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英語テキストの序

英語の音楽解説を聴きながら、そのしゃべりの部分をテキスト化したものです。厳密には、著作権が残っているかも知れませんが・・・・・・・・。

もとの音楽のほうは間違いなく著作権があるので、公開できません。

内容は次の三つです。

1 パーンステインの「ジャズとは何か」(What is jazz) という CD で、数枚組みです。アメリカ盤ですが、現在もおそらく入手可能です

2 Alan Sherman というコメディアンが「冗談音楽」を演奏しています。レコードをデジタル化しました。

内容は下の三つです。

1. PETER AND THE COMMISSAR ピーターと委員会（「ピーターと狼」のパロディ）

2. VARIATIONS ON "HOW DRY I AM" 二日酔いの音楽

3. THE END OF A SYMPHONY タイトル通り、『交響曲の終わり方』の議論

Alan Sherman のしゃべりは、ところどころ極端に早口の個所や、一部造語もあり、正確度はかなり低いと考えています。

3 Gerald Moore: Unashamed Accompanist 「恥なき伴奏者」とでも訳しましょうか。

Gerald Moore は、1960 年頃まで活動したイギリスの伴奏ピアニストです。そのムーアが、「伴奏とは何か」をピアノを弾きながら語っています。元のレコードはモノラルですが、十分聞古してからテープにしたので、ちょっと傷み過ぎて音跳びもあります。もちろん、聴き取れない個所もあります。

ご興味のある方々に。

諏訪邦夫 kunio. suwa@nifty.com

2012 年 11 月 23 日 金曜

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「ジャズとは何か」

このテキストは、言葉の解説を聞き取ったもので、不完全です。ところどころ、不明な点に“(?)”というマークがついていますが、他にもきつと間違いがあります。ご容赦のほどを。

なお、数値は対応する mp3 ファイルの上の分秒を意味します。演奏に使用しているソフトウェアは“Windows media player”です。

デジタルのありがたいところで、常に同じ数値で同じ音符が出てきますから、聴くときの参考になるように、数値を残しました。

諏訪邦夫

2012年11月23日 金曜

「ジャズとは何か(1)」

<音楽>

0' 17

Now anyone hearing this music, any one on any civilized part of the earth, east or west, pole to pole, would immediately say that is Jazz.

We are going to try investigate jazz, not through the usual historical approach of the up the river from New Orleans etc, which has become all too familiar, but through approaching the music itself.

We are going to examine the musical inners of jazz to find out, once and for all, what it is that set it apart from all other music.

53' '

Jazz is a very big word. It covers a multitude of sounds all the way from the earliest blues

<音楽>

to Dixieland bands <音楽>

to Charlston bands <音楽>

to Swing bands <音楽>

to Bougie-woogie <音楽>

to Crazie-bop <音楽>

to Cool-bop <音楽>

to Mambo <音楽>

and much more.

2' 11

It is all jazz and I love it all. I love it because its an original kind of emotional

expression, in that it is never wholly sad or wholly happy. Even the blues has the robustness and the hard-boiled quality, never let it become sticky or sentimental, no matter how self-pitying the words are.

<音楽>

3' 06

And, on the other hand, the gayest wildest jazz always seems to have some hint of pain in it. Listen to this trumpet and see what I mean.

<音楽>

That is what intrigues me about jazz; it's unique, a form of expression all its own.

3' 28

Then I love it for its humor. It really plays with notes. We always speak of "playing" music. We play Brahms. We play Bach. It's a term perhaps more properly applied to tennis.

But Jazz is real play. It fools around with notes so to speak. It has fun with them. It is therefore entertainment in its truest sense. But I find I have to defend Jazz to those, for instance, who say it is low class. But then all music has low class origins, since it comes from folk music which is necessarily earthy(泥臭い). After all, Haydn's minuet is only refinement of simple lustic German dances, and so are Beethoven's Scherzo's. An aria in Verdi opera can often be traced back to most basic Neapolitan fisherman. Besides, there is always been certain shadow of indignity around music, particularly around the players of music. I suppose it is due to the fact that historically players of music seem to lack the dignity of composers of music. This is especially true of Jazz, which is almost completely a player's art, depending as it does on improvization rather than on composition. This means that the player of Jazz is himself the real composor which gives him a more creative, therefore a more dignified status.

4' 55

Then there are those who argue that the Jazz is loud. Well, so are Souza marches, and we don't hear compaints about them. Besides it's not always loud. It is very often extremely delicate in fact.

Perhaps, this objection stems from the irremediable situation of what is after all a kind of brass-band playing in a room too small for it. But that is not the fault of jazz itself.

However, the main argument against jazz has always been that it is not art. I think it is art and a very special one. But before we can argue whether it is or not, we must know what it is. So I propose to share with you some of the things I know and love about Jazz.

Let's take that Blues we heard before and find out what it's made of.

<音楽>

5' 55

Now what are the elements that make that jazz?

Well, first of all there is the element of melody. Western music in general is based, melodically speaking, on scales.

Major, <音楽>

Minor, <音楽>

and some others.

But there's a special scale for jazz, which is a variation of the regular major scale you all practiced as kids.

<音楽>

In jazz, this scale gets modified three different times.

The third note gets lowered from this to this. <音楽>

The fifth note gets lowered from this to this, <音楽>

and the seventh note gets lowered from this to this. <音楽>

6' 45

Those three changed notes are referred to as blue notes. So instead of a phrase which ordinarily would go something like this

<音楽>

which is not particularly jazzy,

7' 00

we would get, using blue note, this phrase,

<音楽>

which begins to show a jazz quality.

But this so-called jazz scale is used only melodically. In the harmony underneath, we still use our old un-flatted notes. And that causes a dissonance to happen between the tune and the chords.

<音楽>

7' 29

Do you hear that dissonance?

<音楽>

But this very dissonance has true jazz sounds.

<音楽>

Jazz pianists are always using those two dissonant notes together, and there is a reason for it. They are really searching for a note that there isn't there at all, but one which lies somewhere between the two notes.

Between this and this. <音楽>

And the note is called a quater-tone. A quater-tone comes straight from Africa, which is a cradle of jazz and where a quater-tone is a everyday stuff. We can produce one on a wind-instrument or string-instrument, or with the voice, but on the piano we have to approximate it by playing together the two notes on each side of it.

<音楽>

The real note is somewhere in that crack between them. Let's see if I can sing you a quater-tone, if you forgive my hurried(?) voice. Here is an African Swahiri tune I once heard. The last note of it will be a quater-tone.

<音楽>

Now that last note sound as if it's terribly out of tune, but it is a real note in aother musical language. In jazz, it is right at home.

8' 56

Now just to show how important these so-called blue notes are to jazz, let's hear that same Blues played without them, using only the plain white notes of the major scale.

(music)

9' 28

There is something missing, isn't there? That's just isn't jazz.

But even more important than melody in jazz is the element in rhythm. Rhythm is the first thing you associate with the word jazz after all. There are two aspects to this point, the first being the beat. The beat is what you hear when the drummer's foot is beating the base-drum, <音楽>

or when the base player is plucking his base <音楽>

or even when the pianist is kicking the pedal with his foot.

10' 04

All this is elementary. The beat goes on from beginning to the end of any number, two or four of them to a bar, never changing in tempo or in meter. This is the heart-beat so to speak of jazz. But more involved and more interesting is the rhythm going on over the beat, the rhythmic figures which depend on something called syncopation, a word you have certainly heard but maybe you are never quite sure of.

10' 31

A good way to understand syncopation might be to think of a heart beat that goes along steadily, and there's the moment of shock misses the beat. It is that much of a physical reaction. Technically, syncopation means either the removal of an accent when you

expect one or the placing an accent when you least expect one. In either case, there's the element of surprise and shock. The body responds this a shock either by compensating for the missing accent or by reacting an unexpecting one.

11' 00

Now where do we expect accents? Always on the first beat of a bar, on the down-beat. If there are two beats on a bar, one is going to be strong and two is going to be weak, exactly as in marching.

Left, right, left, right, left, right. Even if there are four beats in a bar, it is still like marching. Because, although we have only two legs, the sergent still counts out in four; up two three four, up two three four, up two three four. There is always that natural accent on one.

11' 35

Take it away, and there is a simple syncopation. One two three four, m two three four, m two three four. You see that the missing accent on the first beat evokes a body response.

Now the other way to make the syncopation is exactly the reverse. Put an accent on a weak beat, the second or the fourth where just does not belong. Like this.

One two three four, one two three four. <音楽>

This is what we all do when we listen to jazz, clapping our hands or snapping our fingers on the off-beat.

12' 14

One two three four, one two three four.

Now those are the basic facts of syncopation. And now we can understand its subtler aspects.

Between one beat and another, there lies shorter or even weaker beats. When these get an accent, the shock is correspondingly greater, since the weaker the beat you accentuate, the greater the surprise. Let's take eight of these fast beat in a bar. One two three four five six seven eight, one two three four five six seven eight. The normal accent would fall on one and five.

One two three four five six seven eight, one two three four five six seven eight.

Now instead, let's put an big accent on a real weak one, which is the fourth.

One two three four five six seven eight, one two three four five six seven eight.

<音楽>

13' 05

As you see, we got a pure rumba rhythm simply by accentuating the weak fourth beat. Of course the strongest syncopation of all would obviously be obtained by doing both things at once; putting an accent on a weak beat and taking away the accent from the strong.

So now we will do this double operation; put a ??? on the weak fourth beat and remove the strong fifth beat entirely.

<音樂>

One two three four five six seven eight, one two three four five six seven eight.

<音樂>

It begins to sound like the Conga, doesn't it ?

Now you have heard what is syncopation is like, let's see what that same blues we heard before would sound like without it. I think you will miss that essential element, the very life of jazz.

<音樂>

Sounds square, doesn't it.

14' 20

That takes care of two very important elements, melody and rhythm. But jazz would not be jazz without its special tonal colors, actual sound values you hear. These colors are many, but they mostly stems from quality of negro singing voice. For instance, when Louis Armstrong plays his trumpet, he is only doing another version of his own voice.

Listen to an Armstrong record like

I can't give you anything but love

and compare the solo trumpet solo with the vocal solo.

You can't miss the fact there by the same fellow. <音樂>

Now the trumpet version. <音樂>

15' 30

But the negro voice has ingented(?) other imitations, too. The saxophone is in itself a kind of imitation of it , gruffy, a little hoarse, with a vibrato or tremor in it.

<音樂>

Just to show you what the vibrato is, let's hear that sax again without one.

<音樂>

Then there are all the different grawls and lusks(?) we get by putting a mutes on the horns.

Here, for example, is the trumpet with a cup mute.

<音樂>

Now the wow wow mute.

<音樂>

Now listen to the trombone with a plunger mute.

<音樂>

There are other tonal colors that derive from Afro-Cuban sources, like the bongo-drums,

<音樂>

the maracas,

<音樂>

the Cuban cowbell,

<音樂>

and all the others.

16' 56

Then, there are colors that have an Oriental flavor.

The vibraphone,

<音樂>

the various simbals,

<音樂>

and so on. All these special colorations make their contribution to the total quality of jazz. You have certainly all heard the jazz tunes played straight by non-jazz orchestras and wondered what was missing. There certainly is something missing, the coloration.

Let's now hear that same blues sound straight, that is, without any jazz shading at all.

<音樂>

18' 19

Not a real thing, is it?

There is one more jazz element, one which may surprise some of you who think jazz is not an art. I refer to form. Did you know, for example, that the blues is a classical form. Most people use the word the blues to mean any song that is blue or torchy or low-down or breast-beat, like a stormy weather, for example. But stormy weather is not a blues and neither is moon in lawn or men I love, or even the birth of the blues. They are all popular songs. The blues is basically a strict poetic form combined with music. It is based on a rhymed couplet, the first rhyme repeated.

19' 00

For example, Billy Holaday(?) sings

my man don't love me,

treat me awful mean

oh he is the lowest man that I have ever seen

But when she sings it, she repeat the first line. So it goes,
 my man don't love me,
 treat me awful mean
 I said my man don't love me,
 treat me awful mean
 Oh he is the lowest man that I have ever seen.

That is one stanza of blues.

The full blues is nothing more than a succession of such stanzas for as long as the singer wishes.

19'30

Did you notice that the blues couplet is, of all things, in iambic pentameter.
 My man/don't love/ me treat/ me awe/ful mean
 Oh he/ is the/ low/est man/ that I /have/ ever seen.

This is about as classic as one can get.

You can take any couplet of iambic pentameter, from Shakespeare for example, and make a perfect Macbeth blues.

I will not be afraid of death and bane till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

It makes a lovely blues.

<音楽>

I will/ not be/ afraid of/ death and/ bane
 I said/I will/ not be/ afraid of/ death and/ bane
 till Birnam /Fore/est/ come to/ Dun/sinane.

Now if you have been very attentive, each of these three lines got four bars a piece, making up twelve bar stanza.

But the voice itself is saying only half of those lines

I will/ not be/ afraid of/ death/ and bane

and the rest is filled up by orchestra.

This filling up is called a break, and here in the break we have the origin of the instrument imitating the voice, the very soil in which the jazz grows.

11

20' 50

Perhaps the essential sound of jazz is Louis Armstrong improvising the breaks in the blues song of Bessy Smith.

From this kind of voice imitation, all instrumental improvising has since developed. Listen to that sound.

<音楽>

21' 50

Did you notice the instrument that is accompanying the singer? It's a harmonium, that wheezy little excuse organ we all associate with hymn tune. But far from being out of place in the blues, this instrument is especially appropriate since the chords in the blues must always be exactly the same three chords we all know from hymn tunes.

<音楽>

These chords must always remain in the strict classical pattern, pure and simple. Try to vary them, and the blues quality flies out a window.

Well there you have it. Melody, rhythm, tone color, form, harmony. In each department, there are special feature makes jazz, instead of just music.

Let's now put them all together and here are full-blown all-out happy blues. Oh did you know that the blues could be happy? Just listen.

<音楽>

ここまで「ジャズとは何か(1)」

「ジャズとは何か(2)」

By this time, I probably have given you the impression that jazz is nothing but blues. Not at all. I've only used the blues to investigate jazz, because it embodies various elements of jazz so clear and pure a way. But the rest of jazz is concerned with applying the same elements to something called the popular song.

The popular song, too, is a form and has certain strict patterns. The popular songs are either 2 part or 3 part form. By far the most numerous are in the 3 part. You all know this form of course in hearing it so much. It is simple as pie. Any can write one.

37'

Take Sweet Sue, for instance. All you need really is the first 8 bars, which, in a trade, are called the front strain(曲、旋律).

<音楽>

51'

Now the song is practically written, since the whole thing is only 32 bars long, 4 groups of 8 bars a piece. Now the second 8 is the same exactly as the first.

<音楽>

Making 16 bars, and we are already half-finished. Now the next 8 bars, which is called the release or the bridge, or simply the middle part. This must be different music, but it doesn't matter if it's good or not since most people don't remember it too well anyway.

<音楽>

And then the same old front strain all over again,

<音楽>

and it's finished. 32 bars and a classic forever.

1'39

Easy, isn't it? But the Sweet Sue is still not jazz. A popular song doesn't become jazz until it is improvised on. And there you have a real core of all jazz, improvisation. Remember I said the jazz is the player's art rather than the composer's. This is the key to the whole problem. It is the player who, by improvising, makes jazz. He uses the popular song as a kind of dummy to hang his notes on. Dresses up in his own way, and comes out an original. So the pop-tune, acquiring a new dress, changes its personality completely, like many people behave in one way in blue jeans and wholly different way in dinner clothes.

2'25

Some of you may object to this dressing-up, and say "Let me hear the melody and not all this embroidery." But until you accept this principle of improvisation, you will never accept or understand jazz itself.

What is improvising mean? It means you take a tune, keep it in mind with its harmony and all, and as they use to say just to go to town or make it up as you go along. You go to town by adding ornaments and figurations or by making a real old-fashioned variations just as Mozart or Beethoven did.

Let me show you a level how Mozart did it and then you may understand how El Garner (?) does it.

3'06

Mozart took a well-known nursery-line which he knew as
Ah vous diraije Maman

and which we know as Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star or the way of singing the Alphabet.

<音楽>

Now Mozart makes a series of variations on this tune. One of them begins,

<音楽>

3' 35

Then another. <音楽>

Another one begins. <音楽>

And yet another. <音楽>

They are all different pieces, yet they are all in one way or another that same tune.

<音楽>

4' 22

The Jazz musician does exactly the same thing. There are infinite possible versions of Sweet Sue, for example. The clarinet player might improvise the chorus of it this way.

<音楽>

5' 06

Now he could have done that in any number of ways, and if I ask him to do it again tomorrow morning, it would come out as a whole other piece. But it would still be Sweet Sue and it would still be jazz. In fact, let's ask him to try it again and see how different it is.

<音楽>

5' 56

Now we come to the most exciting part of jazz, for me at any rate, simultaneous improvising. This happens when two or more musicians improvise on the same tune at the same time. Neither one knows exactly what the other is going to do, but they listen to each other and pick up phrases from each other, a sort of talk together.

What ties them together is the chords, or the harmony of Sweet Sue. Over this harmony, they play two different melodic lines at the same time, which in musical terms makes a kind of accidental counterpoint. This is the germ of what is called a jazz session. Now the trumpet is going to join the clarinet in a double improvisation on Sweet Sue. And see if you can distinguish the two melodic lines.

<音楽>

6' 52

This business of improvising together gave rise to a style called Dixieland, which is constantly having a big revival. One of the most exhilarating sounds in all music

is that of a Dixieland band glaring out its final chorus all stops out with every one improvising together. Here is that Dixieland chorus of Sweet Sue.

<音楽>

7' 45

You see how exciting this can be.

But jazz is not all improvisation, not by a long shot(少しも ではない). Much of it gets written down and it is then called an arrangement. The great days of arrangements was the 30's when the big startling swing arrangements were showing off the virtue of great band like Cassaroma?, Benny Goodman, ? Dorothy Brothers and so on.

Now the jazz is hard to write down. There is no way to write down exactly those quater-tones we talked about, nor the various snares and grouls(?) and subtle intonation. Even the rhythms can only be approximated in notation. So the much of the jazz quality is left to the instincts of the player who was reading the music. Still it does work, because the instincts of those players is so deep and genuine.

8' 26

Let's listen to a good solid swing arrangemt chorus of Sweet Sue, as we might have heard it back in 1938.

<音楽> 長い

9' 18

Now remember this arrangement was for dancing. In 1938 we are all dancing. That bring up most important point of all. Nobody seems to dance to jazz very much anymore, except for Mambo lovers, but they are limited for those who are athletic enough to do it. What has happened to dancing. We used to have a new dance practically every month, ?? , the Peabody, the Big Apple, Bougie ,??, Suzy-Cue.

9' 45

Now we have only dances you have to take lessons to do.

What does this mean? Simply that the emphasis is on listening these days instead of on singing and dancing. This change had to happen.

10' 00

For one thing, the tremendous development of the recording industry has taught us listening in a way we never did before.

But even more important was, with the advent of more complicated jazz, like swings, Bougie-Woogie, and Bop, our interest has shifted to music itself and to the virtuosity of its performance. That is, we are interested in what notes they are being played, how well, how fast, and with what originality.

You can't listen to Bop intelligently and dance too, murmuring sweet nothings into your partner's ear. You have to listen as hard as you can to hear what's happening. So in a way jazz has begun to be a kind of chamber-music, advanced sophisticated art mainly for listening. Full of influences from Bartok and Stravinsky and very very serious.

Let's listen for a moment to this kind of arrangement of our old friend of Sweet Sue.

<音楽>

11' 17

Now whether you call that weird piece, Cool or Crazy or Futuristic or Modernistic or whatever, the fact is that it is bordering(隣接する) serious concert music.

The arrangement begins to be a composition. Take away the beat, then you might not even know it's jazz at all. In fact let's hear a little bit without the beat and see.

<音楽>

12' 00

What we are hearing might perfectly well be a concert piece. Why is it jazz? Because it is played by jazz men on jazz instruments, and because it has its roots in the soil of jazz and not of Bach.

I think the keyword to all this is the word "cool." It means what it implies. Jazz used to advertize itself as "hot." Now the heat is off. Jazz players become a highly serious person. He may even be intellectual. He tends to wear Ivy League clothes, have a crew-cut or wear whole-rim glasses. He may have studied music at a conservatory or in University. This was unthinkable in the old days. A new jazz man plays more quietly with greater concentration on musical values, on tone-quality and on technique.

He knows Bartok and Stravinsky, and his music shows it. He tends to avoid big flushy endings. Music just stops when it is over.

13' 04

As he has become cool, so have listeners. They don't dance, they listen respectfully as if to chamber music and applaud politely at the end. At jazz night clubs all over the world, you find audiences who do not necessarily have a drink in their hands and who do not lead out the rhythm and carry on when I was a boy.

It is all rather cool and surprisingly controlled, considering that the jazz is essentially an emotional experience.

Where does this lead us in our investigation? To some pretty startling conclusions. There are those who conclude from all this that here in the new jazz is the real beginning of serious American music, that at last American composer has his own expression. Of course when they say this, they are intimating(暗示する) that all

American symphonic works up to now are nothing but personalized imitations of the European symphonic tradition from Mozart to Mahler. From that, I must say that they have a point.

14' 04

At any rate, we can be sure of one thing. The line between serious music and jazz grows less and less clear. We have serious composers writing in a jazz idiom, and we have jazz musicians becoming serious composers.

Perhaps we have stumbled on a theory. But theory or no theory, jazz goes on finding new pops, sometimes reviving old styles, but in either case looking for freshness. In any art, that is really vital in searching, splits are bound to develop.

Arguments arise in factions form. Just as in painting, non-activists(?) representationalists.

And in poetry, imagists declaim against surrealists(?).

So in jazz music, we have a major battle between the traditionalists and the progressives. These latter are the ones who are trying hardest to get away from the patterns of half a century, experimenting with new sonorities, using note-relationships that are not common in old jazz, and in general trying to keep jazz alive and interesting by broadening its scope.

15' 14

Let us see if we can feel the essential difference between the two schools by listening to a progressive jazz session and, you guessed it, Sweet Sue.

This style will embody all the elements we have discussed as distinguishing jazz from all other music, but would use them in a new and different way.

<音楽> この演奏は長い。2分以上続く。

18' 40

Well, we've heard jazz as it comes from the past, we have a sample of what might turn out to be the future of jazz, but we are hearing now is jazz at the present tense, still fresh and vital art with a solid past and an exciting future.

ここまで「ジャズとは何か(2)」

「ジャズとは何か(3)」

ニューヨークフィルとルイアームストロングによるセントルイスブルース

この(3)では、ほぞ全部が通常の演奏で、テキストは最後のほうにほんの少しあるだけ。

8' 50

Ladies and gentlemen.

Louis Armstrong has told me that his most honored ambition is being fulfilled tonight in playing the New York Philharmonic.

I should say that it is rather we, on the longer haired side of the fence, who are honored in that when we played St. Louis Blues, we are only doing grown-up imitation of what he does, and what he does is real and true and honest and simple and even noble.

Every time this man put his trumpet to his lips, even the practice three notes, he does it with whole soul.

This is a dedicated man and we are honored.

9' 42

Armstrong のお礼の弁

Thank you! Thank you!

I'd like to say thanks you very much, Mr Bernstein, and first time playing in symphony orchestra and we can't say ?

判別不能

and

ここまで「ジャズとは何か(3)」

ここ以降、「ジャズとは何か」の4-7 には、解説はないようです。

アラン シャーマンの冗談音楽

このテキストは、Alan Sherman のしゃべくりを聞き取ったものですが、ところどころ極端に早口のところや、一部造語などもあるので、正確度はかなり低いと考えています。

その点を承知の上で、お使いください。

諏訪邦夫

内容は下の三つです。

1. PETER AND THE COMMISSAR
2. VARIATIONS ON "HOW DRY I AM"
3. THE END OF A SYMPHONY

Peter and the Commissar

The story for all ages.

Some parts of it are sensible, some are just outrageous.

It all takes place in Russia, a country quaint (古風でおもしろい), which I would like to say mythical, but unfortunately it ain't.

Our hero's name was Peter, and one eventful morn somewhere between his heart and brain a melody was born.

The song was full of love and fun and Peter's happy spirit.

Though it is still in Peter's mind, if you listen you can hear it.

<music>

Peter's little song was thing of beauty, but before he could play it, it is his official duty to get it approved by the commissar.

And you know what kind of people the commissar are.

<music>

Now the commissar in this story is Russia, but that's for the purpose of discussion. One finds this type no matter where one lives. We call them junior executives.

And the thing about these people is an awful pity is that they forget they are people. They are parts of committee.

Committee shape souls and committee shapes hearts, like interchangeable auto parts. It's a shame, because one by one they might invent something colorful or create something bright.

That's how anything that's beautiful always gets its start.

A single human brain

A single human heart

For no matter how small you or unimportant you are, there is something inside you, that can reach the star.

But these people of the committee, they sit there all day, and they each put in a color and comes out gray.

Gray is a nice color, but not that you have ever seen, orange or red or yellow or blue or green.

And we've all heard the saying which are true as well as wedded? that the camel is

a horse that is designed by a committee.

The only reason for committees for people being what they are, is that everybody wants to be the big chief of the commissar.

Because you get to wear the uniform and you get to wear the medals, and you sit on handle bars where everybody pedals.

And at all committee meetings, people say yes and then face you, yet secretly of course each is hoping to replace you.

And their wheels are always cricking

internal politicking,

they whisper and chatter

but it really doesn't matter

the commissar

somewhere

someone up much higher

whose priority

he is sitting pretty

I'm sure that none of us ever heard

Have you ever heard of sound of a committee in a meeting? The committee is a a very strange bird.

<music>

Well, Peter had to wait till half past noon to see the commissar's brand new tune.

There the only voice said,

"Sit down kid, and have a cigar."

So the voice of the No. 1 chief commissar.

<music>

Peter was scared and his heart was filled with loathing(大嫌い、いやでたまらない気持ち)

for he recognized a wolf in the commissar clothing.

He wondered why the bureau of new compositions included no musicians.

Just a lot of politicians.

<music>

And the commissar shouted

It's a job of this committee

to decide whether the music is ugly or pretty

so sing your tune, Peter in the key of F.

Oh yes, sing it loud, because the whole committee is deaf.

<music>

Peter faced the commissars and timidly presented the lovely little melody he had just invented.

<music>

The room was filled with silence.

It was thick enough to slice.

And at last the chief commissar said,

"That's nice."

The other commissars agreed.

It was practically unanimous,

except the one who disagreed stupid ignoranimous.

Then the chief said,

"It's wonderful. It's perfect, but ——"

and Peter with tears in his eays, said,

"But what?"

Said the commissar,

"You have got some problem in your second movement.

That's where we are going to make a first improvement.

Don't get us wrong Peter, sweetie.

We love what you wrote.

Here and there we just change one little note.

He shouted,

"I got it. it's heaven, it's bliss.

Here we change it, pretty baby.

Just listen to this.

<music>

The commissar said,

"What do you think, Pet. Now, don't be cautious."

And Peter smiled weakly because he was nautious.

He said,

" I tell you commissar. I would like to think it over. "

The commissar said,

"OK, Peter, sweetie.

We'll make it a Bossa Nova."

<music>

This made Peter unhappy and sour,
 because he wanted his song left the way it was before.
 But the commissar shouted,
 "This fact must be faced. We are the makers of the public taste,
 and let's have no talk about artistic freedom.
 Public goes wherever we lead them.

You guys got no gratitude.
 You are all the same.
 You remind me a Ludwig van —
 What his name?
 Oh yes. Beethoven.
 He was two sets for words, when we told them his symphony for the birds?. We changed
 Beethoven's Fifth into Cha-Cha-Cha?

<music>

Now you take this cat Brahms, his first name Yohannes.
 He came here and laid this Lullaby on us.
 Men, it made you sleepy.
 It just has no soul.
 Till we made this Brahms' Lullaby Rock -'n'-Roll

<music>

Wake up!

<music>

Wake up!

<music>

Pete Tchaikovsky came out one day with
 something called Swan Lake ballet.
 men, what a drag (退屈、面白くないもの)
 It was real bad news till we changed it into Pete Tchaikovsky's Blues.

<music>

Juseppe Verdi,
 he made the scene with the grand march for A'ida.
 He thought it was keen,

but we didn't think his march was so grand
 so we marched A'ida into Dixieland
 A'ida in Dixieland

<music>

By now, young Peter was pounding on the floor, screaming and yelling,
 "No more, please no more,
 I beg of you gentlemen, let my song remain in the way it was born in my heart and
 in my brain."

But the commissar neither impressed, touched
 nor moved,
 and they stamped Peter's music,
 "Not approved."

<music>

Furthermore the chief said,
 "You need time to think, so I sentence you 30 days in the clink. "

<music>

They carried young Peter off to the jail
 <music>

Peter was working near the prison gates.
 He was making a Russian licence plates.
 "284 W 362, 284 W 363
 I am in jail, but song is still free
 284 W 364, 284 W 365."

Peter whisled his song just to keep it alive.

Then by a strange coincidence,
 came a veryhappy turn of events
 For just at that moment, ??
 a little old man came wondering by.

<music>

And a little man stopped as he wondered along,
 for he heard Peter whistling the lovely new song.

<music>

The little old man started leeping with glee

for he owned a recording company.

He called his secretary and said

"Hey Mable, I just found a new tune
just right for our label. "

And they pressed the record the very next day
and sent it to Moscow disc jockies to play
and everyone liked the song from the start.

They could tell that

it came from somebody's heart.

Within 3 days the new song made Vladivostok hit parade.

It was played all the Russian TV shows.

Siberian whistled as they froze.

Americans heard it and liked it too.

Ed Sullivan offered a really big chew?

So in spite of the No 1 chief commissar,

Peter was bigger than Ringo Star, bigger than Brahms and Shostakovitch, bigger than
Singalongwithmitch,

and Time magazines plus Music Lovers put him on three consecutive covers.

And one day Head Hoppers' column began,

"Has Elizabeth Taylor found a new man?"

So as Peter reads his licence plates behind those walls of granite,
the song was played at every corner of the planet.

They gave him a gold record suitable for display and they made Peter 's birthday a
National Holiday.

They gave him two weeks off from jail

and Russian fuss was made

and hundred thousand people marched

in Peter 's own parade.

<music>

Since the big parade was on his own,

Peter marched way up in front all alone.

<music>

Next came the commissars, all in a row.

with a big sign that said,

"We told you so,

We knew Peter 's song would be a smash hit,

and we wouldn't let him to change a single note of it."

<music>

Then, came the old man Ivan Skoporavitch the the commissar 's Disc Jockies
whotookhispayravitch all the commissars are marching with music and laughter, and
commissar street cleaners are cleaning after.

The moral of the story is that, in every town and city, there are hundred million
commissar.

Each one with a committee but there never was a commissar who ever touch the star.
I would rather be like Peter, than the highest commissar.

VARIATIONS ON "HOW DRY I AM"

(Solo hiccups by Mr. Arthur Fiedler)

(Piano solo by Allan Sherman)

Thank you very much.

Now the next selection that I composed
is called

VARIATIONS ON "HOW DRY I AM"

It occurred to me to write this
because the composers drink
or at least those I know do
and so I wrote it.

One of the interesting fact about this piece
I conduct it
and most interesting part of that is
I don't know how to conduct
the saving grace is that
they know how to play

Most conductors conduct from a musical score
but I do not read music
so what actually I have up there is a piece of note to me
which says
try not make an answer yourself
In addition to conducting this piece
I also play the piano solo
and I don't know how to play the piano either

so I have little pieces of red scotch tape on the notes I play
unless they've moved them

Or I would also like to point out

Mr. Fiedler is the guest soloist in this composition
that's why he is here

I mean he is here for the one I conduct

He is here because he is here

I am glad he is here

I am glad he is here for the last 45 years, too.

Well that being the case
I will now begin the piece

You have no idea of insane sense of power
that you get
When you stand in front of the 102 men who knows what they are doing
and wag(振る) them a stick like that
that is not the piece yet
the piece actually doesn't start until the instrument starts playing
and you'll know it because
one of them starts playing an instrument
at least one and one hopes many eventually

Thank you very much

<music>

Sound of hiccuping

Merry widow の音楽

峠の我が家 (Home on the Ridge)

カルメンのハバネラ

行進曲?

Tchaikovsky の交響曲 6 番の 1 楽章

Tchaikovsky の序曲 1812 年

You are my sunshine

再び

Sound of hiccuping

終わり

(Solo hiccups by Mr. Arthur Fiedler)

(Piano solo by Allan Sherman)

VARIATIONS ON "HOW DRY I AM"

(Solo hiccups by Mr. Arthur Fiedler)

(Piano solo by Allan Sherman)

THE END OF A SYMPHONY

<music>

That's the END OF A SYMPHONY

<music>

by Beethoven or Tchaikovsky

<music>

No matter which composer or

how big his name

they are good at the beginnings but

the endings sound the same

with banging the kettle-drums

copper

melow drums

between the simple crushing

keep rehearsing

the same

dumb note

<music>

The clarinet are tweeting and tuba keeps repeating

till you gets your goa?

Then all the musicians repeat these repetitions

till you are ready for the baby?

<music>

They start again.

<music>

The classical composer, be a Brahms or be a Bach

when it comes writing an ending

has an awful mental block

that applies to Haydn, Handel and Glynka, Trinsky and Korsakow and other I can think of

the ending of a symphony, or what they call a coda,

I collect some them you will collect a loader

They are actual and factual

I quotes you note to note

the ending of some symphonys

great composers wrote

not too short or long

To give you an example
here is a simple little song

<music>

Now let us take a simple song and find out if it blends well with the end of Schubert's seventh and I hope all's well that ends well.

<music>

The end of Schubert's seventh should be drastically diminished. He spent so long on this one that his eighth one was unfinished.

<music>

You think the concert is over and you are halfway to the door and boy you feel so stupid when they start to play some more.

<music>

When Schubert wrote this he thought this one is really super. Now he comes down the history as a partypooper (座をしらけさせる人).

<music>

I have an urgent message from the wife of the concert master.
Your dinner is getting colder. Won't you play a little faster?

<music>

Before these guys were finished with trumpets and horns, in this very concert hall three babies will be born.

<music>

The thing about this ending makes us even matter is
it is a test of endurance of music lovers' bladder.

<music>

=====

Now let us put the Mozart's Overture to Figarro to the Old MacDonald had a Farm.
adding Figarro.

<music>

On this farmy had some goats, Mozart still had some notes.

<music>

On this farmy had some pig, Wolfgang you wrote this too big.

<music>

On this farmy had a hen, 0,0 here they come again.

<music>

On this farmy had a horse, It had a better end, of course.

<music>

One more time, Mozart, Baby.

And now let's take a simple tune, a well-known Yankee-Doodle and add to it Beethoven's Fifth, which makes symphonic Doodle.

<music>

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. It has been a pleasure to be

<music>

with you tonight, and I do want to thank to Boston Pops Orchestra under the direction of Arthur

<music>

Fiedler.

<music>

for playing all these magnificent melodies including those of Ludwig van

<music>

Beethoven.

<music>

Come on.

<music>

Let's go.

<music>

Oh, Boy!

<music>

They all are great composers. But what they didn't do was to write a simple ending like a porky-pig.

<music>

That's all, folks.

<music>

Thank you very much to Boston Pops and Arthur Fiedler for making this, I think, the most exciting night of my life. Thank you very much.

<music>

=====

Gerald Moore: Unashamed Accompanist

I want to begin by playing you the accompaniment of an Italian song, Il bacio, the Kiss. And I play this because this is what many people regard as a typical accompaniment. And it goes like this.

—Music—

Oh dear!

—Music—

Such a bore.

—Music—

And so on and so forth, ad lib.

But unfortunately, so many people, when they listen to a fine song by a fine composer, take it for granted that the accompaniment of that song means no more and contributes no more than that tiddle-bit I played just now. And the result is that they cut off their ears to the accompaniment altogether. Well, they miss an awful lot by doing that, because the composer of a great song uses the piano part to paint pictures. He uses the piano part to evoke a mood. And he sometimes makes his piano part reflect the singer's artling .

I want now to give you quite a lot of examples by Schubert, because Schubert was perhaps the first of the great song writers really to make a duet between the voice and the piano. He promoted the accompaniment from the vague rumbling of the background or the distant tinkling to equal partnership with the voice. And you can say that all the great song writers since Schubert's time had imitated Schubert in that one respect. They have made a duet between the voice and the piano. And the accompanist, who sits down to play the accompaniment of any great song, takes half the responsibility to the performance of it.

Mind you ! When I say the accompanist takes half the responsibility, I don't mean for a moment that the accompanist succeeds in marching off with half the fee. But we accompanist have mind above such mundane and sordid things as fees. All the same, it's a great regret to me that people, I am convinced, do not listen properly when they listen to a song. They do not take in the piano part.

But I have a much more personal reason for regretting this attitude towards the accompanist. That is, I would like people to realize, well, what extremely important people we accompanists are.

Of course, I know what happens. You go to a concert, and a most enchanting, elegant young lady walks on to the scene. All the ladies look at her, because they are interested in what she is wearing. All the men look at her, because — well, all the

men look at her. And nobody looks at me, and I can't blame them. But, you know, sometimes, the people I follow on the platform are quite an eye-fall. I mean they occupy a lot of space. They float in, and they take their stand in the bend of the piano, and you find, on close examination sometimes, that the bend of the piano seems to be made to measure.

Nobody notice the accompanist at all. If they do look at him, well, he looks so slender, and so shy, and so modest. People think he is just there to do what he is told. To obey orders. To follow the singer through thick and thin.

Well, there is a great deal more to have done that. In these days, there is a real partnership between the singer and accompanist, and I want to try and show you how accompanist contributes to that partnership.

I spoke just now of pictures in the piano part. There is a well-known song of Schubert called "Wohin", whither. And this is the tune the singer sings.

—Music—

Now you can't tell by listening to that tune that the singer is singing about a running stream, a little bubbling brook. But when you hear the accompaniment that ripples and runs underneath that tune, you get the picture, because here in the accompaniment is the picture. Here is the little bubbling brook.

—Music—

And so on, it ripples and runs right through the song. By the way, the accompanist who makes a *ralentando*, that is to say, who slows up at the end of the song, is making a great mistake, because the little brook does not slow up at all. To play it like this is wrong.

—Music—

No, we should do what Schubert wants us to do. We should go right to the last chord without slackening the tempo. So, when I do come to the last chord, it comes so suddenly, you can really, in your imagination, feel this fluttering rhythm going on underneath.

—Music—

Another of Schubert's lovely song is one called "Auf dem Wasser zu singen", "To be sung on the water". Here, you are supposed to be in a row-boat, and in the piano part, you can really see the water rapping the side of the boat as you glide through the water. Just listen to this lovely effect that Schubert gets.

—Music—

These two pictures are very obvious, I know, and could be called just water-colours of water music. But Schubert was by no means addicted to water.

I want to play you now another picture of Schubert songs, and this is a much more subtle one. This not only demands the attention of the listener to what the accompaniment is doing, it needs the listener's imagination as well. That means the

imagination of the player. And it's called "der Lindenbaum", "the lime-tree". In this song, the singer says in the first verse, "how delightful it is in the cool of the summer evening to sit under the branches of the lime-tree and listen to the leaves softly whispering in the summer breeze."

Now, this is the tune the singer sings to us and a lovely tune it is.

—Music—

Yes, it's a lovely tune, but you can't really say you can see a picture of the tree in that tune. No, the picture comes in the piano part. Now, here is the introduction to this song, and I am sure, if you use your imagination, you will be able to picture this tree, you will be able to hear the leaves softly rustling together.

—Music—

There are the leaves rustling.

—Music—

And now the scene changes. It's winter time. All the leaves had been stripped from the branches, and you can hear the wind howling through the naked boughs of the tree.

—Music—

There is the wind howling.

—Music—

I do hope next time you hear that song; you take in what the accompaniment is saying. If you do, how much richer, and how much more full of meaning the music will be. For the accompanist to find these pictures in his piano part and reveal them to his listener, it stands to reason that he must know the story. He must understand every word the singer is singing. I say this advisedly, because, you see, we accompanists have to play songs in almost every civilized language; French, German, Italian, Spanish, Finnish, English and so on. We must know what the words are about. If we don't, very grave disasters can occur.

For instance, I was giving a lesson one day to a young lady who was trying to play accompaniment of a song by Fugo Wolff. Now Wolff, like Schubert, was an Austrian. All his songs are written to German word. This particular song, with a very tricky accompaniment, is called "Bit Ihn Oh Mutter", which means "Beg him Oh mother". It's a young girl in the song singing to her mother, "Oh mother, do beg Cupid not to molest me. Oh mother, do beg the young God of love not to hear I dance at me." Bit Ihn Oh Mutter.

Well, I saw this young lady clench her teeth with a most vicious snarl. She bunched her muscles together, and then she flung herself on the keyboard.

Well, I am very fond of my piano, so I stalked to her very hurriedly. I said, "Just a moment. You do know of course what Bit Ihn Oh Mutter means, don't you." She said, "Yes, it means bite him, oh mother." Well, you can see what a distressing affair

that song would be. The singer would be pulling in one direction, and the accompanist would be pulling in another. And between them of course, that the song will go to pieces. And this is why it is so terribly important to the accompanist to know what's going on. And this is quite the job sometimes, when you get all sorts of languages thrown at you. Some accompanists perhaps a slight knowledge of French and German. I, as you scarcely believe it, have a smattering of English. If the accompanist doesn't know the language of the song, he must search in a dictionary or else get some friend to come in and translate the song for him.

There are many magnificent American singers, and very good friends of mine they are, too. Sometimes they engage with and play for them. Yes, they do occasionally. Often, they will bring American songs, and I nearly always get a friend to come in and translate these songs into English.

I was playing, some years ago, for a Russian singer, who sang a program consisting entirely of Russian songs set to Russian words. Well, I can get along in Russian, of course, but not well enough to cope with such poets as Tolstoy and Pushkin.

So I had to get the words explained to me. I am sure it made a great difference to my playing. But, as I say, I can get along in Russian; I can say Da, Niet Spasivo, Gospoli. And believe me. You can get anywhere on that. You can get Siberia on that. It means yes and know, please and thank you. I love you. Heaven help me.

Well all this is by way of pleambling towards my next subject, which is how the accompanist tries to make his playing reflect the singer's words.

Now very often, we have to play a astuphic? song. Astuphic? song is a song of 2, 3, 4, 5 or more verses, where the singer sings the same tune and the accompanist plays the same note in each verse. It's like a hymn tune. We sing the same tune all through the hymn; we have the same accompaniment, the same harmony. Only the words vary. Well, many a composer has written astuphic song like that. Schubert has written a song called, Das Wandern, wandering, and it has five verses. Now what happens is this. The accompanist gets hold of the music and it is all in one page. He says to himself, "Ah, I have to play this page through five times. Good, I can go to sleep at the beginning and needn't wake up to the end." But the singer is not going to say that. He is telling the story. He is going to vary the color and the quality of his tone. He is going to vary his volume and rhythm, and his phrasing according to what he is singing, according to the words. In fact, you can say, the singer is going to use his imagination. Well, the accompanist must use his imagination too. Although he is playing the same note all the time, he should do something with his touch and with his tone, to help suggest what the singer is singing about.

Now this particular song "wandering" has, I say it, with all respect to Schubert, a rather a dull sort of accompaniment. It all sits down here in the base of the piano

in this register.

—Music—

And it never moves any higher than that. There is nothing on the top of the piano to give it light and sparkle and brilliance like this.

—Music—

No, it's all down here.

—Music—

Well, as there are five verses to this song, I am going to play through to you five times. This is how the first verse goes.

—Music—

In that verse, the singer said I want to wander, I want to roam, I want to see the world.

In the second verse, he spies a little mill stream. I want to be like this mill stream. It's never still, it never satisfies until it reaches the sea. Will I, like that mill-stream, not be satisfied until I have achieved something? So after singer sings about this mill-stream, we try to make our tone liquid and bubbly and pearly like this little rivlet.

—Music—

In the third verse, the singer sings about the mill-wheels turning and sending the water splashing on their merry dance. Here, as we play, we think of the mill-wheels turning.

—Music—

Why, says the singer. Even the heavy mill-stones, with their dull white faces, seem to reflect the dancing spirit of waters. Here, as we play, we think of the heavy mill-stones.

—Music—

And in the fifth and the last verse, the singer once again goes back and rhapsodizes on the idea, the joy of roaming.

—Music—

Brahms

Sometimes, the composer of the astuphic song slightly varies the vocal line, slightly varies the accompaniment, to fit in with the character of the story. Brahms does this in his most charming song. It's called *vergebliches Staendchen*, the vain serenade. The scene of this song is a little tiny village, 20 or 30 patched-through cottages, miles from anywhere.

It's bitterly cold, and when this song starts, it's dreadfully late at night. Everybody in the village has been in bed in a sleep for a couple of hours at least.

It's about five past 10, you know. When, suddenly, the silence of the night is rather rudely disturbed by a young farmer coming back from his work. I don't know where he has been since he stops to work, but he is on his way home at last. I think he is loading slightly, when he suddenly realizes he is passing the house of his sweetheart. At a moment of hesitation, he lets out a yell. He calls up to a window, "Good evening, darling. Wake up, get out of bed. Come down and open your door to me. I want to kiss you good night. "Well, I have no singer here with me, but I am sure you find the piano part does tell the story. It gives you the character of this chap. It's truly rural. And you can almost hear him saying, "Let me in. Let me in."

—Music—

Well, of course, the girl very quickly springs out of bed. She's been in bed a couple of hours. I told you it's about five past 10. She rushes to her window, she opens it, and she looks down on this fellow down there. She says, "How dare you to be at this time of the night. Be off with you. I shall most certainly not open the door to you tonight. And let me tell you. Wo—om—If I have any further trouble, I shall refer the matter to mother. "

Now, although you can hear the accompaniment remains substantially the same, Brahms does something to it. He takes away the masculinity and the roughness, and it now become feminine and dainty as the girl talks.

—Music—

Well, of course, the young fellow can see he is getting nowhere with his bullying and blustering, so he changes his tactics. He starts to plead. "Oh ", he says. "Oh, please let me in for a moment, because I am absolutely perished with cold down here. And the wind is coming down the street and is going right through me. "And here in this verse, you can hear the wind howling and you can almost feel this fellow shivering with the cold.

—Music—

Well, of course, what happens is that the young girl starts to laugh at him. After all, she can afford to laugh because she is upstairs in the warm, and he is downstairs in the cold. She says to him,

"Look here. If your love is strong enough to stand a little cold, it's no use to me. So be off with you, and good night my boy!" As she ticks him off, you can hear her, in the piano part, laughing. Tittering with laughter all through this verse. Just listen to this tittering effect in the piano part.

—Music—

Well, that's the end of the song so far as the singer is concerned, but it's not the end of the story. The accompaniment goes on and finish the story for you. You will know exactly what's happening in the next moment, because you will hear this young

lady closing her window with her most decided ban.

—Music—

While the chap in the street, what is he doing. He says to himself, " Well, I am damned!
"

—Music—

I think perhaps, at this juncture, I want to explain over and above these accompaniments I have been playing to you, there is a very nice tune going in the voice part, which is most important. Or quite important anyway.

You know it reminds me an old story. Two double-base players down in the orchestra-pit of a small opera-house.

As they sewed away, they looked as if they are in a crowded subway, strap-hanging. Of course, they haven't any idea what is happening on the stage. After all, they are miles down there and the opera has only been running about three months. Anyway, this is the sort of thing they did night after night,

—Music—

Night after night, they did that.

One evening, one of these double-base players said to his friend, " It's my night off tomorrow night. Do you know what I am going to do? "

His friend said, " No. "

He said " I am coming to see the show. I am coming to see the opera. "

His friend said, " You are not. "

He said, " Yes, I am", and he did.

He re-joined his friend a night later. " Do you know ", he said, " there are some marvelous tune in this show going on the stage ? While we are playing down here."

His friend said, " There aren't. "

" Yes, there are. " he said. " You know this tune we play? "

—Music—

" Yes, I know it by heart. "

" Well", the other chap said, "there is a wonderful tune going on up on the stage while we are playing that. This is what it is! "

—Music—

So, as I say, you must not forget there is some wonderful tunes going on in the voice part above my accompaniment.

So far, I have shown you the accompaniment painting pictures and helping the singer to tell the story. The other subject I mentioned earlier was that great responsibility

the wonderful task that the accompanist has in evoking a mood, creating an atmosphere. Sometimes in our introduction to these lovely songs, we find we have ample space, plenty of time in which to express ourselves, and in which to transmit the mood to the listener. But I want to show you first, a song by Schubert called Wanderers Nachtlied, wanderer's night song. The singer says, "The whole landscape is still. Not a sound is heard. Even the birds are quiet. Have patience my soul. ? Only wait. One day, you too will find such peace. "

You can say that the spirit of this song is one of religious tranquility. The accompaniment has only a short introduction. Just a few chords, taking a few seconds to play, in which it lets you know the mood is to be one of religious tranquility. The introduction being so short, it means the accompanist must be right before he starts to play. He mustn't gradually feed his way into it. Exact tempo, exact color must be in his mind before his fingers touch the note. It sounds awfully simple, this little introduction, but I would like to try and to play to you.

—Music—

Of course, any child can sit down and play those chords, but the question is how you play them. What is in your mind when you play them? Because, you know, you can't just sit down, raise you hand in the air, let them fall on the keys, and expect the miracle to happen. You have got to think about it. You've got to have the greatest reverence for it.

We look in music for curves. We look for rising curves and falling curves. This is human nature after all. When we speak, we start the sentence low down in the voice. Then, as we get towards the middle, our voice rises, like mine is rising now, and as we get to the end of the sentence, our voice just naturally falls.

In some pieces of music, this rise and fall is a tremendous arch. But, in this particular song, the rise and fall is just a tiny undulation; slightly up and slightly down. So we start at the bottom of this curve, and work up,

—Music—

We increase the tone with each chord,

—Music—

Now we are at the top of the arch.

—Music—

Now we start to work down.

Each chord less, less —.

That wants a great deal of critical listening. It wants a great control of your touch, and also it wants a great deal of love and tremendous respect for what you are playing.

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#E.moore3.txt

Traenenregen

I would like to show you very quickly just a few of Schubert magical strokes of pen, when he was able, apparently without any effort at all, to evoke a mood in a mind of a sensitive listener.

There is a song Traenenregen, tear drops, which tells us of a young lad's love for a girl, of his hopes of winning her, and his despair when he find she loves another. And, you know, we often find, if we studied the word properly, we get a synopsis of the plot or the story of the song in our little piano introduction. In this song, you will hear hope and despair expressed in a few bars. I am sure you notice where hope ends and where despair creeps in.

—Music—

Then for the contrast, listen to the anger and the malice in this song, called jealousy and pride. This is really spiteful.

—Music—

And now Fruelingstraum, dream of spring. This is just innocent and lovely, and Schubert gives you a tiny hint at the end of this introduction, which really tells you that it is a spring time.

—Music—

Did you hear that little cuckoo? Mind you, Schubert does not underline that little effect. It is just one of those wonderful and precious jewels you find in Schubert songs if you have enough love to search for them.

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Schubert can be very amusing in some of his moods. There is a song of his called, der Einsamer, the lonely one. This tells of the chap who comes back from his work and says, " Now I am back home. All I want to do is to get the fire going, put on my carpet slippers, light my pipe and sit down in my arm-chair. I don't give a fig for any one. I don't want to go out. I don't want to go to the theater. I don't want to go dancing. I don't want to see the girls. "

Umm—. What an idiot the man isn't he. At all events, he is just smug. Very self-satisfied. And I am sure this accompaniment will convey to you this mood smugness, prim-bachelor's self-sufficiency.

—Music—

Of course, this little figure in the base here

—Music—

That's where he is snuggling back in his arm-chair.

Erlkoenig, the earl king.

There is a great song of Schubert that I would like to talk about for a few minutes. That is Erlkoenig, the earl king. If this song is well sung and well played, the terror of it will grip the listener by the throat. It tells of the father on his galloping horse, charging madly through the forest in the death of night. He has his dying boy clasped in his arm. The boy, in his fever and in his delirium, fancies that he can see the specter of death, chasing him down the forest path, death of course being the earl king. Father tries to reassure the boy. He says, "My son, what you see there is only trace of mist." But he spurges his horse quicker and quicker until he put up his home only to find that his boy is dead in his arms.

Now this song has a most tremendous accompaniment. You hear in my right hand the galloping hooves of the horse right through the song like this

—Music—

You hear in my left hand the suggestion of the shudder of the boy as he sees this horrible specter.

—Music—

I would like to play a few bars of this accompaniment.

—Music—

And so on it clatters right through this terrifying song.

This song brings to my mind one of the most trying problems which accompanist has to cope, the problem of balance. The balance of tone between the voice of the singer and the voice of the piano.

Because, you see, that accompaniment is terribly difficult to play. When I was a youngster, and came across this song for the first time, I was frightened to death by the technical difficulty of it. And I see the opportunity to see a famous pianist who is going to accompany a singer in this very song. I went to the concert and sat there with the splendid view of the keyboard to try to find out how this great man managed to play the piano part.

Well, to cut a long story short, I sat there with boggled eyes with wonder, but for all my binoculars which are fixed to his fingers, I was unable to find out how he did it. I went home.

Could sleep in thinking about it. When I suddenly came to, in the early hours of the morning, remember there had been a singer. Now the singer was a young fellow, hefty and strong. He had a big voice, too. Working hard he was, red in the face, perspiring copiously. But all I could hear from the singer was, "shu, hs—".

In fact, I couldn't hear him at all, you see. He was completely drowned by the pianist.

Now for some reason or other, which I have never been able to explain, the singers

do object to being drowned. You know, we accompanist can't afford to be like the famous conductor, who'd been conducting the opera at Covent Garden.

At the end of the performance, a friend went into the dressing room to see this great man, and said to him,

"You are simply marvelous tonight. I've never heard the orchestra playing the opera so superbly. Why, I heard this opera some 50 or 60 times during the course of my life, but you did something to the orchestra. You brought out things in the score which I didn't know existed. It is an absolute revelation. It was really marvelous. But—" he said,

"I must tell you one thing. I couldn't hear the singers at all. You completely drowned them. "

And Sir Thomas replied, "I know. I drowned them intentionally. I drowned them in the interest of the public. "

Well, we accompanists can't afford to be quite so public-spirited as that. But it's not so easy for us, because the singer stands, as I told you, in the bend of the piano, and direct his or her voice into the auditorium. The singer, therefore, will be standing almost with his back to the accompanist. This means, the audience, certainly the front half of the audience, are going to hear the singer's voice in greater volume than the accompanist. It means that the accompanist must use his judgment to assess how much or how little tone he dare give.

I want to play to you, in this connection, the accompaniment of Schubert, Die Allmacht, the almighty. This is a great him of plays, and the piano has got sound like an organ. It has to give an impression of a great diapason-tone of an organ roaring to a cathedral.

—Music—

Now if I were playing that song for a singer, even a singer with big, noble voice I could hardly hear her above the noise I am making on the piano. With her back to me, all I shall hear from the singer is a wisp of tone. So anybody sitting next to me on my left turning the pages, he would say to himself, "This fellow is drowning the singer. "

But, if I want to hear the singer properly, I have to play the accompaniment like this.

—Music—

And at once, all the might, all the majesty, all the glory have gone out of the song. More than that, the singer, whether the singer is a great singer or less than the great singer, would be unable to carry on with such a flimsy support as that. She needs tremendous tonal support for the song of that nature, not only psychologically but physically. Vocally, she needs a strong foundational tone on which to lean, to

help her through what is tremendous endurance of testing. So you can see how important it is for the accompanist to give all the support he can, and yet not to drown the singer's tone. Believe me, it's quite a problem.

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Mind you, I am referring now to the concert hall. This has nothing to do with the studio broadcast. In the broadcast, the problem of balance is taken out of your hand. For, on the radio, the singer has one microphone, and the accompanist has another. And there is an expert, at least he says he is an expert, staying in a little box, twiddling a couple of knobs, and he adjusts the balance according to his taste. Mind you, he may know nothing about music.

He is able to raise the volume of the singer as much as he likes and he is able to lower the accompanist volume almost to nothing.

He loves doing that. At the end of broadcast, you say to this chap,

"How was the balance?"

And he says, ????????

" ??????it was perfect."

But, as I say, on the concert platform, the balance is entirely the accompanist's responsibility when he is with a singer. With a violinist or with a cellist, the responsibility is shared, and the string player must be alive to this.

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I was rehearsing, for instance, Brahms's E-minor sonata with a cellist. There is section with the cello accompanying the piano. All the cellist does is this.

—Music—

And the piano plays the tune gently above like this.

—Music—

It's nice, isn't it, but it is quite spoiled if the cellist is not content to accompany the piano. I have heard the cellist sewing away like this, and quite ruining it in this fashion. Well, the cellist is always afraid that they won't be heard.

There is another passage in the same sonata, where the cellist does this.

—Music—

I was rehearsing this with a cellist, and when we had done that, he stopped playing,

"I say, old man, the cello has a tune there, you know."

I replied,

"Well, I am playing very softly. I am sure your tune comes through all right without any trouble. "

He said, "Well, you know, you can't play too softly in that part."

"How was that?"

"Well, old man, you really can't play too softly there, you know."

So far as balance is concerned, I referred to this subject in one occasion in print. I said "No matter how softly we sing or how softly we play, we must make sure our softest tone reach the back of the hall, not because the music critiques are sleeping in the back row, but because if our tone does reach the back of the hall, then everybody in the hall would have heard it.

And, Earnest Newman, a great critique, took me the task over this. He said, "Gerald Moore is quite mistaken if he thinks that we critiques are sleeping in the back row. I would like to assure Mr. Moore that I've tried hard for years to get some sleep during the concert, but I failed miserably."

But I think I must tell you an experience I had when a whole problem of balance was summed up for me in a most wonderful way.

This was the first time I have ever been engaged to play at an important concert, and also was the first time I have ever been playing for a famous singer. I was very young, very nervous, and very inexperienced.

This prima Donna was a terrifying woman. She was tall and stately like Tennison's mod.

But unlike Tennison's mod, she was more, a great deal more than 17.

17 stones, perhaps. 240 lb, if you like. At all events, she was terrifying.

She wore a glittering tiara. She had a long train? . In fact, she had everything, and literally everything. The goad of a great prima donna.

She took up her stand in the bend of the piano, and I waited for her to give me the signal to start introduction to the first song. After what seemed eternity, she swung her regal torso in my direction and gave me a frigid nod.

And as I was just going to begin, when she suddenly leaned across the piano, and she hissed at me.

"Not too loud! "

Well, you know, that rather shocked me. I didn't know the artist talk on the platform like this. I have since found out differently. But, as I say, it shocked me. I said to myself, " Keep calm. Take your time. Don't get busted? Things will be all right if you don't worry. Just take it easy. " You see, I was just having a private hustle with myself. And I suppose she wondered what was going on, because I saw her, out of the corner of my eye, making an impatient sign for me to start again. Once again, I prepared to start. I haven't played a note yet, you see. But, she was at me again. This time she hissed,

"But not too soft! "

Well, you know, for a long time I hated that poor lady, but now that I have got a little older, I look back on that experience with gratitude, because it really was a mastery summing up of the way to obtain perfect balance. There it is an iaccho? Not too loud, and not too soft.

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transposition

Another problem comes the way of the accompanist is something called transposition. Now, some of you might not know exactly what transposition is, but you will when I finish with you, I can assure you.

First of all, transposition is this. The accompanist sees the music in front of him in one key, and he plays it in another. Intentionally, of course intentionally. For argument same, suppose the music in front of me were all the lad they smile at me when coming through the rye. We'll say it's in the key of C-major. Perhaps I am asked to transpose it from C-major to F#-major. I still see it on the page in C-major, because the printed notes don't change. I have to change these notes in my head. So instead of having this,

—Music—

We have this.

—Music—

If you think coming from the rye from C-major to F#-major, if you think emerging from the rye, all the lads are still smiling, you are vastly mistaken.

What happens to put bluntly is this. The accompanist eyes register the key in C-major, but in his brain the notes are changed, and by some magic on the accompanist part, the music comes out in a different key.

Well, I don't want to go into the difficulties involved in transposing. I want to show you how transposing affects the listener without his being aware of it.

There's a song by Schubert, Im Fruehling, In the spring time. In one section of this song, piano gives you a delicious effect of a little rippling stream. Birds twittering, buds gleaming in the sunshine. Here it is in the original key of G.

—Music—

A lovely tinkling sound, full of sunshine and brightness.

Sometimes, the singer will say "I find that key too high. Will you please play it a tone down in F.?"

And I want you to notice a very subtle change in the quality of sound when the song is taken from here

—Music—

And played here.

—Music—

There is a slight difference, you know. A little of the brightness and buoyancy has gone out of the music. But when you transpose it further away from Schubert's original key, this difference of quality of sound becomes more obvious. There is very little glow left.

A year or two ago, I had to play this song down a fourth. Instead of in G, I had to play in D. And this is what it sounded like.

—Music—

Now, it's become heavy, dull and grey. The brightness of the scene has gone from it. This is how unsuspectingly the listener is affected by transposition. Because you may go to a concert where this song is on the program. Perhaps you've played it yourself, or your friends played it. You say "What a delicious song! How nice it will be to hear that song this evening. "And you go to the concert, but perhaps, Im Fruehling is being sung in a transposed key and you were disappointed. You don't know why. It doesn't occur to you, and why should it, that the song has been transposed.

All you say to yourself is, "Well, I am not sure with that song and its lovely accompaniment as I expected to be. I don't think Moore is as good as I thought he was. Whoom. He is certainly not as good as he thinks he is."

Well, this is one of the burdens that the accompanist has to bear without advertisement, without complaint. He can't stand up and explain to the audience that he is playing the song in a transposed key.

It is not only transposing down that can upset the song, but transposing up may have disadvantages, too. Take a song that has full of muscle and masculinity like Brahms' Der Schmied, or the blacksmith. Now this is a weighty affair. This is how it goes.

—Music—

If Der Schmied is transposed up, this is the effect you get.

—Music—

Well, at once, you can see a blacksmith has turned into a tinsmith.

Anyway, these are the instances where the listeners' enjoyment is affected by transposition.

But, talking of transposing, I must tell you actual experience of mine. A base-singer came to rehearse with me. He could only speak a few words of English, but we got on splendidly.

One of his programs was Der Einsamer, the lonely one; the song I spoke about earlier, the smug man, that vomitable smug man. Anyway, we went right through the song in the original key of F.

—Music—

Evidently he found that key a little bit uncomfortable, because he turned to me and said,

“It’ s too high.”

I said, “It’ s too high? ”.

He said, “It’ s too high.”

You see, the conversation is becoming quite animated.

“Well,” I said,

“I’ ll tell you what I will do. I’ ll put it down half a tone. Instead of having it in F, we’ ll have it in E.”

—Music—

We went right through it again. This time, he turned to me and he said,

“It’ s too low.”

I said, “It’ s too low? ”. You see, I was beginning to cotton on the language myself by this time.

He said, “It’ s too low.”

“Well”, I said, “I don’t know what a Dickens I can do about it.” And I showed him my finger. I first showed in F and in this key in E.

Then he saw the my finger for a long time, then he said,

“Have you nothing in-between?”

Well, I don’t know whether he expects me to play on the cracks or not.

Perhaps, perhaps, he expected me to do this.

—Music—

I hope what I have said and played has convinced you that the field of accompanists is wonderfully interesting and varied.

Take my advice when a song is being performed; open your ears and your mind partially to what the singer and the accompanist are saying to you.

End of Text

MUSIC Lbasgm.mp3

ここから音楽がほんのさわりだけ入れてあります。著作権のため、たっぷりとは入れられませんので、悪しからず