

Glee clubs worth listening to

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Music Reviewer

Someone said to me recently, and I think rightly so, in a friendly sort of way that she thought that there were times when it was not necessary to be super critical or pseudo-intellectual (she was, of course, not speaking of me?) about every singly performance that a person attended. There were, she maintained, times when it was enough to sit back and enjoy the event without intellectualizing the experience.

I think that she had a point, and I think that a case in point was the performance by the KSU Men's and Women's Glee clubs in All Faiths Auditorium on Thursday evening.

Everything in a Glee Club performance has a cheerful aspect to it. Even sad songs sound hopeful, and happy songs sound peppy and optimistic. The arrangements sung by the choruses are hardly demanding on the ear, but on the other hand there is no reason to expect to be challenged by the despairing soundworld of an Olivier Messiaen (composing, for example, his *Quartet for the End of Time* in a German prison of war camp during World War II) every time out.

Both the Glee clubs are well disciplined, in terms of the rhythmic and pitch accuracy of their singing, and both put over their songs with plenty of aplomb. If there is a catenary-like uniformity about some of the interpretations, there is plenty

of variety in terms of musical styles to provide stimulation, and on Thursday evening the program varied from Praetorius to *Tomorrow* by way of Stravinski, *I Want a Girl*, and Dvorak.

I have to admit it struck me there was a certain drabness to the medley, *Pearls for Pretty Girls* (Where, by the way, were the songs about handsome young men?) that was reminiscent of the even drabber and more depressing *The World's Most Beautiful Girls* collection by the otherwise generally stimulating Alec Wilder. But this was more than compensated for by the bouncy version of *Mr. Sandman*.

The climax of the evening consisted

of the Big 8 Fight Songs. If you have not yet had the opportunity of hearing the nasal version of the Nebraska song (despite its implications, which are not in the best of taste, concerning the masculinity of the natives of Lincoln) then you have indeed missed a treat. And if you have not yet heard the Glee Club's rendition of the KU song with a "rah" that has all of the zest of a wet dish rag, then I suggest that you make tracks for the next performance by the KSU Glee Clubs (to be given in All Faiths at 8 p.m. Friday, by the way) sit back, and remember that there is no need to be hyperintellectual—or is it pseudocritical?—about everything you hear.

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