

is no longer well enough to perform these songs himself. Instead, Webb synced up his renditions with recordings of Campbell's glorious vocals, and even harmonised with him at one of numerous poignant moments. There was humanity to spare in the exquisite likes of *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*, *Highwayman* and a mighty *MacArthur Park* to finish.

FIONA SHEPHERD

CLASSICAL

Lammermuir Festival/Red Note Ensemble

National Museum of Flight



Beautiful music in beautiful places' goes the Lammermuir Festival's motto – an apt description for its exquisite chamber recitals, say, among East Lothian's glorious country churches. Equally beautiful, though in an entirely different way, was the gleaming, magenta-floodlit undercarriage of *Concorde* at East Fortune's National Museum of Flight, fitting venue for the Red Note Ensemble's blistering accounts of three radical masterpieces from the 1950s and 1970s.

There was a lot going on here: a setting that was as striking and modernistic as the music being played; Red Note collaborating with young musicians from Scotland, France and Finland to create a gar-

gantuan wind and percussion band; and video projections, too. Thankfully, it all added up to far more than the sum of its parts, in one of the festival's most unconventional and unforgettable evenings.

Garry Walker's conducting might have been cool and precise, but he delivered a red-hot account of Varèse's *Déserts*, with the expanded Red Note brass and wind marvellously volatile, and accompanied by unsettling imagery from US video artist Bill Viola. The new video for Louis Andriessen's thrillingly aggressive *Workers Union* – given a tight, punchy performance – came from Scottish collective *Eggbox*, and its subversive images of besuited figures sprinting through Edinburgh's financial district matched the music's obsessive energy brilliantly.

In between, things calmed dramatically for George Crumb's trippy trio *Vox balaenae*. And though the Red Note threesome could perhaps have made more of the piece's ritualistic theatricality, that was more than offset by the sensual playing (plus humming, singing, whistling and more) of flautist Ruth Morley. A magnificent achievement, in a dazzling venue.

DAVID KETTLE