Here is a mite to add to the already large Stern discography: broadcast recordings from the Lucerne festivals of 1956 and 1958. The violinist is in fine form, making it all sound easy which is a problem for people who believe that Tchaikovsky should sound passionate and Bartok edgy. Perhaps critics of a historicist bent should not write about such things; to us it sounds like Stern imitating Milstein imitating Heifetz. Imitation is by no means a bad thing, at least when one can discern a progress of tradition or refinement; but if there is development here it seems at best but a progress of blandness. To be sure, here is technical brilliance. But while Heifetz can still be thrilling in his arch coolness, Stern's way with the music seems but an echo of an echo.