Books Received

(A listing in this column does not preclude a review in a future edition of TEMPO)

LE GROUPE JEUNE FRANCE: YVES BAUDRIER, DANIEL LESUR, ANDRE JOLIVET, OLIVIER MESSIAEN by Serge Gut. Honore Champion

COMPOSERS AND THE NATURE OF MUSIC EDUCATION by Ian Lawrence. Scolar Press, £10.00.


INTERNATIONAL MUSIC GUIDE '79 edited by Derek Elley. Tantivy Press, £3.50.


MODERN RHYTHMIC NOTATION by Gardner Read. Indiana University Press.

TONAL MUSIC: TWELVE ANALYTICAL STUDIES by Jeffrey Kresky. Indiana University Press, £8.75.

THE MUSIC OF ALBAN BERG by Douglas Jarman. Faber, £18.00.


TWO BEETHOVEN SKETCHBOOKS edited with commentaries by Gustav Nottebohm, trs. by Jonathan Katz, with a foreword by Denis Matthews. Gollancz, £4.95.

THE MUSIC OF BENJAMIN BRITTEN by Peter Evans. Dent, £15.00.


BRUCKNER, MAHLER, SCHOENBERG by Dika Newlin. Marion Boyars, £9.95. (second edition, revised and enlarged).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

from HANS KELLER

The more I grow up, the more do I realize how easily writing about music obscures music, and when it comes to writing about writing about music, as in Bill Hopkins’ review (TEMPO No.127) of books on Schreker, Franz Schmidt, Webern, and Zemlinsky, only a literal translation of a remark of Furtwangler’s will do: referring to ‘authentic’ performances of the Matthew Passion, he once said that ‘the music tended to fall under the table’. Unfortunately, words can seem yet more ‘authentic’ than music.

Well, sir, here I sit, one hour before flying to Athens to attend an eminently ‘authentic’ music meeting of the European Broadcasting Union, yet determined quickly to write about Mr. Hopkins’ writing about these writings about music – so unless I do something drastic, concrete, palpable, I shall only make matters worse, mopping up what remains and depositing it under the carpet under the table.

Let me try, then – and assure Bill Hopkins that I mean no disrespect; on the contrary, I shall consider that I have failed if he considers that I have.

(1) Franz Schreker. A master in the demonstrable sense – and, at times, more than a master. When, quite recently, the afore-mentioned EBU decided to mount a production of his spell-binding opera, The Distant Sound (Der ferne Klang), it did so out of sheer musical enthusiasm; there was nobody around who thought in terms of rehabilitation, historical information, or curiosity value. There’s a dreadful danger of seeing Schreker’s mastery, retrospectively, as artistic opportunism. Without Schoenberg (who admired him), Schreker would now be a famous composer.