SOUND ON DISC

ANALOGY is valid to a point, and then becomes distortion. And so it is with my feeling that chamber music bears the same relationship to orchestral music that a line drawing does to a painting. The idea is not particularly new, but it pressed in on me when I was listening to a couple of Haydn quartets and panoramic *Appalachia* of Delius. In the first, the Schneider Quartet traces the delicate line of the Haydn score (Haydn Society, HSQ-6) — and as in a drawing, the approach to the emotions is via the intellect. In the Delius, Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic splash on the broad, moody colors, directly appealing to the senses which in turn communicate to the intellect. (Columbia, ML 4915)

Having said this, I have said little about the music. But it is interesting to note how each composer (Haydn, the extrovert; Delius, the introspective romantic) was conditioned by his nature and his time. Haydn had a limited universe as his drawing paper, and the melodic outpouring filled it to the margins. Delius painted on the sky, but much of the canvas was out of his reach. If this makes no sense to you, certainly you can agree that these two recordings, excellently performed and transcribed to vinylite, will be fine additions to any record library.

I have already written with some enthusiasm of the Haydn Society's project of putting the great *Anthologie Sonore* catalogue on LP's for American consumption. The records have been coming out in substantial lots. But I particularly wish to call your attention to one record — *16th Century Vocal Music of Russia, Poland, Spain, and England* — and to one section of that record — some Spanish *romances* beautifully sung by Maria Cid. The *romance* is a kind of ballad, relatively unknown in America but preserved in the folk consciousness of Spain for many

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centuries. It is the music of love and war, of courtly misadventure and the passion of adulterous ladies. This is the Round Table of Spain, set to gentle melody, and it should not be overlooked in the rush of "big" works. (Haydn Society, AS-10)

Haydn's short opera, *The Man in the Moon*, is the gay and skittish setting of a Goldoni satire on the middle class. (It was a better world then, for the upper classes could laugh at the middle classes, but today we can laugh at no class but our own.) The libretto draws its style from Molière, and the music kids it. The Esterhazys, Haydn's patrons, loved it, but the composer thought it pretty small potatoes. He was wrong, for every moment is good musical fun. (Period, SLP 703)

Herta Glaz of the Metropolitan Opera Company has a clean mezzo-soprano voice, and she uses it to full advantage against a string quartet and harpsichord in her recording of Pergolesi's gently lovely *Salve Regina*. This music, written shortly before the composer's untimely death at the age of 26, is to my mind more impressive, more deeply felt, and more rewarding than the frequently sung *Stabat Mater*. M-G-M gives it a sharply defined recording. (M-G-M, E-3156)

Also on M-G-M is a collection of Irish and Scotch songs. Before you dive for the storm cellar screaming, "Did your Mither come from Oireland," let me assure you that Father Sydney MacEwen has a simple and unpretentious delivery, and that there is a quiet sweetness to the performance which you will find surprisingly appealing. (M-G-M, E-3152)

If you have any wee ones who are learning to murder *The Happy Farmer* on the family Steinway, you can introduce them painlessly to contemporary music with the album, *Piano Music for Children by Modern American Composers*. It is a sprightly collection, not coy at all, and well played by Marga Richter. (M-G-M, E-3147)

Three 45 rpm Extended Play albums on M-G-M might well be titled: *Background Music for the Preliminaries of Lovemaking*. Leroy Holmes conducts the M-G-M Strings through a sumptuous journey among such old favorites as *Snuggled On Your Shoulder* (the title piece), *Two Sleepy People*, and *I'm in the Mood for Love* (who isn't?). (X-246) In *S'Wonderful*, the Jack Kelly Quintet gives you that too-often neglected Vernon Duke *Autumn in New York*, *These Foolish Things*, *Get Out of Town*, etc., in politely enticing fashion. (X-280) And the piano of Jack Fina gives an excellent account in *Love in Bloom*, of eight Ralph Rainger melodies — *Thanks for the Memory*, *Moanin' Low*, and *June in January*. The flow of Rainger's songs was cut off by his death in 1942 but the melodies linger on. (X-269)

— Ralph de Toledano

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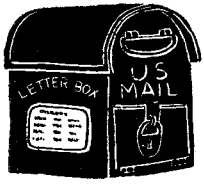

LEAVE A NOTE IN THE MAILBOX

By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

"MR. POSTMAN," the note read, "please drive to the house and give my car a push. The battery is down and I must drive to town. I have an appointment with the dentist this morning and my husband is in the field across the river with the tractor. I hate to bother you like this, but I don't know of any other way to get this old car started. Please honk when you get to the house."

I turned off my rural mail route and drove a half mile down the lane to the farmhouse and honked. The farmer's wife rushed out and got into her car. I eased up in low gear as the bumpers met. After about eighty yards and a dozen hard bumps, her car backfired and roared away. She waved her thanks while I stepped on the gas trying to get back on schedule.

I seldom drive my 62-mile rural mail route without finding at least one note in the 300 mail boxes I serve. A man can't drive the same route and serve the same people year after year without growing to like them. And he finds himself doing little favors that the Post Office Department doesn't require him to do — and would rather he didn't do.

Often, I have left C.O.D. packages when the farmer's wife didn't have the money to pay for them. Why shouldn't I, when I knew the patron was trustworthy and would meet me the next day with the money? Thousands of rural mail carriers do things like that, knowing that if a Postal Inspector found out he would deliver a stern lecture. However, I don't believe many men who carry the mail obey regulations to the letter.

There isn't a patron on my route who hasn't helped me in one way or another. I have to carry the mail in all kinds of weather, six days a week, on roads that are at times almost impassable. Dozens of farmers have left warm firesides in zero weather to crank their tractors and pull my car out of a snowdrift or ditch. Many of them have driven me to town so I could buy a fan belt or some other needed part for my vehicle.

Being an arm amputee of World War II, I find it difficult to change a tire. I have many flats, but change few of them. Before I can jack up my car, some helpful boxholder comes along and takes over. Farm people are like that — they help their neighbors without thought of

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