



ARTICLES

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RECORDINGS

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"Florelle: 1927-1934." Chansophone 112. [Includes four songs from the French version of the 1931 film of *Die Dreigroschenoper*.]

"Good Vibes for Kurt Weill." Warren Chiasson, vibraphone, assisted by jazz musicians. Audiophile ACD-236. [CD reissue of 1977 LP, with three additional songs.]

"Jacques Higelin et Catherine Sauvage chantent Boris Vian." Disques Jacques Canetti 103172. [Sauvage sings six songs by Weill.]

"Lys Gauty: 1927-1936." Chansophone 106. [Includes "Je ne t'aime pas" and "J'attends un navire."]

Knickerbocker Holiday. Various artists conducted by Maurice de Abravanel and Harold Levy. AEI-CD 007. [CD reissue]

Lady in the Dark. Gertrude Lawrence and Macdonald Carey [radio version]. AEI-CD 003. [CD reissue]

"Patti LuPone: Live." RCA Victor 09026-61797-2. [Includes five Weill songs.]

"Prima Donna." Lesley Garrett, soprano; Philharmonia Orchestra; Ivor Bolton, conductor. Silva America SSD 1023. [Includes "What Good Would the Moon Be?"]

"Romance & the Stage." Elaine Page; New World Philharmonic Orchestra; Peter Matz, conductor. RCA 74321136152. [Includes "September Song."]



A Stranger Here Myself, Kurt Weill-Studien. Edited by Kim H. Kowalke and Horst Edler. (Hildesheim, Zurich, New York: Georg Olms Verlag, 1993). 384 pp.

The status of a composer is determined by the extent to which his oeuvre is able to engage, enrich and, if need be, alter the context of prevailing discussions of musical aesthetics, history, and theory. His work is no longer evaluated – whether it be for critical or apologetic purposes – according to traditional overarching standards commonly held to be valid. On the contrary, such standards are losing validity, or at best are only discernable in particular, narrow circumstances. Unmistakably, in the growing and intensifying debate over the oeuvre of Kurt Weill, our standards of evaluation are beginning to change. The publication at hand, which grew out of the major Weill symposium of March 1990 in Duisburg, at least indirectly reveals this change. Herein, for the first time, Weill's work comes forth into the spotlight undiminished and unprejudiced by the familiar patronizing arguments and criteria issuing from the provenance of Brecht, Adorno, Schoenberg, or Boulez. (This is not to mention lesser authors such as Virgil Thomson or even Ernst Krenek, whose American reputation is lost on European readers.) The evolution of evaluative criteria will undoubtedly be further accelerated by the critical level of this discussion, the keen understanding of the underlying issues exhibited by the authors, and, above all, by Weill's work itself, in the central position it is accorded.

The personal and aesthetic identity of Weill as a composer of two worlds is enigmatic and in need of clarification; it is precisely this problem of identity that the *Kurt Weill-Studien* volume reflects in every respect – from the title through its bilingual contributions to the selection and arrangement of its essays.

The first section deals with the reception of Weill. Stephen Hinton examines the current, accepted categories of reception and their relationship to the aesthetics of Weill's work. He draws attention to the decline in authority of the autonomous work of art: the more a work, through its reception, becomes common property, the more it tends thereby to lose its own identity. Hinton proves that not only did both Adorno and Bloch misunderstand this process, they arbitrarily devalued it. Kim Kowalke separates the compositional and personal identities of Weill and plausibly demonstrates that, through a process of "de-Germanization" which was complete by 1940, Weill actually cultivated a specifically American personal identity. As a composer, however, he recycled many of his original intentions for the changed circumstances. Joachim Lucchesi emphasizes further constants throughout the career of Weill; examples being his lack of anxiety about "triviality" (in which Weill called upon the examples of Verdi and Busoni), and his distinctive political consciousness.

In the second section of the volume – Weill in Germany – Guy Stern and Tamara Levitz evaluate the extant correspondence between the youthful Weill (1917-1925) and his parents and brother Hanns. Though these letters remain unpublished, examination of them makes possible the formation of an authentic picture of the composer's early development. Stern, an authority on German cultural history, addresses Weill's intellectual development and analyzes his reaction to the First World War, his self-image as a Jew, and above all his very wide ranging literary interests and predilections. As early as 1919, Weill wrote, with some embarrassment, "I need a poem to get my imagination going." Tamara Levitz reports on the musical education of the young man who as a seventeen-year-old already wanted to become a musician. She discloses the astonishing fact that in 1919 Hermann Scherchen advised Weill to study with Schoenberg in Vienna. (Weill actually initiated contact with Schoenberg and received a positive response to his inquiries.) One hopes that both of these essays, with their wealth of interesting findings, will lead directly to the publication of this collection of correspondence.

Ian Kemp analyzes *Der Jasager* as a *Lehrstück* for composers; he enumerates its fundamental teachings about musical structure, style, and performance practice. Thereby, Kemp considers – probably for the first time – of what instruction such a didactic piece is intrinsically capable and responds indirectly to a polemic-rhetorical

question posed by Schoenberg in the contemporaneous debate over the *Lehrstück* genre. David Drew discusses, just as insistently as broadly, the subject of *Die Bürgschaft* and engages himself with the contemporary criticism of Paul Bekker, Herbert Trantow, and Ernst Bloch. (Incidentally, Drew makes the welcome announcement – in note 1 on page 162 – of his forthcoming *Kurt Weill: Works, 1927-33*.)

The interpretation offered by Andreas Hauff of the "Nebelszene" from *Die Bürgschaft* raises more questions than it answers. Hauff reads the "old" style (fugato technique) of the "Nebelszene" as a romantically inspired grasp at a bygone, idyllic era. It is questionable, however, whether such an "old" style has the general effect of an archaism or may be considered simply as an incisive "modern" *Stilwille* (as terminology of the time would refer to it), which allows the employed musical means to emerge as a reflection of the subject. To wit: fugato as an inherently musical symbol for two men who have become estranged. In any case, as Hauff points out, Hindemith used the forms of absolute music in this way in *Cardillac*.

Robert Bailey's contribution on Weill's symphonies is likewise not entirely persuasive. Again and again, he speaks of "post-Wagnerian" orchestral music without making it clear what he means by this phrase. The cyclical procedures which he ascribes to Weill's Symphony No.2 would better be identified with the Brahms symphonies (the Second, for instance), being less applicable, on the other hand, to Wagner, Liszt, or Berlioz. Furthermore, Bailey seems to misunderstand the fundamental compositional problem of Weill's Second. In contrast to the thematically integrated single-movement First Symphony, Symphony No.2 is much less concerned with the thematic integration of its three movements than with the expressive characterization and differentiation of three independent movements which are within themselves unified.

The third section of *A Stranger Here Myself* offers diverse new insights into the American work of Kurt Weill. With satisfying meticulousness, Michael Morley pursues Weill's appropriation of the means of popular song form in the United States. He demonstrates that the composer's songs for German theatrical pieces always stopped the action but still referred to and concerned themselves with the plot, expressing the character of the respective protagonists. His American stage works, conversely, feature songs that could very much stand on their own:

Part of him was committed to the more complicated theater song with a clearly defined function within the scene: part of him, with one eye on the hit parade, was responding to the slightly different demands of the immediately intelligible, melodically more straight-forward popular ballad. [pp.230-31]

bruce mcclung's essay deals with *Lady in the Dark*. He examines the considerable influence of the psychoanalyst Laurence S. Kubie on Moss Hart's libretto, documents the collaboration between Ira Gershwin and Weill, and reconstructs with the help of sketches the genesis of the central song "My Ship" in terms of its utilization of leitmotives. This project is exemplary in its combination of philological research and musical analysis.

Weill's work for the "War Effort" is presented in documentary form by Jürgen Schebera, whose approach makes clear the considerable range of these activities. Jürgen Thym and Werner Grünzweig devote themselves to the *Whitman Songs*. Thym interprets the use of "Beat! Beat! Drums!" in the cycle of melodramas "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory" as a misunderstanding of Whitman's enigmatic poetry, which Weill himself corrected to an extent in the composition of his *Whitman Songs*. Grünzweig presents the latter work in the context of European settings of Whitman by Schoeck, Hindemith, and Hartmann. The author draws attention to the fact that in these songs the composer returned to the same elevated artistic standards that he himself had criticized as elitist.

The essay portion of the book is followed by an annotated Weill bibliography prepared by David Farneth, which concentrates on the years 1980-1990. Farneth's cogent commentary somewhat lessens the intimidation one feels upon entering the rapidly expanding literature on the composer. Rounding out the volume is an illuminating section of illustrations and a reprint of a 1950 obituary of Weill written by Hans Ferdinand Redlich. Redlich was correct when he spoke of the "self-satisfied and hypocritical shallowness of our current musical life," though his other writings do not themselves always offer enlightenment, either.

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Kurt Weill, de Berlin à Broadway.
Translated and edited by Pascal Huynh. (Paris: Editions Plume, 1993). 333 pp.

If, in France, Weill's name is known largely because of his association with Brecht (and most especially because of *Die Dreigroschenoper*), the extent of his contribution to the celebrated collaboration is not generally understood or appreciated. In a similar manner, the rest of his works are mostly ignored. This is scarcely attributable to any individual shortcoming of the composer. Until relatively recently, musical research scorned Weill, and, as a result, one has had to wait more than forty years after his death for a French edition of his writings, which has now appeared, translated and edited by Pascal Huynh and published by Editions Plume of Paris.

It is not implausible that this persistent disdain found its *raison d'être* in the very nature of Weill's commercial and popular success. For some, that success is a little too hyped to be completely honest. Worse is the somewhat vaunted claim of the body of his work being situated at the "juncture between light and serious genres." Weill, the composer with a classical education, composed "hybrid" works. To many, this lacked dignity.

Weill sought "to produce music destined for his contemporaries, and not immortality." His aim was to rediscover "opera's primitive structure," which is both truly sophisticated yet popular, and thereby destined to embrace the most essentially stripped-down theatrical forms – metamorphoses, if you will, no longer reserved for the sole pleasure of the bourgeois, but now for the enjoyment of the masses. "In our time, theatrical music is much more important than pure music...concerts are becoming more and more the property of the so-called stuffed shirts." By inventing the "Song" with Brecht, Weill's aim was the

death of the *Lied* as a contemporary form. While one may not share all of Weill's points of view, there is an irrefutable determination of "modernity" to bear in mind that Weill both anticipated and responded to: modernity became embodied in the transformation or revolution brought about in popular entertainment by the motion picture industry and radio, as well as by Weill's attempt to invent a genuinely popular art form for the theater that had really little to do with so-called populist or vulgar notions.

Kurt Weill wrote three operas with Georg Kaiser, and five [sic] works with Bertolt Brecht (*Die Dreigroschenoper* and *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* being the most famous.) He worked with the great painter Caspar Neher; with Jacques Deval (happily rediscovered of late) on *Marie Galante*; and with Franz Werfel, Langston Hughes, and Fritz Lang, among others. Weill collaborated with Piscator, Arnold Bronnen, and Lion Feuchtwanger, the author of the superb *Goya* and the famous *Jud Süß*. Weill wrote for the theater, radio, schools, and cinema, without ever denying his teachers or renouncing the aim of inventing a new, marvelously innovative, hybrid form of music theater that would not only be musically "subversive," but also sharp-edged and tending towards the "classless," as did his own political stance.

He has been called a "cultural Bolshevik," to use his own terms, author of "anti-German, anti-Aryan music," of the sort the Nazis called "asphalt music" because it represents the big city." Weill considered this a great compliment. He left Berlin in 1933, came to Paris, where he wrote for the unforgettable Lys Gauty, and then went on to win over New York. Along with Gershwin, Weill set out to invent American opera. In reading his theoretical texts, most of which are presented here, one finds that the simpler the means, whether in terms of philosophical theory or musico-dramatic constructs, the stronger and more effective the practical results. Various evident in Weill's writings is his irascible impatience with academicians, the great stake put on new forms, and, perhaps most importantly, the fusion of an aesthetic vision with a political and social morality that scarcely has an equivalent today. It is no surprise that David Bowie or Jim Morrison have taken up Weill-Brecht songs: they have remained radical and nervy enough to meet the insolent standard of rock and the criteria of its better exponents.

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Excerpt from *Révolution*
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Translated by Kathleen Finnegan

Dachau Song: The Twentieth-Century Odyssey of Herbert Zipper. By Paul Cummins. (New York, San Francisco, Bern, Frankfurt am Main, Paris, London: Peter Lang Publishing, Inc., 1992). 308 pp.

Hermann Scherchen: Werke und Briefe in 8 Bänden; Volume I, Schriften 1. Edited by Joachim Lucchesi. (Berlin, Bern, Frankfurt am Main, New York, Paris, Vienna: Peter Lang GmbH, Europäischer Verlag der Wissenschaften, 1991). 292 pp.

Freedom and life are earned by those alone who conquer them each day anew.
Goethe, *Faust*, Part II

It can be difficult to take the measure of a restless man. Hermann Scherchen and Herbert Zipper led unsettled, peripatetic lives in which the accidents and stratagems of survival shaped and nurtured an untidy luxuriance of interests; two conductors who constructed long, patchwork careers that seem to lurch across borders and around the globe; two outrunners of a culture in crisis who discover in their wandering a pattern of larger purpose.

From the *Anschluss* to the fall of Manila, from Dachau to Tiananmen Square, Herbert Zipper has had a knack for getting into harm's way. Born in Vienna in 1904, Zipper enjoyed a childhood of comfortable circumstances and the advantages of a good education. He received a degree from the Vienna Musikhochschule, where his principal influence was Josef Marx, although he also drew important impulses from the concerts of Schoenberg's Society for Private Musical Performances. Zipper's conducting career took him from Vienna and Ingolstadt to Düsseldorf, where he served as the assistant to the city's General Music Director Hans Weisbach and met, among others, Albert Schweitzer, Hindemith, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Walton, Milhaud, Weill, and Wolfgang Fortner. After Hitler's ascent to power Zipper returned to Vienna, where he helped found the short-lived Vienna Concert Orchestra, wrote compositions for the Austrian radio and local cabarets, and took sporadic conducting assignments in England and the Soviet Union. Shortly after the *Anschluss* in March 1938, Zipper and one of his brothers were arrested and sent to Dachau and subsequently Buchenwald, where they remained until February 1939. The nine months of his incarceration make for harrowing reading and it is indeed a miracle that Zipper survived the virulent typhoid that claimed the life of every other member of his work detail. In the midst of this horror, Zipper maintained a tight grip on sanity by organizing recitations of classical literature (thanks in large part to his

phenomenal memory) and, while in Dachau, establishing and leading a makeshift orchestra. He also made a lasting contribution to the bleak culture of the concentration camps with his setting of Jura Soyfer's "Dachau Lied," a song which soon spread to other camps as well.

When Zipper and his brother were at last allowed to join their family, who were then in Paris and on their way to the United States, he accepted a position as director of the Manila Symphony so that he could join his fiancée, the dancer Trudl Dubsky, who had been teaching in the Philippines since 1937. During the Japanese occupation Zipper and his wife made a meager living by teaching and were active in the Philippine underground. After barely surviving the holocaust of the destruction of Manila, Zipper resurrected the Manila Symphony and celebrated the Allied victory with a now legendary performance of Beethoven's *Eroica*. In 1946 he and his wife emigrated to the United States, where he led the Brooklyn Symphony and taught at the New School for Social Research. In 1952 he became director of what eventually became the North Shore School near Chicago, and in 1971 joined the faculty of the University of Southern California School of Music. Zipper's passionate interest in music education (he is a past president of the National Guild of Community Music Schools) has led to his involvement with outreach and development programs around the country. He also continued to conduct in the Philippines during the summers and has helped design educational projects throughout Asia, including in China where he was an eyewitness to the bloody Tiananmen Square reprisals of June 1989.

If Theodor Adorno questioned the validity of poetry after Auschwitz, Herbert Zipper's first-hand experiences of war and organized horror have convinced him that the arts are essential to a life of quality, and indeed can make the difference between humanity and spiritual disintegration. His remarkable self-discipline and disquieting detachment from the atrocities he has experienced is balanced by a commitment to community and the rational stewardship of the planet's resources. Emigration made of him an ardent internationalist whose continuing devotion to European cultural traditions is tempered by his exposure to and deep appreciation of world culture.

Zipper's life is an important corrective to the familiar clichés of the emigré experience, for which the Old World-New World trajectory of Kurt Weill's career has become a paradigm. The conundrums of Weill's career are indeed central to tensions in late twentieth-century European and American culture, but our emerging world culture has been significantly influenced by the very different experiences and contributions of those emigrés who found their way to South America, Australia, Asia, the

Middle East, and Africa. There is important work to be done in unearthing the stories of musicians like Alexander Lippay, Zipper's predecessor in the Philippines; Josef Rosenstock, Klaus Pringsheim, and Manfred Gurlitt, who made lasting contributions to musical life in Japan; Walter Kaufmann, who taught in India; and Joseph Traunek, who conducted in South Africa. Like Herbert and Trudl Zipper, these and hundreds of other men and women participated in an encounter that anticipated the cultural interactions of the twenty-first century.

For all the drama and significance of its subject it is a pity that *Dachau Song* isn't a better book. It is poorly written, maddeningly vague, mindlessly repetitious, and wretchedly edited (if it was edited at all). It is clearly a labor of love and written with the full cooperation of Zipper himself (whose own voice, through lengthy quotations, accounts for some of its best pages), but Cummins's tenuous command of history, haphazard scholarship, and evident lack of musical background can be frustrating. Nonetheless, he brings to our attention an important life, and for that we must be grateful.

Though in no need of introduction, the German conductor Hermann Scherchen (1891-1966) is nonetheless a shadowy figure in twentieth-century music history. He was a difficult personality whose reputation was plagued by rumors of indiscretion and scandal, whose career reveals a pattern of political intrigues and precipitate departures, and whose strong progressive convictions could be undercut by actions of disconcerting naiveté. He was also a man of inner resources and self-discipline who used the four years of incarceration in a World War I civilian prison camp in the Ural mountains to master Russian, compose half a dozen works, conduct a small orchestra, and become intimately acquainted with the Beethoven string quartets. He was an experienced café violinist and orchestral violist by the age of sixteen, a dedicated chamber musician throughout his life, and a gifted conductor with a passion for clarity and attention to detail ("alles hörbar machen" was his constant refrain), though his assignments never quite seemed to match his talents (his numerous recordings on the Westminster label with a motley collection of orchestras and uneven results are a case in point). Still, with ensembles ranging from the Grottrian Steinweg Orchestra in Leipzig and the Radio Orchestra of Königsberg to the City Orchestra of Winterthur (with which he was associated for 28 years) he was able through hard work and innovative programming to make the provinces the site of music history. But then Scherchen was always there when music history was being made. From Donaueschingen to Darmstadt he conducted a seemingly endless list of works by composers as diverse as Schoenberg,

Stravinsky, Schreker, Berg, Webern, Bartok, Krenek, Hába, Tiessen, Weill, Hindemith, Milhaud, Henze, Nono, Maderna, and Stockhausen. Is there another conductor whose contributions to new music were so manifold or spanned so many decades — from the triumphant tour of *Pierrot lunaire* in 1912 to the Barcelona premiere of the Berg Violin Concerto in 1936, from first concert and stage performances of Dallapiccola's *Il Prigioniero* in 1949 and 1950 to the premiere of Xenakis's "Terretektorh" in 1966? And yet Scherchen's repertoire in concerts around the world (including the Soviet Union, the United States, the Middle East, and South America) was broadly catholic and included the standard classics of Bach and Beethoven as well as offbeat historical revivals, salon music, and opera.

Scherchen's contributions did not end on the conductor's podium, for he was an inveterate organizer, founding the periodical *Melos* in 1920, initiating numerous if often short-lived new music series and publishing ventures, arranging festivals and conferences, teaching workshops, leading seminars, writing articles, and directing operas. It is not only the bewildering profusion of his activities that makes the overview of Scherchen's life so difficult, but also the eclectic assortment of his tastes and passions. Bach's *Art of the Fugue*, popular music, acoustics, broadcasting and recording technology, Chinese theater, conducting technique, the byways of Swiss music history, proletarian causes — all commanded his ardent attention. His three books, *Lehrbuch des Dirigierens* (1929), *Vom Wesen der Musik* (1946), and *Musik für Jedermann* (1950), betray the preoccupations of a man who was at once a no-nonsense practitioner and an unevenly schooled autodidact ever eager to indulge in shaky historical speculation that could be either brilliant and insightful or just plain wacky.

The present volume, the first of an eight-volume survey of Scherchen's writings and letters, is devoted to two dozen essays ranging from the 1920 keynote article for *Melos* to a 1966 discussion of a series of CBC music programs featuring performances of, among others, Glenn Gould and Yehudi Menuhin. It is a disparate selection that includes its share of disjointed discussions of individual works (Bach's B-minor Mass, a symphony by the eighteenth-century Swiss composer Gaspard Fritz, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire*) as well as ruminations on perfor-

mance practice and conducting. Without a doubt the most valuable items are the lengthy reminiscences: "Mein erstes Leben (1891-1950)," which were to have been the basis for an autobiography Scherchen did not live to complete, the report of a 1932 trip to Russia, and his reflections upon the role of music and performance on the radio. It is, all-in-all, an odd assortment and one would have liked to know by what principle the selection was made. While Scherchen's style is straightforward and unadorned, he can be disorganized and repetitious (a transcription of a lecture on dramaturgy and stage direction in opera given in 1962 shows how much worse it got when he was speaking freely). He also kept a sizable stable of

well-exercised hobby horses. He was, for instance, an advocate of draconian performance cuts (his operatic ideal is one-and-a-half hours) and thought radio concerts should have more talking and less music. He seemed fascinated with performance variables from hall to hall, orchestra to orchestra, country to country, but longed for the kind of neutral perfection possible only in the studio (shades of Glenn Gould!).

This is a welcome volume, intelligently presented and well edited and annotated, though unfortunately one will have to wait until the final volume for a bibliography and index. Dare we also hope for a complete list of Scherchen's premieres and first performances as well as a detailed chronology of his concert programs?

It is of little consequence that most of the grand schemes laid by Hermann Scherchen and Herbert Zipper remained at best half realized, for these two faustian visionaries were visionaries of a sober and practical bent. They did not allow the scope of their dreams to daunt them in the patient cultivation of their chosen medium. That medium was music and their goal was communication, the mechanics of articulating ideas clearly and making them accessible to a community of receptive minds. Two careers on the musical front lines, if you will, in which personal and professional strategies of survival produced a commitment to weaving strands of a contested artistic heritage into the pattern of a nascent global culture. It is the rough edges and openendedness of these lives that bring us closer to taking the measure of our own restless times.

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Street Scene. Munich. Staatstheater am Gärtnerplatz, Frank Arnold, dir., Herbert Mogg, cond. 30 June 1993 (premiere); In repertory September 1993-June 1994.

In the annual German publication *Oper 1993*, which summarizes events and points to trends of the 1992-93 season, Manuel Brug, one of its two chief editors, nominated the Munich Staatstheater am Gärtnerplatz production of Kurt Weill's *Street Scene* as his first choice in the category "most interesting opera discovery" (his second candidate being Carl Nielsen's *Maskarade* in Innsbruck). Having its premiere just before the summer break at Munich's second opera house, *Street Scene* has been generally well received by both critics and audiences. Some critics even remarked upon the work's topical relevance because the director, Frank Arnold, subtly strengthened the opera's plea for tolerant co-existence in a multi-ethnic neighborhood — of no little importance in today's Germany, alarmed by the increasing right-wing, nationalist, and xenophobic animosity of part (still, gratefully only a small part) of the country's population.

In the first September performance after the summer break, *Street Scene* gained a reception more friendly than enthusiastic by a house three-quarters full; the production suffered somewhat from the aftermath of the customary summer fatigue and evident lack of rehearsal time to polish, tidy, and tighten. Coordination between pit and stage often lacked precision, and I must admit that I found the conducting of Herbert Mogg somewhat lethargic, lacking drive, without much fizz, and with almost no swing in the jazzier numbers (the single exception being "Moon-faced, starry-eyed," brilliantly delivered by Lydia Mila and Carlos Carrasquilla — undoubtedly the electrifying highlight of the evening). Against this must be balanced Mogg's sympathetic molding of the more lyrical sections. Generally, however, a certain lack of vitality weighted the proceedings, and I found myself time and again impatient for some more American razzmatazz and brashness — but then the Biedermeier idyll of the Gärtnerplatz contrasts sharply with the high-voltage zip of Broadway.

I must admit, though, that I am spoiled at least for the near future for any routine Weill after having heard the previous night John Eliot Gardiner's sensational guest performance with the Hamburg North German Radio (NDR) Orchestra and the inimitable mezzo-soprano Anne-Sophie von Otter in *Diesieben Todsünden* and songs from *One Touch of Venus*, *Lady in the Dark*, and *Love Life* at the Ludwigsburg Festival. The experience proved an astounding revelation of the "authentic Weill," combining the best of Berlin Kurfürstendamm vulgarity with the sophistication of 1940s New York. (The latter was so strongly evoked that I had to look around to reassure myself that I was not sitting next to Dorothy Parker or others of the Algonquin round table.)

PERFORMANCES

Gert Rhode's slightly slummish Manhattan streetcorner set, with its brownstone tristes and fire escapes, looked as if it were built for an upcoming production of *Guys and Dolls* or *West Side Story*. Susanne Dieringer's costumes added a 1940s touch (apart from the rock n'roll styling of Dick McGann). Arnold's stage direction tried hard to make the action and its performers look naturalistic, though the characters could well do with some sharpening of their profiles. Nonetheless, Arnold builds some touching moments, most notably in Mrs. Maurrant's aria "Somehow I Never Could Believe" and in the tender love duet of Sam and Rose ("Remember That I Care"). Here, some bucolic tranquility transforms the depressing surroundings. Arnold proves especially successful in his handling of the children; the delivery of "Fat, Fat, the Water Rat-Catch Me if You Can," in the opening of the second act, projects some highly welcome, invigorating, and fresh spontaneity.

But what makes the Munich production very special is the quality of the voices—if not in any one individual case of singing—and the superb diction of the German text. I especially

warmed to Andrea Catzel's searing soprano as Mrs. Maurrant, Katherina Müller's beautifully soft-grained Rose, and Riccardo Lombardi's powerful and voluminous (if from the very beginning too sinister and threateningly colored) Frank Maurrant; actually the Maurrants could well be the descendants from an Italian opera company which somehow got stranded in the Bronx. In addition, the cast included the very winning Volker Bengel as the sympathetically shy Sam, a slick Rainer Günther as Harry Easter, a macho and streetwise Michael Haefner as Vincent Jones, and Jonathan Kinsler's convincing janitor. The list of the huge and generally highly competent cast could continue. In summary, this is a "typical" German opera-house production of an American classic and well worth a visit this season to Munich's beautifully intimate Opera Comique. I wonder, though, what miracles a Gardiner might have worked with his NDR band and Munich's singers!

HORST KOEGLER
Stuttgart

Mahagonny Songspiel. Cry the Beloved Country, concert suite arranged by David Drew from *Lost in the Stars*. London. BBC Promenade Concert, Royal Albert Hall. BBC Singers, Matrix Ensemble. 24 August 1993.

Knickerbocker Holiday. London. Discover the Lost Musicals, The Barbican; Ian Marshall Fisher, director. September - October 1993.

The first London Prom performance of the *Mahagonny Songspiel* was during the 78th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, on 29 August 1972. On that occasion the London Sinfonietta, the orchestra that was later to make a series of memorable Weill recordings, was conducted by David Atherton and the soloists were Annie Ross, Cleo Laine—both distinguished jazz singers—and Robert Tear, Raimund Herinx, and Michael Rippon, all opera stars. Then, as far as I recall, the singers were amplified—the Albert Hall seats over 5,000 and even presents a challenge for the likes of Jessye Norman. For this concert the Matrix Ensemble under its music director, Robert Ziegler, had a program of music by German composers influenced by American jazz or dance music. Janis Kelly, English National Opera's original Rose in *Street Scene*, and Cynthia Clarey, Glyndebourne's Serena in *Porgy and Bess*, were joined by Damon Evans, Andrew Murgatroyd, Jake Gardner, and Peter Rose. Decidedly unamplified, they were only just audible from where I sat in the center of the stalls, above the arena where the Proms standees were crowded. Ziegler's direction brought

out telling detail in the instrumentation, the voices took to the music well as far as I could hear, but, as on both recent recordings of this work (Latham-König and Mauceri), Brecht's line in the Benares Song, "There is no boy to shake with hands," was changed to the more correct English "with whom to shake hands." This unfortunately shakes the inner rhythm of the song and eliminates the joke. After all, if you're being pedantic, it ought to be "Is there no telephone here?" rather than the still poignant, "Is here no telephone." In a miniature work such things matter.

The middle of the concert included Wilhelm Grosz's *Afrika-Songs* to texts by Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer and Frank Horne—the sound is very much that of the Berlin revues, rather than Weill's more acid re-telling of the American themes. Bernd Alois Zimmermann's Trumpet Concerto, variations on "Nobody knows de trouble I've seen," as played by Hakan Hardenberger, rather stole the show.

The evening ended with the *Lost in the Stars* concert sequence prepared by David Drew, "Cry the Beloved Country," which the Matrix has already performed—at the Almeida Festival in 1990. Cynthia Clarey did a sizzling "Who'll buy?" and the combined forces of the BBC Singers and London Adventist Chorale made the healthiest noise of the evening and really got the choruses—this work's strongest point—across with a bang. The great South African actress Janet Suzman read passages from Alan Paton's novel. It is still a sad fact the final pages, as intoned by Damon Evans, "Yes, it is the dawn that has come" are as relevant to South Africa's history now as they were in 1946.

"Discover the Lost Musicals" is a project that has been running in London for five seasons now. The brainchild of actor-singer-impresario, Ian Marshall Fisher, it attracts a

loyal following of aficionados for whom Broadway is the great lure—so far no British or German "lost" works have been presented. The actors and singers appear for nothing, reading their scripts, but each show has a "production" and the verve and devotion of the players is always impressive. Weill's *Love Life* and *One Touch of Venus* have been given in previous years, but this reading of *Knickerbocker Holiday* was also, as far as anyone can tell, the British premiere of the work. For a modern audience the contemporary political references need a bit of explanation and at the first afternoon (each piece is generally given four times) Mario Mercado from the Kurt Weill Foundation was on hand to speak an introduction about the work's genesis and some of its topical jokes.

It is noticeable throughout this series that the more frivolous the piece, the better it survives the years. *Knickerbocker*'s basic theme of democracy-versus-totalitarianism, and the triumph of the free-thinking individual over the wily politicians remains strong, but Maxwell Anderson's jokes with Indians, the Dutch, and the convention of the New Amsterdam councilors speaking with heavy Lower East Side Yiddish-Theater accents not only seems politically incorrect but would be an embarrassment for an audience less historically aware than such specialists.

Peter Stuyvesant was sung and acted by Kenneth Haigh, no less, the original angry young man in John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. His benign expression added sinister weight to the role, and he sang "September Song" and "Sitting in Gaol" with clear, precise diction. Now that the original orchestration of "September Song" has been recorded on John McGlinn's compilation *Showstoppers* Angel CDQ-54586-21), one longs for a chance to hear the rest: at the keyboard Kevin Amos did wonders outlining some of Weill's scoring, for instance the rippling accompaniment to the second verse of "It never was you." As Tina, Moira Young suggested the sturdy character of the young woman, but it was David Firth as Brom Broeck who made the greatest impression. He created a real character: charming, stubborn, and thoughtful. His voice is small for singing without amplification, but it is used with artistry and a fine feeling for the line. The choruses, also the most innovative part of *Knickerbocker*, came across strongly.

As Washington Irving, Brian Shelley cut a dapper figure, but perhaps his presence is the greatest stumbling-block for a modern presentation of the work. Too much explanation and too little action on stage would, one feels, bore an audience in the late 90s. Throughout one hears little echoes and pre-echoes of other Weill works. Not only the famous transposition of "September Song" from *Der Kuhhandel*, but a momentary hint of "Trouble Man," and here and there a sequence of notes reminds one of Weill's other essays in pacifism (*Johnny Johnson*) and libertarianism (*Happy End*). It was a great pleasure to make the acquaintance of *Knickerbocker Holiday* at last. I look forward one day to hearing it with orchestra.

PATRICK O'CONNOR
London

Cry the Beloved Country. Based on the novel by Alan Paton, with music by Kurt Weill, lyrics by Maxwell Anderson. Adapted and Directed by Frank Galati. The Goodman Theatre of the Art Institute of Chicago. 18 June to 8 August 1993.

It was an unnerving and at times painful experience. It was my story indeed, but the idiom was strange, except for those parts which reproduced the actual language of the book. I kept on telling myself that the making of a book and the making of a play were two separate creative acts....I may say that this terrible evening was made more endurable by the beauty of the singing and by Kurt Weill's music. The chorus "Cry, the Beloved Country" was powerful and beautiful, and moved me deeply.

Alan Paton made these comments about Weill and Anderson's *Lost in the Stars*, and in doing so alluded to the difficulties of transforming the novel into a work for the stage. (For the entire account, see Alan Paton, *Journey Continued: An Autobiography* [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1988], pp. 20-21.) When it was first performed, Paton had reservations about the dramatic effect of *Lost in the Stars*, and in particular the cogency of the title song. He also objected to the manner in which Anderson had treated his characters and narrative. In his estimation Anderson had failed to capture "the full essence of the original" (p. 23).

Frank Galati, whose Goodman Theatre version borrows the novel's title, brings more of Paton's original text into his stage adaptation. Unlike Anderson's original book, which Galati has virtually discarded (and therefore, strictly speaking, not revised), Weill's music has been thoroughly reworked and reordered in service to the new concept. In so doing, the director fails to consider the integrity of the musical score and to grant it the "authenticity" conventionally accorded it. Any significant adaptation of a book would require some rearrangement of the music, but Galati's adaptation is a case *in extremis*.

For the record, the numbers used in the first act are (in order of occurrence): "The Hills of Ixopo"; "Train to Johannesburg"; "Thousands of Miles"; "Thousands of Miles (Reprise)"; "The Search"; "The Little Gray House"; "Trouble Man"; "Fear!"; "The Search (Pt. II)"; and "Lost in the Stars." For the second act: "The Wild Justice"; "Stay Well"; "Cry, the Beloved Country"; "A Bird of Passage"; and "Cry, the Beloved Country (Reprise)."



Two choruses sing of the "Fear!" that divides South Africa in the Goodman Theatre production of *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Photo: Liz Lauren.

The musical numbers from the original *Lost in the Stars* constitute only a point of departure for this production. Aside from the obvious reordering, musical numbers are transposed (usually lower), and repeats and reprises added. Tempo indications are drastically revised. Musical numbers are assigned to characters and scenes other than those intended by Weill. Absalom, not his father, sings "Lost in the Stars." "The Little Gray House" is used poignantly in a new scene to depict the homeless in Shantytown. "Train to Johannesburg" becomes improvised background music for the opening scene. Themes from different numbers are used in various combinations: for instance, a fragment of "Fear!" and a line from "The Search."

And what about dramaturgical decisions? Galati chose to cast the role of Stephen Kumalo with a non-singing actor, so that all of Kumalo's musical numbers were either cut ("O Tixo, Tixo") or reassigned. Galati's Chorus Leader has a greatly expanded role, so that he moves in and out of the stage action, reminiscent of Che Guevara in *Evita*. The chorus also plays a more prominent role, as it comments on the action in song or simply bears silent witness to the happenings on stage. Galati's reprise of "Fear" in the second act allowed the black and white choruses to make effective comment on the racial dilemma.

The program listed the original *Lost in the Stars* orchestration, but the sound that emerged from the pit seemed quite different. Sometimes I heard an accordion or

harmonica, and the electronic keyboard failed to replicate the sound of an organ. Lack of space in the pit required the woodwinds to be piped in from a backstage room, causing an unsettling imbalance that affected the singers as well as the total orchestral timbre.

The Goodman Theatre program booklet for *Cry, the Beloved Country* explained the work as "combining the soaring majesty of Weill and Anderson's original score with Galati's vision." But Galati could not solve the problem of how to use music that was intended for the dramaturgy of another musical written with another librettist and in a different style. All of the energy put into dissecting and reorganizing Weill's score could have been put to better use. Perhaps the Goodman should have commissioned a new score specifically for this production. Or they might have used South African musicians in a meaningful way. Ultimately, it is Frank Galati's vision that dominates — both musically and dramatically — this effort. Weill's and Anderson's original was simply lost in the stars.

JAMES ZYCHOWICZ
Madison, Wisconsin

[Editor's note: The Goodman Theatre received special permission to utilize a revised book and to cast Kumalo with a non-singing actor, but the musical changes were unauthorized. Nonetheless, the estates involved, including the Kurt Weill Foundation, allowed the production to complete its run.]

PERFORMANCES

Der Jasager. New York. Measured Breaths Theatre Company, Robert Press, dir., Roberto Pace, cond. May, 1993.

Weill intended *Der Jasager* for amateurs — an idea in keeping with the musical politics of the age, the late Weimar Republic, which encouraged such ventures from professional composers. A much-quoted slogan at the time was: "Making music is better than listening to music." Consequently, any non-participating audience privy to the music's educational purposes can be considered accidental to the performance, as can any aesthetic pleasure derived from passive listening. To that extent, the performance of the *Der Jasager* (in H. M. Pott's translation as *He Who Says Yes*) by the

Measured Breaths Theatre Company was faithful to the work's aesthetic: it was the performers who seemed to be having all the fun.

In presenting, in the second half of the evening, the earliest opera of which all the music survives, director Robert Press hit on an inspired coupling. Weill conceived of *Der Jasager* as an operatic prototype or *Urform*; here it was confronted with its actual historical prototype: Cavalieri's *The Representation of Body and Soul* of 1600. Another parallel is that each piece has its roots in Catholicism. The Cavalieri, a Counter-Reformation allegory, was dedicated to a Roman cardinal. The Weill, a secular disquisition on the dialectic of the individual versus the community, has its origins in the didactic religious genre of the *Lehrstück* (a "piece of teaching" used for Catechistic instruction).



The Ensemble of the Measured Breaths Theatre Company double bill of *Der Jasager* and *The Representation of Body and Soul*. Photo: Daniel Cole.

By way of demonstrating a connection, the Boy in the first half of the program was resurrected as the Soul in the second half (both roles delightfully sung by Wendy Lashbrook Jorissen). Yet the director's interests seemed directed less toward highlighting any generic parallels than toward pursuing a private and in some ways more ambitious agenda. His concern is with "post-modern morality." Press remarked in a program note, "Both pieces are reflections on the channeling of personal desire by societal forces to achieve its goal that may not be personally healthy: searching for the blame for deviant desire so we can all retire healthy to Heaven." His point is a moot one, especially with regard to the Weill. At any rate, there was a great deal of "deviant desire" on display in the Cavalieri, of the kind that has put the Catholic Church in the news recently, incorporated here into some rather heavy-handed (and heavy-footed) choreography.

Of the energetic singers, the baritone Louis Meagley Jr. (The Teacher in the Weill; The Body in the Cavalieri) stood out because he sang more agreeably and much louder than the rest.

STEPHEN HINTON
Yale University

Symphony No.1. Philadelphia, Academy of Music. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond. 8, 9, and 12 October 1993.

The ninety-fourth season of the Philadelphia Orchestra marks a new beginning with the arrival of recently appointed music director, Wolfgang Sawallisch. This new conductor's presence at the podium has had a vitalizing effect on both orchestra members and patrons, stimulated by Sawallisch's style and fresh choice of repertoire. Sawallisch, renowned as master of the late Romantics, is also an avid promoter of early twentieth-century composers, in particular Germans including Paul Hindemith, Boris Blacher, and Kurt Weill. It is, thus, no surprise that the first part of the current concert season includes two instrumental works by Weill. In a short conversation with Mr. Sawallisch prior to the concert regarding his choice of Weill's First Symphony, the Maestro stated, "I was looking for a work that can bridge between Strauss and Brahms. Weill's First Symphony, although unknown to the large audience, has an enormous drive to it." He then described the work as a composition that "packs together three decades of music history, summarizing Mahler, Strauss, Schoenberg, and Berg. Thus, the music evokes the time in a powerful way. That is exactly what I was looking for." Presumably, this is the initial step in presenting a musical era, little featured by the

orchestra and consequently unfamiliar to the Philadelphia audience from earlier seasons.

Kurt Weill's First Symphony — also known as the Berliner Symphonie — is an early work written while the composer was at Ferruccio Busoni's 1921 master class in Berlin. This articulate one-movement work, however, is by no means a student exercise. Many listeners are certainly struck by the influences upon whom the twenty-one-year-old composer drew, but perhaps most fascinating are the varied but ever present hints of idiosyncracies that would later grow to characterize Weill's musical language. Much of the maturity in sound and structure can be attributed to Weill's fluid comfort in varying musical languages. A musical "chameleon," the young Weill was able to adopt skillfully any musical style without compromising quality or depth of expression. In the First Symphony, written for an economically-sized symphonic orchestra, Weill accomplishes a rich flexibility and diversity of sound. There is fluctuating motion between free tonal — almost atonal — passages and strongly tone-centered cadences. The tempo ranges from "very wide" to "very wild." The orchestration can be best described as elastic — alternating between tutti, chamber-like ensembles, and solo passages pulled from within the orchestra.

It is hard to imagine a more appropriate match for this demanding work than the Philadelphia Orchestra, capable of such a broad scope of expression. Under the baton of Sawallisch, this interpretation of the First Sym-

phony was defined by unique precision with sensitivity to the frequent changes in mood and tempo throughout.

The opening chords of the first four measures were extremely broad and grave and were enriched by the expansive sound of the players. These initial chords dramatically contrasted with the ensuing *Allegro vivace*. The energetic section has shifting patterns of forceful acceleration, frequent retreats, and sudden outbursts. Here arise some of the most virtuoso passages in the symphony, affording the Philadelphia Orchestra opportunity to exhibit its admirable technique. The warm, round tone of the solo clarinet ushered in the *Andante religioso*. This exceptional moment in the performance was matched later by the deft contrapuntal exchange between two solo violins beautifully played by the concertmaster and his associate. Sawallisch led the orchestra to the final section bringing an expressive clarity and transparency to the fugue and choral. The concluding return to the opening chords, ending on a c-minor chord, was hauntingly resonant.

This work can be experienced on many levels. It is, indeed, important to acknowledge that the First Symphony is a challenging work to listen to and a single listening can only serve as an introduction. The Philadelphia Orchestra offered a superb performance of this lesser known musical treasure.

OFER BEN-AMOTS
Rutgers University



Lost in the Stars. Gregory Hopkins, Arthur Woodley, Cynthia Clarey, Carol Woods, Reginald Pindell, Jamal Howard. Orchestra of St. Luke's, Concert Chorale of New York, Julius Rudel, cond. MusicMasters Classics 01612-67100-2.

Of Weill's American musicals, *Lost in the Stars* was probably best served in terms of original-cast recordings. *Street Scene's* hour-long album, though a well-produced and remarkable achievement, had to omit nearly half of its score. By contrast, the 1949 Decca recording of *Lost in the Stars* (currently available on CD as MCA Classics MCAD-10302) omitted only one song completely and gave fairly full renditions of those remaining, along with enough dialogue to suggest continuity and context.

So a new recording of *Lost in the Stars* might not seem as urgent a necessity as a first recording of *Love Life* or *The Firebrand of Florence*. Yet the Weill-Maxwell Anderson "musical tragedy" based on Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* has had a more continuous stage life than any of Weill's other American works except *Street Scene*. It has been repeatedly revived, it has been filmed, and it has been much in the news lately with a highly revised production in Chicago. Moreover, debate about its stature continues: whether its mixture of choral drama and musical play convinces, whether its message seems inspiring or naive, whether the musical inspiration consistently rises to the occasion, whether it impresses as timeless or dated. To provide more comprehensive evidence on such issues, a more complete representation of Weill's score than the 44 minutes of the earlier recording was worth making, and at 72 minutes the new MusicMasters recording provides it. It offers formerly truncated numbers in complete form and adds "The Wild Justice" and the Entracte, plus a cut song ("The Little Tin God") whose music returns for the "Four O'Clock" sequence.

And, fortunately, this is not one of those

re-recordings which has merely greater inclusiveness and more up-to-date sound to recommend it. The performance is for the most part highly persuasive, and it renews admiration for the score itself. Julius Rudel balances and paces the performance with a knowing hand that surely owes something to his having presided over stage revivals. He and the Orchestra of St. Luke's follow Weill's scoring scrupulously—more so, indeed, than the earlier recording, which deleted some instrumental doublings of voices (a deliberate policy of some Broadway record producers) and also smoothed out some details where Weill's slant on American idioms apparently was perceived as awkward rather than characteristic (for instance, his coloristic use of percussion, and his mixture of swing and "straight" implications in "The Little Gray House" and "Stay Well"). In such cases, the new recording's willingness to let us judge for ourselves also allows us to savor Weill's resourceful writing for an orchestra of twelve with no violins—a link with the small ensembles for some of the German theater pieces and a final demonstration of his instrumental mastery.

As Stephen Kumalo, Arthur Woodley delivers a performance that matches his distinguished predecessor Todd Duncan in quality, without ever resorting to direct imitation. He, like Duncan, has a voice that can warm and heal, a manner that compels attention and lends valuable variety to the uniformly dignified tone of his music. Cynthia Clarey's mezzo-soprano possesses the solid sustaining power needed for Irina's solos (Weill often supports her only sketchedly), and the delicacy and feeling for drama as well.

One might hope for a more mellifluous Leader of the Chorus than Gregory Hopkins, but his clear, straightforward manner fulfills his narrative function well enough. Reginald Pindell contributes valuably in several small roles, and Carol Woods enlivens the proceedings with a lively, sassy "Who'll Buy?" that nearly justifies the song's overextension for its incidental function. That is more than the talented Jamal Howard (or, I suspect, anyone) can do for "Big Mole," even in this expanded context—in fact, in this case the older recording improved on the play by inventing a scene to lead into and justify the song. The Concert Chorale of New York does first-rate work throughout, most compelling of all in "The Wild Justice," so that its inclusion constitutes a real advantage for the recording.

These performers face one problem that the original cast did not: audience expectation that actors will adapt themselves flawlessly to foreign speech patterns (evidence on recordings and film suggests that tolerance used to be extremely generous in this respect)—compounded, probably, by greater worldwide familiarity with the sound of South African speech. The challenge can-

not now be avoided, as it essentially was in 1949. These singers were coached in the appropriate dialect and render it conscientiously but inevitably not quite consistently (pronunciation becomes notably more neutral when moving from speech to song). Still, the effort is commendable, and it had to be made.

The 1949 recording retains its value for the pleasure it provides and as a document of fine performers rising to the challenge of a new work. But to get the most out of the work itself, the new version is the definite choice.

JON ALAN CONRAD
University of Delaware

Vom Tod im Wald, op.23, Concerto for violin and wind instruments, op.12, Das Berliner Requiem. Alexander Laiter, tenor, Peter Kooy, bass, Elisabeth Glab, violin, Choeur de la Chapelle Royale, Ensemble Musique Oblique, Philippe Herreweghe, cond. Harmonia Mundi France 901422.

In May 1992, a concert at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées galvanized the attention of the Parisian public both by the nature of its unusual program, devoted entirely to the music of Weill, and by the stature of the performers. The spiritual offspring of Nikolaus Harnoncourt and Gustav Leonhardt, Philippe Herreweghe is at the center of the current upheaval in thinking about performance practice, one drawn not only to the baroque repertoire, but tending toward a musical outlook itself inclined toward a certain asceticism and directed against the excess typical of Parisian musical taste. Refusing to lock himself into one style or specific period, the Belgian conductor investigates forgotten scores of the distant past as well as key works of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His discography includes the cantatas and Passions of J.S. Bach, masses of Gilles and Palestrina, works of Lully, Lassus, motets of Mendelssohn, the Fauré *Requiem*, Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire*, and, moreover, Weill. Herreweghe gladly admits his penchant for introspection of a sort that prompted him to record the works on this compact disk, the most bare and abstract of Weill. (At the beginning of his career he conducted, as have many others, *Die Dreigroschenoper*.)

In the May concert, his Berliner Requiem emerged in a refined, sharply astringent interpretation, a performance ever mindful of the text's significance. Herreweghe's conducting favored distinct articulation and

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subtle differentiation of sonorities. With no beating about the bush, his musical argument developed from the opening numbers ("Ballade vom ertrunkenen Mädchen, Märl") through to the tutti choruses ("Großer Dankchoral," "Erster Bericht") where the woodwinds countered in an incisive and dramatic manner. By comparison, the Koch recording produced by Hartmuth Smith sounds completely spiritless. Herreweghe hits upon the same profane and caustic vision of the Requiem as did Weill and Brecht. At the same time, the clarity of the sonority serves as an homage to Weill and his efforts in creating repertoire specifically adapted to the technical circumstances of the evolving radio. The only reservations concern the vocal soloists, who are scarcely at ease in the tessitura. In the "Zweiter Bericht," Peter Kooy sings the recitative with a baroque grandness and an operatic theatricality that is ill-suited to the work's essence.

Kooy is much more convincing in *Vom Tod im Wald*. The clarity of his particular vocal timbre and the detached sobriety of his interpretation contrasts with the recorded version of Michael Rippon and the London Sinfonietta (on the Deutsche Grammophon label), which, in its extreme care to dramatic characterization, shoves the work uncomfortably close to Schoenberg. Kooy and Herreweghe draw out an effective atmosphere from the ensemble, moderating the performance, particularly in the grim fifth strophe, in order to conclude in a contemplative, if magnificently bitter, final strophe.

In spite of the delicacy of Elisabeth Glab's playing, the recording of the Violin Concerto bears little in common with the fine instrumental balance demonstrated at the live performance of the May concert. On the recording, the brilliance has dissipated, the sharp contrasts between the orchestra and the soloist blurred in favor of a colorless mass of sound. Moreover, Glab has a penchant for extreme fluctuations in tempi and excessive ritardandi among the three sections of the second movement. Also regrettable is the lack of forceful direction in the driving finale.

In spite of its deficiencies, this recording represents a considerable milestone. Herreweghe brings to bear his characteristically rigorous interpretative criteria upon a less familiar Weill repertoire, and thus challenges the customary reputation of the composer in France. One final caveat: why not include the performance of *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, especially since the duration of the CD is a modest 54 minutes?

PASCAL HUYNH
Berlin

Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill, Volume 2. RIAS Sinfonietta, John Mauceri, conductor. London (436417-2)

Barbra Streisand, Back to Broadway. includes "Speak Low." Columbia (CK44189)

Patti LuPone Live. includes "I'm a Stranger Here Myself," "It Never Was You," "My Ship," "Surabaya Johnny," and "Lost in the Stars." RCA Victor (09026-61797-2)

"Sing Something Simple" goes the first line of an old song. Reading the adjective as an adverb – allowable in Shakespeare – one could wish that the three singers under review might heed the instruction. For in their (very) different ways they all tend to get in the way of the music, interposing *ininterpretation* between listener and the work.

Of course, words and music need to be communicated, and singers will also bring to their performance their own individual traits and, even, trademarks. But when words and musical moments are milked for more "meaning" or "musical color" than they can reasonably be expected to bear, what was once affecting, direct, or humorous, can become tawdrily sentimental, blattant, or over-the-top.

While Ute Lemper's new record is valuable for many things – particularly for the songs from *Marie Galante* and *Lady in the Dark*, and for the (mostly) high quality of the orchestral accompaniment – the songs from *Happy End* are somewhat disappointing. She gives a bright and no nonsense account of the "Bilbao-Song" – sung, like most of the numbers, in a key rather distant from the original – which, while light and buoyant in the first two verses, becomes self-consciously aggressive (Why? The words surely suggest world weariness or double-edged nostalgia) in the third. And although the orchestra here, as elsewhere, gives the song a firm rhythmic contour, and the saxophones are appropriately pawky, the trumpet seems a little matter-of-fact in the refrain, missing the (ironically) sentimental rise and fall of Weill's musical articulation of Brecht's "alter Bilbao-Mond."

"Surabaya-Johnny" seems, alas, influenced by Stratas's view of it as a funeral dirge; while Lemper's voice is intriguingly enticing, the tempo reminds one of a metronome running down. But these things are relative. Compared with Ms. LuPone's ritual embalming of the song, using a truly excruciating translation and taken at a speed which would make Chopin's *Funeral March* seem like a quickstep, Lemper's interpretation has some credibility. But surely if the tempo of the verse is as deliberate as that of

the refrain, the song loses much of its tension and forfeits the range of moods expressed in text and music. When the verse moves so mechanically, there is no opportunity for the flute and trumpet to give to their dotted rhythm figures the false jauntiness they require.

While the "Mandelay-Song" and the "Brantweinändler-Song" are, with the exception of one or two moments, acceptable and musically engaging, the "Matrosen-Song" comes off worst of all in the over-the-top stakes. Words are drawn out, notes scooped up to or swooped down upon, and the whole is swamped in "Berlinerisch" speech colors and forced attitudes.

On the other hand, while there is some vocal forcing in "Youkali" (most notably at "Le pays de nos désirs"), all the singer really has to do is trust the words and music. This and the five numbers from *Marie Galante* show Ms. Lemper's feeling for the style and the language to considerable advantage. The vocal traits of a young Piaf are occasionally too obvious, but "Le grand Lustucru" in particular stands out for its evocation of atmosphere subdued yet ominously haunting.

Oddly enough, for me the most successful bracket on the record were the three songs from *Lady in the Dark*, with the singer deftly catching the shifts in mood between and within the songs, and the RIAS Sinfonietta showing a fine feel for the Broadway style and approach. Maybe the songs do not offer the same room for (over) interpretation as the French and German works; at all events, after the unevenness of some of the preceding numbers, these show Lemper in the sort of form she displayed when I first heard her some years back in the Kurt Weill-Revue in Berlin.

No one would suggest that Streisand does not, as the reviewing cliché goes, "make a song her own." What she does not do, in this follow-up to her earlier, for me impressive, Sondheim album is give the song back to an audience or to a composer. In her overheated, overemotive perpetrations of Gershwin, Weill, Sondheim and *horrible dictu* Lloyd-Webber, what we get is quintessential Streisand. In this context, Sondheim can sound like Gershwin, Weill like Loesser; what they never sound like is themselves. Given that the second song on the disc is Sondheim's wonderful "Everybody Says Don't," one is tempted to turn the song's moral upside down and refer it back to the singer.

And as for Ms. LuPone? Well, I think it was Robert Frost who, after falling asleep during some literary or theatrical event, was reproached by someone involved and replied, "Sleep is also a criticism."

MICHAEL MORLEY
Flinders University of South Australia

AUSTRALIA

The Threepenny Opera, Melbourne. University of Melbourne. 20-31 July 1993.
Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12. Griffith University, 20 September 1993.

AUSTRIA

Die Dreigroschenoper, Graz. Schauspielhaus, 1993-94 season.

FRANCE

Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12, Paris. Ensemble orchestral de Paris, 26 April 1993.
Der Jasager, Tourcoing. Atelier lyrique, Théâtre Tourcoing, 5, 7, 9 May 1993.
Der Lindberghflug, Ensemble Justiniana, Besançon, 3, 6 June 1993.
Lost in the Stars, Paris. The Nile Foundation, American Cathedral, Michael Sisk, dir., spring 1994.
L'Opéra de Quat'Sous, Rennes, Lycée Chateaubriand, 3 June 1993.

GERMANY

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Hamburg. Hamburgische Staatsoper, Günter Krämer, dir., Marc Albrecht, cond., 15, 16, 21, 22 April 1993.
Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Leipzig. Leipziger Oper, 1993-94 season.
Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12. Rheinische Philharmonie, 6 June (Bingen), 19, 20 June (Koblenz), and 21 June 1993 (Bad Marienberg).
Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12, Bonn. Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie, Christian Tetzlaff, violinist, 20 September 1993.
Die Dreigroschenoper, Hannover. Niedersächsische Staatstheater, Schauspielhaus, 2, 9, 13 June 1993.
Die Dreigroschenoper, Cologne. Schauspiel, Günter Krämer, dir., 4 September - 3 November 1993 (also tours to Tokyo, Japan, in Nissay Theatre, 24-29 November 1993).
Die Dreigroschenoper, Regensburg. Städtische Bühnen, 28 April; 12, 13, 14, 28 May; 4, 8, 14, 15, 27 June; 7, 11 July 1993.
Happy End, Nordhausen. Stadttheater, 17 September 1993 (premiere), in repertory 1993-94 season.
Der Jasager, Elmershausen. Bismarck-Schule, 18 May 1993.
Der Kuhhandel, Bautzen. Deutsche-Sorbisches Volkstheater, June (premiere), in repertory 1994 summer season.
Mahagonny Songspiel, Salzgitter. Gymnasium Salzgitter, 17 June 1993.
One Touch of Venus, Meiningen. Das Meininger Theater, Wolfgang Hocke, cond., 17 June 1994 (premiere), in repertory 1994 summer season.
Die sieben Todsünden, Dessau. Landestheater, Daniel Lipton, cond., 11 September 1993.
Die sieben Todsünden, Hamburg. Norddeutscher Rundfunk, John Eliot Gardiner, cond., Anne Sofie von Otter, mezzo-soprano, 12, 13 September 1993.
Die sieben Todsünden, Kiel. Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival, Israel Philharmonic, Brigitte Fassbänder, mezzo-soprano, 14 July 1994.
Street Scene, Munich. Staatstheater am Gärtnerplatz, Frank Arnold, dir., Herbert Mogg, cond., 30 June; 4, 12, 15 July; 22, 27 September; 5, 7, October; 28 November 1993; 4 February; 6, 8, March; 30 May; 15, 16 June 1994.
Symphony No. 2, Berlin. Sinfonietta 44, Winfried Radeke, dir., 9 June 1993.
Symphony No. 2, Detmold. Junges Kammerorchester Nordrhein-Westfalen, 6, 7 November 1993.

GREECE

Mahagonny Songspiel, Pantomime from *Der Protagonist*, Athens. 27 February; 1, 3, 4 March 1993.

HUNGARY

Die Dreigroschenoper, Budapest. 8 May 1993, in repertory, summer 1993.
Die Dreigroschenoper, Szekszard. Deutsche Bühne, 1993-94 season.

ISRAEL

Lost in the Stars, Habimah National Theater, Tel Aviv. 5 March 1994 (premiere), in repertory 1994 season.

JAPAN

Die Dreigroschenoper, Tokyo. Theatre Cocoon, Tokyu Bunkamura, Kazumi Kushida, dir., 9-27 October 1993.

THE NETHERLANDS

Der Lindberghflug, Hengelo. Rathaus, 18 June 1993.
Der neue Orpheus, Utrecht. Nederlandse Omroep Stichting, Radio Kamerorkest, Heinrich Schiff, cond., 28 May 1993.

SWITZERLAND

Die Dreigroschenoper, Bern. Stadttheater, Michael Wallner, dir., Michel Frei, cond., 5, 7, 11, 13, 14, 18, 20, 25, 27, 30 June 1993.

TURKEY

Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny, Ankara. State Opera, 24-26 May 1993.

UNITED KINGDOM

Happy End, Liverpool. Playhouse Studio, April 1993.
Happy End, London. Queen Elizabeth Hall, London Sinfonietta, Jonathan Nott, cond., April 1993.
Johnny Johnson, London. Trinity College, Rhonda Kess, cond., spring, 1994.
Knickerbocker Holiday, London. Philharmonia Orchestra, Rhonda Kess, cond., spring 1994.
Mahagonny Songspiel, Belfast, Northern Ireland. Queen's University, Sonorities Festival, May 1993.
Mahagonny Songspiel, "Cry, the Beloved Country," A concert sequence from *Lost in the Stars*, The Matrix Ensemble, BBC Singers, Robert Ziegler, cond., 24 August 1993.
Street Scene, London. English National Opera, David Pountney production, Nicolette Molnár, dir., James Holmes, cond., 27 August; 2, 3, 9, 11, 16, 23, 28 September 1993.
Symphony No. 2, London. Royal College of Music, 11 February 1993.
Symphony No. 2, London. South Bank Centre, Docklands Symphony Orchestra, Sian Edwards, cond., 23 November 1993 (also on 17 November 1993 in Vienna, Konzerthaus, Großer Saal Festival Wien Modern).
The Threepenny Opera, Manchester. Liberty Theater, 14-18 September 1993.

UNITED STATES

Berliner Requiem, Stockton, CA. University of the Pacific, 24 September 1993.
Cry, the Beloved Country, stage adaptation by Frank Galati of *Lost in the Stars*, Chicago, IL. The Goodman Theatre, Frank Galati, dir., 18 June-24 July 1993.
"Cry, the Beloved Country," a concert sequence from *Lost in the Stars*, San Antonio Symphony, Christopher Wilkins, cond., 21-23 January 1994.
Concerto for violin and wind instruments, Op. 12. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Charles Dutoit, guest cond., Chantal Juillet, violinist, 11-13 November 1993 (Philadelphia), 16 November 1993 (New York).
Lost in the Stars, San Francisco, CA. City College of San Francisco, David Ostwald, dir., Michael Shahani, cond., September 1993.
Lost in the Stars, Purchase, NY. Philharmonia Virtuosi, Richard Kapp, dir., State University of New York, Purchase, 26 September 1993.
Mahagonny Songspiel, Ojai, CA. Ojai Festival, Los Angeles Philharmonic, John Adams, cond., May 1993.
Mahagonny Songspiel, Kleine Dreigroschenmusik, New York, NY. New School for Social Research, Peter Wallace, dir., Bart Folse, cond., 30 October, 2 November 1993.
Mahagonny Songspiel, Der Zar lässt sich photographieren, New York, NY. Manhattan School of Music, Rhoda Levine, dir., David Gilbert, cond., 8, 10, 12 December 1993.
One Touch of Venus, San Francisco, CA. The New Conservatory Theater, 23-24 July 1993.
Quodlibet, Op. 9, Denver, CO. Denver Chamber Orchestra, Paul Dunkel, cond., 1 July 1993.
The Seven Deadly Sins, New York, NY. New York Philharmonic, Kurt Masur, cond., Angelina Réaux, soprano, 15-18 December 1993.
Street Scene, Houston, TX. The Houston Grand Opera, Francesca Zambello, dir., Ward Holmquist, cond., 28, 30 January; 2, 5, 8, 11, 13 February 1994.
String Quartet, Op. 8, San Diego, CA. SummerFest La Jolla, Museum of Contemporary Art, Orion String Quartet, 15 August 1993.
Symphony No. 1, Philadelphia, PA. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond., 8, 9, 12 October 1993.
The Threepenny Opera, Spokane, WA. Spokane Civic Theatre, May-June 1993.
The Threepenny Opera, New York, NY. Marymount Manhattan College, 29 November 1993.

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