

his Concerto for Orchestra as a claim to 'idealized uncorrupted authenticity', she leaves the composer little room for a nuanced viewpoint on matters of representation (p. 209). Henry Cowell's appropriation of musical styles from around the world is characterized as 'almost imperialist', whereas Bartók's appropriation of styles not associated with his own nationality pass without comment of this kind (p. 149). At times, Fauser describes the linkage between music and national identity with pointed terms such as 'chauvinism', at others more neutrally (p. 136). The astonishing variety of the works Fauser has brought together should provide excellent stimulus for further consideration of how music is used and the ways in which we evaluate those uses. At the outset, she makes a distinction between 'blatant propaganda' and music as a means of 'entertainment, recuperation, and uplift' (p. 3)—but the evidence presented throughout the book offers us many opportunities to reflect on the more ambiguous nature of music's apparent influence on its audiences.

The final chapter presents many American works composed for public commemorations of war, as well as compositions that attempt to represent directly aspects of wartime experience. Although some familiar pieces are discussed, this chapter also grants us access to a little-heard repertory of American music. Providing a valuable overview of musical production during the period as well as insight into the range of styles available to composers writing for the public, Fauser describes wartime music composed by—among others—Walter Piston, William Grant Still, George Antheil, Paul Creston, Harl McDonald, William Schuman, Jaromír Weinberger, Morton Gould, and Randall Thompson. The music is described engagingly. So is the composers' connection to their chosen topics. Fauser leaves us with a synoptic vision of broad and lively participation in America's musical life, and with a sense of the excitement that drew so many to participate in wartime music-making. When André Kostelanetz toured with Lily Pons for the USO, he remarked that 'to see your public in full battle regalia is an amazing sight' (p. 49). Indeed, it is also amazing to see the energetic and widespread efforts of America's composers to mediate wartime experience for their publics.

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From Boulanger to Stockhausen: Interviews and a Memoir. By Bálint András Varga. pp. xi + 397. Eastman Studies in Music. (University of Rochester Press, Rochester, NY, and Woodbridge, 2013. £25. ISBN 978-1-58046-439-0.)

Bálint András Varga's archives are a gift that keeps on giving. As if his lengthy interviews with Lutosławski (1976), Berio (1989), Xenakis (1996), Kurtág (2009), and Ligeti (2009) were not enough, the well-received *Three Questions for Sixty-Five Composers* (2011) sealed his reputation as an interviewer who was able to draw out his subjects without alienating them. Now, we have a set of thirty-two more interviews and a memoir. Although much material in this new volume can be found in Varga's earlier published collections from the 1970s, they appear here in English for the first time. The picture Varga paints of himself, as well as the sheer quantity and diversity of material, conjure up visions of a determined young man with an oversized tape recorder and hand-held microphone, scurrying around hotels, apartments, and backstage dressing rooms, ready to snatch up any spare moment an artist might have. Even if the interviews in this new volume are somewhat inconsistent in quality, it is hard to begrudge Varga's ethnographic accomplishment. His efforts to preserve these documents (and the commitment that the University of Rochester Press made to publish this new book) were well worth the energy.

The volume is arranged with the most sizable interviews first. The opening section is subdivided into material on composers, conductors, instrumentalists, singers, a teacher, and music administrators. A series of 'snippets' follows, which transcribes brief encounters with a wide range of artists from Rubinstein to Szigeti to Copland. Although it is sometimes questionable whether this fragmentary material should have been included (for example, the snippet on pianist Géza Frid contains only a brief anecdote told by Varga himself), the author's comments and observations that precede each piece often prove valuable in themselves.

While Varga's memoir comes as a postlude, it may well be the best place to start, since it provides a welcome background. He tells of growing up in post-war Hungary and his steady climb upwards on the ladder of the music business, starting with his first job at the radio, continuing at Editio Musica Budapest, a brief stint as a cultural ambassador in a newly reunified Germany, and finally a lengthy

tenure as a publicist at Universal Edition in Vienna (Varga turned down an offer of artistic director, feeling he was not qualified). The most beautifully written part of the memoir includes his reminiscences of the distant past and his early work for Hungarian radio. Towards the end, Varga occasionally sounds like he never gave up his job at Universal. He takes great pride in the firm's current roster of composers, and recounts with evident pleasure the remarkable foresight Universal's directors showed in the early twentieth century when taking on risky propositions such as Gustav Mahler, Arnold Schoenberg, and Kurt Weill.

Returning to the beginning of the book, Arnold Whittall writes in its foreword, 'to meet this diverse, demanding, and sometimes disturbing cast of musical characters, is a rare and enlightening pleasure' (p. x). To my taste, the most disturbing personalities include Hans Swarowsky and Wolfgang Stresemann. A highly influential conductor, Swarowsky studied with Richard Strauss, Felix Weingartner, Schoenberg, and Webern. His students at the Vienna Music Academy included Claudio Abbado and Zubin Mehta. During the war, Swarowsky was the principal conductor of the Kraców Philharmonic Orchestra during the Nazi occupation. Swarowsky speaks little of those dark times, but his remark that it was 'much simpler to fight against the Nazis from the outside' (p. 101) may raise some eyebrows. On the other hand, Stresemann, who was the son of a former Chancellor of the Weimar Republic, rode out the war on American soil and only returned to Germany in 1956—a move that alienated him in the eyes of some who stayed. In 1959 he became the Intendant of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, a post he held (with one six-year gap) until 1986. Stresemann, whose relationship with the Berlin Philharmonic's principal conductor, Herbert von Karajan, has been characterized as being 'fed more by respect and natural courtesy than by anything resembling real human warmth' (Richard Osborne, *Herbert von Karajan: A Life in Music* (Boston, 1998), 479) tells Varga that Karajan is an undisputed 'conductor of genius' and characterizes the ensemble as a 'democratic orchestra-republic that submits itself to the conductor of its own free will' (p. 217). While the haughty tone of political metaphor might have been purposely calculated to provoke the humble interviewer from the eastern bloc, Varga wisely shrugs it off, changing the subject to questions of repertory.

If Swarowsky and Stresemann come across as somewhat unsettling, the impression we get of Nadia Boulanger is more nuanced. Before he

was allowed to interview her, Varga was obliged to sit through a group lesson where students sang Bach together. However, Boulanger interrupted them after almost every note to criticize someone or to share an aphorism. Yet, Varga is drawn to her overpowering energy and her unflinching devotion to the class. Later reflecting on her seventy-year-long teaching career, Boulanger muses on the mutual attraction she shares with her students. 'Young people come to me... why then do they interest me so passionately? I suffer and do not know why... if they did not interest me so much, teaching would be torture' (p. 190). Abruptly breaking off the interview, Boulanger nevertheless answered Varga's final question—about Bartók—in a barely legible handwritten letter. After praising the composer in glowing terms, she writes, 'I cannot create order in the past, even though for me it never ceases to be the present as well' (p. 196).

Varga's chat with Stockhausen reveals another subject who had an unusual perception of himself. Stockhausen is uncharacteristically forthcoming in this discussion, which was previously published in volume 6 of the composer's *Texte zur Musik* (Cologne, 1989) in German. His spatially fragmented self-image resembles something curiously like a modern internet-age avatar:

Stockhausen: I possess the rather unusual faculty of looking at myself from behind. Can you see yourself from behind?

Varga: No, no.

Stockhausen: Well, I can. I often see myself also from above... I can look at myself from all sides; I can also walk right behind myself (p. 59).

After a diatribe on the lack of adequate rehearsal time, the inability of orchestral musicians to improvise freely, and their incapacity or unwillingness really to listen to each other, Varga—in a rare moment—tries to provoke Stockhausen:

Varga: I wonder whether as a musician, you feel rather lonely once in a while. A Christ figure betrayed by his disciples.

Stockhausen: That sounds far too dramatic. I admit, though, that during my life I have lost some friends, some beloved friends... at some point [they] seemed to believe... that the only way they could get rid of me was to kick me in the backside... Divorce is legitimate, it is feasible, and it can be the right thing to do, but it must be executed with empathy, charm and humor... some manage it, others do not. It is a mystery and one should make no judgment about it (p. 62).

It might be said that the demands Stockhausen placed on his collaborators resulted simultaneously in performances of impressive precision and an unusually high rate of ‘burn-out’. The composer’s tactic of writing opera segments for reduced forces, and then building up a fully staged production from these component parts can be understood as a pragmatic reaction to the limits on rehearsal time and space, and perhaps more than just a ‘cunning mercantilist strategy’ (Claus-Steffan Mahnkopf, ‘Theory of Polyphony’, in *Polyphony and Complexity* (Hofheim, 2002), 41 n. 29).

Varga’s ability to set his subjects at ease is one of his best traits as an interviewer. Towards the end of his seventy-fifth-birthday interview, Ligeti comes across as a deeply frustrated individual. Varga draws this out in a remarkable passage:

Varga: Whenever I try to pay you a compliment, I come up against polite refusal. . . . You have every reason to look back on the past half-century with some satisfaction. . . . I hope you do agree.

Ligeti: Bálint, I am deeply unhappy with myself and this is no false modesty. . . . I am ceaselessly looking for my idiom without ever finding it. . . . I am still looking for means of expression: after all, there is no accepted norm today, there is no unified style in what is called serious music. (pp. 56–7)

Ligeti’s musing on a possible epitaph sums up his essential feelings. ‘My wish is that nothing should be named after me. If it is, then it should be called *Ligeti György tévút*’ (p. 57). In a footnote, Varga explains that the Hungarian word *tévút*—similar in meaning to the German ‘Irrweg’—can be translated as ‘wrong road’ or ‘false road’, conveying the sense of a path that goes ‘in error in a particular direction’. The impression of Ligeti as a composer searching ceaselessly for a new way of expression offers deep parallels with Stockhausen’s view of his compositional obligation; but in Stockhausen’s understanding, this allowed a continual spiral ascent to a new level of self-realization. Ligeti’s view seems much darker in comparison.

The transcriptions of interviews with practising musicians should make this volume appealing to a wide range of readers. Among the most interesting is a discussion with Alfred Brendel from 1978, which reveals as much about the interviewer as the interviewee. Varga admits to having difficulty interviewing an artist for whom his ‘boundless admiration’ led to a ‘temporary paralyzed brain’ and consequently ‘one silly question after another’ (p. 119). Varga’s anxiety about the interview was confirmed some time later when he

coincidentally bumped into Brendel at a hotel in London: upon catching sight of the Hungarian, the pianist turned away. ‘The intense humiliation I felt then is still very much with me’ (p. 119). Yet, Varga should not have been so hard on himself. Admittedly the interview itself is not particularly dynamic, but Brendel extended the agreed-to ten minutes to over thirty, and much of the pianist’s personality comes through. Other writings and interviews clarify the pianist’s curious remark to Varga that the ‘possibilities inherent’ in Bach’s music are ‘unfolded far better on today’s instruments. . . . The same is true of the Beethoven sonatas and even more so of the Schubert sonatas, which were written for the instruments of the future’ (p. 128). Elsewhere we learn that it was Ralph Kirkpatrick’s interpretation of Scarlatti that, for Brendel, brought out ‘burning dissonances which cannot, with the best will in the world, be achieved on the piano’ (Martin Meyer, *The Veil of Order* (London, 2002), 84). Even so, Brendel believed it was a ‘fundamental error’ for ‘historically minded interpreters to find a precisely contemporary instrument’ (ibid. 40). Incidentally, in Varga’s ‘snippet’ with Kirkpatrick, the harpsichordist hardly comes across as dogmatic; instead, he admits to being an ‘impurist’, one who ‘provide[s] a translation of rules that were valid at [an earlier] time’ (pp. 248–9). For a musician with as fine an ear and as sensitive a touch as Brendel, one wonders what he would have been able to draw out of a fine Broadwood or Érard, had he only been willing to experiment with historical instruments.

Varga’s chat with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Walter Legge is utterly dominated by the latter. Legge’s narration of the difficulties and successes of the Philharmonia Orchestra, which he founded and financed (with the backing of the Indian Maharajah of Mysore) may serve to remind us that managing a major symphony orchestra was never an easy job even if some of the financial arrangements in those days seem upside-down. ‘In the last year, I was forced to accept a subsidy from the state. . . . I did not want the money, I wish to put on concerts my way. Whereupon it was brought home to me that if I did not take the money, I could not rent the hall. There was nothing for it but to give in’ (p. 183). Legge’s eventual departure from the Philharmonia in 1964 and the founding of the New Philharmonia under Klemperer were the source of lingering bitterness. Not only did Legge reject the New Philharmonia as the successor to his orchestra, but also he felt that the

musicians of the new group ‘play like swine—they will get the [state] money anyway’ (p. 184).

In a way, this volume provides the key to all of Varga’s other publications. His nuanced memoir provides the necessary context in which to understand the reflexivity of his decades-long ethnographical project. But upon reaching the last page of the ‘snippets’ section, one may get the impression that Varga’s material could be nearly mined out by now. The unevenness of this section sometimes yields nothing more than mere fragments. Still, like a cherished old photograph, a fragment may have enough aura to make it a worthwhile object of attention. Bálint András Varga’s latest book will prove an entertaining and useful work for a great variety of musicians, and may serve as a fitting crown for his many fine volumes.

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Tombeau: Facsimiles of the Draft Score and the First Fair Copy of the Full Score. By Pierre Boulez, ed. Robert Piencikowski. (Paul Sacher Foundation/Universal Edition, 2010. pp. 154. €154. ISBN 978-3-7024-6861-3)

‘[L]es murs doivent vibrer.’ These words appear in Pierre Boulez’s earliest plans for *Tombeau*. In the essay that accompanies this edition of *Tombeau* sketches, Robert Piencikowski explains that the work might have provoked less critical interest than was expected at its Donaueschingen premiere precisely because the walls did *not* vibrate in the way Boulez had originally envisaged. Commissioned as a memorial to Prince Max Egon zu Fürstenberg, the Donaueschingen festival’s patron who died suddenly in April 1959, Boulez did not prioritize *Tombeau* until late that summer. Therefore, the initial version was written so rapidly for the October premiere that it was impractical to place the intended instrumental groups around the hall in an effort to magnify the reverberations and really make the walls vibrate. Instead, all the performers were massed on stage, flattening out the glistening textures Boulez had hoped to achieve by reflecting and reinforcing instrumental resonances around the space. Not long after its first hearing, subsequent enlargement, and ultimate assimilation as the last movement of the larger

work *Pli selon pli*, *Tombeau* earned a reputation as one of the key elements of the composer’s oeuvre. Other important aspects of *Tombeau*’s compositional history were affected by these initial constraints, as we learn in the notes accompanying this lavish new edition.

By releasing this trove of material to coincide with Boulez’s 85th birthday, the Paul Sacher Foundation and Universal Edition have provided a worthy sequel to their earlier publication of sketches to *Le Marteau sans Maître* (*Pierre Boulez: Le Marteau sans Maître. Facsimile of the Draft Score and the First Fair Copy of the Full Score*, ed. Pascal Decroupet (Mainz, 2005)). The justification for choosing *Tombeau* as the *Marteau*’s successor in this series was twofold. First, the pencil sketches and polychrome ink, both in Boulez’s notoriously precise and minuscule hand, have deteriorated due to their heavy use and inherently ephemeral quality. Second, there is something of a spectacular element to the *Tombeau* manuscripts, an attribute that one can observe not only in the obvious evidence of extreme dedication required to produce the score, but also in the edition’s Brobdingnagian dimensions (47 × 37.5 cm), several centimetres larger than the already oversized printed score (*Pierre Boulez, Pli selon pli / V. tombeau* (Vienna: Universal Edition 13616, 1971)).

Piencikowski’s dense commentary is a greatly expanded version of an earlier, shorter essay (*Boulez: Pli selon pli*, ed. Phillipe Alberà (Geneva, 2003), 45–8). Unlike Decroupet’s detailed analysis of the *Marteau* sketches, Piencikowski modestly aims only to supply the reader ‘with the primary constitutive elements of the organization, while inviting him, should his curiosity so take him, to imagine for himself the sometimes extremely refined prolongations by means of which the composer has made his deductions’ (p. 23). This is partly due to the fact that available documents ‘do not at present permit us to reconstruct every detail of the process of “manufacture” of the practical elements of the realization, notably that of the orchestral material’ (p. 26). Even so, these sketches shed much light on the genesis as well as the construction of the work’s edifice.

Apart from the practical reasons for releasing these sketches on the heels of *Marteau*, at least two aspects of *Tombeau* link it structurally to the earlier work. Although other technical means were available to him at the time, Boulez employed the same schemata of multiplied pitch-classes in both works, and therefore their pitch content derives from the same basic series. Piencikowski suggests several intriguing hypotheses for the reuse of previous materials (p. 29).