

REVIEWS

Mozart's fourth horn concerto, the joy flooded back. Ruske has a fantastic natural feel for the instrument, playing it with woodwind-like fluency, but with all the flair and fanfare of brass. He smiled through the bars rest, he smiled all the more through the music, and he never, ever used his virtuosity for anything other than to serve the composer.

mysterious fables of Hungary, and the glitzy jazz of America.

Mary Miller

SCOTTISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

QUEEN'S HALL, EDINBURGH

MOZART, whatever else he intended, wanted, in his music, to share joy — joy which glorifies, which warms, and which puts us in touch with our own mortality. With Alexei Lubimov's performance with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Sir Charles Mackerras, we felt the difference.

It was as though Lubimov had compiled a document, thoroughly researched, musicologically sound, and full of personal theory, without taking into account that his work would have to be intelligible to others. It made interesting but frustrating listening.

Melody appeared to interest him not in the least, communion with the orchestra even less — he seemed to analyse the relationship rather than contribute to it. But the D minor concerto's keyboard writing is particularly woven into the whole. Lubimov plays a great deal on the fortepiano, on which, of course, one cannot sustain the sound, must decorate and elaborate for the musical line to have expression. While, stylistically, this experience must inform interpretation on a modern instrument, with Lubimov, we seemed to have strayed into the tight and unyielding grip of humbug.

But with Eric Ruske and

He slipped into Mozart's bouncing orchestral texture, and out again to breathe more melody, and he restored the last movement's stotting little tune — this so often so abused — to greatness. Now that is music making.

Mackerras is not a conductor who deals in polished subtleties — his gift is to emphasise the music's framework, to reveal the bones and the flesh. So Haydn's *Military* symphony was more a roistering march, than a precise show of arms. But the Bartok *Music for Strings, percussion and Celeste* he made magnificent; all the composer's life seemed to howl through the score, the rich and