FILED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



-Lotte Jacobi.

1947—Peter Pears (left) and Benjamin Britten during their first American tour. They return for a second in September.



1958—Van Cliburn, visiting in Moscow, is entertained by David Oistrakh (left), an interpreter, and Sviatoslav Richter.



-Marshall W. Stearns.

1956—Dizzy Gillespie and vocalist Dottie Saulters entertain natives of Dacca, East Pakistan, during State Department tour. At rear center, trombonist Melba Liston.

SR/August 26, 1967



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Sounds of "Feuerfest"

I guess it was not given to me to have the last word in the *Feuerfest* talkfest stimulated by the article "Vintage Strauss" [SR, Feb. 25].

To your most recent correspondents [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, July 29], any form of Fest or -fest used in connection with any Viennese Strauss apparently and inevitably, sight unseen and sound unheard, means a flesta, the abandon of a summer solstice, dancing fire brigades, the high jinks of a fireworks, or even the bacchanal of a Walpurgis Night. If these gentlemen want to confuse Feuerfest with De Falla's Ritual Dance of Fire, so be it.

Granted that Josef Strauss, who died in 1870, may never have heard of American fireproofing. Since it is not likely that this shy and troubled man should have expressed himself on the exact meaning of this particular composition, we must go by the unmistakable sound effects in his music. Der Hahn can mean "rooster" or "faucet" in German. Before translating the title of a piece called "Der Hahn," should we not check to see if there are crowing or dripping sounds in it?

May I add the names of R. E. Vindrieih and Alfred W. Becker, your correspondents of July 29, to the list of those I am cordially inviting to listen to *Feuerfest* before they polemicize about it.

Harry Zohn, Professor of German, Brandeis University.

Waltham, Mass.

Editor's Note: Professor Zohn is wrong. This is the last word on Feuerfest, unless someone produces an urtext containing Strauss's own marginalia on the subject.

Terry and the Dance

IN YOUR JULY 29TH issue, Walter Terry's WORLD OF DANCE would seem to be just that—to the complete exclusion of the music, or of the composer, at any rate.

He reminds us that *The Doxology* is New England's *Old Hundred* (almost a redundancy), and, perhaps with some justification, bypasses Stravinsky in the reference to "Jerome Robbins's *Les Noces.*" And (maybe correctly) he assumes most of us know who wrote *The Sleeping Beauty*. But I find it hard to believe that the composers of all the other works cited are total nonentities.

Who did write The Wind in the Mountains, Flower Festival at Genzano, A Time to Dance, Drifts and Dreams, The Only Jealousy of Emer, and Jewels? I don't say the composer should be mentioned in every instance, but certainly the composer of Jewels should have been identified. And if, as is often the case with the dance, music for these ballets was drawn from scores originally written for some other purpose, such should be noted and credit duly given. Mr. Terry's otherwise excellent articles are seriously deficient in this respect.

ROBERT F. ARENZ.

Carmel, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The oversight was editorial. In the case of "Jewels" the "composer" was actually three: Fauré, Stravinsky, and Tchaikovsky.

"Phantom" Opera

RECENTLY, I WATCHED the film *Phantom of the Opera* on TV. In it, three operas were represented. The first was, of course, Flotow's *Martha*. The second, billed as *Amour et Gloire*, had a Napoleonic ballroom setting in which Susanna Foster sang a graceful coloratura aria and a duet with Nelson Eddy. The third opera was called *Le Prince Masque de Caucassus* [sic]. It was laid in Russia. In this one, Mr. Eddy sang an aria in Russian, with the chorus accompanying him.

I have never heard of either of these latter two operas and I have been unable to find out anything about them. Do they represent legitimate works of the nineteenth century, or has Hollywood taken to writing its own operas? I would like to know the name of the aria sung by Miss Foster. Also, what ever happened to Miss Foster? Are there any of her recordings available?

George A. Rodetis.

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Was this a Nineteenth Century-Fox Picture? It would be useful to know who produced it, for source material is otherwise difficult to come by. Assistance is invited from any reader who knows the answers to the above queries.

The Pathos of Bud Powell

MARTIN WILLIAMS, in his article "Powell, Pianists, and Saxophones" [SR, Apr. 29], very boldly and misinformedly states that "Powell did four LPs for Verve Records." He "did" no less than seven, of which Mr. Williams mentions two. The others, now out of print, are: Blues in the Closet (MG V-8218), Bud Powell's Moods (MG V8154), Bud Powell 1957 (MG V-8185), Piano Interpretations (MG V-8167), and The Lonely One (MG V-8301).

I would also like to object to Mr. Williams's implication that Powell's less than perfect performances on Verve are not worth hearing. They make, for all of their technical imadequacies, fascinating listening. The effect is something like reading Baudelaire's private journal, My Heart Laid Bare. A man struggling with mental and physical illness, living out his agony and disequilibrium in front of us, is, I admit, often an unpleasant and embarrassing spectacle.

Powell, in my opinion, frequently manages to transform the inevitable pathos of his situation into something heroic. His attempts to coax into musically coherent shapes his extraordinarily rich ideas and complex feelings, despite his diminishing technique, are, if not fully satisfying, at the least engrossing, and generally more interesting and absorbing than the glib technical wizardry of, say, a Phineas Newborn.

There is a savage lyricism, a causticity of sentiment in the ballads, a desperate gaiety in the middle-tempos, a fierce determination at up-tempos. There is no laziness, no resting on past laurels, and always an