

Seldom have we had so many foreign visitors at one time. Last week introduced us to the brilliant pianists Alicia De Larrocha and Friederich Gulda and continued our acquaintance with the Paris Baroque Ensemble and with Wolfgang Sawallisch, the distinguished conductor from Germany.

Miss De Larrocha appeared as soloist with the Japan Philharmonic in Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," a wonderful sort of piano concerto that I have not heard here in 15 years. Why it is not scheduled more often is a mystery. It has as much that is sheerly beautiful, colorful and imaginative as any of those that get a regular beating around weekly in our halls at the drop of another hat.

The piano part is sufficiently showy without being exhibitionistic, and a real musician can make a stunning impression in it. And Miss De Larrocha is a real musician. I had occasion to mention her to Artur Schnabel when he was here. His eyes sparkled. "What a little genius she is! I remember that they brought her to me to listen to her when she was just a girl. Her feet wouldn't reach and I had to pedal for her, but already she played like an artist! Do hear her!" And the maestro's words should be taken to heart. Do hear her! She has another solo recital on the 27th. She made the Falla a tone poem of subtle evocation. Mr. Watanabe, who is our most adventurous conductor, led the orchestra knowingly and with affection for the esoteric elements of the evocative score. The players responded with a good sound.

The balance of the program, a delicious selection of dances from Rameau's opera "Castor

and Pollux," Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and the Nielsen Second Symphony, "The Four Temperaments," was illustrative of the imaginative program-making that Watanabe sets forth almost every fortnight. That the house is not as full as it should be reflects badly on the taste of Tokyo audiences. Is it really true that only the faded old "world's great classics" bring out the paying customers? Aren't audiences willing to be adventurous?

The Dane Carl Nielsen had his centenary two years ago, but his works are late in getting the hearings they deserve. The Second is a fairly uncomplicated series of pictures of the medieval concept of the four temperaments that made up the race of men. We meet the choleric, the phlegmatic, the melancholy, and the sanguine man. The choleric one rages and rants against fate to an allegro that has breadth and strength; the phlegmatic soul lies back as if he expected fate to empty a whole cornucopia of goodies into his throat. The melancholic mopes through a lament and reaches a sort of resigned peace, and the sanguine man ranges forth to conquer the world, which he knows is waiting for his deliverance. The pictures are graphic and musically pleasant. Mr. Watanabe has a fine feeling for Nielsen. Would he bring us his trenchant Fifth sometime?

Friederich Gulda is the last of the three great Viennese pianists to reach us. Badura-Skoda and Demus are very familiar, but Gulda of the triumvirate has been waited for with curiosity by those of us who have admired his recordings and been intrigued at his bypaths in the jazz field. His first recital, a Bach-Mozart pro-

gram was tastefully and meticulously chosen, and played with stunning effect.

The third English Suite in G minor with its brisk prelude and its set of dances, all charmingly differentiated, was an index of Gulda's strong rhythmic sense, his greatest virtue as an artist, I should say. He is always a little surprising, brisk, original in his shaping of a piece. A beautifully whispered Prelude and Fugue in B-flat minor, the 23rd from the first book of the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," was impressive, and his Italian Concerto sprang to life and warmth in the affectionate way he played the andante, contrasting beautifully with his springier corner sections.

His Mozart was unusual for the refinement of tonal production, but again it was the rhythmic element which most captivated. His Sonata in A major, K331, the one that starts with that delicious little air and variations, had beautiful clarity of shape, and the ornamental flourishes of the variations were etched with an engraver's tool, so fine they were in line, so gracefully poised above the

melody. This was tasteful Mozart.

The Rondo a la Turco was full of little surprises, deliciously moving, dancing. It was a revelation of a sort. The Fantasia, K397, seems a thing of greater substance than it is when subtly played as it was here. The big Sonata in C minor, K457, was full of confidence and strength.

Needless to say the evening's music was fingered without a noticeable flaw. There were no notes to sweep up from under the piano this time. Among his encores, a Bach Bourée, a Beethoven Ecossaise, was his own part and very dancing Prelude and Fugue in the jazz idiom which he finds so fascinating and which seems to have let freshness into his reaction to the classics just enough to salt them a bit with some welcome seasoning. Gulda's rhythmic freshness is fine with me.

The Paris Baroque Ensemble was heard twice in the week. First two of its members, Pierre Pierlot, oboe, and Paul Hongne, bassoon, played the Mozart concerti for their instruments with the Yomiuri Nippon

Symphony Orchestra. It is pretty well established that the work we hear most often as a flute concerto, K314, started life as an oboe work. Surely Pierlot's playing of it justified the transfer to the C major key. He has a tone that is characteristically French and a bit nasal, but that does not detract from his splendid artistry and his musicianship. He was delightful in the finale (which Mozart liked so well he used the tune again for Blondchen's air in "Seraglio"). Mr. Hongne played the bassoon concerto, a rattling, catchy piece, the first of the wind concerti, with a fine appreciation for its lively qualities. Hongne's instrument is sometimes thought of as the buffoon of the orchestra, but this was no jesting matter, ample artistry and charm.

Mr. Wakasugi chose to frame the works the little Overture to "Il Re Pastore," a lively little starter, and the Interludes from "Thamos, King of Egypt," four pieces well constructed and interesting enough to stand without any book to gloss them. They are an ancestor of "Zauberflöte." Mr. Wakasugi had the orchestra honed to a fine edge here.

There followed our first integral performance of Debussy's "Images" for orchestra. This final work for a large group of instruments by the already ill composer is often segmented, so that "Iberia" is fairly well-known, but the work is a triptych, even if a little unbalanced to favor the Iberians. The first section "Gigues" is Celtic, the second, "Rondes de Printemps," is Gallic.

The first section came off well, the Rondes was a little less showy and less shapely. But the "Iberia" found Wakasugi near the top of his form.

The orchestra played with alertness to nuance.

The Paris Baroque Ensemble gave another concert of unique music ranging from Quintet of Bolsmöller, by Mondoville with Mr. pal's flute tossing out a golden note, a well-known quintet by Telemann, Adagio and Rondo, a charming work originally glass-harmonica, but transcribed by Mr. Lacroix, a flute, oboe, and a flute by Quantz, and a "Pastorella" concerto in di, where Rampal's flute created Arcadia. It was a direct, spirited, elegant, full.

Wolfgang Sawallisch added with the NHK Orchestra yet another indication of exceptional ability to perform familiar, even three-time works so that we feel we seen them in a new light. A well-turned "Pastorella" Overture, he played Schubert's Italian Symphony, Schubert's great Symphony 7 in C major. The "Iberia" not taken quite as well as some conductors like it, but it gained in thereby, and the orchestra ed it with some of the tonation I have heard them. There was a live ending of interest during first movement, but it serious. The Schubert fine performance of the noble work. The Andante especially fine, but he let the symphony deal interest thereafter. In to thunderous salvos pause, Mr. Sawallisch a "Oberon" Overture of the evening's rewarding gram of oldies.



Friederich Gulda Alicia De Larrocha Wolfgang Sawallisch

The Financial Times Monday April 30 1973
Elizabeth Hall

Goyescas

by RONALD CRICHTON

Spanish Sunday—with Falla at the Albert Hall, and Alicia de Larrocha playing a Granados programme on South Bank. By rights Granados ought to be a bad subject for a one-man programme. His range is not wide. He repeats himself; he does not always know when to stop. Yet so beguiling and warm-hearted is his musical personality, so spontaneous the flow of lyrical ideas, the writing for the piano so natural and idiomatic however severe the demands it makes on technique and stamina, that he emerges from the test pretty well unscathed.

It helps, naturally, to have an interpreter of the calibre of Alicia de Larrocha, with her supreme command of line and rhythm, her ability to execute the festoons of Scarlatti ornaments in *Goyescas* with crystal precision without checking the flow of the music, her blending of romantic feeling and amorous despair with never a hint of sentimentality. The most familiar of the pieces, *The lover and the nightingale*, she played yesterday afternoon with more

evident emotion than she sometimes allows herself, but the emotion was fiercely, proudly controlled, for that reason the more moving.

Though it contains some beautiful and striking music, and though one would not willingly forgo the chance of hearing this pianist play it, the second book of *Goyescas* always seems to me to weaken the impact of the first. But afterwards we had the joyous, rollicking *El Pelele*, which this most open-handed but untidy of composers added later as a kind of tail-piece to *Goyescas*. Before the main work, some of the early music which hardly anyone bothers to look at. The *Danza Lenta* is a charmer, curiously enough nearer the mood of Debussy and Ravel's Spanish evocations than later Granados. The *Escenas Romanzadas* show him in contented thrall to the high romantics—Chopin up to a point, Schumann, Liszt, and his beloved Grieg. Here it was not so much the fireworks that impressed, brilliant though they were, as Miss de Larrocha's admirable quiet legato.

20 THE POST, MONDAY, MAY 14, 1973.

Brandenburg Was Immaculate Event

IN three concerts as the NZBC Symphony Orchestra's chief conductor, Brian Priestman has made an impact on Wellington's music.

He has shown himself a conductor of vigour and imagination with a sensitive and subtle approach to the music. In fact he has, I am sure, already won many friends.

So far, he has not wandered much from the beaten track in his choice of music, but his programme arrangement has been somewhat enterprising. And whether it has been Bach, Beethoven or Tchaikovsky, both Priestman and the orchestra have been thoroughly involved with the music.

The NZBC Symphony Orchestra (Concert Master: Alex Lindsay) conducted by Brian Priestman with soloists Alicia de Larrocha (pianist), Alex Lindsay (violinist), Richard Giese and Nancy Luther (flutists); at the Town Hall, Saturday night, Brandenburg Concerto No 4 in G.

That's the way it was on Saturday night with the Bach Brandenburg Concerto—given an immaculate performance. The three soloists—Alex Lindsay, Richard Giese and Nancy Luther—were at one with Brian Priestman in the

presentation of Bach. A fine performance.

But so, too, was the Ravel concerto. Alicia de Larrocha knew what Ravel wanted and Priestman augmented and complemented her playing with a subtle orchestral accompaniment. Maybe the orchestra sometimes occluded the soloist; but there was more than enough from Alicia de Larrocha to stamp this as a very especial performance of the Ravel Concerto in G.

After Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" symphony I heard someone ask why it should have been resurrected. This was no resurrection. It was a disinterment.

Brian Priestman and the orchestra accomplished the disinterment with reverence and skill, even if in this truncated version they did leave some of the anatomy behind. It was music one might wish to hear only once in a lifetime and count it lucky on this occasion to have it played so well.



拉羅佳的女琴名最壇樂際國是佳羅拉

拉羅佳的手掌令世人折服

彈奏鋼琴不啻啞頭不炫耀技巧

錄影帶顯示的是一位背厚、手短、外不驚人的女鋼琴家，只見她埋首於黑鍵白鍵之間，專心一意，一串玲瓏剔透美妙無比的音符流瀉而出，於是，莫札特的風格那樣清晰她呈現在我們眼前。

六十一歲的拉羅佳只有一四七公分高，在西方世界算是十分矮小的身材，因為人小，手當然也小，但天生厚實的手掌卻使她成為世界樂壇重要的鋼琴家之一。

蒐集拉羅佳五十多張唱片的文化大學音樂系老師彭聖錦說，拉羅佳是個毅力驚人、音樂家，她長年不斷多次到世界各地演出，她的演奏風格，聖潔、不憂、不炫、不耀，每個音都發自內心，不炫、不耀，合運用恰到好處，音符與音符的連接順暢、實在、在在在在。

彭聖錦認為拉羅佳在風格的掌握上是爐火純青，她的巴哈莊重、史卡拉第細膩優美、西班牙的樂曲則粗獷豪邁，各具特色。

但音樂家劉雲若在美國哈特音樂學院欣賞過拉羅佳和西班牙音樂家安赫利絲合作的演出，她說，那是一個令人難以忘懷的演出，合作得默契十足，登峰造極，事隔十三年，每個音符都歷歷在目。

劉雲若說，國際樂壇頭角嶄露的女鋼琴家極少，拉羅佳是其中極傑出的一位。

拉羅佳是西班牙巴塞隆納人，自小即展現與眾不同的音樂天賦，曾獲得多次國際性比賽大獎，並且與各大知名交響樂團合作，七〇年代之後更與歐洲各國音樂家，受到國際知名的大師如本圖琴大賽、蒙特利爾國際大賽，以及維也納貝多芬鋼琴比賽的評審。

每年，拉羅佳都在紐約卡內基音樂廳、洛杉磯、東京、台北等地演出，常去的地方，中甸的拉羅佳是拉羅佳。

「因為拉羅佳是西班牙血統，所以具有恰如其分的熱情與動人的韻律感」，這是西班牙報對她的評價，也是這位女鋼琴家最佳的寫照。（本報記者侯芳惠）