soliloquy from a play by Terence.

The musical Romanticism of the last 150 years constitutes, by far, the staples of today's concert halls. It is the music that moves audiences most; it is the most familiar and, therefore, the better liked, and consequently creates the widest interest among professionals. However, masterful interpreters of this music are not plentiful. Frequently they are too callow emotionally no matter how gifted technically. Many performances now heard in concert halls and on records compensate with shallow bravura for what they lack in emotional depth.

There are two performers, though, who meet the requirements of both the scene and the music. One is none other than Van Cliburn, the tall Texan, who has the spirit, digital vitality and yet an emotional maturity. The other is the incomparable Fritz Reiner, who is an unexcelled podium stylist. Theirs is not just a partnership of best-selling names but a matching of something more subtle—the Romantic mind and spirit. Already they have given three definitive Romantic concerto performances to the world of records—the Beethoven "Emperor," the Schumann A Minor and the Brahms B-Flat. Now comes the beloved Rachmaninoff Second.

Rachmaninoff himself was a sensational pianist, who subordinated his powers to a fervent musicality. His Concerto No. 2 demands spectacular keyboard prowess, but a prowess that does not overshadow the musical message of the work. Scholastically pegged as the descendant of the Brahms-Tchaikovsky school, Rachmaninoff was much more. He envisioned a piano concerto as a veritable symphony, with his instrument as dominant voice in continuous high relief. Extended passages for an exposed piano served him not for technical display but for soloistic expression such as might have been composed for violin, flute, cello or other instruments.

There is a legend that the C Minor Concerto was in part musical therapy to cure Rachmaninoff's protracted period of "apathy and pessimism." He did have recourse to a Dr. Dahl, who practiced a form of autosuggestion on him, and in appreciation the work is dedicated to Dr. Dahl. But to hear the Concerto is to conclude that it is the result, not the cause, of restored good health. The composer wrote the last two movements first and performed them in Moscow in 1900. The complete work, with a first movement that certainly was not a casual afterthought, was performed in 1901 by the Moscow Philharmonic with Rachmaninoff again at the piano.

The C Minor Concerto holds its place well into the century which produced it. The artistic temperaments that can realize both its exuberance and its seriousness have it in hand for this recording.

CD 8

GERSHWIN: RHAPSODY IN BLUE/ CONCERTO IN F/ AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

▸▸▸ NOTES BY DEEMS TAYLOR (1960)

In the spring of 1923 Paul Whiteman, returning with his orchestra from a successful invasion of London, settled down to becoming the stellar attraction of New York's dinner-dance Palais Royal. But Whiteman, who was a restless soul, conceived the idea of presenting a concert of good popular music in various styles, played in a regular concert hall, and to be called "An Experiment in Modern Music." One feature of the proposed concert was to be a work of concert dimensions, something more ambitious than the run-of-the-mill jazz offerings. This he invited George Gershwin to write.

While young Gershwin (he was twenty-six) was well known as the composer of the scores of eleven musicals, he had never written anything remotely resembling a work of symphonic dimensions. So he took Whiteman's invitation casually, absentmindedly said "yes," and thought no more about it. But an item on the music page of the New York Tribune informed him that he was at work on a "symphony" for Whiteman.

That set him off. He began to write, not a symphony, but a rhapsodic piece for piano and orchestra called, at the suggestion of his brother Ira, A Rhapsody in Blue. Working day and night, he managed to finish the new work by February 7, 1924.

Five days later, on Lincoln's birthday, Aeolian Hall was fairly bursting at the seams. Practically every musician and critic in town had been invited to inspect this musical experiment, and practically all of them came. The concert began auspiciously, with an audience inclined to be friendly; but despite the presence on the program of such illustrious names as Herbert, Kern and Berlin, there was a sameness about the material and its treatment that began to pall. The general impression was one of monotony. There was boredom in the air.

Then came what a vaudevillian would call the "next-to-closing" number: A Rhapsody in Blue for piano and orchestra, by George Gershwin, with the composer as soloist. That now familiar chromatic "smear" by the clarinet that opens the piece was enough to make the customers sit up. And as the work proceeded they stayed up, and at the end they rose up. Those of us who heard that ovation will never forget it. Gershwin and his Rhapsody were a hit. As one critic wrote:

"He is a link between the jazz camp and the intellectuals ... His Rhapsody ... revealed a genuine melodic gift and a piquant and individual harmonic sense. Moreover, it was genuine jazz music ... It was crude, but it hinted at something new, something that has not hitherto been said in music. Mr. Gershwin will bear watching; he may yet bring jazz out of the kitchen."

History was made that February afternoon, as George Gershwin established his right to be taken seriously as a composer. Today, more than thirty-five years after its inception, the Rhapsody is still one of the most popular works of its kind in the world.

In the summer of 1923 George Gershwin paid his first visit to Paris. It was love at first sight. "Why," he remarked excitedly, "this is a city you can write about"—and toyed with the idea of being the one to do the writing. But other matters intervened, including the Rhapsody in Blue, the Concerto in F and eight musical comedy scores, so that it was not until the summer of 1928 that he returned from another visit (by no means his second), bearing under his arm the manuscript of An American in Paris. It was first heard on December 13, 1928, played by the New York Philharmonic, with Walter Damrosch conducting, and soon became another international favorite.

It is very soothing to one's vanity to be able to tell a composer what his music means. It is even more soothing when the composer asks to be told what it means. Which is what Gershwin did, requesting me to provide a program note to be used at the first performance of the new piece. Needless to say, the request was enthusiastically granted. What follows was the result.

You are to imagine an American swinging down the Champs Élysées on a mild, sunny morning. Dispensing with preliminaries, he is off at full speed at once, to the tune of the straightforward First Walking Theme. He notes with pleasure the sounds of the city, passes the open door of a café where, if one is to believe the trombones, La sorella is still popular, then continues his stroll through the medium of the Second Walking Theme, announced by a French clarinet with a strong American accent. The two themes discuss topics of the day with considerable gusto, after which our American's itinerary becomes somewhat obscured.

Since what ensues is technically known as a bridge passage, one is reasonably justified in assuming that when the Third Walking Theme—somewhat sedentary in character and a little blurred—makes its appearance, the American has crossed the river and is seated on the terrasse of a Left Bank café, exploring the mysteries of a Chambéry fraise.

Now the orchestra introduces an unhallowed episode. Suffice it to say that a solo violin (in the soprano register) approaches our hero and begins a one-sided conversation in charming fractured English.

What follows is hard to believe. Our American becomes homesick. He has the blues—and take it from the orchestra, he has them thoroughly. He does not belong in this place. However, nostalgia is not a fatal disease, and the compassionate orchestra rushes a new theme to the rescue, two trumpets performing the ceremony of introduction. It is apparent that our American has met a compatriot, for this last theme is a noisy, cheerful, brash Charleston without a drop of Gallic blood in its veins. Walking Theme Number Two enters, enthusiastically abetted by Number Three. The blues return—a happy reminiscence rather than a homesick longing, and a voluble, gutsy, wise-cracking orchestra decides to make a night of it. It will be great to be home. But meanwhile, this is Paris!

GERSHWIN: VARIATIONS ON 'I GOT RHYTHM'

▶▶▶ NOTES BY CARL BOSLER (1972)

Afew months after the triumphant premiere of Rhapsody in Blue in 1924, Gershwin was commissioned by Walter Damrosch, eminent conductor of the New York Symphony, to write a work for orchestra. He decided upon a piano concerto and signed a contract to make seven appearances with the orchestra as soloist. But before he could start on the project, Gershwin had to go to England to supervise the production of his latest musical, "Tell Me More!" During his stay in London he began to sketch the concerto, for which he planned to do his own orchestration. Sensitive to criticism that he had not orchestrated the Rhapsody, Gershwin later commented about his decision to handle the con-

certo orchestration himself. "Many persons had thought," he said, "that the Rhapsody was only a happy accident. Well, I went out, for one thing, to show them that there was plenty more where that had come from. I made up my mind to do a piece of absolute music. The Rhapsody, as its title implied, was a blues impression. The concerto would be unrelated to any program. And that is exactly how I wrote it!" The composer returned to New York in early June of 1925 and by July he was devoting himself fully to what he called his "New York Concerto."

But in the busy, always crowded, Gershwin apartment the work went very slowly. George longed for quiet and privacy and eventually help came from his friend Ernest Hutcheson, who invited him to Chautauqua, New York, where he would be able to compose in peace. Hutcheson was giving master classes in piano at Chautauqua and instructed his students not to invade Gershwin's privacy until four in the afternoon. But precisely at that hour, the enthusiastic young people would storm into George's studio to hear him sing and play his songs. That marked the end of George's work day, and the concerto was not completed until September. Even then the orchestration still remained to be done. Back in New York, he worked on the scoring while at the same time he collaborated with his brother Ira on the music for "Tip-Toes," and with Oscar Hammerstein, Herbert Stothart and Otto Harbach on "Song of the Flame." Finally, desperate to have working periods free of interruption, Gershwin rented rooms at a hotel away from the demands of the theatrical world. The Concerto in F, as he finally titled it, was completed on November 10, 1925. Uncertain how the work would sound and anxious about the first impression it would make on Dr. Damrosch, Gershwin decided on a preliminary hearing. He hired the Globe Theatre and an orchestra of sixty musicians, called upon his friend William Daly to conduct and seated himself at the piano. The men of the orchestra were enthusiastic, some cuts and revisions were made, George played, listened and learned, and Dr. Damrosch was thoroughly impressed. "Lady Jazz, adorned with her intriguing rhythms, has danced her way around the world," he wrote later, ... "But for all her travels and her sweeping popularity, she had encountered no knight who could lift her to a level that would enable her to be received as a respectable member in musical circles. George Gershwin seems to have accomplished this miracle. He has done it boldly by dressing this independent young lady in the classic garb of a concerto..."

On December 3, 1925, the much-heralded jazz concerto was introduced to the world, and as the vast final trill of the massed orchestral forces signaled the work's end, George was greeted with a tremendous outburst of cheering and applause. The critics were divided, as they had been after the premiere of the Rhapsody. But Samuel Chotzinoff of the World, aware that Gershwin was a rare intuitive spirit searching his way, best summed up the case for the pros and for most Americans in general when he wrote: "His shortcomings are nothing in face of the one thing he alone of all those writing the music of today possesses. He alone actually expresses us. He is the present, with all its audacity, impertinence, its feverish delight in its motion, its lapses into rhythmically exotic melancholy."

The exuberant song "I Got Rhythm" first sounded its joyful message in the musical "Girl Crazy," which opened at the Alvin Theater on October 14, 1930. In the orchestra, headed by Red Nichols, an incredible array of talent held forth—Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Glenn Miller, Jimmy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden. The female lead was played by a nineteen-year-old dancer named Ginger Rogers, who sang the romantic ballads like "Embraceable You" and "But Not for Me." But the actress who won the greatest acclaim was an unknown named Ethel Merman. It was she who belted "I Got Rhythm" into one of the greatest hits of all time.

In 1933 Gershwin made plans for an extensive tour of one-night stands with the Leo Reisman Orchestra, with tenor James Melton as a soloist. The program was to consist largely of Gershwin music—An American in Paris, the Rhapsody in Blue and a large selection of songs. George felt the need of another orchestral work, and it occurred to him that a set of variations on "I Got Rhythm" might be the perfect answer. It was one of his favorite pieces, and he often entertained friends by improvising on it. He undertook the task while vacationing in Palm Beach in December 1933, and by the time the tour got underway in January the "I Got Rhythm" Variations were ready to go.

GERSHWIN: CUBAN OVERTURE

▸▸▸ NOTES BY CARL BOSLER (1972)

Cuban Overture was inspired by a short visit George Gershwin made to Havana in February 1932. While there, he heard much indigenous music (with special attention to the complex rhythms) and was captivated by Cuban percussion instruments. When he returned to New York his luggage contained a set of Cuban sticks, a bongo, a gourd and maracas, and he had ideas for a new piece. August 16 was to be Gershwin night at New York's Lewisohn Stadium, and the composer worked up his Cuban themes into Rumba for that concert. The orchestra was the New York Philharmonic and Albert Coates the conductor. On the score's title page Gershwin added a "Conductor's note," in which he indicated where the percussionists should be positioned and played it safe by drawing in little sketches of the Cuban instruments since few of the Philharmonic's members would have been familiar with them. Later, when the work was published, he retitled it Cuban Overture, lest it be confused with the popular dance.

Arthur Fiedler, the best-selling conductor in history and director of the Boston Pops for 50 years, was born in Boston in 1894 and started to study both the violin and the piano when he was five; after high school he continued his musical training—composition and conducting as well as violin and piano—in Berlin. He began his illustrious career in 1915 as a violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During his years with the BSO, he organized and conducted the Boston Sinfonietta. In 1929 he founded the famous Esplanade Concerts and began his lifelong commitment to bring "light" classical music to the public. A year later he was appointed music director of the Boston Pops, a post he held until his death in 1979.

In his 50 seasons with the Pops, Arthur Fiedler forged a musical legacy that, through concerts, television and radio broadcasts, and recordings brought the joy of classical music to millions of

Americans. His record albums, featuring classical favorites, orchestral settings of Broadway show tunes, pop songs, jazz standards and patriotic music, sold almost 50 million copies during his career, a level of popular acclaim that may never be challenged. His interest in all musical styles, his voracious appetite for new orchestral works—he "discovered" and recorded many, including Jacob Gade's Jalousie, RCA's first classical recording to sell one million copies—and his remarkable ability to communicate the universality of the musical language were legendary. Arthur Fiedler's love for music and commitment to his audience remain a model for any musician, and every American who loves classical music owes him an incalculable debt.

Earl Wild was born in Pittsburgh in 1915 and could read music and play the piano by age 6. He studied in Pittsburgh and while still a teenager played on the radio there and in the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. He moved to New York, continued his training, and in 1937 became staff pianist of Toscanini's NBC Symphony Orchestra. Wild made his New York recital debut at Town Hall in 1944, and went on to years of concertizing throughout the world. The eminent pianist built an extensive repertoire, which included both the standard and modern literature and won renown in particular for his brilliant performances of the virtuoso Romantic works. Long a leading exponent of Gershwin's piano music, notably the Concerto in F and Rhapsody in Blue, Earl Wild got his first real break when Paul Whiteman engaged him as a soloist for a lengthy tour, in the course of which the young pianist played the Rhapsody more than 50 times in as many cities. His subsequent performances of it—hundreds of them—include a memorable concert with the NBC Symphony in 1942, the only time that Toscanini ever conducted the work, and one with the Pasdeloup Orchestra in Paris that was a triumph. Over the years, Earl Wild's career has also encompassed teaching and composing.

CD 9

MUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

▸▸▸ NOTES BY ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN (1958)

In the 1860s a wave of aesthetic nationalism swept through Russia. Architects like Victor Hartmann abandoned the classic domes and columns that had given St. Petersburg a Roman air and went in for structure and ornament based on medieval and contemporary folk styles. Composers like Modest Mussorgsky sought the materials of a new idiom in Russian folk music and the subjects for opera and song in Russian history and in the life about them. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Hartmann and Mussorgsky were friends.

Hartmann died in 1873, and in the spring of the following year about 400 of his works were displayed in the rooms of the St. Petersburg Society of Architects. Mussorgsky attended the Hartmann memorial exhibition, to which he had lent some drawings from his own collection, and wrote a suite for piano inspired by ten of the things he saw there. No one paid much attention to this work until 1922, when Ravel orchestrated it at the request of Serge Koussevitzky. For half a century, therefore, no special reason existed for interest in the work of Hartmann. His drawings were scattered, most of them disappeared, and several of Mussorgsky's biographers have stated that they are all beyond recovery. The writer of these lines, however, had the good fortune to locate about seventy of the 400 pictures that were in the exhibition Mussorgsky saw. The most important of these may be found in The Musical Quarterly for July 1939, and in an illustrated edition of the original piano score published by the International Music Company of New York.

- **PROMENADE:** The introduction, the theme of which recurs numerous times, conveys an idea of the composer himself wandering about in the picture gallery. It is an awkward, waddly, 11/4 rhythm; Mussorgsky was no sylph. Gnomus. The picture was a design for a nutcracker in the form of a gnome with huge jaws. Mussorgsky gives us a twitching, jumping homunculus in his music.
- **PROMENADE:** Mussorgsky marches on until he comes to—
- **IL VECCHIO CASTELLO:** As an architectural student in Italy, Hartmann had been required to make drawings of the famous old buildings he had seen. One of them represented an unidentifiable castle. In order to suggest its scale, Hartmann drew a human figure in the foreground, and incidentally made it look like a troubadour with a lute. Mussorgsky seizes upon this figure as the pretext for a serenade whose burden, in the Ravel version, is carried by the saxophone.
- **PROMENADE:** A link to—
- **TUILERIES:** A fast, breezy sketch, which Mussorgsky subtitles "Dispute of the children after play." Hartmann's drawing was of a group of children and nursemaids in the famous Parisian park.
- **BYDLO:** The title is a Polish word meaning "cattle." Hartmann's picture represented a Polish oxcart lumbering down a muddy road on huge wooden wheels. Mussorgsky's music involves a marching, folk-like tune given out by the tenor tuba.
- **PROMENADE:** This quiet version of the theme is startlingly interrupted by—
- **BALLET OF THE CHICKS IN THEIR SHELLS:** A cheeping, pecking scherzo. The picture was a ballet costume. For the picture itself, and the long story that goes with it, the reader is referred to the above-mentioned article in The Musical Quarterly.
- **SAMUEL GOLDENBURG AND SCHMUYLE:** This was a drawing of a beggar trying to wheedle something out of a rich man on a street corner in a Polish ghetto. The music begins with the pompous pronouncement of the lordly Samuel Goldenburg; the trumpet comes in with Schmuyle's chatter, and this continues breathlessly to the end despite Golden-burg's efforts to fulminate a reply.
- **THE MARKETPLACE AT LIMOGES:** Again Mussorgsky seizes upon a purely incidental detail. Hartmann's drawing was of the façade of the cathedral at Limoges, but in the foreground he sketched some market women and pushcarts. Mussorgsky's scherzo-like piece reconstructs the lively gossip of these ladies.
- **CATACOMBAE, SEPULCHRUM ROMAN-UM:** (The Latin here is as original as the music, as is the case with the title to the following movement.) Hartmann's picture represented the architect himself and a friend studying a pile of skulls in a catacomb. Mussorgsky's movement is brief, solemn and climactic, and leads without pause to—

- CON MORTUIS IN LINGUA MORTUA: Mussorgsky's numerous footnotes to the music, all of which can be found in the Quarterly article, must be quoted here. The footnote hangs from the title and reads "A Latin text: 'With the dead in a dead language.' Well may it be in Latin! The creative spirit of the departed Hartmann leads me to the skulls, calls out to them, and the skulls begin to glow dimly from within." The reference, of course, is to the preceding picture; here Mussorgsky comments on it, with the Promenade theme in a highly elegiac form.

- THE HUT ON FOWL'S LEGS: Baba Yaga is a Russian witch who lives in a hut supported on four chicken feet and rides through the air in a mortar, which she often uses to grind up human bones for food. Hartmann had designed a hilariously Victorian-looking clock in the form of Baba Yaga's dwelling. Mussorgsky's music, however, deals with her method of locomotion. Baba Yaga flies up and into—

- THE GREAT GATE AT KIEV: Hartmann had entered a competition for a memorial gateway to be erected in Kiev, but the competition was called off for lack of funds and no Great Gate was ever put up. Hartmann's design is indescribable (without considerable detailed explanation), but it involved a tower in the form of an old Slavonic war helmet, a chapel over the arch, and columns apparently sunk deep into the ground with age, the whole covered with brilliant orange tiles. Mussorgsky's music evokes a great procession through the gate, with the chanting of priests and the ringing of bells; the Promenade theme recurs for the final time to bind the entire suite together.

TCHAIKOVSKY: MARCHE MINIATURE
MUSSORGSKY: A NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN
BORODIN: PRINCE IGOR - POLOVTSIAN MARCH
TCHAIKOVSKY: MARCHE SLAVE
KABALEVSKY: COLAS BREUGNON, OP.24 -OVERTURE
GLINKA: RUSSLAN AND LUDMILLA - OVERTURE

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI (1960)**

Several decades ago, in the first wild flush of enthusiasm for the novels of Dostoyevsky, Turgenev and Tolstoy, an American scholar remarked that Russian fiction was like German music—"the best in the world." Whatever the truth of the twofold pronouncement, and most of us would not hesitate to subscribe to it if by German music we included Austrian music too, it implies a quality of strong universal appeal in Russian fiction. This appeal derived, in large part, from its confiding warmth and profound involvement in the human condition. There is nothing abstract or impersonal about the great Russian novels. They generate an immediate impact of feeling. Their pages throb with eager life and a passionate search for meaning and fulfillment. Conflict is enacted against a backdrop of measureless night and icy stillness. And over the Slavic expanse, from time to time, come echoes of a sensuous and inviting Orient.

So it is, in many ways, with Russian music. Perhaps not, all things considered, "the best in the world," but certainly, if one is to judge from audience polls of concert preferences, among the most enduring music in popularity. At its most characteristic, Russian music makes a direct and emphatic appeal. If questioned, thousands of music lovers everywhere would admit having been first drawn to the concert repertory through some overture, march, concerto or symphony by a Russian composer, in all likelihood Tchaikovsky. Like Russian fiction, Russian music seems always to be excited about something, constantly on the move toward some coveted goal. Momentum gathers as in a well-told story or drama. Whether it be a tone poem to a Shakespearean theme or a symphony with only a number to guide us, we are at once inveigled into a glowing circle of suspense and anticipation. Some tumultuous action is under way, maybe the grim pounding spectacle of marching masses, maybe a piano on a high adventure of the spirit.

Name your Russian composer, of those grouped here—Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Mussorgsky, Glinka, Kabalevsky—and see for yourself if this isn't so. At the heart of each composition is a sustained pulse of excitement of some kind. In the overtures of Glinka and Kabalevsky, a buoyant, even gay, exuberance provides the impetus. Theme and rhythm bustle ahead spiritedly, as if to stop were to wither and die. The melodies are coiling threads of grace slipping in and out of the swift fabric. Not a moment is lost in the hearty commotion that subsides only with the last chord. Both these overtures, one from the beginnings of Russian music—Glinka's Russlan and Ludmilla, one from the energetic new Russia of today—Kabalevsky's Colas Breugnon, are living entities of bounding gusto and bracing freshness.

Excitement of another order surges through Mussorgsky's flashing tapestry of a Witches' Sabbath. Jagged lightning rips across a spectral landscape. Dances of grotesque savagery follow in ghostly sequence. Through the wild night ring the grisly cries of hideous demons. A bewitched orchestra has sprung into unearthly life. Amid ominous shimmers and lurid flashes the Black Mass is cele-brated. Suddenly there is a strange calm, of gentler spirits urging peace. But the frenzy returns, as strings, winds, brasses and drums once more go berserk. Finally a church bell sounds, and the foul hosts of evil fade back into the night. A clarinet chants a matchless theme of solace. Dawn spreads its mantle over the quiet scene. Once again the orchestra serves as a giant narrator endowed with infinite resources to compel attention. This is one of the great ghost stories of symphonic music, told with demonic effects of violins, woodwinds and brasses far beyond the reach of words. In its teeming color, crashing climaxes, folkish cut of theme aud ceaseless tension, A Night on Bald Mountain is Russian to the core.

So is Tchaikovsky's Marche slave. Mingled here with catchy Serbian tunes and the Russian anthem is a broad somber theme of inexorable motion, as of a grumbling continent on the march. Many would gladly vote this composition their favorite concert march, after making due obeisance to Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Elgar, Prokofiev and our own inimitable Sousa. No less Slavic, but with the added bite of Tartar barbarism is the savage Polovtsian March that opens the third act of Prince Igor and in the opera house is joined by the chorus to signal the arrival of the fearsome Khan. Those who know only the wild and sensuous

dances from this opera may thus add another exotic item to their Polovtsian shelf.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his musical education at the Academy of Music there. At the age of 23 he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper and two years later was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then, in 1953, he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign his post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic. He was equally the master of the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

CD 10

VERDI: ARIAS

Aida

1. Ritorna vincitor!
2. Qui Radamès verrà!
3. O patria mia

Il trovatore

4. Che più t'arresti?
5. Tacea la notte placida
6. Di tale amor che dirsi
7. Timor di me?; D'amor sull'ali rosee

PUCCINI: ARIAS

Madama Butterfly

8. Un bel dì vedremo
9. Tu? Tu? piccolo Iddio!(Morte di Butterfly)

La rondine

10. Chi il bel sogno di Doretta

Tosca

11. Vissi d'arte

Turandot

12. Signore, ascolta!
13. Tu che di gel sei cinta

▸▸▸ NOTES BY RICHARD SCHICKEL (1961)

For Leontyne Price, 1960 was probably the most important year of her life. In that year she signed her first contract with the Metropolitan Opera, made her debut at La Scala ("our great Verdi would have found her the ideal Aida," wrote one critic), then triumphantly swept through a crowded schedule of European summer festival appearances and recording sessions. But it is probably safe to say that no appearance in this year of her arrival as one of the great sopranos of our time equaled the one she made in Laurel, Mississippi, on March 18.

Laurel is Leontyne Price's home town and when she sang there she did a great deal more than disprove the adage that you can't go home again. She proved that you must go home if you wish to taste to the fullest the joys of success. "It was the sweetest thing that ever happened to me," Leontyne said afterwards. "It wasn't the best I've ever sung—I was too choked up emotionally to do my very best. But I think that concert represented a great deal of progress for a little town in the deep South. For an hour and a half we weren't white or black. We were just human beings together."

One national magazine has written that "for Leontyne Price the climb to La Scala's stage seemed remarkably easy." That is a matter of opinion. The sacrifices made for a career are known only to the artist, but Leontyne discovered early the one important thing that every artist must know: "that you're not really a person until you've fulfilled yourself as an artist; you can't live until you've said what you have to say." On the road to her fulfillment, Leontyne has had help from her "two families." Her father is a carpenter in Laurel, her mother a midwife who "delivered more babies than necessary so I could have piano lessons." At college Leontyne discovered that her voice, not her pianistic skill, was her greatest musical asset. Now her second family—the Alexander Chisholms, leading citizens of Laurel—stepped into the picture. To study at the Juilliard School of Music in New York required more money than the Prices could raise. The Chisholms helped out, not just with money but with advice, encouragement, confidence. At Juilliard Leontyne was heard by composer Virgil Thomson, who asked her to appear in the revival of his Four Saints in Three Acts. Then came the role of Bess in the now-famous revival of Porgy and Bess. Three years later she starred in the NBC TV production of Tosca, and in 1957–58 she made her first appearances on operatic stages in San Francisco and in Vienna. Her role on both occasions was Aida. Then followed the international string of concert, recording and operatic triumphs, culminating at the Metropolitan in January 1961—"It's the blue ribbon tied around my career."

In the first row that night in Laurel sat two ladies to whom Leontyne Price feels the most gratitude—her mother and her mentor, Mrs. Chisholm. Says Mrs. Chisholm: "I feel God has favored us more than most by allowing us to participate—even a little bit—in Leontyne's career. I think someone with a talent like hers is one of God's chosen creatures."

This is a judgment with which most of the world's critics now agree. As Paul Hume of the Washington Post & Times Herald wrote, "they come no greater, few anywhere near so great."

In this recording there is ample evidence of that greatness. From the Italian masters of operatic melody, Verdi and Puccini, the soprano has selected arias which give full range to the warm expressive qualities of her voice. There is the dramatic "Ritorna vincitor" and the moving "O patria mia"; then Leonora's two contrasting arias of love "Tacea la notte," a declaration of awakening love, and "D'amor sull'ali rosee," a poignant expression of hope that her now matured love can penetrate even the dungeon where her lover is held prisoner.

"Un bel dì," the most popular of all operatic expressions of love's undying hope, and the tragic "Morte di Butterfly" follow. From the rarely performed La rondine there is the lovely "Chi il bel

sogno di Doretta" followed by Tosca's passionate apostrophizing of love and art, "Vissi d'arte." Finally, from Puccini's Turandot, Miss Price sings the arias of the slave girl, Liù—"Signore, ascolta," her plea to Calaf not to attempt Turandot's deadly riddles, and her declaration, under torture, of love for him, "Tu che di gel sei cinta," perhaps the greatest melodic flight of that magnificently lyrical opera.

Superlatives have long since become meaningless when applied to the art of Leontyne Price, and yet there is still a temptation, almost a necessity, to use them. She was horn Mary Leontyne Violet Price in Laurel, Mississippi. Her mother, who also had a beautiful soprano voice, worked as a midwife to meet the installments on the piano. Her father, a sawmill worker, was a man of unassailable dignity and pride. Her aunt worked in the home of the Alexander Chisholms, a prominent family in Laurel. The Chisholms made it possible for Leontyne to accept a scholarship offered by the Juilliard School. While there, she heard an electrifying Salome at the Metropolitan Opera and in her mind made the leap from standing room to the greatest stage in the world.

As an aspiring young artist she first appeared in Paris in 1952 at the International Arts Festival in a performance of Thomson's Four Saints in Three Acts. A year later she took on the role of Bess in Gershwin's Porgy and Bess, touring Vienna, Berlin and Paris. In 1954 she gave her debut recital at New York's Town Hall and appeared for the first time with Munch and the Boston Symphony and Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. In 1955 she sang the title role in Puccini's Tosca on television for the NBC Opera Company.

Performances with the American Opera Society, the San Francisco Symphony and her debut with the San Francisco Opera in the American premiere of Poulenc's Dialogues des carmélites brought her increasing public attention. Europe hailed her as a diva in 1958 when she sang Aida at the Vienna Staatsoper with Karajan, followed that with a Covent Garden debut with Kubelik and then, with Serafin, roused Verona audiences to a frenzy of enthusiasm. The Salzburg Festival, the Chicago Lyric Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic with Karajan followed in 1959. Milan's La Scala and the Berlin Festival welcomed her in 1960. Finally, in 1961, she made her long-awaited debut at the Metropolitan Opera in Verdi's Il trovatore. She received a forty-two-minute ovation at the final curtain, a record in the history of the house. Since then Leontyne Price has kept on making history as a prima donna assoluta.

Her honors are many and great: doctorates from universities, unique awards and medals from around the world and, on April 20, 1965, her own country's Medal of Freedom. "Her singing," President Johnson said, "has brought light to her land." Few artists have been hailed as a national treasure. Leontyne Price is a gift and a treasure to the world.

CD 11

CHOPIN: BALLADES

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY IRVING KOLODIN**

One or another of the Chopin ballades has long been a customary part of a typical recital by Arthur Rubinstein, but the appearance of the four together marks another broad stride along the recorded road that the interpreter has marked out for himself. In certain other categories of Chopin's writing, Rubinstein has offered a second consideration recently, after a pioneering venture that was initiated with the release of his scherzos (RCA Victor M-189) in the mid-thirties. That the anniversary of that release a quarter century ago coincides with the anniversary, in 1960, of Chopin's birth a hundred and fifty years ago attests to two things: the interpreter's long devotion to the greatest musician of his native Poland, and his own enterprise, which has since become a formula for filling one or more long-play records.

Whether or not Rubinstein will succeed in encompassing all the categories of Chopin's writings (of which the ballades are now added to the scherzos, waltzes, mazurkas, nocturnes, polonaises, preludes and impromptus), only the future can determine. But he has given us a sufficiently rounded sense of these many expressions as seen through the same heart and mind to make us aware that within the whole of Chopin, there are many other wholes. The most fascinating, to me, of the many possibilities presented is the balance and contrast—within each type of piece—of ideas which might well have been used in another type. If in the scherzos, the motivation is plainly a dramatic one, in the ballades it seems to me as plainly a narrative one, whether or not a specific story is alleged.

If one should examine the contents page of an edition of the ballades, in which the beginning of each is quoted for purposes of identification, one might be surprised to observe that three of the four are in 6/8. If one went beyond the contents page to the music itself, one would be further struck by the fact that the sole exception, beginning with the common time signature of C, is so marked only for the introduction, and that the total following piece is in 6/4. This is not to suggest that Chopin fell into some kind of slavish practice from which he could not escape, but rather to reason out his motivation for writing the ballades in 6/8 (the 6/4 alters the scheme of notation, but not the prevailing emphasis). I think it has to do with the long-short, long-short pulse of 6/8, which conforms to the long-short, long-short of a familiar poetic "foot" (trochee).

- NO. 1 IN G MINOR, OP. 23: Whether or not Chopin had a specific work of the Polish poet Mickiewicz in mind for each of his ballades, as some have suggested, there is no way of telling. It is sufficient for me to see in this opening introduction (the one in common time mentioned above) a kind of preliminary scene setting, and in the ebb and flow of the following music a strong continuity leading to a climax, to be aware of a tale being told musically. A note of suspense, so to speak, is imparted by a clash of tones in the last chord of the introduction (D in the bass, E-flat in the alto) which some writers, even of this century, thought might be a misprint. Clearly it is a mixture of G minor and E-flat, the two keys which come and go in the body of the work.

That body is torn between supplication (at the outset) and rejection (the following agitato), more tender appeals (the E-flat section that comes next) in which the triplet figure of the introduction makes an insinuating reappearance, a stormy outburst of adamancy, a rather hopeless resort to other argu-

ments (marked scherzando), then a return to the opening supplication, angrily pushed aside in the presto con fuoco, and finally crushed for good and all at the end. (In opera, this is what would be known as the Argument.)

- NO. 2 IN F, OP. 38: The F major ballade (dedicated to "Monsieur Robert Schumann") is, prevailingly, of a more tender character, beginning with a pensive andantino, in the basic long-short, long-short rhythm, followed by a blustering presto con fuoco. The dedicatee, being something of a musician and critic himself, noted a pertinent fact in his review of it, upon publication: "I recollect very well when Chopin played the 'Ballade' here ... He then said that he had been inspired by some poems of Mickiewicz to write this Ballade. On the other hand, his music would inspire a poet to write words to it." Could there be a more perfect summation of what a great creative artist does in sublimating the matter of one medium into another? The end is in the mood of the beginning (marked, if there should be any doubt of his intent, Tempo I).

- NO. 3 IN A-FLAT, OP. 47: Contrary to some impressions that may be conveyed by its popularity, this famous piece does not play itself (except, perhaps, badly). Its surface attractions are so many, its lyricism so apparent, that a certain underlying strength may be overlooked in the seductive appeal of its soft-contoured surface. Feminine it may be said to be also, but only if the female in question is possessed (as more than a few have been known to be) of a whim of iron. One of the fascinations of the piece is its special demonstration of the ways in which Chopin could wander in and out of keys, flat and sharp, major and minor (as he does in the main summing-up section), with a completely certain knowledge of where he is going all the time yet with a tremendous sense of satisfied homecoming when he gets there. Even the listener who has traveled the same way a dozen times before finds the journey an ever-new experience.

- NO. 4 IN F MINOR, OP. 52: Whatever the narrative scheme of its predecessors, it must be recognized that in the last of the four ballades Chopin is dealing with emotions on a heroic scale. Like the man who, though slow to anger, can rise to a rage beyond the reach of the quick-tempered, his recitation begins simply, almost unwillingly, guards its comments carefully, and only eventually attains the release to declare itself completely. But what a tide of eloquence it commands when it does, in the keyboard-sweeping arpeggios in both hands, as if Chopin wished it were possible to take the strings themselves, bodily, and wring the sonorities from them! The effect comes back again, in a more angry, dissonant pattern before the end, when the sense of an individual, musical outline gives way to a fine frenzy of sheer sonority. Like its predecessors, it utilizes the long-short, long-short "foot," but these feet never take the same way twice, let alone tread in tracks they have left behind them.

CHOPIN: SCHERZOS

▸▸▸ NOTES BY IRVING KOLODIN (1960)

Not one, but two anniversaries are comprehended in the release of this edition of the Chopin Scherzos by Arthur Rubinstein in 1960: a hundred and fifty years since the birth of the great composer who gave so much to the piano, and a full quarter century since Rubinstein began his series of complete recordings of Chopin's works which have given so much to the world of music, and pianism in particular. The coincidence also completes a cycle, for it was Rubinstein's performance of the scherzos issued in the mid-thirties (RCA Victor M-189), which initiated the age of the "complete" Chopin issue, long before the LP made it a convenient formula for a musical "package."

What Rubinstein presented was a rounded view of a segment of the composer's personality and works, a whole within a larger whole which enabled his listeners to consider them a musical totality, rather than an isolated example of writing selected to demonstrate the performer's prowess. In moving steadily throught the categories of Chopin's other "totalities" since—polonaises, nocturnes, mazurkas, waltzes, preludes, impromptus, ballades—Rubinstein has made a contribution of incalculable value to the literature of his instrument. For a rarity, too, a pioneer has endured to retrace his own blazed trail, now a broad highway for all to travel. I daresay that in this second view of the scherzos, posterity will find not only a far clearer likeness of the instrument than was possible in the thirties, but also some fresh insights and illuminations.

It is basic to an appreciation of Chopin's purpose in grouping his ideas under this heading or that to bear one central fact in mind. Titles, as such, had a quite different meaning to him than they did to others. In the case of the ones he invented himself—prelude, etude, impromptu, fantaisie-impromptu, etc.—that is plain enough. But it would be a mistake, in approaching those he borrowed from his predecessors, to expect his sonatas to be like Beethoven's, or in the case of the scherzos, like anything known previously.

Perhaps the simplest distinction to be made is that Chopin's titles had to do with external, rather than internal, factors. Or, in terms we have learned from the U.N., that they are concerned with procedural, rather than substantive, matters. In its literal derivation from the Italian, scherzo implies something light, humorous, joking. In its musical elaboration, however (by Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann), scherzo describes a succession of ideas (derived from the minuet-with-trio) in contrasting moods.

Inasmuch as Chopin's scherzos are anything but light, humorous or joking, it is clear that he was talking about the other kind of thing—the musical procedure embodying a succession of ideas in contrasting moods. And as Beethoven, in his later symphonies, quartets and sonatas, expanded the simple idea of scherzo-with-trio into an elaborate sequence of scherzo-trio-scherzo-second trio-new varied form of the scherzo, so Chopin derived from these examples the framework for a separate piece in itself.

What he put into that framework was, of course, something completely his own. Taken individually, the ideas might well suggest the material for an etude, a prelude, a nocturne. It is the combination of them on a grand scale and in an invariably dramatic context that makes for the kind of totality we associate with the title. There are, within the scope of Chopin's cosmos, works that can be well fulfilled by a pianist who is primarily a miniaturist, or a lyricist, or a colorist. But if he is not to some extent a Thespian, he had better leave the scherzos alone.

- NO. 1 IN B MINOR, OP. 20: (Presto

con fuoco). In this masterful work of 1831 (he has already written some of his finest etudes, nocturnes, mazurkas, waltzes, etc.) the 21-year-old Chopin defined the grand plan of all the scherzos to come. In common with the others, it is in 3/4 (an interesting link to the primitive minuet-with-trio of the previous century), and it ranges widely through a variety of soul-states yet observes a formal discipline as satisfying as it is rigorous. Looked at in large components, it consists of a main scherzo section interrupted by a molto più lento, followed by a reprise of the scherzo. However, this is akin to saying that a man has two arms, a torso and two legs. What makes these divisions distinctive is the surging current of music that flows from start to finish. From the "ready, set" of the first two chords it "goes" compellingly, save for the middle, barcarolle-like section which functions as a trio. It is worth noting that the scherzo section has its own built-in lyric contrast (divided between the two hands), as well as an agitato foil to the opening statement, which also serves as a breathtaking conclusion. Nor is there anything in the least accidental about the bridge chords that lead the "trio" back to the opening: they are clearly derived from the "ready, set" opening of the scherzo.

- NO. 2 IN B-FLAT MINOR, OP. 31: (Presto). The time when this piece was popularly known as the "Governess" scherzo is now somewhat remote, suggesting two things: there are fewer family governesses than there used to be, and even fewer of them count the performance of Chopin, however muddling, among their graces. It is, in any case, a much harder piece to play than the mere notes suggest, for it takes as much talent and concentration to "play" the silences which are so urgent a part of its total effect. Moreover, its argument of dramatic and lyric elements is so heated that it is a great temptation to overstate the case before all the evidence is in. Altogether it is written on a broader, more varied plane than its predecessor, especially where the "trio" is concerned: that consists of two elements (an opening sostenuto in a conciliatory vein and a more active figure in a flightier spirit) which engage in a contest of wills before the scherzo, as originally heard, resumes. In the end, when all the evidence has been assembled, it is clear that impulse will not be dissuaded by an appeal to sweet reasonableness.

- NO. 3 IN C-SHARP MINOR, OP. 39: (Presto con fuoco). Though neither the first, last nor most popular of the four, this work is in some musical ways the most remarkable of all. Certainly for compactness of statement and economical usage of materials it is in a class of its own. Even the chorale-like trio grows out of a fragment embedded in the scherzo. However, it is barely recognizable, as developed, through Chopin's vast command of pianistic sonorities, into a section of such lingering beauty that one can well understand his reluctance to give it up without reverting to it a second time, and then spinning it out through minor and major transformations that bring about the return of the scherzo almost before the listener realizes what is happening. When he has acquired sufficient acquaintance with it to observe, as well as experience, what is happening, he may be pardoned a small obeisance to Chopin's genius for elaborating what is one of the basic phrases of music—it begins with the Larghetto of Beethoven's Second Symphony; it was transformed by Lehár into his Merry Widow waltz as well as being sung to the words "How dry I am"—into a shimmering cascade of sonority.

- NO. 4 IN E, OP. 54: (Presto). Rather than laboring the scheme which he had exploited so brilliantly in the three preceding scherzos—minor tension, major relief—Chopin digresses here to a con concept more capricious, more playful. It has not only a major beginning, but also a trio in which the same tonal order prevails. The "intellectual refinement and jesting of a superior sort" to which Huneker pays tribute may not be so immediate in their appeal as the passionate proclamations of the first three scherzos, but they lead us toward some tonal territory not normally considered to border on Chopin's—not only the caprice of Saint-Saëns' G Minor Concerto, but even the rococo elegance of Richard Strauss' Rosenkavalier.

CD 12

TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY NO. 6, OP. 74, IN B MINOR "PATHÉTIQUE"

While in St. Petersburg, Piotr Ilich Tchaikovsky had arranged to conduct his new Symphony (No. 6) in Moscow. He was ready to leave St. Petersburg when illness overtook him. He died on November 6, 1893, of cholera.

The mysterious program for the Symphony, which the composer never disclosed to anyone, later became the subject of much speculation. Some indications of what the composer might have had in mind were brought to light some time afterwards by the study of Tchaikovsky's correspondence and papers. Interesting is a short note jotted down by the composer in his hasty, nervous handwriting on the back of a manuscript. The note written between 1890 and 1892, reads:

"The following is a sketch of the symphony—Life! The first movement—all impetus, confidence, thirst for action. Must be short. (Finale—death—the result of destruction) (2nd movement—love; 3—disillusionment); 4—dies away towards the end, also short.)"

Some Russian musicologists think that these are Tchaikovsky's early ideas, which eventually developed into the program of the Sixth Symphony.

Revealing also is the composer's letter to the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who had suggested the poem Requiem by Apoukhtin as a suitable piece of poetry for musical interpretation. Declining the suggestion, Tchaikovsky explained:

"What makes me hesitant is that my last symphony...is dominated by a mood which comes very close to that of the Requiem. It seems to me that this symphony has turned out to be a good work, and I am afraid I might repeat myself if I immediately began to work on a composition which is akin in character and spirit to the preceding one."

Tchaikovsky's correspondence of the year 1893 traces the progress of this last Symphony, the "Pathétique," from conception to performance. Through his letters to his brother Modest, his nephew Vladimir Davidov, his publisher P. Jurgenson, and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia the composer's idea, if not his precise pro-

grammatic intent for his last symphony, emerges.

Working from the original Russian, Mr. Nicolai Rabeneck has excerpted such elements of the correspondence as have direct bearing on the composition of the "Pathétique" Symphony.

TO VLADIMIR DAVIDOV
FEBRUARY 22, 1893

"...Just as I was starting on my journey [a visit to Paris in December 1892] the idea of another symphony came to me, this time of a program symphony, but with a program that will remain unknown to all; let them keep on guessing, while the symphony will bear the name 'The Program Symphony' (No. 6). This program is wholly penetrated by subjective feelings; when composing it in my mind during my wanderings, I was often shedding bitter tears. Now, having returned home, I settled down to write sketches, and work developed with such ardor and speed that in less than four days the entire first movement was finished, and in my mind I had a clear outline of the other movements..."

TO VLADIMIR DAVIDOV
AUGUST 15, 1893

"The Symphony which I intended to dedicate to you—although I have now changed my mind [This was merely a playful threat because his nephew had neglected to answer his letters.]—is progressing. I am very pleased with its contents, but I am not pleased, or better to say, not altogether pleased with its orchestration. It somehow takes shape not quite as I had imagined it. I should not be surprised at all if my symphony will get abusive notices and little appreciation—I am used to this. But I am positive in holding it to be the best and above all, the 'most genuinely sincere' of all my works. I love it as I have never loved any of my other musical offsprings."

MODEST TCHAIKOVSKY RELATES:

"The morning after the concert [the public première of the Symphony in St. Petersburg, October 28, conducted by the composer] I found my brother sitting at the breakfast table with the score of the Symphony before him. He had agreed to send it to Jurgenson in Moscow that very day, and could not decide upon a title. He did not wish to designate it merely by a number, and had abandoned his original intention of calling it 'a program Symphony.' 'Why program,' he said, 'since I do not intend to expound any meaning?' I suggested 'tragic Symphony' as an appropriate title. But this did not please him either. I left the room while Piotr Ilich was still in a state of indecision. Suddenly the word 'pathetic' occurred to me, and I returned to suggest it. I remember, as though it were yesterday, how my brother exclaimed: 'Bravo, Modest, splendid! Pathetic!' Then and there, in my presence, he added to the score the title by which the Symphony has always been known."

TO P. JURGENSON
OCTOBER 30, 1893

"With this symphony things happen in a strange way. The public did not really dislike the work, but was somewhat perplexed by it. As far as I am concerned, I am more proud of it than of any other work of mine. However, we shall soon talk this over, as I shall be in Moscow on Saturday."

A week later Piotr Ilich Tchaikovsky was dead.

CD 13

BRASS AND PERCUSSION

NOTES BY SIGMUND SPAETH (1958)

Morton Gould is the logical and almost inevitable musician to conduct, arrange and, in part, actually create an album of marches emphasizing the outstanding features of the traditional brass band. He has himself contributed much to the literature of that eternally popular style of music, both as a composer and as a highly skilled and individual arranger and adapter. He respects and appreciates the unique standards set by John Philip Sousa in the past and successfully carried on by Edwin Franko Goldman, and he credits the latter with much of his own enthusiasm for band music as a result of early and stimulating encouragement and later commissions and guest appearances.

The "brass band" is a distinctively American institution, and its history goes all the way back to the early days of independence, when Yankee Doodle was played as a victory march. Practically every town and village has had its own band, playing on summer evenings in the middle of the square or park and marching in gay uniforms with every parade or public celebration. Today the band is a most important adjunct to our schools and colleges, performing similar functions and contributing heavily toward the spirit of the entire community.

Brass and percussion were the heart and soul of the old American bands, and they still are their most distinctive features. In this album the blare and the beat have the advantage of modern electronic reproduction and full justice is at last done to these outstanding characteristics of band music in general. Morton Gould knows how to get the effects he wants, and the high fidelity of current recording does the rest.

It is also logical that a majority of the numbers in this album should be the work of the "March King," Sousa himself. As interpreted by Morton Gould and a picked band of virtuosos, these marches have an almost modern sound, with clear intimations of their established immortality. The subtlety and vitality of Sousa's music are unmistakable, and the individual treatment consists largely of sound effects and a creation of the atmosphere of actual marching bands in parades and drill formations.

The list is automatically headed by The Stars and Stripes Forever, now generally recognized as the official patriotic march of the United States of America. On Parade is one of the less familiar Sousa marches, but Semper Fidelis, written in 1888 and later adopted by the U.S. Marines, is among the composer's best. Also well known are the Washington Post march and The Thunderer, both written in 1889. The Gladiator has the distinction of being the composer's first real hit; in his book, Marching Along, Sousa calls it "the march that put me on the musical map." El Capitan first appeared in an operetta of the same name, written for DeWolf Hopper in 1896, while Hands Across the Sea (1899) was composed as a preliminary to a European tour.

A worthy companion to the Sousa marches is

E.E. Bagley's National Emblem, published in 1906 and still standard marching equipment; its main phrase is often sung as the ribald "Oh, the monkey wrapped his tail around the flagpole." Edwin Franko Goldman is naturally represented by his masterpiece, On the Mall, written for his famous concerts in Central Park, New York. But this album also offers his The Chimes of Liberty, Happy Go Lucky and Jubilee marches, all characteristic Goldman material.

Morton Gould's own contribution to this distinguished collection consists of two short compositions, Parade (for percussion) and a cheerful American Youth March, plus what he calls a "razzle dazzle piece" with the appropriate title Fourth of July, suggesting fireworks in its sound effects. Finally there is Morton Gould's impressive Battle Hymn, based on William Steffe's classic Battle Hymn of the Republic, in which Mr. Gould stresses the inherent nobility of the music as well as the implied poem of Julia Ward Howe.

▶▶▶ NOTES BY ROBERT A. SIMON (1959)

Here is brilliant band music in abundance ... music in marching motion ... music that sings ... music that sets off fireworks ... music that laughs for you and with you ... and much more. The band that Mr. Gould conducts appears, according to the interpretation of the composition, as a military band, a symphonic ensemble, or a sequence of local parade groups.

American Patrol, a long-established standard by F.W. Meacham, is arranged for this recording by Mr. Gould in stereophonic style for three marching bands that one may envision as passing by successively, each arriving as its predecessor's music tapers away.

Morton Gould's setting of Dixie was written especially for this album as a centennial tribute to Dan Emmett's melody, which first appeared in 1859. This great song, remarks Mr. Gould, has often served as a starting point for extended music—musical embroidery—and here it becomes virtuoso music for band, with pace and drive—except for some relaxed moments which recall the soft-shoe steps from the minstrel shows where the tune first was heard. For Yankee Doodle, Mr. Gould has evolved a set of simple but not unsubtle variations. This is one of the many Gould works which has become established in the band repertory.

To his growing catalog of recorded performances of marches by John Philip Sousa, Mr. Gould adds six more entries by the March King, whose works were early favorites with Mr. Gould and continue so. The conductor observes that the vigor, boldness, and melodic power of these marches are companioned by many details that further bespeak Sousa's fine knowledge and imagination.

Sousa's The U.S. Field Artillery March was written for a concert at the New York Hippodrome for the Women's Auxiliary Naval Recruiting Station, in 1917, and was played at this premiere by the Band Battalion of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, of which Sousa was musical director. The Manhattan Beach march draws its title from a section of Brooklyn, New York. Sousa and his band were long associated with summer concerts at Manhattan Beach, beginning in the early 1890s.

The Corcoran Cadets March is designated in some editions as "The March Past of the Corcoran Cadets," and the name refers to a Washington, D.C., organization. The High School Cadets is also of Washington origin. Both marches were composed about 1890. The National Fencibles, like the Corcoran Cadets, is a "March Past," the marchers being a defense unit. "Fencible" may no longer be a familiar vocabulary word, but the music is well known indeed. Sound Off, written in the middle 1880s, is the earliest Sousa march in the present album—and, like the others, it still steps along handsomely.

Jericho, written in 1941 and a staple with many bands, including school groups, is made up of eight short sections, whose titles give the implied story sequence: "Prologue," "Roll Call," "Chant," "Dance," "March and Battle," "Joshua's Trumpets," "The Walls Came Tumblin' Down" and "Hallelujah." The only reference to traditional melodies is the presence of the Negro spiritual about Joshua.

The bandstand is wherever you may wish to place it in your home. Morton Gould and his band will not only play for you, but will seem, on occasion, to march across your room. This is music that is virtually visibly vivid!

Morton Gould, composer, conductor, pianist and arranger, was born December 10, 1913, in Richmond Hill, New York. At the age of 4 he was playing the piano and composing; at 6 his first published composition appeared—a waltz called Just Six—and by the time he was 8 he was playing for radio broadcasts. At the same time he qualified for a scholarship to the Institute of Musical Art, and by 13 he had completed a two year course in theory and composition.

In 1932 he became staff pianist at Radio City Music Hall; he moved to the staff of the National Broadcasting Company and then, at 21, was engaged by radio station WOR and the Mutual Network as conductor arranger of a weekly series of orchestral programs. He subsequently conducted the very popular Cresta Blanca programs on CBS. While his lighter compositions and orchestral settings were becoming well known via radio, his major works were being performed and recorded by such conductors as Stokowski, Reiner, Rodzinski, Mitropoulos and Toscanini.

Morton Gould was both prolific and diversified in his creative career, his works ranging from symphonies and concertos through ballet scores and works for concert band to stage, screen and television scores and popular songs and instrumentals. Guest conducting took him to the major orchestras of the United States and on tours of Australia, Japan, Mexico and Israel; he also appeared frequently as a guest piano soloist, and he recorded extensively.

In 1994 Morton Gould was a recipient of the Kennedy Center Honors, acknowledging his lifetime contributions to American culture; and in 1995 his composition Stringmusic was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

Morton Gould died February 21, 1996, in Orlando, Florida.

CD 14

SIBELIUS: VIOLIN CONCERTO

▶▶▶ NOTES ON ORIGINAL LP LINER

Jean Sibelius once said of his own works: "Scarcely one of my best works has met with the right compre-

hension when first performed. They took at least twenty years to succeed." And indeed, the Violin Concerto in D Minor had to reach its majority, so to speak, before it achieved its rightful place in the concerto repertoire and in the affection of the public.

It is fitting that the soloist in this present recording is Jascha Heifetz, who championed Sibelius' concerto season after season when others chose to play safe with the standard repertory. He first recorded it in the late 1930s with Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic. Now he has joined forces with the Chicago Symphony, one of our finest orchestras, to record the work again. The highly developed science of modern recording has fully captured the brilliance, depth and detail of Heifetz' performance and the well-controlled, beautifully played accompaniment of the Chicago Orchestra—a partnership which ideally realizes the atmosphere and iridescent beauties of the Sibelius score.

Written in 1903, the concerto was first performed in Helsinki on the 8th of February, 1904, with Victor Novác˘ek as soloist and the composer himself conducting. Sibelius revised the score, as he did with so many of his works, making alterations in the area of orchestral interest. The work was heard in its final form in 1905, in Berlin, with Karl Halir˘ as soloist and the orchestra under the direction of Richard Strauss. As revised and published, the concerto "lies gratefully under the soloist's fingers and favors his musicianship," but it is not a work for a violinist interested primarily in exhibiting his technical skill.

Sibelius looked with speculative eye upon the possibilities of the violin, for it was, as musicians say, "'his instrument"; he had specialized in it as a student.

Yet, in another sense, the violin in its usual manifestations was not Sibelius' instrument at all. We are accustomed to warmth and sensuousness and brilliance from the violin, and Sibelius made it utter speech of a quite different, though not less interesting, character. If it was "his instrument," it was his in a peculiarly individual way, for, whether it sings solo or happens to be in intimate union with the orchestra, the violin utters things here which it has spoken for no other composer.

Sibelius' romanticism, here as always, suggests the reflections of a remote and detached mind; instead of the gypsylike ardors of the usual violin showpiece, we have a somewhat aloof and serious utterance. The first movement is broad and free, its material more quasi fantasia than in anything resembling strict form. The traditional two themes are there, but they are treated in a rhapsodic rather than formal way. The melodic second movement contains one of the most ingratiating passages in all the music of Sibelius, one in which he comes almost to the point of becoming sentimental, one that is richly colored and lyrically emotional.

Sibelius often achieved in his music a curious dark brightness, a fire without warmth, emotion without passions, and mysterious implications attached to clear and simple devices. He accomplishes such effects in the aggressive third movement—for example, in the stubborn reiterations of the timpani and strings, in the strangely rhythmed figures for the solo violin, and, near the end, in the glassy octaves assigned to that instrument. There is little here that violinists have not been asked to do before, yet one feels that new possibilities of the instrument have been revealed. The coincidence of Sibelius' inscrutable harmony and peculiar melodic line, applied to the violin and orchestra, extend to the solo instrument the singular quality of this composer's music and, in so doing, provide the soloist with a unique opportunity for the exploitation of his instrument.

That Heifetz is equipped through his training, his experience, his great musical insight and his unsurpassed technique to accomplish a uniquely authoritative recording of the Sibelius Violin Concerto is an assertion that no one in the musical world today will contest.

PROKOFIEV: VIOLIN CONCERTO

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOSEPH WECHSBURG

There can be no doubt today that Jascha Heifetz is the greatest violinist of our generation. When all is listened to and said and done, Heifetz' supremacy as fiddler and musician emerges as one of the few unchallenged facts of our clouded musical age.

I've been an ardent Heifetz fan since I first heard him one night in the 'twenties in Vienna's Konzerthaussaal when he performed the Mendelssohn Concerto. Like other Heifetz fans I've taken a proprietary interest in him and am secretly as pleased with his artistic durability as smart investors are with their IBM shares which they bought at 100 and watched go up and up all these years. Heifetz has always been a gold-plated investment for the listener; no matter what happened to others, he would pay off his regular dividends.

It has become a popular indoor sport in our concert halls to judge a performer not by the tens of thousands of right notes he plays in one concert but by the four or five false ones. It is almost impossible to hear Heifetz play five false notes in one evening, and some listeners amuse themselves watching out for passages of "cold tonal beauty" or matching him against other prominent fiddlers—as if artists were ballplayers. These indoor sportsmen have to admit that Heifetz' batting average has been consistently high. And although the myth of his "brilliant coldness" persists in certain circles, he can still make it as hot for other fiddlers as some thirty years ago in Carnegie Hall when Leopold Godowsky made his famous crack that it wasn't hot in there during a Heifetz recital—not for pianists.

An artist is the image of his times. Paganini's contemporaries loved his stupendous technique, Kreisler's his warm, glowing tone. Today we take for granted Heifetz' technical prowess and disciplined emotion (which to some people may sound like "cold tonal beauty") before we even discuss his spiritual interpretation of a work. I am assured that G. B. Shaw really told young Heifetz "to make a habit of playing one wrong note every night before going to bed." Shaw knew that perfection per se was a dangerous thing because it implied mechanized, soulless virtuosity.

I remember one afternoon in Beverly Hills when I asked Heifetz, after a long talk, how he'd played an extremely difficult passage in a concerto that had puzzled me as well as a lot of fellow fiddlers. Heifetz nonchalantly picked up his Guarneri and performed the atrocious passage for me so quickly and easily that I was unable to see how he'd done it. I asked him whether he would do it once more. He obliged—and again I hadn't the

faintest idea how he'd done it. Seeing the blank look in my eyes, he shook his head sadly at such ignorance. To this day I don't know how he'd played that passage; and I bet there are a lot of able fiddlers who wouldn't know it either if they saw it. It must be very lonely up there where Heifetz performs.

It isn't difficult to analyze Heifetz' greatness as a violinist but very difficult to get to the core of his art. Heifetz always sounds like himself, on his 1714 Stradivari, made in Cremona, or on a ten-dollar factory "Strad," made in Czech-oslovakia. He is a great violinist because of his beautiful tone—which has a timbre all of its own—and the depth of his emotion, the incisiveness of his bowing, his impeccable taste and sound instinct. (Asked by young Heifetz how he should play a certain passage, his great teacher, Leopold Auer, once said, "Play it with your nose; you'll make it sound all right.") Heifetz makes even the fascinating hillbilly passage in the Gruenberg Concerto sound wrong, as it should. No one has ever heard him play a false portamento.

But there's a lot more to Heifetz, the artist. When he performed for the first time Prokofiev's G Minor Concerto No. 2, on December 17, 1937, with the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky, many listeners are said to have cried during the beautifully lyrical second movement. There are not many performers these days who would bring tears to my eyes, but Heifetz in his moments of lyrical expression is one of them. No artist can do that unless he's found the meaning of the music, the meaning behind the notes.

The Prokofiev Concerto No. 2, which Heifetz recorded once before (with the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky), seems custom-made for him, with its lyrical sweep and incisive rhythms. This is the music of the new Russia—thumping steel hammers and blasting engine whistles instead of Ej Uchnjem Weltschmerz and Kremlin bells. The concerto is immensely alive, full of emotion—disciplined emotion, to be sure—and stimulating rhythm. The composer's brilliance for once is matched by the interpreter's brilliance. Watch out for the soaring sound of the solo violin in the first part and the devilishly difficult passages in 7/4 and 5/4 time in the finale. Or better, don't watch for anything. Turn off the light, close your eyes and enjoy yourself.

GLAZUNOV: VIOLIN CONCERTO

▸▸▸ NOTES ON ORIGINAL LP LINER

Since its completion in 1905, the Glazunov Violin Concerto has held a beloved position in the repertoire. With its rhapsodical bursts of melody, sensuous harmonies and technical fireworks, it offers a particularly challenging and rewarding vehicle for the virtuoso performer.

A product of the Russian national school of composition which included his teachers Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov, Alexander Glazunov (1865–1936) seemed destined to continue his creative life in this tradition. But a new group arose, known as the Belayev Circle, with Glazunov as its central figure. No longer did the nationalist spirit predominate. A growing recognition and acceptance of a more cosmopolitan musical tradition blunted the edges of the earlier, militant Russian nationalism, merging it with the general nineteenth-century European style. Scriabin and Taneyev were active in the new group, but it was Glazunov who achieved the most notable success.

His interests lay almost entirely in instrumental music, including the composition of some chamber music and music for the piano; at least three successful ballet scores, including Raymonda and The Seasons; a brace of symphonic poems—Stenka Razin, The Forest and The Kremlin; concerti for both violin and piano, and eight symphonies. There seems to be no doubt that Glazunov was influenced by Brahms, though the Russian master's musical speech more often echoed the world of people, of actuality.

Glazunov's musical speech is a richly melodic one, and much of his work, while following no definite program, is highly descriptive. His Violin Concerto is one of his most brilliant and effective accomplishments. Although cast in three movements, the Concerto is intended for performance without interruption. Its opening movement exposes two themes of considerable similarity, both of which reappear in the cadenza of the second movement. The conclusion of this brilliant passage sets the scene for a trumpet fanfare and the final movement.

Glazunov's melodic gifts are most evident in moods of melancholy restraint, as in the slow movement. His talent for instrumentation shows up to singular advantage in the opening movement and the finale, in which the orchestral texture provides a lush frame for the pyrotechnics of the solo instrument.

CD 15-16

BERLIOZ: REQUIEM, OP. 5

1. Requiem et Kyrie
2. Dies irae
3. Quid sum miser
4. Rex tremendae
5. Quaerens me
6. Lacrymosa
7. Offertorium
8. Hostias
9. Sanctus
10. Agnus Dei

▸▸▸ STATEMENT BY CHARLES MUNCH

Music always suggests something to me: just a color or a landscape or perhaps a sensation that can be felt and expressed only in sound. My taste for painting often brings visual images to mind to mix with sounds.

Consider Berlioz. With all his clumsiness and his bad basses, he succeeds in making the tempestuously romantic impression he strove for. In France we do not set 'I love you' in invertible counterpoint. Berlioz owes his genius to his spontaneity. He became the Delacroix of music not by building according to rigid specifications but by working in big frescoes spattered with broad splashes of color. Everything is more than life-size. It would be frustrating to listen to this music the way one looks at an exquisite miniature. La Grande Messe des Morts is a vast canvas of the Last Judgment by a great painter.

- From his book I am a Conductor, published by Oxford University Press.

© Charles Munch 1955

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK (1960) - MR. BURK IS THE PROGRAM ANNOTATOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT BULLETIN AND AUTHOR OF MOZART AND HIS MUSIC.

HECTOR BERLIOZ
GRANDE MESSE DES MORTS OP. 5

"At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls."

- JOHN DONNE

Berlioz found his one opportunity to compose a Requiem Mass when a commemorative service was planned for 1837 in Paris to honor those who had fallen in the Revolution of 1830. His susceptible imagination was stirred probably not so much by religious conviction as by the opportunity to depict in tones the most overwhelming of all subjects—the "Day of Wrath," the Last Judgment itself. Composing his Great Mass for the Dead meant to him something far more vast than anything to be found in the Requiem Masses of Mozart, Cherubini, Méhul or Gossec, which he had heard. He envisioned a chorus which might number "seven or eight hundred," matched it with an orchestra larger than normal and directed that four additional brass orchestras be placed at the four corners of the performing forces as if to give a recessive expansion to the mighty scene of the last reckoning. He indicated in the score that the total number of performers should be conditioned by the size of the auditorium, while the proportion should be maintained. In the Eglise St. Louis of the Invalides, where the event took place on December 5, 1837, there were about five hundred. This music was the utmost reach of Berlioz in his dreams of tonal magnitude.

The urge for the "colossal" was by no means peculiar to Berlioz in an epoch addicted to superlatives. It was popularly assumed that multiplication of performing forces meant a corresponding increase of impressiveness. Berlioz had too fine and discriminating an ear not to realize that the tone of winds and strings, when multiplied beyond a certain point, becomes merely coarse and heavy. This very score shows such discernment. The power of the additional brass choirs is directional; he labels them according to the points of the compass, uses them only in the Dies irae, Tuba mirum and Lacrymosa, and there gives us the impression of expanding horizons as well as inexorable might.

The Day of Judgment as a subject was certain to appeal to the popular imagination in the era of Delacroix and Doré. Berlioz had long planned an oratorio, and later an opera, on man's final accounting. There is no doubt that when he was assigned the Requiem he carried out a congenial task with the greatest enthusiasm and conviction. He wrote to his friend Ferrand years later (January 11, 1867): "If I were threatened with the destruction of the whole of my works save one, I would crave mercy for the Requiem." The music made a striking impression upon its first hearers at the Hotel des Invalides, and elsewhere too. But it was no doubt the masterly planning of contrasts, the shrewd mixing of orchestral colors to produce weird and unearthly effects that captured the audiences as a new, monstrous and exciting addition to known musical ways.

>> BERLIOZ AND THE MINISTRIES

To assure his commission for the Requiem and its eventual performance, Berlioz had to face the devious ways of bureaucratic control. He tells us in his Memoirs how he encountered the influence of his political and musical enemies as well as his friends, how he was long kept in doubt whether the piece would be performed at all and whether the labor and expense of arduous rehearsals would even be paid for.

He heard in a roundabout way that the Comte de Gasparin, the Minister of the Interior, intended to order a Requiem for the anniversary of the July Revolution. Berlioz relied on the Count, to whom he would ultimately dedicate this score, and paid a call upon him. Gasparin professed enthusiasm, but also surprise that Berlioz had not received the order. Berlioz found out that M. de Gasparin was about to leave the ministry and figured that the Director of Fine Arts, Edmond Cave, who cared little for music and who had no particular use for Berlioz, would be able to stop the commission. Berlioz, a diplomatic mole where a project dear to his heart was at stake, persuaded Gasparin to rush the order through. Thus the composer got his signed commission, but he had little more than three months to accomplish his task.

"Once armed with my order," writes Berlioz, "I set to work. For a long time the text of the Requiem had been to me an object of envious longing, on which I flung myself with a kind of fury when it was put within my grasp. My head seemed ready to burst with the pressure of my seething thoughts. No sooner was one number sketched than another presented itself. Finding it impossible to write fast enough, I adopted a sort of shorthand, which helped me greatly, especially in the Lacrymosa. Every composer knows the anguish and despair occasioned by forgetting ideas which one has not time to write down, and which thus escape forever."

Berlioz finished his score on June 29, had the parts copied, recruited 200 singers, engaged and rehearsed the "monstrous" instrumental forces, this on the understanding that the costs would be met. At almost the last moment the entire musical part of the service was countermanded. Who was responsible for this sudden "arrête" could only be guessed at. Nothing was mentioned about reimbursement for the performance, the copyists, the composer himself. "Ten thousand plagues upon their heads!" he wrote to a friend. "The devil must be in it—the scoundrels choose to stop me now. It's outrageous!"

The distraught Berlioz awaited—and found—his moment! On October 23, 1837, Paris was electrified by the news that Constantine had been taken in the Algerian campaign, and that Damrémont, the general in command, had been killed in the action. Berlioz made another round of visits, and persuaded Bernard, the Minister of War, that a great ceremony should honor the fallen hero. Even now, according to the Memoirs, the intrigues had not ended. Cherubini, who had a new Requiem Mass of his own, and who bitterly resented being usurped in his privileges by the young and obstreperous ex-pupil of the Conservatoire, sent Halévy to the Ministry to intercede in his behalf. The pleas were in vain, and except that Habeneck, who was both unfriendly and untrustworthy as a Berlioz conductor, was put in charge, the performance took place as planned, on December 5. When Berlioz collected, in the face of much reluctance, his due costs, he may be

said to have consummated his political and artistic purposes. "The success of the Requiem was complete," in his own words, "in spite of all the conspiracies—cowardly, atrocious, officious, and official—which strove to hinder it."

The nature of the Requiem has led to strange incidents when it has been performed, but none quite so impressive as that first one at the bier of General Damrémont in the chapel of the Invalides in 1837. The service took place at noon before the royal family, before diplomatic, social and musical Paris. According to a description by P. Hallynck: "The windows were blacked, the walls draped in black. Around the coffin flickered six hundred candles and incense boats. Four thousand other pinpoints of light dotted the gloomy shell. Major Lehoux headed the cortege with twenty-four muffled drums beating in the name of the twelve Paris legions." There could be no applause but there was no doubt of the result. Alfred de Vigny, who was an amateur musician as well as a poet, heard the dress rehearsal on the day before: "The music was beautiful and strange, wild, convulsed, and dolorous."

>> THE EPISODE OF THE PINCH OF SNUFF

Of the many colorful anecdotes in Berlioz' Memoirs, none has been more discussed, more questioned (while also defended) than the story of how Habeneck nearly wrecked the first Requiem performance.

Here is the story as it appears in the Memoirs:

"The sectional and general rehearsals were conducted with great care. Habeneck spoke to me as if our relations with each other had never been interrupted, and all seemed likely to go well.

"The day of the performance arrived in the Church of the Invalides, before all the princes, peers, and deputies, the French press, the correspondents of foreign papers, and an immense crowd. It was absolutely essential for me to have a great success; a moderate one would have been fatal, and a failure would have annihilated me altogether.

"Now listen attentively.

"The various groups of instruments in the orchestra were tolerably widely sepa-rated, especially the four brass bands introduced in the Tuba mirum, each of which occupied a corner of the entire orchestra and chorus. There is no pause between the Dies irae and the Tuba mirum, but the pace in the latter movement is reduced to half what it was before. At this point the whole of the brass enters, first all together, and then in passages that challenge and answer each other—each entry being a third higher than the last. It is obvious that it is of the greatest importance that the four beats of the new tempo should be distinctly marked, or else the terrible explosion, which I had so carefully prepared with combinations and proportions never attempted before or since, and which, rightly performed, gives such a picture of the Last Judgment as I believe is destined to live, would be a mere enormous and hideous cacophony.

"With my habitual distrust, I had stationed myself behind Habeneck, and, turning my back on him, overlooked the group of kettledrums, which he could not see, when the moment approached for them to take part in the general mêlée. There are, perhaps, one thousand bars in my Requiem. Precisely in that of which I have just been speaking, when the movement broadens out, and the brass burst in with their terrible fanfare; in fact, just in the one bar where the conductor's direction is absolutely indispensable, Habeneck puts down his baton, quietly takes out his snuff-box, and proceeds to take a pinch of snuff. I had never taken my eyes off him: instantly I turned rapidly on one heel, and springing forward before him, I stretched out my arm and marked the four great beats of the new movement. The orchestras followed me, each in order. I conducted the piece to the end, and the effect which I had dreamed of was produced. When, at the last words of the chorus, Habeneck saw that the Tuba mirum was saved, he said: 'What a cold perspiration I have been in! Without you we should have been lost.' 'Yes, I know,' I answered, looking fixedly at him. I did not add another word ... Had he done it on purpose? ... Could it be possible that this man had dared to join my enemy, the Director, and Cherubini's friends, in plotting and attempting such rascality? I don't wish to believe it ... but I cannot doubt it. God forgive me if I am doing the man injustice!"

The commentators are disposed to doubt this story and Adolphe Boschot goes so far as to call it "an invention" perpetrated when the conductor, ten years dead, was beyond defending himself. Jacques Barzun, after weighing the evidence, decides that the account in the Memoirs can be "neither proved nor disproved, though the balance of probabilities favors its being true."

One can well believe that Berlioz' account is exaggerated. If Habeneck was a casual conductor, he was also an experienced one. Any conductor, whatever his abilities, is on the lookout for the danger spots, especially where a sudden change in tempo involves vital entrances. Habeneck's habit of taking snuff was well known, but he was hardly likely to fumble for his tabatière at the very moment when cohorts of brass at the four corners of the universe were about to be brought in. Berlioz, of course, was more than apprehensive, expecting the worst. In case Habeneck should fail, he may well have leaped in and double-cued without being noticed by the audience in the candle-lighted church. That "he conducted the piece to the end" thereby publicly branding the conductor as wanting in the first requirements of his calling, is too much to ask of our credulity. That Habeneck had "done it on purpose," as Berlioz suggests, is patently absurd. The blame for a complete catastrophe would have fallen, first of all, upon his own head. Some disputes will never be resolved. Barzun quotes Wellington's adjuration to the historians: "I recommend you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is."

>> QUOTATIONS OF FAMOUS CONTEMPORARIES ON BERLIOZ' REQUIEM

- HEINRICH HEINE: "Even the dullest minds were carried along by the force of the genius that is manifest in all the great master's works. Here is a wing beat that reveals no ordinary song bird. It is a colossal nightingale, a lark as big as an eagle, such as must have existed in the primeval world. Yes, for me, Berlioz' music in general has something primeval about it if not something antediluvian: it reminds me of extinct species of animals, of fabulous kingdoms and fabulous sins, of sky-storming impossibilities, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the wonderful constructions of Mizraim."

- HANS VON BÜLOW: "The Michelangelo of

French music."

- FRANZ LISZT: "This prodigious and indeed sublime work."

- CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS: "I had read the score and was dying to hear the effect. The Tuba mirum surpassed my expectations—it seemed as if each separate slim column of each pillar in the church became an organ pipe and the whole edifice a vast organ. Yet even more I admired the poignant feeling of this marvelous work, the constant and incredible elevation of style—far more perceptible by ear than by reading, as is true of all the works of this composer."

▶▶▶ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK (1960)

REQUIEM ET KYRIE (Introitus) (with woodwinds, horns and strings) An instrumental introduction (andante un poco lento) leads to a gentle three part chorus. The et lux perpetua is intoned in a rhythmic pianissimo, and likewise the Kyrie eleison, which reaches a climax before the whispered instrumental close.

DIES IRAE (Prosa)
(with woodwinds and strings)

TUBA MIRUM (with full orchestra and four additional brass orchestras) The Dies Irae is developed in liturgical suggestion rising to power. The chorus suddenly breaks off, and the upsweeping strings announce a great chord and fanfares from the brass on all sides. The kettle drums, in rolling chords, are first heard as the basses make known the Tuba Mirum and proclaim it in unison, the other voices introduced at the climaxes. The movement subsides on Mors stupebit et natura, as Death stands dismayed before Eternity.

QUID SUM MISER After the stupendous (and long prepared) climax, this movement comes as a complete contrast. The male chorus, sung in a quiet unison, "avec un sentiment d'humilité et de crainte," according to a score direction, is accompanied by bass instruments only. Jacques Barzun calls this a "pre-impressionist tone poem."

REX TREMENDAE (with full orchestral forces) This solemn movement has the majesty which the text proclaims. The tempo increases gradually and at the Confutatis rushing string figures add to the tension. There is a return to the original andante maestoso and the supplementary wind choirs enter to bring the climax.

QUAERENS ME (a cappella) Again a contrasting movement, a prayer sung softly by the chorus, unaccompanied, in six parts.

LACRYMOSA (with full orchestral forces) The Day of Judgment was to Berlioz a spectacle, mighty but also all-inclusive, a heterogeneous assemblage of the blessed and the damned. Berlioz once wrote to Ferrand when contemplating an oratorio on this subject that the brass should be saved for the end. "But give me contrasts— religious choruses mixed with dancing carols."

OFFERTORIUM (with the principal orchestra) This is an example of the fine writing, the delicacy of detail, the economy which is perhaps the fundamental characteristic of the Requiem. Schumann considered this movement as "surpassing" all the rest. The prayer gathers strength in a pulsating accompaniment, and diminishes to a pianissimo Amen.

HOSTIAS (with trombones, flutes and strings) This brief movement is sung in chords by the male chorus in alternation with chords from the deep trombones. Flutes blending in the high harmonics produce a weird color effect.

SANCTUS (with the principal orchestra, added tenor solo and four solo violin parts)
The Sanctus is sung by the tenor, with choral responses. The Hosanna is a choral fugue, with strong accompaniment. The Sanctus is repeated, and then the Hosanna, freely fugued.

AGNUS DEI (with the principal orchestra and additional trombones) The last movement is a summation in that it recalls both the opening Requiem and the Hostias. It is gentle and contemplative, a suitable ending to a score which after all attempts only at strategic moments to astound and overwhelm. The final Amen is a prolonged pianissimo over string arpeggios.

REQUIEM ET KYRIE

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.
Exaudi orationem meam:
ad te omnis caro veniet.
Requiem aeternam dona defunctis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.

DIES IRAE

Dies irae, dies illa,
solvet saeclum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus
quando judex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus.
Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit et natura.
Cum resurget creatura
judicanti responsura.
Liber scriptus proferetur
in quo totum continetur
unde mundus judicetur.
Judex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit:
nil inultum remanebit.

QUID SUM MISER

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix justus sit securus?
Recordare, Jesu pie,
quod sum causa tuae viae,
ne me perdas illa die.
Oro supplex et acclinis
cor contritum quasi cinis,
gere curam mei finis.

REX TREMENDAE

Rex tremendae majestatis
qui salvandos salvas gratis;
salva me, fons pietatis.
Recordare, Jesu pie,
quod sum causa tuae viae
ne me perdas illa die.
Confutatis maledictis, Jesu,
flammis acribus addictis,
voca me et de profundo lacu.
Libera me de ore leonis,
ne cadam in obscurum.
Ne absorbeat me Tartarus.
Qui salvandos salvas gratis;
salva me, fons pietatis.
Rex tremendae majestatis.

QUAERENS ME

Quarens me sedisti lassus;
redemisti crucem passus.
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste Judex ultionis
donum fac remissionis,

ante diem rationis.
Ingemisco tanquam reus:
supplicanti parce, Deus.
Preces meae non sunt dignae,
sed tu bonus fac benigne,
ne perenni cremer igne.
Non sum dignus,
non sed tantus labor non sit cassus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti
et latronem exaudisti,
mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Inter oves locum praesta,
et ab haedis me sequestra,
statuens in parte dextra.

LACRYMOSA

Lacrymosa dies illa
qua resurget ex favilla
homo reus judicandus.
Pie Jesu Domine:
dona eis requiem aeternam.

OFFERTORIUM

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,
libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum
de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu.
Libera eas et sanctus Michael signifer
repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam:
quam olim Abrahae et semini eius promisisti,
Domine Jesu Christe. Amen.

HOSTIAS

Hostias et preces tibi, laudis offerimus.
Suscipe pro animabus illis
quarum hodie memoriam facimus.

SANCTUS

Sanctus, sanctus, Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem sempiternam.
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.
Exaudi orationem meam:
ad te omnis caro veniet.
Requiem aeternam dona defunctis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis,
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine
et lux perpetua luceat eis,
cum sanctis tuis in aeternam, Domine,
quia pius es. Amen.

REQUIEM ET KYRIE

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord,
and may perpetual light shine upon them.
A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Sion,
and a vow shall be paid to Thee in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer;
to Thee all flesh shall come.
Eternal rest grant the dead, O Lord,
and may perpetual light shine upon them.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.

DIES IRAE

The day of wrath, that day
Will consume the world in ashes,
As David and the Sibyl prophesied.
How great will be the terror
when the Judge will come
who will thresh out everything.
The trumpet, scattering an awesome sound
among the graves in every land,
will summon all before the throne.
Death and nature will stand amazed
when creation rises again
to answer to the Judge.
A written book will be brought forth
that contains everything
for which the world shall be judged.
So when the Judge takes his seat,
whatever is hidden will be made manifest,
nothing will remain unavenged.

QUID SUM MISER

What shall I, wretch, say?
Whom shall I ask to plead for me,
when scarcely the righteous will be safe?
Recall, merciful Jesus,
that I am the reason for thy earthly journey;
do not destroy me on that day.
I pray, kneeling in supplication,
my heart as contrite as ashes:
take Thou mine ending into Thy care.

REX TREMENDAE

King of dreadful majesty,
thou who freely dost save the redeemed,
save me, O fount of pity.
Recall, merciful Jesus,
that I am the reason for thy earthly journey;
do not destroy me on that day.
When the damned are confounded
And consigned to keen flames,
call me from the deep pit.
Deliver me from the mouth of the lion,
that I may not fall into the darkness.
Let hell not swallow me up.
Thou who freely dost save the redeemed,
save me, O fount of pity.
King of dreadful majesty.

QUAERENS ME

Seeking me, Thou didst sit down weary;
Thou didst redeem me by enduring the Cross:
let not such great suffering be in vain.
Just Judge of vengeance,
grant me the gift of redemption
before the day of reckoning.
I groan as one guilty.
Spare the suppliant, O God.
My prayers are not worthy,
but Thou, O good one, show mercy,
lest I burn in everlasting fire.
I am not worthy
of such grace.
Thou who didst absolve Mary [Magdalen]
and didst hear the prayer of the thief
hast given me hope too.
Give me a place among sheep,
and separate me from the goats,
placing me at Thy right hand.

LACRYMOSA

On that day of weeping
again from the ashes will arise
guilty man, to be judged.
Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them eternal rest. Amen.

OFFERTORIUM

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory,
deliver the souls of all the faithful departed
from the pains of hell and from the deep pit.
Deliver them and let Michael the holy standard-bearer
bring them into the holy light,
as thou didst promise of old to Abraham and his seed.
Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

HOSTIAS

Sacrifices and prayers do we offer unto thee:
do Thou receive them on behalf of those souls
whom we remember this day.

SANCTUS

Holy, holy, Lord of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

AGNUS DEI

Lamb of God,
that takest away the sins of the world,
grant them eternal rest.
A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Sion;
and a vow shall be paid to Thee in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer;
to Thee all flesh shall come.
Eternal rest grant the dead, O Lord,
and may perpetual light shine upon them.
Eternal rest grant them, O Lord,
and may perpetual light shine upon them,
with Thy saints for ever, O Lord,
for Thou art merciful. Amen.

CD 17

RAVEL: BOLÉRO / LA VALSE / RHAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE

▶▶▶ NOTES BY RUDOLPH ELIE (1956)

In the 200 years since Joseph Haydn established the character, though not the dimensions, of the symphony orchestra, there has emerged the tonal giant of music: the virtuoso orchestra of 104 musicians. It is as astonishing an evolution from humble beginnings as the evolution of the space platform in science in roughly the same number of years.

For the virtuoso orchestra, like science itself, could emerge only through the refinement of its tools: instruments. This refinement was in process from age to age from the beginning, of course, but it got its real impetus in Bach's lifetime. Stradivarius lengthened the neck of the violin, changed the angle of the fingerboard and established the final form of the instrument. Denner added keys to the chalumeau to establish the clarinet, though it never caught on until Mozart's day. Improvements were made in flutes, in oboes and all the instruments of the orchestra. New instruments by the score appeared and some, like the saxophone, made the grade. Others like the sarrusophone, the flügelhorn and the helicon, fell by the wayside.

With the technical perfection of the instrument came an astonishing change in the virtuosity of the players. It will always be argued that whoever played the trumpet in Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto was a virtuoso of incredible attainment (contemporary scholarship leans to the theory that no one ever did play it in Bach's day), but there is little doubt that could a member of Haydn's orchestra—or even Beethoven's—examine the parts to Ravel's Rapsodie espagnole he would faint dead away.

Consider the demands on the members of such a virtuoso orchestra as the Boston Symphony. Double-tonguing on the flute was introduced by Rossini. Ravel, in La valse, calls for triple-tonguing and harmonics as well—an effect beyond the imagination of the classic composers and certainly beyond the capacity of their musicians.

There are at least seventeen specific ways to hit timpani, while sixty-three different kinds of sticks and other objects are called for in twentieth-century scores. So are an astonishing variety of percussion instruments and effects, from a steel plate to a box filled with sand, from cowbells to pop bottles.

Today's orchestral violinists must master twenty-one different types of bowing; brass players find such instructions on their parts as to lift the bells above the music stands, produce stopped tones and lip slurs. They must understand the use of nineteen kinds of mutes, not including playing "into the stand" and inserting their hands in the bells of their instruments. Woodwinds are asked for "echo" tones, glissandi, harmonics and numerous other effects, while harpists are instructed to produce sounds like a guitar—even to play with paper between the strings. There is simply no end to the extraordinary demands made on the musicianship and the ingenuity of the present-day orchestral virtuoso.

Needless to say, this demand has been met with singular bravura by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose virtuoso tradition was established from the outset by its founder, Henry Lee Higginson. From the start Higginson made it unmistakably clear that management must have no part in the hiring of the orchestral personnel; this, he ruled, was the unique province of the conductor, and this rule has never been challenged, let alone violated. Thus when Sir George Henschel appeared before the public for the first time, on October 22, 1881, he presented an orchestra of virtuosi, handpicked by himself. And this tradition has been continued from the time of George Henschel and Arthur Nikisch to that of Serge Koussevitzky and Charles Munch.

The works presented here with such phenomenal virtuosity are all familiar and cherished concert pieces. They are, in fine, works composed with the virtuoso orchestra in mind: Ravel's demands were heavy enough in his own day and so were Debussy's. But both knew their works would one day be mastered technically to the final detail, just as Beethoven knew.

DEBUSSY: IMAGES FOR ORCHESTRA

▶▶▶ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL (1959)

Images for Orchestra was originally planned as a suite of pieces for two pianos, titled Gigue triste, Ibéria and Valses. The piano version completed, Debussy obviously saw that the wide range of orchestral color would make his music infinitely more expressive of his ideas, and so, over a period of years, and with the assistance (in the case of Gigues) of his friend André Caplet, he orchestrated the suite. Ibéria was the first of the three pieces to be publicly performed (January 26,1913); and indeed, performances of the other members of the suite are comparatively rare; which makes this recording, by an acknowledged master like Charles Munch, the more treasurable.

A jig is normally a gay dance, of Scottish origin, but surviving most vigorously in Ireland and, in its artistic adaptations, in the music of Italian, German and French composers. Debussy's Gigues is not altogether merry; but it is vigorous, and threaded with a kind of sardonic humor. Its rhythm is brisk enough, but the wedding of melodic line and rather acidulous orchestration suggests mockery and irony that recall Debussy's own little burlesqueries—Minstrels, or General Lavine. Thematically there are two principal ideas, each implying, but not employing, folk tunes—probably from Normandy. The first thematic fragment is noticeable in the solo oboe d'amour; the second is taken by the bassoon.

Ibéria presents a portrait of Spain, a "key hole image," if you will, but authentic even if impressionistic, in a way that not even Spanish

composers have achieved. This is the more remarkable when we recall that Debussy's only direct contact with Spain and its people occurred when he visited San Sebastian for a few hours, to witness a bullfight. Yet, according to Manuel de Falla, Debussy "created spontaneously such Spanish music as might be envied him—who did not really know Spain—by many others who knew her only too well."

Ibéria is divided into three sections. The first: "Par les rues et par les chemins" (In the Streets and Byways)—Music-ological autopsies with respect to his music were repugnant to Debussy and certainly are not consonant with the purpose and nature of Impressionist music. But we may be forgiven if we pleasurably anticipate the burning colors in which the music is first presented; or the agile rhythms, accented by the hard, dry sound of castanets, that move this music; or the lovely brief songs given to various instruments; and, finally, the combining of these in an intricate, hotly colored fabric of tone. And then:

"Les parfums de la nuit" (Fragrances of the Night)—Spanish nights can be grim and chill; sometimes they are dark and warm, tremulous and languorous and bewitched by murmurous shadows. Muted strings suggest the fragrant darkness, vibrant with aromatic airs from a thousand hidden gardens; fugitive hints of celesta, tambourine, xylophone, like faint stars in a black sky, make the night darker. The perfumed night pulses with secret ardors and urgent wooings, and, "avec une grande intensité dans l'expression"—as Debussy directs—the orchestra moves to a brief climax; then the movement ends with mysterious communings of stopped brass, woodwinds and solo violin; and there is the distant, drowsy sound of bells. Then:

"Le matin d'un jour de fête" (The Morning of a Festival Day)—The night has come and gone, brightening little by little into the fierce sunlight of a Spanish summer. Where are the fantasies of those lost enchanted hours? Where the longings, where the pain? The music remembers them with mockery, the glaring light exposes them without charity, the cynical Spanish eye looks upon their distorted recollection, and the Spaniard smiles and shrugs and sneers. Now for the life and swift diversions of the day; now for processions and games and feasting!

Rondes de printemps (Spring Dances)—is the section of the suite originally entitled Valses. The title is hardly obscure, the music no more so; and since Debussy, more than most composers, had a horror of musical analysis and critical comment, it would be discreet to forego what pleasures there might be in a dissection of this ingratiating music. One may perhaps be forgiven for noting a detail which might escape the casual listener, and one which is rare in Debussy's music: the explicit use of a folk tune. It occurs, disjointed, at intervals here. The tune is an ancient French dance song, "Nous irons plus au bois." In the sophisticated setting Debussy gives it, it gains a kind of charm not at all inherent in it.

"Inspiration with elegance—that's Charles Munch," wrote Moss Hart of the man who was music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the fall of 1949 until he resigned in the spring of 1962 at the age of 70. Born in 1891 in Strassbourg, Munch made his first appearance on the podium in Paris in 1932 at the age of 41. His rise to fame was meteoric. Just six years later he was appointed to the most coveted conductorial post in France, the directorship of the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conserva-toire. After World War II Munch appeared as guest conductor in Europe, the Near East, South America and the United States, where he made his debut in 1946 with the Boston Symphony. Upon the retirement of Serge Koussevitzky, he became its music director. Following his own retirement from the Boston post Munch appeared frequently as a guest conductor and in the fall of 1967 became music director of the newly created Orchestre de Paris; he was touring the United States with that orchestra at the time of his death, November 6, 1968. He was a conductor of the widest musical culture, noted particularly for his interpretations of the music of France and Germany, inspired by his Alsatian heritage.

CD 18

DVOŘÁK: CELLO CONCERTO IN B MINOR, OP. 104

NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK (1961)

It is not surprising that all cello virtuosos have a special fondness for Dvořák's Concerto. The sum of really good cello concertos is scanty in any case; those of true musical stature can be counted on one hand. This one has a direct and constantly fluent melodic charm, a warm play of color, a particularly agreeable confluence of solo and orchestra which sets it quite apart. Dvořák's Concerto would naturally be close to the heart of Gregor Piatigorsky as a discerning and imparting musician, and indeed it has figured importantly in his many memorable concerts since he first came to this country thirty years ago. It was his choice when he first submitted his art to the American public in Carnegie Hall on December 29, 1929.

This is an engaging concerto, unmistakably Slavonic, with episodes of dramatic fire. But there is nothing cosmic about it, nor was there anything cosmic about its composer. Antonín Dvořák had no desire to challenge the world or change the face of music. Music was to him a genuine heartfelt impulse, lyrical, communicative. Themes came to him at almost anytime. If the fountain ceased now and then, he was not disturbed, but waited confidently for its return. The spontaneity of Dvořák, his buoyant invention, was rare, and quickly made its way. The traditional musical structure conveniently contained it. He developed an apt sense of color without elaboration which gave a special flavor and freshness to his style.

World fame never changed Dvořák's fundamental simplicity. "You are not speaking to a demigod," he once wrote to an admirer who had sent him, at the height of his fame, a worshipful letter. "I am a very simple person to whom such expressions of exaggerated modesty as yours are entirely mistaken. I remain what I was: a plain and simple Bohemian Musikant."

This is a perfect self-description. Dvořák, as a boy and as a young man, lived in the tradition of the small tradesman who was handy at music-making, playing the violin, viola or organ when the occasion offered. When his father, who was an innkeeper and butcher, discouraged the idea of music as a principal profession, young Dvořák spent the larger part of a year behind a butcher's block, exchanging civilities with housewives.

Among the most valuable pages of Paul Stefan's Life of Dvořák are those in his introduction which describe the "Bohemian Musikant" as a type: "Picture him to yourself, this fiddler, clarinetist, trombone player, or what have you, sitting at a table, probably in some rustic inn-garden, with his glass of beer before him, having enjoyed a hearty meal of coarse but savory Bohemian food. Suddenly the spirit moves him, he is transformed into an artist. There follows inevitably the full flood of melody, unfailing rhythm, infectious temperament. Nobody and nothing can withstand this thraldom ... Listening to him, you could see the forest, the fields, the village with its people, the geese on the pond, the peasant children, the organist, the schoolteacher, the priest, the authorities, the gentry—all that early world of a lovable, unspoiled people."

It is not only the Dvořák of his younger days that fits this description. The career which took him back and forth to distant parts and made him a principal figure in the musical world did not in the least alter his character. He was never changed by success, money or general adulation. When he came to America in 1891 and undertook teaching duties in New York, the "great man" disarmed his pupils by talking to them as if he were one of them. He sought the rural comforts of home each summer in Spillville, Iowa, a small Bohemian community. He continued to compose, and despite his good intentions of writing truly "American" music in his new surroundings, he produced scores which were still Czech in flavor for the simple reason that he was an inborn Czech and could not be anything else. These included the Cello Concerto, the "New World" Symphony and the "American" String Quartet.

When he lived in New York, he fled hotel life for a simple apartment, where he would sit in the kitchen to compose, wanting to be in the midst of the domestic sounds of pots and pans or chattering children. He would spend hours in the Café Boulevard on Second Avenue, reading the latest newspaper from home and growling to himself over the stupidity of the Prague Parliament. Locomotives and steamboats fascinated him as they would fascinate a boy. Since he could not gain access to the railway platforms without a ticket, he would journey as far as 155th Street to watch the trains headed west for Chicago. At Spillville he was far more in his element than in Manhattan. He was delighted to find that the local butcher there also had the name of Dvořák. Much beloved in the town, he was addressed by a Czech term which could be translated as "Squire Dvořák."

This way of life was neither affectation, nor "back to the people" fanaticism, nor yet miserliness. It was quite genuine. Dvořák remained what he was—a Bo-hemian villager, simple-hearted, enjoying homely country pleasures and wanting no others, childlike in his faith and in his optimism. Completing a manuscript score, he never failed to write at the end, "Thank God." When his publisher, Simrock, held out stubbornly for smaller works, which were against his inclinations at the time, Dvořák ended a lengthy argument by writing, "I shall simply do what God imparts to me to do. That will certainly be the best thing."

WALTON: CELLO CONCERTO

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK (1964)**

A composer who undertakes to write a concerto for the cello is faced with a problem in combining this solo instrument with the surrounding orchestra. In expressive beauty the cello more nearly approaches the human voice than any other instrument. It has a magnificent range and variety of color. It is indeed the aristocrat among string instruments, requiring special treatment if its subtleties are to be preserved. Its low notes can be "covered" by too heavy an orchestra; its high ones—in the violin range—are still delicate and velvety. They do not "cut through" as the violin does.

Sir William Walton, approaching a cello concerto for the first time, has done so with a full command of the problem. To begin with, he has made the most of the cello's cantabile style by giving us what are in effect two slow movements instead of the single one of classical tradition, and he has maintained the balance by putting a swift scherzo between them for complete contrast.

The matter of relationship between solo and tutti he has solved with wonderful craftsmanship. Through the first movement the orchestra is subdued to set off the singing cello to best advantage. The orchestra remains light and transparent, but still furnishes more than "background." The development, if so it can be called, consists of constant shifts of color, the solo voices of the winds brought forward in turn to match that of the cello, the strings divided into glowing chords, the percussion offering delicate variety from the xylophone, celesta, vibraphone, bass drum, suspended cymbal.

The second movement is an allegro appassionato in triple time, in Walton's words "technically more spectacular." It is based on a rapid rhythmic figure by the soloist, a sort of perpetuum mobile.

The composer describes the finale as a "tema ed improvvisazioni—there are four 'improvisations,' the second and fourth being for solo cello only—the latter leads into the epilogue, which is based on themes from the first and last movements." In other words, in four sections, freely treated, he gives two to the orch-estra alone in its full voice and two to the soloist in what could have been called cadenzas if they were merely bravura (which they are not). The "epilogue" is an adagio bringing the concerto to a close.

Sir William Walton composed his Cello Concerto at his villa on the island of Ischia in the Bay of Naples between February and October 1956. His first essay in this particular combination, it was preceded by a concerto for piano, one for viola, one for violin. Indeed, it is characteristic of this composer to husband his forces and put all that he has into a single effort with each form. There is one oratorio (Belshazzar's Feast), one symphony, one opera (Troilus and Cressida), each an outstanding achievement.

Gregor Piatigorsky, to whom the Cello Concerto is dedicated, gave the first performance as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Charles Munch on January 25, 1957.

The leading cellist of his generation, Gregor Piatigorsky was born in Russia in 1903 and began his musical studies at age 7. He was admitted to the Moscow Conserv-atory two years later with a full scholarship, and at age 16 was invited by Lev Tseytlin to join the Lenin Quartet. At the same time he was appointed principal cellist of the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra. Already famous for his exquisite tone and masterful phrasing, Piatigorsky began

to seek other outlets for his creative genius; recognized by his European contemporaries as a matchless interpreter of the Romantic cello repertoire, he was engaged by Wilhelm Furtwängler as principal cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic in 1924. After four years in that prominent position, he resigned from the orchestra to pursue his burgeoning solo career. For the next five decades Gregor Piatigorsky played with the world's leading orchestras and collaborated (both in concerts and recordings) in chamber ensembles with Heifetz and Rubinstein; he also recorded with Milstein and made numerous solo recordings, all to unanimous critical acclaim. His premieres of concertos by Castelnuovo-Tedesco (with Toscanini, 1935), Hindemith (1941), Walton (with Munch, 1957) and Prokofiev (first American performance, 1940) earned him the reputation as a leading proponent of contemporary music.

Piatigorsky was as famous for his aristocratic grandeur and commanding presence as for his supreme musicianship. Wherever he played, his concerts created a sensation. He died August 6, 1976 in Los Angeles, California.

"Inspiration with elegance—that's Charles Munch," wrote Moss Hart of the man who was music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the fall of 1949 until he resigned in the spring of 1962 at the age of 70. Born in 1891 in Strassbourg, Munch made his first appearance on the podium in Paris in 1932 at the age of 41. His rise to fame was meteoric. Just six years later he was appointed to the most coveted conductorial post in France, the directorship of the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. After World War II Munch appeared as guest conductor in Europe, the Near East, South America and the United States, where he made his debut in 1946 with the Boston Symphony. Upon the retirement of Serge Koussevitzky, he became its music director. Following his own retirement from the Boston post, Munch appeared frequently as a guest conductor and in the fall of 1967 became music director of the newly created Orchestre de Paris; he was touring the United States with that orchestra at the time of his death, November 6, 1968. He was a conductor of the widest musical culture, noted particularly for his interpretations of the music of France and Germany, inspired by his Alsatian heritage.

CD 19

DVOŘÁK: SYMPHONY NO. 9 IN E MINOR, OP. 95 "FROM THE NEW WORLD" / CARNIVAL OVERTURE, OP. 92
SMETANA: THE BARTERED BRIDE-OVERTURE
WEINBERGER: SCHWANDA: POLKA AND FUGUE

▸▸▸ NOTES BY IRVING KOLODIN (1958)

Acquaintance with Dvořák's total output suggests that he would have written a work very much like the E Minor Symphony whether or not he had spent the years of 1892–94 (and another, briefer period overlapping 1894–95) on his famous visits to America. The degree to which it might have differed would relate to two things: the particular mood of nostalgia and homesickness for his native land which afflicted Dvořák during much of the time he spent in New York, and the musical elements related to American folk music which give the score its particular coloration.

For this listener, the first factor is decidedly more important than the second. That is to say, assuming that other composers' minds functioned like Ravel's (who once replied to a query about how a work was going, that it was very well along, save for the themes), the impulse to express a given kind of emotion preceded the creation of the material by which it was expressed, rather than—as is commonly supposed—vice versa. A connoisseur of folk art such as Dvořák (his Slavonic Dances, Slavonic Rhap-sodies, "Dumka" Trio, etc., are eloquent testimony to this) doubtless relished the rich new vein of color he discovered in such Negro spirituals as Swing Low, Sweet Chariot and Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen, but what he absorbed from them were, like an author who bases a play on real people, only the elements of character.

I. ADAGIO: Allegro molto. Some general remarks on the large lines of the symphony might usefully precede a closer comment on its details. Each of the movements is preceded by an introduction, a matter of sufficient rarity to merit mention. A close connection among them is established not only by kinship of feeling, style and instrumentation, but also by cumulative reference to preceding matter. Thus in both the second and third movements, dramatic use is made of the strong chordal theme which begins the allegro of the first movement, and which seems to stand in Dvořák's mind as symbolic of the "New World." In the finale, elements from each of the preceding movements are marshaled for its great climax.

The brooding introduction might be a long reflective look across the sea before the imperative of reality recalls the composer to where he is. The significance of the noble horn theme which begins the Allegro molto has been mentioned. Its little counterpoint is full of character, aptly utilized as the movement unfolds. The common description of the flute solo (introduced at measure 149) as a borrowing from Swing Low, Sweet Chariot requires an addenda distinguishing between a tune and a theme. What Dvořák utilized unquestionably parallels part of that fine tune, but in discarding the notes to which the words "Swing low, sweet" are sung and concentrating on "chariot, comin' to carry me home" (the rest is pure Dvořák), he shows the cultivated composer's sense of discrimination in seeking out a germinal phrase which can be elaborated. The important part it plays in the development shows how well he chose his materials.

II. LARGO: So much has been written about the self-apparent beauties of this movement that more can be spared as superfluous. It may be mentioned, however, that the solemn chords at the beginning are not without a counterpart in Smetana's Bartered Bride Overture (of many years before), and that the yearning, luxuriant melodic line of the English horn solo—which one of Dvořák's pupils, William Arms Fisher, later transformed into a pseudo-spiritual titled Goin' Home, thus endlessly confusing all who don't know which came first—is in a folk vein common to many things, including the "mountain song" on which

d'Indy constructed his symphony for piano and orchestra. The motto theme erupts in a blaze of color before the final appearance of the English horn solo.

III. SCHERZO: Molto vivace. One of the most interesting movements in the symphony, the scherzo has gotten along (well enough, to be sure) with the least comment. It is, for one thing, a superb example of a classical scherzo with two trios, and an involved pattern of repetitions that make it almost a rondo. For another, its materials are decidedly Czech—for example, the dance rhythm of the first trio. It strikes me as a clearly nostalgic evocation of home scenes and pastoral pleasures (as in the second, C major trio). This is especially so if one accepts my view of the "motto" theme as symbolizing, for Dvořák, the "New World" itself. For when it breaks into the idyllic scene he has conjured up for himself (over an angry tremolando), it is almost as a bell tolling him back to "where he is." This is subtly underscored by the harmonic touch in which the trumpet is left hanging on a non-rejoicing minor chord (E) rather than being given the grace of the expected major.

IV. ALLEGRO CON FUOCO: If the finale possesses a scheme related to the preceding suggestions, it would seem to be a reconciliation of all the previous elements, musical, personal and dramatic, into an integrated whole. And with the aid of some intensifying string writing related to the Tannhäuser Overture, Dvořák accomplishes his objective in what is more a free fantasy on several themes than a conventional symphonic movement. As a sample of the varied suggestions the same musical phrase might have for persons of different backgrounds, the clear relationship (to an Anglo-Saxon) of a prominent theme in this movement to Three Blind Mice would strike a Czech as an equally clear relationship to a folk song called Weeding Flaxfields Blue. At the end, however, when the "motto" theme and the opening one of this movement are joined in a triumphant counterpoint, the inescapable conclusion must be that whatever the allusions to a geographical "New World," Dvořák always inhabited the "One World" of music.

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY FRED GRUNFELD (1956)**

bedřich Smetana's overture to The Bartered Bride belongs to the peasants. As an overture for a folk opera it is cut from a varicolored cloth of pure comic invention. "They accused me after my first opera of being a Wagnerite who could do nothing light and popular," Smetana once explained. "I wrote The Bartered Bride to prove they were wrong."

Jaromír Weinberger's opera Schwanda the Bagpiper is fashioned very much in the image of Smetana's cheerful peasants. The hero, Schwanda, manages to work himself in and out of incredible predicaments: his bagpiped Polka charms away the curse of a gloom-struck court; his Fugue gives him safe-conduct through the portals of Hell itself.

Dvořák's Carnival Overture, Op. 92, again in a peasant vein, presents a rustic ball scene. A lonely wanderer is drawn into the festivities of a street carnival; two lovers stray from the group and the mood becomes pastoral; at last the merrymakers return with rollicking music and Slavonic rhythms. Dvořák had "Life" in mind when he composed this overture; it forms part of a symphonic cycle in which he expressed his views on the three "dominant forces" of his universe— Nature, Life and Love. Doubtless so long as music is written, composers will invoke these forces on behalf of their art.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his musical education at the Academy of Music there. At the age of 23 he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper and two years later was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later, he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then in 1953 he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign his post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic. He was equally the master of the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

CD 20

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: SCHEHERAZADE

- **The Sea and Sinbad's Ship**
- **The Story of Kalendar Prince**
- **The Young Prince and The Young Princess**
- **Festival At Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship Goes to Pieces on a Rock Surmounted by a Bronze Warrior (Shipwreck)**

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY RICHARD MOHR (1960)**

Deems Taylor once wrote that thrice-familiar staples of the concert repertoire should periodically be placed under a five-year moratorium, during which time their existence would be conveniently forgotten. The five-year ban elapsed, one would presumably return to them with ears refreshed and musical appetite eager to relish them again.

There are those who argue that Scheherazade merits a moratorium. In musical literature, it is one of the cornerstones, irreverently referred to as a "warhorse" or worse by the sophisticate, rapturously embraced by the newcomer to "serious music," thoroughly respected by the professional musician and currently represented in record catalogs by well over two dozen versions. Faced with such contradiction, one might well ask, "Why another recording, why bother with it?" The answer is simple: Scheherazade is good music and good entertainment, true in its impulse and unwavering in its conception from start to finish. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"; like her sister siren of the Nile, Scheherazade continues to fascinate us all—and will in all likelihood continue to do so for a great many more years to come.

The present recording was made in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on February 8, 1960, immediately following two concert performances by Dr. Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—not "pops" concerts, but concerts in the regular subscription series. Scheherazade may be familiar, but she neither breeds nor deserves contempt.

Some weeks before the actual recording was made, most of the existing recordings of the music were studied, re-studied, judged and re-judged. The best were very good, but short of that perfection for which all mortals strive. One version reveled in buttery sound and not always accurate execution; another proffered razor-sharp execution and equally ear-rending decibel content; still a third beckoned you from afar with a "concert-hall" pickup, and so it went. To capture the Arabian temptress in all her glittering changes was not a simple task. More than one factor had to be considered.

The acoustic quality of Chicago's Orchestra Hall is produced by a number of factors. The stage is comparatively wide and shallow with the result that the orchestra is horizontally spread out more than usual. Sound is reflected from the stage in a relatively sudden and upward projection that fills the house with rich and homogeneous tone. However, because of this wide and shallow stage, orchestra personnel can experience difficulty hearing each other. Judging the ensemble of their performance, the precision of their attack, the proper dynamic of their tone, rests naturally upon the conductor, but also upon an intuitive, extra-sensory perception on the part of the players. Under such conditions, the performances achieved are all the more tribute to the forces involved.

The first Scheherazade session began at nine-thirty in the morning, not an hour conducive to sensuous music-making. An hour earlier, the lower regions of the hall gradually took on an air of activity. The purling of a flute in practice floated on the air, to be joined by a violin in the throes of double-stop and spiccato. The tuba mournfully tried over its part, an oboe reed was adjusted innumerable times. Over all this titillating mélange of sound there brooded the faint and rhythmic slap-slap of the endless card game in which all musicians indulge during their free time.

The call bell rang and the orchestra assembled. A series of tests had already been agreed upon, just to make certain that advance theory bore some relation to demonstrable fact. First the quietest section of the score was heard, then the loudest. Controls and microphones were adjusted so that no monitoring of dynamics would be necessary. Then followed balance tests, innumerable ones: balance between solo violin and harp, balance among the woodwinds, calculation to a hairsbreadth of the weight of sustaining doublebasses against a bassoon solo, placement of solo trumpet as echo effect for solo trombone.

Once all was heard, music-making was in order. During the morning session the first two movements were recorded, the last two during the afternoon period. Throughout the six hours required, there was constant exhortation on the part of Dr. Reiner to the men in the orchestra "to play with glow, not perspiration." The performance had to be supple and sensuous, the sound alternately to shimmer and stun, with clarity in its definition, sonority and intensity in its climaxes. It is particularly noteworthy that the final movement in this recording is a complete performance, without benefit of splicing, an orchestral achievement rarely equaled.

This automatically leads one, with self-enforced restraint, to the members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra whose brilliant virtuosity and solid musicality have given Dr. Reiner, and all of us, this performance. To single out only the most prominent soloists, mention must be made of Sidney Harth, concertmaster; Frank Miller, cello; Donald Peck, flute; Ray Still, oboe; Laurence Thorstenberg, English horn; Clark Brody, clarinet; Leonard Sharrow, bassoon; Philip Farkas, horn; Adolph Herseth, trumpet; Robert Lambert, trombone, and Edward Druzin-sky, harp. They and their colleagues under Dr. Reiner's direction have achieved what can only be termed musical revelation, and that in the most literal sense of the words.

STRAVINSKY: THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE

▸▸▸ NOTES BY IRVING KOLODIN(1958)

Igor Stravinsky's concern with the problem of Le rossignol (Song of the Nightingale) absorbed him on both sides of the period in which he emerged from obscurity to rank among the musical elite of his time. He was 26 and about to make his mark as an artist pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov when he began setting the Anderson fairy tale for operatic purposes in 1908. It was interrupted by a call from Diaghilev to do the work on Firebird, which launched him into the world of ballet, and such subsequent masterworks as Petrouchka and Sacre du printemps.

By the time he was able to resume work on Rossignol, Stravinsky understandably felt that he had altered considerably as a musician in the intervening years. Thus he welcomed the opportunity provided by a Diaghilev project for 1919 to discard the earlier music of Act I and integrate the second and third acts (1912–13) into an independent orchestral work suitable for ballet purposes. Oddly enough, it was premiered as a concert work (December 6, 1919, in Geneva) before its theater presentation (February 2, 1920, in Paris). In both instances the conductor was Ernest Ansermet.

It is perhaps essential justice to the intricate colorations and finely juxtaposed tonal values of Rossignol that its life in the concert hall has been longer and more profitable than in the theater. Doubtless Stravinsky worked with all good faith for balletic purposes, but what he wrought is obviously entitled to the best possible musical realization without subordination to, or distraction by, visible action. Needless to say, that can best be accomplished in the playing by such an orchestra of the first rank as the Chicago Symphony under a director whose understanding of Stravinsky's purpose is as keen as Fritz Reiner's.

The philosophic basis of Rossignol is the appeal of a mechanical nightingale versus a real one. The opening section describes the arrival of the real, eloquent-voiced nightingale at the court of the Chinese Emperor. Bell-flowers tinkle in the orchestra, lamps shine and glisten. A delicately colored march heralds the approach of the Emperor. The enchanted song of the nightingale has hardly died away when its mechanical rival, a gift of the Emperor of Japan, appears to perform. This reasonable facsimile proceeds, as the real nightingale flies away, back to the fisherman to whom it belongs.

Illness afflicts the Emperor, and Death comes to take him away. Unexpectedly, the real nightingale returns, and its voice beguiles all, even the possessive Reaper. The Emperor falls into a refreshing sleep, and upon awakening greets his astonished courtiers with a cheerful "Bonjour." His mission accomplished, the nightingale flies back to his faithful fisherman.

The musical expression of this scenario contains some interesting elements. The real nightingale is first portrayed by a flute cadenza, then by solo violin with delicate figurations from the harp, piano and celesta. The artificial bird is expressed by piccolo, flute and oboe. A muted trombone conveys the royal displeasure when the real nightingale disappears.

The atmosphere of the Emperor's sickroom is conveyed with equal vividness. The colorations are somber, the surroundings gray. Flute and piccolo join in an ecstasy that even Death cannot deny.

The approach of the courtiers mourning the supposedly dead Emperor calls for an appropriately mock cortège solennel, interrupted by harp glissandos. An octave phrase parallels the "Bonjour à tous" with which the Emperor greets the courtiers in the opera. Distantly, at the end, the song of the fisherman is heard in greeting to the nightingale returned from his mission of mercy.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his musical education at the Academy of Music there. At the age of 23 he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper and two years later was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then in 1953 he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign his post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic. He was equally the master of the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

CD 21

BRAHMS: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1 IN D MINOR, OP. 15

▸▸▸ NOTES BY WALLACE BROCKWAY

Brahms wrote two piano concertos utterly dissimilar in structure, mood and musical climate. Composed a quarter of a century apart, they have this in common—they demand the grand manner in interpretation. And, although No. 2 is an excessively difficult work (particularly for the soloist), No. 1 is still, after a lapse of almost a hundred years, the more controversial work.

Origin—or origins—first. It is fairly clear that the concerto was conceived as a symphony in the summer of 1854, and of this aborted project Brahms wrote to Schumann, who had first re-cognized his genius, the following year. As 1855 was drawing to a close Brahms wrote to Clara Schumann (increasingly his correspondent since Schumann's retreat to a sanatorium for the mentally disturbed) a letter of salient interest in the still largely unwritten history of the role of the unconscious in artistic creation. He had dreamt that he had turned his symphony into a concerto with a scherzo of immense difficulty. It was this dream scherzo that became the rondo of the completed concerto. So far, so good. Unfortunately, in 1862 Albert Dietrich, whose sole moment of glory consisted of having written (1853) the first movement of a sonata for violin and piano (scherzo by Brahms, finale by Schumann), remembered that he had seen parts of the Concerto in D Minor in a sonata for two pianos. This sonata has never been found, but the whole story is revealing in the light that it casts on the logic of musical form.

The Concerto in D Minor has no program, but this has not saved it from the guesses of the cobweb spinners. The most fantastic of these exemplify the old adage that a person cannot be too careful about what he says and, more particularly, to whom he says it. The great Hungarian violinist and conductor, Joseph Joachim, a man of vast probity, made certain innocent remarks to Max Kalbeck, author of the standard life of Brahms (if an eight volume life is not standard, what is it?). These were misshaped thus: The almost morbidly gloomy first movement of the D minor Concerto was construed to picture Brahms' reaction to Schumann's attemp-ted suicide in 1854—or perhaps, to cite another romanticizer, it traced the suicide attempt itself. The holograph of the second movement bore the sentence: Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini (Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Master). Kalbeck's egregious suggestion was that the blessed one was Brahms himself, who took this opportunity of proclaiming himself heir to Schumann's kingdom, though it must have been obvious—even at this early stage in Brahms' career—that his kingdom and Schumann's had not too much in common. (It is interesting that the composer later struck out these enigmatic words in Joachim's copy of the score.) Kalbeck's fantasies were demolished a quarter of a century ago, but they retain a certain unhealthy life. The third movement has been spared the vagaries of interpretation, but it has suffered (as we shall see) for another reason.

The Concerto in D Minor was first performed at Hanover on January 22, 1859, with Joachim on the podium, and Brahms at the piano. The audience listened respectfully but manifestly without enthusiasm. A detained observer would have said that these conscientious German Musikkenner were thinking it over rather too carefully for the composer's peace of mind. At any rate, there was nothing that seemed to foreshadow its reception, five days later, when he played it at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, with Julius Rietz conducting. The Leipzigers' brutality to the Concerto in D Minor has been compared to the Parisians' treatment of Tannhäuser two years later, and not unfairly. Brahms thus described the fiasco to Joachim: "The

first and second movements were listened to without the slighest display of feeling. At the end, three pairs of hands were brought together very slowly, upon which a perfectly distinct hissing from all sides forbade any such demonstration ... This failure has not impressed me at all. After all, I am only experimenting and feeling my way. But the hissing was too much."

Conservative opinion was summed up in the phrase: "A desert of screaming dissonances and ugly discords." We rub our ears, and realize that the rhetoric of critical dissent has not much changed from century to century. Brahms' stoicism, his defiance even (a heritage from his beloved Beethoven), constituted a much needed armor at this time. He had elected, courageously, tactlessly to introduce himself to Leipzig, the stronghold of Mendelssohnian conservatism, with a novel work that lasted forty seven minutes. It must have been that mirthful rondo, coming after the gloomy maestoso and the meditative, serenely solemn adagio, that outraged the pious, tidy souls of the Leipzigers. The D Minor did not catch the affection of any audience until 1865, when Brahms played it at Mannheim under Hermann Levi. In the nineties, Leipzig finally surrendered, when Eugen d'Albert—a Gewandhaus favorite—played it, with the composer conducting. As a final addendum to these performance data is the fact—or legend—that Brahms abandoned a promising subcareer as a concert pianist after his native Hamburg had received him and the D Minor coldly at one of its early hearings.

It has been said that the D Minor has come tardily into its own, although for many years it was one of Brahms' few works available in published form. Certainly it is now well-established in the concert repertoire. Yet, even today it is dis discussed with the urgency that goes with special pleading, as if the reactions of 1859 have still to be quelled. And this despite the fact that no composition of Brahms speaks more clearly in musical terms.

Sir Donald Francis Tovey, greatest of British music critics, has this to say of the first movement of the Concerto in D Minor: "The first theme of the opening tutti is one of the mightiest utterances since Beethoven's Ninth Symphony." Brahms would have appreciated these words.

The great Polish pianist, Arthur Rubinstein, whose repertoire is particularly strong in the romantic composers, has expressed a special love for Brahms. He was fortunate in having Joachim, Brahms' closest friend, as his tutor at the Berlin Hochschule, of which Joachim was the first director. And, at his first appearance on the concert platform, he played the Concerto in D Minor. This concerto comes to us after Rubinstein has studied and played it for more than half a century.

Fritz Reiner, born in Budapest, has a natural affinity for the music of Brahms, who—partly because of his association with Joachim—was fascinated by Hun-garian melodies.

CD 22

OFFENBACH: GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE

▸▸▸ **NOTES BY S. HUROK (1954)**

Hearing this ebullient score and seeing in my mind's eye those exhilarating performances (how delicious was Danilova! how witty, grotesque and pathetic all at once was Massine! how exciting and disciplined the company! how shining the sets and costumes!) it seems incredible that Gaîté parisienne was fashioned from such mundane matters as plans and mental blueprints, rehearsals, designs, infinite care and multiple revisions.

Instead, though I watched, pencil in hand, each facet of the production from the standpoint of ballet as business, it is difficult even for me to remember Gaîté except as it appeared, brilliant and bubbling during those first seasons on the stages of Europe and America.

It was in 1937 that I became associated with Léonide Massine and René Blum in reorganizing the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, and I insisted on having final approval of the new ballets to be staged.

In planning the repertoire it was decided that one new work must be a comedy, gay and bright with a rollicking musical score. After listening to dozens of recordings and playing excerpts of scores of Fledermaus, Gypsy Baron and many others in hotel rooms from one end of the country to the other, we finally decided on Offenbach, and a wonderful decision it turned out to be!

Massine, the conductor, two pianists and a flock of copyists established themselves in a large room at the Copley Plaza in Boston, and assembled from the Boston Public Library and the Harvard Library all the extant scores of the Offenbach operettas. There the ballet was blocked out and the basic musical material selected from the wealth of sparkling melody.

Everyone adjourned to Paris. Comte Etienne de Beaumont, who was responsible for the ballet's book, designed the sets and costumes, and the music was given into the hands of Manuel Rosenthal, who, with enormous taste and skill, put the score together and orchestrated it.

When René Blum and I first heard the enchanting music as it is contained on this superb recording by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops, we knew we had something extraordinary.

Gaîté's premiere took place on April 5, 1938, in the beautiful Théâtre de Monte Carlo. The glittering Riviera city was then at the height of its splendor as a center of wealth, aristocracy and beauty, and the occasion was a success by any standards. The first American performance occurred the following October at the Metropolitan Opera House and brought forth a demonstration from the public, who centered its bravos on Massine and Danilova.

Gaîté parisienne is the romantic dream of a glamorous night in Paris of everyone who has dreamed of that enchanting city. The setting is a highly fashionable, but not very proper, restaurant of the Second Empire, whose customers, while not being the best of citizens, are marvelous company. Their lives revolve around amours, brief but intense; their day begins at nine in the evening and ends only at dawn, when the last waltz is danced and the last champagne glass is emptied.

As the curtain rises we see an elegant room flooded with light from brass chandeliers.

Waiters and maids are preparing for the evening. The flirtatious Flower Girl enters followed by three young ladies in bright, candy striped dresses, escorted by young men in black jackets and berets. The couples dance a lively mazurka, but soon all are distracted by the arrival of the lovely Glove Seller, the ballet's heroine, a role Alexandra Danilova made forever her own.

All the men desert their partners to admire her. At this point the Peruvian arrives. It is his first evening in Paris. Frantic with excitement, he flirts with one girl after another. All, suspecting his pockets are full of money, respond with coquetry save the Glove Seller, who is unimpressed. The Baron enters. Attracted by his handsome bearing and his uniform, the Flower Girl approaches him, but he has eyes only for the Glove Seller. He introduces himself to her and they dance a waltz.

The Peruvian, meanwhile, extravagantly buys champagne for everyone, but the girls desert him on the arrival of the soldiers, who enter to a martial tune. Suddenly the city's reigning beauty, La Lionne, sweeps into the room. Immediately all eyes are centered on her and on her escort, the Duke. Even the Baron abandons the Glove Seller to pay court to her. While he is thus occupied, the Peruvian again approaches the Glove Seller. The Baron is angry and jealous, the Duke is annoyed at the flirtations of La Lionne, and a fight develops, which ends with the room cleared.

Now in the darkened restaurant the Baron and the Glove Seller return and dance a beautiful waltz. The guests crowd into the room again and the can-can dancers enter with their dazzling kicks. Everyone joins in the frantic dance.

The music softens, the lights dim, and the guests drift out two by two into the night. Last to leave are the Glove Seller and the Baron. They wave goodbye to the Peruvian, who, all alone, stands disconsolately as the curtain falls.

Someone once said of the noted Russian-American impresario Sol Hurok (1888-1974) that he was the man who brought the ballet to America and America to the ballet. For over 55 years nearly every important dance attraction—and many of the world's greatest artists—appeared in the United States under his famous banner, "S. Hurok presents."

ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE

▸▸▸ NOTES BY FRED GRUNFELD (1957)

The notion that great art must be profound imparted a severely solemn air to nineteenth century music. With high seriousness in the ascendancy, the comic muse managed to rally only a few adherents to her faded banner—a Strauss or two, an Offenbach, and Gioacchino Rossini. The last named, after the failure of his rather pretentious William Tell, whiled away forty years in self-imposed retirement from music-making, content to enjoy himself with good food, a solicitous wife and pleasant company. In his reclining decades, the corpulent Rossini composed scarcely anything that could be consi-dered of "consequence" at a time when the world's attention was riveted on the monumental productions of Wagner and Berlioz. But he did turn his pen to dozens of clever little trifles that were intended for his private amusement and were trotted out only when he gave one of his epicurean banquets in the Parisian suburb of Passy.

These pieces were Rossini's musical hors d'oeuvres, as the title of one of them clearly indicates: Radishes, Anchovies, Pickles and Butter Themes in Variations. Among these miniatures was a Capriccio Offenbachique (which became the can-can in Boutique fantasque); a descriptive tone poem, A Ride on the Train, and a rueful tribute to Castor Oil. Brevity was the soul of Rossini's wit, and these pieces came to the point as succinctly as his own epigrams.

Franz Liszt transcribed a dozen of them for piano, but for the most part they remained unpublished and forgotten until they were rediscovered by Sergei Diaghilev during the First World War in a volume disarmingly entitled Bits of Nothing. The ballet impresario commissioned Ottorino Respighi to arrange them into a ballet score; he set three artists to work on the décor (in the end it was André Derain who designed the sets and costumes); he entrusted Léonide Massine with the chore of devising the choreography. After much backing and filling—for Diaghilev first envisioned the ballet as a game of cards—Massine based his scenario on an old German story that had served several generations of dance masters. La boutique fantasque is an enchanted toy shop filled with mechanical wonders, including dancers who do the tarantella, a squad of Cossacks, a pair of dancing poodles and two cancan dancers who are in love. Four kings and queens of cards are all that remain of Diaghilev's original intention. They entertain the shop's cosmopolitan clientele, but when it appears that some dolls are actually going to be sold they repulse the customers with a dashing and victorious charge. La boutique fantasque had its premiere in London in 1919 and was greeted as a masterpiece.

Arthur Fiedler, the best-selling conductor in history and director of the Boston Pops for 50 years, was born in Boston in 1894 and began to study the violin with his father; after high school he continued his musical training—piano and conducting as well as violin—in Berlin. He began his illustrious career in 1915 as a violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During his years with the BSO, he organized and conducted the Boston Sinfonietta—later called the Fiedler Sinfonietta. In 1929 he founded the famous Esplanade concerts and began his lifelong commitment to bring "light" classical music to the public. A year later he was appointed music director of the Boston Pops, a post he held until his death in 1979.

In his 50 seasons with the Pops, Arthur Fiedler forged a musical legacy that through concerts, television and radio broadcasts, and recordings brought the joy of classical music to millions of Americans. His record albums, featuring classical favorites, orchestral settings of Broadway show tunes, pop songs, jazz standards and patriotic music, sold almost 50 million copies during his career, a level of popular acclaim that may never be challenged. His love for all musical styles and his remarkable ability to communicate the universality of the musical language were legendary, as were his charming performance demeanor and his commitment to the people of Boston. And Boston returned this affection; during the Bicentennial celebration of July 1976, over 400,000 people gathered to hear one of Mr. Fiedler's last Esplanade concerts, and gave him a standing ovation that lasted well into the night.

Arthur Fiedler's penchant for the light classic was matched by his voracious appetite for new orchestral works. He "discovered" and recorded many, including Jacob Gade's Jalousie, RCA's first classical recording to sell one million copies. His love for music and commitment to his audience remains a model for any musician, and every American who loves classical music owes him an incalculable debt.

CD 23

RACHMANINOFF: PIANO CONCERTO NO.3 PROKOFIEV: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3

▸▸▸ NOTE BY DAVID SARNOFF (1959)

The Radio Corporation of America takes great pride in presenting to the public a recording that we feel is a living document of a historic musical event. Van Cliburn consented to have RCA Victor recording technicians go into Carnegie Hall with their equipment to tape his concert on May 19, 1958. This was only two days after his return to the United States from a triumphant and hectic tour of the Soviet Union.

Those of us present in Carnegie Hall as well as the millions of Americans who remember reading about that occasion can certainly understand how challenging this concert was—and appreciate how challenging this pianist is. If one seeks an explanation for Van Cliburn's magnetism, I would simply say it is musical control coupled with spontaneous beauty.

Shortly before the first anniversary of his Carnegie hall triumph, Van Cliburn reviewed the tape of his performance of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3 and consented to its release.

Contributing to the vitality of this actual concert performance on records is the eminent Russian conductor, Kiril Kondrashin, directing the Symphony of the Air.

Through the miracle of electronics in the recording art, RCA Victor is able to present this unique accomplishment as a permanent document.

▸▸▸ NOTE BY JOHN BRIGGS (1961)

For the Prokofiev Third Piano Concerto to be performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra seems particularly appropriate, since it was this orchestra which presented the world premiere of the work in 1921.

Prokofiev, after studying with Rimsky-Korsakov, Liadov and Tcherepnin at the St. Petersburg conservatory, had graduated there in 1914 with three diplomas and the Anton Rubinstein Prize in piano. His music for a ballet, Chout, commissioned by Diaghilev established him as a young composer of promise.

Immediately following World War I and the Russian Revolution, Prokofiev barnstormed about Europe as a concert pianist and eventually made his way to the United States.

New York, then as always bursting at the seams with musical talent, was not overly impressed by the young Russian visitor. Chicago proved more hospitable, and for several years Prokofiev made that city his base of operations in this country. His opera The Love for Three Oranges was commissioned and first performed by the Chicago Opera Company.

During his industrious lifetime Prokofiev wrote eight concertos—one for cello, two for violin and five for piano, one of the latter for left hand alone. By the time he arrived in Chicago, the first and second piano concertos were already written.

Prokofiev, then at the peak of his powers as a concert performer, received numerous invitations to appear with orchestras. He was a little tired of his two concertos, and feared audiences might be too. Moreover, he had been accumulating fresh ideas for years. The musical subject which became the principal theme of the second movement of the C Major Concerto had been in the back of his mind since 1913 when he was still a student at the conservatory.

In the summer of 1921 Prokofiev, then in France, set to work in earnest on the Third Concerto, finishing it that October. The world premiere took place December 16, 1921, with the composer as soloist and Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

The concerto has never really been out of the repertoire since. It is a bold, sweeping work which achieves exactly what the composer set out to do—to write an effective display piece for piano and orchestra. The first and last movements afford ample opportunity for bravura display, and the beauties of the Theme and Variations second movement have charmed listeners in many countries. Stylistically, the Third Concerto resembles its near predecessor, the "Classical" Symphony, more than Prokofiev's later works.

Van Cliburn is a true legend. Vaulting to fame at age 23 in 1958 as the winner of the first Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, he captured the hearts of millions who responded to his magnetic personality and the true virtuosity of his music making. Never before had a classical musician been honored by a ticker-tape parade in New York City—nor had a classical piano record sold a million copies. Other honors behind him included first prize in a Texas statewide piano competition at age 12, the Chopin Award of the Kosciuszko Foundation and the coveted Leventritt Award—all before he was 20.

Born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on July 12, 1934, he studied from age 3 with his mother, Rildia Bee O'Bryan Cliburn, a fine pianist and student of a Liszt pupil. He first played in public at age 4. The family moved to Kilgore, Texas, when Van was 6, and at 17 he started his studies at the Juilliard School in New York. At the urging of his teacher there, Mme. Rosina Lhévinne, he entered the Tchaikovsky Competition. Annual world tours and rigorous recording activities in the years following his Russian triumph did not prevent him from fulfilling his lifelong desire to aid the development of young artists, and the first Van Cliburn International Piano Competition was held in 1962.

An "intermission" in his concert and recording activities that started in 1978 gave him the opportunity to restore creative energies. In 1986 he moved to Fort Worth, Texas, home of the piano competition bearing his name. He resumed his concert career in December 1987 at a White House State Dinner in honor of Mikhail Gorbachev. A concert at the Mann Music Center in Philadelphia, triumphal appearances in Moscow and Leningrad and the opening of the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center in Dallas completed his 1989 return to the stage and prompted the New York Times to headline: "A Celebrity Returns, Undimmed." It further commented: "It is reassuring...to know after all these silent years that he is not deficient in the mysterious impulses that keep gifted artists active after the fires of youth burn low."

Walter Hendl was born in West New York, New Jersey, in 1917. He studied both piano and conducting at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, the latter with Fritz Reiner. During three years of service in the United States Army in

World War II he kept up his musical studies and after his discharge was chosen by Artur Rodzinski as pianist and assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic. In 1949 he became music director of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, a post he held for 9 years; he then accepted Reiner's invitation to become associate conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. From 1964 until 1973 he was director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, and maintained a busy schedule of guest conducting in the United States, South America, Europe and Russia; he also served on the jury of several competitions, including the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow. He settled in Pennsylvania in 1976 when he became music director of the Erie Philharmonic.

CD 24

HI-FI FIEDLER

▸▸▸ NOTES BY R.D. DARRELL (1958)

The close link between the Boston Pops Orchestra's conductor and high-fidelity recording was established long ago, when the term "hi-fi" was scarcely known outside professional engineering circles. The title above, indeed, might well be applied to the whole Fiedlerian discography, which, from its beginnings over twenty years ago, has consistently exemplified the dramatic progress of audio technology in ever-more-faithful reproduction of authentic tonal qualities. Its use here, however, has special pertinence and timeliness, since the present three recordings have been specifically designed to demonstrate the newest heights yet attainable in the never-ending but ever-closer approach to perfect sonic replicas of the original "live" symphonic performances.

Yet to focus attention exclusively on sensational sound qualities (scintillating high and subterranean low frequencies, dynamic contrasts between barely audible pianissimos and overwhelming fortissimos, or even the immaculate purity of tones unflawed by any kind of distortion) would dilute if not falsify the basic implications of "fidelity"—fidelity to the composers' and conductor's intentions, which are not only to create pleasurable sound patterns, but to endow those patterns with infectious feeling and eloquent meaning. Like all good recorded music, the works played here can be fully appreciated only by listeners completely responsive to what is expressed, as well as wholly alert to how it is inflected, phrased, and colored. And it is the supreme virtue of hi-fi not to command admiration for itself alone, but for serving as the crystal-transparent medium through which the listener can establish seemingly direct and intimate contact with the living air-borne music.

In the Suite of four tableaux from Rimsky-Korsakov's last, posthumous opera, Le coq d'or (1910), it is perhaps most difficult—and least necessary—to minimize the rôle of hi-fi, since it is so obviously the composer's intention not merely to enchant his listeners with exotic melodies and toe-tickling rhythms, but also to depict kaleidoscopic tonal scenes whose magical coloring and drama would be lost unless his sonic palette is reproduced in all its vibrant polychromatic piquancy. The atmosphere is established less by the fantastic story here (of King Dodon slumbering in his castle until awakened by the Golden Cockerel's warning...of the King's arrival at the battlefield where his sons lie slain... his dancing with the Queen of Shemakha... their festive Bridal Procession and the King's fatal end) than it is by Rimsky-Korsakov's incredibly imaginative exploitation of instrumental timbre potentialities, every nuance of which (from the "loud-muted" trumpet warning to the tiniest triangle tinkle and tambourine "chink") adds a fleck of impressionistic color indispensable both to the tone-painting itself and to the listener's delighted aural titillation.

In the more familiar Overture to Rossini's William Tell (1829) and Tchaikovsky's Marche slave (1876), the strictly colorist elements ordinarily are taken for granted, or even ignored, by listeners primarily captivated by the irresistible appeal of the salient melodies. Here it is hi-fi's special function to restore the original fresh zestfulness with which these works electrified their first hearers, and incidentally to rehabilitate the fame of Rossini and Tchaikovsky as orchestraters. It is only necessary to compare piano or other transcriptions of these scores to comprehend how much is lost when only the bare skeletons are preserved, divested of the glowing flesh, blood and muscularity realized by Rossini's divided cellos, plaintive English horn, and rousing trumpet fanfares, or by Tchaikovsky's groaning low strings, plangent brasses, and jubilant percussion.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY ROBERT A. SIMON (1959-60)

Spanish dance tunes, native or invented, are the material for Chabrier's España rhapsody, where they are presented in many orchestral tints and move at a vivid assortment of pacings. This widely acclaimed music has the kaleidoscopic freedom to which a first-rate rhapsody is entitled, and it all might have been written with hi-fi in prospect. Immediately, as the needle meets the rhapsody, there is a ringing pizzicato in all the strings, and the impression of a guitar band sets in. From there on, everything seems to sing and dance.

There is a comfortable magic about this music by Franz Liszt. The magic is in the drama and sparkle of the scores, which continue, about a century after their creation, to hold potent charm—and even surprises—for many listeners. The comfortable quality lies in the solidity of this music. It is good company. Here is music with variety of color, sentiment and sound...a wide span, from the sturdy thrusts of the heroic themes to the whimsicalities of the lighter moments in the Hungarian Rhapsody. Whatever its moods, it is always on friendly listening terms with the hearer. One may accept these compositions in terms of beautiful sound, and they will prove highly rewarding on this premise. There are, of course, many other grounds for consideration, both in content and technique, and there are many details of particular interest for the analytical auditor. The works of Liszt make up a huge catalogue, and they range from the massive to the morceau. There is a great range of appeal in this roster; and there is also a wide range of attraction within many of the individual writings—as in the orchestral offerings here brought to you by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops.

The second *Hungarian Rhapsody*, like all of the Liszt rhapsodies which have orchestral editions, made its first appearance as piano music, and was scored for orchestra by Liszt and Franz Doppler. Like its fellow rhapsodies it is stylistically improvisatory, dealing with the melodic and rhythmic vocabulary of Hungarian folk music.

The *Rákóczy March*, too, received both pianistic and orchestral presentation by Liszt. A detailing of his keyboard settings of the march includes the fifteenth Hungarian Rhapsody, which is a virtuoso treatment. He also made transcriptions for groups of pianists (four hands and eight hands) and an "édition populaire"—a simpler version for solo piano. Liszt's own orchestral handling of the march here played, may be something of a novelty for some hearers, because it seems that this work has not had the recent circulation of many other items from the Liszt list.

This music of Franz Liszt is made welcome, in all of its delightful possibilities, by Mr. Fiedler, the Boston Pops Orchestra, and the RCA Victor recording staff—who now invite you to share the substantial and kaleidoscopic pleasures of its comfortable magic!

Arthur Fiedler, the best-selling conductor in history and director of the Boston Pops for 50 years, was born in Boston in 1894 and began to study the violin with his father; after high school he continued his musical training—piano and conducting as well as violin—in Berlin. He began his illustrious career in 1915 as a violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During his years with the BSO, he organized and conducted the Boston Sinfonietta—later called the Fiedler Sinfonietta. In 1929 he founded the famous Esplanade concerts and began his lifelong commitment to bring "light" classical music to the public. A year later he was appointed music director of the Boston Pops, a post he held until his death in 1979.

In his 50 seasons with the Pops, Arthur Fiedler forged a musical legacy that, through concerts, television and radio broadcasts, and recordings brought the joy of classical music to millions of Americans. His record albums, featuring classical favorites, orchestral settings of Broadway show tunes, pop songs, jazz standards and patriotic music, sold almost 50 million copies during his career, a level of popular acclaim that may never be challenged. His love for all musical styles and his remarkable ability to communicate the universality of the musical language were legendary, as were his charming performance demeanor and his commitment to the people of Boston. And Boston returned this affection; during the Bicentennial celebration of July 1976, over 400,000 people gathered to hear one of Mr. Fiedler's last Esplanade concerts, and gave him a standing ovation that lasted well into the night.

Arthur Fiedler's penchant for the light classic was matched by his voracious appetite for new orchestral works. He "discovered" and recorded many, including Jacob Gade's Jalousie, RCA's first classical recording to sell one million copies. His love for music and commitment to his audience remains a model for any musician, and every American who loves classical music owes him an incalculable debt.

CD 25

BRAHMS: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR, OP. 77

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY CLAUDIA CASSIDY (1958)**

Johannes Brahms must have been in a genial mood when he paid his second visit to the little Carinthian mountain resort of Pörtschach-am-Wörthersee in the summer of 1878. He wrote to Eduard Hanslick, the critic, that the air was so full of melodies he had to "be careful not to tread on them." That was the summer of the Violin Concerto, the G Major Sonata for Piano and Violin, and the start of the Second Piano Concerto.

Although the Violin Concerto was written for and with some help from the renowned violinist Joseph Joachim, to whom it was dedicated and who gave it its first performance, another virtuoso, Eduard Remenyi, should get a little credit. Remenyi was a Hungarian firebrand who fled his native land because he was involved in the revolution of 1848–49, which gave Christopher Fry the background for his play, The Dark Is Light Enough. Remenyi was once solo violinist to Queen Victoria, and he died while playing a concert in San Francisco. He also rescued poverty-stricken young Brahms from a miserable life of piano-playing at taverns frequented by sailors, and giving music lessons, which he loathed, for about twenty-five cents. Remenyi took him on tour as pianist, and the tale is told that when Brahms encountered a piano a semitone flat, he transposed a Beethoven sonata at sight. Remenyi reciprocated, not necessarily by intention. He introduced Brahms to Joachim.

It was about twenty-five years later, when Brahms was forty-five and secure in fame if not from reprobation, that he wrote the Violin Concerto. It is customary to say that it could not have existed without Beethoven's example, though that is but a part of the story. Brahms himself said, "To follow in Beethoven's footsteps transcends one's strength." The same Brahms hung Bach's portrait over his bed "like a patron saint's." He planned the concerto in four movements, discarded the scherzo, and revised the slow movement. Joachim contributed advice and a cadenza.

On New Year's Day, 1879, the concerto was introduced at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, on a program with an overture from a suite by Franz Lachner, an aria from Mozart's Die Entführung aus dem Serail and some Chopin songs sung by Marcella Sembrich, the chaconne from Bach's D Minor Sonata for Solo Violin, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Brahms conducted, but he seems to have been delayed in arrival, with no time to make a full change. He displayed gray street trousers, unbuttoned suspenders, and an unconventional expanse of waistline shirt.

The concerto's reception was typically Brahmsian in that it was simultaneously praised and damned. Joachim had said that the piece, "especially the first move-ment, pleases me more and more." Tchaikovsky, writing to Mme. von Meck, called the introduction "an admirable pedestal for a statue," adding, "but the statue is not there; we get merely a second pedestal placed on the first." Brahms must have taken it all in stride. He had said in advance, "I may say that Joachim is quite keen on playing the concerto, so it may come off after all." This sanguine candor may remind those who respect artists in all arts of the great chef who wrote in a recipe, "This omelette, if successful..."

The words change with the decades, not what artists mean by them. Said Fritz Reiner of this newest recording made by Jascha Heifetz with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra: "You cannot pass off things lightly." With the infinite pains of perfectionists the thing was done. This time Heifetz furnished the cadenza. Perhaps Joachim would say of that what Brahms once said of the fiery Hungarian

Arthur Nikisch's conducting of this concerto. Brahms said, with interest, admiration, and perhaps a touch of surprise, "So—it can be done that way, too."

TCHAIKOVSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR, OP. 35

▶▶▶ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL (1958)

When in the spring of 1878 Tchaikovsky completed his Violin Concerto, he dedicated it and presented it to Leopold Auer, who was perhaps the most noted virtuoso and certainly the greatest teacher of his time. The composer must have been bitterly disappointed when the master would not undertake the concerto, declaring it unplayable—so terrifying were its difficulties. The result was that, for three years, everyone was afraid; no one would play it until Adolf Brodsky defied its perils in Vienna, December 4, 1881. After a while Auer reconsidered his verdict, and the concerto, however adequately or inadequately it may have been played, became established among the five or six absolute masterpieces in the literature of the violin. Ironically, perhaps, it was Leopold Auer, aging but still the master teacher, who introduced the music to the young prodigy of whom he was so proud—Jascha Heifetz.

There is no particular need to discuss this incandescent music analytically. It is not, and is not intended to be, a projection of the profound and passionate feelings of a Beethoven, the calculated dramatics or Olympian aloofness of a Brahms, though to be sure it is passionate, dramatic—at moments—full of sentiment, and in the narrowest and most precise sense, philosophical. Its purpose is to exploit—in and against a setting of voluptuous orchestral splendor—the ultimate tonal and technical resources of the violin. It succeeds.

It is impossible to dissociate Tchai-kovsky's music from the folk music of his country, just as it was impossible and undesirable for the composer to dissociate himself from the Russian melos. Nevertheless, its influence is filtered through the mind and spirit of an urbane, a sophisticated artist; the resultant flavor is delicately touched with eschalot rather than with the earthier flavor of garlic.

Melancholy, sometimes progressing to abysmal depths, is another quality of Tchaikovsky's music so frequent as to be characteristic, but one finds little of it here. In the canzonetta (second movement) there is sometimes a certain wistfulness, but it is certainly not sad, nor persistent, though it is clearly Russian and typically Tchaikovsky. And in the final movement, the solitary flame of the solo violin sets off a conflagration of tone over rhythms of healthy violence and impetuous drive. One is convinced that the solo violin and the orchestra, alone or together, can do no more.

The possessor of this album holds in his hands a musical document of historical importance, a vessel containing a potent distillation of what is noblest and loveliest in human spirit and human achievement, and the means of evoking that loveliness whenever his own spirit hungers for it. Astronomers, and other scientists, are fascinated when two stars, or two living organisms, come into conjunction while each maintains its separate identity, and to this strange and rare phenomenon they apply one of the most curious and rarest words in the English language—"syzygy." In the field of music, and in its history, the present recording is precisely a parallel: for the constellation, in permanent form, of stars of the magnitude of Heifetz and Reiner is rare and memorable. And the line of syzygy, that both connects and separates these luminaries, is the great Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Heifetz, a figure of towering eminence in the long history of the violin, approaches this concerto with a degree of intimacy and enthusiasm that is, perhaps, his alone, and Reiner brings to bear upon the work presented here the master-musicianship that has distinguished him among the world's most notable conductors of symphonic, operatic and other concerted music.

For 83 of his 86 years Jascha Heifetz (1901–87) played the violin, and for over 60 of them in front of audiences the length and breadth of the world. Since his first public concert in St. Petersburg on April 30, 1911, he exposed his art to the world through more than 2,000,000 miles of travel (much of it in front of World War II troops), a prodigious recording program, countless appearances on radio, in several films, an hour-long television special and, for a dozen years, a vigorous teaching schedule.

He started to play on a quarter-size violin given to him by his father in his native city of Vilna, Russia, and at 7 made his public debut, in Kovno. He entered Leopold Auer's famous class in St. Peters-burg at 9 and in three years was acclaimed a child prodigy of unexampled gifts.

"You know," Heifetz said, "child prodigism—if I may coin a word—is a disease which is generally fatal. I was among the few to have the good fortune to survive. But I had the advantage of a great teacher in Professor Auer and a family that instinctively had a high regard for music, very good taste and a horror of mediocrity."

In the years following his St. Petersburg debut, he concertized in Germany, Austria and Scandinavia, and when the Russian Revolution broke out, the family, after many difficulties, traveled to America. Heifetz made his debut in Carnegie Hall on October 27, 1917. The noted critic Samuel Chotzinoff reported: "The 16-year-old violinist seemed the most unconcerned of all the people in the hall as he walked out on the stage and proceeded to give an exhibition of such extraordinary virtuosity and musicianship as had not previously been heard in that historic auditorium." Overnight Heifetz became the musical idol of America, and during that first year he made 30 appearances in New York alone.

He soon adopted the United States, became an American citizen in 1925 and amply sampled the "American way." In the '40s he settled into a comfortable house atop one of the Beverly Hills in California, where he lived until his death.

When Heifetz reached his 60s, after half a century of concertizing, he began to curtail his appearances gradually and gave his last public recital in 1972.

Heifetz devoted his later life to teaching. Handling his students with steel-rod control tempered with humor, he instilled in them respect for discipline ("It's something you have to do, so you might as well do it and get it over with") and the ways and means for making music with the violin. Certainly no one knew them better.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his musical educa-

tion at the Academy of Music there. At the age of 23 he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper and two years later was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then in 1953 he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign his post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic. He was equally the master of the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

CD 26

FRANCK: SYMPHONY IN D MINOR

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY ROGER DETTMER (1960)**

Pierre Monteux was already a sixteen-year-old student of the violin at the Paris Conservatoire when, in 1891, Theodore Thomas founded the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Another half century was destined to pass before conductor and orchestra met officially, in 1941, for a week of summer concerts in Ravinia Park, 30 miles north of the Chicago "Loop." That meeting, however, was love at first rehearsal, boundless and reciprocal, promptly seconded by North Shore audiences. Ever since, with the sole exception of 1959, Monteux concerts have been an annual event at Ravinia, where he reigns as the indubitable and unchallenged dean of conductors.

However, Monteux has led the Chicago Symphony Orchestra only twice in home concerts during its long history—in 1949, and then again for two weeks during the 1960–61 season, a visit that included an orchestral "tusch," a brass fanfare, for the veteran French maître, and the kind of audience delight that means re-engagement for as long as Monteux cares to work.

His cherished performance of the Franck D Minor, a model of rectitude and dignity, has been a staple on programs conducted everywhere in a distinguished podium career that began in 1894. Record collectors here and abroad first learned his interpretation from 78 rpm discs, published two decades ago by RCA Victor (M/DM840)—the first of two recordings he made with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Now, the Monteux performance has been perpetuated in the latest high fidelity—stereo and monaural—through the medium of a great and sympathetic orchestra, recorded in a hall of outstanding acoustic properties.

At 9:30 a.m. on the day of the recording, Monteux arrived hatless at the front entrance of Orchestra Hall, a briefcase in his hand, an assistant at his elbow, and the Franck in his mind and heart. Throughout the day, he used a score only for consultation with Producer Richard Mohr.

Inside the hall, on a ledge above the stage, were two playback speakers, there to save tiring trips back and forth to the lobby (where listening is usually done) or, which is still more taxing, to basement quarters where the RCA Victor staff makes its "office" in Chicago. Shortly before 10 o'clock, Monteux took his place on a high podium stool. The orchestra had assembled to his specifications: violins divided, low strings on the left, woodwinds and horns stage center, brass to the rear, timpani on the right with the second violins and violas. His instructions were concise and to the point, spoken in a voice whose firmness and projection belie the passing of so many years—"Don't force, just play. But full tone!"

Level tests were completed and recording proper began at the second movement—the Allegretto, with its beautiful melody for English horn. Then the first movement; and after lunch, refreshed and rested, Monteux and the orchestra returned for the finale. The result of the day's work? Splendid Franck; I think of such distinction that it will become the yardstick by which all other recordings are measured for the next two decades.

Although Belgian-born, César Franck lived and worked in Paris from his 13th year until his death at 67. He undertook the writing of his single symphony in 1886, when he was 63, completing it two years later. The premiere was a fiasco. The musicians made no secret of the fact that they disliked the work; the audience was apathetic, and the leading musicians in Paris were disapproving. Franck, however, was unconcerned with public acclaim. When asked how the performance went, he calmly replied: "Oh, it sounded well, just as I thought it would." The first performance in America was given in February 1899, in Chicago, by Theodore Thomas. The D Minor eschews the traditional four-movement division in favor of three, a departure deplored by vested academicians of the period. In the middle movement Franck explained his wish to combine the elements of an andante and a scherzo. In the finale, he brought together thematic materials from the preceding movements, in so-called "cyclical" fashion.

STRAVINSKY: PÈTROUCHKA

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN(1960)**

Igor Stravinsky tells us in his autobiography that Pétrouchka was originally conceived as a piece for piano and orchestra wherein the solo instrument would play the role of a puppet "suddenly endowed with life, exasperating the patience of the orchestra with diabolical cascades of arpeggios." The accompanying ensemble would retaliate with menacing trumpet blasts, and the whole would reach its climax and end "in the sorrowful and querulous collapse of the poor puppet."

At this time, in the summer of 1910, Stravinsky was supposedly at work on Le sacre du printemps for Serge Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. Diaghilev came to hear sketches of Le sacre, heard parts of Pétrouchka instead, and conceived the idea of turning them into a ballet. The scenario was worked out by composer and producer together; Stravinsky expanded the score to meet its

requirements, and Diaghilev presented the work in Paris in June 1911. The choreography was by Michel Fokine; the décor was by Alexandre Benois, and the principal roles were danced by Tamara Karsavina, Vaslav Nijinsky and Alexander Orlov. Pierre Monteux conducted and achieved, according to the composer, "a very clean and finished execution" of the music wherein his intentions were carried out to the letter. This was the beginning of a collaboration between Stravinsky and Monteux that lasted for nearly half a century. Throughout his memoirs Stravinsky praises the authority and penetration of Monteux's performances and credits him with having made the first "conquest of the public" with both Pétrouchka and Le sacre du printemps when he directed their first concert presentations in Paris in 1914. Six years later Monteux introduced Pétrouchka to American concert audiences when he conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the suite from the ballet. Nearly forty years later he again programmed the work in Boston—this time the complete score—for performances and recording.

Pétrouchka takes place during the Shrovetide Fair in Admiralty Square, St. Petersburg, about 1830. A Charlatan has a little booth in which he exhibits three puppets—the Ballerina, Pétrouchka and the Moor. Pétrouchka "bitterly resents the Charlatan's cruelty, his own slavery... his ugliness and ridiculous appearance. He seeks consolation in the love of the Ballerina...but she is only frightened by his strange ways." The Moor "is stupid and evil, but his sumptuous clothes attract the Ballerina."

The score is one of the most specifically pictorial and descriptive in the entire literature. There are four scenes. The first opens with music suggesting the jostling and confusion of the carnival. A hurdy-gurdy player appears, with a dancer who accompanies herself on a triangle. Then two drummers step before the Charlatan's puppet theater, calling the crowd with rolls on their drums; the Charlatan takes his flute and pipes for attention. The curtain of the little theater goes up, and the three puppets do a stiff, angular Russian dance, to the great astonishment of the crowd. It is apparent, too, that both Pétrouchka and the Moor love the Ballerina.

Scene II is called "Pétrouchka's Room." It is actually a cell dominated by a frowning picture of the Charlatan. Pétrouchka is kicked into his room and the door closes behind him. "Maledictions of Pétrouchka. The Ballerina enters. The Ballerina leaves. Pétrouchka's despair." At the end of the scene Pétrouchka, beating his fists against the picture of the Charlatan, knocks a hole in the wall and falls through it. This scene, with its "diabolical cascades of arpeggios" from the piano and its menacing blasts of the trumpets, clearly embodies the music of Stravinsky's first inspiration.

Scene III is "The Moor's Room." The Moor dances with a coconut to a wandering, quasi-Oriental melody of the clarinets. The Ballerina enters and dances daintily on tiptoe to the sound of her own trumpet-playing. The Ballerina and the Moor waltz. Pétrouchka appears, furious with jealousy, and he and the Moor fight to music full of puppet curses and fisticuffs.

The final scene, "The Fair Toward Evening," is the longest and most complex of the four. It begins with a diffused, generalized impression of the night sounds of a jam-packed carnival, but at length a rather graceful melody asserts itself for a dance of nursemaids. A peasant with a dancing bear crosses the scene; this incident seems actually to be visualized in the music, with its hooty tuba and its high, squealing clarinets. A drunken merchant dances with gypsies and scatters banknotes among the crowd. There is a dance of coachmen and grooms to whom the nursemaids attach themselves. At the height of the festivities the scene is illuminated with red fire as maskers costumed as devils, goats and pigs make their appearance. Suddenly the tremendous, pounding rhythm is interrupted by a long, painful cry from a trumpet. Pétrouchka runs from the puppet theater and is killed by the pursuing Moor. The Charlatan appears, and the crowd disperses. The Charlatan is left alone with the body of his puppet. Pétrouchka's ghost menaces his erstwhile master from the roof of the little theater. "The frightened Charlatan lets the puppet body fall and disappears rapidly, glancing in fear over his shoulder" as the music comes to its quiet, enigmatic end.

Pierre Monteux (1875–1964) was one of the most celebrated and beloved figures in the music world. Renowned as a conductor of the symphonic literature, opera and ballet, he conducted virtually every great orchestra both here and abroad. Born, raised and trained in Paris, he won his reputation as conductor of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes; between 1911 and 1914 he thereby presided over the world premieres of such notable scores as Stravinsky's Pétrouchka and Le sacre du printemps, Ravel's Daphnis et Chloé and Debussy's Jeux. Monteux's first visit to the United States (1914–24) included two seasons at the Metropolitan Opera and five years conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After 12 years of activity in Europe he returned to America as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In 1952 he resigned that post in order to do more guest conducting; however, in 1961, at the age of 86, he accepted the directorship of the London Symphony Orchestra, a position he held at the time of his death. Concerned with young talent throughout his career, Monteux had founded the École Monteux in Paris in 1932, and he continued that concern in America, at his home in Hancock, Maine, where in 1943 he established the Pierre Monteux School for advanced conductors and orchestral players.

CD 27

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR, OP. 67

▸▸▸ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL (1958)

There is in the world music of more sophistication, but none that more surely, more powerfully makes itself understood. There is music exploiting orchestral resources Beethoven did not know, but none that so inexorably commands us. There is simpler music, but none that so clearly and with such terrible intensity exposes the tempests and the triumphs of the human soul. Here is the potent, concentrated, ultimate distillation of the genius that was Beethoven. Here the forces that moved this strange and wonderful man are focused upon and welded into one superb structure: the godlike yet so human rages that possessed him; the tenderness that he could feel and radiate; the wry and wicked humor that could sting like scorpions; the superb courage,

the impatience, and finally the heroic and unreasoning defiance so often so hotly breathed from so many of his utterances. All are here, in this mighty, comprehensible and human music.

Yet Beethoven is first of all, or at least most important of all, the artist, and this is disciplined music. "Upon his will he binds a radiant chain," and imposes upon his heroic outcry the restraints of a form that is clear, and symmetrical, and beautiful in itself. Perhaps this artistic continence is one of the endearing things in the Fifth, and makes it touch us the more intimately in its suggestion that we are all hedged about by the tricks and trials of Fate, by the stark necessities and iron disciplines of living. In uttering so superbly this very self, within self-imposed restraints, Beethoven speaks for all of us.

The savage phrase of four notes which begins the symphony is one of those "germinal ideas" so often employed in Beethoven's music. If one can think of it abstractly, and prescind from it the elements of melody and tempo to the consideration of rhythm only, then it is perfectly reasonable to say that this figure motivates, dominates, unifies and makes viable all four movements of the symphony. People who like to romanticize music—that is, to attach incidents, accidents, pictures and stories to musical utterances—have a certain justification in this instance. Beethoven himself gave us the cue—though long after the symphony had been performed, and perhaps as an arrière-pensée. He said of this "motto": "So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte"—"Thus Fate knocks at the door."

There is an answering voice, to be sure; but once the "Fate" motif reaches the relative major (E-flat), not even the antithetical phrase—an almost feminine utterance that seems to talk to itself—can inhibit the fierceness nor forestall the domination of the basic idea. There is never, in this movement, sustained peace or gentleness; and the very last measure contains nothing but two violent chords, raised like mailed fists against a lowering sky.

A rhythmic analysis of the second movement, a theme and variations played andante and written so deftly that one is hardly conscious of the form, shows the inescapable influence of the "Fate" motif. But now we have a suave cantilena, dolce, though there are moments of impatience and studied rudeness. The compactness and density of the movement happily prevent its being long drawn out—a fault not unobserved in some slow movements of Beethoven. Here the emotional situation, if not of absolute serenity, is continent and stable. The restiveness of the first movement is not in evidence, except that at the end there is an outburst suggesting that violence and ruthlessness are not dead, but dormant.

The third movement is mocking but not merry. The introduction is innocent and brief, and then arrogantly, almost insultingly, comes Fate in the horns' most aggressive accents. Doom again? No indeed; the deliberately irritating strings, pizzicati, burlesque Fate and reduce him to his proper dimensions. Their answer is laughter, a bitter laughter perhaps; but even the solemn and pompous basses join, for Beethoven invents for them a grotesque choreography, and they dance.

The transitional passage between the third and fourth movements is hypnotic in its savagely restrained quiet, and in its suggestions of portentous things. There are low thunders of pulsing drums; there are flickerings of tone from the strings, like summer lightning; and finally there is the outburst of the full orchestra, fortified by the trombones which Beethoven had reserved for this moment. Depth is added by the basses, brilliance by the piccolo. And the rhythm of Fate (but a happy and triumphant Fate) is injected into every bar of the music, and into every pulse of our hearts.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN F MAJOR, OP. 68 "PASTORAL"

NOTES BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI (1956)

In the heart of every music-lover there is a cherished place for the "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven. Should some malign occult power ever banish it from our midst, it would leave an aching void in the artistic consciousness of the world. Ever since its premiere in 1808, the "Pastoral" has been the great revelation of Nature in music. To it have come those seeking refreshment and strength and escape. Here, for some precious forty minutes, they have found a healing power for the torment of spirit and the stress of daily living. Those who have learned to love every measure of this monument to the outdoors have come to cherish still more the message of profound solace and beauty that Beethoven gleaned from the smiling face of Nature.

And this is as it should be—and as Beethoven willed it. For him Nature was more than a seasonal pageantry of marvels to hear and to see; in the gathering turmoil and turbulence of the years it had become the great healer, the center of repose, the confidante. Flowers, clouds, running brooks, forests of firs, rolling vistas of green spoke to this troubled pilgrim of the countryside. At times it was of man they spoke, of his immemorial dream of world brotherhood and love; at more sublime moments they were the very voice of God. "What sovereignty in a forest like this!" he exclaims. "On the heights there is rest—to serve Him."

It is scarcely surprising to find his English friend, Charles Neate, founder of the London Philharmonic Society, reporting that "Nature was almost meat and drink to Beethoven." Obviously it was that—and more—to a man who days on end, while visiting his brother in a suburb of Vienna, would leave the house at six in the morning, roam the nearby woods and meadows hatless and shouting and flinging his arms about in a frenzy of joy, and return late at night with a headful of musical ideas. And let us remember it was a deaf man who sallied forth on these blissful and fruitful pilgrimages.

When he at length confided his impressions to writing, it was an uncanny inner sense of poetic recall that restored the twofold power of the outer sound and the memory of what it gave rise to within him. There had evolved an inward landscape upon which the panorama of sight and sound had made an indelible imprint. Here were babbling brooks and murmurous thickets, the ominous roll of thunder, the ceaseless hum and buzz of tiny things—all recollected from an audible past and now transmuted by the miracle of art and creation into a new community of sound. It had taken complete deafness, perhaps, to bring Beethoven, the solitary seeker, to the very heart of Nature. If he could no longer "hear" the voice of this other "immortal beloved," he could at least "overhear" what was more important—the abiding marvel of her profound peace and spiritual strength. The sights and sounds, fascinating in their springtime

literalness, became in their new context another vast symbol of the affirmation of life.

Yet the sights and sounds are there, however we may choose to dismiss any attempt to read into the "Pastoral" Symphony a literal transcript of Nature. We have, of course, Beethoven's own word that the symphony is an expression of feeling rather than a painting. Again and again he cautions against the precise delineation in music of an object or an event. A note on one of his sketches reads: "The hearer is left to find out the situations for himself." On the other hand, he admitted always having a picture of some kind in mind when he composed—a picture, and almost certainly a sound of Nature or the lingering echo of a cry or gasp or sigh of human feeling. And there is the irrefutable testimony of the title "Pastoral" and the symphonic guideposts of the movement-by-movement subtitles—all Beethoven's own.

So, as the symphony opens we have every right to close our eyes and behold the spreading Maytime bloom of a noonday countryside; to hear, in the second movement, the purling of the water in the lower strings, the fret and tingle of a spring day in the gathering murmurs of the orchestra; the sounds of nightingale, cuckoo and quail. Can we disavow the picture of frolicking peasants in the third movement, the "glimpse" of a grotesque village bassoonist muttering his three notes each time the town band gives him a charitable opening? Certainly we may be pardoned if, mentally, we run for cover as the drums give us the first sinister rumblings of foul weather ahead. And the calm that follows the storm is the calm of the piping shepherd and the broadening benediction of the sun. It is a "Pastoral" symphony, after all. It is a picture...but a picture "seen" by the eyes of the mind and the soul and thus transformed into a revelation of man's wonder before the unfathomable mystery and miracle of Nature.

CD 28

BERLIOZ: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, OP. 14

▶▶▶ NOTES BY JACQUES BARZUN

Berlioz is reported to have said: "I took up music where Beethoven left it." The remark neither utters nor implies a boast: we know from too many other statements that Berlioz put Beethoven at the summit of his musical Olympus, and that he never thought of himself as equalling, superseding, or improving upon him. Berlioz simply meant what he said, and what we must interpret is not Berlioz's opinion of himself but his understanding of Beethoven. This in turn is made clear through the conscious discipleship which began with Berlioz's first great score, the Symphonie fantastique.

In ranging himself behind Beethoven's leadership, Berlioz aimed at three things: to produce a large-scale piece which should be une œuvre—One Work—not a suite or divertissement; to produce a work of dramatic and lyrical significance (we shall later see more precisely what this means); lastly to adapt musical forms to these requirements.

It is generally believed that in the program written by Berlioz for the first audition of the Symphonie fantastique he gave one kind of answer to the problem, namely that music conveys "literary" ideas. His writing a program ought to prove the very opposite, since here is literature added to music. His very first words, moreover, are enough to dispel any doubts: "The composer," he says, "has aimed at developing from certain scenes what they contain that is musical."

His chief purpose in writing the program, as he tells us in the document itself, was to "furnish an occasion for characteristic pieces of music." He therefore made up a text, suited to the contemporary taste, in which the attentive modern reader can easily separate the musical intent from the verbiage. Berlioz "supposes a young musician in love," who never thinks of the beloved except "as associated with a musical thought," the two forming "a double idée fixe." His anguish at one point leads him to take opium and dream dreams. The rest of the program takes the artist-hero to a ball, to country scenes, an execution, and to a posthumous revel of witches. In this scenario, action and musical ideas are interwoven quite carelessly, and we find, for example, under the heading "A Ball" a reference to Nature. Further on, a phrase about the shepherds making dialogue out of a ranz des vaches (a Swiss Alpine melody) makes clear the fact that no representation is intended. The music is the dialogue, just as for the last movement the text draws attention, with no hint of programmatic significance, to the superposition of the witches' dance and Dies Irae.

If Berlioz thus mixed two modes of expression that were always distinct in his mind, the public can be forgiven for not disentangling them—at least at first. Unfortunately, his "Episode in an Artist's Life" succeeded all too well as a piece of sensational literature and proved an encumbrance to his own freedom as a musician. People discussed what they read and not what they heard, and the ultimate effect on Berlioz's reputation was disastrous.

Though he did not give perfect theoretical expression to his view of music drama until 1847, when he published his Romeo and Juliet symphony, the form itself had been developing steadily since his cantata days: it was, in a word, the organization of musical moments around a single subject, at once musical and dramatic. The idea of a unifying device in the music itself was of that same early date. By 1830, in the Symphonie fantastique, he named this device idée fixe and made up a set of incidents to fit. The musico-dramatic fusion is automatic: just as the relation of subject and "answer" in a fugue suggests the "chase" which gives the form its name, so the recurrent leitmotif suggests an enduring being or thought, which may then be labeled at the whim of the composer or public, and pass "dramatically" through varied contexts. This is the germ of the symphonic poem.

It should now be clear how Berlioz, interpreting Beethoven, achieved "one work" and in accordance with Romanticist principles combined within it both lyrical and dramatic significance. This leaves the final question: is the drama of the Fantastique autobiographical? Now or never is the time to be literal in order to judge the commonplace that Berlioz wrote the symphony about himself and Harriet Smithson, the Irish actress who became his wife. The striking thing is the total lack of connection between Berlioz's relations with the actress and the scenes he chose for his story: he had never taken her to a ball, never been with her in the country—much less at a public execution: he hardly knew her except across the footlights.

Knowing Berlioz's mixture of shyness and audacity, one may readily understand how he associated his disappointed love with this ad hoc concoction in five parts; but one can say that the "Episode" came from his life only in the generalized sense that all works of the mind distill the experience of the creator. What the story corresponds to structurally is the symphonic plan: allegro, adagio, scherzo, and (here double) finale.

Finally, Berlioz left express instructions that when the Symphonie fantastique is to be played by itself (that is without its sequel for the stage, Lélio) the program must not be given out, but only the titles of the five movements. Hence the notes given out at nearly every concert that presents the symphony go against the composer's wishes. Nowadays these titles could easily be further shortened, reducing them to familiar musical categories as follows: 1. Appassionata / 2. Waltz / 3. Pastoral / 4. Death March / 5. Witches' Dance

Given these and a brief musical analysis, there is not an audience in the world that would fail to grasp whatever drama is implicit in the sounds; the idée fixe would obtrude itself without bearing that name—all the more without bearing Miss Smithson's.

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BERLIOZ: ROMÈO ET JULIETTE (DRAMATIC SYMPHONY), OP. 17

Although Berlioz knew Shake-speare's Romeo and Juliet only in a French translation, he attended a performance of it given by Charles Kemble's London company in Paris in 1827. He fell in love not only with the play but with its leading lady, the Irish actress Harriet Smithson, and emerged from the theater determined to write music for the play and marry the Juliet. He did both but in reverse order. He married the actress in 1833 after a turbulent romance, but the pressures of making a living kept him from composing the music, even though during his stay in Italy as winner of the Prix de Rome he had made sketches for such a work.

Then in December 1838 the violinist Niccolò Paganini, excited by a perform-ance of Berlioz's Harold in Italy, knelt down upon the stage in the presence of lingering members of the orchestra and kissed the composer's hand—this according to the memoirs of the composer, who also tells how he received from Paganini a note of appreciation enclosing a bank draft for 20,000 francs. Here was the liberation Berlioz needed to take a long breath and compose exactly what he pleased. His gratitude to Paganini was beyond words. When he asked the virtuoso what he should compose, his friend announced "I cannot advise you. You know what suits you best."

And indeed Berlioz knew. Roméo et Juliette was the result. He worked on it for seven months, beginning in the spring of 1839. Dedicated to Paganini, this dramatic symphony for mezzo-soprano, tenor, baritone, orchestra and chorus had its premiere at the Paris Conservatoire on November 24, 1839. Part II is largely symphonic and includes the Scène d'amour—the Love Scene—Berlioz's own favorite excerpt. This exquisite adagio is, in the words of C. J. Luten, "perhaps the most passionate description of the sublimity of love in all music conveyed in an instrumental language of matchless grace and force."

"Inspiration with elegance—that's Charles Munch," wrote Moss Hart of the man who was music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the fall of 1949 until he resigned in the spring of 1962 at the age of 70. Born in 1891 in Strasbourg, Munch was a violinist first, serving for several years as concertmaster of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra under Wilhelm Furtwängler and gaining his first conducting experience there. When he left Germany in 1932 due to the political situation, he was determined to become a conductor; hiring the Straram Orchestra he made his debut in Paris on November 1, 1932. His rise to fame was meteoric. Just six years later he was appointed to the most coveted conductorial post in France, the directorship of the orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. After World War II he appeared as guest conductor in Europe, the Near East, South America, and the United States, where he made his debut in 1946 with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Upon the retirement of Serge Koussevitzky, Munch became its music director. Following his own retirement from the Boston post, he appeared frequently as a guest conductor and in the fall of 1967 became music director of the Orchestre de Paris, created especially for him; he was touring the United States with that orchestra at the time of his death, November 6, 1968. Charles Munch was a conductor of the widest musical culture, noted particularly for his interpretations of the music of France and Germany, inspired by his Alsatian heritage.

CD 29

STRAUSS: ELEKTRA
STRAUSS: SALOME

▸▸▸ NOTES BY FRANCIS ROBINSON (1956)

The scholars tell us Salome and Elektra should not be compared musically. Two of the learned company of musicologists have likened the effects of the one to changeable silk—they borrowed this comparison from Strauss himself—while the other is bigger, darker and more terrible. Nevertheless, the works have certain other points of interest in common. Both adhere strictly to the classic dramatic unities of time, place and action, are in one act, taking about an hour and a half each to perform. Both are shockers, obsessed with what an early critic called blood-madness. In Salome Wilde conceived "a woman dancing with her bare feet in the blood of a man she has craved for and slain." Twice in his version of Elektra Hofmannsthal refers to steaming blood. The word blood occurs incessantly in the text; we are splotched with it, but steaming blood is something new and Strauss pictures it for us all too vividly.

Salome had troubles before Strauss set it to music. Wilde wrote his play in Paris and in French. He read it to Sarah Bernhardt who immediately saw herself in the leading part. The words, she said, must fall like pearls "on a disk of crystal"; there should be "no rapid movements, the gestures stylized." The author himself had some pretty fancy ideas. "I should like everyone on the stage to be in yellow," he said, the sky violet and "in place of an orchestra, braziers of perfume...the scented clouds

rising and partly veiling the stage from time to time..." Neither perfume nor curtain rose on that production.

Back in London, June 1892, the play had been in rehearsal three weeks when the Lord Chamberlain clamped down. Unearthing an ancient statute which forbade Biblical characters on the stage, he denied Salome a license. Sarah, frugal as the next Frenchwoman, was furious at the loss of time and money and Oscar for the first time in his life lost his sense of humor. The success of his first play (Lady Windermere's Fan) had gone to his head. He haughtily announced he was going to renounce his citizenship and live in France. The press had a high old time.

Three years later when Wilde desperately needed money for his defense he implored Bernhardt, who had promised to produce Salome at her own theater, to buy the play outright for three or four hundred pounds. The golden voice trembled and a few tears were shed. Thereafter she was unavailable. For once she was a bad businesswoman, as well as a poor friend. Her investment would have come back tenfold. Up to World War II Wilde was more widely read in Europe and Asia than any writer in English except Shakespeare.

He was still incarcerated when Salome had its first performance in 1896. Bernhardt never did come through and it was Lugné-Poë who brought it to the stage for the first time. The poet wrote from Reading Gaol, "It is something that at a time of disgrace and shame I should still be regarded as an artist. I wish I could feel more pleasure, but I seem dead to all emotions except those of anguish and despair."

Max Reinhardt presented Salome at the Kleines Theater in Berlin in 1901. It made him as a producer and was the beginning of Wilde's vogue in Europe. One night Strauss went to see the play. It was not the first time the composer had met his future heroine. A Viennese poet (not Hofmannsthal) had sent him the play and some verses for the opening scenes, but they had not roused Strauss' muse. After the performance a friend said, "This is a subject for you." Strauss replied he was already at work on it. With the purging of a few purple passages, Wilde's play made a magnificent libretto.

The stir caused by the play was nothing to the storm which crashed about the opera. It brought down the wrath of such divergent music patrons and protectors of the public morals as the Emperor William II and J. P. Morgan—"a certain Mr. Morgan," Strauss fixes the latter for all time in his Recollections and Reflections. He quotes the Kaiser, "I am sorry Strauss composed Salome. I really like the fellow, but this will do him a lot of damage." The damage, Strauss adds laconically, enabled him to build his villa at Garmisch.

"Monstrous," "pestilential," "mephitic," "abhorrent," "diseased," "polluted," "bestial," "loathsome"—these are but a few of what Lawrence Gilman termed the "malodorous vegetables of disesteem" flung at Strauss' indelicate heroine on her first revelation to America, January 22, 1907. The directors of the Metro-politan Opera and Real Estate Company went into action. Two days before the premiere they handed the unsuspecting general manager a resolution. Salome they considered "objectionable and detrimental to the best interests" of the house. There would, therefore, be no further performances of the work. After that single performance, which had been preceded by a public dress rehearsal, Salome was banished from the stage of the Metropolitan, not to return for twenty-seven years.

Sir Thomas Beecham had almost as rough a time with the censor when he disclosed Salome to London for the first time, in 1910. Because of the intervention of Archbishop Piffl, it was 1918 before the work reached the Vienna Opera. The exigent daughter of Herodias, however, found a friend in Oscar Hammerstein who presented Salome at his Manhattan Opera House in 1909 with Mary Garden. Matchless Mary (as Mr. Gilman referred to her in later years, and everybody knew whom he meant) introduced the wayward girl to Chicago when the Windy City took over the bulk of Hammerstein's roster and repertoire. There was some lively name-calling in the public prints between Miss Garden on the one hand and the Chief of Police and the President of Chicago's Law and Order League on the other. As in New York, there were only two performances, the scandalized directors ordering the third one withdrawn and Salome into silence. Miss Garden bided her time until she became general manager of the company ten years later; then she made up for it. Her catlike performance is still one of the wonders of twentieth-century theater.

Except for the brief lines of Herod and Herodias, we hear all of the finale of Salome in this recording. It begins with what Mr. Gilman described as "the most appalling moment in all opera." Madame Wittich, the creator of the title role at the Dresden premiere in 1905, went on strike not only because of some of the stage business she was given with the head of the Prophet ("I won't do it," Strauss quotes her, "I'm a decent woman") but also in protest against the difficulty of the music and the overpowering orchestration.

"We want wild beasts here," Strauss once admonished his orchestra at a Salome rehearsal. The pack he unleashed in Elektra is bigger—112—and even more savage. There is a story that at the general rehearsal of Elektra, he walked down the aisle shouting to the conductor, "Louder, louder! I can still hear Madame Schumann-Heink."

"I will never sing the role again," Schumann-Heink stoutly declared after creating the part of Klytämnestra at the premiere in 1909. "It was frightful. We were a set of mad women...There is nothing beyond Elektra. We have lived and reached the furthest boundary in dramatic writing for the voice with Wagner. But Richard Strauss goes beyond him. His singing voices are lost. We have come to a full stop. I believe Strauss himself sees it." Strauss, the great contralto's survivor by thirteen years, had the last word. He referred to her, rather ungallantly, as an "old star" and said she had been miscast as the guilt-ridden queen of Mycenae. In any event, he did show more consideration for the voice in his next work. It was Der Rosenkavalier.

It was Strauss' intention to follow Salome with a comedy. Instead he went to the opposite extreme. On the advice of a friend he went again to Reinhardt's theater and saw the same actress who had played Salome in Hugo von Hofmannsthal's one-act tragedy after Sophocles, Electra. Here began the historic collaboration with Hofmannsthal.

The first American production of the opera (on his title page Strauss calls it a "tragedy") was by Hammerstein in 1910 at the Manhattan Opera House, sung, as Salome had been, in French. The first production at the Metropolitan did not occur until 1932 and scored such a success it paved the

way for the return of Salome to those hallowed premises two years later.

The degraded, disheveled figure of Elektra, digging like a dog in the palace courtyard, confirmed the critics' worst fears. Strauss' "Din and Dirt" was the caption of the review in the Literary Digest which quoted liberally from a head-shaking Ernest Newman. "Salome had emitted a mingled odor of perfume and decay"; say Brockway and Weinstock, "Elektra omitted the perfume, and decay had become decomposition. Here was stench in the terms of music."

Elektra and Salome could not have been written in any other time—"that ornamental dying time," one commentator has defined it, "which ended the Hapsburgs and cradled Freud." The nameless loves, hatreds and fears which erupt in these scores, rightly or wrongly, have since come to light on many an analyst's couch. Strauss peered into areas no composer before or since has had the daring or the skill to probe—the inmost recesses of the psyche. With what Ernest Newman calls "the tremendous expressive apparatus of modern music," he shows us, and without reticence, "a beauty at the very heart of horror."

Fritz Reiner (1888-1963) was recognized as the world's foremost interpreter of the works of Richard Strauss, with whom he enjoyed both an artistic association and a personal friendship for nearly 35 years. In 1914, at 25 and fresh from his native Budapest, Reiner was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden, which vied with Berlin for top place among the theaters of Germany. Strauss' favor had much to do with the preeminence of Dresden, where nine of his 16 operas—Salome, Elektra and Der Rosenkavalier among them—received their premieres. During the seven years Reiner was in Dresden he worked with Strauss on productions of the early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. Salome was the vehicle of his Metropolitan Opera debut, on February 4, 1949, and during his decade as music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (1953-63) Reiner conducted many notable performances of Strauss scores.

Strauss performances have also been one of the chief glories of the Chicago Symphony. Theodore Thomas, its first conductor, gave the American premieres of Also sprach Zarathustra (1897), Don Quixote (1899) and Ein Heldenleben (1900). And during the 1903–04 season the composer himself conducted a program of his own music, with his wife as vocal soloist.

Devotion to the compositions of Strauss is reflected in Reiner's discography, which includes Ein Heldenleben, Don Quixote, Burleske, Symphonia domestica, scenes from Salome and Elektra, the suite from Le bourgeois gentilhomme, the Rosenkavalier waltzes and two versions each of Zarathustra, Don Juan, Till Eulenspiegel and Tod und Verklärung.

Inge Borkh first appeared as a stage actress, then turned to music, studying in Vienna and Milan. She made her debut with the Lucerne Opera in 1941, and her career was centered in Switzerland until the 1950s when it became an international one with appearances in Munich, Vienna, London, and the United States where she made her debut in 1953, with the San Francisco Opera as Elektra. In 1956 she sang Salome with the Chicago Lyric Opera, and that was the role of her Metropolitan Opera debut on January 24, 1958. "She was a charismatic performer," wrote Speight Jenkins in a liner note, "and her demonic intensity and powerful soprano made the opera's ninety minutes pass in a flash. Three years later the German-born artist undertook a role even better suited to her, the heroine of Elektra... This opera's excitement and drama only make a thrilling evening in the theater if a soprano can be found who really can sing the never-stop title role. Such an artist was Inge Borkh." The Swiss soprano made her farewell operatic appearance at the 1988 Munich Festival.

CD 30

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN G MAJOR

NOTES BY JAY S. HARRISON (1960)

Creating—like being born or dying—is a lonely affair. The experience cannot be shared.

A man, out of the depths of what he is, paints a picture, composes a symphony, chisels a sculpture, writes a poem: while the technical means employed may be amenable to analysis, the processes of heart and mind that go into the act of creating are rarely clear even to the artist himself. He simply does what he has to, is at the mercy of his own genius and its drive. The artist is the victim of his personal demon, which can be appeased solely by the release of creativity. And that release, as I say, can only be effected alone and in communion with one's self. Making art is lonely work. Trying to interpret it with precision is the occupation of fools.

This is doubly so if the artist is of a black-and-white disposition, alternately sensitive, calculating, melancholic, high-spirited, morose, ebullient, withdrawn and unashamedly sentimental. In the first place, he is generally—and with reason—misunderstood. In the second, such a man's awareness of the pangs of creation is intensified by his search for perfection and his inability to achieve it; by his desire to embrace humanity and his realization that he is different from all others; by his knowledge that his supreme gifts are so wildly dispersed through his personality that he cannot ever sift them, sort them, order them into a pattern over which he has total command. Such a figure is in constant battle with himself, as, indeed, was Gustav Mahler.

About Mahler, Ernest Newman, the late critic and the fraternity's acknowledged dean, once wrote that his music is "a personal matter; it is himself...into each successive work he poured virtually his self...and this being of his happened to be of a diversity without parallel in music." This said, it is no use to go further without pointing to some of these "diversities," if for no other cause than that they may shape in our mind the knot of complexities that was Mahler in the flesh. I make no attempt to arrange them, only to state them.

Consider: Mahler was born a Jew but became a Catholic. A good part of his life was taken up with his conducting and managerial duties in the opera house—at thirty-eight he was dictator of opera production in Central Europe—yet he did not compose a single lyric-drama that had the least significance to commend it. About his directorial capacities he was finicky and stern to

the point of obsession, yet in his own music he was often loose-jointed and cavalier. The love of mother for child, brother for brother, ran as a leitmotif through his work, though in his own family there was hatred and jealousy, with some of his closest kin doomed to suicide or madness. The basic stuff of his music derives from short, simple folk song, yet his symphonies are gargantuan networks of an organizational intricacy unequaled before him in the art of tone. Nature—a single leaf, a swath of meadow—was the toy that brought wonder to his imagination, yet the supernatural was the subject of some of his profoundest orchestral creations.

Frequently convivial, often sarcastic; sanguine on Sunday, bitter on Monday; full of fear in June, full of cheer in July—that was Gustav Mahler as his portrait has been painted in words since his death in Vienna on May 18, 1911.

At the time of his passing—he had burned himself out at fifty-one—Mahler left behind nine completed symphonies, sketches for a tenth, and a library of song cycles among which Das Lied von der Erde stands as one of the greatest of all time. And each of these works was wrung out of the man, chipped away pieces of his vitality, as though he were pouring into his scores all that there was of him. Not that his music, for lack of health, grew lame as he grew old; the opposite, in fact, is true. His last numbers, far from revealing any disintegration of power, are generally acknowledged his finest contributions to the symphonic literature. It is only that Mahler lived so intensely in every new piece which he wrote that no one of them bears less than the unmistakable imprint of his being.

And that, for me at any rate, is the key to Mahler's greatness and the clue to understanding his music. Everything that Mahler touched became vividly personal. Historians are fond of pointing out that the typical Mahlerian urge was a product of later-Romanticism, that his roots feed into the soil of Bruckner, Schubert, Wagner, Berlioz, Beethoven and so on, that he was pathologically disturbed to the fringe of madness, that he was music's symbol of the wandering Jew. Myself, I am concerned with no such speculations nor convinced by them. I report only one basic fact—on hearing five measures of any Mahler work I know who the composer is and give myself up entirely to what I am hearing. His influences?—what are they alongside of his originality? The era in which he wrote?—what has it to do with what he wrote? Was he mercurial of disposition? Yes, and why not; his music is also.

Mahler is one of the few composers whose music erases preconceptions. It is, of course, for the individual to decide whether he likes what he hears: tastes are not predictable and rarely correctable. But Mahler is one man who makes you take him on his own terms. For his music is a self-portrait. As in all good portraits the eyes follow you about the room.

It is the common habit to divide Mahler's compositions into three phases or stages. The first four symphonies are described as tracing Mahler from his youth to his maturity, with specific emphasis on nature and the clean air that surrounds it. Thereafter, in the symphonies Five through Eight, according to Grove's dictionary, "vaster problems attracted him: the soul of man, its relation to the world of nature which had held him in earlier years, its battle with circumstances." And, assuredly, in his last symphony* and in Das Lied von der Erde, Mahler fell heir to the ache of resignation, to that vast feeling of loneliness that comes upon an artist when he perceives almost by intuition that the end is near and he must make peace with himself.

About all of these works, however, there linger two cardinal misconceptions—that they marshal huge instrumental forces merely as a means to making a big noise, and that they are long only because Mahler lacked the discipline to keep them short. Regarding the former there is this to be said: Mahler required out-size orchestras not for the obvious reason that they were able to build a rousing climax, though he was a master at that, too. He needed instruments by the regiment because in solo (or in combination) he wished as many as possible to reflect their true and individual sonority, a condition feasible only if they were playing alone or with groups acting as a pedestal on which the solo might be set as a gem. To Mahler, each instrument had a personality, and personalities are hard to distinguish in a mob. Thus his scoring, apart from being excessively thick, is a model of balance, as any orchestral player will be pleased to tell you.

The claim that Mahler is overinflated in length is not so easy to counter—though doing so is far from impractical. The longest of Mahler's movements is simply an outgrowth of its thematic content. Mahler was never satisfied to develop one melodic idea or two and let it go at that. Each movement, in addition to containing full-fledged thematic inspiration, is also crammed with snatches or fragments of tune or color which the composer undertook to elaborate until his ingenuity was exhausted. And that, you may be sure, took a bit of time, though who are we to begrudge it?

And now a final matter which it seems to me has been overemphasized in treatises on the subject: Mahler's recourse to poetic texts in his Second, Third, Fourth and Eighth Symphonies. It is one thing to believe that, like Beethoven in his Ninth, the composer had gone about as far with instrumental music as was possible without reliance on the printed word; it is another thing to prove it. For the truth is that Mahler never used a text in his life without first turning it into music. Words in Mahler are not independent jingling things at odds with the surrounding instrumental fabric. They are made snugly part of the symphonic texture, as, for example, in the last movement of the Fourth Symphony. Frankly, it would be unfortunate if this particular excerpt were not, for the verse—sung by a soprano and based on a folk song from the collection entitled Des Knaben Wunderhorn (The Youth's Magic Horn)—is a childlike view of the goods of Paradise. But what is said is not important: it is the way Mahler says it.

All in all, it is certain that the world has no use for dreamers who cannot recall their dreams. Mahler could. Working alone as all artists must, out of some inner resource as restless as the sea, he gave to posterity a universe of tone to remember him by. While, as I remarked earlier, we cannot re-create his act of creating—the jumble of his personality in itself precludes that—we can at least revel in the finished product. It is written in a language that is the common property of us all.

Mr. Harrison was Music Editor of the New York Herald Tribune at the time he wrote this piece.

**[Since these notes were written, performing versions of Mahler's Tenth Symphony have been completed by Deryck Cooke and Remo Mazzetti, Jr.]*

▶▶▶ NOTES BY FRITZ REINER

I never had any personal contact with Mahler, nor did I ever hear him conduct—therefore what I know of his character, of his emotional life, of his philosophy is purely second-hand knowledge, acquired by studying his scores, reading his letters and numerous biographies.

By coincidence he too started his conducting career in Ljubljana (Laibach in those days) where some thirty years later, in 1910, I made my first attempts at operatic conducting—and my opening opera there was the same Dalibor by Smetana with which Mahler inaugurated his directorship of the Vienna Opera in October 1897.

In my Dresden days I had the good fortune of becoming a friend of Richard Strauss who commented frequently during our interminable skat-marathons upon his relationship to Mahler. In the early years of his career Strauss was a protégé of Mahler. It was Mahler who first produced Feuersnot in 1902 in the Vienna Opera House and later recognized the immortal genius of the composer of Salome. There was, however, a huge abyss between the two in their approach to music making. The Strauss bon mot of being able to set a glass of beer to music is well known, while Mahler contended that his whole life could be translated in terms of the music that he wrote. Strauss was the realist, Mahler the eternal mystic; Strauss was the extrovert master of concentration, Mahler the introvert, pregnant with premonitions and misgivings. They respected each other's gigantic achievements, but this respect never created a deep-rooted friendship.

The fact that forty-eight years after Mahler's death many people are still alive who knew him—even if not intimately—plus the pro and con arguments about his position in contemporary music, makes an attempted appraisal of his life's work difficult and almost impossible. Another generation will have a chance at a better and a clearer perspective.

In my long conducting career I have gone through various reactions to his enormous creative output, beginning with outright rejection (largely due to my youthful ignorance), then growing by degrees to respect and puzzled admiration, and ending with conversion to the group of "True Believers." This recorded interpretation of the Fourth Symphony should represent a proof of my conversion. The Fourth is an uneven work—"folksy" tunes are mixed with olympic grandiloquence and noble pathos; moods of heavenly peace are juxtaposed with diabolic sarcasm, the dissonant sounds of Death's fiddle—but there is no denying the fascination of this work's searching power, its naive religious feeling and subconscious revelation of many traits of the composer's enigmatic personality. "My time will come," he said. I am convinced that his prophecy was right.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his basic music education there, graduating from the Academy of Music. In 1909 he became a vocal coach at Budapest's Opéra-Comique, but was soon called upon to take over a performance of Carmen without rehearsal, when the scheduled conductor fell ill. His career had started. After a year in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper, where, in 1914, he led the first Hungarian performance of Parsifal. That same year he was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then in 1953 he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign that post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic; he was equally the master of reproducing the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

Wir geniessen die himmlischen Freuden,
D'rum tun wir das Irdische meiden.
Kein weltlich Getümmel
Hört man nicht im Himmel!
Lebt alles in sanftester Ruh'.
Wir führen ein englisches Leben,
Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben,
Wir tanzen und springen,
Wir hüpfen und singen,
Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu!

Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset,
Der Metzger Herodes drauf passet!
Wir führen ein geduldig's, unschuldig's,
Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!
Sankt Lukas den Ochsen tät schlachten
Ohn' einig's Bedenken und Achten,
Der Wein kost kein Heller
Im himmlischen Keller,
Die Englein, die backen das Brot.

Gut' Kräuter von allerhand Arten,
die wachsen im himmlischen Garten!
Gut' Spargel, Fisolen
Und was wir nur wollen!
Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit!
Gut' Apfel, gut' Birn' und gut' Trauben,
Die Gärtner die alles erlauben!
Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen
Auf offener Strassen
Sie laufen herbei!

Sollt ein Festtag etwa kommen
Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden
angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter
Mit Netz und mit Köder
Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein.
Sankt Martha die Köchin muss sein!

Kein Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden,
Die unsrer verglichen kann werden.
Elftausend Jungfrauen
Zu tanzen sich trauen!
Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht!
Cäcilia mit ihren Verwandten
Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten!
Die englischen Stimmen
Ermuntern die Sinnen,
Dass alles für Freuden erwacht.

So delightful are the joys of heaven
that we avoid the earthly ones.

No worldly turmoil
is heard in heaven!
There all live in gentlest peace.
We lead the life of an angel,
but we're quite merry nonetheless,
dancing and leaping,
skipping and singing,
Saint Peter in heaven looks on!

John gives up his little lamb,
the butcher Herod waylays it!
We lead a patient, innocent,
dear little lamb to its death!
Saint Luke slaughters the oxen
without a moment's thought or care.
The wine in heaven's cellar
costs not a penny,
the angels, they bake the bread.

Good herbs of every description
grow in heaven's garden—
asparagus, peas
and whatever we want!
Heaping platters are set for us!
Good apples, good pears and good grapes—
the gardeners offer them all!
If you want roebuck or rabbit
they are running about
in the streets!

Should a fast day come along,
all the fish come swimming
gaily by!
There goes Saint Peter
with his net and bait,
running to the heavenly pond.
Saint Martha shall be the cook!

There's no music on earth
that can compare with ours.
Eleven thousand young maidens
devote themselves to dancing—
even Saint Ursula smiles!
Cecilia and her relations
are excellent court musicians!
The angelic voices
refresh our spirits,
and joy wakens in all.

CD 31

CHOPIN: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1 IN E MINOR, OP. 11
CHOPIN: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 2 IN F MINOR, OP. 21

▸▸▸ NOTES BY S. HUROK (1961)

This recording was released to coincide with the series of ten Carnegie Hall concerts given by Artur Rubinstein, between October 30th and December 10th, 1961, to mark the 25th anniversary celebration of his return to the United States and his collaboration with impresario S. Hurok. In connection with this event, Mr. Hurok has written the following essay:

It has been my privilege and my pleasure to have known Artur Rubinstein for forty years, to have been his manager for twenty-five.

The custom, now, is to speak of him as a legend, but to me he was always legendary. I first heard him in New York's old Aeolian Hall during the season 1921–22. The power of his personality and the sense of grandeur and poetry that enveloped his playing filled me with almost unbearable excitement. I knew that I was in the presence of the unique, the fabulous.

I wooed Rubinstein that season and borrowed him from his manager for concerts in the New York Hippodrome and in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, but he was not happy in America. Already the toast of Paris, London, Rio de Janeiro and Madrid, he felt, and I believe rightly so, that this country had not really accepted him, not really appreciated him for what he was. Of course, we were a different people then. At any rate Rubinstein didn't return to the United States until 1927, and after that tour left these shores, he said, forever.

From 1928 until 1937 I pursued the pianist across Europe and South America using my not inconsiderable powers of persuasion, but to no avail. Finally in 1937 I convinced him that America was ready for him at last. Artur and his lovely wife, Nela, arrived on the Queen Mary in November of that year. By the end of the season and the beginning of the next it was clear that America had taken him to its heart, and he had accepted America. He became a citizen of this country in 1946.

So vivid, so vital, so charming is Artur Rubinstein that it is impossible to describe him. His vast audiences around the world need no description of his personality; it comes overwhelmingly across the footlights to them, in sound, in sight, in aura.

There is something lordly about him on the concert stage. There he is a great gentleman receiving his friends and sharing with them the things closest to his heart. There is something lordly, too, in his bearing everywhere. One instinctively rises when he enters the room. He knows who he is and what he can do, but he also has a marvelous capacity for laughing at himself as well as at the foibles of the world around him. Wherever he is, he is the center of a group listening with rapt attention to his wonderful stories.

Rubinstein is one artist in music who, despite the strict demands of his art and the deep passion he accords to it, is never limited to it. His world stretches out in all directions and his art feeds on that rich world. He is interested in life, in people, in food, cigars, painting, politics, literature, philosophy and conversation. He has deep affections for the many persons to whom he is specially attached. He always has the time to speak at length to his thousands of acquaintances in the seven languages he calls his own. He always takes the time to listen with rapt attention to the young.

Sometimes I think that Artur Rubinstein is the last civilized man.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI (1958)

The history of Chopin's two piano concertos is a series of paradoxes and inconsistencies. To begin with, the numbering is wrong. The F Minor, in point of composition, came first, but was published second. Then, though the concertos constitute, in scope and structure, Chopin's two largest concert works, they date from his nineteenth and twentieth year, long before he became the composer of those priceless miniatures that made him to succeeding generations "Mr. Piano" himself. Moreover, it has been a recurring fashion, among critics and composers over the last century and a quarter, to treat the concertos either with contempt or a benign indulgence. Despite this, they have remained stalwarts of the working repertory, never long from public view, and again and again the

medium of supreme pianism, as demonstrated repeatedly by the Artur Rubinstein who has poured such vitality and warmth into this recording of the F Minor.

There is still another paradox. The orchestration of these concertos has found few if any champions. Everybody agrees that Chopin, however masterly his grasp of the piano, was relatively a child in the way he handled the orchestra. Those better equipped, or deeming themselves better equipped, have "improved" the scoring time and again. In bolder editorial times, even the piano portions of the concertos have been spruced up. Yet the two concertos survive, substantially as Chopin wrote them, and perhaps they need no fancier orchestral garments to make them presentable for the concert hall. The genius of Chopin suffices, and few would now deny its compelling role in the two concertos that he wrote as a teenager.

Generally regarded as the superior of the two, the F Minor Concerto bears the stamp of that genius from the first page to the last. Chopin may have felt uncomfortable in the wide open sea of the concerto form. That he did so is supposed to be proved by the fact that he never returned to this type of composition, even after his craftsmanship had crystallized and strengthened. Uncomfortable or not, Chopin is always the cherished poet of the twilight mood in this music. Whatever his faltering when the orchestra assumes sway, there is none the moment the piano speaks. It is there that the soul of Chopin lies, and it is there that he unbosoms himself. The piano was Chopin's language of communication. Through it he plumbed depths and scaled heights beyond his reach, or desire, in any other medium. It was the confession in which he confided his innermost thoughts and secret longings. And it was, inevitably, there that he told of his love for Constantia.

For it is impossible to write of the F Minor Concerto without introducing this young Polish charmer, who, if only from a distance, conquered the young heart of Chopin. We have Chopin's own word for it that his thoughts were with Constantia when he composed the Larghetto. One has only to hear Mr. Rubinstein unfold the intimacies of this movement to know that it is the music of a young man in love. A breathless enchantment lies upon this Larghetto as it flowers into being. If anything in music deserves the name of "love letter," it is this moonlit reverie unwinding with quiet rapture and tenderness from the keys. With what delicacy Chopin embroiders the haunting theme! And how well he makes the orchestra a part of this intimate soliloquy! The orchestra never intrudes on the inner sanctum. It is there as an interested bystander, observant and responsive, yet never trespassing. If it does not rise to the exalted speech of the piano, it at least stands by in awe. In a tremolo passage against which the piano weaves a tense web of mystery Chopin achieves one of his most arresting flashes of inspiration. One can understand Schumann's ecstatic outcry, on hearing this Larghetto for the first time: "What are ten editorial crowns compared with one such slow movement!"

If the Larghetto of the F Minor Concerto could evoke such an encomium from a composer who had not yet lost his reason, let no one reprimand Chopin for using extravagant language about the Constantia whose memory is enshrined in this sublime movement. Constantia was a voice pupil at the Warsaw Conservatory when Chopin, from afar, fell hopelessly in love with her in 1829. "Tell her," he wrote to a mutual friend, "that even after my death my ashes shall be strewn under her feet." He dreamed of her every night. He tingled with pleasure whenever a pocket handkerchief or napkin marked "Constantia" fell into his hands.

Nor is it astonishing to learn that Chopin was no less in love with Constantia's voice than he was with the enchantress herself. Zielinski, another friend, hearing Constantia sing an operatic aria at a concert, told Chopin: "Her low B alone is worth a thousand ducats." It was only fitting that the love letter of Chopin's Larghetto should be a love song too. For however gifted a singer the Polish girl was, she was nothing beside the singer that Chopin could be in his own realm of inspired lyricism. The romance, such as it was, remained largely an epistolary affair—between Chopin and his friends. The ardent young composer soon left Warsaw, and Constantia became the wife of a Polish tradesman. A few years later we find the susceptible youth once more playing the role of rejected suitor, the girl this time being Maria Wodzinska. In the end he had to be satisfied with a lady known as George Sand, who was not famous for her beautiful voice.

Still another lady belongs in this gallery of charmers—the Countess Delphine Potocka, a rich and cultivated singer who maintained a lavish salon in Paris. It is to her, rather than to the Constantia whose image haunts the dreamlike Larghetto, that the F Minor Concerto is dedicated. A loyal friend through the troubled years that lay ahead for Chopin, she proved herself more than worthy of the dedication. When she heard of Chopin's fatal illness early in October, 1849, the Countess rushed back to Paris from Nice to be at his bedside. Gallant to the end, Chopin exclaimed, as she entered the room: "Now I know why God has delayed so long in calling me to Him. He wanted me to have the pleasure of seeing you once more." Urged by the dying man, the Countess sang—perhaps an aria by Bellini, perhaps a psalm, perhaps a song by Pergolesi. No one knows for sure. The point is she sang—and Chopin listened gratefully—a touching last link in a chain that led back to the entrancing young singer who inspired the most beautiful movement of the two piano concertos.

CD 32

LISZT: HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 2 IN C-SHARP MINOR
ENESCO: ROUMANIAN RHAPSODY NO. 1 IN A MAJOR, OP. 11
SMETANA: MÁ VLAST - THE MOLDAU (VLTAVA)
SMETANA: THE BARTERED BRIDE - OVERTURE
WAGNER: TRISTAN UND ISOLDE - PRELUDE TO ACT III
WAGNER: TANNHÄUSER - OVERTURE AND VENUSBERG MUSIC

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI (1961)**

Smetana was truly the Poet Laureate of his country,

expressing the joys and sorrows of his people, but instead of writing in a language familiar only to his countrymen, he wrote in the international language of Music. The same is true of Liszt for Hungary, and Enesco for Roumania.

Smetana was a fiery Bohemian patriot, and in the atmosphere of suspicion and danger after the attempt of freedom in the revolution of 1848, he accepted the position of conductor of the orchestra at Gothenburg in Sweden. After five years he returned to Bohemia, and his opera The Bartered Bride brought him instant fame. In this period of his stormy life he enjoyed the friendship of Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt. Smetana knew well, and loved intensely, the landscape and villages of Bohemia, and in the Bartered Bride overture he has pictured the robust rustic dances and the romantic beauty of the life of the simple people of his country. This music is neither folk nor classical music. It is completely original and unique in its gaiety and spontaneity—sparkling, witty, spontaneous, vital.

In addition to his operas, Smetana composed a string quartet called Aus meinem Leben and a cycle of symphonic poems called Má Vlast (My Country). One of the most delightful is Vltava or The Moldau. Smetana wrote a program to Vltava, describing how the river began from two springs, one warm, the other cold, that flowed together into a brook which later became the Moldau. He paints with tones, rhythms, melodic lines and orchestral textures the birth of the river, beginning as a narrow stream in the mountains, flowing through the forests of S˘umava where we hear the horns of huntsmen, flowing past the colorful scene of a peasant wedding, followed by a mysterious moonlight scene of water-nymphs dancing. The river dashes violently over the rapids of St. John and arrives at the place of its greatest breadth, passing the great city of Praha with its ancient monuments. We hear the noble, chivalric Vys˘ehrad motive, evoking memories of Bohemia's past glories, and then the river fades into the distance.

Smetana's friend Liszt had similar deep feeling for Hungary, the country of his birth. Although Liszt traveled constantly, he loved the typical music of Hungary, with its savage impetuousness and constant change of feeling and tempo and rhythm. He admired the subtle, flexible rhythm of the Hungarian gypsies, and in his Hungarian rhapsodies fused all these tonal elements into a lasting form. His Second Hungarian Rhapsody begins in slow broad rhythm, followed by quick impulsive tempi. This follows the eighteenth-century tradition of the Verbunkoche, danced by soldiers in uniforms with swords and spears—beginning slow and ending fast with a Friska. Another characteristic is the virtuoso treatment of the cadenzas for clarinet and flute, with the rubato improvisation beloved by the gypsies of Hungary. The general form is similar to the Czardas (Tschardache), including the allazoppa or syncopated rhythm.

Enesco is another artist who traveled constantly and yet always was dreaming of his native Roumania. In all music he is unique in that he excelled in four musical media—as violinist, pianist, conductor and composer. His Rapsodie is original music in which the themes have the picturesque quality of the folk music of his country, yet have the authentic direct character of inspired creation. Like Liszt he enjoyed the freedom and improvisational talents of the gypsies, and has introduced the long glissando downwards from the traditional Doyna of the Roumanian shepherd's song. He also gives the impression of the primitive instruments of Roumania in one passage.

Smetana was a lover of nature and the folklore of Bohemia. Liszt was an aristocrat, cultured, a citizen of the world. Enesco was a versatile artist, shy, retiring, with a noble character. But these three personalities, so different, had one thing in common: love of country and the gift of expressing the passions, nostalgia and capricious impulses of their compatriots through the international language of Music.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL (1961)

Stokowski's approach to Wagner's rich, dynamic scores makes possible the full realization of the dramatic qualities inherent in the music. Robert Schumann remarked that "the best discourse upon music is silence." And it does seem an act of supererogation to attempt expository comment upon the music presented here, for Wagner's music, especially—and uniquely—in the hands of Stokowski, speaks for itself.

The lovely song of the English horn constitutes the prelude to the third act of Tristan and Isolde. The shepherd sings of longing, of remembrance, of loneliness—and here, under Stokowski's subtle hand, the intent to convey at once intensity and intimacy and distance and loneliness is fully, and with strange and exquisite beauty, realized.

The solemn strains of the pilgrims' chorus that open and close the Tannhäuser overture are familiar in outline to everyone, though not, perhaps, familiar in the rich tonal substance with which they are invested here. The Venusberg music, perhaps the wildest, most abandoned music ever projected by an orchestra, is in exciting contrast—tonally, dynamically and spiritually.

Leopold Stokowski (1882–1977) was one of the great conductors of the 20th Century. Born in London, he received his musical education at the Royal College of Music and later at Oxford, the Paris Conservatoire and in Munich and Berlin. His conducting debut took place in Paris in 1908, and the following year he became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. From 1912 to 1938 he was music director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which he made into one of the world's great ensembles. In the years that followed Stokowski guest conducted extensively both here and abroad; he created the All-American Youth Orchestra, the New York City Symphony and the American Symphony Orchestra; he revitalized the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra; he was music director of the Houston Symphony Orchestra (1955–61), and he conducted a notable production of Turandot at the Metropolitan Opera in 1960. Among the motion pictures in which he appeared was Walt Disney's Fantasia, for which he received in 1942 a special award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

An avid enthusiast for new music, Stokowski conducted the American premiere of a number of works, including Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini (with the composer as soloist), Mahler's Eighth Symphony, Stravinsky's Le sacre du printemps and Les noces, Schoenberg's Verklärte Nacht, Pierre Lunaire and Gurrelieder, Prokofiev's Alexander Nevsky, Shostakovich's First and Sixth Symphonies and many American scores. He made numerous symphonic transcriptions, most notably of the music of Bach and Wagner, and he was the author of many articles and the book Music for All of Us.

CD 33

COPLAND
BILLY THE KID: SUITE
BILLY THE KID: WALTZ
RODEO SUITE

▶▶▶ NOTES BY ROSALYN KROKOVER (1958)

The cowboy has become part of the American myth. He is celebrated in song and legend. Magazines are dedicated to him; books have been written about him; even the films have expressed more than a minimum interest. It was inevitable that all of the American arts should adopt the cowboy. Billy the Kid is a cowboy ballet and a landmark in American ballet. It is the progenitor from which most subsequent "Western" ballets have sprung.

Billy the Kid as a ballet is considerably more than conventional gunplay and heroics. Eugene Loring, the choreogra-pher, Lincoln Kirstein, the librettist, and Aaron Copland, the composer, were determined to avoid the obvious in their work about William Bonney, the Brooklyn-born desperado who terrorized the West until Sheriff Pat Garrett caught up with him in 1880. They built the ballet around Billy, but in a way he is only incidental to the theme of the work. Paramount in Billy the Kid is the American movement to the West; the feeling of the pioneer spirit and of a restless people pushing on and on. The very opening of the ballet shows grim settlers on the move: Westward. And after Billy is shot, an epilogue brings back the opening scene: more pioneers, moving West.

The plot is basically simple, though it does contain a good deal of symbolism. As the curtain goes up, Pat Garrett is seen. He symbolizes the pioneer spirit of the frontier. As he breaks the path to the West, others follow. The stage fills with people—townspeople, a Mexican, dance-hall girls, cowboys. Billy, as a boy, and his mother appear. They witness an argument between two cowboys. A stray bullet hits Billy's mother. In a frenzy, Billy pulls out a knife and stabs the killer. The next scene shows a grown-up Billy—suave, dangerous, bloodthirsty. He is hunted; is captured; escapes. He hides in the desert and dreams of his girl. Pat Garrett stalks him, and when Billy lights a cigarette in the dark, Garrett gets him with one shot.

Copland used Western and cowboy melodies for his score. This was one of his early attempts at a popular style of composition. American musical nation-alism received a tremendous boost with this jaunty, tuneful, atmospheric composition. Copland, of course, is too much of a composer to quote his material literally. The tunes themselves are of a folk nature, but the treatment, the harmonies and rhythms, even the subtle melodic alterations—all these are the product of an immensely skilled composer who is able to make his own creative personality shine through whatever material he uses.

Much of the same techniques were used by Copland in Rodeo. It is, however, a somewhat more genial score than Billy the Kid, just as Rodeo is a more genial ballet. Agnes de Mille, who was responsible for both the libretto and the choreography, avoided the symbolism of Billy the Kid. This is a love story: cowgirl wants cowboy, cowgirl gets cowboy.

The opening scene shows cowboys meeting at Burnt Ranch for the weekly rodeo. The Cowgirl is trying to show the men she is as good as they are. They tolerate her, but little more. She has a bad crush on the Head Wrangler. In an attempt to show off before him, she gets thrown from a bucking bronco. Every-body laughs at her, including a group of city girls who have come to the ranch for a dance. The Head Wrangler goes off with the Rancher's Daughter, and the Cowgirl's heart is broken.

Before the beginning of the second and final scene there is a square dance, complete with caller and complicated patterns. Then the curtain lifts to show the Saturday night dance in progress. The Cowgirl, neglected and lonesome, still dressed in pants and shirt, wistfully watches the couples. Her friend, the Champion Roper, takes pity on her and shows her a few dance steps. Finally, when she sees the Head Wrangler dancing cheek to cheek with the Rancher's Daughter, she runs away in misery. Everybody continues to dance. When the Cowgirl returns, however, the dancers all stop to look at her with astonishment. For the first time she has put on a dress, and she has a pretty bow in her hair; and suddenly everybody realizes that this Western Cinderella is a very beautiful girl indeed. Now the Head Wrangler is interested, but so is the Champion Roper. They compete for her attentions, and she settles on the Roper, the only man who has ever shown her any attention.

Rodeo is one of the liveliest things Copland has ever written, and it is no cause for surprise that it should have developed into one of his most popular scores. And, as in Billy the Kid, this is no mere orchestration of Western tunes. It is a species of creation wherein nationalistic elements are alchemized into a universal musical truth.

The choice of Morton Gould to conduct the ballet music of Aaron Copland is a particularly felicitous one. A distinguished composer in his own right, Morton Gould's creative output for the ballet includes such successes as his Interplay, Fall River Legend and Rib of Eve.

In this recording Mr. Gould has drawn on the Billy the Kid Suite as arranged by Copland himself. It is taken from the following sections of the ballet: the open-ing; street scene and rodeo; card game by the campfire; Billy's capture and general dance; lament on the death of Billy, and finale. Mr. Gould has also included the Waltz, which accompanies the dream sequence in the ballet but which is not part of the concert suite. It is, however, one of the most melodious sections of the complete score.

In Rodeo Mr. Gould has also included the Honky Tonk Interlude, which he feels is an integral part of the ballet. In this section Mr. Gould has enhanced the recording through the use of a genuine honky-tonk piano.

GROFÈ:
GRAND CANYON SUITE

▶▶▶ NOTES BY JOSEPH HABIG (1960)

The intention of this recording is to re-create the Grand Canyon through the wonders of sound. This score is a "natural" for stereo treatment and Morton Gould is a "natural" as the recording artist. Long associated with advanced concepts in sound, Gould is an enthusiastic advocate of the stereo technique of recording. Such modern equipment as the triple-track tape machine permits more flexibility and control over the final product, whether

stereo or monaural.

In his Grand Canyon Suite Ferde Grofé has given five musical impressions of one of the most majestic and colorful phenomenons of nature, and has cap-tured in his score the color, vastness and awesomeness of this spectacle. He has utilized to the fullest the tone-color quality of the instruments and instrumental choirs of the mod-ern orchestra.

Prior to the actual recording, a thor-ough examination of the music was made to see how the present undertaking could best realize the implied dictates of the score. The recording session took place on February 19, 1960, in RCA Victor's ball-room studio in New York's Manhattan Center. From time to time sections of the orchestra were repositioned to achieve desired effects. For instance, the horn players were separated and relocated throughout the large ballroom for the suc-cession of horn calls which open the Sunset move-ment. Our corps of horn players, in fact, became our most mobile unit, being placed according to the musical demands of the score.

By feeding sections of the triple-track tape into an echo chamber during re-recording, some effects were enhanced. The trombone duet in On the Trail was so treated. At the recording session the trombonists played through megaphones; echo was added to intensify the sugges-tion of the vast-ness of the canyon. The result contrasts beautifully with the pre-vious French horn statement of this melody. A similar treatment was given to its restatement by the strings in the opening of the Cloudburst section, accentuating the contrast of calm before the storm.

In all aspects this recording is designed as a sound spectacular. To experience the vastness of this wonder of nature, to sense the pulsating life all around, to feel the awesome terror of a cloudburst, to bathe in the sea of color which the sun splashes on the walls of the canyon from dawn to dusk—all of this, through the music of Ferde Grofé, has been the prime motivation of Morton Gould in his re-cre-ation of the score.

Morton Gould, composer, cond-uctor, pianist and arranger, was born December 10, 1913, in Richmond Hill, New York. At the age of 4 he was playing the piano and composing; at 6 his first published composition appeared—a waltz called Just Six—and by the time he was 8 he was playing for radio broadcasts. At the same time he quali-fied for a scholarship to the Institute of Musical Art, and by 13 he had completed a two-year course in theory and composition.

In 1932 he became staff pianist at Radio City Music Hall; he moved to the staff of the National Broadcasting Company and then, at 21, was engaged by radio station WOR and the Mutual Network as conductor-arranger of a weekly series of orchestral programs. He subsequently conducted the very popular Cresta Blanca programs on CBS. While his lighter compositions and orchestral settings were becoming well known via radio, his major works were being performed and recorded by such conductors as Stokowski, Reiner, Rodzinski, Mitropoulos and Toscanini.

Morton Gould was both prolific and diversified in his creative career, his works ranging from sym-phonies and concertos through ballet scores and works for concert band to stage, screen and televi-sion scores and popular songs and instrumentals.

Guest conducting took him to the major orchestras of this country and on tours of Australia, Japan, Mexico and Israel; he also appeared frequently as a guest piano soloist, and recorded extensively.

Morton Gould died in Orlando, Florida, on February 21, 1996.

CD 34

GOUNOD: FAUST - AIR DES BIJOUX
PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME - MI CHIAMANO MIMI
MEYERBEER: DINORAH - OMBRE LÉGÈRE:
BIZET: CARMEN - JE DIS QUE RIEN NE M'ÉPOUVANTE (MICAELA'S AIR)
ROSSINI: SEMIRAMIDE - BEL RAGGIO LUSINGHIER
PUCCINI: TURANDOT - SIGNORE, ASCOLTA
PUCCINI: TURANDOT - TU CHE DI GEL SEI CINTA
DELIBES: LAKMÉ - AIR DES CLOCHETTES

▸▸▸ **NOTES BY FRANCIS ROBINSON (1961)**

Afew years ago, the veteran manager Arthur Judson was asked to hear a fledgling violinist's graduation recital at the Curtis Institute of Music. Ever alert for new talent, Mr. Judson made the jour-ney to Philadelphia. He listened respectfully to the young man but what caught his ear was a youthful soprano who was sharing the program. He asked her to come to New York and sing for his col-leagues. She did—and that was the beginning of Anna Moffo's career.

Instead of accepting the contract for a concert tour which Mr. Judson's management offered on the spot, she went to Italy on a Fulbright grant for further study and did her first professional singing there. She has since appeared in Paris, London, Salzburg and South America as well as in the lead-ing theaters of Italy. Her Metropolitan debut was in La traviata November 14, 1959. She has also sung with the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the San Francisco Opera.

The devil knows the frailties of woman-kind as well as the weaknesses of men. When Siébel, a vil-lage boy, lays a bouquet at Marguerite's door, Mephisto produces a casket of jewels to leave beside it. What chance have flowers against ear-rings? Nor has he neglected to include among the trinkets the one thing no woman can resist—a mir-ror. "Marguerite," our heroine tells herself in the sparkling Jewel Song, "it's no longer you. It's the daughter of a king."

"Mi chiamano Mimì" is the little flower-maker's adorable reply to the poet's bold declara-tion in the first act of La Bohème. Her story is a brief one. The roses and lilies she embroiders speak to her of love and springtime. She lives alone in a room overlooking the housetops of Paris and when winter is past the first greeting of the sun, the first kiss of April is hers, even though, alas, the flowers she makes have no perfume.

Dinorah is the kind of opera which requires an Anna Moffo to bring it to life. The ordinary operatic heroine trusts in the first act, is deceived in

the second and goes mad in the third. Dinorah reverses the order. In the first, arrayed in her wedding dress and looking for her pet goat, she is already gone and does not retrieve her sanity until the end of the opera. The brilliant Shadow Song opens the second act. In a moonlit clearing in the woods, Dinorah dances with her other self.

Micaela is a creation of Bizet and his librettists. She does not appear in Merimée's pulsing story and is, as defined by Ernest Newman, "a regulation stage blond ingénue symbolizing virtue." Nevertheless, her aria is an unfailing showstopper. Alone, in the smugglers' mountain pass, she asserts nothing will stop her even though in her heart she is dying of fright. She will find Don José and convey the message of his dying mother. She will also confront Carmen, who has lured him from the straight and narrow.

Semiramide has had only nine performances by the Metropolitan, all but one with Nellie Melba.* It was a great success in its time but today only the overture and the aria "Bel raggio lusinghier" survive. It is the Agamemnon story. Semiramis, queen of Babylon, has murdered her husband and is about to announce as successor to the throne a young warrior with whom she has fallen in love, unaware that he is in reality her son.

Puccini has a way of falling in love with his heroines. In Turandot the Chinese princess with the heart of ice is not the object of his affection but the little slave girl Liù. She wanders over the world caring for the old and dethroned Tartar king, Timur. When his son Calaf, the Unknown Prince, asks why she does this rather than seek her freedom, she replies, "Because one day in the palace you smiled at me." In her first aria, "Signore, ascolta," Liù pleads with the prince not to enter the apparently fatal contest for the hand of Turandot. The second, "Tu che di gel sei cinta," leading up to her death, is among the last pages Puccini wrote. Fearful that under torture she might reveal the identity of the Unknown Prince, she stabs herself.

Lakmé has not been given at the Metropolitan since its revival as a vehicle for Lily Pons. It is a product of the neo-orientalism of Pierre Loti, the exotic nineteenth-century novelist. The Bell Song tells the story of a pariah maiden loved by the god Vishnu, and occurs in the opera when the old Brahman priest commands his daughter Lakmé to sing, confident that at the sound of her voice her English lover will reveal himself among the crowd in the market place. The dazzling top note is the same as in Semiramide aria, a high E.

The American singer has had no greater friend than the conductor of this recording. Tullio Serafin came to the Metropolitan in 1924. Rosa Ponselle was already there and full of voice but he molded her into the great artist she became. He also brooded over the career of a young baritone named Lawrence Tibbett. Anna Moffo remembers that at 3 o'clock of a summer afternoon, when the rest of Rome is prostrate, the octogenarian maestro was ready and willing to go over every measure of these arias preparatory to the recording.

**Editor's note: Three decades after Mr. Robinson wrote this note, Semiramide was revived by the Metropolitan for another 19 performances over two seasons.*

Anna Moffo, whose career encompassed not only opera but also concerts, recitals, films, television and popular music, was internationally acclaimed by both critics and audiences. Time described her as "one of the best lyric-coloratura sopranos in the world." Born in Wayne, Pennsyl-vania, she studied at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia and later in Italy. She made her début as Spoleto in 1955 as Norina in Don Pasquale and then became the singing sensation of Europe when she starred in an Italian televised production of Madama Butterfly. Engagements throughout Europe followed—including Rome, Venice, Milan's La Scala, Vienna's Staatsoper and the Salzburg Festival—then her American début, with the Chicago Lyric Opera as Mimì in La Bohème. She capped a meteoric rise to fame with her Metropolitan Opera début as Violetta in La traviata on November 14, 1959. She added London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Stockholm and Buenos Aires to the list of music capitals in which she had appeared, and in 1974 made her début in Japan, when she opened the Osaka Festival. Miss Moffo's repertoire was a large and diversified one, a small portion of which she sang—twenty-one roles—in a Met career that came to include 205 performances; among those roles were Lucia, Gilda, Marguerite in Faust, Mimì, Manon, Adina, Liù, Pamina, Nedda in Pagliacci, the four heroines in Les contes d'Hoffmann and, of course, Violetta.

CD 35

DEBUSSY: LA MER

NOTES BY JAY S. HARRISON (1961)

Claude Debussy, the unique Impres- sionist of the twentieth century, felt that his music should merely sug-gest, almost vaporously, the thing about which he was writing. But in terms of La Mer, I submit that Debussy should be called a Realist. This is why. Listen closely to La Mer. Is it a vague personalized impression of the sea? Hardly. It is the sea. It is, in fact, so "real" that one can taste the salt spray, feel the foam, revel in the play of the waves. The mystery of it is there, the roll and roar are there, the grandeur of it, the enormity of it—yes, and the awe that it has ever inspired in mankind. And so I ask you, is this a solely private "impression"? If it were not as real a depiction as it is, then it would never happen that since the composition of La Mer no sea-music has been written that does not borrow from it, for Debussy in his work has summed up for the world what the sea is and the effect it has on the senses. Far from being an "impression," it is one of the most real- istic pieces in the entire literature of music.

We have Debussy's word on it that from the age of seven, when he was taken to Cannes on the Mediterranean, the sea held an almost frightening fascination for him. He was, we are told, even destined to become a sailor, though as he explained in a letter written to André Messager in 1903, two years before La Mer's completion, "Fate led me in another direction. But I have always retained passionate love for her [the sea]." And to his publisher Durand he wrote, "Here I am again with my old friend the sea; it is always endless and beautiful. It is really the thing in Nature which restores one best to one's place."

Clearly, it was out of this sentiment that Debussy was able to capture in tone what no one had before: the essence of the sea. The music of La

Mer is everywhere liquid, everywhere drenched in water and wave.

RESPIGHI: FOUNTAINS OF ROME / PINES OF ROME

▸▸▸ NOTES BY ROGER DETTMER (1960)

The day dawned sunless and chilly in Chicago. A nor'easter whipped in off Lake Michigan, with a threat of unseasonable snow, to make one of those bleak autumn Saturdays when you set an early alarm just so you can switch it off and go back to sleep. Downtown, however, Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra were scheduled to record the two most popu-lar of Ottorino Respighi's three Roman tone poems: the Pines and Fountains. In tandem they had been performed earlier that week at subscription concerts, with stunning impact, and thus were finely polished for transfer to triple-channel tape.

By 9:30 a.m., 117 musicians had assembled on the stage of Orchestra Hall in familiar concert deployment, had tuned their instruments, and now sat ready for Dr. Reiner's imminent entrance. On shoulder-high ledges, stage left and right, a dozen auxiliary brass players were stationed. Around and amongst their full-time colleagues on the platform below, RCA Victor's engineer and technicians had placed microphones atop slender poles that resembled stalks of bloomless yucca.

Minutes before 9:30, Fritz Reiner made his way to a music stool on the podium, wearing professorial spectacles and a functional black alpaca jacket. Beneath the stage itself, in a dingy basement storage room, RCA Victor's staff had their equipment set up: two tape recorders off to the side; Lewis Layton's control board and Producer Richard Mohr's intercom and score on a table in the center of the room; a pair of matched speakers against the far wall. Mr. Mohr gave a signal, Mr. Layton flicked a switch; upstairs a red light next to the conductor's desk flashed on.

"Are you ready, Dr. Reiner?" asked Dick Mohr over the intercom. The maestro glanced about, put a shushing finger to his lips, answered affirmatively. Solemnly, in the fashion of a film director, Mr. Mohr announced "Take One"—the first of two level tests. Maestro and his men worked through the finale of Pines first. Take Two was a hushed portion of the "Catacombs" section, from the same score. Reiner had noticed almost at once, however, that a supernumerary trombone was missing from the shelf stage-left, and advised the downstairs staff, when Take Two had been accomplished, that any final recording of the brazen finale be postponed until the missing brassman put in an appearance. He had also detected, at one point, the extraneous sound of a chair scraping, and announced to one and all, with a tight smile that meant business, "Please watch out for any noises—otherwise, capital punishment." (Tense laughter.) "If you are not quiet, I will take your chairs away."

Over the intercom, Dick Mohr ques-tioned the brass sound. Dr. Reiner ordered another test take, beginning four measures before the march-finale.

A break was announced for play-backs of the test takes. In the lobby a section of steel fire curtain had been lowered, and screens placed against it at right angles. In this improvised niche, carpeted with a maroon runner, a single speaker rested on the wooden table. A few feet away stood another table with three chairs—for Reiner, Mohr and their assistants (whoever made it there first got the extra chair). As the test takes were played back scores were consulted, personal calligraphs made, and sug-gestions spoken sotto voce. Meanwhile, the players smoked, joked, practiced, or eaves-dropped on the sound of their efforts. After fifteen minutes, Reiner returned to the stage, Mohr to the nether regions; the next "take" was announced. The missing trombonist had arrived, and so the finale was recorded. The control room, diplomatically to be sure, signified its unhappiness. The finale was played again; then the score in its entirety, from the beginning. For moments thereafter it seemed that mighty Pines from experimental cones had grown. Then Mohr's voice: "Dr. Reiner, it sounds very good, but could we just make the second movement again?" The maestro asked why, shrugged off the answer, and assented. The red light flashed, down came the baton.

Minutes later, at 12:42 p.m., a complete Pines was on tape to everyone's satisfaction—just three hours and twelve minutes from the start of the first level test. Pleased with a good morning's work, Dr. Reiner dismissed the orchestra with instructions that they be in place, ready to record Fountains at 7 p.m.

This time level tests were a token procedure. No chairs scraped, no doors squeaked. By 9 p.m., Respighi's entire score was on tape. Quickly the stage was cleared of microphones, cables and suchlike, while a second crew emptied the basement of equipment. Two stellar performances were ready for processing.

Play it for the music alone, for a masterly performance, for thrilling recorded sound, or for sheer volume to bedevil a cranky landlord—take your choice—but the finished product is rousing Respighi in any decade's list.

Fritz Reiner was internationally recognized as one of the foremost conductors of his time. Born in 1888 in Budapest, he received his musical education at the Academy of Music there. At the age of 23 he became conductor of the Budapest Volksoper and two years later was appointed principal conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden; while there he worked with Richard Strauss on productions of his early operas and conducted the German premiere of Die Frau ohne Schatten. In 1922 Reiner became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; nine years later he went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to head the orchestral department. After a decade (1938–48) as music director of the Pitts-burgh Symphony Orchestra, he joined the Metropolitan Opera. Then in 1953 he became music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he built into one of the world's great ensembles. Ill health forced him to resign his post in 1962, and he died the following year.

Reiner was extraordinary not only as an orchestra builder but also for his broad range of repertoire, both symphonic and operatic. He was equally the master of the delicately balanced sonorities of Mozart and the massive richness of Richard Strauss; he was a champion of 20th-century music, and he could give incomparably lilting performances of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

CD 36

VIENNA

NOTES BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG (1958)

Vienna and the waltz have long been synonymous. The first waltzes were played at Vienna's Imperial Court balls around 1660 and ever since Vienna has been best known to most people as the world's waltz cap-ital, though it justly is proud of some other achievements. For three centuries the waltz has dominated the city's musical, social and emotional life. The Viennese listen to waltzes not only when they are happy but even in their more frequent, melancholy moods. And Johann Strauss' Blue Danube has always been Austria's true if unofficial national anthem. Nothing is certain any more but death, taxes, and the Viennese waltz which will go on forever.

Johann Strauss's greatest waltzes were created in the suburbs of Vienna—in Heiligenstadt, Nussdorf, Neuwaldegg, Sievering, Grinzing—where there was always music in the air. In the small inns at the foot of the Vienna Woods innumerable people have sat during the past two hundred years, drinking the year's new wine, singing or just listening to music. Each of the small inns had its own band. Sometimes there were two violinists, a guitar player and a clarinetist, a combination made famous by the fiddling brothers Schrammel. Sometimes there would be just a singer with an inexhaustible repertory of waltz songs. You just couldn't avoid music in Vienna—it was everywhere. The rich people would go to the opera and the poor listened to the band that played during the change of the guards in the inner courtyard of the Imperial Palace. The city's quaint squares bordered by baroque palaces, have always reverberated with music and just around the corner there's always a house where Beethoven slept, or Haydn, or Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, or other great composers who were magically attracted by this feminine, soft, musical city. For centuries, bands have performed in Vienna's Stadtpark—where a statue of Johann Strauss stands, showing the Waltz King with bow and fiddle, a dashing, exciting figure—in the Volksgarten and in the squares and parks or the suburbs. Even during the coldest winter days retired musicians who can get no other jobs perform at street corners while a dejected-looking woman asks passers-by to contribute a schilling ($0.04). Few refuse. The Viennese have always spent money on music, especially on waltz music. There are many in this city who have never been to the opera house but no one who hasn't danced to, whistled or hummed the Blue Danube.

The ancestry of the waltz is somewhat lost in the haze of the medieval German dances and the French carmagnole. Some think the waltz comes from the German ländler, literally "country-style" dance. Nobody "created" the waltz; it grew out of Vienna's musical landscape, the sounds in the air, the Danube, the flower-covered meadows in the Vienna Woods where Haydn found inspiration for his Seasons, Beethoven for his "Pastoral," Richard Strauss for his Rosenkavalier. Some people claim that even the birds there sing in three-quarter-time.

The waltz was no sudden, overwhelming success. It was danced in suburban inns—but people in what is sometimes referred to as Society would have no part of it. The chronicler Vigée wrote, "I can well understand that mothers are fond of the waltz but I don't think they should let their daughters dance it." Fortunately, a good thing can't be killed and the waltz was just too good. Johann Sebastian Bach wrote a rustic waltz into his Bauernkantate. Mozart was so excited by the dance that he wrote waltzlike rhythms which he called "contredanses," probably from the English "country dance." Haydn wrote three-quarter-time ländlers. Schubert composed his Valses nobles and Valses sentimentales which took the waltz out of the popular dance music into Art. He caught the nostalgic undertone in his waltzes which Johann Strauss half a century later painted so beautifully in the romantic, haunted, "sorrow-without-pain" codas of his great waltzes. The great waltzes contain all universal emotions, love and passion and suffering, sadness and resignation and hope. There is something in them for everybody—perhaps one reason for the waltz's universal appeal. Another contemporary of Schubert, Carl Maria von Weber, expressed this beautifully in his Invitation to the Dance.

The golden epoch of the Wiener Walzer was ushered in by Josef Lanner, the Wiener Kapellmeister who composed his own waltzes and performed them—for the first time—in concert halls as well as in ballrooms. When Lanner conducted his Schönbrunner waltzes, people stopped dancing and began to listen. One night Lanner said to his viola-player, Johann Strauss, "I'm tired, haven't you got an idea for a couple of waltzes?" Strauss (Father) had—and became famous. (He played in London during the coronation of Queen Victoria.)

Strauss was twenty-one when his son Johann was born in 1825. That was nine years after the Congress of Vienna when the waltz had been generally accepted (though some die-hards still called it immoral). Young "Schani" wasn't concerned with such questions; he wrote waltzes. He wrote his first when he was six. He played and conducted a program which contained Lorelei-Rhein-Klange, one of the older Strauss's waltzes, in deference to his father, when he was nineteen. The people were not fooled though and the music critic Wiese wrote, "Good night, Lanner. Good evening, Father Strauss. Good morning, Son Strauss."

Johann Strauss, Jr.'s greatest waltz was a depression baby. He wrote the Blue Danube waltz in 1867 when Austria had been defeated by the Russians, a lot of people had lost their money and everybody worried about inflation. The waltz was originally composed for a men's chorus, not for orchestra. The text was idiotic and a bad performance by the local Männergesangsverein didn't help. The world's greatest waltz was a resounding flop. A little later, Strauss and his orchestra performed the Blue Danube in Paris, where it was a smash hit. It has remained a hit ever since, surviving even the worst performances by inept amateurs and hand-organ grinders.

Strauss wrote the Blue Danube in five days. Some of the other great waltzes he wrote in a couple of hours in the morning, rehearsed them with his band in the afternoon, and performed them at night. He wrote 479 known works. Even the weaker ones contain sudden, revealing touches of genius. His finest waltzes have the timeless beauty of a Mozart string quartet or of a Schubert lied. Take the introduction and the coda of the Blue Danube, with their magical contrasts, and fast-changing moods; the rhythms, excitement and beauty of the Emperor Waltz, or Morning Papers. These waltzes are symphonic tone poems that must

not be played through at the same speed. The Viennese know there must be a slight buoyancy on the second beat, an almost inaudible accent after an almost inaudible pause. To bring off such almost inaudible tricks—the Viennese claim you must be a sixth-generation Viennese whose great-grandmother danced to the fiddle of the great "Schani," at the Apollo Halls where Strauss had a monopoly, running three orchestras and a whole battalion of assistant conductors, copyists, singers, publicity men, business managers, cashiers. The Master would rush from one ballroom to the next, play one waltz, take a few bows, and rush on. Waltzing was big business and there was always demand for more Strauss waltzes. Strauss was the great success of the Paris World's Fair, spent twelve summers in Russia, and in 1872 went to America. In Boston he conducted a giant production of the Blue Danube waltz with 20,000 singers and an orchestra of 1,087 men under 20 assistant conductors, for an audience of over 100,000 people.

In the past 150 years the Vienna waltz has become extremely respectable. Today, great orchestras perform it and great conductors perform it happily. They know that the Blue Danube or the Emperor Waltz will never fail them. This is as true on the Continent as it is in the United States, where the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under Fritz Reiner, performs the waltzes of the Strausses—Johann, Richard and Josef—with all the authenticity and élan of a Viennese string ensemble itself.

No accident, this. Fritz Reiner's early career as an opera and symphony conductor in Europe had Dresden as its background, but he was conducting in Vienna as early as 1915. There is no question that the Viennese stamp of genuineness has remained indelibly in Reiner's readings of the music of Vienna. And it is no coincidence that in Chicago, where the orchestra was founded by Theodore Thomas and led for many years by Frederick Stock, the spirit of Vienna is perpetuated by several Viennese-trained members of the orchestra.

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CD 37

MENDELSSOHN SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN A MAJOR, OP. 90 "ITALIAN" SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN D MAJOR, OP. 107 "REFORMATION" OCTET IN E-FLAT MAJOR, OP. 20

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK

Mendelssohn's coming of age was doubly a peak in his life. He then traveled about Europe extensively for the first time and stimulated by the experience, composed his greatest orchestral works—his last three symphonies.

Shortly after his twentieth birthday, his father decided that a tour of Europe would "broaden" his horizons, with the result that he spent most of the year 1829 in England, with an excursion into Scotland, and after returning to Berlin, he "did" Italy like a true tourist, from Milan in the north to Sorrento in the south, in the season 1830–1831, also traversing Austria and Switzerland. He had a thor-oughly good time, and whether or not his travels broadened him or really begat music, the fact remains that between pleasures he composed his "Reformation" Symphony in England, began his "Scottish" Symphony, and worked upon his "Italian" Symphony in Rome.

It would have been too much to expect him to write music in the character of those countries and peoples. The sunshine of Naples put him in the mood for the "Italian" Symphony, and the absence of fog there delayed the completion of the "Scottish" Symphony. This according to his own remarks lightly made in his letters to his sister Fanny at home. Beyond this, there is no point in looking for racial traits in these works. It was enough that he jotted down rhythms of the national dances and developed them in his own symphonic manner. The finale of the "Italian" Symphony is a delatinized but no less delightful saltarello. In Italy, as had been the case in Britain, he was always the German visitor and enthusiastic observer. He was a popular guest in many a house, admired as a pianist and generous with music, carrying on completely innocuous and unexceptionable flirtations, entertaining to all concerned.

He missed few of the sights and sounds. Visiting Rome during Holy Week of 1831, he took in the church services and noted down the chants. Going later to Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento and Capri, he delighted in the incredible vistas of the Bay of Naples. He described it all, tourist-wise, in "diary" letters to Fanny. To fix the landscape in his memory he made sketches in pen and pencil. He wrote from Rome: "I work hard and lead a pleasant, happy life; my mirror is stuck full of Italian, German and English visiting cards, and I spend every evening with one of my acquaintances." By "work" he meant that his musical imagination was brimming in spite of the diversions crowding upon his time and attention. When he wrote of the landscape, the intense Italian sky, the sea "like a meadow of pure ether as you gaze at it," the gay peasant types, the blossoms of the acacias and citrons which so lured him that it required a spell of rainy

weather to drive him indoors to his writing desk, Fanny wondered whether his music was suffering neglect. He reassured her by telling of "two symphonies which have been haunting my brain," together with several shorter works.

Fanny may not have fully realized that her composing brother had his own way of thinking out his music, and that all was well. He carried his unfinished works about with him in his head, only partly on paper, for the reason that he had an extraordinarily vivid memory of them, in every detail. He was loath to write them out in final score, for he was a perpetual reviser and polisher and was never quite satisfied. He knew that if he began to write a symphony out in full he would find himself changing the treatment as he went along. This hesitation, which was also a dread of the finality of publication, accounts for the fact that the "Italian" Symphony, introduced in London in 1833, was held by him for revision for four more years and not performed in its final shape until after his death. He also held the "Reformation" Symphony three years before it was performed and never yielded it to his publisher. When Mendelssohn composed his "Reformation" Symphony in North Wales in September 1829, he had in mind the celebration planned in Germany for the following year of the Tercentenary of the Augsburg Confession, the drawing up of the constitution of the Protestant faith in June 1530. The composer used in the introduction to the first movement the so-called "Dresden Amen," otherwise known to us as the cadence of the Eucharist motive in Wagner's Parsifal. Each com-poser, while living in Dresden, had undoubtedly heard this response of Roman Catholic sources, then also familiar in the Protestant churches of the Saxon capital. It exists in two forms, and the cadence with the familiar rising sixths was used by both composers. The chorale attributed to Luther, Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott ("A sure stronghold is our God"), becomes the subject of the intro-duction to the Finale. It appears at the beginning, first heard from the solo flute. It undergoes proud returns in the body of the movement, in augmentation. The old chorale melody which Mendelssohn resurrected differs slightly from the form familiar to us in Bach's arrangement of the chorale and his Cantata based upon it.

The celebration of the anniversary did not take place, and the Symphony had its more appropriate introduction as a regular concert piece two years later, in Berlin. The sturdy and noble chorale subject, and the beautiful "Amen" cadence, with all their churchly associations, are developed in unchurchly symphonic fashion. The music bespeaks his personal style, fervid in melody, lucid in orchestration, felicitous in detail, endelssohnian in every bar.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY LEONARD BURKAT

It is difficult to believe—and then to remember—that the magical Scherzo from the E-flat Octet could have been written by a boy of sixteen. Originally written for violin—as a birthday present for a friend—the Scherzo was arranged for orchestra by Mendelssohn to replace the original Minuet in his Symphony No. 1 at a London Philharmonic Society Orchestra concert he conducted on May 25, 1829. Mendelssohn presented the manuscript to the Society and it lay forgotten in the archives until brought to light and pub-lished in 1911.

CD 38

BORODIN: IN THE STEPPES OF CENTRAL ASIA
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: RUSSIAN EASTER OVERTURE
BORODIN: PRINCE IGOR
KHACHATURIAN: GAYANE
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: TSAR SALTAN
TCHAIKOVSKY: EUGENE ONEGIN / THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
KHACHATURIAN: MASQUERADE SUITE

▸▸▸ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL (1958)

It would be difficult to select from the symphonic literature of the world works which could set forth more brilliantly the power and glory of orchestral music; difficult to find the equal of these performers and these performances; impossible to surpass the convincing facsimile which this recording projects of the endless variety, color, character and peculiar powers of each orchestral instrument and of the tout ensemble. Rimsky-Korsakov and Borodin were distinguished masters of orchestration—Rimsky-Korsakov perhaps the greatest in the history of music; the present works are among the most effective of either composer; the orchestra has few peers, and the conductor, in his métier, none. The recording, literally, speaks for itself.

The Soviet government created in its capital a monument to Alexander Porfirievich Borodin, "man of science." Eminent though Borodin was as the author of such treatises as The Solidifi-cation of Aldehydes and Researches on the Fluoride of Benzol, and as a founder of the School of Medicine for Women, it seems probable that he may be longer remembered for his music—precisely for the music we have here, or even for his contribution to a set of paraphrases on the good old tune Chopsticks.

The Overture to Prince Igor is perhaps unique in that it was never written down by the composer, but is, in effect, a synthesis of themes from the opera as Glazunov and Rimsky-Korsakov remembered hearing them played on the piano by the composer, plus certain other material from the opera. The background of the opera is historical; it treats of the military exploits of Igor, Prince of Novgorod, against the Polovtsi tribes in the twelfth century. It is rich in scenes of romantic love, and of military and courtly magnificence under fierce patriotic passions. The darkly melancholy opening is related to Igor's grief because of defeat in battle; the violent passages suggest the battle and victory of the Polovtsi Khan.

The Polovtsian Dances are in the second act, where they are interspersed with choral parts, these usually omitted in concert performances. The Polovtsi were nomad tribes inhabiting the steppes of far eastern Russia. Their dances vary in rhythm and significance. There are dances of wild men, of young boys and girls, of slave girls and prisoners, dances to celebrate the victories of the great Khan, and a wild general dance. The occasion for the dances is the feast Konchak Khan, chief of the Polovtsi, devises for the entertainment of Igor, whom he has captured but regards highly as war-

rior and man.

The Steppes is frankly program music, music that is expected to tell a story—which indeed it does, if you know the story. It would be more suggestive if we were to regard it, rather, as limning a picture—which, by its wonderful employment of instrumental resources and strangely fascinating harmony, it does magnificently. Certainly the unending distance and unchanging face of the vast steppes, their monotony and agonizing loneliness, are suggested with inspired simplicity in the fifty-three measures with violins on a high "E" that establish the atmosphere of desolateness at the beginning. Various instruments and groups of instruments—English horn, solo oboe, violins in unison, and the like—suggest the songs of the Russians and the Asiatics who meet on the common ground of the steppes; and in the low strings pizzicati one may imagine the stately stride of camels and the nervous footsteps of horses. But the composer himself, on the flyleaf of his score, gives us a description:

"Over the sandy steppes of Central Asia come the unwonted sounds of a peaceful Russian song. From the distance are heard the stamping of horses and camels and the peculiar sound of an Oriental melody. A native caravan draws near. It pursues its way, safe and free from care through the boundless desert under the protection of Russian arms. It moves farther and farther away. The song of the Russians and the melody of the Asiatics combine to form a common harmony, the sounds of which are gradually lost in the air of the steppe."

Rimsky-Korsakov's Russian Easter Overture is thrilling music—music that in its solemnity, abandon, austerity, feverish gaiety, breathless quiet and mighty sonorities, exploits the resources of the modern orchestra as very few compositions do. Phrases from two ancient Russian hymns—Let God Arise! and An Angel Mourned—are the basis of the solemn introduction. These phrases encyst the germs of the restless figures that later rage so furiously through the music. Sonorous brasses declaim, and the orchestral choirs as piously respond. There are in the music, says the composer, recollections of the gloom that overlay the sepulcher of Christ after the Resurrection, when His friends came and found the tomb empty. But these do not endure for long. At the realization of the Resurrection, the central proof of redemption according to Christian belief, joy is unbridled, frantic, wild. A short solo for timpani quietly establishes the rhythm and inaugurates the pace for the remainder of the overture, which is a gorgeous orgy of orchestral sound, rising to a whirling climax of electric brilliance and crushing power.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY GERALD GOODE (1959)

When the ballet Gayane was first performed, at the Kirov Theatre in Leningrad on December 9, 1942, Aram Khachaturian was already a distinguished Soviet composer, his forte being the skillful use of the folk elements of his native Armenia in music of classical forms. Born in Tiflis in 1903, the son of a bookbinder, Khachaturian acquired no technical knowledge of music until the age of nineteen when he entered the Moscow State Conservatory. After his First Symphony and his Piano Concerto he was awarded the Order of Lenin for cultural services to Armenia. His Violin Concerto later became an international concert item, and his first ballet, Happiness, was a distinct success. Gayane, his second ballet, won him a Stalin Prize; the Sabre Dance by itself cut a worldwide swath of popularity. The action of the ballet is perhaps too ponderous for the Western taste. The heroine, Gayane, is an honest working girl married to Giko, a drunkard and hence a poor patriot. To charges that he is faithless to his fellow workers, Giko replies by setting fire to bales of collective cotton. He takes flight just as Kazakov, commander of a Red Army border patrol, comes to the rescue. Once Giko is exiled, there is not a fraction of a doubt who will marry the straightforward and lovely Gayane. Nonetheless, Khachaturian's score is electrifying.

The Flight of the Bumblebee is the most famous of the orchestral excerpts Rimsky-Korsakov extracted from Tsar Sultan, one of his magical operas, this one set in the enchanted kingdom of Tmutarakhan. The Tsar's wife and infant son are banished as a result of machinations by the Tsaritsa's two sisters. The child grows into a noble youth and wants to see his native land. The Swan Princess changes him into a great bumblebee, a versatile form in which he explores the court at Tmutarakhan unrecognized.

Another orchestral piece frequently played apart from its opera is the Polonaise from Tchaikovsky's Eugene Onegin. Tatiana, the opera's heroine, is rebuffed by Onegin, whom she has vowed will be the love of her life. The final act, however, finds Tatiana married to another man, and she sees Onegin again at a party in her St. Petersburg home. This time, though she still loves him, she turns him away. A ballet is performed at the party to the Polonaise.

Despite the failure of Swan Lake in Moscow, Tchaikovksy was commissioned to write a ballet for St. Petersburg, to a scenario based on Charles Perrault's fairy tale of the enchanted princess and her awakener. Tchaikovsky regarded the score as one of his finest; however, those who attended the premiere in 1890 did not respond, much to the composer's disappointment. But, with the most stimulating, colorful and melodious music ever written for dance, The Sleeping Beauty established itself in Russia and around the world. The immortal Waltz is danced in the garden of the royal palace by villagers who have come to help celebrate Princess Aurora's sixteenth birthday.

In 1939 Khachaturian wrote a set of entr' actes and interludes for a Moscow production of Lermontov's Masquerade. The composer abandoned the lure of his native Armenia to succumb to the broader Western tradition of Glinka, Borodin and Tchaikovsky, for the setting of the tragedy is not the exotic terrain of south Russia but an early nineteenth-century Russia of titled gamblers and sumptuous masquerades—of sophisticated passion and intrigue. Lermontov indicts the festive glitter and masked pretense beneath which lurk coarseness and hypocrisy. From his incidental music Khachaturian assembled a concert suite, the final section of which is Galop, a racing tour de force crisscrossed with slashing rhythms and snarling colors.

Arthur Fiedler, the best-selling conductor in history and director of the Boston Pops for 50 years, was born in Boston in 1894 and began to study the violin with his father; after high school he continued his musical training—piano and conducting as well as violin—in Berlin. He began his illustrious career in 1915 as a violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During his years with the BSO, he organized and conducted the Boston Sinfonietta. In

1929 he founded the famous Esplanade concerts and began his lifelong commitment to bring "light" classical music to the public. A year later he was appointed music director of the Boston Pops, a post he held until his death in 1979.

In his 50 seasons with the Pops, Arthur Fiedler forged a musical legacy that, through concerts, television and radio broadcasts, and recordings brought the joy of classical music to millions of Americans. His record albums, featuring classical favorites, orchestral settings of Broadway show tunes, pop songs, jazz standards and patriotic music, sold almost 50 million copies during his career, a level of popular acclaim that may never be challenged. His love for all musical styles and his remarkable ability to communicate the universality of the musical language were legendary, as were his charming performance demeanor and his commitment to the people of Boston. And Boston returned this affection; during the Bicentennial celebration of July 1976, over 400,000 people gathered to hear one of Mr. Fiedler's last Esplanade concerts, and gave him a standing ovation that lasted well into the night.

Arthur Fiedler's penchant for the light classic was matched by his voracious appetite for new orchestral works. He "discovered" and recorded many, including Jacob Gade's Jalousie, RCA's first classical recording to sell one million copies. His love for music and commitment to his audience remains a model for any musician, and every American who loves classical music owes him an incalculable debt.

CD 39

BEETHOVEN: PIANO SONATAS
- NO. 14 IN C-SHARP MINOR, OP. 27, NO. 2 "MOONLIGHT"
- NO. 26 IN E-FLAT MAJOR, OP. 81A "LES ADIEUX"
- NO. 8 IN C MINOR, OP. 13 "PATHÉTIQUE"
- NO. 23 IN F MINOR, OP. 57 "APPASIONATA"

▸▸▸ NOTES BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI

Across a chasm of years two masters meet in profound rapport on this record—a composer second to none and a pianist who is his living counterpart at the keyboard. One would have to search far, and in vain, for two temperaments more suited to each other. They have in common a giant vitality and lavish emotional range. In the playing of Arthur Rubinstein, no less than in the music of Beethoven, an irresistible urgency, as of the whole man, is at work. For both, music is not only a way of life; it is the only true mirror of the life of the spirit. Once again Beethoven has found the perfect spokesman and kindred soul. One is even tempted to say that if there is but one god in piano music—Beethoven—his prophet is Rubinstein. Whatever others may disclose of the master, Mr. Rubinstein always divulges a few secrets of his own.

Here, then, are three of Beethoven's most beloved sonatas recorded with typical reverence and passion by the most beloved pianist of our time. Many may marvel that Mr. Rubinstein had never recorded the Moonlight Sonata before, indeed never played it in public at all. But they will marvel still more at the poetic depth and consummate beauty with which he now performs it. An eager romantic glow of discovery and renewal suffuses the reading. Even a hardened sophisticate, long immune to the Moon-light Sonata, will sit up and listen—and, of course, dream.

Whether he dreams of moonlight falling on the still waters of Lake Lucerne or of some unrequited love is all up to the listener. The title was not Beethoven's, and although the score is dedicated to the Countess Guicciardi, there is no real proof that she was the mysterious "immortal beloved," or that anyone in particular was. What is certain is that the Moonlight Sonata is a masterpiece—its first movement an anguished reverie of beauty that creates an indefinable aura of trance, its last, an unleashed tumult of passion. Between them nestles the deceptive repose of an Allegretto which Liszt called "a flower between two abysses." The Sonata received its name five years after Beethoven's death. Rellstab, who so tagged it, was reminded by the first movement of Lake Lucerne at night. Can anyone suggest a better name for the bemused radiance of this opening Adagio? Moonlight may not have been on Beethoven's mind, but it has remained, for better or for worse, on everybody else's. One can no more think of the Moonlight as the C-Sharp Minor Sonata than one can think of Schubert's Unfinished as the B Minor Symphony.

For the titles of the other sonatas in this album—the Pathétique and the Les Adieux—Beethoven was himself respon-sible, though he preferred the German Das Lebewohl to the French Les Adieux as closer, in personal warmth, to the spirit of the music. Here again all sorts of romances and legends have grown around the title. Wasn't this another instance of "parting is such sweet sorrow" and the implied Juliet another candidate for the role of "immortal beloved?" The facts are much less poetic and quite specific. To escape Napoleon's army the Archduke Rudolph fled Vienna with his entourage—hence the first movement, "Farewell." Beethoven missed His High-ness—hence the andante espressivo, subtitled "Absence." A year later the Archduke was back in Vienna—ergo, vivacissimo, "The Return." This is both program music and personal music. Rudolph combined in one the roles of cherished pupil, patron and friend. That Beethoven felt the separation acutely is beyond question. That Beethoven, in his sonata, universalized the parting of friends is perhaps more to the point; that he made great music of it is, in the end, all that need concern us.

At the heart of the Les Adieux Sonata is a nobility of feeling—warm, open, gener-ous. From it flows music by turns poignant and exultant, pensive and agitated. After the wistful meditation of the Andante, the Finale bursts on the listener in a stagger-ing explosion of joyous energy. It is one of those Beethoven finales that unlocks the heroic grandeur of man's spirit. To it Mr. Rubinstein brings the scope and capacity of a nature qualified by innate gift and training for breathtaking utterance.

It is this same quality that imparts new freshness and excitement to Mr. Rubin-stein's performance of the Pathétique. Long years of intimacy with the music have mellowed its message, yet recaptured its early glow in startling reaffirmation.

Rejuvenation in music is a two-way process in which music and performer—provided he is an Arthur Rubinstein—grow young together. What the pianist does here, among other things, is to take the fiery young Beethoven at his word. Pathétique, he called the sonata, implying some sorrowful crisis of spirit, rather than a ritual convention of pathos. As such, in all its woeful defiance, Mr. Rubinstein revives the Pathétique. As with the Moonlight Sonata, we are left to surmise the cause—if specific cause there was—of the tragic train of thought and event that found release in music.

Here again Beethoven has transmuted a state of mind into a state of art. Listening to Mr. Rubinstein, we may read our own thwarted hopes and grievings in the music and come away refreshed by a glimpse of human heartache surmounted and reenacted in lasting terms of beauty and strength. About Mr. Rubinstein's reading of the Pathétique there is nothing of the sham torment and delusive rhetoric so often imputed to this music. But for the radiant tenderness of the Adagio cantabile—second only to the "Moonlight" Adagio in the world's affection—the Sonata rings forcefully of young hope denied and rebellious pain. The burden of that Adagio is anybody's guess. "Chastely beautiful as a Greek statue," suggests one astute biographer; "softly glowing as a southern love scene," ventures another. By whatever image, the Adagio of the Pathétique is that thing of beauty, unravaged by time and fashion, which the poet Keats called "a joy forever." Arthur Rubinstein, in his incomparable way, shows us why.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN BRIGGS

By 1806 Beethoven had become a Viennese celebrity. His playing was in demand at the palaces of the nobility; his works were being performed with increasing frequency and success. And he had as many well-connected pupils as he could find time for.

Nevertheless, Beethoven found him-self in a state of turmoil. His increasing deafness, though it had not yet ended his career as a solo performer, made communication with his fellow men more and more difficult. And he was in love with not one girl but two—the Countess Therese von Brunswick and her sister Josephine.

Accordingly, we can imagine Beet-hoven's state of mind when he began to sketch the sonata that has come to be known as the Appassionata. (The subtitle was not Beethoven's; it was apparently supplied by the publisher Cranz of Hamburg.)

By now Beethoven was sufficiently sure of himself to ignore the Haydnesque tradition of form. He wrote sonatas with three movements, two movements or whatever suited his musical purpose; he wrote them (the Moonlight, for example) with opening movements not in sonata form. He experimented tirelessly in all directions, as Haydn had done before him.

The Appassionata Sonata opens for-tissimo with a powerful statement of the principal subject. It is characteristic of Beethoven's genius that he is able to suggest, by so simple a musical means as a descending and ascending F Minor arpeggio, that momentous things are about to happen. The contrasting second subject is an ascending phrase in A-Flat, the relative major. The working-out of the development section not only utilizes the themes already stated, but also introduces fresh material. A recapitulation of the themes previously heard and a coda complete the movement.

The Andante is in theme-and-variations form. The theme is stated immediately and repeated. Four variations follow. A pause on two arpeggioed chords leads without a break into the Finale. The form of this movement is irregular. It has been variously described as sonata form, rondo form and perpetuum mobile. Its explosive energy, however, makes cred-ible the story told by Beethoven's pupil Ferdinand Ries that Beethoven conceived the Finale during a violent thunderstorm. A coda, in which the tempo quickens to presto and the bravura playing surpasses all that has gone before, completes the sonata.

CD 40

BRUCH: VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 1 IN G MINOR, OP. 26 / SCOTTISH FANTASY, OP. 46
VIEUXTEMPS: VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 5

▸▸▸ NOTES BY SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF

When Brahms's only violin concerto was first played, someone said that it was written not for the violin, but against it. No one, of course, nowadays holds to that opinion. But it cannot be denied that some concertos are better suited to the instrument they were written for than others. And among the former, Max Bruch's G Minor Violin Concerto holds a prominent place.

The works of Bruch, numerous and of a variety that encompasses most musical forms, are now, unfortunately perhaps, largely neglected. The G Minor Concerto —followed at a discreet distance by the violin concerto in D Minor and Kol Nidrei for cello—is still loved and admired by violinists and the musical public in general. It is sometimes as difficult to account for the continued popularity of certain music as for the neglect of others. However, there can be no mystery about the reasons for the survival of the G Minor Concerto. Its staying qualities are obvious. The simple beauty of its material, the sincerity of its emotions and the honesty of its workmanship have successfully weathered the changing musical fashions of almost a century.

On the surface, the G Minor is a three-movement concerto, but the opening Allegro is in the nature of a long, free-wheeling introduction which leads without pause into the Adagio. The Concerto is, as a whole, essentially melodic. Its virtuoso elements are not entities in themselves but spring directly from the themes, sometimes causing them to break up into their component parts, sometimes flowering into technical foliage but with the melodic juices always in evidence, and more often sustaining or lending them weight by the employment of imaginative violinistic probings and enlargements. The melodies themselves are lovely, warm and romantic, but within proper bounds. They are easily remembered, even haunting, and the sincerity with which they are exploited transcends the often harmonic familiarities of the Victorian age. The Concerto is, in fact, a work of inspiration. And the honesty of its feelings and the equal honesty of its workmanship lift it from a period piece into the timeless category of artistic expression.

Though Bruch was not a violinist himself, the

G Minor Concerto is completely "violinistic," in the sense that it would not "sound" on any other instrument. With a few exceptions the lasting examples of instrumental music seem to be allergic to transplantation. The Bruch Concerto is absolutely of the violin. It is as suited to the genius of the instrument as it is geared to the dexterity of the accomplished interpreter. Needless to say the accomplished interpreter in this recording is in a class by himself, for Jascha Heifetz possesses in the highest degree every element and every ornament of the supreme musical artist. And in the Bruch Concerto he lavishes effortlessly, and to the extent of his capacity, the incredible resources of his art.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL

A literal translation of the Hebrew word "heifetz" is "gem," "jewel" or "treasure." Any and every performance by this prodigious musician becomes a precious memory, to be sure; but when it is, so to speak, captured and crystallized by the miracle of modern recording techniques, it does in truth become a jewel, a treasure and, in a very real sense, a Heifetz.

This is particularly true of this recording, and for a number of reasons. As many a jewel "of purest ray serene" has been glitteringly displayed and then hidden, lost, even half-forgotten, so it is to a certain degree with this fascinating music—particularly with the Vieuxtemps concerto. With Vieuxtemps? Surely, every lover of the violin has heard and been charmed by a Vieuxtemps concerto. Yes, but not this one! Even the orchestra with the greatest and most active repertoire in the world has had few if any occasions to play it in more than sixty years.

A musician of incomparable resources, Vieuxtemps in his own lifetime was regarded not only as the leading virtuoso of the day, but also as the direct successor of Paganini. There were differences, however, between the two men as musicians: with Paganini, the great musical effect lay almost solely in the technique and mechanics of the instrument; with Vieux-temps, technical brilliance was utilized only as a means to express definite musical ideas which have an emotional strength of their own.

The Vieuxtemps concerti for violin, though stylistic to a degree, did not always comply with the conventional three-movement form. The fifth, for instance, originally had only two movements, a third being added later. Actually, the musical material of the two original movements is rich and compact enough for a full-scale symphony and provides the soloist with a plethora of opportunities. The A Minor was completed in 1858 when Vieuxtemps was in Paris, shortly after his return from a second American tour. Its performance calls for endurance, musicianship, poetry and technique, attributes which Heifetz furnishes in abundance in this recording. For dramatic intensity and virtuosity, there are few concertos to match it.

Heifetz chose to include, on this same disc, a lovely and somewhat more familiar work, perhaps for the purpose of demonstrating—apart from musical attractions—the tendency in the nineteenth century to move away from the severely stylistic toward the more romantic approach. This was perhaps not unnatural for Max Bruch, for though we tend to think of him as an "old master" (he was born in 1838), he was always a romantic at heart.

Fantasy on Scottish Folk Tunes for Violin, Orchestra and Harp is certainly one of the most engaging large-scale works for the violinist to conquer and for us to enjoy. Romantic it is, and a little sentimental as properly it should be; technically it is absolutely dazzling. It is characteristic of Heifetz, however, that, possessing a technique the equal of which may never before have existed, musical values are always forward and dominant, as they must be with any truly great musician, even when they are more implicit than explicit in the music he plays for us.

The Fantasy begins somewhat ominously and proceeds rather more seriously than we might expect. Here the harp justifies its being mentioned in the title of the work, contrasting with and supporting the soloist. The lovely cantabile section is based on the exquisite melody of "Auld Rob Morris." The second movement serves the function of a gay scherzo and is developed around the tune "Hey, the Dusty Miller." Upon the folk-dance rhythms of this ancient melody some of the most dazzling technical structures are erected by the soloist.

The andante movement is based on the appealingly tender Scotch air, "I'm a-Doun for Lack o' Johnnie." There is some fantastic technical embroidery here too but the ultimate devilment of the violin is reserved for the finale. At the very outset the solo is launched with a passage in triple-stopping. The finale, with its insistent rhythms and melody based on the old Scot war song "Scots Wha Hae," is the most brilliant of the four movements and winds up the work with a blaze of virtuoso excitement.

CD 41

MARIO! LANZA AT HIS BEST

▸▸▸ NOTES BY RICHARD MOHR (1959)

Italy's charm and beauty are indescribable and inescapable. Its allure and enchantment are omnipresent, whether one be in historic Rome, the Umbrian hills of Assisi and Perugia, the art treasures of Florence or the water-lapped fantasy that is Venice.

But going south to Naples and beyond to Sicily, one is conscious of beauty's intensification, an increased awareness of life with its transient joys and sorrows. Existence is simpler, emotions are stronger and the individual reaction to each moment of each day becomes immediate, sincere and all-important. It is this brilliantly lit landscape of sun, sea and sky that fosters Italian song . . . simple melodies, spiraling phrases that celebrate honestly, straightforwardly and with inexhaustible beauty the joys and sorrows of man's life. Not for Italian song is allusive subtlety or philosophical profundity; its approach is direct and unashamed in its insistence upon life as unadorned reality, to be lived from day to day with all its ups and all its downs.

Mario Lanza has chosen twelve songs which reflect ideally this kaleidoscopic quality of life, and he sings them as only he can, in a voice of sustained richness and marvelous power. Through the festive brilliance of Funiculì funiculà, the swelling melody of Santa Lucia and the haunting emotion of Passione, the Lanza voice grips your heart and moves you with the unique insistence native to Italian song.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY ROBERT A. SIMON (1961)

The joyous vitality of Mario Lanza's singing here in no way suggests the tragedy that was to follow so soon. This album of music from The Vagabond King is one of a series of notable recordings for which the tenor sang in Rome shortly before his death. And the singing is alive with the power and enthusiasm that were so characteristic of his interpretations. The heroism and romance of the famous musical play ring out triumphantly.

The Vagabond King, with music by Rudolf Friml and book and lyrics by Brian Hooker and W. H. Post, is, by its official description, a musical play; but, as with some other preeminent musical plays, the designation may be extended to operetta or light operetta. It has a distinguished history and background, ranging back to the years of its hero, François Villon. The New York premiere took place at the Casino Theater on September 21, 1925. The Villon was Dennis King. Since the first run of The Vagabond King there have been many other performances, including two film versions. The work is based on Justin Huntly McCarthy's play If I Were King, which was introduced to New York in 1901. The Villon then was E. H. Sothern.

As for François Villon himself (born 1431), his family name was de Mont-corbier, but it is as Villon—poet, scholar and sometimes combative itinerant—that he is renowned in story and in fact. His poetry is celebrated, one masterpiece being the ballade concerning the where-abouts of the snows of last year, and he fought his battles as a man of learning and of exciting adventure.

The story of this musical is one of love and battle, in which King Louis XI names Villon king for one day—with the proviso that Villon win the heart of Katherine de Vaucelles, a patrician lady. Failure means death for Villon. It is eventful and colorful in its action, and Villon scores not only as a lover but also as an inspiring soldier in the King's fight against Burgundy.

Most of the songs in which Lanza is heard are those of Villon in the production, but he also sings the Drinking Song and has a leading voice in the ensemble for Nocturne.

Born January 31, 1921, in South Philadelphia, Mario Lanza began vocal lessons at the comparatively advanced age of 19. At 21 he was employed as a truck driver; one day, singing to himself as he was delivering a piano to Philadelphia's Academy of Music, he was overheard by conductor Serge Koussevitzky, who gave him an audition then and there. As a result of the audition Lanza won a scholarship to Tanglewood, the summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Lanza's musical career proceeded at a blistering pace. He served a stint in the Army in the early 1940s, during which he appeared in the Army shows On the Beam and Winged Victory. After his discharge, Lanza settled in New York and began to perform frequently on the nationally syndicated radio show Great Moments of Music. In 1947 he became a member of the Bel Canto Trio and for two years toured the United States, Canada and Mexico with great success.

After an electrifying solo performance at the Hollywood Bowl in 1949, Mario Lanza was given a movie contract with MGM; a recording contract with RCA soon followed. In short order his glorious tenor voice propelled him to dazzling heights in the entertainment world. His movies most notably That Midnight Kiss, The Toast of New Orleans and The Great Caruso—smashed box-office records. On radio, his Coca-Cola shows were high points of America's weekly listening; on records, he became one of RCA's best-selling artists. Be My Love, The Loveliest Night of the Year, The Great Caruso, Because You're Mine, The Student Prince and other recordings dominated the charts.

On October 7, 1959, Lanza died suddenly in Rome at the age of 38. His popularity and influence today are testaments to his magnificent spirit and unequalled vocal sound. He remains, and will remain, one of the greatest singing legends of all time.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY DANIEL GUSS

When this program was issued on compact disc in the Living Stereo series in 1995, only those selections from The Vagabond King involving Mario Lanza were included. For this reissue, we have added three more selections from the LP—Love for Sale and Huguette Waltz, as performed by soprano Judith Raskin, and the chorus Hunting.

Another selection recorded at the same sessions was never issued, and receives its first commercial release here. There is no documentation relating to it, apart from a passing mention of a reprise of the song Nocturne. For this reissue, it has been named Instrumental Interlude and Nocturne (reprise).

The first three of its four sections involve only the orchestra and are derived from parts of the score that were not among the highlights recorded for this album. The source of the first section is a comic ballad called Serenade, which without its words reveals a lilting waltz. The second is based on the up-tempo men's chorus Scotch Archers' Song, bereft of its bawdy lyrics. The third is a Tarantella, from the ballet music, and leads into the final section, with Mario Lanza and the chorus back for a reprise of the haunting Nocturne—for Lanza fans, a minute of his singing that has never before been issued.

CD 42

VIRGIL FOX: ENCORES

▸▸▸ NOTES BY CHARLES O'CONNELL (1959)

It is a curious fact that, while the pipe-organ was in its most vigorous stage of development technically, no great music was written for it. Most of the durable and significant music for the organ was written prior to the twentieth century, the exceptions being certain music by Charles Marie Widor, Alexandre Guilmant and a few others; men who survived the golden age to make their mark upon our brassy one. But the contemporary composer, with the most versatile, powerful, expressive and economical medium at his hand, has seldom bothered with it. Perhaps the organ is only for the masters.

Virgil Fox obviously appreciates this fact; and in choosing the musical material for this recording (which happens to be the music he is most frequently asked to give as encores) he astutely selects works which reveal the attitude toward the organ of many of the truly great composers who wrote for it. He displays the ascetic, the academic, the philosophical, the exuberant and even the sentimental Bach. He echoes the romantic predilections of Robert Schumann, superimposed on the most

stringent of musical forms. He brightly sends forth the genial and engaging pompousness of Handel, in what is probably the first "English" organ work to employ the pedal organ (Concerto No. 4). He reveals the really essential musicality of that notable improvisateur, Henri Mulet, but not in an improvisation; rather in a moment of noblesse. The eager and ingratiating Purcell promotes the king's majesty and then sings about it, sweetly. And from Cathedral Music, a collection organized by the deaf organist William Boyce, and known as "a national monument and a public service" (Oxford citation), Mr. Fox selects an organist's dreamings.

The Widor fragment is of course the most nearly contemporary of this distinguished selection of organ music. Charles-Marie Widor was professor at the Paris Conservatoire, organist of St. Sulpice, teacher, admirer and patron of Charles Courboin (presently organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral and onetime teacher of Virgil Fox), friend and colleague of Albert Schweitzer and collaborator in Schweitzer's Bach biography. He knew the modern organ. Indeed, the Toccata, from his Fifth Organ Symphony reveals that fact, and the music would not have been possible otherwise. Only the modern organ, with its electric, or electropneumatic action, makes this music viable—as the composer once said to a pupil when, in 1928, at the age of eighty-three, he lightly led the way up the steep iron stair to the choir-loft of St. Sulpice. The pupil was the writer of these notes.

The pipe-organ is the most serious challenge to the skill of the recording engineer—and to the interest of those who respond to great music, and great music adequately reproduced. The reasons for this are clear. The pipe-organ encompasses the entire range of musical audibility, with respect to both dynamics and tonal range. From its pipes, which may vary in number from about 3,000 to more than 30,000, it can produce fundamental tones exceeding the limits of normal audibility. These pipes range in size from one which may be 64 feet long and 24 inches in diameter, to one .67 inches long and about .12 inches in diameter.

The 64-foot pipe will produce a tone vibrating at 16 cycles per second, which is the lowest musical tone; the little pipe will deliver a fundamental tone of more than 16,000 cycles per second, which is somewhat above the hearing range of a normal middle-aged person. Compare this with the frequency range of the symphony orchestra, which (as far as wind instruments are concerned) extends from 33 vibrations per second (contrabassoon) to 4,752 (piccolo).

According to the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company, builders of the Riverside Church organ on which Mr. Fox recorded the contents of this album, providing an ideal organ for this church offered a unique challenge to the designer and builder of the instrument because of the great variety of the musical requirements of the various services.

First, the organ had to be capable of adequately supporting and leading the singing of a vast congregation.

Secondly, it had to be planned so as to form a suitable accompaniment for the choir during the singing of anthems and oratorios, many of which call for great tonal variety and flexibility.

Thirdly, the tonal structure of the instrument had to form an ideal medium for the authentic rendition of the inspired composition of the organ of all periods.

In the planning there was also the problem of how to use advantageously the many excellent pipes from the old instrument without in any way compromising the final result. These various requirements demanded a very complete instrument incorporating a great variety of tonal effects and a build-up and ensemble of considerable complexity and brilliance.

The plan, as carried out, comprises two organs controlled by a five-manual console located in the apse with the choir. The main organ, housed in chambers flanking the apse, comprises a four-manual instrument having Great, Swell, Choir, Positiv, Solo and Pedal Organs, together with an unenclosed Bombarde division placed in the triforium of the apse. The Antiphonal Organ comprises a very complete two-manual instrument located in chambers at the rear of the church. In this location a comprehensive Echo Organ has also been installed.

A complete survey of the acoustical properties of the church was made before the organ was built. This investigation resulted in the treatment of the ceiling of the apse and two bays of the nave so as to remove the original absorbent qualities of these surfaces and convert them into sound reflectors, thus adding life to the acoustical environment of the building and thereby greatly enhancing the effectiveness of not only the music, but also of the spoken word.

More than any organist in modern times, Virgil Fox defined the frontiers of keyboard virtuosity and brought the organ to the forefront among classical concert instruments. Born in 1912, the son of a harmonica player, Fox gave his first professional recital at age 14. After attending Baltimore's Peabody Conserv-atory and winning the coveted Artist's Diploma after only one year of study, he gave concerts for the allied forces during World War II and held the position of organist at New York City's Riverside Church for 19 years. Over a 55-year career, he played on virtually every important organ in the world, including those in Bach's Thomaskirche in Leipzig, Notre Dame in Paris, Westminster Abbey and the Royal Albert Hall, as well as the 5-manual Aeolian-Skinner organ in Riverside Church. In his technical and interpretative gifts, he was considered without peer.

A master showman, Virgil Fox was famous for his flamboyant manner and ebullient personality on stage. He delighted in introducing the organ to new audiences, and almost single-handedly popularized the "king of instruments" through his concerts and lectures. A favorite feature of these performances was his rendition of Middelschulte's Perpetual Motion, a blazingly fast piece played solely on the organ's foot pedals. Over the course of his career, he played to more than 6 million people worldwide and recorded extensively. In 1952 he was voted America's most popular organist. Fox died on October 25, 1980, in West Palm Beach, Florida.

▶▶▶ REISSUE PRODUCER'S NOTE BY DANIEL GUSS

When this recording was first released on both monaural and stereo LPs, one selection (the Schumann Canon) had to be omitted from the latter, because of playing time limitations necessitated by the wider grooves of the stereo LP. When this program was issued on compact disc in the Living Stereo series in 1993, the Schumann appeared for the first time in stereo sound.

One other selection, recorded at the same

sessions, has never been issued – the Elgar Pomp and Circumstance March. Although recorded, it was not edited, for reasons unknown to us today. John Pfeiffer, the producer of the original recording, had the opportunity to include it in 1993, but chose not to do so. After auditioning all the takes, we decided that its importance as a musical document argued in favor of its issue now—and it also turns out to be an exciting performance. We have placed it at the end of the program, so that, in case some listeners disagree with our decision, the entire program as originally issued on compact disc can be heard in sequence without the additional selection.

CD 43-44

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME

IMPERISHABLE YOUTH
BY FRANCIS ROBINSON (1961)

The public has a way of being right — at least some of the time. Certainly it can be trusted in its choice of operas if the box office records of the Metropolitan Opera are any gauge. It has been known to reject worthy works but it resoundingly casts its vote in favor of the masterpieces.

The three most popular operas in the repertoire of the Metropolitan based on number of performances there, are A, B and C in that order – Aida, Bohème and Carmen. These are choices nobody need apologize for. The most quarrelsome critic acknowledges their greatness.

If an actuary sat down and figured it out, La Bohème probably would come off with first honors. As of the end of the 1961–62 season Aida had been performed at the Metropolitan 460 times, La Bohème 408 times. But Aida came into the repertoire in 1886, three years after the house opened. La Bohème did not have its world premiere until ten years later, 1896, and did not reach the Metropolitan until nearly five years after that.

As late as the mid-forties it still trailed Lohengrin and Faust in public favor at the Metropolitan, but it has been absent from the repertoire only two seasons since it came in and it shows no sign of relaxing its hold on the public's affection. There are a number of reasons for this, all good.

In the first place Bohème's length – or lack of length – is decidedly in its favor. Most operas and a good many plays today are too long. In the prologue to Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare's Chorus makes reference to "the two hours traffic of our stage." This would seem to indicate the greatest playwright of all time had a good idea as to when that mystic bridge which Alexander Woollcott called "the arc of attention" was in for a strain. Not counting intermissions and applause, La Bohème can be performed in Shakespeare's prescribed two hours.

Brevity of itself, of course, is not a virtue and the score of Bohème is wondrously fresh and ever new. Its pages, in the words of the late Olin Downes, critic of The New York Times, carry "the message of imperishable youth." Who can resist that message? The horseplay of the first half of the opening act quickly gives way to the moonlit bewilderment of young love.

Here there is a sudden change in the orchestra. The rowdiness is over from the moment of Mimì's entrance until Rodolfo's friends call from below, and then a remarkable thing happens. Mimì's aria has ended in D major. The shouts from outside and Rodolfo's replies are in the same tonality. Rodolfo turns and sees Mimì wreathed in moonlight. The stage directions in the score say "he contemplates her ecstatically." Instead of moving academically into the related key of G major, Puccini sweeps us into the unexpected key of A major. Bohème abounds in such masterstrokes, sure and telling.

The second act is one of the most complicated musically in operatic literature but again the effects are sure. All is exuberant, spontaneous and apparently effortless, and Puccini here proves himself not only a poet but also a prophet. The introduction to the act is as descriptive of the bustle of Paris today as of 1830. The opening bars could be the horns of the undiscovered taxis as graphically as we heard them described in An American in Paris and in reality before the Paris police silenced them. And to think, at the time he wrote Bohème, Puccini had not crossed the Alps and yet he caught the soul of Paris.

The music of Musetta's Waltz was done before the librettists supplied the words. It is a little miracle of character-ization. Max Rudolf, a former assistant manager of the Metropolitan and now conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, says the reason we have so few successful operas today is that contemporary composers have not seemed able to capture musical speech, to define their characters musically. Puccini's characters live and breathe. They literally speak through the music. Note how Puccini goes along with an extended phrase on one note as in the opening measures of Rodolfo's Narrative (Che gelida manina).

And now we come to the real heartbreaker of the work, the third act. It opens with the coldest music ever heard, harp and flutes over a hollow fifth in the cellos – progressive fifths which harmony teachers a generation after Bohème had come into being were still telling us we couldn't use. The great ones make their own rules.

Leonard Bernstein used the entire third act of Bohème on his telecast What Makes Opera Great? to show how music expands drama into opera. He compares it with the Quartet from Rigoletto and the Sextet from Lucia as providing "a thrill no other art form can provide: the thrill of being able to hear several emotional statements at once."

"You could never do it in a play," Mr. Bernstein says. "People just don't speak simultaneously – that is, if they want to be heard ... But music accomplishes the miracle, because notes are born to sound together, as words are not. And so this ... becomes a moment of striking beauty, instead of a jumble. Reality has been expanded by music into a richness of lyricism whereby we can actually perceive three emotions at the same time.

"This is really the crowning delight of opera: that in the very same moment we can experience conflicting passions, contrasting moods and separate events. And because only the gods have ever been able to perceive more than one thing at a time, we are, for this short period, raised to the level of the gods."

Mimì's Farewell, he points out, takes only thirty-six seconds to read, 210 seconds to sing. "And what golden seconds," Mr. Bernstein exclaims, "because in them time stopped. We have been suspended in a moment of great emotion ... For us it has been both a moment and eternity."

The pathetic story is soon told. We are back in the garret. There is the old-time horsing around which seems to be more than an attempt at gaiety. At the height of the commotion there is a thunderous report from the pit. The door is flung open and Musetta breaks in with the news that Mimì is below, too weak to climb the stairs. As Rodolfo rushes from the room the orchestra utters a cry of anguish and terror.

When the lovers are finally alone Mimì begins with a touching phrase, Sono andati ("They're gone now"), to a heart-wrenching descending melody in C minor. It occurs again fortissimo in the brass as the fact that she is gone finally bears in on Rodolfo and the curtain falls.

"When I began to depict Mimì's death and played those dark chords on the piano," Puccini recalled, "I was so moved that I had to get up. Alone, in the night, I wept like a baby. It was as if I had seen the death of my own child."

La Bohème, however, was composed during perhaps the happiest period of Puccini's life. The success of Manon Lescaut had set him securely on the road to fame and fortune. At his villa at Torre del Lago he could indulge his love of duck shooting and surround himself with his friends. They forgathered at a disreputable-looking shack on the shore of the lake called the Club Bohème whose owner had fled to Brazil. Puccini and his other nonpaying guests had reduced him to near bankruptcy. The club rules were prominently posted, such signs as "Silence prohibited," "Fair playing and payment of fines forbidden."

The true-to-life quality of Bohème has a double source in reality, the composer's own student days in Milan and the semi-autobiographical novel of Henri Murger, Scènes de la vie de Bohème, from which Puccini drew his libretto. Rodolfo, of course, is Murger himself. Marcello is a composite of a writer, Jules Fleury-Husson, known as Champfleury, as well as two painters in Murger's circle named Lazar and Tabar. The latter actually began a picture of the crossing of the Red Sea, the subject of Marcello's canvas in Act I and III, but was unable to complete it because of the cost of models. He converted it into a less expensive subject, Niobe and Her Children Slain by the Arrows of Apollo and Diana, which was exhibited in the Salon of 1842. In Murger's story Marcel's masterpiece undergoes several such transformations.

Schaunard was Alexander Schanne. He dabbled in both painting and music and composed a symphony with the rather fancy title of On the Influence of Blue in the Arts. His fellow Bohemians called him Schannard. When his memoirs were published a printer's error renamed him Schaunard and it stuck. Colline, like Marcello, is a combination – a theological student named Wallon who wrote religious tracts, and one Trapadoux of the famous coat.

So much of this struck a responsive chord with Puccini, who himself had been an expert at hand-to-mouth existence and once pawned his overcoat, not, however, for Colline's reasons but to take a young ballerina with the proverbial dancer's appetite out to dinner. In his diary there is an entry describing a less lavish repast: "Supper for four people: one herring," an incident which went straight into the mock-banquet scene of the last act of Bohème.

Musetta in real life was a model who sat for Ingres. She came to a sad end when the boat in which she was traveling to Algiers was shipwrecked. Mimì is a composite portrait of several girls, most of whom ended unhappily. One, Lucille Louvet, actually died of tuberculosis. Murger heard it too late to claim her body. Since she was a charity patient in the hospital it went to the university for the medical students to dissect. Another, whom we know simply as Louisette, like Mimì was an embroiderer, and for her Schanne sold his new overcoat for thirty francs and for motives less basic than those for which Puccini parted with his.

In the frail procession of Mimìs were also Luliette and Anais. Murger merged Lucille with Marie Vinal, whom he had met when he was eighteen, to create the heroine of Francine's Little Muff and another prop for Puccini. How the composer used these commonplace items to give reality to Bohème! He is also his own scenic artist (the smoke from the chimneys of Paris in Act I, the snow in Act III), electrician (the fire when Rodolfo and Marcello consign Rodolfo's manuscript to the fireplace), as well as property man – a one-man stage crew.

It was a grant of 100 lire a month, about twenty dollars, from Queen Margherita which enabled Puccini to leave his native Lucca for the Milan Conservatory. He was nearly twenty-two which was a good thing. He could not be forced in the academic mold (remember those fifths at the beginning of Acts II and III) and was known to turn in the same fugue on twelve different occasions in as many keys to save the time and trouble on an assignment which held no interest for him. To the end of his days his manuscripts were scandals of illegibility – but, oh, the inspiration.

It took him two years to get the libretto of La Bohème out of Illica and Giacosa. Originally it ran twenty acts, but once over the hurdle of the text Puccini dashed off the music in eight months.

La Bohème had its first performance on any stage at the Teatro Regio in Turin under Arturo Toscanini. It hurts me very much to say it," an eminent critic reported, "but frankly this Bohème is not an artistic success. There is much in the score that is empty and downright infantile. The composer should realize that originality can be obtained perfectly well with the old established means, without recourse to consecutive fifths and a disregard of good harmonic rules. Bohème has not made a profound impression on the listeners, and similarly it will not leave much of a trace in the history of the lyric stage. The composer will do wisely if he writes it off as a momentary mistake. Let him consider Bohème an accidental error in his artistic career."

Another speculated, "We wonder what could have started Puccini toward the degradation of this Bohème." Still another gave the composer some direct counsel, "You are young and strong, Puccini; you have talent, culture, imaginative ability; but you have today conceived the whim of forcing the public to applaud you where and when you will. That is all very well for once, but for once only. For the future, turn back to the great and difficult battles of art!"

After the Metropolitan premiere, December 26, 1900, the New York Tribune was also aghast at the "degradation." "La Bohème is foul in subject, and fulminant but futile in music," the critic sputtered.

So much for the minority report. Permit a nonpro a word. Among Puccini's treasures was a three-line report from another American which might be considered a paraphrase of Théophile Gautier's dictum that empires perish but art endures, a comforting thought in this and, indeed, any time. It reads:

"Men die and governments / change but the songs of / 'La Bohème' will live forever."
- It is signed: Thos. A. Edison.

CONDUCTOR ERICH LEINSDORF WITH ANNA MOFFO AND MARY COSTA

▸▸▸ THE RECORDING BY RICHARD MOHR (1961)

This performance of Puccini's La Bohème was recorded in a three-week period following a week of advance piano rehearsals for cast members and chorus. The orchestral "dress rehearsals" preceded actual recording which, once underway, was accomplished in nine three-hour sessions. Twelve recording channels were utilized and, for synchronization of offstage effects, five portable television relays proved invaluable.

For all its brevity, La Bohème is one of the most complicated of operas to record. In its persistently youthful activity, it presents a hydralike succession of problems. Its moods change constantly and abruptly, and each change is the signal for increase or decrease in physical activity on the part of the principals. At least half of the opera is feverishly active, the openings of Acts I and IV and all of Act II being specific instances; the other half is intimate in scale, introspective in tone.

Planning stage action for the opera was less taxing than its realization. Puccini is most explicit in his own stage directions concerning movement of his principals. In Act I, it was a relatively simple matter to bring off entrances of Colline and Schaunard, the latter laden with wine bottles and paper-wrapped food, but to secure the exact sound of the match being struck to light the stove, the precise metallic ring of Schaunard's coins being thrown regally to the floor, and later the dropping of Mimì's keys as she swoons immediately after her entrance – these were touches of additional realism that occasioned as much worry as a high C or the exact balancing of four voices, each pursuing its own train of thought.

Surprisingly enough, Act II in all its complex of moving crowds and principals proved to be fairly uncomplicated. Marching the military band across stage at the conclusion of the act, first down an imaginary Rue Dauphin and then up Rue Mazarin, pursued by the entire cast established the spontaneous note from the start. Succeeding takes heightened the effect until that one miraculous moment arrived when, with the session almost finished, we went through the entire act without pause. Much of this version is used in the final recording.

In Act III, physical action lessens but judicious sound effects and varying perspectives enhance the drama. Musetta's offstage song at the start, with its accompaniment of clinking glasses, is always a problem since the glasses in a cheap café must sound like good, serviceable ware and not like champagne tulips. The whip crack over the waiting horse and his answering shudder of sleighbells provides perfect counterpoint preparation for Mimì's arrival, and the crash of overturned dishes becomes the violent herald of Musetta and Marcello's angry entrance. During Act IV, one hears Rodolfo and Marcello throwing down pen and paint brush preceding "O Mimì, tu più non torni." Later the dance sequence supplies the rapid clatter of a fandango heel barrage, which in its turn is succeeded by a duel of poker and fire tongs so striking in its realism that one can almost hear knuckles being skinned, which indeed happened during one of the takes.

In spite of this multiplicity of effects, musical values were given paramount importance. It is to the credit of all concerned in the cast that they cooperated with utmost good humor and amiability to produce this combined effect of a story realistically recreated through music and the recording art. Because of them, Puccini's masterpiece depicting "a gay life, but a terrible one," lives again.

>> THE STORY OF THE OPERA

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PARIS IN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ACT I. A GARRET: It is Christmas Eve, a cheerless one in Marcello's garret, where the stove has long been without fuel. Marcello blows on his nearly frozen hands as he tries to work on his painting The Passage of the Red Sea. Rodolfo, unable to write, gazes through the window, watching smoke rise from the chimneys on neighboring roofs; suddenly he turns around, goes to a table and begins tearing up the manuscript of his five-act tragedy to feed the stove. As Colline enters, the fire dies down, and more of Rodolfo's manuscript is thrown in. Schaunard bursts in accompanied by two boys bearing food, wine and firewood. The ensuing feast is cut short by the arrival of the landlord demanding rent; he is quickly plied with wine – and pushed out. Marcello, Colline and Schaunard depart for the Café Momus, leaving Rodolfo to finish an article.

A few moments later there is a timid knock at the door. It is a young and pretty neighbor, whose candle has gone out. She looks ill to Rodolfo, and he makes her sit down by the stove. He relights her candle, but as she goes to the door she discovers she has lost her key. While they talk, the wind again blows out her candle, and Rodolfo surreptitiously blows out his own. As they search the floor for the key, Rodolfo grasps the girl's hand. He leads her to a chair and tells her who he is and how he lives; then he asks her about herself. "They call me Mimì," she replies, and says she works at embroidering flowers on linens and silks. Rodolfo's companions call from the street, and the poet answers that he will be down shortly, explaining that he is not alone. Captivated by Mimì, Rodolfo invites her to come with him; she readily agrees, and the two link arms and go out.

ACT II. THE LATIN QUARTER: A festive crowd mills about the public square in front of the Café Momus. Rodolfo and Mimì join the other Bohemians at a sidewalk table and order supper. Presently Musetta, Marcello's former lover, arrives on the arm of the elderly and wealthy Alcindoro. She catches sight of Marcello, but he ignores her; vexed by his disregard, she launches into a waltz song, boasting about her charms and conquests. When she is convinced that Marcello is softening toward her, she begins to complain that her shoe pinches; she orders Alcindoro to get another pair, and as soon as he is out of sight she and Marcello rush into each other's arms. When the Bohemians' bill is presented, Musetta tells the waiter her gentleman friend will pay it all when he returns. The Bohemians, Mimì and Musetta watch a military patrol that marches across the square; then, along with the crowd, they follow it off.

ACT III. A TOLLGATE AT THE EDGE OF PARIS: Dawn is breaking on a bleak and bitter-cold day. Shivering and coughing, Mimì appears and sends a message into a nearby tavern, asking Marcello to come out. When he emerges, she

recounts the tribulations of her and Rodolfo's love, his jealousy and their various attempts to break off their affair. Shortly Rodolfo comes out looking for Marcello, and Mimì hides behind some trees. She overhears her lover tell Marcello how gravely ill she is and how, for her sake, it would be wise for her to leave his unhealthy garret. She begins to cough violently; Rodolfo rushes to her while Marcello, hearing Musetta laughing in the tavern, hastens inside. His love returning at the sight of Mimì's pale, frightened face, Rodolfo tries to embrace her; she breaks away, bids him a tender farewell, and reluctantly he agrees they should part. Musetta and Marcello come out, arguing, as Mimì and Rodolfo, recalling their happiness, decide not to separate until spring.

ACT IV. THE GARRET: Rodolfo and Marcello are trying to work, but they cannot get their minds off Mimì and Musetta, from whom they are again separated. Their melancholy reverie is broken by the arrival of Colline and Schaunard, bringing food. The four companions are feasting when the door opens, and Musetta enters. She tells them that Mimì is with her and is terribly ill. Rodolfo rushes out, brings the girl in and puts her on the bed. As she and Rodolfo talk quietly, Musetta tells Marcello to sell her earrings to buy a restorative and pay for a doctor. Spurred by her example, Colline resolves to pawn his beloved overcoat; he bids it a poignant farewell and then follows Musetta and Marcello out the door. Schaunard tactfully withdraws so that Rodolfo and Mimì can be alone. They reminisce until a dreadful attack of coughing causes Mimì to faint; when she comes to, Marcello and Musetta have returned, the latter with a muff she gives to the dying girl. Musetta murmurs a prayer as Schaunard, having gone to Mimì's bedside, whispers to Marcello that she is dead; Rodolfo, sensing what has happened, rushes over and throws himself across Mimì's body, calling her name.

CD 45-46

PUCCINI: MADAME BUTTERFLY

▸▸▸ THE FAILURE AND SUCCESS OF BUTTERFLY BY GEORGE R. MAREK (1962)

It seems there was a young girl of good family who made her living as an entertainer. She met and fell in love with a naval officer, a foreigner. She married him. After a brief spell of idyllic happiness, he left her without ever once writing to her or sending word or giving a sign of life or even caring about the little son who was born to her. Yet she still considered herself to be his lawful wedded wife, refused to believe that he had forsaken her, refused all other offers of marriage, being sure that he would return to her one fine day. He did come back, only to tell her that he had remarried a woman of his own country. Thereupon the poor girl killed herself.

What a sob-filled, tear-drenched story! It is a little difficult to accept it in these acerbic times. It is a little reminiscent of women's magazine literature of fifty years ago. The heroine is a bit too good to be true, or too true to be believable. Yet, ingenuous though the story be, it does become believable, it does become moving, it does make a claim on our emotions because a man who was a genius set it to music. Such is the power of music. Such is the power of opera, an art where old-fashioned stories seem timeless, provided that the timelessness resides in the music.

Puccini chose as the source of his libretto a story by John Luther Long which first appeared in an American magazine and was then snapped up by that canny but magisterial magician of the American stage, David Belasco. Both as a story and as a play it enjoyed enormous success. Blanche Bates, who played the original Cho-Cho-San, wrung fountains of tears from her audiences and did it so successfully that Belasco took the play to London, where it was seen by the composer. As a play Madame Butterfly never had much merit and seems today as antiquated as a jewel-studded hairpin. Cho-Cho-San is a pidgin-English creation; this is how she talked in the play:

Kate: *Why, you poor little thing ... who in the world could blame you or call you responsible ... you pretty little plaything. (Takes Madame Butterfly in her arms)*

Madame Butterfly (softly): *No – plaything ... I am Mrs. Leften – and B. F. – No – no – now I am, only – Cho-Cho-San, but no playthin' ... (She rises, then impassively) How long you been marry?*

As source material for an opera, Butterfly is less worthy than Sardou's Tosca and less good than Murger's novel about the life of the Bohemians. Puccini, who was highly sensitive to dramatic and to literary values, chose the subject because he was moved by the play when he saw it in London, even though he understood almost no English. So he said, but we may safely conjecture that what attracted him was the nature of the little girl who married that cad of a foreigner. She is related to the other female figures who made an appeal to his imagination. Cio-Cio-San is a sister of Liù, a half-sister of Mimì, a cousin of Manon, and a not-too-distantly-removed relative of the more self-assured Tosca. These frail, fragile creatures, these unheroic heroines who, loving wholly, are wholly broken by love, these are the ones who fired Puccini's mind. He was not terribly interested in the men of his operas. The best part of his genius belonged to the little women, all of whom he visualized with love and made come alive.

Puccini did not seek to storm the heavens. His music lives not on a mountaintop but in a small house, in the case of Butterfly a very small house with sliding walls, rented for nine hundred and ninety-nine years with the privilege of cancellation at any time. Here the composer was at home, here he could express, in a musical language of incomparable sensitiveness, the romantic pulse of his heart. Though Butterfly was composed in our century, Puccini belongs to the romantic movement of the last century (he was not one of the school of verismo as is sometimes claimed). In rendering emotion intimate, in expressing the poignancy of every-day love, in turning sadness sweet, in gently knocking on the door of our hearts, Puccini was the master. To be inspired, he had to, as he himself said, fall in love with his Mimìs and Liùs, and we may take him at his word when he tells us that he loved Cio-Cio-San more than any of his other women.

One other feature of the story made a strong appeal to him and was then and is today responsi-

ble for some of Butterfly's popularity: its setting. This setting is a Japan redolent of cherry blossoms, a Japan which perhaps never did exist. Certain is, Puccini was never there.

The literary possibilities of the mysterious East were being discovered at the turn of the century and Puccini was aware of it. To the romancers Japan was a country exclusively inhabited by people of refinement where every man's thoughts were subtle and every woman bowed low in sweet submission. Novels and stories with a Japanese locale abounded and its art was influencing European art, particularly the work of the French impressionists and of Whistler. The public, to quote Bunthorne in Patience, "longed for all one sees that's Japanese."

In order for us to love Butterfly we must accept two conditions (very easy ones!). One is that we must be at home in this dream-Japan – which turns out to be a province of Italy – and the other, that we must grant Puccini the right to be sentimental.

Once we accept these conditions we are in a position to admire this curious opera not only for its emotional pull but for other qualities. Why "curious"? Isn't it curious that the tenor is the villain? Isn't it curious that in an Italian opera the tenor has no set arias to sing, for the two songs the tenor does have are too small to be called "arias"? As a matter of fact, Butterfly contains fewer "set pieces" than Bohème or Tosca, "Un bel dì" being the exception. Even the Flower Duet cannot be lifted from its context and sung in a concert hall. What this means is this: the music is marvelously amalgamated with the drama, it is in the best sense of the word theatrical music, it makes the tragedy believable (as I have said), and it charms into life the central character who from her entrance to the end of the work is almost continuously on stage, without our wearying of her. Of course the score abounds in melody, but the melody is consistently held in the service of events and characters.

In preparing himself for the composition, Puccini took the Japanese milieu seriously. He informed himself of Japanese customs, nomenclature, musical instruments, architecture, etc. He studied Japanese music, including the Japanese national anthem, strains of which he worked into the score as he did snatches from The Star-Spangled Banner. But these exotic touches really are not very important. For what comes out is pure Puccini, though, to be sure, with a special Butterfly style. No other work of his is so fragrant. How weightless this opera is, how it seems to float in perfumed air! Is this a paradox? Butterfly is a realistic story and Cio-Cio-San stabs herself most realistically. Yet after hearing the opera we feel as if we have listened to a fairy tale. Only the snobs can't listen to a fairy tale.

>> THE FIASCO OF THE PREMIÈRE

The first performance of Butterfly was a failure, the causes for which have never been satis-factorily explained. Initial failures of fine works of art are not so rare that the story of this première would be worth retelling were it not for the almost unique intensity of the venom which the audience spewed out. It is probable that the fiasco was due at least partly to an organized cabal. It is unlikely that this will ever be proved one way or the other.

At the time that Butterfly was to be given Puccini was an enormously successful composer. Manon Lescaut, Bohème and Tosca had made their way throughout the world. Many members of Italian musical society looked with envy at this success, particularly since Puccini always kept pretty much to himself and belonged to no group.

In spite of his successes, he was never totally sure of himself and frightfully nervous at the birth of each work. But this time he was confident. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who had accepted the work for La Scala, was determined to give it the finest possible production. Giovanni Zenatello was Pinkerton, Giuseppe de Luca Sharpless, the conductor Campanini. And Cio-Cio-San was Rosina Storchio, a superb singer and a beautiful woman, small, delicate, intelligent, sensitive to direction, young, and suffused with artistic sincerity. All who worked with her remember her affectionately and speak of her with smiling admiration. She was one of Toscanini's favorite singers. For once Puccini was confident. He had given of his best, he had worked over every passage, correcting and improving countless times, as the manuscript shows. During the rehearsals at La Scala, over which Tito Ricordi (his publisher) presided, the stagehands, men not easily impressed, walked on tiptoe, often stopped their work altogether, and listened with tears in their eyes. After the dress rehearsal, the orchestra rose to its feet and congratulated the composer. Yes, for once there was no doubt about it: this was going to be a success. Puccini usually begged his family to stay away from his premières. This was the one and only time that he not only permitted them to come but actually invited his sisters to Milan. At the beginning of the performance, three of them, decorously clad in black, were to be seen ensconced in a box. Expectation was enormous. Admission prices were raised. Twenty-five-thousand lire were taken in at the box office, a record.

On the day of the performance, Puccini sent Rosina Storchio a note:

February 17, 1904

Dearest Rosina: My good wishes are not necessary. So true, so fine, so moving is your wonderful art that the public must succumb to it! I hope that through you I will gain my victory. Until tonight, then – with confidence and much affection.

Night came. The audience assembled. The curtain rose. The beginning of the opera, up to the entrance of Butterfly, was heard in silence. An ominous sign, for Italian audiences do not listen in silence when they like what they are hearing. Just before the entrance of Butterfly – Storchio was standing in the wings with Puccini, her hands cold as ice – a super came by mumbling, "What is the matter with the public?" Storchio broke out into a cold sweat. The assistant conductor pointed: it was her cue. She sang backstage the first phrase of Cio-Cio-San's, that enchanting phrase, "One more step and we have arrived." She was on the stage. Silence. No applause. She continued to sing. And suddenly there was a shout from the balcony, "That is Bohème." Immediately the cry was echoed by other voices: "Bohème! Bohème! We've heard that already. Give us something new!" Then all was quiet again. Quiet during the wedding ceremony. Quiet during the long love duet. At the climax of the duet a few handclaps; so sparse were they that in the darkness of the theater they sounded like an emphasis on silence. The curtain fell. Again a little applause – very little – mixed with hisses.

During the intermission, no one came backstage, not a friend, not a journalist. An actor once told me that failure could always be recognized after the first act. If no one appeared to make a

fuss over you, you were ready to look for another job. There were two hectic spots on Puccini's face as he walked up and down, smoking one cigarette after another, unmindful of the two firemen stationed backstage. Tito was cold and composed. He went over to Storchio and said, "At the second act the reaction will set in. I swear to you that it will be a success."

The second act began. At one moment Storchio turned around quickly. A draft caught her kimono and it ballooned up. At that a hoarse voice in the audience shouted, "Butterfly is pregnant." Storchio began to weep. She finished "Un bel dì" in a voice thickened by tears. There was again scattered applause. But when she introduced the child to Sharpless, pandemonium broke loose. Grunts, growls, groans, laughter, ironic cries of "Bis!," obscene remarks, and hisses hailed down on the performers. From then on hardly a note was heard in silence. The derogatory noises reached their climax during the Intermezzo. (We must remember that Butterfly in the original version was given in two acts, the Intermezzo connecting Scenes 1 and 2 of Act II.) As the gentle chirping of birds was heard, the audience answered: they barked like dogs, burst into cock-a-doodle-doos of roosters, brayed like asses, and mooed like cows as if – Storchio said – dawn in Japan were taking place in Noah's Ark. Nothing after that failed to strike the audience as funny. The final scene, the preparation for the suicide and the suicide itself, was heard in comparative quiet, but when the curtain fell, Butterfly ended amidst laughter and derogatory shouts. There were no curtain calls, not a single one.

Puccini slunk home. He had not far to go: his apartment in the Via Verdi was across the street from La Scala. Even these few steps were painful; he hid himself against the walls as if – he said – he had been a man who had committed a dirty crime. He could not understand what had happened and why. But once the first humiliation had passed and the noise of the night abated, Puccini decided to save the opera. The following morning he held a meeting at his apartment at which were present Tito and Giulio Ricordi, Illica and Giacosa (the librettists), and Rosina Storchio. The following decisions were taken: 1. The opera was to be withdrawn immediately. The second performance, already announced, was to be canceled. 2. The composer's, the librettists', and Ricordi's shares in the proceeds of the performance were to be restituted to the management of La Scala. (This was a heroic gesture.) 3. Puccini was to withdraw the score from general circulation, canceling also a projected performance in Rome, and he was to revise it. 4. The revisions completed, the opera was to be given in its new version not in Milan but in a smaller theater, as a tryout.

Puccini returned to his villa at Torre del Lago to make the corrections. He recast the work into three acts, shortened it – particularly the wedding scene in the first act – and made several other improvements. The little town of Brescia was chosen for the premiere of the revised version. There it was given on the 28th of May, 1904. But the curious could hardly have been prevented from coming from Milan to Brescia to find out what new sensation was in store. What happened was astonishing. The pendulum had swung. From the outset the mood of the audience was different. At the very opening of the curtain the scenery was applauded, the first tenor solo was greeted with shouts of approval, and from then on the enthusiasm mounted and mounted. At the end of the first act the audience broke loose and nothing would do but that the curtain had again to be raised and the entire love duet repeated. At the end of the opera the audience stood, screamed and waved while over and over again Puccini bowed. In the same spring Toscanini took Butterfly to Buenos Aires. There, with Rosina Storchio in the part, it enjoyed as great a triumph as in Brescia.

Never again did Butterfly fail. No other first performance proved short of a triumph. Within a few years it rivaled Bohème in popularity.

But like a father who cannot forget that his child had been a sickly infant, however sturdy he proves to be when he grows up, Puccini continued to regard the opera with sentimental anxiety. Rosina Storchio gave Puccini a painting of herself in the role. He hung this above his desk in the Via Verdi apartment. He looked at it often, and quoted the line from the opera, *"Rinnegata e felice"* – *"Renounced but happy."*

Vice-President and General Manager of the RCA Victor Record Division, Mr. Marek is a well-known authority on the opera. Among his books are A Front Seat at the Opera, Puccini, a biography of the composer, and most recently, Opera As Theater. He is also the editor of an anthology, The World Treasury of Grand Opera.

▶▶▶ THE RECORDING BY RICHARD MOHR (1962)

This recording of Puccini's Madama Butterfly is the first complete opera to be made in the new RCA Italiana studios in Rome. It was recorded in July 1962, following three preparatory orchestra and chorus rehearsals, in a total of ten three-hour sessions.

Apart from the challenge inherent in any new recording of a familiar staple of the operatic repertoire, there was also an additional excitement occasioned by this new "hall," this still unfamiliar surrounding in which we were to realize all the emotional quality of Puccini's score. True, orchestral sessions of symphonic music had been held with unqualified success the preceding December, but large as some of those orchestrations were, we felt the studio's full capacity was yet to be assayed. There is, after all, a sound difference (in both senses of the word) between an orchestra of one hundred players and the same force joined by a chorus of fifty and as many as eight soloists performing simultaneously at maximum strength.

Studio A, in which the sessions were held, is the largest of the four studios in the RCA Italiana building at Via Tiburtina km 12. It measures eighty by one hundred and twenty feet with a forty foot height, a total volume of nearly four hundred thousand cubic feet. Its air-conditioned vastness is designed to accommodate a maximum of two hundred and fifty people, far more than Butterfly required, although in its largest and most complex sections it did employ one hundred and eighty artists and artisans. At one end of the studio is a stage area of forty by eighty feet, and it was upon this field, further extended by the now familiar marked "checkerboard" of numbered squares, that chorus and soloists were maneuvered.

Being faced with this huge box, this empty volume of captured air provides one of life's greatest thrills for recording director and technical staff. Well in advance of the first session, RCA Victor's engineers had arrived from New York. For two weeks prior to the first rehearsal, John F. Pfeiffer, Red Seal Sound Administrator; Albert A. Pulley,

Administrator of Red Seal Engineering; and Lewis W. Layton, Red Seal Recording Engineer, had tested and retested microphones, recording console, reproducing speakers in the control room and all the additional mechanical apparatus which must, sometimes reluctantly, be made to conform, to serve as handmaiden to the art to be reproduced.

A hand-picked orchestra, drawn from the best players in Rome, had been auditioned by RCA Italiana staff mem-bers two months in advance. Chorus personnel were individually auditioned and selected with the same care.

Three rehearsals were scheduled. The first was held July 6 for orchestra only. On July 7 they were joined by chorus, and on July 9 (the eighth being Sunday and a day of rest) the final "dress" was held. For that, soloists were added, and the artistic roster was complete. It would be patently untrue to say that with the first downbeat on July 6, we had exactly what we wanted. But we did know from that first downbeat that what we wanted was there awaiting capture on tape, and that this would be the finest operatic recording we had yet made.

It is difficult to convey in words the excitement, enthusiasm and even occasional heartbreak involved in such preparatory work. There is a basic, all-embracing drive on the part of everyone concerned to outdo all his previous accomplishment, to realize a sound quality so beautifully natural that the stigma of "mechanical reproduction" will vanish. Invaluable in providing this ideal "sound envelope" was George R. Marek, whose objective opinions and great love for Puccini's music acted as a guiding directive for us all.

With this combination in the control room, we were equally fortunate on the artistic side. A better cast, conductor, orchestra and chorus could not have been assembled. After nine hours of sound experimentation, replete with alternate defeat and triumph, all of us felt the ideal had been achieved, the long-sought-for quality of sound that would enable Maestro Leinsdorf, Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Rosalind Elias, Philip Maero and their colleagues to re-create Puccini's musical drama relatively unaware of recording's technical demands and restrictions.

For Madama Butterfly those technical problems are not always immediately solvable. The opera is in one way a hybrid child, combining as it does Oriental delicacy of orchestration with full-blooded, surgingly Italianate melodies. In percussion alone, Puccini writes for Japanese bells, the customary orchestral bells, Japanese tam-tam, regular tam-tam, bird calls and the usual assortment of timpani, bass drum, snare drum, cymbals and triangle. None of this is capricious on his part. Each has its role to play, sometimes so delicate a one that its end contribution is more an orchestral color than a distinct note, but without that color, what a difference there would be! For the Japanese bells, impossible to find in Europe, we borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera the set made specifically for its first Butterfly performance in 1907. The off-stage cannon shot in Act II, announcing the arrival of Pinkerton's ship, presented a different problem. For two days explosive charges as well as real cannon shots reverberated through the outskirts of Rome during the most peaceful siesta hours before the exact illusion of a port cannon was realized. The bird calls in the Act III orchestral introduction occasioned sufficient rehearsal to provide a perpetual aviary of sound.

Do not think, however, our prime concern was only for these touches of realism stipulated by Puccini. Before each of the ten sessions, additional piano rehearsals were held to prepare again the music to be recorded that day. Three television relays synchro-nized the off-stage entrance of Butterfly in Act I and the distant sailors' calls of Act III with Maestro Leinsdorf's beat, while the stage manager communicated by walkie-talkie with the control room, correcting by minute proportions the position of one singer versus another.

It was within this framework of re-created sound-drama that the cast and conductor labored. What they have achieved is, in my possibly suspect opinion, a performance of Madama Butterfly that can merit only that much-maligned adjective "definitive." It is to their credit that always they wanted to "do it just once more," to repeat, to refine, to pursue as long as humanly possible the elusive charm of this beguiling story in music of one who "loved not wisely but too well." The result of their combined efforts becomes art in the most fundamental sense of the word.

>> THE STORY OF THE OPERA

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN, IN THE EARLY 1900S.

ACT I: United States Navy Lieutenant B. F. Pinkerton is being shown the little house on the hill at Nagasaki which he has leased and is about to occupy with his Japanese wife. Goro, the marriage broker, who arranged the match and found the house, is enjoying Pinkerton's delight at the ingenious contrivances of the building. Suzuki and two other servants enter and are introduced to the new master of the house. Presently Sharpless, the United States Consul, arrives, and Pinkerton tells him of Cio-Cio-San, the beautiful Japanese girl who has captivated him and of the marriage he is about to enter into – for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, but subject to monthly renewal! Sharpless warns that the girl may not regard her vows as lightly as Pinkerton regards his, but the lieutenant laughs at his friend's apprehension and proposes a toast – to America and the American girl who will someday be his "real" wife.

Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Cio-Cio-San and her girl friends. After everyone is introduced, Sharpless asks Cio-Cio-San about herself, and she tells him that since the death of her father she has had to support herself and her mother as a geisha. Soon her relatives arrive and noisily comment on the bridegroom and the marriage. When she finds a quiet moment, Cio-Cio-San shows Pinkerton her few earthly possessions and then tells him that she has, secretly and unkown to her relatives, renounced her faith in favor of Christianity.

The Imperial Commissioner arrives and the marriage ceremony takes place. Sharpless, after a final word of caution to Pinkerton, leaves with the Japanese officials. The gay festivities are suddenly interrupted when Cio-Cio-San's uncle, The Bonze, rushes in shouting wildly. A priest, he has discovered her renunciation of the faith of her fathers and has come to denounce her. He insists that all of her relatives renounce her forever. When Pinkerton, annoyed, threatens him with bodily assault, the Bonze and all of the guests quickly leave. Butterfly is left weeping bitterly. Pinkerton gently consoles her, and in the thought of his love, she is happy once again. Night falls over the garden and a long passionate love duet is sung by the couple.

ACT II: Three years have elapsed and Pinkerton

has long since left Nagasaki, promising his wife that he will "return when the robins nest." As the curtain rises, Suzuki is seen praying before an image of Buddha. She implores the gods for aid, as the money that Pinkerton left is almost gone. Butterfly stands gazing toward the harbor. She has complete confidence that Pinkerton will return – one fine day his ship will appear on the horizon. She bids Suzuki to have faith, and goes on to describe the events that will take place that wonderful day.

Butterfly's happy reverie is interrupted by the arrival of Sharpless and Goro. The Consul goes into the house and is welcomed graciously by Butterfly who engages him in all kinds of small talk. Sharpless tries several times unsuc-cessfully to explain the reason for his visit – the letter he has received from Pinkerton in which he tells of his marriage to an American girl and asks Sharpless to break the news to Butterfly. Before he can try again they are inter-rupted by Goro and Prince Yamadori, whom Goro is urging Butterfly to marry. Butterfly greets the Prince with dignity but reminds him that she is already wed. Goro declares that desertion is grounds for divorce, but Butterfly replies that this does not apply in her country – America. Further, she insists that she has not been deserted.

Yamadori leaves with Goro and finally Sharpless manages to tell Butterfly of the letter he has received. He starts to read; every phrase is interpreted by Butterfly as some happy assurance that her husband will return. Finally the Consul makes her realize the true meaning of the letter. She recoils as if struck. After a moment she recovers, rushes into the other room and returns with her baby. As soon as Pinkerton knows of his son, she insists, he will return to them. Deeply moved, Sharpless leaves, fearful for the future but unable to tell Butterfly of the lieutenant's remarriage.

A cannon booms in the harbor. Seizing a telescope, Butterfly discovers that it is Pinkerton's ship coming into port. Butterfly's happiness knows no bounds. She has proved herself right! Her husband is returning to her! Quickly she orders Suzuki to help her decorate the house with blossoms. Then as night falls, she dons her wedding gown and, with her son and Suzuki, waits by the door for her husband's arrival.

ACT III: The long night of waiting has passed. The gray light of dawn finds Suzuki and the baby asleep, Butterfly still standing, watching, waiting. The sunshine finally awakens Suzuki, and she persuades Butterfly to take the baby and go and rest. Before long Sharpless, Pinkerton and Kate, his new wife, come to the house. When Suzuki realizes who the strange woman is, she breaks down in despair. Out of consideration for her mistress, however, Suzuki agrees, reluctantly, to aid in breaking the news to her. Pinkerton, surrounded by proofs of Butterfly's devotion and unbroken faith, now at last realizes the truth of Sharpless's warnings. He bids an anguished farewell to the scene of his former happiness, then rushes away leaving Sharpless to arrange things as best he can. He has no sooner gone than Butterfly eagerly approaches the room. Suzuki tries vainly to keep her from entering, but Butterfly bursts in and anxiously looks around for Pinkerton. She sees Kate, and the terrible truth begins to dawn upon her. She bears the blow with a gentle dignity that is more touching than any lamentation. She wishes "the real American wife" happiness and sends Pinkerton a message that she herself will "find peace," and that he may have the child if he will return for him in half an hour. Kate leaves sadly with Sharpless.

Butterfly orders Suzuki to close the doors and draw the curtains, and then bids the sobbing maid to join the child in the garden. Butterfly goes to the shrine and takes the dagger from its sheath; dramatically, she reads the inscription: "To die with honor when one can no longer live with honor."

Just as she raises the blade to her throat, Suzuki pushes the child into the room. Butterfly drops the knife, seizes the child and smothers him with kisses. Then she seats him on a stool, puts an American flag and a doll in his hands and gently blindfolds him. Again she takes the dagger and goes behind the screen. A moment later the knife falls to the ground; Butterfly staggers toward the child and collapses at his feet. She dies as Pinkerton is heard calling her name.

CD 47-48

VERDI: LA TRAVIATA

▸▸▸ TRUTHFUL TRAVIATA BY FRANCIS ROBINSON (1961) - ASSISTANT MANAGER, METROPOLITAN OPERA AND AUTHOR OF CARUSO: HIS LIFE IN PICTURES

For years after the death of Rudolph Valentino a mysterious "woman in black" turned up at his grave on the anniversary of his demise. The visits came to a sudden halt when they were discovered to be the inspiration of a Hollywood press agent.

No such hairy hand has been traced in connection with the bunches of flowers to be found any day of the year on the tomb of Alphonsine Plessis. They have been arriving steadily for over a century, which rules out the efforts of the most zealous publicity wizard, yet there are several layers of fiction caught in the sentiment surrounding the little white tomb in Montmartre.

To begin with, Alphonsine must have had some romantic notions herself as to the image she wished to project. She took another name, Marie Duplessis, pretty fancy for a girl who began life on a Normandy farm. Within six years after her death her name had been changed twice again, by Alexandre Dumas fils to Marguerite Gautier and by Giuseppe Verdi to Violetta Valery. The trans-form-ation did not stop there.

We have it from several sources which the newspapers today would call unimpeachable authority that Marie Duplessis was disturbingly beautiful, that she had grace and dignity, charm and wit, and that she burned the candle at both ends. She loved gambling and horse racing. When the romantic young Dumas at their first meeting begged her to take it easier she replied, "If I do I shall die. Only a life of excitement can keep me alive." That is the spirit Verdi captures in "Sempre libera."

But the camellias seem to have been a poetic license and she did not die alone. Neither did she die broke. A year before her death she was married to one of her noble admirers. He was with her at the end and saw to it she had a decent burial. As for her finances, the debts she left amounted to no more than 20,000 francs (less than $5,000), not bad for somebody who served notice on poor young Dumas that it took 100,000 francs a year to keep her in the style to which she had become

accustomed. Most emphatically she never gave up any man for the honor of his family though Dumas gallantly assures us she would not have shrunk from such a sacrifice.

Dumas fils was twenty when he met his "lady of the camellias" for the first time. She was only six months his senior but already she was famous. One story has it that Dumas père, the burly progenitor of The Three Musketeers and The Count of Monte Cristo, had also been the recipient of Marie's favors.

The idyll lasted only a few weeks and the break came in less than a year. "I am not rich enough to love you as you would wish, and not poor enough to be loved as you would desire," Dumas wrote. The next autumn he made a trip to Spain and North Africa with his father, no doubt to forget his woes. He wrote he would come back and beg forgiveness but there was no reply. Just as he was returning to Paris he heard that Marie had died the week before.

His grief and remorse drenched his novel, La dame aux camélias, which he finished in three weeks. It is interesting that the initials of the hero, Armand Duval, are his own whereas Marie, née Alphonsine, became Marguerite Gautier. It took him only eight days to write his play but three years to get it produced.

For a public conditioned to Tennessee Williams it is difficult to grasp that La dame aux camélias could ever have had censorship trouble but it did – serious trouble – in both France and England. A diarist of the time in Paris wrote, "the play is a disgrace to the epoch that patronizes it, to the government that tolerates it, and to the public that applauds it." In London the Lord Chamberlain had refused to sanction the play. When La traviata was announced there was a great outcry of moral indignation. Pulpit and press thundered against the "foul and hideous horrors" of the book but the opera was produced and saved Her Majesty's Theatre from impending ruin. Benjamin Lumley, the manager, recorded in his memoirs: "Once more the frantic crowds struggled in the lobbies of the theatre, once more dresses were torn and hats were crushed in the conflict; once more a mania possessed the public," – a fine picture of the usually correct British audience. Mr. Lumley was neither the first nor the last of his calling to benefit by a good juicy controversy.

Verdi was in Paris when La dame aux camélias had its first performance February 2, 1852. He immediately recognized it as his meat. The transfer to the operatic stage took little more than a year, March 6, 1853. Almost as swift a worker as Dumas, Verdi completed his score in a month. It was the third work of his great "middle" period. Rigoletto had burst on the world in 1851. Il trovatore was to come January 19, 1853. So restless and abundant was Verdi's genius he actually worked on Traviata while supervising rehearsals of Trovatore.

The story of Traviata's failure at its Venetian premiere is too well-known to require repetition here. "Time will tell," Verdi concluded his terse report of the fiasco. It is still telling.

Consider the present cast. Senior in point of service to the Metro-politan, Richard Tucker sang Alfredo in his second season with the company. He reappeared in the part only a month before this recording was made. His performance on that occasion was the admiration and despair of his colleagues. In a beautiful letter to Caruso, the late Otto Kahn, chairman of the board of the Metropolitan, marveled at the great tenor's ability to continue in light roles along with the heavier repertoire which he increasingly took on. "To sing, as you do, with the same artistic perfection, heroic parts and lyric parts, is a most astounding artistic feat." The same can be said of Mr. Tucker.

The elder Germont is the first role Robert Merrill undertook at the Metropolitan. His performance is recorded as having been "polished and powerful" but he was soon to face an ordeal more grueling than a Metropolitan debut. He was chosen by Arturo Toscanini for the historic broadcasts of La traviata, a performance happily still available on RCA Victor.

At one of the early rehearsals the Maestro fixed Merrill with a scathing eye.

"Have you ever been a father?" he demanded.

"No, Maestro," stammered Merrill.

"It sounds it," the old man said.

When Merrill did become a father the first telegram went to Toscanini, but before the Maestro had finished with him he was singing Germont with the compassion of a distressed parent.

And now to the title role. Anna Moffo made her Metropolitan debut as Violetta. Her repetitions of the part in New York and on the ensuing tour can only be described as a succession of triumphs. First of all, she has the personality to carry the lead in what has always been "a prima donna's opera." There is no more taxing role in the repertoire. Violetta never leaves the stage during Acts I and III. There are only brief respites during the middle act when she can catch a breath offstage. More than four-fifths of the time the curtain is up she is before us, acting, reacting and above all singing.

Physically, Miss Moffo conforms remarkably with Dumas' description of his ill-fated heroine. Marie, the author tells us, was "tall, very slender with black hair and a pink and white complexion. Her head was small, her eyes long and lacquer-like, resembling those of a Japanese, but delicate and animated; her lips were cherry-red, and she had the loveliest teeth in the world; she put you in mind of a Dresden figurine..."

"The real problem of Traviata," Miss Moffo said in an interview during the period this recording was being made, "is as old as the opera itself: a coloratura soprano for the first act, a lyric soprano for the second act, and a lirico-spinto, almost a dramatic soprano for the last act – all of this without losing the congruity of the vocal line."

A great critic once said, "Verdi's sincerity silences any criticism." About the only objections ever registered against Traviata both have to do with the father. One is his entrance at Flora's party. "That Germont should put in an appearance at the demi-mondaine's is incredible," Ernest Newman gasped in holy horror. The other is his aria in the preceding scene which comes pretty close to operatic convention. Verdi himself must have felt this. In the French version he advanced the position of Di Provenza to follow immediately Germont's entrance. In this way, Violetta's great outburst, "Amami, Alfredo," the climax of the entire work, is held to give a wonderfully dramatic ending to the scene.

There are those who find a similarity to Lohengrin in the divided strings of the Preludes. "Aha," they smirk, "influence of Wagner." This is rubbish. Nobody else could have written Traviata any more than any other composer could have brought forth Lohengrin. The second theme of the

Prelude to Act I is heard first with a figure in the violins almost like tracery. When it becomes Violetta's farewell in the next act it is stripped of ornamentation and goes straight to the spine – and heart. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in music.

Another piece of extraordinary originality comes in the scene at Flora's. A nervous little theme builds in the clarinets and is doubled by the oboes and flutes. Against this Violetta cries to herself, "Ah perchè venni " – "Why did I come?" She repeats the phrase twice, each time with the same startling effect.

"Tell them," Mrs. Siddons enjoined those she knew would survive her, "I was an honest actress." In the same spirit Toscanini paid Traviata about the highest tribute that can be bestowed on a work of art. He singled out its "truthfulness."

>> THE STORY OF THE OPERA

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PARIS AND ENVIRONS CIRCA 1840.

ACT I. A SALON IN VIOLETTA'S HOUSE: Guests pour into Violetta's sump-tuously decorated home. Several friends inquire about her health, and Gastone intro-duces her to an admirer, Alfredo Germont. When dinner is served Gastone takes Violetta aside to say that Alfredo paid devoted attention to her during her recent illness. Violetta thanks Alfredo but tosses off the compliment lightly. Douphol, slightly perturbed by the newcomer's interest in Violetta, turns down Gastone's invitation to propose a toast, and the task falls to Alfredo. The latter drinks to the pleasure of love, and Violetta responds with praise of pleasure. Soon dance music is heard from another room, and the hostess invites her guests to take advantage of it; momentarily suffering a spell, she remains behind. Alfredo approaches her and expresses his love. Violetta is surprised by his sincerity and tries in vain to discourage him. His persistence is rewarded when Violetta hands him a flower, asking him to return with it when it fades. As he departs the guests enter from the other room and prepare to leave; it is nearly morning. Alone now, Violetta muses on the unusual occurrence of the evening. Someone really loves her – but for a kind of life she has never known, should she give up her freedom and pleasure? Alfredo's voice, floating in from outside with strains of his earlier words of love, helps Violetta make her decision.

ACT II. SCENE 1. A COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR PARIS: Violetta and Alfredo have been living together for three months. Alfredo has never been happier, but all is not well. Annina cannot hide from him the fact that her mistress has been in Paris selling posses-sions to pay for their country dwelling. Alfredo tells her to say nothing to Violetta of their conversation, and goes off to Paris himself. Violetta finds his sudden departure strange, but she is diverted by an invitation to a ball that evening at Flora's home.

Giuseppe announces the arrival of Alfredo's father. Germont accuses Violetta of ruining his son and is astounded when she shows him bills of sale for possessions she has sold to pay for their quarters. He recognizes how nobly she has acted but goes on to request a sacrifice of her. He has a second child – a daughter – whose impending marriage is jeopardized because Alfredo lives apart from the family. Temporary separation from Violetta will not be enough; he wants her to give up his son forever. Violetta tells him she has no one else in the world and would sooner die than leave Alfredo. But Germont's will prevails when he reminds her that men are often inconstant and the one to whom she is so faithful may tire of her. Finally convinced, Violetta sadly agrees to comply with his request. When he leaves she writes a positive reply to Flora's invitation and tries to write a note of farewell to Alfredo. He returns suddenly; Violetta, telling him nothing of what has happened, reassures him of her love and rushes out.

Moments later a messenger brings Alfredo her note. He opens it nervously and is overwhelmed by the content. His father enters; finding Alfredo in despair, Germont tries to comfort him with thoughts of home and asks him to return. But his words go unheeded. Alfredo, enraged by Violetta's behavior, resolves to have vengeance.

ACT II. SCENE 2. A GALLERY IN FLORA'S HOUSE: The ball at Flora's is in progress. Entertainment is provided first by gypsy dancers, then by the gaming table. Alfredo enters – alone, to the surprise of all. Violetta arrives next, on the arm of Douphol. The Baron challenges Alfredo at the table while Flora tries to calm the tormented Violetta. When the guests adjourn to another room for supper, Violetta stays behind to talk to Alfredo. She pleads with him to leave the party for his own safety, but he refuses to heed her warnings. She says she has sworn to leave him and, under pressure, confesses she has sworn this to Douphol. Alfredo calls the guests back and in their presence hurls his winnings at Violetta, declaring he has repaid her for their three-month rendezvous. The others (including Germont, who has followed his indignant son to the ball) expresses shock and disdain for Alfredo's insulting gesture, and Alfredo himself suffers remorse. The Baron challenges him to a duel, and Violetta, overcome, grieves that he cannot understand what she has done.

ACT III. VIOLETTA'S BEDROOM: Violetta lies ill. Dr. Grenvil stops in and encourages her but tells Annina the patient has only a few hours to live. Violetta unfolds a letter from Germont and reads it aloud: he has told Alfredo of her sacrifice and promises her that his son is going to return. But Alfredo has not appeared, and Violetta sees but a shadow of her former beauty in the mirror. She realizes there is no hope for her and bids the past farewell. Gay sounds of the carnival outside drift in through the window, and shortly thereafter Alfredo rushes in. He vows they will renew their life together far from Paris, but Violetta has not even the strength to dress. Germont arrives, and she is happy to have her loved ones close by, although she knows that even their presence will not save her life. She presents a locket bearing her image to Alfredo, telling him to give it to the girl he chooses to marry. He refuses to believe that they will soon be parted, and indeed, Violetta seems to regain her strength for a moment. But that, too, passes, and she collapses – dead on the couch.

CD 49-50

PUCCINI: TURANDOT

▸▸▸ THE RIDDLE OF TURANDOT BY GEORGE R. MAREK (1962)

Turandot is the quiz opera par excellence.

The asking of riddles, the test by questioning, the challenge by conundrum – these are devices used in the arts from time immemorial. Almost always the game is played for high stakes. It was fortunate for Oedipus that he knew the answer to the Sphinx's riddle – "What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" – for had he not replied "Man" the Sphinx would have devoured him alive. In mythology and legend, in drama and novel, the hero is confronted with some sort of quiz: he must know a recondite fact, interpret an arcane meaning, or choose the right casket. (One suspects, however, that Portia led Bassanio to the lead casket by winks and hints and sighs.)

Nor is the quiz unknown in the operatic field. Mime is allowed to ask Wotan three questions. Wotan retaliates by asking three, knowing perfectly well that the dwarf cannot answer the last question. Here is a fixed quiz if ever there was one.

At least the quiz in Turandot is an honest one. The prize is the Princess and the stake is the stake on which is impaled the head of the unfortunate suitor who cannot solve the riddles. The results are frightful. Not only does the Prince of Persia lose his head (at the beginning of the opera), but later, as the courtiers Ping, Pang and Pong reminisce, they draw up a list of no fewer than twenty-six previous victims, all princes, all unable to answer the questions, all dead.

Three enigmas are propounded. "The riddles are three – death is one." But outside of the opera itself, in the history of its creation, there lies a further enigma, the solution to which we can only guess at. The question is, why did Puccini take so unconscionably long a period to compose this work? What was it that held him back? Why did he, a careful but certainly not a dilatory craftsman, require more than three years to create three-quarters of an opera, in total length a little shorter than La Bohème, which he completed in about two and a half years? What were the difficulties which so protracted the task that death intervened?

The question is not an idle one. For had the work not progressed at a snail's pace, had he taken no more time with Turandot than with the preceding work, the "Triptych," Puccini might have lived not only to finish the opera but, what is equally important, to make the corrections, the shaping and smoothing and cutting, the adjustments in balance, the clarification of the character of the Princess, in short the creative improvement of detail which a masterpiece requires to make it a masterpiece. Turandot could have been, as Puccini intended it to be, the capstone of his edifice. As it is, it is an opera containing astonishing greatness. But it is a capstone with rough edges.

The answer that while Puccini worked on Turandot he was a sick man, that the labor proceeded under the shadow of death, is not satisfactory. Health is not a requisite for the completion of great works, as innumerable examples – Watteau and Renoir, Robert Louis Stevenson and Friedrich Schiller – can testify. On the contrary, ill health often acts as a spur. What, then, is the answer?

We must examine the many letters which Puccini wrote to his two librettists, Giuseppe Adami, a successful play-wright, and Renato Simoni, another playwright and something of an authority on China; we must read carefully Puccini's other statements about his final aims and ambitions. He wanted to go beyond the "slight" music (the word is his own, spoken in one of his frequent self-deprecating moods) he had composed and produce a work of grand proportions, a new kind of opera, one of epic breadth and seriousness. That seriousness was to be leavened, contrasted with and relieved by comic elements taken from the commedia dell'arte. Both elements, the heroic and the comic, were present in the original play of Turandotte, written by the eighteenth-century playwright Carlo Gozzi. There the comic figures are four, because the company of actors for which Gozzi wrote included four actors who specialized in comic parts and were masters of improvisation. Puccini reduced the four figures to three and instilled in those three traits of modern nervousness and melancholy, traits which characterized the composer himself.

Ping, Pang and Pong, the three ministers who take so lively a part in Turandot's action, emerge as ambivalent characters. Some hint of this development is to be found in a later play, based on Gozzi, by Schiller. The German poet added philosophic seriousness to the comic figures. Puccini knew Schiller's play. But the composer goes further: his three courtiers are mercurial fellows: now sentimental and gentle, now harsh and cynical. They berate Turandot, yet do her bidding; they try to save the Prince, yet do their best to make him betray his secret. They are mystics – and contradictory. Not an easy challenge to meet for a man who had never before created contradictory characters, nor composed music in divided styles, nor attempted to juggle the comic and the tragic masks (which Strauss and Hofmannsthal had done in Ariadne auf Naxos).

But there is more: Puccini required a third element. Neither the heroic nor the comic sufficed. He could not altogether abjure the theme which in his previous operas had served as the mainspring of his inspiration. Call her Manon or Mimì or Cio-Cio-San, it was always the same character who accelerated his romantic pen. Without her he could not compose, the charming fragrant little creature who meets love, is destroyed by it, suffers melodiously, and expires not with a shout but with a sigh. So he added to the old fable of the man-hating goddess the character of Liù, the faithful and loving slave girl with her full heart and blind adoration. Liù is his invention: you will not find her in Gozzi.

When we have said all that, we still have not catalogued the task. For the first time in any of his operas, Puccini made the crowd, the chorus, a protagonist. It is possible that he was inspired to do so by Moussorgsky's Boris Godunov, with which he had become acquainted late in life. Puccini had previously used choruses for musical effects: he had used them well in the third act of Manon Lescaut and the second act of Bohème. But up to Turandot they had always been incidental or atmospheric additions. For the first time the chorus takes part in the action itself, and indeed in the first act of the opera it has the leading role.

Four themes there are: the legendary-icy, the cynical-comic, the softly romantic, and the theme of the people, exotic and barbarous. Two of the themes were new to him, one was familiar, one only half familiar. We can understand why he proceeded so hesitatingly. He may have known that it was the last composition he was to undertake; even before he began it he told his wife that he was suffering strange pains in his chest and had lost his voice. If then it was to be his swan song, Puccini, always exigent with his librettists, turned into a despot who demanded the impossible, scowled at every word and regarded every line of

the text with hypercritical eye, changed his mind, fumed, fretted, complained, stopped the work, put it aside, could not rest, started over again. He begged Simoni and Adami: "Put all your strength into it, all the resources of your hearts and heads, and create for me some-thing that will make the world weep." He asked Simoni to drink coffee at night. "You won't be able to sleep and you'll think of Turandot." To quote but one letter out of many:

If I touch the piano my hands get covered with dust. My desk is piled up with letters – there isn't a trace of music. Music? Useless if I have no libretto. I have the great weakness of being able to write only when my puppet executioners are moving on the scene. If only I could be a purely symphonic writer! I should then at least cheat time ... and my public. But that was not for me. I was born so many years ago – oh, so many, too many, almost a century ... and Almighty God touched me with His little finger and said: "Write for the theater." And I have obeyed the supreme command. Had He marked me out for some other task perhaps I should not be, as now, without material ... I get such nice encouraging letters, but if, instead of these, one act of our glittering Princess were to arrive, don't you think it would be better? You would give me back my calm and my confidence, and the dust would not settle on my piano any more, so much banging would I do, and my desk would have its brave array of scoring sheets again. O you of the city, think to more purpose of one who is waiting in the country! (Undated letter to Adami, 1920)

Though Puccini took an active part in the shaping of all his librettos, it is truer of this one than of any other that he virtually wrote it himself, and it might have been a lot easier had he in fact written it himself. As it was, he used to send Adami detailed prose versions, and when the poets returned the verses he was not satisfied or wanted to alter a particular dramatic situation. Ping, Pang and Pong gave him especial trouble. He instructed Adami: "Do a little of what Shakespeare often does, when he brings in three or four extraneous types who drink, use bad language, and speak ill of the King. I have seen this done in The Tempest, among the Elves and Ariel and Caliban." It is significant that for the first time in his life Puccini mentions Shakespeare in connection with one of his own operas.

The dramatic plan pivoted on Turandot's conversion into a human being. This was to be accomplished in a final duet, to which the composer attached the utmost importance. "It must be a great duet. These two almost superhuman beings descend through love to the level of mankind, and this love must at the end take possession of the whole stage in a great orchestral peroration." This he did not live to accomplish.

What a pity! What cause for regret that libretto and music were so long in the making! For had the opera – begun in the summer of 1920 and left unfinished by the winter of 1924 – been truly finished and revised by this genius of the theater, we might now be in possession of one of the greatest of the music dramas of the twentieth century. Francis Toye says that Turandot "brings a particularly vivid realization of what the world lost by Puccini's premature death."

Even as it is, Turandot is a wonderfully fascinating work and contains some of Puccini's finest music. Ernest Newman thought that it was the composer's masterpiece. Similarly, Mosco Carner, who recently published a critical biography of the composer, believes that Turandot "represents the consummation of his whole creative career."

The consummation, yes; but to repeat, not a "finished opera," neither in the actual nor the psychological sense. Because the conversion of the Princess from an iciness which is so inhuman as to be symbolic to a humanity which Puccini no doubt intended to be as warm and loving as are the hearts of his other heroines – because that conversion is insufficiently motivated and occurs too suddenly, it leaves us but half-convinced. Because that all-important last scene, which must "take possession of the whole stage," was never finished, we leave the perform-ance with a sense of frustration. Yet Turandot is an opera we would not willingly do without. The unfinished can offer artistic satisfaction, as works by Dickens or Schubert, Leonardo or Michelangelo prove.

▸▸▸ SYNOPSIS BY GEORGE R. MAREK (ABRIDGED BY LUCY CROSS)

ACT I : Peking, in fabled times. Before the wall which surrounds the city stands a silent, sullen crowd in the light of the setting sun. On the right is a huge bronze gong, which any suitor for the Princess Turandot's hand must strike. Here and there are erected long poles on which the heads of Turandot's unsuccessful suitors are impaled.

A Mandarin appears who recites an oft-heard formula: Turandot is to be the bride of a prince of royal blood, provided he shall answer three riddles. If he fails, he must lose his life. The Prince of Persia was the last who failed; he will die tonight at the rising of the moon. The frenzied crowd surges forward and cries for the executioner: more blood is what they crave. The guards hold them back with whips.

Out of the confusion a young girl cries out for help. Her companion, an old man, has been pushed down by the mob. A youth hurries to her aid, bends over the old man, and recognizes his long lost father, Timur, deposed King of Tartary. Both father and son are fugitives, scattered by a usurper to their throne; their identities must remain a secret. The old king relates that he would have perished had not little Liù fled with him, dried his tears, begged bread for him and been his constant companion. "Who are you, Liù?" asks the astonished Prince. "I am nothing," she answers, "a slave." "Then why have you shouldered so great a burden?" "Because one day in the palace you smiled at me."

As the sky darkens, the fury of the crowd increases. The women murmur, "Sharpen the knife!" ("Gira la cote!"), and the rest of the chorus takes up the cry in a tremendous crescendo. Then suddenly, as the silver moon appears, the mood changes and silence falls upon the people. Awestruck, they apostrophize this pale visage, this head without members, this silent planet, this mistress of the dead.

From afar a procession of boys sings a melancholy chant (the melody is one of genuine Chinese origin). The funeral cortege begins, led by the executioner's assistants, priests and mandarins. Last of all appears the executioner with the young and handsome Prince of Persia, lost in a dream. At the sight of the victim, the blood-lust of the people dissolves into pity. Now the mob asks for mercy for the doomed young man, the people calling out to the Princess to spare him. The Unknown Prince, too, moved to pity, exclaims, "Oh! That I might see

you, that I might curse you!"

Suddenly Turandot deigns to show herself on the Imperial balcony. The crowd falls prostrate, and only the Prince of Persia, the Unknown Prince, and the executioner remain standing. Turandot's beauty so dazzles the Prince that he covers his eyes. With a wave of her hand the Princess bids the executioner to proceed and disappears. The cortege moves on, as the Unknown Prince, quite beside himself, sings of her divine beauty: in an instant horror has turned into love!

The Prince hardly hears his father's urgent plea to flee. He cries out Turandot's name three times, and from behind the scene the Prince of Persia's dying cry echoes: Turandot! In spite of this memento mori, the new suitor hurries toward the great gong.

Abruptly the three comic ministers, Ping, Pong, and Pang jump in and bar his way ("Fermo! Che fai?"). They advise the Prince to go back whence he came, and if he wishes to lose his head, to do so in his own country. "Let me pass!" the Prince demands. "For a Princess? What is that? Merely a woman with a crown on her head. Undress her, and she appears as do all the others, with but one face, two arms, and two legs."

Voices floating down from the palace balustrade bid the cynical ministers to be quiet, for it is time for Turandot to rest. But the three renew their noisy arguments: he cannot win, for Turandot's riddles are quite insoluble. Out of the darkness, far in the distance, the voices of dead suitors encourage the Unknown Prince to attempt the trial. "We still love her," sing the ghosts. "No!" the Prince protests, "I alone love her!" The ministers, undeterred, try one more approach: Turandot does not exist. She, God, man, people, rulers, are all illusions. Who would gamble reality for an illusion? Reality is the severed head of the Prince of Persia, now displayed, kissed by moonlight, on the executioner's pole.

Now it is for the Prince's father Timur to recall his son to reality. Liù tearfully adds her plea ("Signore, ascolta"): his image has stood before her wherever she has wandered, and if he is now to perish, both she and Timur will die on the road of exile. He replies gently, "Do not weep, Liù! I beg you not to abandon my father."

All the pleaders now unite their voices in a crescendo of great intensity. But nothing can stop the Prince. He tears himself loose from Ping, Pong and Pang. Thrice he pronounces the name of Turandot and, seizing the hammer, strikes the gong thrice. The ministers exit, laughing.

ACT II. SCENE 1: Agreat curtain forms a pavilion curiously decorated with Chinese symbols and fantastic figures. Ping, Pong, and Pang are making arrangements for an Imperial celebration – whether for the Unknown Prince's funeral or his wedding seems immaterial, for the preparations are essentially the same: white lanterns or red, coffin or wedding carriage, sweet tea or incense.

They fall to musing on old China, the land they love, which had been sleeping tranquilly for seventy thousand centuries until Turandot was born. They read aloud the catalogue of death: in the year of the Mouse, six suitors died; in the year of the Dog, eight. In this terrible year of the Tiger, thirteen will have perished, including the Unknown Prince. All their work seems senseless and intolerable: they have become nothing but ministers of the executioner.

In a reverie, Ping recalls a little house he owns on a Lake in Honan. The lake is blue, the house is surrounded by bamboo and filled with a collection of sacred books. How he longs to recapture his lost tranquillity there! Pong has forests near Tsiang; Pang a quiet garden at Kiù. Will they ever have a chance to retire? All Peking seems to be full of blood and frenzy, populated with lovers who have lost their minds. They envision a wedding day for Turandot, when their duties would be to prepare the nuptial couch and sing in the garden until morning!

Trumpets, trombones and drums from within the palace interrupt their fantasies: the people are assembling for the next contest. With heavy hearts they go out to join the others.

ACT II. SCENE 2: In the center of the square in front of the palace, a great marble staircase stretches to the very top. Amidst the clouds of incense blow the white and yellow standards of the Emperor. Eight tall scholars line the stairs, carrying sealed scrolls which contain the solutions to Turandot's riddles. The Unknown Prince stands to one side; on the other, Timur and Liù are lost in the crowd. The people gather, among them Ping, Pong and Pang, now wearing their state robes. At the highest point of the staircase the Emperor Altoum, all white and very ancient, is revealed on an ivory throne. The prostrate crowd greets him: "May you live ten thousand years!" Then all is silence. In the high, almost toneless voice of extreme old age, the Emperor addresses the stranger: "Enough of blood! Young hero, desist!"

The Prince, in a firm voice, demands to be put to the task. Three times the Emperor tries to dissuade him, and three times the Prince insists. So be it, then! This stranger who seems so determined to die must fulfill his destiny.

The Mandarin repeats the formula he intoned at the beginning of the first act. The chorus of children in the distance sing once more the song in Turandot's praise. Finally Turandot appears, approaching the throne dressed entirely in gold. With an ice-cold glance she scans her suitor and then explains the genesis of her edict.

Once long ago in this very palace, in joy and serenity, lived her ancestress the Princess Lo-u-Ling. One night, barbarians entered China and fought their way to the capital. A man, "just like you, stranger," seized Lo-u-Ling and carried her off. In vain did the princess cry out in that terrible night! That cry and her death resound forever in the mind of Turandot, who has sworn that no man shall ever possess her. Turning to the Prince, she finishes: "Stranger, do not tempt fate. The enigmas are three, Death is one." The Prince replies, "No! The enigmas are three, Life is one!" The trumpets demand silence and Turandot begins to pose her riddles.

What is it that floats over humanity as a phantom in the darkness, that disappears with the dawn, but every night is born again in the heart? Immediately the Prince answers, "Yes, it is born again, exultantly! It is Hope!" The eight wise men break open their scrolls and confirm that the answer is correct. Turandot, shaking with fury, must acknowledge: "Yes. Hope always deceives." Nervously she descends to the landing of the staircase for the second riddle.

What is it that flickers like flame yet is not fire? It grows cold when life is gone and burns when victory is won; it is silent yet has an audible voice. The Emperor and the crowd encourage the hesitating Prince. Out of the crowd the voice of Liù is heard, "Answer, for the sake of Love!" The Prince gives another correct answer: the mysterious

substance is Blood.

The people are pleased, but Turandot descends to the Prince's level and defi-antly delivers her last riddle to his face: "What is the ice that burns you? What is it that enslaves you by setting you free, and that by enslaving you makes you a king?" Though the Prince seems to hesitate, he has no doubt of the answer: Turandot! The ministers concur, and the crowd erupts in immense jubilation.

Turandot will not accept defeat, and appeals to her father, but the Emperor upholds his oath. She has vowed never to submit to a man; would the Unknown Prince take her by force, against her will? No, he answers, he wants her ardent with love. The Prince himself will give her another chance: whereas he has answered her three riddles, he will propose only one to her. If before dawn she can tell him what his name is, she is released from the bargain and he will accept defeat and death. Turandot acquiesces, and the Emperor and the crowd unite in singing the praises of this generous victor.

ACT III. SCENE 1: It is still night in the great garden of the palace. The voices of heralds are proclaiming a new edict: no one is to sleep this night. The name of the stranger is to be found out, or else every citizen will die. The Prince, alone, muses upon the proclamation ("Nessun Dorma!"): Turandot herself will not sleep this night, but will spend it gazing at the stars shimmering with love. She will not discover his name, but she will learn it from his own lips in a kiss at dawn.

The dim figures of Ping, Pong, Pang and the mob creep in through the darkness. They try to bribe him: what would he take to leave Peking? Love? Ping surrounds him with scantily-clad seductresses, but he is uninterested. Perhaps he prefers riches. Pang brings chests of gold and jewels, but these make no better impression. Fame and glory? The military might of China to conquer empires? The Prince is unmoved, so they turn to threats of torture and death – China is expert in this, they say. The mob begins to threaten him with their daggers, but he insists: "I want Turandot!"

A sudden commotion, and shouts of "We have found the name!" are heard, as the guards drag in Timur and Liù. The three ministers and the guards, ignoring the Prince's protests, call for the Princess, who appears on the threshold of the pavilion.

Bowing, Ping informs her that if anybody knows the secret, these two do. Turandot orders Timur to speak, but the frightened old man remains mute. The ministers are about to seize and torture him when Liù steps forward and asserts that she alone knows the stranger's name. The crowd demands that she be put to the rack. The Prince throws himself in front of Liù to protect her, but Turandot has her guards bind him hand and foot.

Under torture, Liù can resist no longer, but still would rather choose death than reveal her secret. Suddenly something in Turandot's heart seems to melt. For the first time she asks a human question in a human tone: "What is it that has given you the strength to suffer like this?" "Love, Princess." "Love?" Love, Liù confesses, which is secret, unspoken, offered without recompense. She bids the guards to bind and torture her. However dreaded the pain, it is only a last tribute to the love she feels.

Her icy self again, Turandot commands the guards to tear the secret from the girl, while the crowd summons the executioner. Under the looming figure of the headsman, Liù turns once more to Turandot and begs to be heard. "You who are bound by ice," Liù prophesies, "will be overcome by flame. You will love him as I did. Before the sun rises, I will have closed my eyes so that he may be victorious." She snatches a dagger from the belt of one of the guards and plunges it into her heart. The crowd cries, "Speak, speak! The name! The name!" but Liù is forever silent. As they carry her body away, old Timur grasps her hand, promising soon to follow where she has gone.

Turandot's attendants have covered her face with a veil; through the last fearsome scene she has remained rigid, without a word. Now she and the Prince are left alone. The Prince tears the veil from Turandot's face and exhorts her to be a woman. Still she repulses him. She is the daughter of the heavens, free, untouched, and he must not profane her soul. In answer he takes her in his arms and kisses her. This kiss seals her fate. The ice-Princess melts into the warmth of woman-hood, and weeps, "Dawn is here and Turandot's sun is setting."

She confesses that at first sight she loved him; her hatred was only the memory of all those she had sacrificed. She has hated him also for his pride, as she foresaw that he was destined to conquer. She begs him to leave, taking his secret with him. No, replies the Prince gently, it is no longer a mystery. He will give her his name and with it power over his life. He is Calaf, son of Timur. Turandot exclaims, "I know your name! I know your name!" At this moment the trumpets sound to signal that the appointed hour has come.

ACT III. SCENE 2: The square before the palace is bathed in the red light of sunrise. The Emperor, the court and the people are assembled as at the Prince's trial. Turandot ascends to the top of the staircase and in a strange new voice speaks to her father: "I know the stranger's name," she says. "It is—Love." Calaf rushes to her, and with a final chorus of joy the opera ends.

CD 51

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONIES "UNFINISHED" / "THE GREAT"

When Schubert wrote his B minor Symphony (or the movements which he com-pleted), he was twenty-five and an awed worshipper of Beethoven. Beethoven could have known nothing of the "Unfinished" Symphony, which was to be buried among old papers in Graz, having been presented to the musical society there, until it was dug out and and made known to the world forty-three years later.

Schubert's Symphony has been often described as "lyric," as if it were only that or even principally that. It has its tragic pages too – it is by no means all serenity. The first movement resembles the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth, if in no other way than in its directness and close construction. The climaxes are less dramatic in their handling and preparation. The Symphony is not as ground-shaking, but it speaks as direct-ly to the heart.

Did Schubert break off after the second movement on account of sudden failure of inspiration, or because he was care-less of the work and did not realize the degree of lyric rapture which he had captured in those two movements? The opinion here stated that Schubert put down his pen with a

sense that he had sufficiently unburdened his heart for the time being is open to contradiction, but the apparent satisfaction of countless listeners ever since tends to assure us that he knew what he was doing and that it was right.

(1955)

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK

When Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, even his closest circle of music-making friends in Vienna never thought of him as a symphonist. They knew him as a shy and rather unpre-possessing but lovable fellow who wrote quantities of beautiful songs and piano waltzes or chamber pieces for their gatherings. They knew of the six symphonies which he had written before his twenty-first year for the orchestra of the Imperial Choir School, which he attended, and later for an amateur group. In the course of the ten years that followed he composed the "Unfinished" Symphony (in 1822), and in the last months of his life completed the great C Major Symphony. These were probably never seen by his friends; they did not even know of the existence of the "Unfinished." Both symphonies lay for many years unperformed before a sluggish world was awakened to the fact that Schubert was something more than a delightful miniaturist – indeed, that he was a symphonist in the immortal line.

The "Unfinished" Symphony, which he casually presented to the Styrian Society at Graz in 1822 and promptly forgot, may be said to be the first which he wrote entirely at the prompt-ing of his free musical inclinations and not to the constricted proportions of a group of half-skilled friends who could with difficulty muster a trumpet or a set of kettledrums. Six years later he completed the symphony which has been called his "swan song." Again he had no other dictator than his soaring fancy. Difficulty, length, orchestration, these were not ordered by the compass of any orchestra he knew. Schubert in his more rarefied lyrical flights composed far above the heads of the small circle of singers or players with whom his music-making was identified. Consciously or unconsciously, he wrote at those times for the larger world he never encountered in his round of humble dealings. In this wise did the great Symphony in C Major come into being – the symphony which showed a new and significant impulse in a talent of unsuspected stature; the symphony which it became the privilege and triumph of Robert Schumann eleven years after the composer's death to resurrect and make known to the world.

The history of these two posthumous symphonies is a commentary on the snail-like emergence of Schubert's instrumental music into the daylight of performance, publication and gen-eral attention. The "Unfinished" lay in a cupboard of old manuscripts at Graz for forty-three years before it was brought to light. The C Major Sym-phony was never wholly unknown. It was mentioned in the obituaries as having been presented to the Viennese Society of Friends of Music in 1828, when Schubert had hoped for an early performance. The music was then tried out and set aside as too difficult. We can well imagine that the composer, having faced the inept scrapings of the "amateur" society, hastily withdrew the symphony before the wings of his Pegasus could be entirely clipped.

The symphony lay unperformed and forgotten until 1839, when Schumann found the score (or a copy) in the possession of Ferdinand Schubert, the brother of Franz. Ferdinand had offered his brother's scores to less than lukewarm publishers, who would not have looked twice at a symphony of unprecedented length and consider-able difficulty. It could not have fallen into better hands; Schumann was the foremost musical prophet of his era, the one who had proclaimed Chopin to the world and would later proclaim an obscure young man named Brahms. In great excitement, he had the music copied and sent to his friend Mendelssohn, then the conductor in Leipzig. Mendelssohn gave it several performances at the Gewandhaus concerts, to great acclaim. Breitkopf and Härtel published the parts in the following year. (Thus it became the seventh symphony in order of publica-tion.) Even after this introduction of a masterwork, acceptance was slow. Habeneck tried it with his Conservatory Orchestra in Paris in 1842, when it was laughed out of court by the musicians because of the long reiteration of a rhythmic figure in the last movement. When Mendelssohn tried to rehearse it with the Philharmonic Orchestra in London, two years later, the players similarly rebelled. This rhythmic pattern as we now know it gives the impres-sion of swift and effortless flight. To the players the rhythm is physically fatiguing, the more so because it must be made to sound effortless. However, the great symphony eventually lived down its bungling detractors and proved Schumann's axiom that "what is strong will make its way."

According to a recent biography by Mosco Carner, the result of careful investigation of all the Schubert data, the great C Major Symphony and the lost "Gastein" Symphony are one and the same. The identification of the apo-cryphal "Gastein" Symphony is a mys-tery of long standing. While Schubert was visiting at the mountain resort of Gastein in 1825, letters of his friends mention that he was working on a symphony. Sir George Grove, in the first edition of his famous Dictionary, assumed that a symphony composed at Gastein in 1825 had been irretriev-ably lost. Such recent authorities as Alfred Einstein and O. E. Deutsch have not seriously questioned this assumption. Another theory, supported by Donald F. Tovey, has it that the Piano Duo in C was the result of sketches for the symphony projected at Gastein.

Mosco Carner challenges both of these theories, and builds a likely case that the so-called "Gastein" Symphony was in reality a preliminary draft for the great C Major, a draft revised, fully scored and presented as we now know it to the Viennese Society of Friends of Music in 1828. The enigma may never be solved. But it is hard to believe that a score to which Schubert gave considerable attention at that point in his life either turned out to be entirely pianistic or simply dropped into oblivion. It is, on the other hand, entire-ly plausible that he for once gave prolonged thought and effort to what was to emerge as his largest, most challenging and most ambitious work.

CD 52

STRAUSS: DON QUXIOTE

* There is a substantial change in the orchestral set-up between the two selections on this disc. Don Juan was among Dr. Reiner's first recordings with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. At that time he arranged the orchestra with first violins to his left, second violins right, violas right center, cellos left center and double basses behind the cellos, far left. By the time Don Quixote was recorded, he had changed the

arrangement so that all the violins were on his left, violas right center, cellos right and double basses at the rear of the cellos, far right. These differences will be apparent in the stereo imaging of these recordings.

▶▶▶ NOTES BY WALTER STARKIE (1960)

At a village of La Mancha lived one of those gentlemen who are wont to keep a lance in the rack, an old buckler, a lean horse and a swift greyhound.

"He was about fifty years of age, of a sturdy constitution, but wizened and gaunt-featured, an early riser and a devotee of the chase. In his leisure moments (which was most of the year) he gave himself up with so much gusto to reading books of chivalry that he almost entirely neglected the exercise of the chase and even the management of his domestic affairs ...

"His imagination became filled with a host of fancies he had read in his books – enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, love, tortures and other absurdities. At last having lost his wits completely he stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered a man's brain. He thought that it was necessary, both for his own honor and for the service of the state, that he should become a knight-errant and roam through the world with his horse and armor in quest of adventures ..."

Don Quixote has appeared more often in music than any other Spanish literary character. According to Victor Espinós, over 50 composers throughout the world have treated the theme, including Purcell, Telemann, Massenet, Falla and Rodrigo as well as Richard Strauss. Don Quixote is the sixth of Strauss's tone poems; his musical interpretation of Cervantes's novel is subtitled "Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character." It was composed in Munich in 1897 and given its first performance in Cologne on March 8, 1898. The work consists of an introduction, a theme with ten variations and a finale.

The introduction anticipates the character and the chivalrous yearnings of Don Quixote. The following theme characterizes his ideal woman and gradually entwines itself with the Don's longing for adventure. Confusion, which sets into the mind of the knight as a result of his extensive reading, is reflected in the orchestra until, at the climax, Don Quixote's mind snaps like a strained spring. It is clear that his quest of chivalry is about to begin.

The contrasting themes of Don and squire will remain the same throughout the colorful variations. The knight's theme is announced by cello solo, Sancho Panza's by bass clarinet and tenor tuba, then taken up by viola solo – music that faithfully depicts the potbellied Manchegan peasant mounted on a donkey, following his lanky master as he rides in full armor on the dowdy horse Rozinante.

Each variation tells of an adventure: in the first the Don sees a field of windmills as menacing giants. As he prepares to battle them we hear the theme of his ideal lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, in the violins and woodwinds. The Don charges the "giants," ramming his lance into the sails of the first mill in his path. The wind twists the mill with such force that his spear is severed; knight and horse drop to the ground and roll. We hear their downfall in descending harp glissandos and heavy drumbeats.

Suddenly Don Quixote sees a large cloud of dust drawing near to him. Turning to Sancho he says, "Do you see yon dust cloud, Sancho? Know then that it is churned up by a mighty army composed of sundry and innumerable peoples that are marching this way." Then, spurring Rozinante, he rides down the hill as in a flash of lightning and winds up within what turns out to be a flock of sheep. Muted brass imitate the animals' bleating and contrast with the staunch determination of the Don, who charges and leaves seven of them dead in the road. The shepherds stone the intruder, who loses three or four teeth in the ordeal and once again falls to the ground.

The third variation is a musical dialogue between cello and viola (Don and squire): Sancho prates fussily while his master, whose calm, philosophical mood is inspired by his ideal love, dissertates passionately on glory. The dialogue spreads to full orchestra with the breadth of the knight's aspirations. Sancho tries to recall him to reality, but the knight only silences him with indignation.

A procession of penitents whom Don Quixote mistakes for infidels is pictured by bassoons and muted brass in Varia-tion IV. He attacks them, but one of the men who had been bearing the statue puts the knight in his place with a blow of the forked pole with which he had held the litter. We hear chanting as the pilgrims move onward. Quixote slowly returns to conscious-ness; Sancho, assured now that his master is alive, lies down beside him to sleep.

But Cervantes tells us that "Don Quixote did not sleep, for he kept thinking of the lady of his dreams, Dulcinea." The horn recalls the Dulcinea motif. A rhapsody for solo cello, ornamented with a cadenza for harp and violins, reveals the ecstasy reigning in the Don's mind. When Don and squire reach El Toboso, the hometown of the lady Dulcinea, Sancho decides to play a trick on his master by convincing him that the first peasant wench they meet is she. To describe the false Dulcinea in Variation VI, the music parodies the theme of the ideal woman. Quixote, tormented and refusing to believe in her despite his squire's insistence, responds sadly, "How the enchanters must loathe me! They even try to deprive me of the happiness of seeing my lady in her own proper form."

The Don and Sancho sit blindfolded on a "magic" wooden horse and are fanned by a huge bellows. They imagine they are being wafted through the air by the gale we hear in the orchestra. (The whistling of the celebrated wind machine caused a sensation at the premiere.) Then there is a dramatic pause – a sustained note by the bass soon recalls the riders to reality.

Don Quixote comes upon a small boat without oars on the bank of the river Ebro and is convinced that it was sent by Providence to take him to the aid of some distressed knight (Variation VIII). The two embark as the Don's theme changes into a gentle barcarolle. They drift downstream toward a watermill Quixote imagines to be a fortress where the knight is imprisoned. He brandishes his sword against millers who try to keep the boat from plunging into the millrace, but the boat capsizes, tossing knight and squire into the river. They are rescued and, once ashore, offer thanks for their escape, which wind instruments express religioso.

Next, on the road, the adventurers meet two monks mounted on large mules, with a coach accompanied by horsemen and grooms walking alongside. Quixote takes them for magicians who are abducting a princess, charges them, and they flee.

The final variation tells of Samson Carrasco, Bachelor of Arts of Salamanca University and a fellow-townsman of Don Quixote, who decides to bring the old man home and back to his senses. Disguised as "The Knight of the White Moon,"

Carrasco follows the Don to Barcelona. There they meet and battle; he unhorses Quixote, who, vanquished, is compelled to accept the conditions of the victor and return home for one year.

Melancholy and bitterly reflecting on his unfortunate overthrow, Don Quixote rides homeward followed by Sancho. This is the pathetic climax of both novel and tone poem: there is not only the tragedy of the hero but also the grief of his faithful squire, who sees his master's glory eclipsed and, with it, his own hopes of greatness banished like smoke. The English horn recalls the pastoral theme of the sheep episode as Don Quixote fancies himself a shepherd, roaming the woods and mountains with Sancho. The variation thus ends serenely.

The finale depicts the Don lying in his bed at home. His physician believes melancholy has brought him close to death. Peaceful music reflects the resignation of the knight, who, about to die, has become sane and wise. The cello speaks his final words as the music dies away:

"He was exhal'd; his great
Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the
morning dew."

- Quotations from Walter Starkie's translation of Don Quixote
© Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London, 1954

STRAUSS: DON JUAN

▸▸▸ NOTES BY WALTER STARKIE (1955)

The legendary figure of Don Juan has been used through the centuries by workers in practically all the arts. And the conception of the hero has evolved over the years from that of a fearless rogue, ruthless in his amatory conquests, to that of an idealist ever pursuing the exemplary woman and always falling back in disgust as each experience fills him with satiety and disillusion.

Don Juan, written in free fantasia style after the poem by Nicholas Lenau, which has as its hero the latter concept of the idealist hero, was published as Richard Strauss's first tone poem, although he had written a previous one on Macbeth. The work, completed in 1888 when the composer was 24 years old, is perhaps the first opus in which Strauss successfully found and utilized his own métier; any derivative influences were thrown aside, and he wrote music of unique beauty and what was then daring harmony. His sure sense of orchestration added the final touch to a masterpiece.

(1955)

CD 53

BACH: CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR TWO VIOLINS, BWV 1043
MOZART: SINFONIA CONCERTANTE IN E-FLAT, K.364
BRAHMS: CONCERTO IN A MINOR FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO, OP.102

▸▸▸ FROM NOTES BY JAY S. HARRISON (1961)

Bach's Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra in D Minor was written during one of the happiest periods in the composer's life, while he served as Kapellmeister for Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen between the years 1717 and 1723. Since the prince was a fine musician in his own right he was quick to realize the genius of his hired hand and saw to it that all of his music was played almost before the ink had dried on the page. The fact that he was appreciated led Bach to feelings of inner joy, contentment and self-assurance, qualities that glow over every measure of this score, which is, in effect, a kind of concerto grosso featuring an alternation of spirited and silken dialogue between the solo violins and the orchestra.

Nothing, I am sure, need be said about Jascha Heifetz's part in this recording, though a word on young Erick Friedman is in order. He is a pupil of Mr. Heifetz and the master himself recommended that he be chosen to join him in the present performance. If there is any higher praise than a teacher acknowledging that his student is ready to become his colleague, I should like it pointed out.

Mozart's ability as a performer on various instruments – organ, clavier (Mozart played that novel instrument, the pianoforte, once and loved it), a clarinet perhaps and violin certainly – has become legendary; that he really was a virtuoso of the violin, "the first violinist in Europe" according to his father, seems certain not only from word-of-mouth testimony, but from the music he left for that instrument. When he was about twenty-three, however, he began to fall in love with the viola; perhaps even to prefer it, as far as playing for personal pleasure was concerned. We know that when Haydn came to visit him and to play quartets at Mozart's rooms in Vienna, it was Mozart who played viola; Haydn and Dittersdorf attended to the violins. It is entirely possible, although no documentary evidence exists to prove it, that Mozart intended the work recorded here as a vehicle for himself as a violist.

Certainly he went to some pains to make the viola of equal eloquence and of equal importance in this captivating music. You will discern the just assignment of significant melodies, their fair exchange and alternation, and sometimes, as if in a sophisticated conversation, their simultaneous occurrence in thirds or sixths. And, in the mathematically strict canon in the second movement, there is a conspicuous and successful effort to emphasize the equality of the solo instruments.

If the viola, through its natural characteristics, would have "played second fiddle," Mozart, in his love and understanding of the instrument, took steps to prevent it. The Sinfonia concertante is written in E-flat, but the solo viola part is written in D. If the violist then tunes his instrument a half tone above normal and plays his part as Mozart wrote it, he will be in tune with the other instruments; but the increased tension of his strings will give the instrument a brilliance approaching that of the violin, and at the same time preserve its solo identity vis-à-vis the violas in the orchestra.

In form this music is basically conventional, yet, without violating protocol, Mozart expands the form and in giving the orchestra so much of significance to say anticipates his Romantic followers. One of his biographers, Otto Jahn, perceives in this work "a more solid foundation and wider scope than usual, in order that the two solo instruments may have free play; the tutti passages are

longer and more important ... imposing a symphonic character upon the whole, to which the solo instruments add a peculiar brilliancy."

from notes by Charles O'Connell

▸▸▸ FROM NOTES BY CHALES O'CONNELL

Brahms's creative work was largely done out-of-doors. While he spent the winters in town, engaged in concert activities and revision of former compositions, he made it a habit to reside from May to September in the country. On the long, solitary walks he undertook after brewing his coffee at dawn, he worked out new compositions up to every minute detail, subsequently putting down on paper what had assumed full shape in his mind. The state of ecstasy which set into motion a creative process of utmost intensity was no doubt dependent on the composer's communion with nature and Brahms himself made it clear that the character of his summer residence had more than a little effect on his productivity. Choosing for the three summers 1886 to 1888 the little Swiss town of Thun proved to be most fortunate; a miraculous burst of creativity occurred here, resulting in outstanding chamber music, superb songs and choral pieces, and the monumental Double Concerto. Apparently Thun had everything Brahms needed. According to the description of the writer Th. Zolling one finds around Lake Thun "a wreath of villas and villages, gentle vineyards and wooded hills, and behind this idyllic scene the alpine majesty of jagged rocks and grandiose glaciers." Fortunately the composer secured comfortable living quarters affording a beautiful view of the blue lake with its many boats, the limpid green Aare river and, on the other side, the spectacular summits of the Bernese Oberland. From his veranda on the third floor of a simple house Brahms could soak in all this beauty while writing down what he had conceived on his early morning walks.

The messages Brahms sent to his friends express deep satisfaction with his pleasant and fruitful life in Thun. Yet, underneath the happiness there lurked deep perplexity and worry as an important personal problem clamored for solution. To explain the state of matters which also affected Brahms's creative work, it is necessary to shed light on a significant event in the composer's life.

Brahms had an exceptional talent for friendship with men. His keen intellect, his insatiable zest for new adventures of the mind made him a stimulating companion, avidly sharing other men's professional interests. Writers, painters, philologists, musicologists, as well as physicians, counted among his devoted friends. Far greater meaning had, however, the relationship to the outstanding violinist Joseph Joachim whom Brahms had first met in 1853, at the outset of his artistic career. Joachim, introduced to the shy, awkward youth of twenty, instantly recognized the capacity for greatness in the obscure musician from Hamburg. Before long he had Brahms staying at his home in Goettingen and reported this to the young man's parents in a letter which shed joy among these simple people. Part of the message should be quoted here as a touching testimonial to both the writer and his newly-won friend:

"Allow me, although I am unknown to you, to write and tell you how infinitely blessed I feel in the companionship of your Johannes; for who better than his parents know the joy which their son can give. Your Johannes has stimulated my work as an artist to an extent beyond my hopes. To strive with him for a mutual goal is a fresh spur for me on the thorny path that we musicians have to tread through life. His purity, his independence, young though he is, and the singular wealth of his heart and intellect find sympathetic utterance in his music, just as his whole nature will bring joy to all who come into spiritual contact with him. How splendid it will be when his artistic powers are revealed in a work accessible to all! And with his ardent desire for perfection nothing else is possible. You will understand my wish to have him near me as long as his presence does not interfere with his duty to himself ... How glad I should be if I could ever render my friend Johannes a real service, for it goes without saying that my friendship is always at his disposal. I can only hope that our new bond will find the blessing of your approval."

At this stage both musicians were immeasurably enriched by the other's artistic outlook. They set themselves difficult theoretical problems which each solved and had criticized by the other, and beyond that every phase of their creative progress came under the careful scrutiny of the sensitive and most exacting friend. Later Joachim, too much in demand as a virtuoso and performer of chamber music, stopped composing, which greatly chagrined Brahms, who had a high opinion of his friend's creative gifts. However, they remained in close contact and Joachim became Brahms's ideal interpreter. No doubt not only the Violin Concerto but also some of the composer's exquisite chamber music works owe their existence to the impact of Joachim's superb playing. Yet, after almost thirty years a tragic break occurred in this relationship. Joachim's wife, the fine contralto Amalie Weiss, also belonged among Brahms's good friends. He watched with sorrow the relationship between husband and wife deteriorate owing to Joachim's (in Brahms's opinion quite unfounded) jealousy. After observing painful scenes between them he wrote her a long, heartfelt letter expressing his conviction that Joachim was doing his wife a grievous wrong. This message, frankly discussing the violinist's fatal tendency towards suspicion, naturally had a confidential character and was meant for the lady alone. But when Joachim insisted on divorce proceedings, Amalie produced Brahms's letter in court as a testimonial on her behalf whereupon the judge acquitted her of any guilt. Joachim, deeply wounded by Brahms's action which he considered a stab in the back, now severed all personal intercourse with his old friend. This in turn was a serious blow to Brahms, to whom contact with the great violinist was one of the essentials in his life. But it was out of the question for the reserved North-German to go through the ordeal of a heart-to-heart talk and break through the barriers of misunderstandings. Thus several years of silence between the two friends went by until it became clear to Brahms that only as a composer could he hope to reach Joachim whose admiration for the friend's music had not declined in any way.

While he was still pondering this problem, a member of Joachim's string quartet, the outstanding cellist Robert Hausmann, urged the composer to write a concerto for his instrument. Brahms was quite prepared to do so, as Hausmann had beautifully played the cello sonata Op. 99 composed in the first summer at Thun, and suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him: why not write a double concerto for these close associates, Hausmann and Joachim, and by means of the rehearsals obtain a meeting with the cherished old friend? And so it happened. On July 17, 1887, Brahms merely

wrote a postcard to Joachim: "I should like to send you some news of an artistic character, hoping it will somewhat interest you" and on Joachim's affirmative reply, ventured further in a letter typical in its awkward wording: "Your friendly message makes my confession all the more pleasant. But be prepared for a little shock. The idea of writing a concerto for violin and cello had too great an appeal for me, though I tried to resist it. Much about the matter is of indifference to me except the question how you will react. Most of all I ask you in all friendliness to be quite frank. If you send me a postcard simply remarking 'it is not for me,' I know the reasons. Otherwise, however, I have to proceed with further questions: Do you want to see a copy? I am just writing out the solo parts; would you and Hausmann take the trouble to examine them as to their playability? Would you consider trying out the work somewhere with Hausmann and myself at the piano and, finally, would you rehearse it in some city with an orchestra and ourselves? I would ask you for a word and I repeat that I – Well, maybe you'll write the above-mentioned postcard even after having seen the copy. I don't say loudly and explicitly what I am secretly hoping and wishing. But give my best to Hausmann."

Brahms's hopes were fulfilled. On September 21, 1887, the two soloists met with the composer at Baden-Baden and in the presence of another great lifelong friend, Clara Schumann, the Double Concerto was tried out. A remark in the aged lady's diary is noteworthy: "The concerto is in a way a work of reconciliation – Joachim and Brahms have spoken to one another again after years of silence. The work is fresh, full of interesting themes and development." The public performance followed on October 18 at Cologne with Brahms as conductor and in the next month Wiesbaden, Frankfurt and Basel were privileged to hear the new concerto in the same interpretation.

The peace-offering had been accepted and Brahms was deeply content. On his return to Vienna he remarked (as Florence May tells us): "Now I know what it is that has been wanting in my life for the past few years. I felt something was missing, but could not tell what. It was the sound of Joachim's violin."

Thus his creative genius helped Brahms to untangle a web of misunderstanding dangerous for his peace of mind. Retrospectively one sees the chain of circumstances leading to the composi-tion of the Op. 102 as a fortunate one, for it induced Brahms to enrich the concerto literature by a highly significant, original work.

from notes by Karl Geiringer

CD 54

JULIAN BREAM - POPULAR CLASSICS FOR SPANISH GUITAR

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JAY S. HARRISON (1964) - EDITOR OF MUSICAL AMERICA

Taste, refinement, vigor and virtuosity have become the trademark of any performance delivered by Julian Bream. And this is the more remarkable since the instrument which he conquers like a reigning champion is conceivably the most misunderstood of any in our time.

Mr. Bream is an expert on what is known as the "classic guitar," though the term needs some defining if its true significance is to be put into sharp focus. According to the latest and most reliable statistics the guitar is second only to the piano as the world's most popular instrument. The catch here, however, is that the guitar manipulated by Mr. Bream is not the kind that lives in the public imagination.

The original classic guitar has been corrupted by time through its usage by jazz, folk, popular or nightclub entertainers. Indeed, today there are actually four distinct kinds of guitars – the classic, the flamenco, the plectrum and the electric. Though all derive from the first named, they are essentially a breed apart and bear scant relationship to the distinguished and dignified seventeenth-century instrument which was the inspiration of hordes of composers and the medium for some of the most expressive music written in the last 300 years. It should be said, on the other hand, that this music does not give up its secrets to casual artists or bumblers. Only a master with a flair like Julian Bream's can do it justice, can bring it to full and vibrating life.

For you will discover on listening to this disc that in his hands the guitar is not a twangy, metallic instrument but one amenable to the most refined coloristic shading. This is not to imply that it lacks hot and earthy passion; it is simply to indicate that the guitar is also capable of reflecting a haughty, aristocratic grandeur that is devastating in its beauty. And there is a reason for this, a very significant one.

As it happens, the guitar is one of the most personal instruments ever devised by mankind (which suggests the corollary that the personality of the artist playing it is brightly mirrored in every phrase). To clarify the point, one can turn to all of the instruments of the concert stage. The pianist has keys which stand between the performer and the music; the strings require the intercession of a bow to make them sound; the brasses have valves and a mouthpiece to produce the tone, and the woodwinds have reeds to do the same thing. Even the timpani need sticks before they can be heard.

But none of these things apply to the guitar – there is no key, bow, valve or reed mechanism to aid in producing the desired sonority. What one hears is born of the direct contact of fingers upon strings, and thus, as it were, the player and his instrument are welded into one. Nothing comes between them, nothing stands in the way of spontaneous combustion of man and music. It is as if the guitar were an extension of the man himself, an extension which allows him to translate in the most direct manner possible the impulses his body feels as the music becomes part of his sensitivity.

All of which should indicate that the guitar is an outrageously difficult instrument to play, though the opposite is common belief. The truth is that it is fiendishly hard to master, which certainly accounts for the fact that you can count on a few fingers of one hand the virtuosos who have conquered and assumed control of its repertory.

Just such a master is Julian Bream, as critics the world over have noted. For a fact, it is a haunting experience to hear what he is able to do with only six strings set into motion by five fingers. The plump sounds of the harp, the pings of the harpsichord, the thump of the drum, the tinkle of the lyre – all of these he is able to produce and place at the disposal of any score at hand. In all, Mr. Bream is a wizard, and like any magician of his kind he casts a spell. We listeners – thank heavens

– are his victims.

Julian Bream occupies a preeminent position in the world of the guitar and is the finest lutenist of his generation. Born in London in 1933, he was taught by his father and made his first appearance as a guitarist at the age of 14. He studied at the Royal College of Music, working privately on the guitar, which at that time was not taught there. He made his London debut in 1950 at Wigmore Hall and was soon playing throughout Britain. Recitals in Switzerland in 1954 led to tours of Europe. Bream made his American debut in 1958 and has returned for more than 40 tours; he has also toured the Far East, southeast Asia and Latin America. Never content to give just solo recitals, he has appeared with major orchestras and string quartets, and his duo with John Williams is known to concert audiences around the world. Television appearances have made him familiar to an even wider public.

Bream has not only helped to revive the guitar as a concert instrument but he has done much to broaden its repertory; he has made many transcriptions of romantic and baroque works and has commissioned major works from such eminent 20th-century composers as Benjamin Britten, William Walton, Hans Werner Henze, Malcolm Arnold and Richard Rodney Bennett. He has given practical support to guitar and lute makers; organized his own summer arts festival and given master classes in both Britain and the United States. He was awarded the Order of the British Empire as early as 1964 and was made a Commander of the OBE in 1984.

CD 55

SPAIN

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JAY S. HARRISON

Manuel de Falla was fond of saying, with mock seriousness, that the greatest Spanish works were all written by the French! He was thinking, no doubt, of Debussy and Ravel to whom Spain was an exotic land that challenged and enkindled their imaginations. But Falla was wrong. The greatest Spanish music is, was and presumably always will be written by Spaniards. And among these Spaniards there is none greater than Manuel de Falla himself.

The tang of the country, the swirl of its landscape, the passion of its people are proudly stamped on every note he wrote. So, too, are the twists of its rhythms, the fragrance of its harmony and the evocative splendor of its color. Falla's music is Spain; he is their most famous native-born composer, and he captures in tone all that his homeland means to his kin and countrymen.

>> ORIGINALLY A BALLET

This is especially apparent in the ballet El amor brujo, despite the fact that Falla utilized no folk music but depended instead on his own sources of original-ity. The work was first produced in 1915 as a ballet with songs in one act com-prising two scenes with a scenario by Martinez Sierra, who had been told the story by the mother of Pastora Imperio, the singer-dancer for whom the score had been composed. (Unfortunately, the title is so quintes-sentially Spanish that it does not translate successfully into English. Along this line some of the attempts that have been made are "Love, the Wizard," "Wedded by Witchcraft," "Wedded in Spite of Witchcraft" and "The Demon Lover." Today, when translation is called for, the majority of listeners are satisfied with the loose approximation "Love, the Magician.")

>> THE STORY

At any rate, the work, which Falla transformed into a vocal-orchestral suite, tells of a beautiful gypsy, Candelas, who, when her evil lover dies a violent death, soon becomes interested in another man. But she is haunted by the ghost of her previous partner. Thus, she prevails upon another gypsy to seduce the specter of her first love. The other gypsy does and thereby leaves Candelas to follow her heart in all matters romantic.

As can be seen, this is no masterpiece of plot construction, but that is unim-portant since it provided Falla with a base on which to raise a scaffold of ringing songs and dashing orchestral interludes. All of them rip at the nerves – whether it is Candelas' Song of Love or the Ritual Fire Dance, which is cer-tainly the most famous section in the entire work. The point is that in El amor brujo Falla has created a work that crackles with intensity. All that is vigorous (or languorous) about Spanish music is summed up in this suite. It is not casual, everyday music; it invites the hearer's participation, thrusts him headlong into a world of searing sentiment. It is music that soars, dances and glows.

▸▸▸ NOTES BY VINCENT SHEEAN

The Iberian peninsula has been cut off from Europe by more serious barriers than the Pyrenees. Through centuries it was in part (and sometimes totally) possessed by the Arab conqueror, and when it returned to a united sovereignty under Ferdinand and Isabel, not long before the discovery of America, it had become subtly and permanently different from its neighbors to the north. The close dynastic relations between Bourbons of Paris and Madrid, Hapsburgs of Vienna and Madrid, during the next four hundred years, never substantially mitigated this apartness. Spain is the segment of the Roman world which never wholly returned, although it was once the most Roman of all outside of Rome.

To the historic separation we owe that high degree of "Spanishness" which characterizes every distinctive achievement in Spanish art and casts its special glow even over the Spanish landscape. Don Quixote is a world masterpiece and is read with equal delight in every language, but it is at the same time profoundly Spanish, unimaginable as a product of any other culture. The Spanishness of Spain is far more striking, dramatic, unes-capable than the national cultures of other European countries: it wears its national colors inside and out. We might sit at a concert of unfamiliar new music without being able to guess the origins of the composers, unless one or more happened to be Spanish.

Easy enough to say that this special characteristic is Arab or "Moorish": that is a slapdash analysis amounting to untruth. It is not Arab any more than it is French. The Spanish quality is made up of others in a very old amalgam, long since stabilized. It is so strong, and perpetuates itself so naturally, that it is felt throughout Latin America through countless racial admixtures and historical developments, entwining itself easily with the rhythms and melodic patterns of far-off peoples

who have never dreamed of Granada. In our own times, composers who never saw Spain – such as Debussy – have drawn off some of its fire in their own music, which was even easier for the half-Spanish Maurice Ravel.

The Spain to which the composers turn, and from which some of them come, is most of all the south, the arid and grandiose province of Andalusia, cut off from the rest by the high Sierra. Baked in summer and swept by icy winds in winter, the deforested Andalusian plain offers its bare rocky bosom to a population which can scarcely scratch a subsistence out of it.

Into the cities of Andalusia the southern peasants have crowded for centuries past almost as if taking refuge against weather and work. Aside from the tobacco factories which began to flourish in the eighteenth century there never was much inducement for the workers on the land to go to Seville, but they went just the same, perhaps only to get warm in winter or cool in summer. One area of Seville – the quarter of Triana – very poor and overcrowded, full of the sound of castanets and the far-off yell of the flamenco, became a kind of hothouse or forcing plant for the production of bullfighters, singers and dancers, many of whom have gone on to fame and fortune throughout the Spanish-speaking world. As Granada, even in its sleepy age-long decay, has pro-duced poets and composers and philosophers, Seville has burgeoned in these violently distinctive expressions of the Andalusian people. The bullfighters, bailarinas and flamenco singers of Seville preserved, exemplified and passed on all the intricate skills and originalities of their folk creation, the great dance art of southern Spain with its utterly self-sufficient music, using scales, modes, intervals and rhythms otherwise unknown to Europe. The unrelieved violence of much Andalusian folk music cannot fit into European forms; our scale of tones and half-tones is inadequate to show the glittering shades of flamenco singing, for instance, which seems to slide over eighth-tones or possibly even less in its constant ornamentation; but aside from these age-old laments, with their suggestions of Asian sorrow, there are simpler rhythms and patterns which came into European music in the nineteenth century and felt at home there from the the beginning. Such are all the sevillanas and seguidillas, the malagueñas and habaneras which have fascinated the last few generations.

The landscape of Spain has given forth other music, of course, distinct in style and content, much of it remote from the sharp rhythms of Andalusia. There is a bagpipe music in the hills of Galicia, of Navarre; there is a melancholy strain of folk singing in Castile; there are special rhythms in Catalonia. The hills of Aragon produced the jota, one of the favorite dances of the peninsula. But there is something irresistible in the sheer individuality of Andalusian music, its assertion of identity, its singular beauty unlike any other. All of the music in this present album derives directly or indirectly from the south, as do so many Spanish composers, poets and other writers of modern times.

CD 56

SAINT-SAËNS : CONCERTO NO.2 IN G MINOR, OP.22

FRANCK: SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS
LISZT: CONCERTO NO.1 IN E-FLAT

▶▶▶ NOTES BY IRVING KOLODIN (1958)

The idea of a French literature of piano/orchestra music is so well established that it is hard to believe there was a time when such a thing did not exist, or that one individual was its innovator, or that the whole of its history totals less than a hundred years. We are so accustomed to its colors and contours from Franck and Fauré to d'Indy and Ravel down to the contemporary Françaix and Poulenc that a "time of origin" would seem beyond recall.

Yet there is very good reason to believe that its date and place were April 1868 at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, when Saint-Saëns at the age of thirty-two played his C Minor Concerto in public for the first time. Some might think, instinctively, of Chopin's two concerti as forerunners of the French idiom because of the composer's lengthy association with Paris. Both, however, were written before he left Poland, and they remain sui generis. Saint-Saëns, however, showed his countrymen a new, sophisticated approach to the old problem, to which few who followed did not profess a debt of gratitude.

For, whatever it is called, the French piano/orchestra work is rarely a three-movement, four-square score in the German tradition. It may be a Ballade such as Fauré wrote, or the Symphonic Variations of Franck, or the Symphony on a French Mountain Air of d'Indy, or Debussy's Fantaisie, or Ravel's Concerto for the Left Hand or Françaix's Concertino, but it is almost always what every Frenchman regards as his birthright: individual, personalized and, more often than not, full of joie de vivre.

The late Sigismond Stojowski, pianist, pedagogue, composer and intimate of Paderewski, provided the best summary of Saint-Saëns' Second Concerto when he said (as recalled by Oscar Levant in A Smattering of Ignorance): "It begins with Bach and ends with Offenbach." In this there is more than a good joke, for it suggests the scholarship which Saint-Saëns brought to his task; also an awareness of that bright flair and musical wit which typified the Second Empire's most typical entertainer.

The gravity of the opening, with its rolling arpeggios and brilliant figurations, is a reminder that Saint-Saëns was a master organist as well as a virtuoso of the piano, and some of his pianistic style is undoubtedly related to his instant command of improvisation at the console.

Yet the improvisatory element is so happily integrated with a framework of orchestral reference that so discriminating a student of the concerto literature as Franz Liszt declared its form "new and very happy" when Saint-Saëns sent him a score in 1869. "The prelude on the pedal G is striking and imposing" wrote Liszt in a letter of commendation to the composer; "you do wisely to reproduce it at the end of the first movement and to accompany it this time with some chords." At the recurrence, Saint-Saëns also gave it a more dramatic accent which provides the sense of fulfillment desired.

Were Mendelssohn a boulevardier, he might have conceived such an Allegro scherzando as Saint-Saëns provided next. In any event it is improbable that he could have balanced his typi-

cal kind of skittish figuration with the operatic-minded trio Saint-Saëns invented. Liszt described it as "piquant," no doubt pleased by the variations of treatment Saint-Saëns devised for its two recurrences, the last with a hunting horn fanfare in the distance.

The finale reverts for a moment to the G minor atmosphere of the opening, but the presto pace and the figures for the piano point to quite a different destination. As if the former reference to Mendelssohn were prophetic, one is arrested by some accentuations recalling the finale of the earlier man's Concerto No. 1 in the same key. The piano maintains a kind of perpetuo mobile pattern throughout, lightfooted enough to test any virtuoso's dexterity, yet always concerned with basic musical values – momentum, variety, balance and congruity of elements.

Those who like to typify composers in terms of certain salient characteristics would be hard put to reconcile the mystical César Franck of the Prelude, Aria and Finale and Prelude, Chorale and Fugue for piano, the choral Les Béatitudes and Rédemption, or the orchestral Chasseur maudit with the man who invented the jaunty resolution of the Symphonic Variations. If it is any consolation to those who demand more than pleasure of their musical experience, they may be assured that these variations embody as intricate a plan as the cyclical Symphony, though differently formulated.

It is, for example, no mere straight-forward simple set of variations such as any great composer could write, or even such an unsimple example as Schumann's Études Symphoniques. It is, rather, the equivalent of a three-movement concerto without interruption, such as a truly inspired Frenchman would conceive as the proper scheme for a collaboration of piano and orchestra, using "variations" as the catchword. And, for all his birth in Liège, Franck had been for fifty years a resident of Paris when he wrote his Symphonic Variations in 1885 at the age of sixty-three.

In his choice of what Alfred Cortot has described as "a theme with a double subject," Franck set up a chain of events in which the introduction has the quality of a first movement, a succeeding sequence could be interpreted as a slow movement, and the joyous transformation thereafter fulfills every requirement of a finale. The "double subject" to which Cortot alludes is readily recognizable from the start, with the strings articulating a rising rhythmic motive, and the solo instrument answering with a more lyric descending one.

The plan of the six variations embraces: 1) a conversation between piano and orchestra; 2) a cello statement of the theme; 3) the piano dominant, with pizzicato strings, then woodwind assistance; 4) a fortissimo elaboration, with modulations; 5) an expansion of the foregoing; and 6) a piano embellishment over cello reflections that attain considerable eloquence. Résumé and revaluation dominate the finale, in which a sense of sheer joy in music making transcends all interesting manifestations of learning, of which there are many.

Taken together, the names of Liszt and Arthur Rubinstein span not merely an era of piano playing but an epoch of keyboard artistry that attained a culmination in a series of concerts Rubinstein gave in Carnegie Hall – a public seminar in the literature of "piano with orchestra" that has had no parallel in our time. The seventeen concertos he played in five concerts left little doubt on two points: a) there is a continuity and interrelation among the masterpieces of this literature; b) that no pianist of our time has had a broader comprehension of the likenesses as well as the differences in these works than Rubinstein.

In the more than a hundred years that have elapsed since the Liszt E-flat Concerto was first performed by the composer, with Berlioz conducting, its popularity has become so widespread that it is almost impossible to realize that at one time the work was "controversial" – its form was puzzling, and the use of the triangle was condemned.

There is no reason to doubt that Liszt was the pre-eminent interpreter of his own music. For Arthur Rubinstein to make himself equally persuasive in this work is to match a challenge few pianists of our time would care to confront.

CD 57

BERLIOZ: HAROLD IN ITALY / OVERTURES

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK (1958)

How Berlioz came to write a piece for viola and orchestra is related by the composer in his memoirs. He tells us that Paganini accosted him after a performance of the "Fantastic" Symphony in the winter of 1833 and asked him for a viola concerto which he needed for a beautiful Strad-ivarius instrument he had acquired. Berlioz demurred, pointing out that Paganini rather than he was qualified by experience to write a virtuoso work which would presumably be in the bravura style of Paganini's violin concertos.

Paganini insisted and Berlioz, who would have been constitutionally incapable of composing a typical show piece became, nevertheless, intrigued with the assignment. He knew the viola and loved it for its possibilities, and he knew that these possibilities did not include cutting through an orchestra with the brilliance of a violin. His problem was to complement orchestral power with the essentially melodic character and special dark tone color of the instrument in such a way as to show both to the best advantage. He found himself writing "for the orchestra a series of scenes in which the solo viola should figure as a more or less active personage of constantly preserved individuality; I wished to put the viola in the midst of poetic recollections left me by my wanderings in the Abruzzi, and make it a sort of melancholy dreamer, after the manner of Byron's Childe Harold. Hence the title, Harold en Italie. As in the Symphonie fantastique, a chief theme (the first song of the viola) reappears throughout the work; but there is this difference: the theme of the Symphonie fantastique, the 'fixed idea,' interposes itself persistently as an episodic and passionate thought in the midst of scenes which are foreign to it and modifies them; while the song of Harold is added to other songs of the orchestra with which it is contrasted both in movement and character and without any interruption of the development." The text of Byron's Childe Harold was not involved in Berlioz's plans. The composer no more than borrowed from the melancholy Englishman the concept of the romantic comment to the scenes which passed before his eyes.

When Paganini was shown the sketches for the first movement, he complained that there were "too many rests" for the soloist. As a matter of fact there are no long rests for the soloist in that movement. His playing pervades it and could not have been brought in more often without weakening the effect of the part. Paganini should have noticed how the viola is introduced over a gentle chain of harp and clarinet chords, which support its color with the utmost delicacy; how cleverly Berlioz solves the problem by dramatic alternation in the brilliant allegro section.

Paganini should not be put down as obtuse. He knew what he wanted for his own uses, and that this was not what he was looking for. He nevertheless was susceptible to the extraordinary beauties of Harold in Italy – so much so that, when at last he heard the completed work, he was deeply moved and presented the composer with a bank draft for twenty thousand francs, thus freeing him from monetary cares and enabling him to compose a third "symphony" – Romeo and Juliet. A true pledge of recognition!

"The player," says the score, "must stand forward, near the public and apart from the orchestra." The direction is more psychological than acoustical. The voice of the viola has a special apartness, a mirror-like relation more quickly perceived by the hearer than described. The "melancholy" orchestral introduction begins with a sinuous theme in the basses which is treated with fugal imitation and generates what is to be the prevalent viola theme. The orchestra is suddenly silent, and the viola, softly accompanied, sings the plaintive song which is to be its special property and will recur in each movement.

The "March of the Pilgrims" which takes the place of a symphonic slow movement is a long crescendo to a climax followed by a long diminuendo, as if the voices of the singers were heard approaching, passing and disappearing into the distance – the beginning of what was destined to be a favorite device. The song, first heard in the strings, echoed by a characteristic horn note, is varied in repetition. The soloist first adds his own theme, and then provides a weaving figure of accompaniment. At last he plays a series of arpeggios in the peculiar metallic timbre made by using the bow close to the bridge (sul ponticello). Under this a gentle religious chant continues, with a bass derived from the march theme. The suggestion of a tolling bell is produced by high harp and wind harmonics.

The Serenade, an approximation of a scherzo, opens with a lively dance-like theme on the oboe and piccolo, in obvious suggestion of the pifferi, a species of rustic oboes Berlioz had described as inseparable from the "volcanic rocks and black pine forests" of the Abruzzi. The English horn brings back the viola theme in altered form, and the soloist takes it up in augmentation.

The last movement is orgiastic, not because brigands were essential to Berlioz's "symphony," but because he wanted a rousing finale in flamboyant style, with full brass. He binds the movement into his whole concept by making the orchestra pause for reminiscences of what has gone before, adroitly led in by the solo viola. The first interruption is a part of the introduction, with its fugato bass, and presently the pilgrims' chant is played by the soloist. The development, extensive and without soloist, dies away into a suspenseful silence, and two violas and a cello, offstage, intone a distant echo of the march theme. The close is orchestral.

▶▶▶ NOTES BY CYRUS W. DURGIN (1961)

Every great conductor has his "specialty" – that one composer above all others whose art, in performance by the conductor, is brought to a state of complete, glorious and unique reality. With Charles Munch, I believe, that one composer is Hector Berlioz.

There are those, with the wide experience which entitles them to so bold a judgment, who claim that Charles Munch was the finest conductor of Berlioz in his time. I readily agree with that opinion. The music of Berlioz, as I can testify from frequent experience, summons all the emotional ardor of Munch, his finest attributes of technique and imagination as an interpreter of sensitivity and passion. Munch is never more French and never more the recreative musician than when he is dealing with Berlioz, and from the Boston Symphony Orchestra emerges a fabulous intensity and splendor. Munch's flair for Berlioz may in part be attributed to a national affinity, certainly, and also completely to an affinity of temperament.

Munch became music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1949. He probably has conducted more Berlioz – and oftener – than any other musician in the United States. The Symphonie fantastique, Harold in Italy, The Damnation of Faust, L'Enfance du Christ, Romeo and Juliet and the Requiem, have all been performed by Munch and, incidentally, all recorded for RCA Victor. He further presented a Berlioz rarity, the song-cycle Les Nuits d'Été. Shorter pieces, such as the overtures and the symphonic fragment from Les Troyens, he has done frequently.

Jacques Barzun points out in his Berlioz and the Romantic Century that the original stimulus for all the works included on this disc came from Berlioz's encounter with Italy. Winner of the Prix de Rome, the twenty-seven-year-old composer left Paris in December 1830 to take up the study in Italy awarded him under the terms of the prize.

To take these overtures in order of their creation, the one composed for the comic opera Benvenuto Cellini would be the first. (Although sketched earlier, The Corsair was completed many years later.)

Today and in this country, at least, Benvenuto Cellini is an unknown opera, and even the collected edition of Berlioz does not contain its full score; however, the overture is in the repertoire of most symphony orchestras. The story, set in Rome at Carnival time in 1532, deals with the artistic and amatory vicissitudes of the great goldsmith and rascal Ben-venuto Cellini. The opera was produced in Paris on September 10, 1838.

The Roman Carnival overture, composed in 1844, was an afterthought opening for the second act of Benvenuto Cellini. While the opera as a whole never became widely popular, the Roman Carnival overture at once captured favor and has retained it for well over a century, having become a concert "war-horse."

The Corsair was intimately bound up with the feverish period of Berlioz's life when he was desperately (the word well-chosen) in love with a young pianist, Camille Marie Moke. Infuriated by news from her mother that Marie was about to marry someone else, Berlioz set out in a rage for Paris, intending to kill the two women. In April 1831, while on the way, he attempted suicide at Genoa, was fished out of the Mediterranean, started for

Paris again, and then thought better of his plan.

Beatrice and Benedict, finished in 1862, was Berlioz's last music-drama. Barzun, in the book cited above, has a fitting summary of the overture: "The well-known overture presents and develops two of the main melodies of the work and establishes the recurring contrast between lively coquetry and gentle melancholy – the melancholy of humor. The instrumentation is filigree work, tonal pointillism which acts upon us like champagne and prepares us for a drama that occurs in fantasy. . . ."

CD 58

MAHLER : DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

▸▸▸ NOTES BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI (1959)

In observing 1960 as the centennial of Gustav Mahler's birth, the music world commemorated the emergence of a giant. The violent storms of dissension that long beclouded his music largely subsided, though much acrimony remains. There are those honest skeptics for whom Mahler's peculiarities of form and material are still a roadblock. But, more and more, conductors have refreshed themselves and their orchestras at his spring. In every concert center of the world today Mahler is unquestionably a classic. No self-respecting orchestra can afford to ignore him, and each season increasing numbers of listeners discover spiritual and artistic invigoration in his music.

There is something more, however. . . . By a curious paradox, as Mahler recedes in time from us, the anguished testament that is his music takes on a timelier relevance. It is as if in Mahler, better than in any other composer of his time, the modern temper of self-searching disquiet is most pitilessly exposed. Prophetically, Mahler's music reflects the stresses and strains of the Freudian diagnosis that is so pertinent to our age of anxiety. Reflected here, if you will, is the psychological dilemma of our time – the ruthless probing of self, the conflicting drives and harsh insecurities, the craving for some long-lost innocence of childhood or Nature. Mahler is the most subjective and uninhibited of composers. To his symphonies he confided the tensions and obsessions that raged in him. He conceals nothing from our ears – his nightmarish torments, his refuge in momentary illusions of joy, his shrill defiance of Providence, even his abrupt lapses into the deceptively child-like simplicities and sepulchral mockeries that infuriate those who refuse to accept him on his terms.

To his work, and to his family, Mahler gave himself as unreservedly as he did to his music. Into the cultural life of Vienna he brought a nobility of ideals and a concentrated rigor of discipline that enriched concert hall and opera house alike. Over half a century ago, in the space of two short seasons, he left his indelible mark of achievement on the operatic and symphonic life of New York as well. To his wife Alma, Mahler brought the adoration of a passionate nature. In his children he found unfathomable solace of spirit. But over his happiness brooded a tragic obsession with death and disease – a fatalistic dread of the morrow. His sense of foreboding terrified his wife. Repeatedly, she chided him for tempting Providence in the ominous hammerblows of Fate that crash down in the Finale of the Sixth Symphony. By some ruthless sixth sense, Mahler foresaw the savage destiny lying in wait for him. It struck only too soon. A vicious anti-Mahler cabal, scheming tirelessly for years, at last ousted him from his place of eminence in Vienna in 1907. That same summer his beloved older child died suddenly of diphtheria. That made two of the prophetic hammerblows. A family physician, called in a few days later to attend to Mahler's prostrated wife, by chance examined Mahler too, and spotted the heart condition that doomed him to an early death in 1911. The third hammerblow had fallen.

From that brutal summer on, a resigned fatalism dominated Mahler's music. The last three symphonies, the Ninth, the unfinished Tenth and The Song of the Earth thus become his farewell to life – the final statement of a profound thirst for life defeated by an obsessive imminence of death. If renewal and rebirth are recurring themes of Das Lied von der Erde, death and dissolution are its ultimate burden. Into this song-symphony Mahler poured all the poignant transience of life and beauty that consumed him. This, one may venture, is the swan song of the great Viennese school that began with Mozart and Haydn, reached its apogée in Beethoven and culminated in Bruckner and Mahler. It is the death knell of an era and the final litany of the shattered illusion that had been romanticism. Into it went the spiritual groping and irrevocable drift, the withdrawal from the world to the bosom of Nature, the nostalgic review of the transitory joys of the flesh that pervaded the romantic twilight. With The Song of the Earth Mahler becomes a prophet of doom – of himself, of a way of thought, indeed of his whole world. It may not be extravagant to find in this massive scroll premonitions of the disintegration that came three short years after Mahler's death with the outbreak of World War I in Europe. Mahler speaks to us directly in more ways than one. Life, he found, could spring all sorts of surprises, comic, tragic, preposterously irrelevant. One moved in a flash from the trivial to the devastating, from exaltation to banality, from tragedy to farce, from the sublimest happiness to utter desolation – from complacent peace to barbarous war.

Mahler could not live in the moment and for the moment. Behind the smiling façade lurked potential enmity; beyond it, eventual decay and obliteration. If there is final resignation in The Song of the Earth, it is that of surrender to the impenetrable mystery of eternity. A last farewell is made to life, love, spring, earth, and the symphony closes in a mood of tranquil acceptance. There is a quieting of grief and regret, a longing only for respite and repose. Finality is accepted with brave, stoic calm. It was the way Mahler himself died in Vienna on May 18, 1911 – with a last serenity of spirit and two names on his lips – "Alma" and "Mozart." To a man whose life had been one of monumental irony and frustration there was reserved still another paradox in death. He was never to hear The Song of the Earth, the crowning masterpiece that in a few short years was to establish him securely in the international repertory.

Fatalist that he was, Mahler never gave Das Lied von der Erde a symphonic number. Actually, in order of composition, it was his Ninth Symphony. But Beethoven had not lived to write his Tenth, and Bruckner had died in the midst of his Ninth. A superstition persisted that a composer was on shaky ground after completing eight symphonies. In Alma's words, Mahler thus thought of

"giving God the slip." Having composed Das Lied, he refrained from numbering it, and moved on to the Ninth. Once that was finished, he gleefully reported to Alma that in reality he had now completed his Tenth. After thus outflanking destiny, he tackled the Tenth – really the Eleventh – only to die amid its last embers of creative genius. From Alma's reminiscences comes this pertinent glimpse of Mahler during the summer of 1908, a scant year after the death of his child, Alma's collapse, the severance of his ties with Vienna, and the jolting diagnosis of valvular disease of the heart:

"This summer was the saddest we had ever spent or were to spend together. Every excursion, every attempt at distraction, was a failure. Grief and anxiety pursued us wherever we went. Work was his one resource. He slaved at Das Lied von der Erde."

Like so much of Mahler's symphonic music, Das Lied began with the reading of poetry. Few composers have responded to poetic stimulus with Mahler's readiness of spirit and openness of heart. The lyrical and the symphonic were twin patterns of his musical thought, several of his symphonies oscillating between both forms or combining in an unprecedented new synthesis. In this case, Mahler came upon the specific poems in a book of translations from the Chinese by Hans Bethge, entitled Die chinesische Flöte (The Chinese Flute). Among them were verses by perhaps the greatest of Chinese poets, Li-Tai-Po – the Omar Khayyam of the Far East. Mahler was at once captivated by their exquisite imagery and mellow wisdom, even more by their sunset preoccupation with the evanescence of life. For here, in poetry of remote eighth-century China, he found the perfect reflection of the state of his soul. On the one hand, an unquenchable delight in the beauties of Nature, allied to a profound craving for life; on the other, a compulsive foreboding of surcease and loss. Let us drink while we may, for darkness and woe await us. In the six poems he chose Mahler found material for a colossal panel of man's precarious sojourn on earth. First, the frenzied escape in drink and an open defiance of fate and life's vanities. Then the tired wanderer's autumnal lament, the fever gone, the fire dimmed. Next, in two vivid vignettes, the vanished glories of youth and rapture, relived in imaginative retrospect. Then once more the stupor of drink and the hovering sense of ashen futility. Finally, the somber farewell, and the deathly calm. These poetic soliloquies of tenor and contralto are among the greatest songs ever written. They achieve, in their range and intensity of contrasting mood, a unique power of expressive truth. Upon them Mahler the lyricist lavished his extraordinary gift for melodic relevance and communication. And what a magnificent texture of orchestra envelopes them! There the symphonist that was Mahler attains grandeur of purpose and execution with a command of limitless resource.

Das Lied von der Erde is a living substance compounded of nerve and heart and mind. Realism streaks through it with almost terrifying vividness. At times meditative and childlike, at others anguished and tumultuous, always human and searching, the orchestra is both commentator and protagonist. From it speaks Mahler in an inspired stream of consciousness beside which many a celebrated work of fiction of the Freudian persuasion is so much inarticulate mumbling. The Song of the Earth is compelling self-revelation, the searing document of a spiritual crisis that is both personal and epochal. Mahler's intellectual honesty and great warmth of temperament give it a depth and sincerity embracing all humanity. But one is never allowed to forget that a supreme craftsman who was also a phenomenal conductor is at work in this score. Bar after bar shows the faultless, unwavering hand of a master anatomist for whom the orchestra was a living organism. Only a composer of his gifts and his profound turmoil of spirit could make the earth sing.

CD 59

STRAUSS: SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, OP.53 STRAUSS: LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME: SUITES, OP.60

▸▸▸ NOTES BY JAMES LYONS (1957)

Almost always a nickname is added to the title of a musical work after the piece has been around for a while. Occasionally these nicknames are afterthoughts of the composer. More often they are someone else's. Once affixed, however, any such "handle" stays on because it opens a door – for many listeners, the door to understanding.

Sometimes, of course, a nickname can summon up a vision that has nothing to do with the music as conceived. Alert to this possibility, Richard Strauss made sure that his Op. 53 would invite no whimsical inferences. He called it the Symphonia domestica (Domestic Symphony), which is as concisely self-contained an appellation as you will encounter in all the orchestral literature. In addition, as if this were not foolproof enough, a parenthetical dedication "to my dear wife and our boy" is an integral part of the title.

Strauss had begun his Domestic Symphony in May of 1902. A few months later, in London, he told a reporter for The Musical Times: "My next tone poem will illustrate 'a day in my family life.' It will be partly lyrical, partly humorous – a triple fugue, the three subjects representing Papa, Mama, and the baby."

The last page of the score was completed in Berlin on New Year's Eve of 1903. On the first day of the following spring it was given its première – not in Germany, not even in Europe, but at Carnegie Hall in New York City. The orchestra was a now forgotten organization bearing the name of its regular conductor Hermann Hans Wetzler, although Strauss himself presided on this occasion.

Column after column was devoted to the concert in the Manhattan press. All accounts agree that it was an enormous success. This notwithstanding, the critics who duly noted the general enthusiasm did not unanimously share it. Apparently the composer had confused them somewhat by insisting, in an interview, that "this time I wish my music to be listened to purely as music."

The likelihood is that this remark had been a reaction to the public's seemingly insatiable interest in programmatic detail, which Strauss felt had gone a bit too far. At any rate, his statement was not taken too seriously, particularly since he had said in the same interview that the title of the Domestic Symphony sufficiently explains the music. It remained for the perceptive English writer Ernest Newman to put everything in proper perspective. Over and above any musical grounds for the initial

and continuing popularity of the work, Newman concluded that "people who were puzzled almost to the point of insanity by Zarathustra and its Übermenschen . . . and all the rest of that queer fauna, could recognize at once when the baby was squealing in its bath or the lullaby was being sung over it; and they had a kindly fellow-feeling for the terrible musician who now seemed to be even such a one as themselves.

The dictionary defines the word "domestic" as follows: "In the position of a member of a household." That the Domestic Symphony is a masterpiece, then, merely attests to the generative power of music itself – for surely it was music that dominated the most earthly minutiae of daily life in the home of Richard Strauss. That the music is by design "domestic," on the other hand, attests to the accuracy of the assumption that the lord of this particular manor was a happily domesticated creature – rare among composers – who just happened to be a surpassing creative genius.

Be that as it may have been, the Domestic Symphony long since has taken its place in the repertoire with those ever popular companion works – Don Juan, Death and Transfiguration, Till Eulenspiegel, Don Quixote and Ein Heldenleben, in that chronological order – which had secured the composer's fame before the turn of the century.

In the manner of these predecessors the Domestic Symphony unfolds continuously from beginning to end, but for all practical purposes it is laid out in four distinct and movement-like sections. Strauss lent his approval to the following skeletal outline:

1. INTRODUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE THREE CHIEF GROUPS OF THEMES:

The husband's themes:
(a) Easy going, (b) Dreamy, (c) Fiery.
The wife's themes: (a) Lively and gay, (b) Grazioso.
The child's theme: Tranquil.

2. SCHERZO

Parent's happiness. Childish play. Cradle song (the clock strikes seven in the evening).

3. ADAGIO

Doing and thinking. Love scene. Dreams and cares (the clock strikes seven in the morning).

4. FINALE

Awakening and merry dispute (double fugue). Joyous conclusion.

Subsequent to the Domestic Symphony Strauss wrote but one sizable work for orchestra – the Alpine Symphony, the plot of which was sufficiently patent to eliminate any controversy. For three decades thereafter he devoted himself almost entirely to opera. One infers, therefore, that the Domestica was the composer's farewell to program music. Hence, possibly, his extreme contra-dictions as to its literary connotations.

Maybe and maybe not. We will never know the truth of the matter, but certainly Der Rosenkavalier, Elektra, Ariadne auf Naxos, Salome, Die Frau ohne Schatten and Arabella are ample solace for the lack of sequels to the Domestic Symphony. If the classic forms were indeed alien to his nature, Strauss at least had brought the tone poem of Berlioz and Liszt to the most glorious height in its history – and done it before his fortieth birthday, at that.

▶▶▶ **NOTES BY FRANCIS ROBINSON (1956)**

In 1912 Strauss and his librettist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, collaborated on a combined play and opera, dedicating it to Max Reinhardt, who had originally helped Strauss mount Der Rosenkavalier. They chose Molière's famous play, Le bourgeois gentilhomme. Hofmannsthal made a number of changes in the eighteenth-century translation by Bierling, which served as his source. Strauss wrote incidental music for the transformed play, expanding into an entire opera the musical episodes in the original composed by Lully.

The score was completed in 1912 and the combined play-and-opera was first produced in October of that year at Stuttgart. Substantial revision was accomplished by Strauss and his collaborator after its premiere.

In 1918 the composer, using the incidental music from the comedy as his source, devised a suite for orchestra comprising nine numbers. In contrast to the instrumentation required in such works as Elektra and Salome, Strauss conceived a suite calling for less than forty players and in the process devised an orchestral effect almost like chamber music in its quality. Seven episodes in the suite are recorded here: Overture; Minuet; The Fencing Master; Entrance and Dance of the Tailors; Entrance of Cléonte; Intermezzo; The Dinner.

CD 60

SCHUMANN: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR, OP. 54
BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5 IN E-FLAT, OP. 73 "EMPEROR"

"To know Cliburn's playing at all is to suspect that he is the right man for the Schumann Concerto. He has the big, surging warmth for it, the enkindling imagination, the ranging technique, and the cresting wealth of tone to soar over the orchestra when the time comes. This was extraordinary Schumann in the grand manner, with the orchestra playing superbly and Mr. Reiner's direction that of a master."

— Claudia Cassidy
Music Critic, Chicago Tribune

This recording of the Schumann Concerto was made in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, in April 1960, soon after Van Cliburn's first series of public appearances as guest soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Reiner.

A studio recording that recreates in exacting detail the public concert described by Miss Cassidy, it also marks Mr. Cliburn's first collaboration on records with the orchestra and its distinguished conductor.

The concerto was composed by Robert Schumann over a period of five years commencing in 1841. In that year the first movement appeared under the title of Fantasia in A Minor. Four years later Schumann retitled the Fantasia as the first movement and added two other movements. The concerto was performed for the first time in its entirety in 1845 from manuscript, with the composer's wife, Clara Wieck Schumann, as soloist.

It is a magnificently integrated composition, with the orchestra and piano so closely woven into the musical texture that neither would be complete

without the other.

Deems Taylor has described it as a work calling for exquisite beauty of tone and subtle attention to detail. "Today," says Mr. Taylor, "the A Minor Concerto sings as freshly and beautifully as it did 115 years ago – a great and enduring work of art."

▶▶▶ NOTES BY JOHN N. BURK

Beethoven's Fifth Concerto – the Emperor – is the most imposing member of an illustrious company. Emperor, however, was not the composer's title for his last piano concerto. Such posthumous titles, if not authentic, are convenient, and this one can be called appropriate if taken in the sense of the "majestic," the willful, imperious and expansive Beethoven. E-flat major was to Beethoven a heroic key by the evidence of the Eroica Symphony, which has something of the same proud spirit. Beethoven seems to have been possessed by this tonality in 1809, the year of the Concerto, for the Piano Sonata, Op. 81a, and the so-called Harp Quartet, Op. 74, both in E-flat, were also composed in this year. It was a year of war; French troops occupied Vienna, and the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte made his headquarters in the Palace of Schönbrunn. These outward events had no effect upon the artist Beethoven and his seclusive domain of tones, except to annoy him and impede his work.

The Emperor is a striking case of the casual attention so often given by first audiences to music prized by later generations as of monumental importance. Beethoven's symphonies when first performed in public disturbed or bored more people than they pleased, and were usually passed over without a second thought. The Fifth Concerto had its Viennese première on February 12, 1812. It was reported a "failure," and since the soloist was Beethoven's able pupil Karl Czerny the failure lay with the audience – the "Society of Noble Ladies for Charity" – who probably had no sense whatever of the import of the piece. The concert was a miscellaneous program of vocal numbers interspersed with living tableaux which were undoubtedly the feature of the evening.

What those worthy people probably looked for in the new concerto was the hard glitter of passage work which was then pianistic currency, and when the music produced something less than this degree of showy brilliance, they dismissed it without the least suspicion that true power, deep feeling and newly expressive piano figures were being unfolded before them. They failed to understand that Beethoven, accepting the style that custom had dictated to him, had transformed it into something quite different, had written his signature into every measure.

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