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No musical library is complete without a copy of this unusual book. Conclusions drawn apply not only to Western music, but Oriental, primitive and folk music as well.



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(who, somehow, seem to be multiplying in number despite a semi-starvation diet). He is Bayreuth's best, which means that Germany, for the while, has nothing better to offer. A stalwart man, with an excellent figure and welcome agility for his considerable inches, Windgassen is known for musicianship, earnestness, and sound routine. It would be stretching a point to say that the voice has ear-appeal, for it is produced according to the difficulties of the moment, and with no really consistent sound. His best asset, as Siegmund, is a responsive lower register which serves well in the second-act scene with Brünnhilde.

Also new was Marianne Schech, a Sieglinde from Munich with a sturdy voice, a nondescript physical appearance, and a good deal of enthusiasm for her work. She may even possess that element called temperament (to judge from her response in Acts II and III to Wagner's dramatic requirements), though it would be optimistic to expect anything like tonal velvet from this hard-used voice. Kurt Boehme, a first-rate Hunding, provided the gruffness required, a clean command of the German text, and all the stage authority necessary. On the other hand, Otto Edelmann's Wotan is still in the growing stage, founded on real understanding of the part, though not the trumpet blast of sound to match memorable standards. Blanche Thebom's Fricka conforms to the connotations of respectable, though I cannot say I relish the way her voice is sounding now. The effort she put into singing "Tannhäuser" Elisabeth in Sweden last summer has left it without the previously well-focused middle or a new, sharp attack at the top.

On the other hand, the Brünnhilde of Margaret Harshaw merits some reappraisal. Having broken with her mezzo background several years ago, hers is now, in effect, a different voice. All traces of her mezzo background are effaced, save for the dark lower sound in suitable places, and her experiences abroad have now given her a sure command of necessary action. Together with suitable makeup (including a becoming blond wig), she provides a vocal strength that is always keyed to good musical discipline. If not yet a great Brünnhilde, Miss Harshaw may be admired for the effort that has gone into making her a good one. If there was one general complaint about this cast it would be that everyone (with the exception of the crafty Böhme) was putting projection before proper vocal sound. Herbert Graf's well-planned, reasonably clear staging was a further contribution to pleasure. A large audience responded more than generously.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

## Fauré Complete

WESTMINSTER has sponsored a novel and interesting idea in the field of vocal music, a recording of the complete songs of Gabriel Fauré on five LP discs. Besides the more than three score separate songs, the album includes Fauré's several song cycles, "La Bonne Chanson," "La Chanson d'Eve," "Mirages," "Le Jardin Clos," and "L'Horizon Chimérique," sung by two sopranos, a tenor, and two baritones, with accompaniments by three different pianists.

Such a collection of Fauré songs ought to be an indispensable addition to the library of any music school or college. Fauré's significant contribution to French song literature ought, moreover, to be brought within easy reach of every American singer, student or professional. There are more riches in Fauré's songs than have yet been tapped. These recordings fail to show the songs at their best.

Any extended performance of songs by the same composer can be monotonous unless the singers are superb artists. Westminster tried to insure interest in its Fauré album by allotting the songs to five different voices. Unfortunately, the voices are not in themselves interesting enough in timbre or of sufficiently high vocal or artistic standard to keep a listener absorbed for long. This is too bad. More accomplished artists could have made the collection an impressive one.

Several outstanding individual performances are merely the exceptions to the general rule and make the prevailing monotony the more disappointing. The rarely heard cycle, "L'Horizon Chimérique," sung here by baritone Pierre Mollet, offers the listener some lovely moments, as also M. Mollet's singing of "Chanson d'Amour," Op. 27, No. 1. Likewise, Jacques Dutey's singing of "Hymne" shows more color, and is therefore more interesting, than most of this baritone's other attempts. The seldom heard duets, "Puisqu'ici-bas" and "Tarentelle," as sung by Rene Doria and Bertha Monmart, sopranos, are a joy to listen to. I wish that the same could be said for the sopranos' solo performances, although Bertha Monmart has grasped and projected the depth of feeling in "Chant d'Automne," Op. 5, No. 1.

If this collection is supposed to be a definitive edition of Fauré's songs, the several liberties with text and notes are regrettable. This listener would like to know, too, why such texts as those of "Lydia" and "Serenade Toscane," obviously spoken by a man, are sung here by a high soprano.

—WINIFRED CECIL.

# 20 WAYS TO BECOME QUEEN OF CUISINE



—From "The Mistress Cook."

By HELEN McCULLY, *food editor*,  
McCall's Magazine.

WITH a rather formidable array of cookbooks on my shelves and the more than twenty volumes published during the past twelve months beside me as I write, I find myself recalling a childhood of wonderful food when we cooked with one cookbook only, our faithful "Fannie Farmer" (still, in my opinion, a most dependable book—especially the early edition, which I use to this day). "Fannie" was supplemented by an untidy, homely compilation of hand-written recipes Mother had picked up over the years—a rich hodge-podge that I refer to even now on occasion. With such a meager file today's housekeepers might wonder how we managed, and I can only say we managed extremely well. True, our herbs were limited to summer savory grown in our own garden, and the extent of our wine cookery began and ended with sherry in an excellent trifle. On the other hand, the only pastry we knew was puff paste, with which our dear old cook, Susan, crowned all her beautiful pies. Unlike today, when our markets burgeon year 'round with everything imaginable in the way of foodstuffs, menus at my home in the small Canadian town in which I grew up were prescribed by the seasons. And I must confess to an occasional nostalgic wistfulness for the good old days when the fruits and vegetables, fish, fowl, and meat marched into my stomach in orderly succession. New potatoes, pink, wet, and delicious in June; young lamb and lobsters in August and, if we were lucky, baby chickens, too. I can remember an August when my sister jumped on the pony and rode away out into the country to bring home on her back four freshly-killed chickens for my father's birthday. Then in September our marvelous

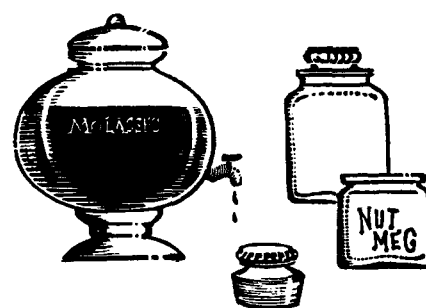
salt-marsh mushrooms and the beginning of our annual ten-day mushroom spree. Great baskets of them with their wild, gamey flavor. Cooked in sweet cream, seasoned with pepper and served on toasted home-made bread—hardly worthy of even being called a recipe—yet this is a dish to rival the best at Maxim's. December meant two things: Christmas and freezing our winter's supply of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. I like to think my grandfather, Mr. Birdseye notwithstanding, was the first man to freeze food successfully for his family just about 100 years ago. He developed his "freezer," circa 1860, by the simple expedient of building a double-walled room inside his carriage house, insulating it with sawdust, then filling it with hay. The frozen birds (the job of freezing was entrusted to the good Lord) secured in newspapers were buried in the hay until needed. Then, as now, they were thawed and cooked in the traditional manner.

It's fun to look back, but I doubt if I'd go back, even if I could, and I would most certainly find it difficult to restrict myself to one cookbook after knowing the ultimate pleasure of dipping into many. It would be my recommendation to anyone who likes to eat and loves to cook (both are essential) that she (or he) build up a small library of cookbooks, thus broadening her knowledge of food and definitely increasing her culinary scope.

Since almost everyone is agreed there are only three great cuisines, every cook should own at least one each of the established cookbooks on French, Chinese, and Indian cookery. Until now there has been no authoritative book in this country on Indian cooking, but happily that lack has been corrected with the publication of "Classic Cooking from India," by Dharam Jit Singh (Houghton Mifflin, \$4). This book will delight you even

if you never, and never plan to, go near a stove. In addition to a vast number of magnificent recipes (I can vouch for them because many of them were tested right under my nose in the kitchens of the magazine for which I work) you will find, scattered all through the book, stories, anecdotes, and odd bits of fascinating information. Were you aware that it takes the stigmata of 70,000 flowers to yield one ounce of saffron? That in India it is not considered "quite chic" to eat with a knife and fork? That boiled garlic will fell a partridge more quickly than a gun? Friends of mine who've read "Classic Cooking from India" tell me they got into bed with the book and couldn't put it down until it was finished. Read it in bed by all means, but certainly take it into your kitchen and cook with it, for you will discover, as I have, that the Indian cuisine ranks with the French and Chinese as the greatest of all time. You will discover, too, that Mr. Singh has written his recipes so clearly it's no more difficult to prepare Chicken Khare Massale-Darh (Chicken with Happy Spices) than one of our own American dishes.

A second book of real distinction on the past year's lists is "The Mistress Cook," by Peter Gray (Oxford University Press, \$6.50). Like Mr. Singh's book, this is a volume for both reading and cooking. Packed with facts, the book is stimulating and absorbing from cover to cover. Anyone who reads it will be more knowledgeable and a more knowledgeable cook. However, I rather resent Mr. Gray's tendency (I hope innocent) to talk down to his reader but this is offset, to a large degree, by a



—From "The American Peoples' Cookbook."

pleasant wit that runs all through the book. The publishers should be spanked for the too-many typographical errors—particularly distressing in a book which is so handsome and so charmingly illustrated. Despite my mild carping, "Mistress" is a book to own and study and use, even if you don't want to make Bechamel Sauce by the half gallon. Mr. Gray, how could you!

The third in this group of cooking-reading cookbooks is "Birth of a Cook," by Ernest Mundt (Knopf, \$4). Writ-