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The New	Record	lings
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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEER Recording Technique		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
COPLAND, RODEO: FOUR DANCE EPI- SODES; BILLY THE KID: WALTZ. Dallas Symphony, Antal Dorati. RCA Victor DM 1214 (3)	Big Victor-style live- ness, a fine sound but not ideal for this music. Tonal range good, but highs weak- ened in resonant pick-up.	A	Slightly to left of "El Salon Mexico." Raucous, well built, good hu- mored, sentimental; it'll strike home for the youngsters (below) and the young in heart.
DE FALLA, THE THREE - CORNERED HAT: THREE DANCES. Philharmonia Orch. Alceo Galliera. Columbia MX 297 (2)	A solid British sound; wide range but highs are mellow. Good cross betw. London Decca over-liveness and too-dead sharp- ness of some U.S. Co- lumbias.	A	A well-mannered, thor- oughly competent read- ing of the familiar dances by a new Italian- born conducting lumi- nary.
CARNIVAL TROPI- CANA. André Kostelan- etz and his Orch. Columbia MM 753 (4)	Superb recording, an excellent semi-pops "demonstration" set for fancy equipment.	A	Some of it slightly more a musing than usual treacle, thanks pseudo- tropic orchestration!
KABALEVSKY, THE COMEDIANS. New York Philharmonic, Kurtz. Columbia M 295 (2)	Same series as the famous "Gayne" jobs. Brilliant, wide-range recording of brilliant orchestration. Tops!	A to B+	100% derivative music, echoes of Offenbach, Prokofieff, Tchaikovsky. But less pretentious, more melodic than Khatchuturian.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S "RODEO"

F there is any doubt of the appeal, to the younger generation at least, of the raucously American twentiethcentury idiom, Copland's "Rodeo" suite (above) is doing its bit to dispel it. For the young people in our school and high-school orchestras this kind of music is tops-with its cowboy tunes, potent brass and percussion, its syncopation, its high good humor, and characteristic mixture of sentiment and sarcasm.

I heard a concert by such a youthful orchestra at which "Rodeo" was to be the grand finale. But first came what would normally be called more conventional fare. For us, perhaps. But not for these musicians. A movement of a Brahms symphony emerged apologetically, forlorn as a wet dog in the bathtub. The notes were not too difficult; it was the idiom that baffled. To these young people Brahms was Neolithic. His melodies sagged monstrously, the great climaxes were inept squawks, the soulful tunes sadly out of tune. But what followed was more extraordinary, one of those naive and wholly conventional early nineteenth-century concertos, for cello, full of the most obvious platitudes of the Romantic speech, the orchestra's function no more than a few *tutti* plus background harmonies for the soloist's doings. A snap to play. Yet it was appalling how completely the spirit and mood of this elementary piece evaded these players! More than that, the very harmonies-plain, old-fashioned chords of the most routine nineteenth-century sort-were twisted and tortured and misapprehended. Plainly, here was a kind of musical speech not only incomprehensible as emotional expression to these youngsters-that we might expect-but unintelligible as to its very grammar, a kind of speech one might expect to be as familiar as night and day to any music student. For these students, the nineteenth-century idiom, which we suppose so universal, was all but dead.

And then came "Rodeo." And with all its high complexity of rhythm and sound effects, the kids ate it up! Here was the unmistakable gusto of music relished and understood. And here was good playing, too, surprisingly accurate and very much alive. Instead of a bunch of miserable children parroting a lesson, this was a team of Americans doing their stuff and loving it. For better or worse.

True enough, the Romantic idiom was never more popular with us elders, as witness any musical best-seller list today. But note well that it is already the late-Romantic, the post-Romantic we like best; Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Rachmaninoff, even Debussy and Ravel hit the stylistic dead center. How much of the earlier, the Schumann and the Schubert in them, do we crave-and how much the Stravinsky, the Bernstein, the Copland? EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

The Saturdap Review



SAIAH BERLIN'S "Karl Marx" (Home University Library, Oxford University Press, \$2) is the best brief account of the life and thought of Marx that I know. Writing with cool objectivity, the author traces the development of the Marxist doctrine against a biographical background which is recreated with economical, effective strokes. Marx's debt to Hegel, Feuerbach, Saint-Simon, Thierry, Mignet, and others is duly noted, with emphasis on the fact that whatever he borrowed he made his own in a synthesis that was profoundly original and enduringly revolutionary. His conflicts with Bakunin, Prudhon, and Weitling, his uneasy connection with Lasalle, and his relation to the whole socialistic movement of his age (a relation based largely on his contempt for idealism and humanitarianism, and such phrases as "natural rights" and "equality of man") are lucidly explained. His association with Engels; his working methods and way of life in Berlin, Paris, and London; his personal character, which included a deep dislike of his racial origin; and the nature and degree of his influence in various countries during his lifetime, are all set forth with brevity and point.

History has failed to confirm Marx's conviction that he had discovered the laws which govern social history; Marxist theorists have suffered surprising shocks, and their theory has cried out for revision. But Mr. Berlin speaks truly when he declares of this theory: "Even if all its specific conclusions were proved false, its importance in creating a wholly new attitude to social and historical questions, and so opening new avenues of human knowledge, would be unimpaired." Marx may have mistaken the course of history, and his faith that the proletarian struggle would prove a final one, which would abolish the state and create a classless society, was surely a prime example of the kind of Utopian thinking which he despised in others; but he invented an analytical instrument which will long prove serviceable, and he made it impossible for us to view our world in quite the same way that we did before he came into it.

Another creative thinker who invented an analytical instrument, and who profoundly altered Western man's view of himself, was Sigmund Freud. Back in 1932 Joseph Jastrow pub-

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lished an examination of "The House that Freud Built," which was calculated to raise the blood pressure of all true followers of the Viennese sage, and this examination has now been reissued as "Freud, His Dreams and Sex Theories" (World Publishing Co., \$1). Jastrow wrote with intelligence, vigor, considerable wit, and frank hostility towards most of the structure that Freud, his disciples, and his heretics, had erected on the psychoanalytic foundations. His foreword announced that in the vast body of Freudian literature there was much dross and little precious ore; he went on to question Freud's methods of dream-interpretation, his emphasis on sex, his technique of analysis, and his therapy; he denounced psychoanalytic cultism and the founder's lack of logic; but he ended by pointing to the valuable core of Freudian theory, and by hoping that the future would bring forth "a safe and sane Freudianism," committed to the hands of "responsible psychiatrists and psychologists."

Stephen Hobhouse's "Selected Mystical Writings of William Law" (Harper, \$4.50), reprinted, with the addition of two appendices, from the 1938 edition, belongs on a shelf beside Law's "Serious Call," recently noticed in this department. The selections represent a later Law than the author of the "Call," a Law who was profoundly influenced by the Silesian mystic, Jacob Boehme; and they are here elucidated and coordinated by notes and studies by Mr. Hobhouse. Aldous Huxley provides a foreword.

Two colorfully manufactured books that are sure to prove welcome additions to any juvenile library are Dickens's " A Tale of Two Cities," illustrated by Rafaello Busoni (Grosset, \$3), and Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," illustrated by Donald McKay (Grosset, \$1.25) . . . Percival Christopher Wren's "Stories of the Foreign Legion," which range from farce to tragedy, and mingle legionary bravado, sentimentality, and cynicism, have been reissued by Macrae-Smith (\$2.75). . . . "The Lying Ladies," by Robert Finnegan (Bantam 25ϕ), is an example of the tough and bawdy school of mystery writing, and is also the kind that doesn't pretend to make sense. Sales indicate the formula must satisfy a great American need . . . New Grosset novels: Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," A. J. Cronin's "Hatter's Castle." BEN RAY REDMAN.

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