
TO PHILIP GOSSETT

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Philip Gossett died on 13 June 2017, in Chicago. At the time, the “Vox Imago” team was busy on working on a new issue of the publication dedicated to Puccini’s *Manon Lescaut*. Gossett had been forced to abandon his role as artistic supervisor of the last couple of editions of the series because of illness. From the first release in 2004 up until 2014, the American scholar had been the driving force behind “Vox Imago”, participating in all the documentaries and writing the listening guides published with the various editions. We do not want to retrace his academic career, which was spent largely at the University of Chicago and La Sapienza in Rome, nor describe his work as a researcher, a true pioneer in the rediscovery of sources relating to Italian opera, nor to outline his enormous number of publications (among many things he was editor of critical editions of Rossini and Verdi), nor even enumerate his active participation in the production of numerous performances. We would just like to remember his work as a populariser, his conviction that the results of the most advanced research should be accessible to everyone. This was why he became committed to “Vox Imago”. That is why we wanted to bring together the recollections of colleagues who, over time, contributed to the series and worked closely with Gossett on several occasions. These are personal memories, far from an official celebration, but they give an idea of the network of human and professional relationships he wove during his life, and his role as an indispensable point of reference for anyone who has been involved in opera.

Writings by:

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I met Philip in the summer of 2000, during the preparation of the great exhibition on Giuseppe Verdi organised by the publishing houses Casa Ricordi and Skira at the Palazzo Reale in Milan on the occasion of the 2001 anniversary. I met him at Ricordi with Gabriele Dotto, then director of the historic publishing house. They were fleeting, unplanned encounters, but enough to have an effect on me, as when one suddenly comes across a public personality with all their attendant mythography. Everything that they said about him was there: his vital, intellectual energy; his inexhaustible activism on many fronts; his quick, pragmatic intelligence; the transparent, direct (and therefore extraordinarily effective) manner in which he struck and astonished his interlocutors; his stentorian, resonant voice; the informality with which he put forward questions and points of view that could be discussed, certainly, but which were much more difficult to contradict; but also the immediate reaction to good, practical ideas from others.

I joined Dotto in the organizational management of the Verdi exhibition and book/catalogue. The committee was made up of Pier Luigi Pizzi, Francesco Degrada, Pierluigi Petrobelli, as well as experts such as Ferdinando Mazzocca, Mercedes Viale Ferrero and Olga Jesurum. Gossett was not directly involved. He came to Ricordi for issues related to the critical editions of Rossini and Verdi, but his incursions into the choices relating to the exhibition, on autograph manuscripts, sketches, figurines and letters to exhibit always sparked off a kind of imaginative effervescence, setting in motion a chain of interdependent connections between visual, textual and purely musical elements.

I came across him on other occasions over the years, in conferences or to discuss details of my texts for Musicom.it, which he read punctiliously with Federico Fornoni, or for one of his essays on the publications of the Fondazione Donizetti in Bergamo, where I had been working since 2001. They were all fleeting encounters. That year I remember a presentation with Ugo Gregoretti of *Don Pasquale*, which was about to be performed in Bergamo, a production directed by Gregoretti himself. Philip was also there, having recently edited a facsimile edition of the autograph manuscript of *Don Pasquale* with a substantial introductory essay for the Accademia nazionale di Santa Cecilia and the Archivio storico Ricordi. From that public encounter on Donizetti's work, I vividly remember Gossett and Gregoretti endlessly pacing up and down the hall, talking about the staging of *Don Pasquale* before the conference began.

It was the first concrete chance I had to focus on how important the executive and interpretive dimension was for Philip. It guided his philological work on critical editions, as became evident with his book *Divas and Scholars* (2005) a few years later. In that publication, the close connection between critical-textual reflections and staging were revealed as the essential node of all Gossett's work on Italian opera from the early nineteenth century to the late Verdi. *Divas and Scholars* was also the occasion for my longest encounter with Philip.

It all began when the Milanese publisher Il Saggiatore commissioned me to translate the book. I had barely accepted when I was already hearing the unmistakable American cadences of Philip's Italian on my mobile

phone asking me when I would be starting work. It was both an exhausting and exhilarating experience. One develops a great intimacy with the text being translated. It is a way of rethinking and appropriating not only the ideas articulated in the writing, but also the mental journeys, the rhetorical strategies, the structure of the arguments, to the point that you begin to have the illusion that those ideas belong to you, have become part of you, have been thought by those who translate in the same way as those who wrote them. When the text to be translated constitutes a sort of sum of the thought of several years research by a scholar of Gossett's stature, the experience becomes extremely exciting but also, in a certain way, troublesome.

Today, I believe *Divas and Scholars* to be Philip's most profound and accomplished legacy. It contains all his fiery passion for its subjects, and also demonstrates the irony that was part of his nature, but which appears at the same time intrinsic to the things he observed; it contains all the experience he gained from his studies and research; the evidence of the long exhausting hours spent

in libraries around the world searching for and comparing documents; the result of all his hard work on the texts for the critical editions, both his and that of other scholars, with no fear of revealing professional secrets; his vivid recollections of live theatre performances, behind the scenes assisting (or opposing) conductors and singers, or in the stalls as a passionate member of the audience, that constantly relates the living experience of the performance and the intellectual mastery of the work. ("My impression of *Rigoletto* is determined by all the productions I have seen, all the recordings I have heard, all the Verdi letters I have examined, all the musical sources I have studied, and all the books I have read.") It took me a couple of years to finish my work on about seven hundred pages of *Divas and Scholars*. Whenever I think about that work, I still hear Philip's voice, which accompanied me all the time, up to the final drafts: his real voice, when we met or spoke on the telephone, and the voice that I seemed to hear when reading his comments on the page, in the files of the chapters that I sent him to read and that he returned in an incredibly short time.

Livio Aragona
Conservatory of Bergamo

Snapshots from thirty-five years of friendship and work

1983: I present myself at the Roman residence in Monte Mario where Philip is spending his sabbatical (he has not yet bought the house on Via Caracciolo). I had met him a few days earlier at the Pirrottas and asked him if he had a copy of his article on Verdi, Ghislanzoni and *Aida*. I want to borrow a copy so that I can photocopy it. Standing at the door, he greets me cordially and begins a long conversation, all in fluent French. I look at him, perplexed. He stops and says: "Sorry, I've just come from Paris." The conversation continues in Italian. I am a young man practically at the beginning of his career and have published very little—and nothing on Italian opera—but he treats me quite naturally as an equal, like a long-time colleague.

1994: five years earlier I had delivered the first draft of *La traviata*, and now the editing process finally begins. I am worried what Philip will think. I jokingly tell him I am ready to be shot. "No, you did a good job. But I will shoot you for one thing: you did everything in ink instead of pencil. We used litres of liquid paper to correct it." We talk about it when he is in Italy, or by letter (e-mail is still a relative novelty). He digs his heels in over one note, indeed, on the rhythmic value of a clarinet note that, the way Verdi wrote it, produces a dissonance that he believes is impossible. "I'll never in a million years believe that Verdi wanted this" (a favourite phrase, applied to Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini and so on). In the end he gives in, not because he is convinced but because he does not have a true philological argument against it, but he asks for a note in which the editor, myself, takes some distance from the choice. It is my turn to give

in. Throughout my career as a philologist this narrowest of victories is the thing of which I am most proud. Shortly before going to press, he keeps me on the phone for three and a half hours, from Chicago, to explain one last minute correction. In the end he says, "I'm going to sleep now, I'm a bit tired." For me it is ten o'clock in the morning, for him three o'clock in the morning.

1996-1999: we prepare *Adina*. For several summers we spend prolonged periods working together in Pesaro, with the help of Tricia Brauner's infallible eye. Many people are working on different operas in common rooms at the same time, but the boss has one to himself. In a corner, on the floor, is a mattress where he stretches out for five minutes at a time (they say he arrives at 5 in the morning and if there is no performance, he leaves late in the evening or returns after dinner). He keeps the door open but when he is focused on the job, he does not realize what's going on outside. For example, a young collaborator passes out, there are cries of panic, an ambulance arrives, and so on. After an hour of chaos, he appears in the doorway: "Did something happen?" At least once a day, inhuman screams fill Casa Rossini: a microfilm has become entangled in the machine and he angrily rips it out and flings it on the floor. In Brussels, in the Michotte Fund, I examine some papers that turned out to be vital to my edition. In the files I find sheets with the identification of the contents, signed "Philip Gossett" and dated "8/67" (when he was preparing his doctoral thesis). I photograph them and show them to him. He looks puzzled, having completely forgotten that he left that trace. Then he turns to me: "Fabrizio, but what have I done

with my life?" Part of *Adina's* autograph is not in Rossini's hand and I'm convinced that two pieces are not simple copies but the work of a collaborator whose hand also appears in a third piece in part autograph. I show the manuscript to Philip. He looks at it for three minutes, pulls out the volume with the incidental music for *Edipo Coloneo* and shows me a reproduction. "It's the same hand that completed Rossini's orchestration and did the same for *Adina's* Cavatina, while the Duet and the Caliph's Aria are entirely his." He thinks for a moment, and then goes on to say, "It is the same collaborator who wrote Douglas's Aria and the recitatives with an orchestral accompaniment of *La donna del lago*." The autograph manuscript is in the Fondazione Rossini, we examine it and of course he is right. The two volumes were published in 1987 and 1990, and since then he has had no way to return to those sources. 1999: Bruno Cagli, president of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, summons me and explains that he is thinking of starting a complete edition of Bellini's works and asks me to take charge. I hesitate: "I'd like to hear what Philip thinks." "No problem, he's here." He opens a door and Philip appears, pointing his finger at me like Uncle Sam and saying in a tone that brooks no dissent: "You have to do it!" (This edition was never published because at the same time Ricordi decided to start a similar project that was stalled for years: fortunately I now share responsibility for it with two dear friends and esteemed colleagues.)

2013: for two years Philip has been suffering the symptoms of a disease that the doctors

seem unable to identify and which he treats as an irritant. We want to organise a conference on Bellini in Catania, think of him and ask him if he'll come. "Let's see: on Monday I'm in St. Petersburg to work on *La forza del destino*, on Thursday I go to Kiev for an IMS meeting, on Monday I have to go back to St. Petersburg. Perhaps I could come at the weekend." I specifically tell my friends in Catania not to insist.

2014, February: Philip is passing through Rome without Suzanne. I go to pick him up at Via Caracciolo to take him to dinner. "Hello, how are you doing?" "Not so good, Fabrizio." I'm really worried: it's the first time since I've known him that he's said something like that.

2017, April: my wife and I decide to go and visit Philip and Suzanne in Chicago. It is tough, although we are prepared. The very evening of our arrival, for us already late at night, we are invited for the Passover dinner. The Brauners are also there. Philip is at the table with us, forcing himself to eat, joining in the singing. In the following days we spend every afternoon with him. Once, I arrive and find him with a collaborator in front of the computer looking at a letter from Rossini. He struggles to speak but listens with interest to our stories of what's happening in Italy, of friends, of the progress we are making with the Bellini edition. I have brought him a new recording of *Adelson e Salvini*, and he promises to let me know what he thinks. He will never have the chance, but I hope he at least listened to Daniela Barcellona, one of his favourite singers, singing "Dopo l'oscuro nembo | il ciel sperai seren."

I spent many Augusts (for a decade?) in the room next to Philip at the Fondazione Rossini in Pesaro. At our first meeting he greeted me by accusing me (perhaps not entirely) jokingly of wounding him by having the temerity to correct a detail in his catalogue of Rossini sources: a small, infinitesimal detail in a vast and all-encompassing list, but for him it was a low blow.

Although aiming at perfection, he was grateful to all those who added useful information to the causes to which he was devoted.

And those causes were always more or less the same, the authenticity of Rossini and Verdi's prescriptions, as well as those of Donizetti (his work on autograph sources of *Anna Bolena* was pioneering).

It is difficult to say which was more important, Philip's deep acquaintance with the sources, his ability to compare them and make them work together, or the hours and hours he devoted to such exhausting, painstaking work. The results are evident: the long lines of editions on the shelves of the all world's musicological libraries.

But as well as being a tireless philologist who

regretted being occasionally forced to take holidays, Philip was also the enthusiastic collaborator of singers and opera productions the world over, and the charming but punctilious entertainer who was able to convey the inconceivable wonders of Italian opera that so fascinated him to all and sundry: experiences he reworked and rewrote from a theoretical point of view in his most recent book.

Therefore, it is not only musical philology that is profoundly indebted to him, but also opera houses and their audiences. Nor can I forget his outbursts of enthusiasm (and sometimes anger), his invective against a language like Italian that was imprecise enough to use the same word—*cadenza*—to mean at least two very different concepts, his short or long periods lying on a desk temporarily cleared of papers or on the bare floor, his entertaining “numbers” from famous musicals, improvised at the table but worthy of the stage. It is difficult to believe that such a mass of energy and enthusiasm faded and then disappeared. He always seemed inexhaustible, legendarily eternal.

Paolo Fabbri

University of Ferrara

...par che el svola: Philip Gossett

I was not one of the great US musicologist's closest friends, but Philip Gossett was fundamental to my career, which developed partly thanks to his example and his help. Shortly after I graduated, I read Luigi Rognoni's book on Gioachino Rossini. When I got to the end, I came across a catalogue of works by “Dr Philip Gossett of the University of Chicago [...] directly compiled from the original sources,” which sparked my interest more than the rest of the book. It was clear from the bibliographical references that the scholar had no prejudice towards Rossini's *opera seria*, usually over-shadowed by the *opera buffa* and *semiseria* masterpieces, even in the aesthetic vision of Rognoni and other specialists of the time. So when Gossett came to La Fenice in Venice to present the performance on his critical edition of *Tancredi* in June 1983, I was there to hear him, full of expectations. I thought I would see a stuffy young academic, instead he was like a firework display, shooting out critical bursts, singing and accompanying himself on the piano. This exciting musician-musicologist was also a great communicator, who demonstrated how important it is to get the widest possible number of people interested in the topics one is working on. His interpretation opened up vast horizons for me.

He then made me understand how important it is to put one's skills at the service of one's colleagues, without hierarchical distinctions, thereby promoting every cultural experience and helping the young to mature. I was at the Rossini Opera Festival in September 1985 to see *Mosé in Egitto* and *Il signor Bruschino*, and one morning I ventured

into the premises of the Fondazione Rossini to find Gossett up to his eyes in staves. He was reviewing the score of *Edipo Coloneo* about to be published in the critical edition of Rossini's works. He was very busy, but he was kind and friendly, explaining, among other things, how important revision work was in order to restore the score to its original sensibility. I have never forgotten the simple way he welcomed a young scholar, as I was then, and if I have become a better organiser of cultural events and teacher, I have him to thank.

I became particularly aware of his generosity when I found out, many years later and not from him, that his personal commitment had been decisive in convincing the University of Chicago Press to translate my Puccini monograph that came out in 2000 into English, despite being opposed by an anonymous reader. Gossett indirectly explained his choice in a review of three Puccini monographs that appeared in the *New York Times* three years later. He had methodological objections, but he saw a critical perspective worthy of note in what I had written.

This review was and remains a special source of pride, but I still did not know Gossett from the human point of view, as I did later in many conferences and other circumstances, including an after theatre dinner in 2004 in the company of his wife Suzanne, a friendly, lively woman and renowned professor of English literature. We sat at a table at Ae do Spade, a Rialto restaurant that boasts an illustrious tradition, because one of the libertine Casanova's boldest adventures took place there. Of course Philip knew that and joked about it. He also talked to me about *Divas and Scholars*, which he was preparing.

With its analysis, performance practice and political culture of the system of producing Italian opera in *Il Bel Paese* and abroad, he believed it was destined to cause some controversy, because he had taken the opportunity to get a few things off his chest. He talked to me again in 2008, proudly, when the Italian edition was about to come out, and he had been teaching at La Sapienza for six years. He had good reason to be satisfied, because he had been able to translate his whole life into a unique artistic and

cultural experience by writing a very, very compelling book, as the unforgettable Maestro Bruno (Bartoletti), the great conductor who shared many experiences with him in Chicago, said. After reading the book, two years ago I thanked Gossett, who was ill (he spoke about it openly) and I'm glad, because my message gave him a moment of relief. *Par che voli* (he seems to be flying), because he wrote an indispensable chapter in modern musicology, a chapter that will always remain relevant.

Michele Girardi
University of Venice

Musicology libraries are full of proof of the prodigious vitality and intellectual generosity of Philip Gossett. Above all, there are dozens of critical editions he edited personally or "only" directed, but which were signed by others (in reality there was often little difference between the two roles). Those who knew him are aware of how meticulous Philip was in checking everything, tirelessly, note by note, and how he gave an incalculable amount of advice and suggestions to the editor.

Philip's industriousness also manifested itself in a "minor genre" no less indicative of his generosity: the prefaces to other people's studies, also produced in huge numbers. I am just one of the many privileged to have enjoyed such a preface. One of my most precious possessions is the around five closely written pages of remarks, encouragements,

and clarifications on my book on the *Barbieri di Siviglia*, in his unmistakable, funny and at the same time witty, Italian. It is almost superfluous to add that he did this without any obligation on his part, not even didactic (in my particular case, he read my PhD thesis after the discussion). He did it purely out of generosity, and for the sake of the discipline of musicology.

Finally, I witnessed a particular form of vitality: I saw Philip doze off at a conference during a speech, only to wake at the applause and pose a question that was anything but obvious, or pre-prepared. Philip's prodigious brain was always switched on. It is hard to believe that he is no longer here. But... since opera is the realm of illusion, let us tell ourselves that Philip has just dozed off, ready to awake, in some mysterious dimension. If it exists, it is sure to have a stage nearby.

Saverio Lamacchia
University of Udine

Rigour, rapture and Rossini

He loved Italy, its music and its culture with the burning passion that lovers feel when their transport is reciprocated. Then excitement and ardour overcome any obstacle, and the momentum becomes a pure explosion of energy. This "rapture" marked all of Philip Gossett's life and work. But it was a rapture guided by a knowledge and scientific rigour with few equals in the world of music.

So much has been written about Gossett the musicologist that I want to use this occasion to remember my friend Philip, who, with the same ardour and with the same loyal, generous, sometimes even anxious, rigour, was eager to share and transmit his infinite knowledge. He also knew how to listen—a very rare gift—and he did it with an attention and an enthusiasm that allowed

all his frank and sincere affection to shine through. I was always struck by the fact that such a busy man always found time (even a few hours) for his friends. He never came to Milan without finding at least an hour for me, an hour in which we solemnly promised that we would not mention Rossini, dedicating ourselves to our common passion for good wine and food.

But during our meetings, which also sometimes took place in Rome or Florence (where we used to go to a trattoria near Santa Croce), our good intentions usually vanished with the first glass and music soon gained the upper hand as always, and our chats could turn into heated discussions about the value of an opera or a singer's interpretation. And the opera was almost always by Rossini. Rigour, rapture and Rossini: I miss you so much, my friend.

Mario Marcarini
Sony Music Italy

Remembrance of Philip Gossett

After reading so many encomiums to Philip Gossett from all over the world, I realized that my experience of "meeting" him was typical. Like many others, I idolized him as the first American champion of research in Italian opera in a scholarly arena that considered this entire repertoire beneath its notice. Later, I came to understand that through his endless curiosity, intellectual rigor, passion, and astonishing capacity for work, he established the methodology for this type of study, a process that is now standard across the field. His work with singers, conductors, and artistic personnel has truly been the foundation of the bel canto revival.

While working for Pittsburgh Opera in 2006, my artistic director asked me to email Philip and ask whether fortepiano or harpsichord should be used to accompany recitatives for a Mozart opera. "I will believe whatever that man tells me," my director said. He handed me Philip's email address. I was disconcerted. Would the most famous scholar of Italian opera really write back to a humble opera employee? He did. Within 15 minutes I received a most gentlemanly and courteous answer that yes, certainly the theaters in Mozart's time were no longer using harpsichords in the 1780s. (Then followed a long explanation about harpsichord manufacturing in Italy through the early 1800s.)

When I moved to Chicago and attended a lecture four years later, Philip remembered my inquiry and asked what I was doing. I answered that I was looking for something interesting to do and would be willing to do anything to help the Rossini critical edition, even as a volunteer. Soon there was an invitation for lunch in Hyde Park, home of the University of Chicago. We talked for about 90 minutes about the edition, its staff, and my career. About a month later, I was astonished to be offered the job of Coordinator for the Centro Italo-Americano per l'Opera (CIAO) to replace Patricia Brauner, who was retiring. It was only a part-time position, but the opportunity to work on that prestigious project with him truly changed my life. Through him and with his generous help, I became a translator for "Vox Imago" and other prestigious projects. A whole world of opera scholarship, in which I had longed to participate, opened up to me.

Through the years I learned that many of our editors on both the Rossini and Verdi editions had similar "origin stories." Philip had an instinct for drawing people to him who were not only capable scholars, but fine human beings as well. My closest friends are now my "CIAO family"—a network of scholars and musicians across the US and Europe. People wonder what will befall Italian opera scholarship now that Philip Gossett is gone, but I can tell you that he has trained an army: two generations of scholars and musicians who will continue along the trail he blazed for us.

Beth Parker
Roosevelt University

For Philip

The numerous messages of condolence after the death of Philip Gossett are the clearest evidence of the debt musicology and music (especially Italian) owes to his work. In addition to his standing as a scholar, for me his presence was related to the world in which I studied, where I was educated, an environment where studying was not simply a job, but a vital part of life. For me, it is the world of *maestri*.

Perhaps it is from the way he carried out his work, certainly with enthusiasm, but also with total dedication and sincerity, that Philip had developed one of his highest human qualities: generosity. It was a generosity that manifested itself in two principal ways: on the one hand, the conviction that every source, even the rarest, should be shared and not considered as private property to be jealously guarded; on the other hand, his constant readiness to accept any request to collaborate.

Whenever there was a need for advice on something important, Philip was the person to ask, and was always immediately available. Whenever there was need of the opinion of someone whose authority was beyond dispute, one thought of Philip, who never refused.

What most linked me to him, apart from the around ten years we shared a study in La Sapienza, were the three editions of the musicological research award, created

with the support of the Amici della Scala. In the three years that the committee worked under the chairmanship of Philip (2012-2015), when the doctoral dissertations to be selected and rewarded arrived his judgment was always the first and the most detailed. In long and careful discussions with Dinko Fabris, the third member of the commission, we were often guided by Philip's work. During this very complex process, which always risked offending the sensibilities (quite legitimately, given the ever-higher level) of young researchers and university colleagues, Philip was always the best guarantee of experience, quality and equanimity. Lastly, in the rush to meet publishing deadlines following the

award, his presence and his advice were often decisive.

During the longest and most continuous period we shared at the University of Rome, at times of almost unbearable difficulties, a word from him was always of great help to me. Looking back, I even feel nostalgia for his legendary tantrums. Furthermore, his angriest flashes of temper had the duration of a flash of lightning, after which work was resumed with the same energy as before, as anyone who was fortunate enough to work with him will know.

For me it is one of the last memories of the world of *maestri*, a heavy legacy, which we have the responsibility to continue.

Antonio Rostagno
University of Rome "La Sapienza"



Philip Gossett and Antonio Rostagno
at La Sapienza in Rome

Teamwork interrupted

I met Philip Gossett for the first time in Pesaro at the 1992 Rossini Conference. I was immediately surprised by his quick, open smile, and in the years that followed, his frank way of being interested in the research of others, both colleagues and young scholars. He condensed it in his unmistakable: "All this is fascinating!" Our occasional correspondence became more frequent as I worked on the critical edition of Bellini's vocal chamber music. Unfortunately, the sources of this repertoire are often scattered between antique shops and inaccessible private collections. For a few years we had been hunting for the *Stammbücher* (albums) still held in these collections on both sides of the Atlantic. I merely followed their tracks: Philip often went straight to the target, thanks to the extraordinary network of social as well as professional relationships he had built up over his life.

A dear friend even more than a teacher, that is what Philip was for me. We shared not only many days of work, but also important human experiences, here and across the ocean. While sadness at his departure and regret for the contribution he could have yet made in terms of expertise and intellectual energy dominate, the many personal memories are just as intense. His lessons at the University

In the last five years he recruited me into two of his teams, entrusting me with the critical edition of Verdi's vocal chamber music and that of the *Soirées Musicales* by Rossini. This gave me an opportunity to spend time with him during his final trips to Rome and, while planning the content and structure of the volumes, start long and detailed discussions. Philip was certainly a scholar of clear convictions, both philological and historiographical. Yet on those occasions, I could see how he could be open, curious and willing to listen. The last time we met, thinking about Rossini's *Soirées*, I cautiously put forward the idea of including in the volume other seemingly secondary materials, such as the version for voice and guitar (dating from the time of the first Paris edition). Philip immediately answered: "I think not, but try to convince me!" I like to think that I could have convinced him... but now I am sad to say that I did not have time to try.

Carlida Steffan
Conservatory of Modena

of Chicago, with their infectious ability to communicate and draw in the seemingly most resistant of students; the enthusiasm with which he continually launched into new ventures; the generosity with which he made his enormous experience available: all this remains, and will remain, imprinted forever in my memory. We have lost not only a great scholar, but also a master of life.

Claudio Toscani
University of Milan