ON THE AISLE: Notes on a Busy Day in Which the Trapp Family Singers Share an Austrian Christmas

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On the first Sunday in Advent, the Trapp Family orchestr hall in time for the Trapp Family Singers, getting back to the season of Mozart's "Ave Verum" returning to Orchestra hall for the repetition, complete with Maestra Lucille, of "Elektra." All I missed at the time was not having in mind some of those quaint folk who think all music comes from the same pigeonhole.

If you really want contrast, try the Trapp alongside "Elektra." It will give you, for one thing, shape and insight into the difference between the superbly equipped operas, and the devoted amateur.

On the one side the huge Straussien score, complex, violent and insistable in its demands; on the other the becoming family from the Tyrol, which lets you join in at the table as it sings under the direction of the family priest, gravely plays music of Mozart and Teldermann on recorders, the viola da gamba and the guitar, and then, in a darkened house lighted only by a Christmas tree, the symbolic candle and its hooded lanterns, let you share an Austrian Christmas.

It is curious how often what we call showmanship is merely instinct for the greatest thing. The Trapp achieved it by singing their alluring Alpine encore before the admission, so that at the end of the concert we could come with the memory of the last carol, sung as they slid under the pine, curled up their lanterns, and left the hall, not to return. It was "Silent Night," and it had the fluting purity you sometime meet on Christmas Eve or freshly fallen snow.

An indestructible family, this. The kindly Brothers crowd longer with us, and the matriarch Barones was no, no father Blanchard was not, and the six daughters were there, and one of the lietl Grandson returned from service, and lietl Johannes is now playing a solo on the soprano recorder. There is nothing of your slack stage chat about this grave youngster who does not quite know what is expected of him to do with your neck when you bow. A delightful one I meet Johannes, who has been awaking for years to marry the triple trill Trapp with the direct brain bar (she has not heard about it) is being completely satisfied with the matter. She was a happy one when she's done.

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I was not a good customer at Rosslay Tureck’s Bach recital, played in Orchestra hall Friday night. It was not a case of liking Bach too little or too much. Miss Tureck has both talent and reputation, and not necessarily synonymous, but a great deal of her playing was pedantic, so that the bright often have been conducting a seminar, not giving recital. The inexhaustible vitality, so a pure beauty of the music, often escaped her. Yet once in a while, as in the all the end of the E minor recita, could she take command of the instrument and audience with sweeping authority. Signs of some variances, these pianists.

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Opera Theater will sponsor the opening night of "The Fiord" and "The Telephone" on the Studebaker Jan 13 and hopes Gian-Carlo Menotti will be on hand to accept the American Opera Society award. . . . Artur Buddin says his well, a vacation, so Vladimir Galach- man conducts all the State Symphony orchestra concerts for two weeks, including Sat- hur "The Pop.

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