

[News](#) [Business](#) [Sport](#) [Opinion](#) [Politics](#) [World](#) [Money](#) [Life](#) [Style](#) [Travel](#) [Cult](#)[See all Culture](#)

“ REVIEW

Alexandre Kantorow, poet of the piano, plus the pick of January's classical concerts

★★★★☆ 4/5

At the Southbank Centre, Kantorow – the first French pianist to win Moscow's Tchaikovsky competition – held a capacity audience spellbound

By Ivan Hewett, CHIEF CLASSICAL MUSIC CRITIC *and* Mark Brown

30 January 2022 • 1:05pm

[Twitter](#) [Facebook](#) [WhatsApp](#) [Email](#) [Bookmark](#) [Comment](#) 9

Alexandre Kantorow, Southbank Centre ★★★★★

The world still loves a proper romantic pianist, as was shown last night by the response to Alexandre Kantorow, a 22-year-old Frenchman with the requisite soulful looks and tempestuous hair. Every other concert I've been to this year has had the kind of patchy attendance that suggests audiences are still staying away, put off by pandemic nerves. This one was full to capacity.

Kantorow's reputation precedes him: barely seen before in this country, he is the first Frenchman to win not only of the gold medal at the lustrous Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow, but also the Grand Prix, an extra accolade awarded only three times in the competition's history. In this 90-minute concert, played without a break, he performed a programme that mixed force ten gales with moody nocturnal dreams, heaven-storming onrush and, at the beginning, in Liszt's enthralling *Après une lecture de Dante* (After Reading Dante), a strong whiff of sulphur.

In this mingled vision of hell and heaven it soon became clear that Kantorow is not one of those pianists who make you aware of their dazzling technique. He played the difficulties in an almost careless way, transforming them into pure gesture so they became vehicles of a poetic intention. The fast passagework which in a more conventional performance would be "glittering" here was full of interesting half-lights. Even in the most tempestuous parts Kantorow kept the bass light, which gave the whole piece a thrilling airborne quality.

However there were moments later in the concert, particularly in Brahms's arrangement of Bach's mighty Chaconne for solo violin, where Kantorow conjured an earth-shaking bass and tone. And although romantic ardour and tragedy seemed to be his natural element, he played the lovely slow movement of Schumann's rarely-heard First Sonata with a delicious dreamy tenderness, withdrawing by degrees so the piece seemed to dematerialise rather than actually ending. In Scriabin's *Vers la Flamme* (Towards the Flame) he achieved the opposite, creating the sense of music emerging from darkness, gathering light and energy, until at the very end it hurls itself at the infinite – an effect rarely achieved as well as it was here.

As with all genuinely original artists, you have to accept Kantorow's idiosyncrasies won't always chime with your own view of a piece. The Scherzo of Schumann's sonata had a touch of diabolic distortion which seemed odd to me, and to Bach's Chaconne he gave too much transcendental cloudiness for my taste. But in the main this was a tremendous recital, which pulled you into four very different expressive worlds while giving a strong sense of the single personality that shaped them. At the end, the ecstatic crowd called Kantorow back for two encores, including his own transcription of the final wedding

scene of Stravinsky's *Firebird*, topped at the close with wild glissandi up and down the keyboard. Once again, pure gesture turned into poetry. **IH**



A quartet for the End of Time: this day-long programme at the Barbican was revelatory | CREDIT: Mark Allan

Music for the End of Time, Barbican ★★★★★

At a time when so many musical institutions seem determined to offer cheerful fare to rouse us from the lockdown blues, the BBC Symphony Orchestra has bravely defied the trend. On Sunday, it offered a whole day of music performed in the Nazi concentration camp of Theresienstadt (or Terezín, to give it its Bohemian name), where tens of thousands of Jewish men, women and children were held for months before being transported to the death-camps.

If you think that sounds like a recipe for uninterrupted sorrow and agony, you'd be wrong. The mood of these three concerts was, in fact, never one of lament – apart from a single piece composed decades later, the sombre *Lacrimosa* from the *Requiem* for Terezín by Sylvie Borodová. During the mid-afternoon concert of vocal music led by the BBC Singers, this piece was performed with piercing expressivity by baritone Simon Wallfisch (who also devised a deeply moving sequence of readings between the pieces) and a string quartet from the Guildhall School of Music.

The *Lacrimosa* was tenderly sorrowful, but the contrast with everything around it was a forcible reminder that, for people herded into what was essentially a waiting-room for extermination – albeit a picturesque one in a garrison town built for the Empress Maria Theresa – lamenting was the last thing they needed. At first, they had no inkling of the fate in store for them, so they were optimistic, defiant and energetic. The musicians among them, which included some of the most blazingly gifted young composers, conductors and performers in central Europe, wanted to use their talents to keep their spirits up. They gave as many as three concerts a day, and many of these included brand-new works by composers incarcerated there.

No expressions of sorrow, then, but much tension and foreboding, above all in *Symphony No 5* by Erwin Schulhoff – completed some years before, during the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia – which was performed by the BBC Symphony Orchestra in the first of the day's concerts. The symphony began like some terrifying lumbering war-machine, followed by a slow movement of grinding dissonance, yet under the sheer din, one could discern a fascinating mix of jazz, “machine-age” modernism, even Wagnerian expressivity. It was a minor shame that the over-extended, hectoring finale briefly threatened to spoil the strong impression of the opening.

Then there were the strains of Czech and Moravian folk music, liable to emerge at unexpected moments, as in the otherwise austere modernist *Study* for string orchestra by Pavel Haas, and above all in the delightful folk-song arrangements by Gideon Klein. There was also a strain of spiky wit, which emerged most forcefully in Dieter Gogg's cabaret song *Als Ob* (As If), which mocked the way that the camp commandant tarted up the ghetto to persuade visiting dignitaries from the Red Cross that Terezín was practically heaven on earth. But people needed consolation from music more than they did these other things, and they would have found it in the charming one-movement string quartet by the amateur composer František Domažlický, as well as the aptly named *Songs of Comfort* by Viktor Ullmann.

All these varied emotional tones came back in the evening's main event, Ullmann's satirical one-act opera, *The Emperor of Atlantis*. This was rehearsed in Terezín but never played, probably because the camp authorities noticed the parody of the *Deutschlandlied* (“Deutschland über alles...”) that peeps out at one point. This tale of a crazed Emperor who tries to conscript Death to help him rule the world, but is forced to sacrifice himself when Death goes on strike, was blessed with a uniformly strong cast, led by Thomas Johannes Meyer as the humbled Emperor. The conductor, Josep Pons, and 13 players of the BBC Symphony Orchestra (including banjo and harmonium) brought out the tenderness of the music as well as the biting wit.

And, as if this weren't enough, four students from the Guildhall School then gave a rapt and otherworldly performance of Olivier Messiaen's Quartet for the End of Time (composed in a different German prison-camp, in faraway Poland). In all, it was a tremendous day, which plumbed a huge range and depth of feeling – and was a forceful reminder of the BBC's indispensable role as a musical patron. **IH**

All three concerts will be broadcast on BBC Radio 3 later this year (two on March 11)

Soprano Lise Davidsen accompanied by Leif Ove Andsnes on piano at the Barbican | CREDIT: Mark Allan

Lise Davidsen, Barbican ★★★★★

To have Norway's two best-known classical artists on the Barbican stage at once was quite something, and it seemed from the sound of audience chatter that most of London's Norwegian community had turned out to support them, patriotism not yet being a dirty word in Norway. One of them was the pianist Leif Ove Andsnes, as always sober-looking and unsmiling – like a Protestant pastor in a suit – but capable of real expressive wildness, as we soon learned.

The other was Lise Davidsen, who was all smiles. Since winning the Operalia competition in London in 2015, she has become the operatic soprano of the moment. She's appeared

on all the world's stages, including in Covent Garden's Ring cycle of 2018-'19, and seeing her stride onto the stage like a 6ft 2in Valkyrie and hearing that triumphant voice, one could understand why she's been welcomed as the next great Wagnerian soprano.

When she lets it flare naturally, the voice takes on a burnished edge that's more awe-inspiring than charming. But when she chooses, Davidsen can turn it instantly towards soft tenderness, a transformation that last on Thursday night always seemed miraculous no matter how often she did it.

The smaller, softer side of her art was a boon in the two opening sets of songs by her countryman Edvard Grieg. There's an ambiguous chiaroscuro quality in Grieg's romanticism, as if Wagner's dark, indoor harmonies have been transferred to the soul of a Norwegian county maiden and in the process made innocent and light.

Davidsen and Andsnes caught this innocence beautifully in the Six Songs, especially in the fourth song which, on the page, seems quite a saucy number about frolickings in the hay but in reality had a lovely musing quality. (As with all fine songwriters, Grieg doesn't always respond to a poem the way you expect him to.) And they didn't skimp on those passages where the music looked forward to the turbid world of Wagner's Wesendonck-Lieder that we were due to enter later. At these moments, Davidsen would reveal another gift: being able to intensify her voice until it thrilled us to the marrow, without becoming any louder.

In the second set, which told the age-old story of a girl charmed, seduced and then abandoned, the passions were more turbulent and eventually desperate. But there was still an essential country innocence, revealed in the babbling brook sounds in the final song beautifully touched in by Andsnes.

Then, after the interval, it was time for the proper German Romanticism of Richard Strauss and Wagner, a change marked by both musicians with a startling change to a deeper, fuller tone. The calm ecstasy of Strauss's *Morgen* took on the immensity of a starry sky, thanks to the thrilling spun steel of Davidsen's melody, and the perfect timing of Andsnes's drifting chords. But it wasn't just a matter of being bigger; the musical canvas was deeper in every way. In Wagner's song *Stehe Still!*, at the phrase "when lips fall silent", Davidsen summoned a husky veiled tone, almost unpleasant, which brought an uncanny feeling to a song that can sound conventionally romantic.

But when all's said and done, a soprano destined for Wagnerian stardom really ought to be able to summon a magnificent, immense sound that obliterates all thought, like being in the noonday sun – which Davidsen proved she could do, more than once, in Wagner's

songs. That, plus superhuman control, which she showed in the final word “Gluck” (happiness) in Strauss’s song *Befreit* (Released), which seemed to go on for ever. No doubt about it: Davidsen has to be the next great Brünnhilde-in-waiting. **IH**

Conductor Geoffrey Paterson | CREDIT: Chris Christodoulou

BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, City Halls, Glasgow ★★★★★

This concert of Carl Nielsen’s pivotal Symphony No 3 (his “Sinfonia espansiva”) marks the beginning of the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra’s series of the great Danish composer’s symphonic works. Originally to have been led by the SSO’s Danish chief conductor Thomas Dausgaard, the orchestra finally took to the City Halls stage with late replacement Geoffrey Paterson at the helm.

Not that this was a matter of concern for the audience, whose numbers were considerably reduced by Scotland’s current Covid measures. Paterson conducted the concert – which opened with Bartók’s *Divertimento* and the world premiere of Erika Fox’s *David spielt vor Saul* – with a winning combination of assuredness, agility and enthusiasm.

The Third Symphony was something of a breakthrough for Nielsen. Even now, 110 years since the piece premiered in Copenhagen (under the composer’s baton), one can hear the composer taking bold, confident steps forward in symphonic composition.

The first movement is characterised by the ebb and flow between charming, slow pastorals and bright, arresting explosions of orchestral expression. Little wonder that, recalling the first movement on opening night, the composer's friend Thorvald Nielsen (no relation) exclaimed: "We all felt quite out of breath. Everybody realised we had been present at a historic moment."

Much has been said about the relative absence of darkness in this piece, compared with Nielsen's later symphonies. Yet, in the second movement, there is a yearning, in the beautiful music for strings, that could almost be an emotional precursor of Henryk Górecki's anguished Third Symphony.

That yearning in Nielsen is, perhaps, a contemplative, if not dark, night of the soul. It gives way to a dawn that's marked by the symphony's most distinctive moment; namely, a sudden, welcome intercession of wordless song (which was performed beautifully for the SSO by soprano Elizabeth Watts and baritone Benjamin Appl).

Soothing in its pastoralism, invigorating in its orchestral grandeur, Nielsen's Third has shades of his great, Finnish peer Sibelius. For sure, one can hear echoes of the rousing patriotism of Smetana, albeit delivered with a Scandinavian sense of control.

It was bold and intelligent programming on the part of the SSO to open this concert with the great Hungarian composer Béla Bartók's Divertimento. Born some 15 years after Nielsen, Bartók was a pioneer of the modernist generation.

In this piece, we hear that regular theme in Bartók's work, the interplay between the enduring energy of Hungarian folk music and the avant-garde jaggedness of modernity. By turns harmonic and discordant, soaring and premonitory, the piece is simultaneously grand and intimate, somewhat like the City Halls venue itself.

Vienna-born British composer Erika Fox is one of the great figures in the generation of modernist composers who succeeded Bartók, Schoenberg and their contemporaries. It was a privilege, therefore, to be present at the world premiere of her David spielt vor Saul, a piano concerto inspired by a poem by Rainer Maria Rilke and performed by the acclaimed pianist Julian Jacobson.

Gloriously sharp, yet beautifully nuanced, the piece thrusts itself upon its audience as Jacobson, full hands splayed across the keyboard, sends out shards of fractured sound. Like a splash of ice water to the face, this introduction opens out to a work that is, by turns, exciting and unsettling. This fascinating, diverse, excellently performed concert was recorded for future broadcast on Radio 3. **MB**

Baritone Gerald Finley

Gerald Finley, Wigmore Hall ★★★★★

Canadian bass-baritone Gerald Finley is one of those singers who radiates sincerity when he performs. It's partly his natural nobility of tone, but there's also the fact that his singing is always so beautifully clear and exquisitely phrased. It's what makes Finley so apt for honest, upright characters on the opera stage, such as the soldier Harry Heegan in Mark-Anthony Turnage's opera *the Silver Tassie*, or the tormented figure of the atomic scientist Robert Oppenheimer in John Adams's *Dr Atomic*.

But how would he respond to the curdled romanticism of Hugo Wolf's *Mörike-Lieder*, with its weird blend of yearning, sulphurous mystery and sarcasm? Or the bleakness of Mark-Anthony Turnage's brand-new song-cycle *Without Ceremony*, based on Thomas Hardy? Or the saucy humour of Cole Porter's *Where is the Life that Late I Led*? In this huge, challenging recital at the Wigmore Hall, where he was wonderfully partnered by pianist Julius Drake, Finley had to range across all these moods and more.

In fact he turned out to be just as good at sarcasm and humour as he is at upright dignity. The one area where he seemed not entirely at ease was the one he visited first: the tranced, moonlit romanticism of a group of songs by Schubert. The first of them, the famous "Who is Sylvia", made for a promising start. Drake dashed off the piano part with a winning, almost-careless ease (a quality we saw a lot of during the evening), and Finley

seemed relaxed too. But in the bigger, more taxing Schubert songs, his tone seemed strangely cramped and some notes were worryingly flat.

In the Hugo Wolf songs, Finley found his form, and everything came together. The uncanny flickering quality of “Encounter”, where a girl meets her lover in a storm, was beautifully captured, and the mini-drama of “Fire-rider” was so vivid you could see the supernatural bringer of fires in your mind’s eye. The final song, where the poet kicks a critic down the stairs, brought a proper laugh from the Wigmore audience.

After the interval came the first UK performance of Turnage’s new song cycle. It’s based on poems Hardy wrote after the death of his first wife, when he was constantly reminded of her by the melancholy landscape around him. Turnage’s bleakly pastoral harmonies occasionally nudged tellingly toward anguished expressivity, in a way that caught the fatalism and suffering in the poems – an effect magnified by Finley’s subtle use of vocal colour to amplify the movement from bleakness to protest and yearning, before the inevitable return to stoical acceptance.

Finally came a group of not-so-serious songs based on Shakespeare. The gentle sentimentality of Korngold’s Under the Greenwood Tree, the delicious suavity of Madeleine Dring’s Take, O Take Those Lips Away, the quirky humour of Rautavaara’s Shall I Compare Thee were all a delight, and the self-mockingly lachrymose rendition of the Cole Porter song brought the house down. Here, as everywhere else, it was the total accord between singer and pianist that really told. **IH**

Simon Rattle conducts violinist Leonidas Kavakos and the LSO at the Barbican | CREDIT: Mark Allan

LSO/Rattle, Barbican ★★★★★

The new year is barely a week old and already the LSO has given us something new and exciting: Unsuk Chin's Violin Concerto No 2, premiered on Thursday night by the great Greek violinist Leonidas Kavakos with the orchestra conducted by Simon Rattle. It was a heartening reminder that despite the deadening effects of the pandemic, composers are still able to dream big, ambitious dreams, and orchestras are still willing to make them a reality.

Chin's First Violin Concerto of 2002 was bright and glittery in sound and disarmingly conventional in its four-movement form. This follow-up was similar in the way it turned the orchestra into a magic box of aural delights, with sounds so unfamiliar you found yourself peering around the orchestra to figure out what the source might be. But in every other respect it was worlds apart, the brightness of those sounds only the outer shell of something darker and more mysterious, like a cliff shrouded in dense sea fog. Entitled *Scherben die Stille* (Shards of Stillness), it rose from silence and retreated back to it in a series of huge, overlapping waves extending over more than 25 minutes.

Chin tells us she was inspired by the "burningly intense and at the same time impeccable and completely focused" artistry of Leonidas Kavakos. Those qualities were certainly in evidence here, but "heroic" was actually the word that came to my mind, as Kavakos seemed often to be battling against the orchestra (and winning) in a way not so far from the great concertos of the 19th century.

Chin describes the piece as a labyrinth but, although it was perhaps over-extended, it was never obscure. In fact, the striking thing about it was its cogency, each new wave starting with the same tentative and yet easily graspable idea broached by Kavakos at the beginning, and then leading it in a new direction. At the end, the orchestra and soloist were locked in an ascending spiral of deafeningly intense sound, brutally cut off; a startling close to a piece that until that moment was all about intriguing half-shades.

In the concert's second half, the startlingly abrupt, enigmatic ending of Chin's new concerto found an uncanny echo in the similarly abrupt climax of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony – one of those happy accidents that sometimes make a concert much more than the sum of its parts. It capped a performance of this great symphony that was

brilliantly shaped by Rattle. One felt at every moment the music pushing forward into new regions, and at the same time pulling inexorably back to where it started.

For the final piece, he very shrewdly chose a piece with a very different and much more straightforward narrative: the suite from Bartók's "pantomime" *Miraculous Mandarin*. The three scenes of seduction were sensuous and sinister, as they should be, but with a trembling urgency. One could feel the disaster of the ending in the gathering tension, which made the final apocalypse all the more thrilling. **IH**

See this concert on [medici.tv](https://www.medic.tv) and hear it later this year on BBC Radio 3

The National Youth Orchestra at the Barbican | CREDIT: David McCaffrey

National Youth Orchestra/Edwards, Barbican ★★★★★

Arriving right on cue to shed joy and warmth on a grimly grey New Year came the National Youth's Orchestra's January concert at the Barbican. Since December 27, while most of us have been sunk in post-Christmas torpor, the 93 players of the NYO have been hard at work with conductor Sian Edwards and a team of instrumental coaches. Over a mere eight days, a bunch of gifted teenagers from all parts of Britain have been fused into a crack ensemble able to tackle four taxing pieces.

The programme began with Ravel's *La Valse*, that intoxicating portrait of a dance and a whole society whirling into an abyss, and ended with Rachmaninov's desperately nostalgic *Symphonic Dances*. In between came brilliantly coloured new and recent pieces from Tunisian-Canadian composer Karim Al-Zand and British composer Dani Howard.

What's more, NYO concerts always spring a few surprises beyond the listed programme, and here there were two. At the very beginning the double-basses and percussion alone on the big Barbican platform set up a rhythmic pulse, while the other 70 or so players processed in, improvising on a melodic pattern in a way that led to a thundering climax. At the end, a perfectly drilled bit of Latin-flavoured clapping-plus-stamping brought the house down again.

It was a smart move to begin and end on a high, and throughout the concert spoken testimonials from orchestral members were dropped in, telling us how playing in the orchestra had brought joy and focus to their lives. It kept the mood as burningly positive as a revivalist church (but why no boys among the speakers?).

The two pieces by young composers seemed tailor-made to fit the mood. Howard's *Coalescence* created a picture of humans and nature "coalescing" into harmonious co-existence in radiant harmonies and swelling brass chorales, subsiding at one point to a calm in which the twitter and hoot of birds peeped through.

Even more tenderly innocent was the second of Al-Zand's brand-new *Three City Scenes* (the only movement that could be performed, alas, owing to pandemic-related rehearsal problems). The tinkling percussion patterns were so deliciously silvery one hardly noticed the actual notes were quite dissonant, and the drooping melody over the top could have been written by Elgar.

So much determined positivity could have seemed one-dimensional, but fortunately the two classic pieces provided some emotional light and shade. Conductor Sian Edwards articulated the structure of Ravel's *La Valse* very shrewdly, so one could feel the apocalyptic ending approaching even when the waltz was at its most ingratiating. This was wonderful, but it was excelled by the final performance of Rachmaninov's *Symphonic Dances*.

Although youth orchestras are more often praised for energy and excitement than musical insight, one felt real emotional subtlety here, especially in the opening movement, where Rosemary Ball's melancholy saxophone was swathed in a gentle and perfectly judged weave of oboe and winds. It's often been said, but Monday night's concert moves me to say it again: our National Youth Orchestra is truly a marvel. **IH**

Hear this concert on BBC Radio 3 at 7.30pm on 22 February, and for 30 days thereafter. The NYO's next concert is at Warwick Arts Centre on 7 January: warwickartscentre.co.uk

Wigmore Hall | CREDIT: Benjamin Ealovega

The English Concert, Wigmore Hall ★★★★★

With the Omicron variant wreaking havoc and bad news all around, a New Year tonic is sorely needed. On Sunday night, the English Concert provided it, with an all-Handel concert that positively glowed with rich ripe humanity.

As for those many Handel-despisers, the concert would have confirmed their suspicions that there are more clichés in an evening of Handel than in your average Eurovision Song Contest. Round and round they came, those stately harmonic patterns leading us irresistibly in circles back to where we started. However, while they could easily have sounded complacent, the English Concert made them glow.

The orchestra's leader Nadja Zwiener was especially fine, flinging out the opening solo phrase of the Concerto Grosso in D with such huge force it felt like a triumphal arch in sound. The whole performance had an easy, rough magnificence, not over-refined, so even the courtly swaying dance of the final movement had a relaxed, out-of-doors quality.

Then, on to that crowded Wigmore Hall stage, packed with long-necked lute and two harpsichords as well as 15 players, came the Swiss soprano Chiara Skerath to sing an early sacred motet by Handel, *Silente Venti* ("Be Silent, Winds"). She was standing in at short notice for Miah Persson, whom many of us had been eager to hear, but any sense of disappointment was stilled the moment Skerath imperiously commanded those gusts, stopping the violin's rushing notes dead in their tracks. Her voice may have been small and sometimes overwhelmed by the English Concert's sheer exuberance, but it was always beautifully focused, and she brought to life the transition in the text from storminess to the bliss of faith with wonderful artistry.

That piece certainly had its moments of routine, in the music if not the performance. The early cantata *Apollo e Dafne* that rounded off the concert was on a different level, because it had the dramatic element needed to fire Handel's genius. He was clearly amused by the spectacle of the boastful Sun God being turned down by a mere nymph, trying everything from flattery to threats to win her over.

Baritone Jonathan McGovern had fun turning Apollo into a cocky lad-about-town, demonstrating his irresistibility to any passing nymph in some impressive virtuoso passage-work. Chiara Skerath was having none of it, proclaiming the virtue of chaste independence in a tender duet with flautist Lisa Beznosiuk that may have been the evening's most sublime moment. Pretty soon, the two were embroiled in a furious duet, Apollo on fire with "love", Dafne incandescent with rage, flinging out their rapid-fire exchanges with impressive virtuosity.

Finally came the miraculous moment when Dafne changes into a laurel to escape Apollo's clutches. Not a moment too soon, McGovern dropped his laddishness and recovered some god-like dignity for his final aria of regret, which he sang with tender artistry. From the opening grandeur to this final quiet sublimity was quite a journey, and the most eloquent proof that in the right hands Handel's clichés can become musical gold. **IH**

Related Topics

Classical concerts, Barbican



The Telegraph values your comments but kindly requests all posts are on topic, constructive and respectful. Please review our [commenting policy](#).

Show comments

[More stories](#)

More from Music



The 100 best love songs of all time, from Billy Joel ballads to Ed Sheeran classics

By Telegraph Reporters

31 Jan 2022, 9:36am



Furtwängler wasn't a Nazi – it's time to give this great conductor his due



SIMON HEFFER

29 Jan 2022, 5:00pm



Joni Mitchell joins Spotify boycott over Joe Rogan podcast

By Jamie Johnson

29 Jan 2022, 4:08pm



The artist behind Adele's 'baggy old pond': why Es Devlin is the Willy Wonka of design

By Tristram Fane Saunders

28 Jan 2022, 6:53pm



Neil Young just proved it – Spotify doesn't care about music



NEIL MCCORMICK

28 Jan 2022, 3:30pm

Adele's lucky escape: the elaborate stage props that went very wrong



By Ed Power
28 Jan 2022, 2:50pm

More from The Telegraph

Voucher Codes >

The latest offers and discount codes from popular brands on Telegraph Voucher Codes

[GoPro discount code](#)

[Groupon discount code](#)

[Bloom & Wild discount code](#)

[National Trust discount code](#)

[Wayfair discount codes](#)

[MADE.com discount codes](#)

