

MAY 1976 \$1.50

MAY 1976

ENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, PART II: 25 Years Hence

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HIGH FIDELITY

2001

Music and Audio of the Future

Anthony Burgess...

on the New Language of Music

Isaac Asimov...

on Music and Laser Recording

Ivan Berger...

on the Home Playback Console

Plus:

Glenn Gould Assays

Streisand's Fling

All about Messrs.

Marantz, Klipsch, and Bozak

The high price.

For under \$200*, you can
now own the direct-drive PL-510.



*For informational purposes only. The actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about \$100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

First, note the precision-machined look and feel of the PL-510.

The massive, die-cast, aluminum-alloy platter gives an immediate impression of quality. The strobe marks on the rim tell you that you don't have to worry about perfect accuracy of speed. The tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the JIS standard. (This is considerably more stringent than the more commonly used DIN "B" standard, which would yield an even more impressive figure.) And that's why the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler

drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a turntable should be.

Vibrations due to external causes, such as heavy footsteps, are completely damped out by the PL-510's double-floating suspension. The base floats on rubber insulators inside the four feet. And the

turntable chassis floats on springs suspended from the top panel of the base. Stylus hopping and tone arm skittering become virtually impossible. (Even the turntable mat is made of a special vibration-absorbing material.)

But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

The PL-117D for under \$175*. The PL-115D for under \$125*. And the amazing PL-112D for under \$100*.

None of these has a rumble level above -50 dB (JIS). None of them has more wow and flutter than 0.07%.

So it seems that Pioneer has also conquered the one big problem of low-priced turntables.

The low performance.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
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Turntable:

Direct drive
Brushless DC servo-controlled motor
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ and 45 RPM speeds
Strobe light
Strobe-calibrated platter rim
 $\pm 2\%$ fine adjustment of speeds
Double-floating system of suspension
Turntable mat of high-internal-loss rubber
One-handed operation of controls

Tone arm:

Lightweight S-shaped tubular design
Static balance
Ball-bearing pivot with angular contact
Anti-skating device
Lateral balancer
Direct-readout counterweight
Viscous-damped cueing
Lightweight plug-in headshell

 **PIONEER***

Anyone can hear the difference.

CIRCLE 23 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Pioneer has
conquered the one
big problem of
high-priced
turntables.





DIRECT DRIVE SERVO
PIONEER ELECTRONIC CORP.

CONTROL SYSTEM

ANTI-SKATE

SPIN-ADJ.

SPEED

POWER/PAUSE
ON-UP
DOWN

DIRECT DRIVE
STEREO TURNTABLE
PL-510

Disco use challenges a cartridge... that's why Stanton is the first choice of disco pros, as it is of broadcast pros



"Bobby DJ warming up at Infinity disco, New York City"

Discotheques represent one of the most grueling professional situations for a pickup that can be imagined. Not only must the cartridge achieve a particular high level of sound excellence, it must do so in the "live" environment of back cueing, slip cueing, heavy tracking forces, vibration and potential mishandling...where a damaged stylus means much more than lost music; it means lost business.

For such situations Stanton designed and engineered a new cartridge...the 680EL. Its optimum balance of vertical stylus force, compliance and stylus shank strength makes it a star performer for

any physically demanding situation, whether it be disco or radio broadcast. However, if modesty of investment is critical, then choose the 500AL, a beautiful but tough performer that has become deservedly known as the "workhorse" of the broadcast industry.

If your need is for disc-to-tape transfer where the absolute in sound excellence must be achieved, the Stanton 681 Triple-E has to be the only choice. In fact, whatever the need...recording, broadcast, disco, or home entertainment...your choice should be the choice of the Professionals...STANTON.



"Larry Levan spinning at SoHo Place, award winning disco, N.Y.C."



"Dancing at Infinity"



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Terminal Drive
Plainview, N. Y. 11803

CIRCLE 38 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY

and musical america

25

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COMING NEXT MONTH

In June our audio stable turns its attention to **SPEAKERS**. Associate Audio-Video Editor Harold A. Rodgers discusses **Using Records to Judge Speakers**, and names ten discs that show off strengths and show up weaknesses. In **How Loud Are Your Speakers?**, Norman Eisenberg tells how to relate listening levels to speaker efficiency, amp power, and room size. William Warriner's **The Great A & P No-Compromise Loudspeaker** is an antic look at where the search for the perfect design is bound to lead. And we announce the adoption of a significant new way to express power measurements that will aid in understanding and choosing components. In **John Hammond's Multiple Lives**, John McDonough explores the remarkable career of the man who was Columbia Records' Director of Talent Acquisition for nearly two decades. Plus High Fidelity Pathfinder **Henry Kloss**; some discs that provide a new slant on America's musical past; columns by Gene Lees and John Culshaw; and more.

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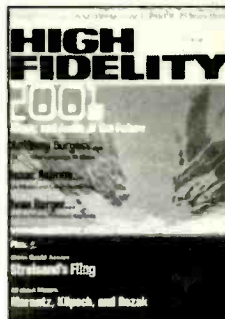
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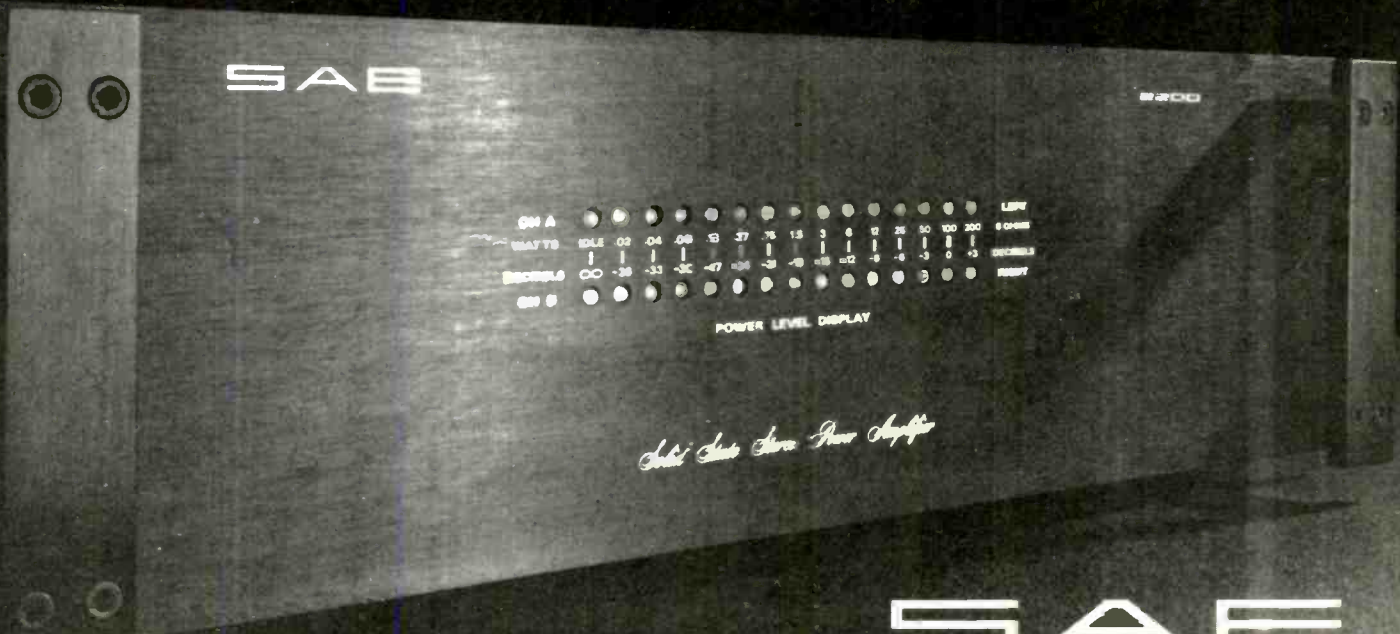
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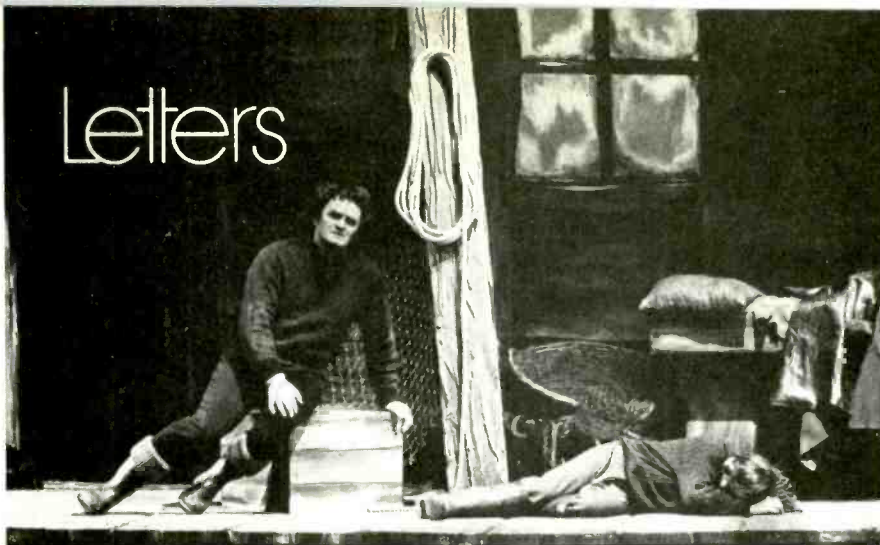
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Letters



Jon Vickers (with Guy Curtis) as Peter Grimes at the Metropolitan Opera.

Louis Melançon

Votes for the Tsar and Grimes

I wish pressure could be brought to bear on Columbia/Melodiya or another major recording firm to bring out an uncut recording of Glinka's *Life for the Tsar*. To me, a Bolshoi *Trovatore*, such as Columbia now plans, is the height of wastefulness, particularly when Glinka's work, as great an opera in its way as *Trovatore*, is commercially unavailable in this country. I know that the vocal lines are extremely difficult; but, if a serious effort is put forth, the right singers can be found and coached. I also realize that a Soviet-based production would use the revised libretto, but that would be a small price to pay to have the music.

Barry Frauman
Chicago, Ill.

Although no mid-twentieth-century opera is more certain of a place in the standard repertory than Britten's *Peter Grimes*, and no artist is ever likely to surpass Jon Vickers as its protagonist, it seems that his interpretation, like De Reszke's Siegfried, is destined to pass into legend. Before that happens, I ask HIGH FIDELITY to supply its readers with the address of the manager of the classical division of Philips Records, in the hope that public demand will promote a prospective recording of the Jon Vickers/Colin Davis *Grimes* from the status of doubtful commercial venture to that of solemn cultural obligation. As Grimes puts it, they listen to money.

A. C. Hall
Dallas, Tex.

Philips' classical a&R director, Erik Smith, is headquartered in London. The address is: Phonogram Ltd., Stanhope House, Stanhope Place, London W2 2HH, England.

Berman

I was very pleased to read the January article on the Russian pianist Lazar Berman. It has been over a decade since I acquired my first Berman recording, and I have long awaited the chance of hearing him in recital.

I must correct an error in fact made by Berman himself! He stated that, at the time of the interview, he had never recorded with orchestra. I possess a 10-inch mono recording of a concerto for piano and orchestra in A major, Op. 12, by a certain M.

Partshaladze (born 1924). The performers are Lazar Berman and the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by E. Svetlanov.

For your information, I have appended a sort of discography containing all the Berman albums I have managed to procure over the past few years. This does not claim to be exhaustive. I have seen reference to a recording of the Liszt sonata with Berman on the English Saga label, but it is not included, as I have never seen a copy for myself. All of the following discs, including the Monitor reissue, were recorded by Melodiya.

- D 08009/10—Rachmaninoff: Moments musicaux, Op. 16; Scriabin: Fantasy, Op. 28; Chopin: Etude, Op. 25, No. 10; Debussy: Etude pour les huit doigts; Ravel: Ondine.
- D 08677/8—Scriabin: Etudes, Op. 42; Ravel: Jeux d'eau; Liszt: Funérailles, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 9.
- D 012511/2—Liszt: Transcendental Etudes Nos. 1-9.
- D 012513/4—Liszt: Transcendental Etudes Nos. 10-12, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3, Spanish Rhapsody.
- D 016151/2—Schumann: Sonata, Op. 22, "Warum" and "Traumeswirren" from Fantasiestücke; Schubert-Liszt: Songs.
- D 16655/6—Partshaladze: Concerto, Op. 12 (the recording described above).
- Monitor MCS 2135—Prokofiev: Toccata, Op. 11; Jongen: Campeador (with performances by Ashkenazy and Shtarkman).

Tom D. E. Deacon
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The new Berman releases from Columbia and Deutsche Grammophon are reviewed in this issue.

Happy Anniversary

Congratulations to the staff of HIGH FIDELITY on the occasion of the magazine's twenty-fifth anniversary, and thank you for many years of reading pleasure and information. I have read and kept all issues of HIGH FIDELITY since June 1955.

The over-all excellence of the magazine has been maintained despite changes in staff and ownership. It is interesting to note that staff members whose names appear in my first 1955 issue are still active in one capacity or another: R. D. Darrell (and his abiding interest in open-reel tape, for which

I am also grateful), Alfred Frankenstein, Roy Lindstrom, Robert C. Marsh, and Warren Syer.

Here's to many more successful years.

Nat Taverna
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Additions and Corrections

In her February review of Salvatore Accardo's DG set of the six Paganini violin concertos, Shirley Fleming says that the Mompellio reconstruction of No. 5 was "introduced in Vienna in 1959; it has not been previously recorded, as far as I know."

That premiere was in Siena, not Vienna, by the Accademia Musicale Chigiana under the baton of Luciano Rosada, with Franco Gulli as soloist. The first recording of the concerto was made by Gulli and Rosada for American Decca (DL 710081, deleted but subsequently reissued by Musical Heritage Society on DRM 110). The interpretation is beautifully realized and suggests that Gulli is "to the manner born."

Jay W. Beatty
Arlington Heights, Ill.

Gene Lees is mistaken in stating [February] that, prior to his recent collaboration with Tony Bennett, Bill Evans "has never before been heard on record as accompanist to a singer." One of the finest jazz vocal albums in my collection is that of Evans and the Swedish singer/actress Monica Zetterlund, recorded in Ormon Beach, Florida, on March 14, 1964. For some reason, this outstanding record has never been released in its country of origin, but it is still available in many European countries on the Philips label (08222 PL).

Warren G. Harris
New York, N.Y.

It was interesting to note that in his January review of the London recording of Dallapiccola's *Il Prigioniero* Patrick J. Smith mentions that *Volo di notte* is based on a French short story but does not mention that *Il Prigioniero* itself is based on Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's *La Torture par d'espérance*. How much Dallapiccola's making the prisoner a Flemish soldier rather than a Jew was due to his wish to make the basis for the prisoner's hope more concrete and how much was due to the political situation in Italy at the time the opera was conceived is something only Dallapiccola could have answered.

William G. Susling Jr.
Alexandria, Va.

There seems to be some faulty recollection in the first paragraph of Martin Mayer's "What's Next for Goddard Lieberson?" [December]. Among the works listed as some that "Lieberson was the first to record" are Mahler's Second Symphony and Debussy's Sonata for Flute, Harp, and Viola. The Mahler reference I assume should have been the First Symphony, which Columbia recorded with Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony. (The Second, curiously, was first waxed by the Minneapolis Symphony under Ormandy, for Victor.) The Debussy sonata was first recorded by Marcel Moyse and Lily Laskine—twice, neither time under Lieberson's auspices.

David Wilson
Carmel, Calif.

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With products like the new 15T, no company could keep a low profile for long—by any measure, it's a magnificent transducer system, with imposing proportions and classic lines that only hint at the performance within.

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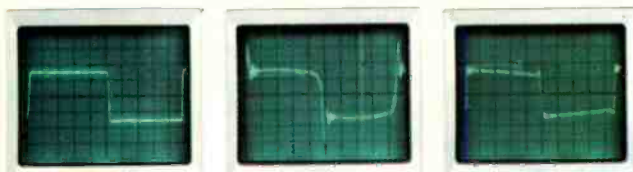
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The name may be long — **Close-Loop Dual Capstan Tape Drive** — but the concept is simple: one capstan is just an extension of the motor shaft itself (the other connects through a belt-drive inertia fly-wheel). Gone are the intervening gears that can often impair optimum operating reliability as well as speed accuracy. The result — almost nonexistent wow and flutter — a mere 0.02% @ 15 ips.

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Source
After Recording*

Source Through
Phase Compensator*

Ideally, what you want on recorded tape is a "mirror image" of the original signal. No more. No less. Problem: the very nature of the recording process causes phase distortion. Solution: during playback, Sony's exclusive Phase Compensator Circuit compensates for phase distortion. Result: sound quality that's virtually identical to the original source. (REFER TO OSCILLOSCOPE READINGS.)

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This means you can lay down two individually recorded tracks in perfect synchronization with each other. Record head has playback-monitor function in record mode. This eliminates time lag that occurs when monitoring through playback head. Thus both tracks can be first generation, keeping noise levels at minimum. Flashing **Standby Signal** alerts you that the unrecorded channel is record-ready. And **Punch-In Record** puts you into record mode instantly, without stopping tape.

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Introducing an evolutionary idea. The New Empire 698 Turntable

Great ideas never change radically.

Instead, they are constantly being refined to become more relevant with time.

So it has been with Empire turntables. Our latest model, 698, is no exception. Basically, it's still the uncomplicated, belt-driven turntable we've been making for 15 years. A classic.

What we're introducing is improved performance.

The lower mass tone arm, electronic cueing, quieting circuitry and automatic arm lift are all very new.

The rest is history.

The Tonearm

The new 698 arm moves effortlessly on 32 jeweled, sapphire bearings. Vertical and horizontal bearing friction is a mere 0.001 gram, 4 times less than it would be on conventional steel bearings. It is impervious to drag. Only the calibrated anti-skating and tracking force you select control its movement.

The new aluminum tubular arm, dramatically reduced in mass, responds instantly to the slightest variation of a record's movement. Even the abrupt changes of a warped disc are quickly absorbed.

The Motor

A self-cooling, hysteresis synchronous motor drives the platter with

enough torque to reach full speed in one third of a revolution. It contributes to the almost immeasurable 0.04% average wow and flutter value in our specifications. More important, it's built to last.

The Drive Belt

Every turntable is approved only when zero error is achieved in its speed accuracy. To prevent any variations of speed we grind each belt to within one ten thousandth of an inch thickness.

The Platter

Every two piece, 7 lb., 3 inch thick, die cast aluminum platter is dynamically balanced. Once in motion, it acts as a massive flywheel to assure specified wow and flutter value even with the voltage varied from 105 to 127 volts AC.

The Main Bearing

The stainless steel shaft extending from the platter is aged, by alternate exposures to extreme high and low temperatures preventing it from ever warping. The tip is

then precision ground and polished before lapping it into two oilite, self-lubricating bearings, reducing friction and reducing rumble to one of the lowest figures ever measured in a professional turntable: -68 dB CBS ARII..

The Controls

Electronic cueing has been added to the 698 to raise and lower the tone arm at your slightest touch. Simple plug-in integrated circuitry raises the tone arm automatically when power is turned off.

A see-through anti skating adjustment provides the necessary force for the horizontal plane. It is micrometer calibrated to eliminate channel imbalance and unnecessary record wear.

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A new silicon photocell sensor has been added to automatically lift the arm at the end of a record.

New quieting circuitry has also been added. Now, even with the amplifier volume turned up, you can switch the 698 on or off without a "pop" sound to blow out your woofers.

At Empire we make only one model turntable, the 698. With proper maintenance and care the chances are very good it will be the only one you'll ever need.

EMPIRE



The Empire 698 Turntable

Suggested retail price \$400.00

For more information write:
EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP.
Garden City, New York, 11530.

Music in the Air

by John Culshaw

IF IT IS your miserable lot, as it is mine, to do a great deal of long-distance flying, you will be quite familiar with the additional torture—additional, that is, to total boredom—provided by something called “in-flight entertainment,” for which the airlines have the sadistic audacity to make a charge. Do not pretend there is any escape, short of an alcoholic stupor or perhaps a sleeping pill, for even if you refuse to lease their wretched headphones it is, I swear, utterly impossible to read a book while a soundless movie flickers away a few yards from your nose.

Since the movies are uniformly dreadful, you have the option of listening to various audio channels. Having just completed a 'round-the-world trip, I can confirm that the audio channels are equally uniformly dreadful. Quite apart from what the aircraft was doing, and what it was doing was fairly disagreeable. I was unnerved about two hours out of San Francisco when I turned on the classical audio channel in time to hear its

commentator invite me to “sit back and relax in the calm serenity of this great concerto.” What might it be, I thought in the seconds that passed before it started. Mozart K. 488? Beethoven's No. 4? Schumann? At which point all hell broke loose with the opening of Brahms's No. 1, in D minor. If that is calm serenity—and, by the way, what sort of serenity is uncalm?—then so is a 747's takeoff.

I have never managed to discover exactly what kind of audio equipment the airlines use. It is clearly a deadly secret, for if it ever breaks down there seems to be no in-flight means of putting it right again, which leads me to think it is somehow connected with that sinister black box in the tail that records everything that goes on during a flight and is the only object likely to survive a crash in which everything else, human or mechanical, is eliminated. But no matter where it is located, I think it has to be some form of tape cartridge, simply because of the bizarre interruptions and restarts that occur in anything of symphonic

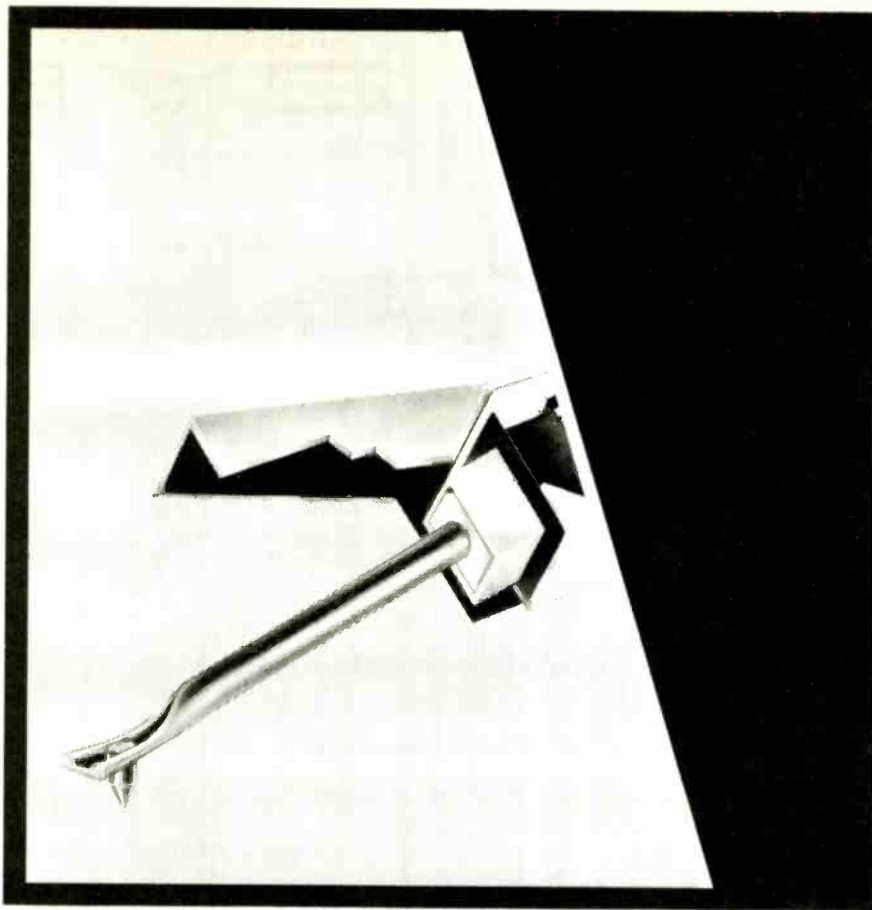
length—unless of course there is a thoroughly unmusical little man hidden somewhere on board whose sole job it is to slice through masterpieces in midmeasure, preferably in mid-note. This, frankly, bewilders me. Why doesn't he ply his trade on one of those ninety-minute movies rather than always on a forty-minute symphony?

In my experience the classical selections are relentlessly middle-of-the-road, which is, I suppose, a policy designed to keep passengers cheerful. It aligns with the policy of not showing disaster movies—especially aircraft disaster movies—while careering about the sky at 35,000 feet. Yet even with interruptions I imagine that the average classically inclined passenger might enjoy something slightly more substantial than the offerings on the endlessly repeated tape loop during a recent transatlantic flight, which consisted of “The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba,” from Handel's *Solomon*, “*O patria mia*” from *Aida*, Rachmaninoff's *Paganini Rhapsody*, and Tchai-

For those acquainted with the world of recordings over the past two decades, John Culshaw, whose first column for *HF* appears above, will need no introduction. For others, here are some facts: Mr. Culshaw was born in England and taught himself music while serving in the RAF during World War II. He joined British Decca (American London) as a record producer in 1946, and after a brief stint with Capitol in the mid-Fifties was named manager of Decca's Classical Recordings Division in 1956, a position he held until 1967. During this period, he produced many distinguished recordings, among them the first complete Ring cycle of Richard Wagner, Britten's *War Requiem*, all of Kirsten Flagstad's records from 1956 until her death, all of Clifford Curzon's records, Strauss's *Elektra* with Birgit Nilsson in the title role, and the Bernstein/Vienna Philharmonic *Rosenkavalier*. Mr. Culshaw early established a reputation as a pacesetter—Das

Rheingold (made in 1958) practically created the art of stereo opera production, and the producer's innovative hand was even more strongly felt in the sonic ambience and special effects of the later Ring operas and the controversial *Elektra* (1967). From 1967-75 he was head of music for BBC-TV, producing Britten's operas *Peter Grimes* and *Owen Wingrave* for television and directing the cameras for the United Nations birthday concerts in 1974 and 1975. Among the distinctions conferred on him are a pair of medals from the Vienna Philharmonic and an OBE (Order of the British Empire) from his Queen. And Mr. Culshaw finds time to write too, a fact that readers of *Ring Resounding* (Viking, 1967)—all about how Wagner's epic drama was subdued in the recording studio—will not need reminding of; by the time this appears in print, his new book, *Reflections on Wagner's Ring*, should also have been issued by the same publisher.





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kovsky's 1812, interspersed with the kind of patronizing introductions that went out of fashion on radio at least thirty years ago.

Well, you may say, you don't have to watch the movie or listen to an audio channel, and if you can't read a book while the movie is on you can always close your eyes and try to sleep. Indisputably true, though difficult. But there is another form of musical torture that you cannot escape at all: the Muzak that most airlines insist on playing prior to and during takeoffs and landings. Even the airlines admit that these are the most hazardous moments in any flight, and the theory behind the playing of Muzak is that it helps passengers to relax. Now on this point I am prepared, although reluctantly, to be outvoted by a majority; but all I can say for myself is that as soon as the Muzak comes on I change in an instant from a calm, law-abiding, taxpaying citizen to a gibbering monster whose instincts are to break every rule in the book by demanding a strong drink before takeoff, assaulting the stewardess if she does not instantly provide one, and donning my life jacket and inflating it while lighting a large cigar in the No Smoking section. But I shall have to do better than that to rid us of this pestilence, and the truth is that I have run out of ideas.

The point is that I like takeoffs and landings, because they are the only interesting events in any flight: I like to try to guess the moment of liftoff and to estimate during the final approach whether what is about to happen will be a proper landing or what we called, in my RAF days, an "arrival." Now you cannot possibly concentrate on such profound issues to the accompaniment of "Over the Rainbow" gushing out with massive wow and flutter.

My own worst experience came about last year in Australia when, immediately prior to landing somewhere or other, the captain warned about bad weather on the approach. He had scarcely finished his speech when the aircraft started behaving like a demented bronco, at which point they switched on (and I joke not) some organ music. The instant image was irresistible, and I'll bet it wasn't only in my mind: It was that suddenly, up front, all those marvelous electronic controls and flashing lights and dials had been replaced by an organ console complete with pedals, upon which the captain was playing a mad toccata as we hurtled to our doom. Fellow passengers, is there *nothing* we can do?

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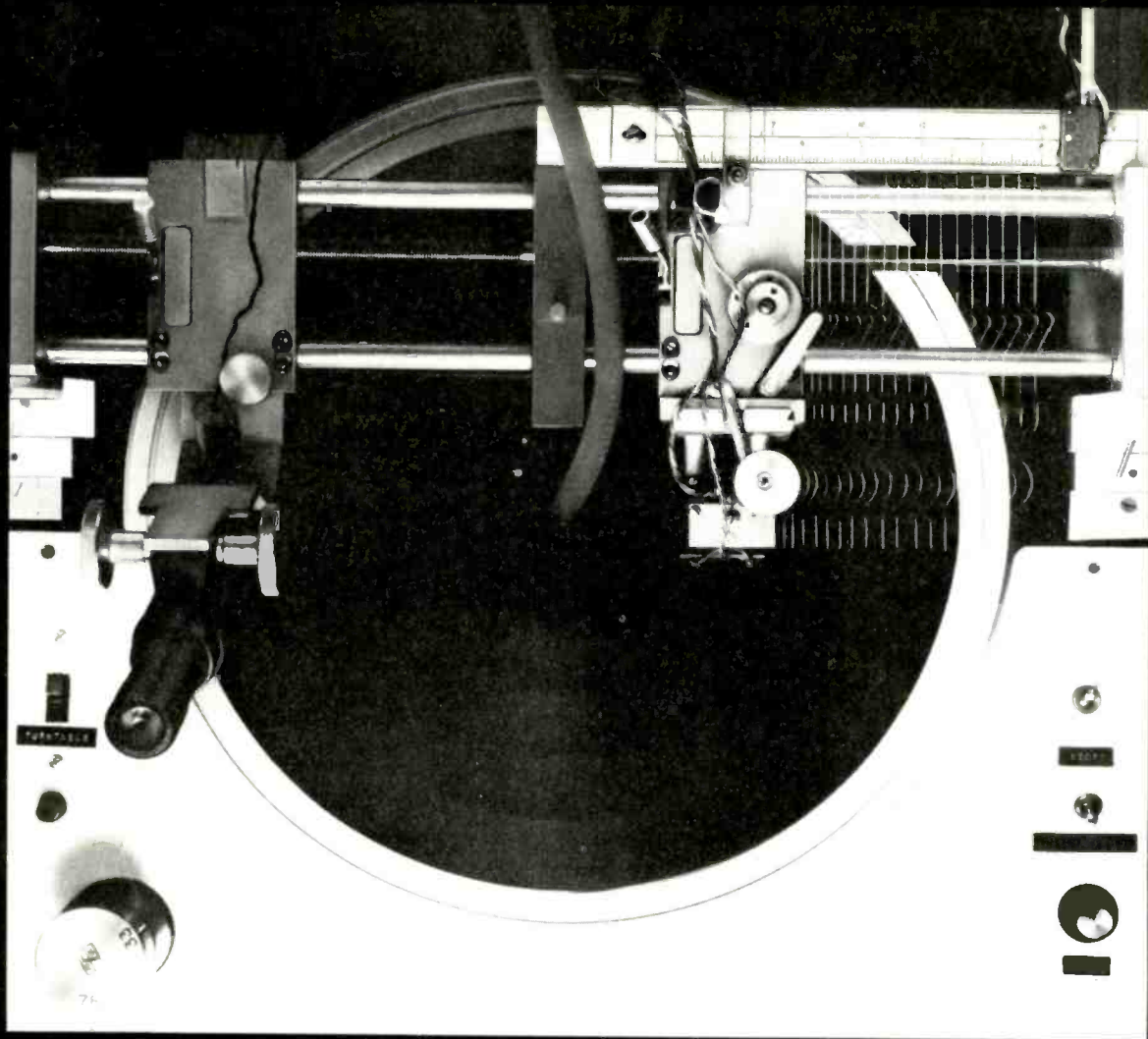
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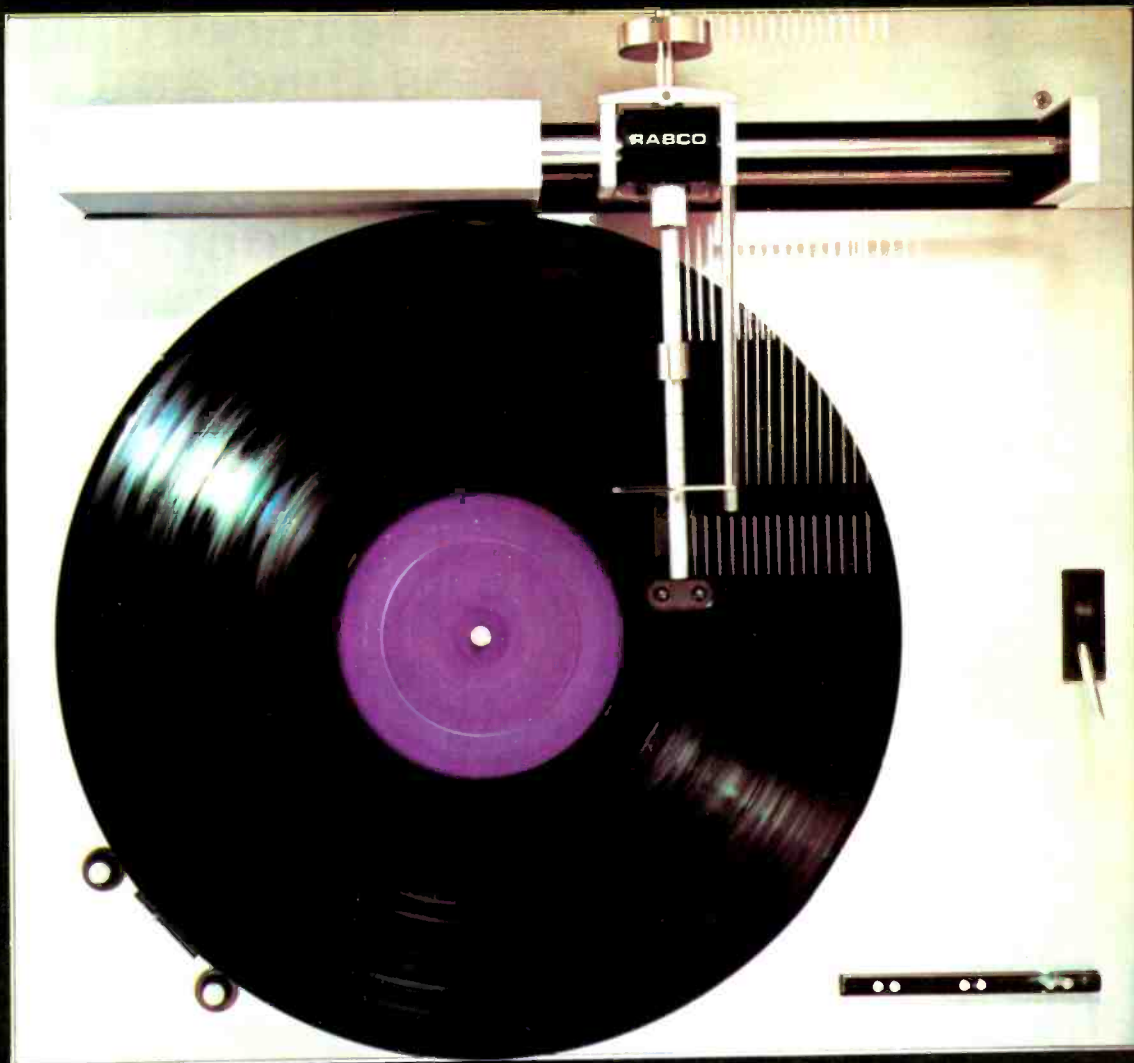


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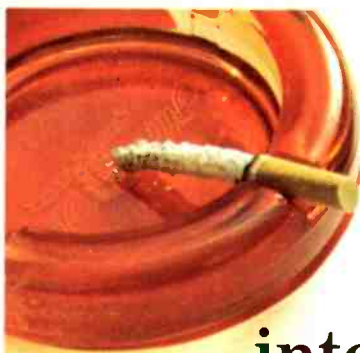
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musical america

Erich Leinsdorf:
My Life with the BSO

The Met's new "Aida"



TASHI
musicians of the month



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Cover photo by Adam Bartos

HIGH FIDELITY

musical america

highlights of may

- SUNDAY 2 A new oratorio by Howard Hanson, *New Land, New Covenant*, will be given its first performance by the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania.
- TUESDAY 4 Leonard Bernstein's new musical, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*, opens on Broadway.
- THURSDAY 6 The San Diego Symphony premieres Jacob Berlinski's *America 1976*, for narrator, orchestra, and chorus. Music director Peter Eros conducts.
- THURSDAY 13 The Nevada Opera Guild in Reno presents the first American production of Tchaikovsky's *Joan of Arc*, with mezzo Jeanne Piland in the title role.
- FRIDAY 14 Gian Carlo Menotti's *Landscapes and Remembrances*, a ten-part cantata for large chorus, orchestra, and four soloists, will be given its premiere by the Milwaukee Symphony and the Bel Canto Chorus. Judith Blegen is among the soloists; James Keeley conducts.
- WEDNESDAY 19 The San Francisco Symphony, under Seiji Ozawa, performs the premiere of William Russo's *Street Music, A Blues Concerto*.
- SUNDAY 30 Jeffrey Steinberg's *A New Sound of Freedom* is given its premiere by the Detroit Symphony, with the composer conducting.

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letters

A bravo for Titus

TO THE EDITOR:

I must take strong exception to the attitude expressed by my colleague Arthur Satz in his review of Alan Titus' song recital (February, page MA-29). In this review, Satz complained of the program chosen by Titus, which included a number of songs by modern composers rarely heard in recitals of this sort. Instead of being grateful for a repertoire that avoided the standard warhorses, Satz actually exhorted the baritone to turn to the "meat and potatoes" pieces so that his vocal talents could be truly judged, as if composers such as Berg, Schoenberg, Křenek, Milhaud, and Honegger were trifling amateurs not to be taken seriously.

To my mind, this sort of attitude, which reduces music to the level of a mere vehicle for artistic egos and their critical counterparts, could not be more damaging to the cause of music, which performers and critics should exist to serve and not to exploit. Opinions such as Satz's are probably greatly responsible for the appalling lack of imagination in programming that dominates the American concert scene. Can it really be that it is more important for a performer to "establish his credentials as a recitalist" than to communicate music, no matter who composes it, on as deep a level as possible? Satz would reduce the recital hall to an emporium of vulgar competition where performers joust with the unbated lances of the same eternal pieces. Loud bravos to Alan Titus for having the courage to avoid this cheapening of his art.

Royal S. Brown
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Mr. Satz replies: Mr. Brown seems to have been so enchanted at having heard Křenek, Milhaud, and Honegger instead of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms that he has missed the point of my comment. He is to be reminded that unusual programming is not necessarily good programming. The selection of songs by Alan Titus was by and large a series of hors-d'oeuvres which afforded scant opportunity to take the measure of the singer's interpretive ability. The principal ingredient was charm, which however valuable, is insufficient for a solo recital by a noted baritone. A program equally devoid of substance might have been gotten together from the works of almost any composer, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms included, and been equally inadequate. My criticism is leveled therefore not against the composers, not against the specific songs, but against the inclusion of so many musical tidbits to the exclusion of music, familiar or unfamiliar, which would have provided a greater challenge to both singer and audience.

And if I really am the enemy of innovative programming that Mr. Brown so picturesquely describes ("unbated lances"?), then may I be damned to an eternity of Heidenrösleins and Für Elises.

Setting the record straight

TO THE EDITOR:

Many people disagree on what is simple and what is simple-minded, and Andrew DeRhen is quite entitled to his negative opinion of *The Masque of Clouds* (January, page MA-25). He is not, however, entitled to make three factual errors in one short review, especially when two of them could have been avoided simply by reading the program, and the third should have been obvious to any musician:

1. The libretto was not written solely by Robert Kushner, but jointly

between him and me.

2. The score does not consist of "a theme and 132 variations." The theme itself is never stated.

3. It is not written in "seventeenth-century counterpoint." There is no counterpoint at all, since the style is strictly heterophonic. The "counterpoint" DeRhen was hearing was all parallel octaves with embellishments.

Tom Johnson
New York, N.Y.

Mr. DeRhen replies: I hereby confess to the first two of the errors Mr. Johnson cites. I committed them not out of ignorance—for I did indeed read the program notes—but to save space. To have established the precise nature of Mr. Johnson's contribution to the libretto or to have explained the anomaly of variations based on an unstated theme would have required more space than I thought was justified in my discussion of his opera. Nevertheless, they are errors, even if exercised in journalistic license, and Mr. Johnson has every reason to insist that the truth be put on record.

As for Mr. Johnson's contention that his opera contains no counterpoint, I would not presume to dispute his explanation as to how he composed his own music. To me, his writing has something in common with the modal counterpoint practiced during the late Renaissance and early Baroque. If Mr. Johnson says it is "heterophonic," whatever that means, then I stand corrected.

An update on the Casals Festival

TO THE EDITOR:

Regarding your recent article on the Casals Festival controversy [March, page MA-30], I am pleased to inform your readers that the composers of Puerto Rico have achieved a notable victory after a two-decade battle against musical segregation. Negotiations, last December, between the Puerto Rico Society for Contemporary Music and the Casals Festival representatives produced the following results: three local works will be performed in the coming June festival and subsequent festivals will include a minimum of three Puerto Rican compositions.

One must understand initially that
Continued on page MA-37



Stuart Burrows

artist life

DORLE J. SORIA

THE TRAVEL section of *The New York Times* reports that this is "Welcome America Year" in Wales. The Bicentennial has given the Welsh the chance to remind us that Thomas Jefferson was of Welsh heritage, as were seventeen other signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Well, at the Metropolitan Opera this past season it has been a sort of "Welcome Wales Year." Tenor Ryland Davies came to make a Met debut in *Così*, followed by Almaviva in *Barber*. Gwyneth Jones returned to

sing Leonora in *Fidelio*. And Stuart Burrows—already known to Met audiences as Ottavio, Tamino, and Pinkerton—arrived to sing Alfredo opposite Beverly Sills and with Sarah Caldwell conducting in *Traviata*, the cold winter's "hottest ticket"; the tenor had previously done the role with Sills in the Caldwell Boston Opera production of 1972. And, while on the subject, another splendid Welsh singer will be heard on the Metropolitan Opera stage in September in *Nozze di Figaro*, but with the visiting Paris Opera—Margaret Price.

Welshman Stuart Burrows

At one in the morning, after that first exciting *Traviata*, we met Stuart Burrows at an Angel Records party for Beverly Sills. The tenor was standing next to the bar and a member of the Metropolitan Board, Lauder Greenway, who spends a part of each year in Ireland, approached him and

asked: "Are you Irish?" The answer came quick and firm. "I am Welsh. The Irish are Welshmen who can swim." Mr. Greenway, looking bewildered, wandered off. We suggested to the singer that after such an arduous performance he must want a drink. Burrows turned to the barman and ordered a beer. "I prefer beer to spirits. It's a relic of my rugby days."

We had a talk later that week. It was a bitterly cold afternoon with a bone-piercing wind. We almost telephoned him to ask if he would rather not go out. "If you had," he said, "I would gladly have withdrawn." When he arrived, his normally pink cheeks were aflame, his blue eyes glittering like icicles. But he reassured us. He had been protected from the elements. He pointed to his fur hat. "The best Finnish otter. I bought it in Vienna. I must show it to my friend Martti." He referred to the great Finnish basso Talvela.

We sat down. This time he warmed up with "spirits"—a drink of Scotch. Our first question was about his curious remark that Irishmen were Welshmen who could swim. "It's historic," he said seriously. "When the Saxons invaded Briton the Celts had to take refuge. In Wales some fled into the hills, others escaped to the seacoasts of Ireland. The Celts who survived in the Scottish Highlands were the Picts."

And what about his association of beer with rugby? At this point we began from the beginning.

Stuart Burrows was born in Cilfynydd (he pronounces it Kil-vun) on February 13, 1933. "February is a good month for tenors," he says. "Caruso was born in February and so was Björling." His father was a miner—"about the only way you could make a living then." His mother sang "the way all Welsh do," and he had an aunt who was a soprano with the old Carl Rosa Opera. He never had any vocal training. "It's just a natural gift I've been given."

He did, however, study music at Trinity College in Carmarthen, where music was part of the syllabus for becoming a school teacher. Living was not easy and during vacation time he looked for work. "Things were rather desperate and I was ready to do anything to earn money. I got a job as a fruit porter at Matts & Spencer, carrying fruit from one part of the

Continued on page MA-38

musicians of the month



John Pearson

Ida Kavafian, Peter Serkin, Richard Stoltzman, Fred Sherry

TASHI

WHEN TASHI MADE ITS post-Christmas appearance at Carnegie Hall, some unexpected sounds were heard in between the scheduled selections by Bach and Schubert. From backstage came the jangle of Tibetan cymbals, played by Tashi's pianist Peter Serkin. Then, from opposite ends of the second balcony, came a honking antiphony, played on Tibetan horns by the group's cellist, Fred Sherry, and a guest player. Some of the audience dug it. Some were irate. Nor was that the first surprise of the evening. Toward the conclusion of the Schoenberg Chamber Symphony, another guest, who had simply been serving as page-turner for Serkin, suddenly reached behind the piano, where a French horn was

hidden, and joined in for the finale. If all this seems strange behavior for a chamber quartet, that's more or less par for Tashi, about whom little is conventional. Consider their very makeup: with Peter Serkin, violinist Ida Kavafian, cellist Fred Sherry, and clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, Tashi is the only "name" quartet that isn't a string quartet.

Onstage, their attire is—shall we say?—informal. Stoltzman, for example, has hair coming nearly to his shoulders, and is currently wont to wear a red Tashimonogrammed t-shirt. This bugs more decorous sensibilities on the community concert route, one of whom went on record saying: "They looked like hell. All that

stuff may appeal to kids, but the average concert-goer isn't interested in long hair and beards." On the other hand, Tashi's funkier style makes it easier to work up rapport with college audiences; moreover, it fits in with the group's attempt to win wider currency among audiences whose prime interest may not be classical music. For example, this winter the group played two nights at New York's Bottom Line, number one showcase for the rock music industry, a place hitherto untouched by classical music. Tashi played its signature piece, Messiaen's *Quartet for the End of Time*, over a system of ever-so-discreet amplification. That event received a flurry of publicity—to be followed this month by RCA's release of the group's first recording (of the Messiaen).

At his apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side, Peter Serkin prepares a pot of Vienna roast coffee and tells about Tashi's early phase. "It was born out of a friendship between Fred and myself. I had been staying at Fred's apartment whenever I left Vermont, which was my home at the time. We did a lot of hanging-out and late-night playing, often at super-low dynamics because of the neighbors."

Fred Sherry, for his part, tells how at that time—though involved in new-music groups like *Speculum Musicae*—he was also doing a lot of jobbing, playing for ballet schools, playing jingles and commercials. "All that was really getting me down."

"It was very different for me," says Serkin. "I had retired. I had quit playing the piano for a whole year and gone to live in Mexico with no intention of starting up again. But Mexico very much revived me. So I came back to New York very enthusiastic about playing. And the idea just cropped up: why don't a group of us start playing together? So Fred and I approached Stoltzman, and we started doing clarinet trios—and then we got the idea of doing the Messiaen Quartet. For that, we needed to find a violinist. At that point I had just played in the B minor Mass in Brattleboro, and one of the girls playing second violin was Ida. It was the funniest thing, because she didn't have any solos, and it wasn't as if she was putting all out for the performance—actually she was slouching, sort of. But something intuitive got me interested, and Fred had played some recording dates with her, so we asked her if she wanted to play with us."

Having formed their foursome, the group then sought out the services of Frank Salomon, long-time manager for Serkin as well as the Marlboro concerts. Salomon thought the makeup of the group was odd—a misgiving that many others have since shared—but he said yes, and gave them their first gig at the New School Chamber series.

One might say, by the way, of the group's makeup, that it doesn't exactly cast it into a straightjacket. Tashi, in its prospectus, lists twenty-five programs that it can do. True, many of them have the entire second half given over to the Messiaen Quartet, the only piece in the standard chamber repertory written for Tashi's combination of instruments, while in the first half, the group breaks up to do solos, duos, or trios. "Right from the beginning," Serkin elaborates, "the concept of this group was that it should not be a quartet *per se*, so much as an open kind of group, which might on occasion include many more players, and where we could also have programs where not all four of us would play—though we haven't done many of those."

Still, there was the problem posed by a dearth of reper-

toire for violin/cello/clarinet/piano. Tashi's solution has been to commission new pieces. "We've been looking for funding—without success," Serkin admits, "but two friends have been helping us. And one piece, Takemitsu's *Quatrain* was commissioned by an FM radio station in Japan. There are two versions of it, one for our group plus orchestra, and also a chamber version. For the orchestra version's premiere, the station brought us over there, where we played it with the New Japan Philharmonic, with Ozawa conducting. Then, too, we have a piece by Charles Wuorinen called *TASHI*, but getting hold of that was a more businesslike proposition. Wuorinen gave us a very high price. He then proceeded to do as Takemitsu had done—to write a version with orchestra, and a chamber version. Someone else doing a piece for us is Peter Lieberman, a wonderful young composer who works with *Speculum Musicae*."

Since Tashi has been getting busier and busier, and since Serkin is someone whose lineage, talent, and reputation certainly qualify him for a career as soloist, one wonders whether he prefers working in ensemble rather than solo work. "Definitely!" he declares. "I just reached an impasse in playing solo recitals. Or in working with conductors who really didn't care that much about working on a concerto. Too often I found them uncooperative, unsympathetic, and even unmusical, while the people in the orchestra would be approaching it just as a job. Sometimes it would be a challenge, but after a while, it just seemed to involve too many compromises. Doing chamber music with Tashi, the difference is vast, because what we're into now is devoting ourselves, the four of us, to really probing great pieces of music, and rehearsing them even to the point of spending an hour on a few notes, if need be. It's been a great learning experience."

Following the Bottom Line performance, Tom Johnson reported in *The Village Voice* that he had felt something lacking—Messiaen's Catholic mysticism, or some evocation of the concentration camp atmosphere in which Messiaen had composed it. Basically, what was wrong, said Johnson, was the context: the Bottom Line locale, the use of amplification. Fred Sherry takes issue with that: "Listen, the group that played on the same program with us was Anthony Braxton's avant-garde jazz ensemble. Did you know that the Messiaen piece is really big among jazz people, that some of them have been influenced by it? So I thought juxtaposing Braxton with ourselves doing Messiaen was a fabulous kind of context!"

Yet Serkin refuses to get too carried away. "Appearing at the Bottom Line was not that experimental and not that deserving of the big deal. I'm glad it gave publicity to the group, but we've done other concerts that were more interesting. Like appearing before school audiences and giving them a festive, celebrating quality, making them a joyful kind of concert. You should have seen the ones we did in Berkeley and Los Angeles. It happens often."

Since he, in his own solo recitals, has worked with light shows, does he envisage using lights shows with Tashi? He'd just as soon not, though he doesn't totally discard the possibility. Maybe an avant-garde theater piece fashioned around the Messiaen? Someone, it turns out, has already made the suggestion. Finally, how did the group get its name? Tashi, one learns, was the name of a dog that once belonged to Serkin—and the name, in Tibetan, means good fortune. Indeed it should. JACK HIEMENZ

on education

CHARLES B. FOWLER

FOR THE PAST fifteen years the Lincoln Center Student Program, in collaboration with the New York City Board of Education and other school systems, has been providing experience in the performing arts for hundreds of students—from tours and performances to lectures and lessons. Now the Center has launched a major new project designed to create a stronger partnership with the world of education. Called the Lincoln Center Institute, the new program, which will also serve as the umbrella organization for the Center's existing educational programs, will focus on aesthetic education, a broader conception aimed at reaching a wider cross section of youth.

A shift in emphasis

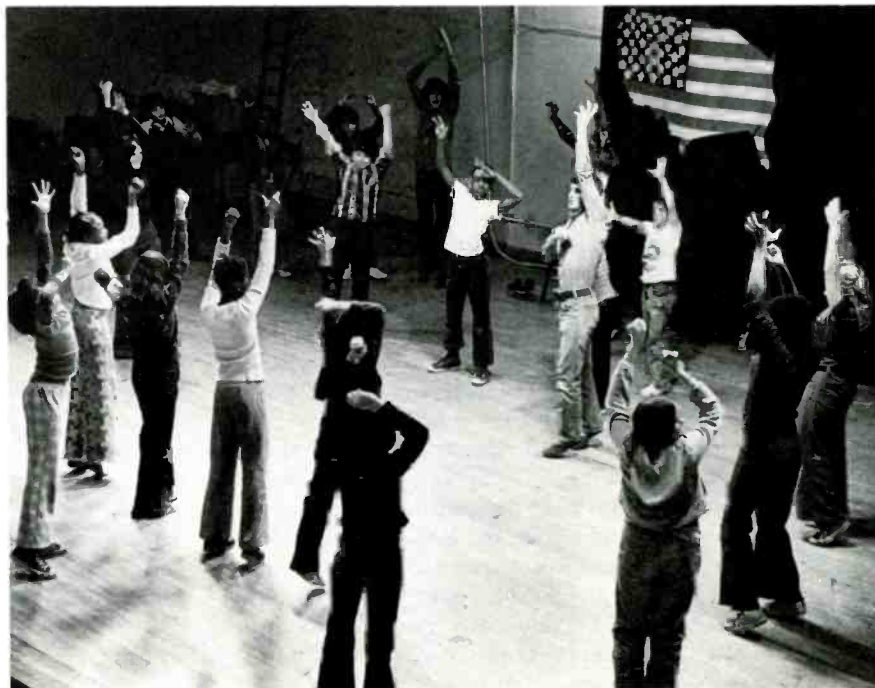
Francis Keppel, a Lincoln Center director and former U.S. Commissioner of Education, who will serve as chairman of the board of the new Institute, says, "The goal of the Institute is to develop ways of using aesthetic experience as a basic component of education. This represents a shift in emphasis in Lincoln Center's educational program from the traditional teaching of music, dance, drama, opera, and film as special subjects, to employing a variety of arts to help young people really listen when hearing, and really see when looking." A further objective of the project, he says, is to reach the "broadest possible spectrum of students, not just those with previous experience in the arts or with highly successful academic records."

Mark Schubart, the Center's education director for the past twelve years who will serve as director of the Institute, points out that, "instead of using the arts only to train a relatively small number of students in performance skills or to build a greater appreciation among students of the performing arts *per se*, the eventual goal is to enable significant numbers of students to begin to make crit-



Eighth graders in a Bronx junior high school get a taste of aesthetic education

Aesthetic education—new thrust at Lincoln Center



Photos by Peter Schaaf

Teacher (in checked shirt) leads a junior high class in new perception techniques

ical choices as to what kinds of art they want to make part of their lives; to be keenly aware of their capacity to make aesthetic judgments about the way their own world looks and sounds and to relate these capacities to their other learning experiences."

Teamwork for impact

Initially the Institute is working with some ninety teachers in sixteen schools representing four public school districts—three in New York City and one in Westchester County. Significantly, the teachers are organized in teams within their respective schools. The directors are aware that one teacher in a school can have little impact on change, while a team of teachers can reinforce themselves, persuade others, and thus have impact on the total school situation.

Important, too, is the make-up of the teachers enrolled: ninety percent teach in the areas of English, social studies, history, and the sciences; only about ten percent teach music or art. If the arts are going to become a force in the curriculum, the directors seem to imply, they will achieve this status when all the teachers recognize the value of the aesthetic component in all teaching and learning. For the most part these teachers represent grades five through twelve—the group of students who are probably the most culturally deprived in the schools and subject to the fewest innovative approaches.

The project is organized in two steps, with activities taking place both in the schools and at the Center. First, teams of teachers from the participating schools are involved in thirty hours of introductory workshops conducted by a small number of artist-faculty who represent the various arts disciplines. Second, after the initial workshops are completed, the teachers, continuing to work in association with the Institute's faculty, will begin a second semester working directly with students in the classroom in exploring new curricular approaches and activities involving the arts. This program is already underway.

The artistic raw materials

The Institute's curriculum cuts across elements that exist in all the arts and the ways in which artists

shape and mold these elements creatively. The activities engaged in by participants are those that deal with the raw materials of the arts—sound, time, space, light, and motion—as well as the way these materials relate to works of art in terms of contrast, unity, variety, and form. These elements will also be explored from the point of view of their effect upon environment as determinants that please or displease aesthetic sensibilities.

Specifically, the Institute's program will encompass a variety of learning experiences including: illustrative exercises and improvisations designed to help students experience the artistic process at first hand; observation of performances, working rehearsals, arts objects (painting, sculpture, etc.), and participation in discussions with practicing artists to discover ways in which these artists utilize aesthetic elements; observations of ways in which aesthetic decisions affect environment; seminars in the history, philosophy, and tradition of aesthetic education; and critical review of these experiences and the determination of further areas for exploration.

In its first phase the project is working with a relatively small number of schools in order to focus on the development of new curricular designs and approaches. A record of all activities is being maintained, and the Institute intends to make results available to schools throughout the country.

The project is being funded, in part, by a three-year grant of \$282,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Other support, totaling \$53,000, has come from the New York Community Trust. Participating schools are also providing some monetary support. The project requires a total of \$566,000 with a considerable amount remaining to be raised.

In all of its educational programs the Institute will continue to draw upon the artistic resources of Lincoln Center's member institutions, including the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, City Center of Music and Drama, the Film Society, the Juilliard School, the Metropolitan Opera and the Guild, the New York Philharmonic, the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, and the New York Shakespeare Festival at the Center. △

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DODD MEAD

the dance

JACQUELINE MASKEY



Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes To Shove*: it goes like a prairie fire

IN *Chaconne*, Balanchine has given the New York City Ballet a new-old ballet to music from Gluck's *Orphée et Euridice*—new-old because he did something like it (how much like it is difficult to say) for a lavish production of the entire opera by the Hamburg State Opera in 1963, re-staging it more recently for the Paris Opéra. Not that it matters one whit; it looks new to us and it is a beautiful piece—spacious, pristine and, in its central performance, breathtaking.

Balanchine's "Chaconne"

Chaconne has a rather mysterious beginning—a kind of prologue for two dancers, Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, set to the melancholy flute and strings music devised by Gluck for *The Dance of the Blessed Spirits*. The dancers advance toward one another with dragging step from diagonally opposite corners of the stage. Farrell, her back toward the audience and her head lowered, embodies a kind of menace which melts when the two meet and begin their *pas de deux*, a constantly unwinding skein of supported arabesques, off-the-perpendicular poses, and stage-

skimming lifts. There are motifs of flight woven into the fabric of the dance; mere suggestions such as when Farrell, carried in arabesque by Martins, lightly, rhythmically touches the ground at intervals with her stretched front foot, or bold statements when at its end Farrell—again sailing in Martins' arms—raises and lowers her arms like wings, her front leg describing powerful *développés*, like a great bird in exultant take-off.

Then the *corps de ballet* rims the stage in an introductory dance of formal pattern and smiling courtesy which, ending in an elegant group pose, is succeeded by a series of solo dancers: Renee Estopinal, Wilhelmina Frankfurt, and Jay Jolley—an impartial cavalier accompanying his two ladies on an imaginary mandolin; Jean-Pierre Frohlich promenading Susan Hendl about in a series of bent-kneed *attitudes*, then breaking loose himself in a demi-solo of whirling, air-borne *attitudes en avant*; tiny Elise Flagg, framed by a delicate and decorative quartet, sparkling through intricate combinations of *batterie*. Then Farrell and Martins enter for the culminating *pas de deux* with solo passages passed back and

forth between the two dancers as though they were celestial runners in some Elysian relay race. The emphasis in Martins' dancing is on the horizontal—great, wide, open positions of the feet, brilliant *batterie* which, when it takes off into the air, is deliberately kept low in altitude until a trumpet, piercing the soft blanket of sound laid down by the orchestra, bids him to fly in great, arching, space-devouring jumps. Farrell's solo passages emphasize the vertical: high *battlements* and *développés*, constant use of stretched *pointes* in intricate collusion or counterpoint with the music, a continuous feeling of a body attenuated to its very limit. At the end of the *pas de deux* the entire company joins in a brisk but ordered finale which ends with the girls on their feet and the boys on their knees in attitudes of homage to Farrell and Martins, king and queen of the dance.

A measure of the triumph enjoyed by *Chaconne* was indicated on the season's final night of repertoire, when, at the insistence of a cheering crowd, Balanchine himself, looking pink and pleased, took no fewer than three bows. For a man who is about as public as The Shadow it was tantamount

to an open confession that what he had created was, indeed, good.

Chaconne was paired on many programs with another new-old piece, *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* (Bizet), based on Andersen's tale and created by Balanchine for Patricia McBride and, for the indisposed Peter Schaufuss, Robert Weiss. Actually the piece is a reread of the central *pas de deux* for a giddy doll and a stoic tin soldier from an old and unlamented production of *Jeux d'enfants*. Whereas *Chaconne* cleanses, *Soldier* cloys, and I hope the management can see its way to relegating it—along with *Ma mere l'oye*—to matinees where it might enjoy some success with the under-ten crowd.

Twyla Tharp with ABT

Meanwhile at the Uris Theatre, American Ballet Theatre continued its lengthy winter season in its own punch-drunk style, reeling between triumph (Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes to Shove*) and tragedy (the premature and self-imposed retirement of ballerina Cynthia Gregory left nobody laughing).

The high of the season was provided by the Tharp piece, her first for ABT and an exhilarating wedding of incongruous but not incompatible elements: Franz Josef Haydn (Symphony No. 82) and Joseph Lamb (*Bohemia Rag 1919*), the classical school of dance and popular entertainment, Mikhail Baryshnikov and America.

The piece starts off with a promenade for a trio of dancers to Lamb's raucous and cheerful rag—first Baryshnikov, almost disguised under a Chaplinesque derby, moving in that insolently nonchalant style of Tharp's which conceals muscular and rhythmic acuity with a ragdoll looseness; then Marianna Tcherkassky, cool, doll-like, and snooty; finally Martine van Hamel, big, unflappable, with a deadpan drollness. They all get a chance with the derby, each wearing it with characteristic style. When the orchestra moves in on Haydn, Baryshnikov moves in on his solo, which is an amazing *tour de force* of big blasts of classical virtuosity, followed by little puffs of harried walk-arounds, slips and recoveries, puppet jerks and collapses, in the best silent comedian tradition. At one point Baryshnikov

manages to suggest the beleaguering of a Petrouchka with the self-absorption of a Marlene Dietrich. After that sensational solo Tharp lets things hang loose for a bit, then sneaks in a whole *corps de ballet* and a duet for van Hamel and Clark Tippet which is derailed to their puzzlement by a mysterious, slithery quartet. By this time Tharp is having her way with the pillars of ballet society—that daffy and relentless *corps de ballet* in which they, rather than Giselle, go mad, and that youth (Kenneth Hughes) briefly ennobled by the choreographer, saluting the audience with the characteristic gesture by which all ballet princes accept the homage of the masses.

Well, *Push Comes to Shove* goes like a prairie fire, but not too quickly for an audience to catch and revel in its movement allusions. What a lot flickers by: the actions and expressions of the great silent movie comedians, the sleight-of-hand of the magician, the off-hand mastery of the old soft-shoe dancers, the matter-of-fact delivery of the burlesque queen. Tharp handles this pot-pourri with originality and skill, proving once and for all that in the world of the ballet she is a find rather than a fluke.

Paul Taylor's "Runes"

The Paul Taylor Dance Company played a full week in January at the

Mark Hellinger Theatre, a mini-opera house which in the past housed such blockbusters as *My Fair Lady* and most recently Martha Graham. Taylor presented a single program—from *Sea to Shining Sea*, *Esplanade*, and *Runes*—but managed to attract a good-sized audience to the cavernous house.

The new piece was *Runes*, a dark, primitive ritual of tribal renewal and continuity set to a dry but appropriate piano score (performed during the run by the composer, Gerald Busby). The movement is colored by a brutish ferocity: a girl flings herself at a boy's shoulder and rests there as if lodged in his flesh. The moment of impact makes the audience gasp. A boy makes frenzied and repeated jumps, resembling a great bird in a losing battle with gravity. At one point a soloist stands immobile on stage while men carry one or two women across the ritual space, the limbs of the dancers making strange outlines suggesting mobile totems. The only décor is a stark full moon which, as each section of the ritual is accomplished, moves toward its zenith.

The novelty of *Runes* is that it accomplishes what so many *Rites of Spring*—of Béjart, Macmillan, et al.—fail to do: an authenticity of emotion which transforms it from a theater piece to an offering to unknown but implacable gods. △

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Erich Leinsdorf

MY LIFE

WITH THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The following is an excerpt from Erich Leinsdorf's forthcoming autobiography, CADENZA: A Musical Career. This portion deals with problems arising from recording arrangements between RCA Records and the Boston Symphony, when Mr. Leinsdorf was music director during the years 1962-1969.

THREE MONTHS AFTER my appointment I became aware that relations between the Boston Symphony and RCA Records were not good. That summer I had once again been "permitted" by the Musicians' Union to record abroad and flew to Rome for a *Bohème*. George Marek, Vice President and man-in-charge of the classical repertoire was, as usual, there too. He loved to assist at the sessions and hear the playbacks and treat us all to dinners at Passetto. This time he took several opportunities to speak to me of his grave concern over the "whole Boston situation."

The upshot of his long explanations was that ten annual LP releases were more than RCA could sell. It was his idea to make an interchange between the existing commitment for 8 Pops to 10 symphony releases, reversing the figures. When I had fully understood the direction of his thought I asked him, how he reckoned the effect of a new conductor appearing for the first time in front of "his" orchestra with the cheerful announcement that he has succeeded in reducing the number of recordings to be made. Even though the personnel of the Pops was about 90 percent identical with that of Symphony, all the principal players were missing from the Pops configuration and would lose an enormous amount of money, not to mention the wet blanket to the morale of an ensemble who are told at the start of a "new era" of a retrenchment plan. This would be diametrically opposed to all precepts of going forward. I refused to do anything about it, but took note that George had spoken of "releases" not numbers of disks. I thought that finding works which needed more than one LP due to their length would reduce the bothersome figure without damaging the orchestra. That was later the rationale behind my selecting Requiems by Brahms and Verdi, Symphonies by Mahler and, largest of all, a complete *Lohengrin* which consumed five LP's, reducing for the year of its issue the RCA commitment to five other releases. . . .

George Marek had barely finished telling me of his worries, complaints, concerns and desires to reduce our recording when the senior producer of RCA, Richard Mohr, got my ear for a recital of his list of undesirable players in Boston's great orchestra. Mohr was at the time deeply involved with the records of the non-pareil Chicago symphony and found, when comparing them, that Boston needed 12 key replacements. With that many bugs in my mind I began to listen systematically to recordings made in Boston during the previous five years. . . .

[Meanwhile,] what nobody took time and thought to do is a basic contemporary manoeuvre: to build an "image" of the new combination which RCA was going to put out. For this a center-line of recognizable repertoire is the first necessity. George Marek was so much less "au courant" in the symphonic repertoire than in opera that he did not attempt it and when he brought a new Red Seal manager, Roger Hall, to replace the gentle Alan Kayes, who henceforth would be sidetracked to club operations, our goose was cooked. Hall had been manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra and, with a one-track mind, wanted nothing more than to bring that great orchestra back to RCA where they had been many years earlier. He accomplished his desire, by making such a magnificent contract between the two that it cost him his position with RCA. That was no help to the Boston Symphony nor to myself.

With Roger Hall I fought as soon as he had been hired by George. I was very happy with Silverstein* and thought that a musician of his attainments deserved not only to play regularly concertos with "his" orchestra, he ought to record some of them as well. From Alan Kayes I had obtained the promise to do an LP with Silverstein, consisting of the Bartók and Stravinsky Concertos. It was all set with session dates, duly preceded by concerts featuring these works, when Roger proposed to cancel the entire project. His novel and original reasoning was "it won't sell, no concertmaster does." This time I forced the issue by simply stating that this had been a firm promise, that this concertmaster meant a lot to me and was a top-notch first-class fiddler and I insisted on going through with it as planned. I have no way of knowing if I could have established a truly good relation with Roger, but that begin-

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*Joseph Silverstein, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony—ED.

ning was surely a guarantee for very bad relations.

In his behalf I will say that he never minced words about the slow speed of Boston's recorded output. I must assume that he was briefed by Mohr and saw the log of our accomplishments, when he faced me with the disagreeable truth that we taped an average of 6 to 7 minutes of music per contract hour, while Chicago came to 10 and even 11. (A contract hour consists of 40 minutes work and 20 minutes rest.) That conversation took place in my fifth season. I knew from the first moment when I recorded with the Boston Symphony that of the principal players two particularly would slow down our progress. It was most unfortunate that there seemed to be no way of getting either of them to retire from the orchestra. Both were deserving of pensions, though neither was really old. Their trouble was that they were instinct-performers, which is another way of saying that they did not know exactly how they did what they were doing. In concert one plays once through any given piece or spot or passage and if something untoward happens, it is water over the dam. In recording it is not only occasionally necessary but the rule that everything is performed and repeated many times until the goal of a perfect version has been reached. Unlike a section player, whose small mishaps can either not be heard or often don't matter, when a solo Clarinet or a solo Horn strays from the straight and narrow—the whole edifice totters. Our fellows in these chairs were responsible for a loss of time which over the years must have accrued to a staggering total.

I did not have to wait for recording sessions to hear some of their shortcomings and worked very hard in rehearsal to correct the Clarinet's vagaries. There was no way in the world to replace him for at least two seasons, according to the trade agreement between Corporation and Orchestra. Naturally I wanted to do the best with what I had. But I had reckoned without the democracy of [George Cabot], my President of the Trustees. Returning from my second mid-seasonal two-week break I received a message through my personal representative. "Cabot had phoned with a few minor points and asks you to please stop riding the Clarinet player." If the usual procedure in orchestras was for the titular conductor to discuss with management and directors what to do when a player had proved unsatisfactory, in Boston this had been reversed. There it was the quaint custom for players to visit Mr. Cabot in his downtown office and complain about the conductor. Cabot himself enlightened me with gusto. He told me of several instrumentalists who "used to come to my office and cry that Munch did not like their playing." Judging by their presence and prosperity when I was music director it was Munch who changed his mind or gave up.

Evidently our Clarinet had been traveling the usual route to State Street and seen to it that Cabot advised the music director "not to ride" him.

The case of the Horn player was more complex, since he could play with great flair and personality, his trouble being on the side of too much lubrication on important occasions. Once he did not show for two concerts on a tour, disappearing after a Saturday evening at Newark and missing for the following performances. It was most likely a "lost weekend" and Cabot, when informed of it, decided to be "dutch uncle" and speak seriously to the offender. It was at Tanglewood the following summer when



Erich Leinsdorf

Cabot got around to his avuncular role, telling me of the interview before the evening concert. Our chastened Horn player had one of his worst evenings and had several extremely noticeable accidents, called "clams" in the argot of the American musician, "split notes" in the more international vocabulary of the English. Whatever one calls it, the man, being upset or just in bad form, spoiled more than one passage during the half program which he played. When Cabot came backstage after the close, he beamed at me and wanted to know if I did not agree with him that "Jimmy sounded especially beautiful tonight." What could I say? But when I thought this through I understood that Cabot's major motivation was to be a good father to the orchestra, which, if we go along with Dr. Sigmund Freud, meant for him to oppose staunchly the conductor of the orchestra, who has been depicted proverbially as the bad father, the strict ruler, the tyrant. I felt all through my years with BSO that Cabot was still fighting Koussevitzky, for whom he had little affection.

It also reenforced my view that no musical organization can stay at the top if its real direction is thinned out through too many vetoes and by having non-musicians make professional decisions. It was the avowed philosophy that the Music Director of the Boston organization had all musical matters in his hands, which is a purely theoretical right, since there are no musical issues which do not entail all kinds of other, non-musical, consequences.

Notwithstanding the protective umbrella which Cabot held over a few derelict musicians, I did get the orchestra in a very short time into fine shape. This was not easy, it took enormous concentration and a great effort of ignoring the prominent sore spots. △

SUMMER FESTIVALS, PART II

ALASKA

ALASKA FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Anchorage, June 12-24. Robert Shaw, artistic director. Performing groups include the Nikolais Dance Theater; the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, conducted by Gunther Schuller; Synesthesia, a multi media presentation; and the festival orchestra and chorus. Also appearing are pianist Susan Starr, the Soni Ventorum Woodwind Quartet, the Concord String Quartet, Jan Popper conducting a chamber opera, and Happy and Artie Traum in a blue grass concert.

ARKANSAS

INSPIRATION POINT FINE ARTS COLONY. Eureka Springs, June 20-July 30. Isaac Van Grove, artistic director. A program of concert and opera will include *Carmen* and the premiere of Van Grove's opera *The Prodigal—His Wondering Years*.

CALIFORNIA

HOLLYWOOD BOWL. Los Angeles, July 2-September 18. Ernest Fleischmann, general director. Conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic will be Zubin Mehta, Eugene Ormandy, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Andrew Davis, Lawrence Foster, Aaron Copland, Pinchas Zukerman, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Instrumental soloists include Van Cliburn, Itzhak Perlman, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Isaac Stern, André Watts.; scheduled vocalists are Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Seth McCoy, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and the Scottish Na-

tional Chorus. Visiting orchestras will be the Cleveland under Maazel, and the Israel Philharmonic.

SAN LUIS OBISPO MOZART FESTIVAL. San Luis Obispo, August 2-8. Clifton Swanson, musical director. Among the scheduled orchestral, choral, and chamber works is a performance of the Credo Mass in the nearby Mission. Soloists include Delcina Stevenson, Paul Hersh, Louise DiTullio.

COLORADO

ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Aspen, June 25-August 22, Jorge Mester, music director. Weekly concerts by the festival orchestra will be conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, James Conlon, Dennis Russell Davies, John Nelson, and Leonard Slatkin, with guest artists Maureen Forrester, Lilian Kallir, Misha Dichter, Rudolf Firkusny, Claude Frank, Lynn Harrell, Yo-Yo Ma, Zara Nelsova, Gyorgy Paul, Itzhak Perlman, the Cleveland Quartet, and the American Brass Quintet. Richard Dufallo is the director of the Conference on Contemporary Music with composers-in-residence Peter Maxwell Davies, Jacob Druckman, Oliver Knussen, and Richard Wernick. The Choral Institute (*St. Matthew Passion, Tales of Hoffmann*) will be directed by Fiora Contino.

CONNECTICUT

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL. New London, June 26-August 7. Charles Reinhart, director. In addition to study and performance, the festival will hold the following workshops: a dance critic's conference (Deborah

Jowitt); a music and dance project which will include the commissioning of two musical compositions for new choreography; a television workshop (Merrill Brockway); a dance therapy workshop (Linni Silberman); an educators' weekend seminar (Martha Myers); and Community Outreach (Walter Nicks).

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

INTER-AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Washington, May 17-23. Efrain Paesky, music director. The Inter-American Chamber Singers will perform choral music of both Americas, in addition to performances by the Quartet of the National University of La Plata Argentina, and symphonic and dance concerts. The festival is sponsored by the Organization of American States in honor of the U.S. Bicentennial.

ILLINOIS

MISSISSIPPI RIVER FESTIVAL. Edwardsville, Leonard Slatkin, principal conductor. In residence will be the St. Louis Symphony, and the Acme and Murray Lewis Dance companies. Chamber and symphonic programs, and an American film festival are scheduled. Guest artists include the Scottish National Orchestral Chorus and Franz Allers. The festival is held on the Southern Illinois University campus.

MICHIGAN

MEADOW BROOK MUSIC FESTIVAL. Rochester, June 24-August 29. Performances will include jazz, pops, symphonic, dance, opera, and children's concerts. The in-residence Detroit Symphony will be conducted by Aldo Ceccato, Paul Paray, Eduardo Mata, Sixten Ehrling, Andre Kostelanetz, and Yoshimi Takeda. Visiting artists are Eugene Fodor, Jeffrey Siegel, Irene Gubruds, Benny Goodman, Oscar Peterson, Cleo Laine, Maynard Ferguson, Tony Bennett, Count Basie, Preservation Hall Jazz Band, the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, Bill Cosby, and the Pennsylvania Ballet.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CHAMBER CONCERTS. Hanover, July 3-August 28.

HIGH FIDELITY / musical america

Tuesday and Saturday evening concerts will be performed by the Waverly Consort, the Concord String Quartet, and pianists Gabriel Chodos and Walter Klien.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MUSIC FESTIVAL. Center Harbor, July 4–August 15. Thomas Nee, music director. Scheduled soloists are pianist François Regnat and violinist Ani Kavafian. Program includes symphonic concerts in neighboring towns and, at Plymouth State College, chamber and choral workshops and private study.

NEW MEXICO

SANTA FE CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. Santa Fe, June 27–August 1. Alicia Schachter, artistic director; Sheldon Rich, festival director. Festival events include chamber and solo recitals, lecture performances, and touring concerts. Participating artists are Claus Adam, Frank Cohen, Mary Jean Cook, Bonnie Hampton, Paul Hersh, Mark Kaplan, Anton Kuerti, Santa Fe Brass Choir, Nathan Schwartz, Leon Sperier, Landon Young. There will also be American composers-in-residence. Repertoire includes Bach, Purcell, Mozart, Bernstein, Copland, Bacon, and Thomson.

NEW YORK

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL. Katonah, June 19–August 22. Michael Sweeley, executive director; Julius Rudel, music director. Weekend concerts are held in the Venetian Theater and Spanish Courtyard. Visiting artists will include Rudolf Firkusny, Gina Bachauer, Alicia de Larrocha, Garrick Ohlsson, Miriam Fried, Young-Uck Kim, Tokyo String Quartet, New York Chamber Soloists, Guarneri String Quartet, Bach Aria Group, and guest conductor Brian Priestman.

SARATOGA FESTIVAL. Saratoga, July 14–August 21. Craig Hankenson, general manager. In residence this season will be the New York City Ballet Company, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and The Acting Company. Conducting the Philadelphia will be Eugene Ormandy, Aaron Copland, Leonard Slatkin, William Smith, Edo de Waart, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, James de Preist, Arthur Fied-



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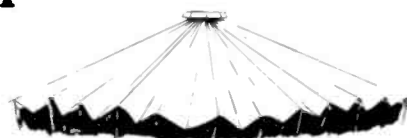
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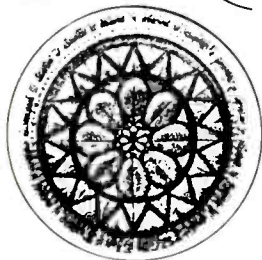
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NEWPORT MUSIC FESTIVAL. Newport, July 22 to July 31. Mart Malkovich, general director. Programing this season will be split between American and international repertoire. Resident artists include pianists Raymond Lewenthal, Agustian Anievas and Peter Basquin; Arthur Bloom, clarinetist; Raymond Gniewek, violinist; Leonard Hindell, bassoonist; Howard Howard, French horn; Thomas Hrynkiw, pianist; Bert Lucarelli, oboist; Guy Lumia, violinist; Naoyuki Miura, contrabassist; Toni Rapport, violinist, Jasha Silberstein, cellist, Emanuel Vardi, violist, John Wion, flute; and Leshek Zavistovski, cellist. Concerts are given three times a day and held in various Newport mansions.

TENNESSEE

SEWANEE SUMMER MUSIC CENTER. Seawanee, June 18-July 25. Martha McCrory, director. In conjunction with the University of the South, the program will include private study, seminars, and workshops with a faculty comprised of instrumentalists, composers, and conductors from around the country. Orchestras performing include the Seawanee Symphony, the Cumberland Orchestra, and the Festival Orchestra, conducted by Kenneth Moore, Richard Burgin, Henri Temianka, and Wilfred Lehmann.

TEXAS

FESTIVAL-INSTITUTE AT ROUND TOP. Round Top, June 4-July 7. James Dick, director. Appearing at Festival Hill, the festival's new location, will be the Houston and Dallas symphonies, the Youth Orchestra of Greater Fort Worth, Guarneri String Quartet, Paul Olefsky, Leonard Posner, and Leonard Pennario.

UTAH

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH/SNOWBIRD SUMMER ARTS INSTITUTE. Salt Lake City,

July 12-August 20. Maurice Abravanel, music director. The Utah Symphony will be in residence, and the following programs are scheduled: orchestra, piano, band, jazz, vocal, and chamber music workshops; the ASTA national string conference and youth program; and the western trombone conference. Professional instrumentalists, vocalists, and instructors comprise the Institute's staff.

VERMONT

SOUTHERN VERMONT MUSIC CENTER. Manchester, June 27-August 21. Eugene List and Carroll Glenn, music directors. The program includes early American through contemporary music, in addition to standard classical repertoire as performed by the festival orchestra, violist Francis Tursi, pianists Chonghyo Shin and Pawel Chencincki, and the University Choral Union.

WISCONSIN

PENINSULA MUSIC FESTIVAL. Fish Creek, August 6-21. Harold Cruthirds, artistic director. Conducting the festival orchestra at Gibraltar Auditorium will be Theo Alcantara, Otto-Werner Mueller, and John Nelson. McHenry Boatwright, Claude Frank, Larry Graham, Joanna Simon, Mary Sauer, and Eugene Fodor are the featured soloists.

CANADA

MUSIC AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL. Ontario, July 5-August 30. Raffi Armenian, music director. Violinist Steven Staryk will head the orchestral masterclasses in association with the Stratford Festival Ensemble and visiting guest artists. Sunday chamber concerts will include a Schubert recital by Jeannette Zarou; Monday concerts will feature Oscar Peterson, Cleo Laine, John Dankworth, Chuck Mangione, Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Murray McLauchlan, Odetta, and Anne Murray.

Many festival offices did not have specific information available at press time. For a complete listing of North American festivals, consult the MUSICAL AMERICA 1976 INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY.



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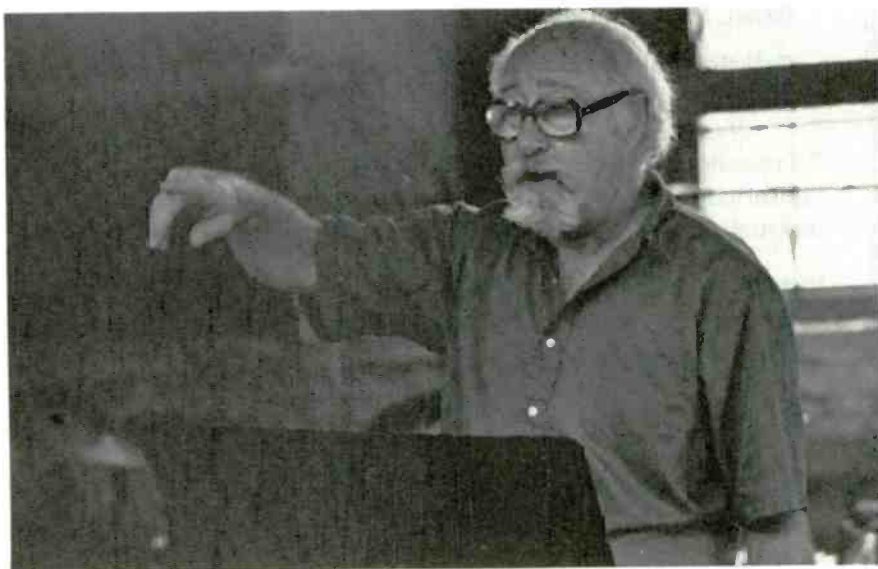
INDIAN HILL SUMMER



Young musicians
make music in the Berkshires

TOURISTS DRIVING on the road from Stockbridge to Lenox slow down on their way past Indian Hill. It is an impressive sight, and a mysterious one, with its huge Tudor house, the wide swath of lawn, and the modern theater in the distance. Some stop their cars and get out, intrigued with the sight and sound of young people practicing instruments, picking guitars, and playing with Frisbees under the trees. Until last summer the discreet sign at the entrance to the driveway said simply: Indian Hill. Now, even with the addition of "Brooklyn College Founda-

The author, a former dance critic of The Boston Globe, was a student and then a staff member at Indian Hill. She is currently a freelance writer based in Cambridge.



Mordecai Bauman, who founded Indian Hill twenty-four years ago

tion," Indian Hill remains a private, self-absorbed place. Intrepid travelers who meander up the gravel driveway in search of an explanation are briefly informed and then politely and firmly sent on their way.

For twenty-four years the eight-week summer workshop in the performing arts has embodied the arts education ideals of Mordecai Bauman and his wife, Irma. Bauman is a baritone singer and educator, well-known in the 1930s and '40s for his performances and recordings of the works of composers such as Charles Ives, Marc Blitzstein, Hanns Eisler, and Elie Siegmeister, as well as for his Broadway appearances. He was director of the opera department at the Cleveland Institute of Music when he set out to create a summer setting where teenagers interested in the arts could work and live undisturbed in an intimate setting. Envisioned was a place where staff and students could live together, where baseball and nature hikes would be available, and where students would have the opportunity to meet fellow artists, share interests, and take advantage of the wealth of cultural events blossoming each summer in the Berkshires.

Horses out, film in

Bauman created Indian Hill on the old summer estate of former U.S. ambassador Norman Davis. He prepared for a projected population of 150 teenagers by building modern "tepees" to house the younger students, adding a theater (and later a dance studio), renovating the already existing barn as an orchestra and chorus rehearsal area with practice rooms in the hayloft and a film studio where horse stalls once stood. He sank a pool by the outdoor teahouse, tucked an art studio into a hill, laid out an easy-going baseball field, volleyball area, and two tennis courts—and looked for students.

The young people who have attended Indian Hill over the years are a sophisticated lot. No bargain summer, the Hill, as it is sometimes known, has attracted its share of wealthy students, children of artists and lawyers, the majority of them from the New York area (although from the beginning the Baumans have run an extensive scholarship program). The students have changed over the years, from the

straight and serious days of the late 1950s and early '60s, through the frizzy, druggy time of the late 60s, when kids were pleased to point out that Arlo Guthrie (who, indeed, is an Indian Hill alumnus) dumped the infamous garbage of the *Alice's Restaurant* saga directly across the road from the place.

Alumni & staff

The twenty-four-year history of the Hill has seen a procession of young people who have gone on to active involvement in the arts. "That was a very important part of my musical life. I would not be the same had I not gone there," said pianist Ruth Laredo in a *New York Times* interview in 1974. Laredo was in the charter class of 1952, a class which included Boston Symphony Orchestra violinist Jerome Rosen, harpsichordist Frances Cole, composer Ramiro Cortes, and the founder of the National Jazz Ensemble, Chuck Israels. Other Indian Hill graduates include singer Mimi Farina, actress Louise Lasser, writer Jacob Brackman, and Boston Symphony principal bassist William Rhein.

The staff that first year in 1952 included Seymour Lipkin, Sidney Harth, Robert Commanday, Henry Cowell, and dancer Eve Gentry; the faculty has continued to attract established artists. Pete Seeger, Wallingford Riegger, John Goberman, Harold Aks, and Carly Simon are among those who have taught music; James Waring, the avant-garde choreographer, taught dance for ten years, bringing his dancers to the stages of Tanglewood and New York's Judson Church in the process; sculptor Dorothy Dehner, writer Andrew Bergman, and Yale Drama School professor Mary van Dyke have all spent summers on the staff.

Life on the Hill

The Indian Hill summer is a well-organized one, a summer with a touch of class right from the bus departure from Lincoln Center. Students participate in a daily schedule which begins with an all-school chorus and allows large blocks of time for class and workshops in the various majors. Time is set aside for sports and swimming, for madrigal group

practice and volleyball practice, for hair washing, table setting, and for guitar noodling (one summer photograph showed seventy-five of the one-hundred-and-twenty students present holding their guitars). Meals are served family style, with students serving as waiters on a rotating basis. Evenings are devoted to performances, both in-house and out, and for many years a mid-season Production Weekend was held for visiting family and friends.

In a way, hair washing has been the one source of conflict between Indian Hill and the stolid Stockbridge community. Residents nervous about raucous behavior and the influence of young aliens have had little to complain about with the Bauman's school, and Mordecai Bauman has been careful to see that it remains that way. His one perennial problem, he admits, is the use of water, since the arrangement between his land and the private water supply is a delicate one; frequent shampooing is not encouraged.

Enter Brooklyn College

Last summer Indian Hill underwent a radical change—its first not under private auspices. In 1975—a year of financial hard times among private schools and camps—the Baumans donated Indian Hill to the Brooklyn College Foundation. The Foundation made the property available to the School of Performing Arts at Brooklyn College; Dean Robert Hickok directs staffing, course content, and grading, while the Baumans continue to supervise the operation and assist in the transition from private summer school to City University summer school.

The present Indian Hill, still an eight-week session, is open to entering college students, freshmen and sophomores, and offers credit in an expanded music program designed and run by Dorothy Klotzman, chairman of the Brooklyn College music department, as well as classes in theater and dance (art and film have been eliminated). Courses emphasize performance, and include individual instruction, chamber music, orchestra, and theory; theater majors will study voice, movement, acting, and production, and dancers will explore modern and ballet technique and

Continued on page MA-37

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

Aida

In the weeks before *Aida* showed its new face to the public on February 3 there had been heard some rumblings from the Met, intimations that John Dexter's new staging would emphasize psychology rather than spectacle, politics over pomp. These coded messages were swiftly deciphered by opera's intelligence community: clearly we were headed for an austerity production, an *Aida* to balance the budget.

Now, Verdi's tale of the Egyptian general and the Ethiopian slave has been around for 104 years, finding its way to every remote whistle-stop on opera's far flung network. It has been given with casts of thousands and squadrons of elephants; it has been staged in the Quechua language with accompaniment from one upright piano and no more than a single tusk for the triumphal scene. The great houses have traditionally put themselves out to provide something eye-popping for the return of Radames; and the Metropolitan Opera (where *Aida* had been staged 578 times before the new production, making it the most popular work in the repertory) has always contrived to have a sufficiency of spear-carriers in Act II, Scene 2. And yet, and yet—there are some who will dispute the next assertion—for me this is one opera that succeeds by its music or not at all. If you have the singers, if the man with the little stick is the right one, *Aida* works—even if the Temple of Phtha looks like Catfish Row and Pharaoh's massed troops remind you of the local boy scout platoon; the opera succeeds. Without the singers, in the absence of the right temperament in musical command, why, the presence of the great sphinx herself and all the warriors of Upper and Lower Egypt will not prevail.

So it proved on the night of Febru-

ary 7. John Dexter's production makes sparing use of manpower, reducing the corps de ballet radically, trimming the number of supers on stage throughout; yet there are enough left to make the necessary effect in the triumphal scene. David



Photos by J. Helferman

Leontyne Price as *Aida*

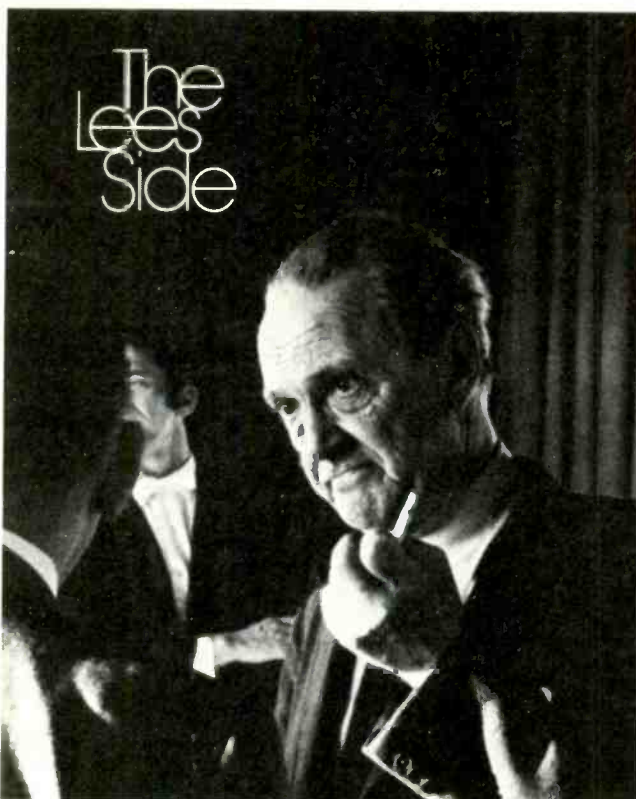
Reppa's sets follow the unit plan and center upon a Bayreuth-style disc or saucer augmented by a succession of vertical flats. The effect is frequently claustrophobic, and this is a mistake: all of the claustrophobia of *Aida* is concentrated in that one, final, tomb scene. (Elsewhere it is, of all operas, the one most consecrated to the open air.) The players were decked out in some fairly jazzy and self-assertive costumes, devised by Peter J. Hall; and they were given a series of rather embarrassing hand-gestures by Dexter, intended presumably to evoke the wall-carvings of ancient Egypt; they provided instead some risibility in the lobbies at intermission, for who could refrain from greeting a passing chum in the manner of Amneris?

But all this was irrelevant. The thing that mattered was the singing and the conducting, and while the musical performance did not always reach its full potential, the Met cannot be faulted for putting up a cast that was, at least on paper if not *in vivo*, fully world class. There were disappointments, but on the whole the audience was given its money's worth. James Levine had the Verdi line in firm control, and the Verdi pulse too—though some find his way too muscular and tense. James McCracken (Radames) was short on the legato for "*Celeste Aida*" but summoned up all the necessary intensity for the Nile scene later. Leontyne Price produced some thrilling sounds in "*Ritorna Vincitor*" and the duet with Amneris, partly compensating her admirers for the lack of the soft, velvety, floated passages with which she thrilled them fifteen years ago. Miss Price must have been a sore trial to Dexter, for she is nowadays a singer (often a glorious one) but in no way an actress; she marches dramatically to her own drummer only, very occasionally acknowledging the presence of others on stage or moving the story forward at all. It is a recital, not a drama.

Cornell MacNeil (Amonasro) had a fine evening, for his baritone was well focused and his involvement with the raging passions of the Ethiopian leader total. We had *slancio* along with elegant singing, a rich combination. Marilyn Horne (Amneris) normally offers a rich array of vocal coloring—hers is a voice of immense range and tonal variety—but we had little benison on this occasion.

Continued after High Fidelity page 98

HIGH FIDELITY / musical america



Jeff Stewart

Alec Wilder in conversation at the Rainbow Grill, N.Y. (1972)

Reading Alec Wilder's Mail

by Gene Lees

SOME TIME AGO (HF, August 1972) I wrote about what is probably the best and most important book ever written on American popular music, composer Alec Wilder's *American Popular Song: The Great Innovators 1900-1950* (Oxford University Press). It's the only book I know of that analyzes the actual musical content of the work of such composers as Arlen, Gershwin, Kern, and Porter, who were among the figures responsible for a kind of American song that we call "popular" only for lack of a more specific term.

With the perspective of time, we are seeing ever more clearly that the best of it was closer to art music. It is Wilder's thesis that this age of professionalism and melodic elegance came to an end sometime in the 1950s, with the rise of rock and roll.

Wilder himself is usually described as a maverick among American composers. Allied with no one, part of no movement, going his own solitary way, he has been substantially ignored by two powerful musical establishments: the classical and the commercial pop. This is a country that likes pigeonholes, and what won't fit is often consigned to limbo.

His music is not conventionally un-

conventional or aimed at breaking new ground. Nor is it somber with purpose. It is accessible, understandable, moving, joyous, charming, touching, and filled with gentle delights. It is almost shy music, approaching you like an ingenuous child who isn't quite sure that you will like it. It partakes of jazz, popular music, and "classical" music all the way back to the baroque. But anyone who calls it only eclectic is a fool, for it has a stylistic identity and character that is unmistakably Alec Wilder.

He was experimenting back in the late 1930s with blending elements of popular and classical music for his Alec Wilder Octet, and then in the early 1940s with a strings-and-woodwinds orchestra conducted very well by Frank Sinatra for Columbia Records. (If you're lucky, you may still be able to find this music on an *Odyssey* reissue.) Even the titles of the Octet compositions—*It's Silk*, *Feel It* and *The Children Met the Train*—had a fey evasiveness that made Wilder the composer harder to define.

Do you remember those choral arrangements that accompanied Sinatra during the musicians' union recording ban in the mid-1940s? Wilder wrote most of them. He also wrote popular

songs, including "I'll Be Around" (words and music), "While We're Young" (lyrics by Bill Engvick), and "It's So Peaceful in the Country." He has written lyrics for other people's music on occasion; the English lyrics to the Italian song "Senza Fine" are his. He has composed hundreds of works for orchestra or chamber groups and several operas, none of which I have ever heard. They always seem to be performed in places I'm not—such as Milwaukee, where as I recall his composition for the tenor saxophone of Zoot Sims and orchestra was once played.

That more of Wilder's music isn't available on major commercial labels is one of the disgraces of the record industry. That he is omitted from most serious discussions of American music is an error of the taste-makers. And that he should have been omitted from the one really good analytical book on that subject—for the sole reason that he wrote it—is some sort of wry joke. The latter oversight has been at least partially corrected by his new book.

Characteristically, it fits no known category of literature. It is not an autobiography, a diary, or a compendium of correspondence. Only Wilder could have come up with a book called *Letters I Never Mailed* (Little, Brown, & Company, \$7.98).

Wilder lives everywhere and nowhere, and these letters are all he has kept in his nomadic life. They were written to all sorts of people in (and out of) the musical and literary worlds; for, we learn, as a youth he considered becoming a writer. There is a blistering letter to the IRS for failure to understand the workings and needs of the creative mind, and another to a dry-cleaner who lifted \$300 from his suit. (Who but Alec would leave \$300 in the suit in the first place?) Letters written during childhood reveal him as sensitive and poetic on the one hand and defiantly stubborn on the other.

There is a very touching letter to Judy Holliday, written after her death: "I had become cynical about American women long before I met you. You reversed that. I loved you a lot. . . ." It is typical of Wilder that he never put these words down on paper during her lifetime.

I have known about Alec's shyness from the time I first met him thirteen years ago. It always puzzled me that a man so arrestingly handsome (aristocratic face, tall grace, distinguished bearing) and so courtly in manner should be so timid—there is no other word—with women. This book has helped me to understand.

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The letter to "Dear Mr. [Benny] Goodman" says publicly what many musicians have been muttering privately for years. Wilder had written an arrangement of "Sleepy Time Down South" for Mildred Bailey. Goodman evidently didn't like it. In the unsent missive, Wilder writes:

"Your complaint about the unexpected harmony I used not only embarrassed the men in the band, Mildred, and myself, but just maybe reveals one of your better-known weaknesses: a bad ear. I'm not saying that the harmony is the best; I'm simply saying that you would be the last musician to know if it were the worst..."

So much for the King of Swing.

There are two revealing letters to Sinatra, the first a warm and affectionate missive not sent when Sinatra and his family first went to Hollywood in the mid-1940s. The second must have been written about two years ago:

"I continue to believe that, despite your political capitulation, your strange bedfellows, your often unfortunate choice of songs, and, saddest of all, your silence, you would be—given a sane society and time for a deep breath—once again my active friend, and once again we could sit in a room locked against the intrusion of the leeches, the court jesters, the presidents of vice, the dreary little girls, and we could talk about beliefs and longings and wonderments..."

"Frank, we're growing old.

"Do you suppose awareness of mortality is what caused you to start spinning, to choose shallow companions, to desert former convictions, to cynically (or desperately?) decide to 'get with it' by singing fashionable but unsuitable songs? I want to see you alone, to find out if the man I knew is still there..."

Letters I Never Mailed also contains some apologies. Wilder was a heavy drinker until he quit five years ago. When he would get far advanced in his cups, he would start expressing his thoughts about music and other subjects—particularly his companions at the moment. His compassion for people is so great that he listens to and understands them, and he would say exactly what the insight of that compassion dictated. The results were devastating to the objects of this sudden and unwanted attention. But I never heard him tell anyone anything that wasn't true.

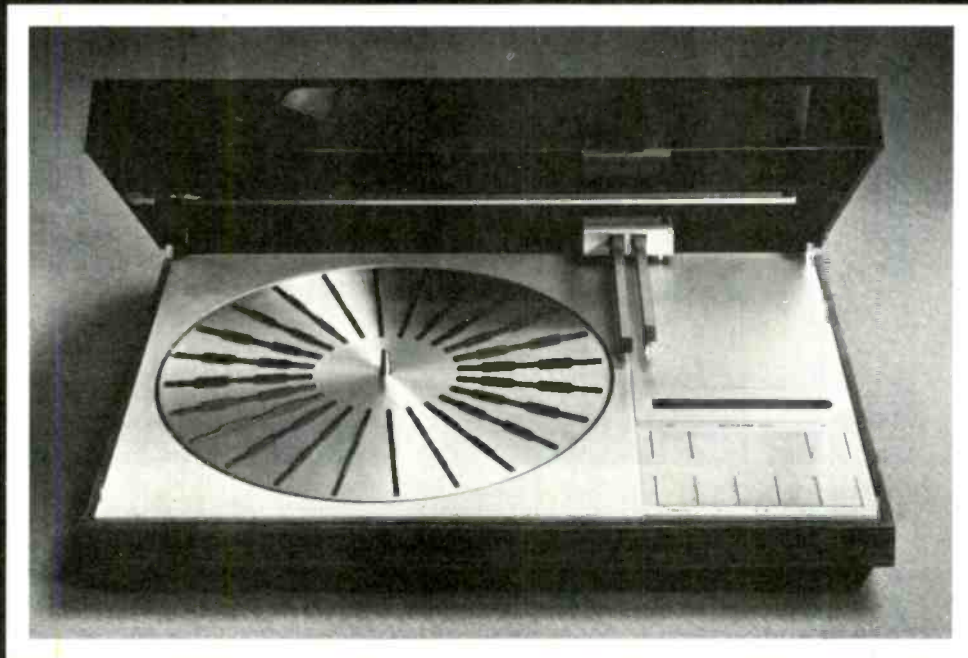
Most literature is written in the first and third persons; the song is the one form that is often in the second person singular. This book is a song without music.

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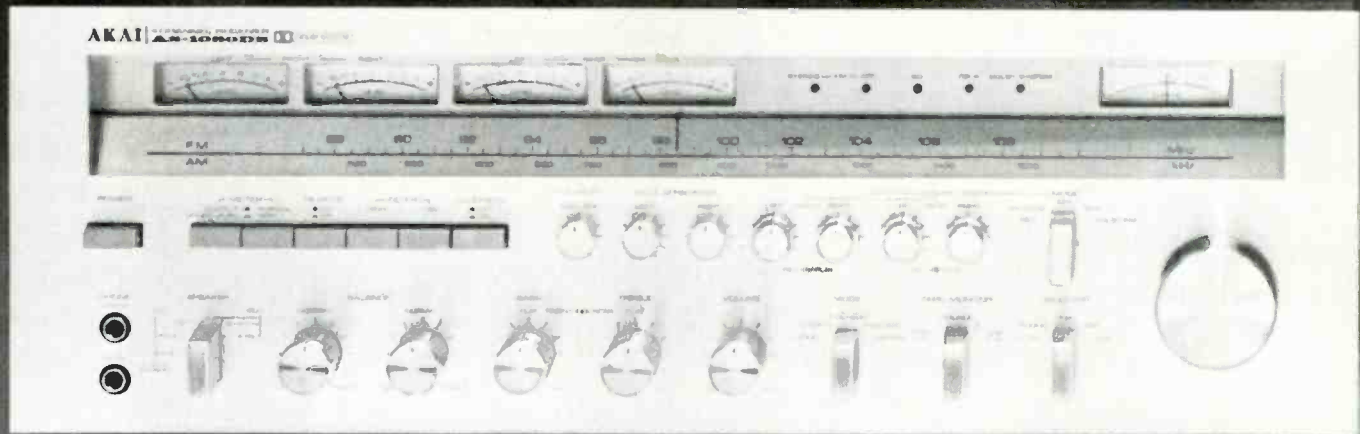
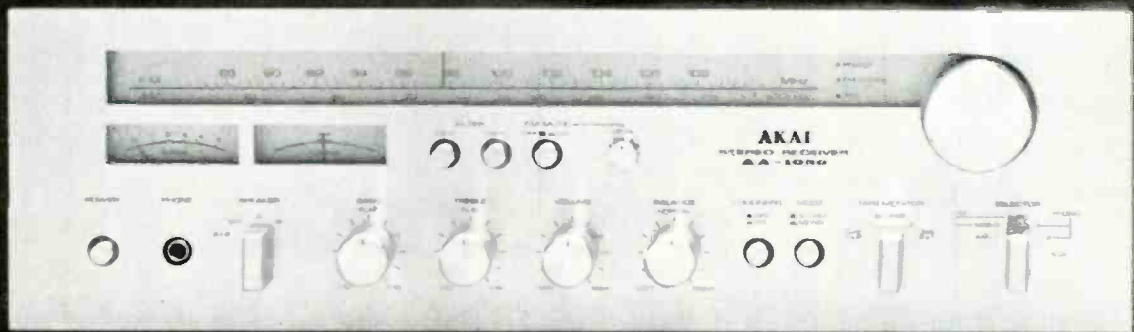
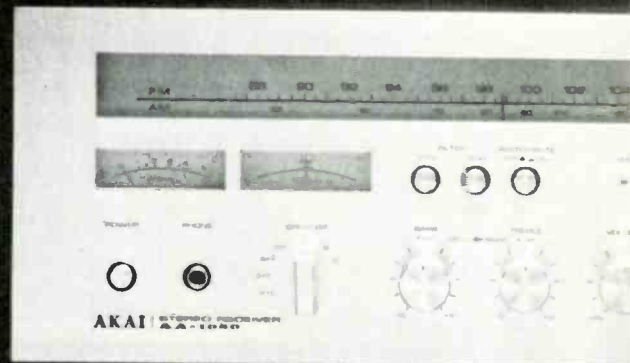
Stable, accurate drive system. A high torque DC motor with integrated electronic speed control drives only the turntable platter via a precision ground, flat rubber belt.

Elimination of warp wow. An extremely short, low mass tone arm, which weighs only 8.4 grams with cartridge, eliminates the distortion caused by warped records.

Bang & Olufsen

Bang & Olufsen of America, Inc., 515 Busse Road, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007

AKAI COMES



We're no newcomers to this business. We've been around a long time. Making a name for ourselves. A strong name. Akai. Worldwide, one of the strongest names going in tape equipment.

And now we're stronger than ever.

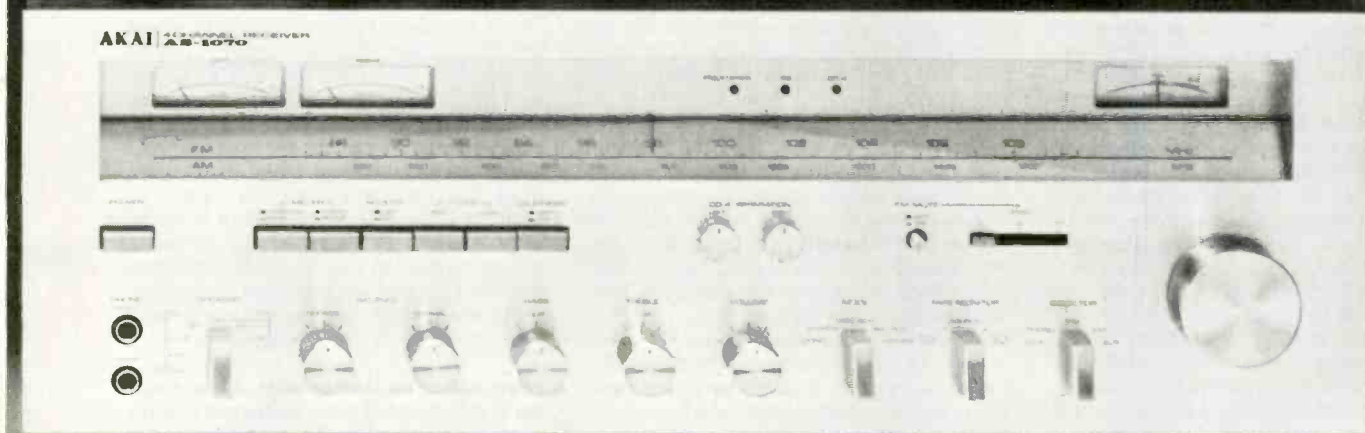
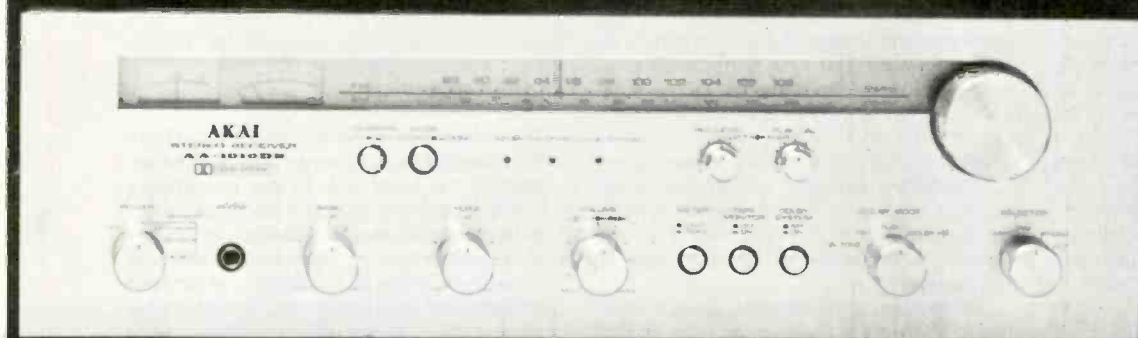
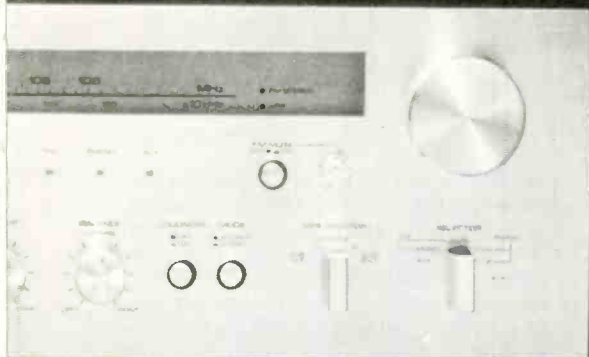
Introducing the Akai 1000 Series. Our powerful new line of Stereo and Quad receivers. We put this line together with one purpose

in mind: to turn out the best line of receivers, for the money, in the business. As far as we're concerned that's exactly what we've done.

The strength of the 1000 Series starts with its engineering. It's every bit as strong as the quality that made our tape equipment famous.

Next, strong performance characteristics and features. We honestly don't know where

ON STRONG!



you'd find, for the price, a line of receivers that comes on with better sound and more versatility than ours. If that sounds like a strong statement, a visit to your Akai dealer may convince you it's not strong enough.

As for styling, look for yourself. Look again. It's brushed aluminum. Clean. Handsome. Superb. Everything styling ought to be. Period.

As for value, we couldn't make it stronger. A high to low price range to fit the needs of just about anyone.

That's Akai's new line of Stereo and Quad receivers. Our 1000 Series. It's got quality, performance, looks, value. And with

a receiver like that, you've got to know we're comin' on ...strong!

AKAI

COMIN' ON STRONG!

Akai 1000 Series receivers from \$300 to \$900 suggested retail value.
For more information write to Akai America Ltd., 2139 Del Amo Boulevard, Compton, California 90220



A Sony TC-758 bidirectional open-reel recorder that I'm contemplating buying checks out well in most respects, but I'm bothered by the Bi-Lateral heads. Does this type of head go out of alignment easily? Is it as good in performance as a fixed head?—Al Förman, New York, N.Y.

The only deck we have tested with Sony's Bi-Lateral heads is the TC-440 (August 1971). We found it to be particularly good for a movable-head design, in which good tape-to-head tracking is somewhat harder to achieve than in fixed-head designs, and good even by comparison with fixed-head designs in its price class. We also found no reason to suspect it of undue susceptibility to wear in the parts that align the head assembly for the two directions of tape travel, though this is an inherent weakness of all movable-head designs. So, in spite of our wariness about this type of design, we found no significant fault with Sony's use of it.

I recently purchased a Soundcraftsmen 20-12A ten-octave-per-channel audio-frequency equalizer, which I attempted to set up by following the manufacturer's instructions and using the test record that came with the unit. Quite frankly, I found the results disappointing. An engineer friend, who was persuaded to go over the installation with a sound-level meter, was able to improve things, but only a little; there are still some rather marked deviations from flat frequency response, particularly in the area around 500 Hz. How can people sell products like this if they don't work?—Alan Partridge, Farmington, Me.

Your unit was designed primarily as a program equalizer and only secondarily to correct system problems and room acoustics, so we see no reason at all to fault the Soundcraftsmen. Neither this model nor any other ten-band octave equalizer will compensate for all the frequency-response errors in a music system. It would be a near-miraculous stroke of luck if any equalizer were to achieve this without the use of one-third-octave filters, which would mean thirty filters or so per channel and quite a high price tag.

Also, check the woofer-to-midrange crossover point of your loudspeaker system. It may be somewhere around the 500 Hz with which you find fault. If, as is fairly typical, the sound wave from the woofer occurs later in time than the corresponding wave from the midrange, the result is a phase (and frequency-response) error that no normal filter can correct.

In assembling my music reproduction system, I have purchased the speakers first: KLH Model 5. My listening room has a volume of

3,000 to 4,000 cubic feet. I listen mainly to classical music—no hard rock at wall-shattering levels. In the way of an amplifier, I am inclined toward the Pioneer SA-9900, which is capable of delivering 110 watts continuous power per channel into 8 ohms. Is this too powerful for these speakers?—Michael P. Bazell, Smithtown, N.Y.

KLH, perhaps wisely, does not give a rating for the power-handling capability of these speakers. And indeed, there is no way to be absolutely sure that even a modestly powerful amplifier will not damage a loudspeaker system in some way. First of all, amplifiers are rated for undistorted power. If driven to or beyond clipping, most will deliver power considerably in excess of ratings. Worse yet, clipping introduces high-frequency components that will be directed mostly to the tweeter, which is the driver least able to handle power.

Clearly then, some common sense is in order. With classical music especially, lacking as it does the synthetic highs found in some rock, a loudspeaker will give audible distress signals before giving up—unless you like to drop tone arms with the volume turned up. Used with care, the Pioneer SA-9900 is not likely to damage your speakers.

Every now and then my Teac 450 cassette deck shuts itself off for no apparent reason. I've taken it back to the dealer, who claims there is nothing wrong with the deck and says it must be the cassettes I'm using. But I use only good brands like Maxell, Scotch, and TDK. What can I do about this problem?—Nelson B. Meile, Valley Stream, N.Y.

Our guess is that the dealer is right. For some reason (perhaps the design of the slipsheets inside the cassette that promote even tape wind) Scotch cassettes often have considerably higher internal friction than most other quality brands. If the deck will handle this friction, their even wind promotes minimum tape skewing, which in turn contributes to precise tape-to-head alignment and minimum phase anomalies between channels (particularly important if you're using your deck for matrixed quadraphonics). But if the deck's drive is not hefty enough to overcome the friction, it can raise wow levels, since the friction is not absolutely constant as the tape moves. And your Teac is one of those models equipped with a tension-sensing device to shut the deck off at the end of the tape. This device can be tripped by the friction in Scotch cassettes, and we suspect that's what is happening. If you keep a record of which cassettes cause the shutoff, it should soon become apparent whether we're right or not.

If we are, the cure is obvious. To pretest a

cassette for your deck, insert your pinkie into the empty hub of the cassette and give it a twist. If it pulls little or no tape off the full hub and, instead, springs back to its original position (which often happens with Scotch cassettes), internal friction may be too high for your deck. But avoid as well the opposite extreme: cassettes in which there seems to be a very loose fit of the parts. In fast wind this can result in so unevenly wound a tape "pancake" that, when you then play it back, the protruding tape will jam and—again—shut down the deck.

The instructions in the Memorex Record Care Kit state that record cleaner fluid need be applied to the foam strip in the humidifying compartment only once a week. Since I want to be careful to avoid any buildup of residue from excess use of fluid, I have followed these instructions to the letter. The amount of static that accumulates on the disc quickly renders my cleaning efforts useless. Am I doing something wrong? Or is Memorex?—Marie Jackson, Des Plaines, Ill.

This is a problem that we too have observed with this product. It appears that the seal on the lid of the box is not tight enough to prevent the cleaning fluid (which is extremely volatile) from evaporating very rapidly. However, so far as we can see the cleaner leaves no residue and therefore is safe to use more freely than recommended. The trick is to keep the brush just damp enough to dispel static and attract dust and yet not moist enough to transfer fluid to the record. While the liquid will not last long used in this way, your records would appear to be safe—and all the more so through being clean.

I have a Koss Pro-4AA headset. A friend tells me that I shouldn't leave it plugged into the headphone jack when I'm not using it. If it were an electrostatic model that would continue to draw energizing power from the amp even when it's not in use, I could see the point, but not with a regular headset. Who is right?—James L. Marks, Lansing, Mich.

Your friend is. When you're wearing the headset your ears will tell you when it's being overloaded; when it's unused it's therefore easier to abuse and, perhaps, burn out. Better safe than sorry. And if it's energy conservation you're concerned about, remember that dynamic headphones—plus the padding circuitry built into the headphone outputs of most equipment—dissipate power too. Electrostatics require energizing voltage, but not necessarily appreciable quantities of power, which is the product of voltage and current. The latter theoretically is nil in an electrostatic device.

STEREOTECH

"You'll hear more from us!"



Make sure you get your money's worth when you buy a stereo. Modern technology, solid state electronics and contemporary engineering permits most equipment available today to have comparable performance. If performance is the only measurement you make you will be in danger of not getting the most for your money.

Stereotech performance has been designed to be "State of the Art" and high value. Not only must each Stereotech perform but each Stereotech product must deliver long trouble-free life. Careful engineering combined with time consuming life and stress testing of each component part that goes into a Stereotech have assured the performance of Stereotech. Handcrafted construction and unit by unit testing assures you that the Stereotech you get will perform to your expectations.

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Stanching the Leaks in Fidelity

Signal processing, once a black art practiced in the cloistered environs of recording studios and radio stations, has come out into the open and has even achieved a measure of respectability. The interested audiophile can easily buy such things as noise-reduction devices, compressor-expander units, devices that reverse peak limiting (all covered in a feature article in the March issue), and systems meant to "clean up" substandard signal sources. The number of available program equalizers constantly multiplies. "Ambience" and "hall sound" devices (see, for example, last month's "News and Views") seem to be attracting new attention. But while all of these have legitimate and useful functions, they are in fact palliatives that require considerable taste and knowledge in their op-

eration if they are not to degrade the very signals they are meant to improve. Even when operated optimally, virtually all of them have side effects, however slight.

We are not opposed to signal processing per se, but we hope that its availability and increasingly widespread use will not deter research and improvements in the state of the art. Surely it must be preferable to improve the signal-to-noise ratio of a system by two, six, or—dare we hope?—ten decibels without resorting to an add-on. Or better a quieter disc than a disc quieter. For us, anyway, every increase in basic system competence that we have come across has allowed us to hear more of the music, and without the lingering doubts about what that "black box" may be doing. While the day when audio systems become fully equal to every demand of music may not be at hand, we hope that progress toward this dream will not be sacrificed to what must, in the long run, be seen as bandages and crutches offered as a substitute.

More on Warranties

The audio industry, like the rest of American business, is still struggling to understand the terms of the Moss-Magnuson Warranty Act. While it seems fairly clear what constitutes a "limited warranty," the definition of "full warranty" remains elusive. After talking with a representative of the Federal Trade Commission our understanding is that a full warranty must include, in addition to the terms of a limited warranty, the following provisions: The manufacturer must agree to pay round-trip shipping for any product returned for a warranty repair; the warranty must be transferable with product ownership; the manufacturer must either return the product to the consumer properly repaired in a reasonable time or provide a new unit or a refund.

How long a time is "reasonable"? How many chances does a manufacturer have to make a repair before refund or replacement is mandated? A number of companies we talked to—for example, Jensen Sound and Crown International—believe that what they currently are offering is a full warranty, though they hesitate to label it as such until the doubts are resolved. Allison Acoustics, which already has announced a full warranty program ("News and Views," April), says it agrees to accept whatever definition is forthcoming. Perhaps recent experience with the more arbitrary provisions of the FTC's power-rating rules has made other companies less ready to take such a risk.

We hope—for the sake of everyone interested in high fidelity—that the warranty rules are clarified quickly.

How's Your Random Access?

One big advantage of discs over tapes has always been what is known in computer-age jargon as random access: the ability to find one specific in stored information without going through everything that precedes it in the storage medium. Tape users must resign themselves to a hunt-and-try scheme unless they go to the trouble of writing down counter-number cues for each selection.

If only, we've often thought, all counters worked the same way! Then counter indexing from one deck could be used to find individual selections when a tape is played on another. And tape processors could put indexing numbers right on their products. "*Una voce poco fa*" is at 093 according to the label? Just use the fast forward until your counter reads 093 and you're (very nearly) at the opening note of "*Una voce*" without having to wade through "*Caro nome*" once again.

Apparently this thought also has occurred to the people who use tape equipment for educational purposes. The National Audio-Visual Association has proposed that all cassette decks (for schoolroom use, at least) be fitted with "2X" counters that will advance one digit for each two revolutions of the supply hub (to which, of course, the usual counters are coupled). A dandy idea—and one we hope catches on in the consumer field. We already have found some decks that appear to conform to this practice. At this writing we don't know how common it may be, but the inveterate tape user has a lot to gain and nothing to lose, we think, by such standardization.

Iguanas in QS

A few issues back (September 1975) we exclaimed over the fact that second-generation real-time copies of master tapes were being made available to the consumer. Now Quadratrak of Kensington, Md., the small recording company that supplies these carefully made tapes, has decided to issue discs as well—and judging by our sample the discs are made just as carefully. The company took this

step, according to spokesman Don Falk, to reach a wider audience. Its recording previously offered on tape, "*The Winds of Alamar*" by the group Iguana, is available now as a compatible matrix disc encoded via the Sansui QS system, which Quadratrak feels is "the next best thing to one of our tapes."

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Who's behind the remarkable DQ-10 speaker?



Some of the most remarkable men in audio like Jon Dahlquist and Saul Marantz.

There's hardly an audiophile anywhere who doesn't know about the state-of-the-art equipment Mr. Marantz produced. This includes such classics as the model 7 pre-amp, 10B tuner, and model 9 and 8B amplifiers. Today this equipment demands many times its original cost.

Then there's our brilliant engineering head Jon Dahlquist. His contribution on the lunar excursion module involved vibration and stress analysis. This eventually led him to more earthly projects such as loudspeaker waveform behavior. His research was applied to the unique acoustical concepts that are incorporated in the DQ-10 Phased Array speaker system.

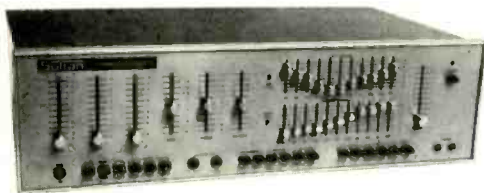
For the first time a single speaker system accurately controls time delay, phase shift, and diffraction effects. This advanced speaker design has caused quite a stir in the audio industry. Critical listeners and knowledgeable reviewers throughout the world have praised the DQ-10 for its superb definition, its 3 dimensional spaciousness, the ultra smooth coherency over the entire range, and its correct stereo imaging.

It doesn't take long to discover these qualities for yourself. Just take your most challenging record down to your nearest Dahlquist dealer and put yourself in front of a speaker that some remarkable men are behind.

DAHLQUIST
The boxless speaker

27 Hanse Ave. Freeport N.Y. 11520

Equipment in the NEWS



Sultan offers versatile preamp

Although the Sultan Model 24 preamplifier was designed for home use, it has features that smack of professional audio. Facilities for mixing and an eleven-band octave equalizer provide versatility for recording or playback. Especially interesting features are switchable equalization of tape dubbing and line outputs and a microphone input with its own mixing level control. The Model 24 also has two phono inputs, two tape monitor circuits, and separate bass and treble controls. Sultan claims less than 0.01% THD and IM with 2 volts rms output from 20 Hz to 20 kHz, and less than 500 nanovolts input noise on phono inputs. Suggested price is \$649.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Lafayette introduces new pedestal speaker

The L-8 speaker system from Lafayette Radio Electronics Corp. employs a 10-inch woofer, a 5-inch midrange, and four supertweeters positioned to provide 270 degrees of sound dispersion. A tuned duct in the enclosure is said to result in high acoustic efficiency and improved bass response. Lafayette's specifications are 30 Hz to 20 kHz ± 5 dB frequency response and 8 ohms nominal impedance. Mid- and high-frequency controls on the rear panel are for adjusting output for room acoustics. The walnut-finished laminate cabinet has a removable brown foam grille. The L-8 costs \$169.95.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Frequency energizer is said to improve sound

Fosgate Electronics of Phoenix says its Model 201A frequency energizer restores lost frequencies, energizes ultralow frequencies, re-establishes harmonic overtones, and has a wide variety of energy slopes. According to Fosgate, the Model 201A has 50% more low-frequency boost than other available units. There are sixty-six possible combinations for high- and low-frequency adjustments. A twin "T" filter circuit is used so that low-frequency boost and contour can be adjusted with a single control. Claimed total harmonic distortion, 20 Hz to 20 kHz, is less than 0.5% with .5 volts rms output. The cost of the 201A is \$99.95; an optional wood-grain case costs \$15.

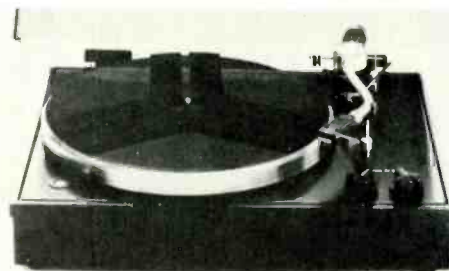
CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Sonab introduces two-speed turntable

The 67S, a manually operated two-speed (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ and 45 rpm) turntable, is available from Sonab. Its nonmagnetic platter is driven by a 24-pole synchronous motor. The suspension is designed so that external shock will cause the chassis to move, but not the platter and tone arm, thus preventing acoustic feedback, according to Sonab. Rumble is said to be better than -60 dB and wow less than 0.08%. The dust cover is attached to the turntable with hinges, and the base has adjustable feet. The 67S costs \$240.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



New speaker line from Verit Industries

Verit Industries has introduced a new speaker line, at the top of which is the 400SL. The system employs a 12-inch woofer and 4-inch midrange and 1-inch dome tweeters. Verit claims that critical damping using polyester silicone compounds with high-stability resins results in fine transient response. Usable with amplifiers rated at 10 to 60 watts continuous, the 400SL has a tuned port reflex enclosure. According to Verit, frequency response is 40 Hz to 18 kHz, ± 4 dB. The cost is \$198.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Was it TIME or NEWSWEEK that scooped the Patty Hearst story?

“You mean it was that rock music magazine?”

If you didn't know the answer without looking for it on this page, then you're probably one of the many people who still calls *Rolling Stone* “that rock music magazine”. And, you've probably been missing some of the best music journalism in the country — as well as our *Rolling Stone* exclusives that have out scooped even the big scoopers.

“But I thought...” Sure, we know. You thought we were “the Bible of rock” — the magazine that people in the business swear by. You're right. We gave you Pete Hammil's first person interview with John Lennon, plus a day in the life of Carly Simon. Our two part interview with Canadian pianist, Glen Gould, was a *Rolling Stone* exclusive too.

“Glen Gould? He's not rock.” That's what we've been trying to tell you. If it's music, it's in *Rolling Stone*. Everything from Glen Gould to Glen Campbell. Phoebe Snow to Dolly Parton. Herbie Hancock to Chet Atkins. Les Ford. Quincy Jones. Donald Byrd. You may as well call us the jazz music magazine. Or the country music magazine. Or the...

“Rolling Stone is a complete music magazine?” The one and only. No one else covers the total music scene as thoroughly as we do. Our in-depth interviews produce answers to questions others never even ask. Our extensive record reviews cover the whole music spectrum. You'll even find comprehensive equipment ratings and evaluations. Like we said, “If it's music, it's in *Rolling Stone*”.

“This has nothing to do with Patty Hearst!” It has everything to do with Patty Hearst. Today's music is a reflection of what's going on in the world. *Rolling Stone* zeroes in on the issues, lifestyles and personalities that are shaping our consciousness...and our music. The Ralph Naders. The Peter Falks. The Norman Mailers. It was *Rolling Stone* that talked to Eldridge Cleaver — before he came home. It was *Rolling Stone*, first, that gave you several good reasons why a member of the Warren Commission believes the J.F.K. assassination investigation should be reopened by Congress. It was *Rolling Stone* that investigated the secret price boosting scheme of a major oil company. That's a whole lot from a music magazine.

MAY 1976



Rolling Stone

The music magazine (and so much more)

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P.O. Box 2983, Boulder, Colorado 80302

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OH/IN

The \$900 Sony Turntable.



Study this page, because we don't want the price to suck you in.

It would be a shame.

People responding to something because it costs \$900*. Not because it's worth \$900.

People captivated by price, not performance.

We at Sony don't want anyone spending good money for a great turntable for a bad reason like an impressive price tag.

Especially because there's so much technology in the PS-8750 for you to fall back on. After you spring for the \$900.

So before you spend a lot of money on us, spend at least a little time with us.

Total speed accuracy is our speed.

Speed accuracy can be a problem for turntables because the stylus continually puts pressure on the record (and, in turn, on our engineers.)

In fact, as little as one gram of stylus pressure can cause a slow-down in record speed. A slow-down that is particularly noticeable in loud passages.

Up till now, most good turntables achieved accuracy with a direct drive motor and a servo-system to control speed variations.

It was fine for most people. And it still is.

But for those with more elegantly attuned hearing, it's just not good enough.

That's because the servo-system will not serve when it comes to small, low-frequency speed variations. It is not sensitive enough, and the result is there to be heard — if you have the discernment to hear it.

To get around this, Sony took the conventional servo-system and revolutionized it by adding a quartz reference and a phase lock circuitry.

That mouthful is really easy to digest. The stable quartz generator emits a constant frequency. Any variations in speed monitored by the magnetic head are converted to changes in the phase of the signal. This is then compared against the quartz generator's phase signal.

If they do not match, our Xtal-Lock corrects the speed variation instantly.

A conventional servo-system has to wait for the error to appear as a change in frequency, and then it takes time to correct it.

Sony can make the corrections 10 times faster. And within one cycle. All because Sony uses the phase difference as a source of information on speed error, rather than using the angular velocity.

Chart A dramatically illustrates the dramatic difference.

Why our tone-arm costs an arm and a leg.

After conquering the drive system, Sony sped along to the tone-arm. The problem: constructing a light, strong tone-arm that has a low resonance quality.

A high resonance quality means the tone-arm vibrates — performing a duet with whatever record is playing.

Sony wrestled with the arm problem and

ating both the drive system and the return mechanism. Meaning that the turntable is linked to the tone-arm. And very often, this linkage produces a drag on the arm.

The PS-8750, however, proves that two motors are better than one. The motor that runs the tone-arm is totally isolated from the other motor that runs the turntable.

This eliminates the drag, particularly the drag at the very end of the record. This drag is really a drag, because the return mechanism is preparing to activate itself, and the friction is therefore increased.

Sony further innovates by designing pick-up and return cues that are optically activated. Like the doors in a supermarket, if you will.

With the PS-8750, you get the best of the direct drive manual and the best of the semi-automatic. With none of the worst of either.

Does your turntable give you bad vibrations?

The same sound waves that travel from your speakers to your ears also travel to your turntable.

This transference excites the equipment. Becoming acoustic feedback, or IM distortion. And the louder you play your record, the more of it you get. There's cabinet resonance. Caused by sound waves.

And there's something called record resonance. Caused by the friction of the stylus in the groove of a warped record.

Sony, however, deals resonance a resounding blow.

We have built the PS-8750's turntable base of an inorganic material that is acoustically dead.

We have also undercoated the platter with an absorbing material that prevents it from transferring any bad vibrations to the good vibrations on the record.

And we cut down on record resonance by pumping a silicone damping material into the record mat itself. By having contact with the entire record surface, it offers more support.

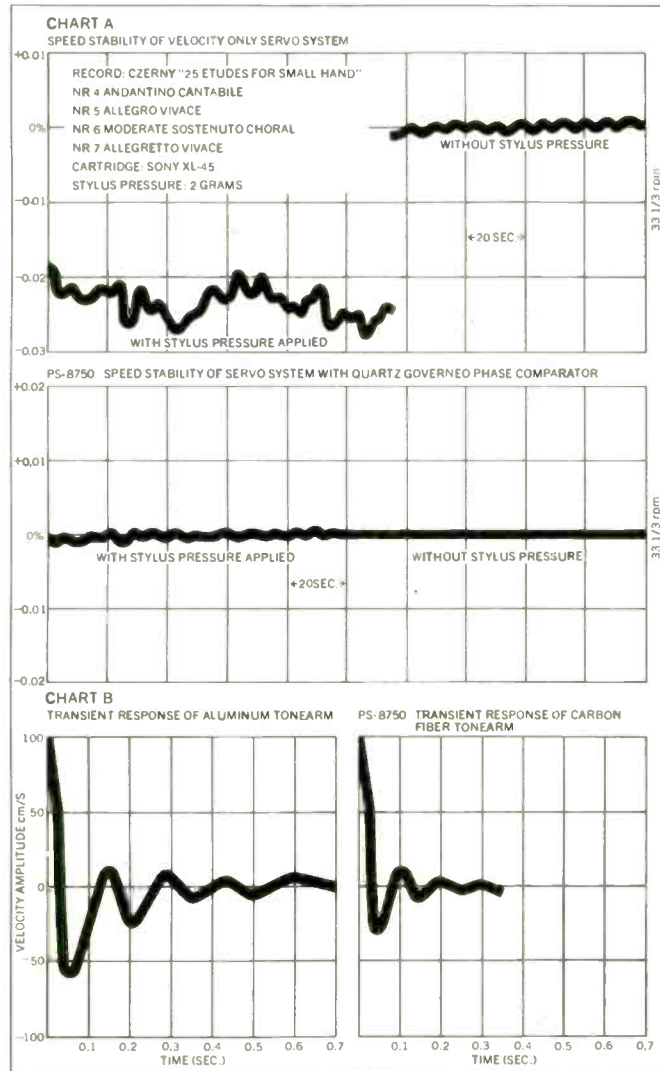
Not for people who want the latest. But the greatest.

The PS-8750 represents a tonnage of innovation and a couple of real breakthroughs. It is not for those who want to spend \$900 so they can say they spent it.

It is for those who want to spend \$900 so they can hear they spent it.

SONY®

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*Cartridge sold separately.

CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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H	93	J	94		L	95	W	96	O	97		N	98	X	99	ZZ	100	B	101	A	102		T	103	E	104	R	105		
H	106	Z	107	I	108	ZZ	109	Q	110	K	111	L	112	V	113	B	114		A	115	M	116	S	117		I	118	F	119	
O	120	X	121		E	122	H	123	R	124	Q	125	K	126		Q	127	N	128	I	129	B	130	R	131		O	132		
F	133	L	134	W	135	P	136	D	137	M	138		E	139	A	140	G	141	K	142	O	143	B	144	N	145		W	146	
H	147		D	148	B	149	P	150	M	151	Z	152	G	153		Q	154		L	155	Y	156	S	157		158	N	159		
B	160	C	161	M	162		J	163	K	164		T	165	ZZ	166	R	167	Y	168	H	169	S	170	X	171	Q	172	B	173	
L	174	J	175		R	176	C	177	O	178	D	179		M	180	F	181		H	182	D	183	R	184	X	185	O	186		
J	187		K	188	B	189	M	190	N	191		Y	192	O	193	Q	194	T	195	Z	196		M	197	P	198	V	199		
		S	200	A	201	N	202		K	203	L	204	E	205	G	206	R	207												

DIRECTIONS

To solve these puzzles—and they aren't as tough as they first seem—supply as many of the Output words as you can in the numbered dashes following the Input. Unless otherwise specified in the Input, the Output consists of one English word. "Comp." means compound, or hyphenated, word.

Transfer each letter to the square in the diagram that bears the corresponding number. After only a few correct guesses you should begin to see words and phrases emerging in the diagram, which when filled in will contain a quotation related to music, recordings, or audio.

The words in the quotation are separated by darkened squares and do not necessarily end at the end of a row.

Try to guess at these words and transfer each newly decoded letter back to its appropriate dash in the Output. This will supply you with further clues.

A final clue: The source of the quotation—the author and his work—will be spelled out by the first letters in the Output, reading down.

The answer to HiFi-Croctic No. 12 will appear in next month's issue of *High Fidelity*.

INPUT	OUTPUT	INPUT	OUTPUT
A. "The Father of the Blues" (1873-1958; 2 init. and last name)	W C H A N D Y 201 115 59 90 140 9 102	N. German composer (1895-1963) who taught at Yale and Harvard. <i>Das Marienleben. Mathis der Maler</i>	128 57 202 145 13 98 159 34 191
B. Soviet composer (b. 1903); <i>Song of Stalin, Gayane</i> (full name)	149 33 189 114 25 101 7 69 49 144 60 79 89 130 160	O. Welsh music festival	143 66 86 120 178 186 97 132 193 37
C. Soprano on the RCA Kismet recording with Robert Merrill, Regina Resnik, and Mantovani	173 21 31 92 161 177	P. Opera by Word X, symphony by Word Y.	136 38 150 198 75
D. Easily offended	183 137 53 40 148 179	Q. In a sound recording, the diminution of intensity	110 127 1 172 85 29 154 58 194 125 43
E. American violinist and composer (1870-1942); many of his works reflect his travels in the Far East	122 139 72 61 2 46 205 104	R. Ballet based on the Oedipus legend, with music by William Schuman (2 wds.)	167 17 207 30 176 124 105 63 131 54 184 27
F. Character depicted by Gounod, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, etc.	133 119 14 50 181	S. See Word J.	18 76 170 12 47 157 117 200
G. Jazz style dominant in 'big-band era'	141 56 4 206 153	T. Composer and violinist (1881-1955); taught Yehudi Menuhin (original Romanian spelling)	41 195 103 16 165 81
H. Frantic (4 wds.)	73 15 106 52 147 93 11 169 182 23 84 123 44	U. A stock of plays, operas, or other dramatic works (slang)	74 26 87
I. Dresses	158 108 118 129 45	V. Stitches	199 36 19 113
J. With Word S, work Stravinsky wrote for Woody Herman's band	175 65 163 94 187	W. Latvian musicologist; the great pioneer of Jewish music (1882-1938); <i>The Saurus of Hebrew Oriental Melodies</i>	88 5 135 71 51 146 35 96
K. Audio-shop chain	111 70 164 42 126 3 203 142 188	X. French composer (1892-1974) who taught at Mills College in California. <i>Aspen Serenade. Le Boeuf sur le toit</i>	64 171 83 121 185 99 55
L. Ballet about Cortes' conquest of Mexico, with music by Norman Lloyd (2 wds.)	67 32 155 95 8 112 39 174 204 134	Y. Polish-Israeli composer (b. 1908)	156 168 68 192 28 78
M. Mozart opera for which Chagall designed sets (3 wds.)	91 197 162 138 10 180 151 190 77 22 116 48 62	Z. Ratio of output voltage to the input signal, expressed in decibels	196 82 107 152
		ZZ. Former independent republic of Eastern Europe	6 100 80 166 109 20 24

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D65F1

Charles Barker on the Bose Model 301 Direct Energy Control.



"When the Model 301 project came into the engineering department, our goal was to design a bookshelf speaker with minimal placement constraints, that sold for less than \$100, yet had the unique spatial qualities characteristic of the Bose 901® and 501 Direct/Reflecting® speakers.

"Initially, two quite unconventional design concepts evolved. First, we deliberately operated the woofer and tweeter simultaneously over a significant portion of the mid-range. This Dual Frequency Crossover™ network gave us very smooth midrange response and an open spatial quality.

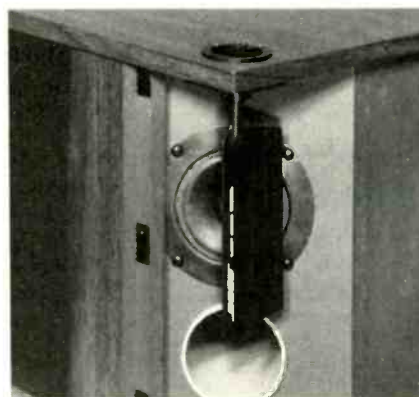
"Second, we perfected a very precise asymmetrical configuration, with the woofer radiating straight ahead, and the tweeter angled to the side, to reflect sound off the room's side wall and into the listening area. From our experience with the Bose 901 and 501 speakers, we knew that this combination of direct and reflected sound would give us the open, spacious sound we wanted.

"At this point, we felt we had an extraordinarily fine loudspeaker. But we were also

aware of a problem. Since this design relied on side wall reflections to maintain its spacious sound, what happens in a room with no convenient side wall?

"We felt this was a crucial problem, since we wanted this speaker to sound very good in any listening room.

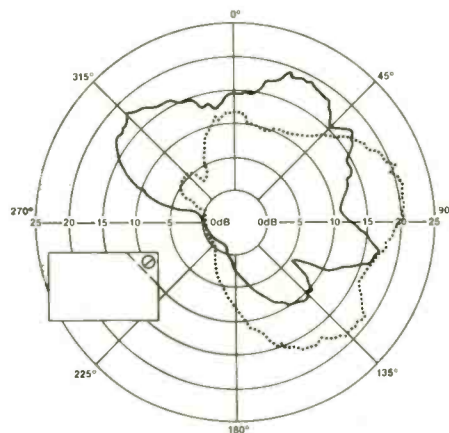
"The solution was the Direct Energy Control – an adjustable deflector in front of the tweeter and hidden behind the grille. The Control can be set to reflect sound off a side wall, or, if there is no side wall, it can deflect high frequency



sound back toward the center of the room, so energy balance is maintained in the listening area.

"Beyond that, the Control lets the listener adjust the spatial qualities of the speaker

for different types of music: very spacious for an orchestra, or a much more intimate sound for a soloist.



The solid line is the polar characteristic for the Model 301 with the Direct Energy Control set for maximum direct energy and a more intimate sound. The broken line is the polar characteristic with the Control set for maximum reflected energy and a more spacious sound. Frequency is 8 kHz, bandwidth is 1/3 octave.

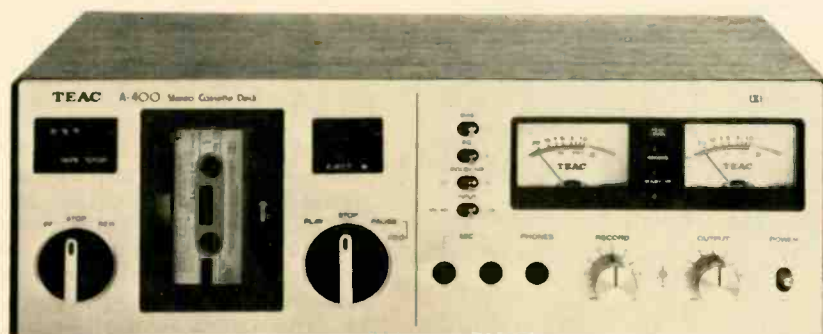
"The Direct Energy Control is deceptively simple: of all the things we did in the Model 301, it's the one I get most excited about, because I've seen how people react when they hear the unique dimension it produces in a speaker priced under \$100."



BOSE®

The Mountain,
Framingham, Mass. 01701

Patents issued and pending.
For a full color brochure on the Model 301,
write: Bose, The Mountain, Framingham, Mass.
01701.



The Teac A-400 Cassette Deck: A Fresh Approach

The Equipment: Teac Model A-400, a front-loading Dolby cassette deck, in wood case with simulated wood-grain finish. Dimensions: 17½ by 6 inches (front panel), 10 inches deep, plus clearance for controls and connections. Price: under \$350. Warranty: "limited," two years parts and labor. Manufacturer: Teac Corp., Japan; U.S. distributor: Teac Corp. of America, 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, Calif. 90640.

Comment: Many of the products we review are basically like their rivals; the choice between them may be based on small points of performance or slight (though sometimes, for individual users, significant) differences in switching options. There is a certain excitement, therefore, in confronting those relatively rare products for which the designers have ignored accepted practice and taken a fresh look at how they should be fashioned. The A-400 is such a product—and, in our estimation, a highly successful one.

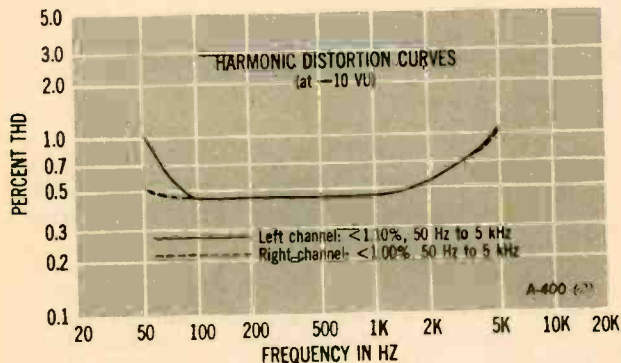
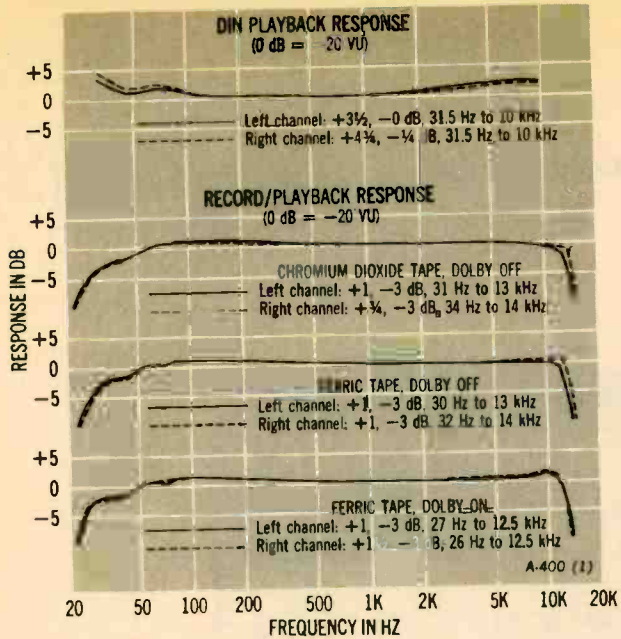
One example of the straightforwardness that Teac has brought to the design is apparent as soon as you unpack the unit: the cassette well. Your attention is drawn to it by a card, showing through the smoked plastic door, that announces, "Important: For optimum recording performance, please refer to the list of tapes in the owner's manual." We applaud that approach to tape matching, and we applaud even more the design of the well itself. When you squeeze together the two "lugs" of the eject control (one of which is fixed and simply provides a grip, since the very simple linkage to the door latch is rather stiff), the vertically mounted door pops out to about 45 degrees, where it is held by a detent. A flick of the finger opens it to a second detent at about 80 degrees, providing easy access to the transport parts for cleaning and demagnetization. The construction of the well is like that of a typical top-loader, mounted in the vertical plane with the heads to the right and the design reduced to essentials. There is, for example, no hinged bottom plate; the door is both the cover and the cassette holder. Through it the cassette is readily

visible during use. This is, in fact, the most thoroughly satisfactory front-loading well design we have yet tested: practical, easy to use, unencumbered by "extra" mechanics that are potential troublemakers.

The eject mechanism is to the right of the well's upper end, and a three-digit counter plus a TAPE STOP light is to its left. Below the counter is a three-position rotary control: FF (fast forward)/STOP/REW[IND]. Below the eject is a similar four-position control: PLAY/STOP/PAUSE/REC[ORD]. These controls are mechanically interlocked in such a way that the eject cannot be activated unless both rotary controls are at STOP, and neither rotary control can be turned unless the other is at STOP. When the transport is set at PAUSE (which, be it noted, functions only in the recording mode and is used for presetting levels before recording begins), or when the tape has run out in any mode and has triggered the automatic drive-disengage system, the TAPE STOP light blinks. In PAUSE, this warns that you are not recording, regardless of what the meters would appear to indicate. In other modes it means that the transport controls (which remain at their previous setting when the tape runs out) should be turned to STOP. All this adds up to a unique and essentially sensible control scheme.

The right portion of the front plate is dominated by the recording meters, which are of the averaging type, calibrated for a 0 VU 3 dB below Dolby reference level. At the lab, the left meter's calibration reads 4½ dB above DIN val-

REPORT POLICY Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Technology Center, Stamford, Connecticut, a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation's leading research organizations. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. Manufacturers are not permitted to read reports in advance of publication, and no report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. All reports should be construed as applying to the specific samples tested; neither HIGH FIDELITY nor CBS Technology Center assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.



ues, the right meter 4 dB high. Between the meters are three lighting indicators: PEAK LEVEL (which flashes whenever recording levels are, even instantaneously, high enough to threaten tape overload), RECORD, and DOLBY NR—the latter two lighting continuously whenever the functions they indicate are engaged.

To the left of the meters are four toggle switches. The upper two are for BIAS and EQ[UALIZATION], respectively, both with positions marked 1 and 2, corresponding to the chrome and high-ferric positions on the Teac 450. That is, the BIAS 1 position delivers bias for chrome, the BIAS 2 position for Maxell UD and similar tapes; the EQ 1 position is for 70-microsecond playback equalization (and reciprocal recording eq.), the EQ 2 position represents the 120-microsecond standard used for all available ferrics except TDK's Super Avilyn, which has a high enough high-frequency overload characteristic that it can accept signals with the 70-microsecond pre-emphasis. (Teac recommends that the BIAS 2 and the EQ 1 positions be used with SA. When we tried SA this way on the A-400 we judged the results to be very fine indeed.) In measuring the deck, CBS used Maxell UDXL with the "2" positions and BASF Chromdioxid with the "1" positions.

The other two switches in this rank are for Dolby noise reduction (on/off) and input (mike-or-DIN/line). Below the switches are two phone jacks for the mike inputs and one

for a stereo headphone output. To their right are a dual-element recording-level knob in which left and right channels can be adjusted individually or—if you grasp both elements at once—simultaneously, and a friction-clutched output-level knob in which both elements normally turn together. The last item on the front panel is a toggle on/off AC switch. The back panel is very straightforward, featuring only the two pairs (line input and output) of pin jacks and the DIN input/output connector.

Before going on to discuss performance, let's look back over the controls to see how they all work together. Your response to them surely will be tempered by the equipment you're used to. Since we've worked with many decks, almost all with conventional "piano-key" transport controls, we were a little taken aback at first by the dual rotary controls. They provide, for example, no pause in the playback mode. If you start the transport in the middle of the music, there is an audible "wowing-in" as the drive system comes up to speed. It lasts no more than about a second, but that's a far cry from the instantaneous action of a good pause—which therefore can be used effectively for musical editing (lifting a passage out of a piece with minimum audible evidence of the edit). A quicker start can be managed on the A-400 by turning the knob part way toward PLAY to start the motor and then flipping it the rest of the way once the transport is up to speed; but depending on one's touch this technique can also pull the tape away from its cued-up point when the hub drive engages, so it is not recommended for editing purposes.

There are other similar ways in which habits built up by using conventional decks can be frustrated by the A-400's design. During recording we tend to monitor from a deck's output so that, should the tape run out, the sudden disappearance of sound will call attention to the fact. Since the Teac does not shut down the recording function under this circumstance (but only disengages the drive itself) you have only a slight click plus the flashing TAPE STOP light to advise you. Fades are a little more awkward to manage

Teac A-400 Cassette Deck Additional Data

Speed accuracy	0.10% slow at 105 VAC 0.30% fast at 120 VAC 0.33% fast at 127 VAC
Wow and flutter	playback: 0.06% record/play: 0.06%
Rewind time (C-60 cassette)	105 sec.
Fast-forward time (same cassette)	100 sec.
S/N ratio (re 0 VU, Dolby off)	playback L ch: 53 dB R ch: 54 dB record/play L ch: 51½ dB R ch: 52½ dB
Erasure (333 Hz at normal level)	65 dB
Crosstalk (at 333 Hz)	record left, play right 38 dB record right, play left 37 dB
Sensitivity (re DIN 0 VU)	line input L ch: 0.37 mV R ch: 0.37 mV mike input L ch: 100 mV R ch: 100 mV
Meter action (re DIN 0 VU)	L ch: 4½ dB high R ch: 3½ dB high
IM distortion (record/play, -10 VU)	L ch: 4.5% R ch: 3.5%
Maximum output (re DIN 0 VU)	L ch: 3.2 V R ch: 3.0 V

with the ungangled recording-level control than with the familiar dual sliders, and in our sample the left-channel portion of the knob had to be advanced appreciably more than that for the right channel for equal signal levels in both channels. (Our favorite scheme is a channel-balance knob—which can be preset to accommodate such tracking errors between channels—plus a fader knob that controls both channels.)

Some of these complaints may sound to the inveterate recordist like grievous faults. In our opinion, after having used the deck extensively, they are not. They merely require the development of techniques a little different from those predicated on more conventional designs. In some specific—and relatively arcane—applications (like tight musical editing in dubbing) they may pose limitations. More important for the general user, however, they invariably result from the extreme mechanical and electrical simplicity of the design. And the simpler a design, the more inherently trouble-free it is. So we would urge even the most advanced (and therefore, presumably, habit-ridden) of recordists to approach the A-400 with an open mind.

The performance of the unit proves why. Response is unusually flat: ± 1 dB or better (except of course toward frequency extremes) in all measured record/play curves. Speed accuracy is very high, wow and flutter extremely low. Noise is exceptionally low (thanks in part, presumably, to

Maxell's new UD formulation, UDXL, for which the deck is adjusted). The fast-wind modes are on the slow side, but this can't be counted a fault since it implies that the tape is being handled more gently than in a deck with zippier winding. In fact, in no area of the lab report can the unit be faulted. And noise is so low that harmonic distortion could be measured to below 0.5 per cent, requiring us to extend the standard distortion chart's scale downward.

And it sounds excellent. With a sampling of the premium tapes listed by Teac in the "owner's manual" (actually a large folder, which we found easier to work with than the usual booklet when we needed answers to specific questions) comparison of source with recording shows an excellent match. With less expensive tapes (like Maxell LN and TDK D) from the list, there is some high-frequency loss (due to overbiasing for these tapes), but presumably the user will want to save money only when accuracy of recorded sound is not essential. The Teac list, which is genuinely helpful, must be understood in this light.

This deck is, above all, an extremely fine recorder and reproducer for average home use. It doesn't have any "professional" pretensions and therefore may displease recordists who do. But in terms of accurate, fuss-free operation, it is excellently conceived. And it should start designers at other companies rethinking many of the truisms of their craft.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Yamaha HP-1: Exceptional Comfort and Sound

The Equipment: Yamaha HP-1 headphones. Price: \$65. Warranty: "limited," one year parts and labor. Manufacturer: Nippon Gakki Co., Ltd., Japan. U.S. distributor: Yamaha International Corp., P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, Calif. 90620.

Comment: While it may be a foregone conclusion in some circles that electrostatic drivers are the "in" feature in high fidelity headphones, the engineers at Yamaha obviously disagree. And in Model HP-1 (and its slightly lighter and less efficient companion, HP-2) they have established a powerful argument for their point of view. The unusual design of these units appears to solve very nicely the problems usually associated with dynamic headphones.

To begin with, the diaphragm of each earpiece is unusually light, being made of polyester film 12 microns thick. To assure uniform drive over the entire surface, the voice coil takes the form of a spiral of aluminum wire bonded to the diaphragm. In a further refinement, the spiral has been divided into four sections with the windings in any adjacent pair running in opposite directions.

The magnetic structure consists of two waffle-shaped discs of sintered ferrite placed on opposite sides of the diaphragm and having holes in them to allow sound to pass through. The backs of the phones are vented to the room to provide good bass response, but the openings are damped in such a way that external noises are effectively reduced. This damping seems to have the additional benefit of suppressing reflection of high frequencies inside the earpiece. Together with the relatively high isolation from room noise (for an open-back phone), this effect gives an almost anechoic quality to test tones.

Model HP-1 is both attractive and functional. Its unconventional shape and finish (dull black) represent far more than mere iconoclastic exuberance on the part of designer Mario Bellini. The earpieces can be adjusted through a small range in just about any direction—in addition to the generous range of up-and-down motion. This, we found,



allows them to be set directly over the ears. The weight of the headset (a mere 9 oz., not counting the 8-ft. cord) is spread over a large area of the wearer's head by a fairly wide leather insert in the spring band that holds the earpieces together. The parts that actually contact the ears are covered with a soft material that also looks and feels like leather (Yamaha doesn't say) and that is almost luxuriantly padded with a very compliant foam. This is a headset that remains firmly in place and yet bears on the ears like a feather. It is one of the most comfortable we have ever worn.

The sound is superb. At first, it may seem to be lacking in brilliance, but after a while it becomes clear that what is missing is high-frequency distortion. Coupled to our ears (the results with your ears may, of course, be somewhat different), the headphones produce audible bass tones to 28 Hz and audible treble to about 18.5 kHz without perceptible peaks or dips. (Yamaha's claim of a flat, purely resistive impedance of 150 ohms across the audio band may have something to do with this unusual smoothness.) Distortion remains low through really energetic peaks and transients. There is clarity galore—and without the traces of harshness this so often implies. The HP-1's fine reproduction qualities and exceptional comfort add up to an unusually enjoyable way to "get away from it all" through private listening.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Cerwin-Vega's Smaller (450 Watts!) Superamp



The Equipment: Cerwin-Vega A-1800 power amplifier, in metal case. Dimensions: 19 by 8 inches (front panel), 11½ inches deep, plus clearance for controls and connections. Price: \$599.50. Warranty: "limited," three years parts and labor. Manufacturer: Cerwin-Vega, 6945 Tujunga Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 91605.

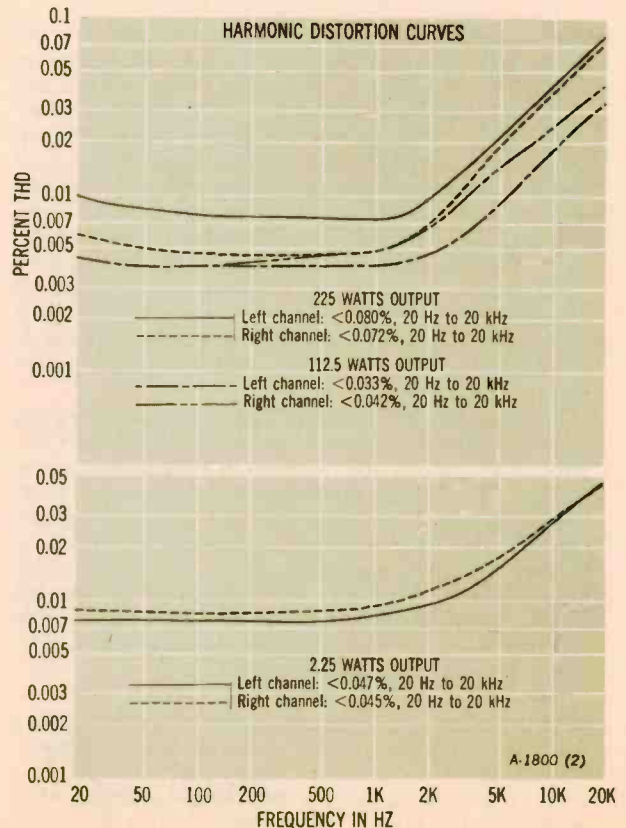
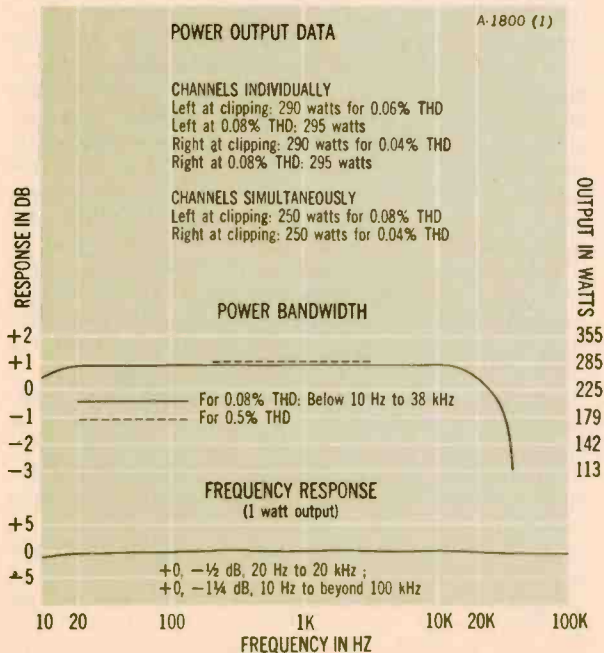
Comment: Things being relative, it seems proper—and only slightly facetious—to characterize the A-1800 as small in comparison with its bigger brother, Model A-30001, rated at 365 watts per channel. But when we look at the whole field of power amps, it is clear that there is nothing small about 225 watts per channel, and that is the rating of the A-1800.

Cerwin-Vega calls this unit a basic power amplifier, and basic it is, with scarcely a frill in sight. (A fancier version, A-1800 I, with output meters, incandescent output indicators, front-panel fuses, and filters appropriate for bi-amp use can be had for an extra \$100.) The dimensions of the A-1800, which is designed to fit a standard equipment rack, and its spartan faceplate are more suggestive of a workhorse meant for professional applications than of a domesticated pussycat. Brute that it may seem, however, its purr is as sweet as its roar is loud. The front panel, fin-

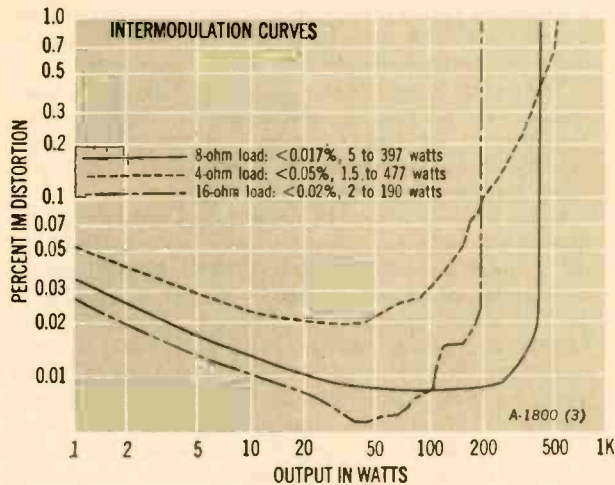
ished in black, contains only these features: an on/off switch, a gain control for each of the two channels, a pilot light, and two light-emitting diodes per channel—one flashing on at 7% of full power, the other at 100%. The back panel has, in addition to the AC-line cord, four power-supply fuses, and a line fuse (all appropriately marked), pin-jack inputs for both channels and two pairs of loud-speaker binding posts that will accept bare wires, large spade lugs, or banana plugs.

The lab tests that CBS Technology Center performed on the amp turned up some impressive numbers. Total harmonic distortion at full output is 0.08% or less (much less through most of the audio band), just as claimed. At half power the worst-case figure for THD is 0.042%; this rises to 0.047% at 2.25 watts (1% of full power), well within the claimed limits. The high-level performance with respect to intermodulation distortion is simply staggering: The amplifier produces better than 397 watts and yet remains within its IM rating. Things are not quite as rosy at low levels, however. At an output of 0.788 watt IM distortion measures 0.039%, somewhat higher than the 0.025% limit claimed in the manufacturer's specification. This is still, of course, a highly respectable IM figure. And the power level is low enough that it should not be of particular importance unless the amp is used with very efficient loudspeakers—not the usual application of a superamp.

Power bandwidth is excellent. Our customary measurement of power bandwidth at 0.5% THD was made only at 1 kHz, as this power level is well beyond the amplifier's clipping point. Frequency response at 1 watt falls off a little faster than claimed at the low end, reaching -1¼ dB at 10



Hz rather than -1 dB at 8 Hz. But the high-end response is stratospheric; it extends past 100 kHz before falling by 1 dB. The damping factor (177) is very high—far above the point where its actual value matters very much. Damping is limited here by the speaker rather than by the amplifier. From the sound of our reference speakers, it seems that excellent damping is available at all audible frequencies. A 1.42-volt input signal is needed to achieve full output; the



signal-to-noise ratio at this level is an excellent 100 dB.

On the whole, this is an exciting amplifier. Once we got used to the free, easy sound (better than usual from our reference speakers), it was hard to remember that the amp was there at all. Our sample made a click in the loudspeakers at turn-on and a thump after turn-off, but the levels are not nearly high enough to threaten the speakers, so we judged this an exceedingly minor shortcoming. And, considering its sound, its power, its construction, its finish and its price—comparatively low for a superamp—the Cerwin-Vega A-1800 certainly offers good value.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Square-wave response

Cerwin-Vega A-1800 Amp Additional Data

Damping factor	177	
Input characteristics (for 225 watts output)		
	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
	1.42 V	100 dB

Fried's New Model R Speaker: Unusual Design, Superb Sound

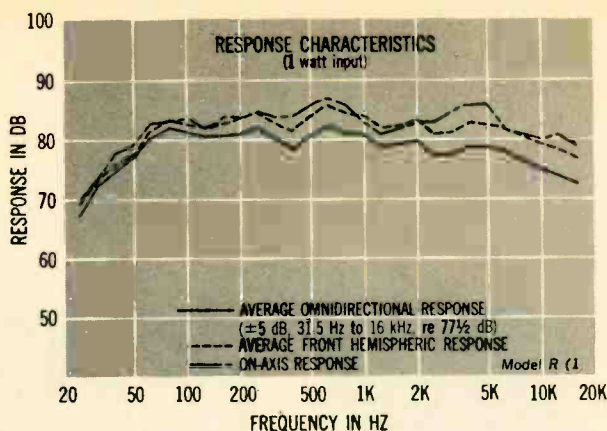


The Equipment: I M Fried Model R Series II, a floor-standing loudspeaker designed for mounting on (optional) stand. Dimensions: 28 by 16 inches (front), by 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches deep; stand, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height. Price: \$350. Warranty: "limited," two years parts and labor. Manufacturer: I M Fried Products Co., 7616 City Line Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19151.

Comment: Model R Series II is the first of I M Fried's Signature Series (it bears the full company name, rather than the designation IMF), designed to meet high performance standards and suitable for critical applications. The manufacturer's strong urging that the speaker be used with the optional stand and positioned well away from room boundaries suggests that there is something unusual about the unit, and detailed examination reveals that the design is highly individualistic.

Removal of the grille cloth (secured by the almost ubiquitous Velcro fasteners) exposes an 8- by 12-inch woofer that is flat rather than concave, together with a 5-inch mid-range driver and a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch tweeter. A closer look reveals that the drivers are all of plastic and are asymmetrically arranged on the front panel. Over-all symmetry is preserved in a stereo pair, which consists of a "right speaker" and a "left speaker," each the mirror image of the other. The unusual design of the woofer is meant to minimize the time lag (and attendant phase distortion) produced by a conical woofer, whose effective radiating plane lies behind those of the other drivers when all are mounted on the same panel.

Phase compensation is applied also by the crossover network, which has its points of inflection at 200 Hz and 3.5 kHz. Associated with the network is a three-position switch located on the back of the cabinet; it controls the impulse response of the system and moves the midrange



I M Fried Model R Series II Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency			
	80 Hz		300 Hz	
	% 2nd	% 3rd	% 2nd	% 3rd
70	0.07	0.09	0.1	0.075
75	0.06	0.1	0.09	0.08
80	0.09	0.35	0.095	0.085
85	0.25	0.5	0.1	0.14
90	0.82	1.2	0.18	0.16
95			0.52	0.16
100			1.8	4.5

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10% level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

level by about ± 1 dB from the NORMAL setting. This "N" position is intended for normal, well-recorded program material; "+" is for exceptionally clean material, and "-" is for not-so-clean material. (We found that we preferred the sound of the "+" position, so we took our chances with the program material.) Amplifier connections (also on the back, along with a fuse holder—3 amps is the largest permissible fuse rating) are made via binding posts that accept bared wires, large spade lugs, or banana plugs.

One of the hallmarks of loudspeakers from this manufacturer has been the use of transmission-line loading for the back wave (the out-of-phase radiation from the back of the driver) not only for the woofer, but for the midrange as well. The advantages of this method, according to the folks at I M Fried, include improved transient response and reduced ringing.

Laboratory data taken on the Model R Series II by CBS include an unusually smooth omnidirectional frequency-response curve that rolls off gently beyond about 8 kHz. At the upper limit of the lab measurements, the unit is down only about 7 dB re 79½-dB sound pressure level, and in our listening tests we found useful output near 20 kHz, although with considerable beaming. But since an 18-kHz tone is audible to about 35 degrees off axis, the speaker must be credited with good high-frequency dispersion. At the opposite end of the spectrum, output is down by about 4½ dB for a 40-Hz tone. Bass output is clearly audible to about 29 Hz before doubling becomes prominent.

The quality of white noise as reproduced by this loudspeaker is rather bright, and while the low frequencies are solid they do not "roar," as some systems do in this test. The sound quality remains constant quite far off axis, again indicating good dispersion of highs.

Model R Series II is quite inefficient as speakers go, requiring 9.2 watts for reference sound pressure level (94 dB, 1 meter on axis, 200 to 6,000 Hz). Power input to 48.5 watts, for acoustic output of 101 dB, is accepted at 300 Hz without excessive distortion. On pulses the unit handles 56.25 watts average (112.5 watts peak) for peak sound level at 1 meter of 104 dB. The somewhat limited power-handling capability is compensated for by the very clear sound at low levels. Thus, although this model is not particularly suited to very large listening rooms, it tolerates small rooms very well and thrives in rooms of moderate size. The impedance curve varies smoothly between about 5 and 27 ohms and should present no difficulties for an amplifier. (Though the nominal rating point is 8 ohms—at 63 Hz—the 5-ohm minimum actually falls squarely in the midrange, where high musical energy levels can be expected.)

On music, the sound of Model R is superb. Rather than overwhelming the listener with masses of sound, it presents a transparent, sparkling clarity. It is capable of making a "big sound," but—partly because the deep bass is tight rather than abundant—some listeners may find the unit lacking in warmth. Those who can urge their taste past this obstacle will be rewarded with a wealth of musical detail within the somewhat "European" sound. The system does accept moderate low-frequency equalization, if you want to apply it, gracefully and without strain or impaired transient response.

Though the physical size of the speaker stretches the designation "studio monitor" a bit, the sound is very much in character. With tasteful cosmetics plus fine performance, Model R Series II is a worthy addition to the breed.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Akai's Budget Dolby Receiver—A Challenge Met

The Equipment: Akai Model AA-1010DB, a stereo FM/AM receiver with built-in Dolby processor, in metal case with simulated wood-grain finish. Dimensions: 17¾ by 5½ inches (front panel), 11 inches deep plus clearance for controls and connections. Price: \$299.95. Warranty: "limited," two years parts and labor. Manufacturer: Akai, Japan; U.S. distributor: Akai America, Ltd., 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., Compton, Calif. 90220.

Comment: Dolby receivers are dandy gadgets for two reasons: They put you "in business" for decoded reception of the growing number of FM stations whose signals are

Dolby-encoded for minimum noise and high-frequency compression, and they can be used to play Dolby-B tapes on non-Dolby tape equipment. But this feature doesn't come cheaply. The Dolby circuit adds to the cost of the receiver and generally is only built into receivers that already are on the elaborate side and would be expensive even without Dolby. The AA-1010DB is an exception.

The dial is not very large, but it is clearly marked in 1-MHz steps for FM tuning. It is flanked on the right by a large tuning knob with a damped flywheel action, on the left by two meters. One functions as a channel-centering meter in tuning FM and as a signal-strength meter in tun-



ing AM. The other is a level meter for aligning Dolby functions. Since the Dolby circuit may be used with non-Dolby tape decks, there are alignment controls for that purpose just below the tuning dial. Both have separate elements for the two channels; one is for recording levels, the other is for playback. To the left of these controls are three pilot lamps indicating Dolby-circuit use, stereo FM reception, and AC power on, and still further to the left are two buttons for MODE (stereo/mono) and LOUDNESS (on/off).

The power/speaker knob at the lower left has positions for AC off, speaker pair A, speakers off, speaker pair B, and both speaker pairs. The stereo headphone jack to its right is live in any position (except AC-off, of course) of this switch. Continuing right, the two knobs for bass and treble are calibrated from -10 through flat to +10, which conform roughly to the lab's findings of response (in dB) at 10 kHz for the treble control and 100 Hz for the bass. The volume control has friction-clutched elements for the two channels. Then there is a group of three buttons used in conjunction with a tape recorder and/or the built-in Dolby circuit. One switches the Dolby meter to read either the left or the right channel; one is for the tape monitor (tape/source); one switches the circuit in or out. The next knob chooses Dolby mode: CAL[IBRATION] TONE (which switches on a built-in 400-Hz oscillator as a reference), REC[ORD], PLAY, and DOLBY FM. The last knob is the selector: AM/FM/PHONO/AUX.

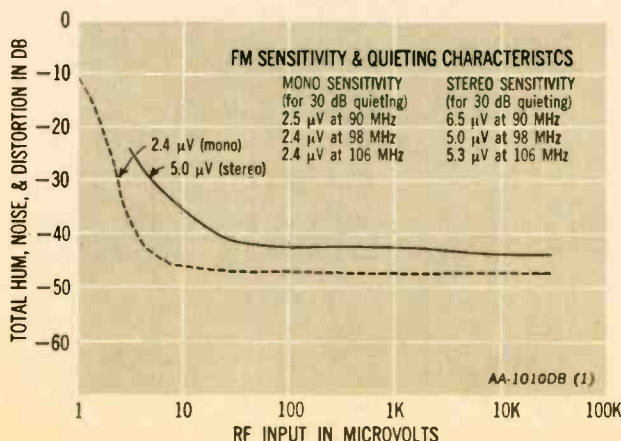
The back panel has the usual pin-jack pairs for inputs (PHONO, AUX, and TAPE) and tape-recording outputs, plus a DIN tape input/output socket. There are pairs of thumb-screw terminals (accepting bared wires or small spade lugs) for DIST[ANT] and LOC[AL] 300-ohm FM antenna inputs. CBS tested the unit with the DIST inputs, of course; the LOC terminals are less sensitive, to inhibit front-end overload in the presence of very strong local transmitters, though the data show no evidence of overload to inputs as high as 30,000 microvolts. If you use a 75-ohm FM antenna, its center wire is connected to a 300-ohm terminal

(LOC or DIST, as appropriate) and its shield to a nearby ground terminal. There also is one for a long-wire AM antenna—and, of course, the usual built-in ferrite bar. Between it and the antenna terminals are two screwdriver controls to trim Dolby tracking (following instructions in the owner's manual) for encoded FM broadcasts. They are factory-set for normal operation (limiting in the tuner section normalizes audio levels to listenably strong broadcast signals) and therefore should not require adjustment unless you are trying to receive an exceedingly weak Dolby station or have inadvertently put the controls out of adjustment. The speaker terminals (for two stereo pairs) are the spring-clip variety, engineered for bared-wire leads. There is one AC convenience outlet, switched at the front panel, rated for 100 watts.

The performance of the receiver breaks no records and, at the price, one should not expect it to. Akai rates the amplifier section for 14 watts per channel at 0.8% THD, 40 Hz to 20 kHz, and the tests at CBS confirm that it meets this spec. At half power (7 watts) it meets the 0.8% THD figure

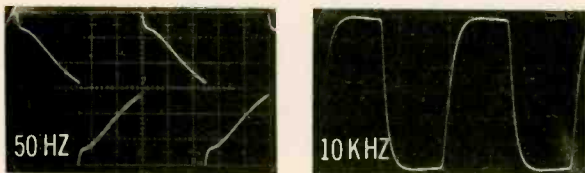
Akai AA-101DB Additional Data

Tuner Section			
Capture ratio	1 dB		
Alternate-channel selectivity	63 dB		
S/N ratio	62 dB		
THD	Mono	L ch	R ch
80 Hz	0.44%	0.74%	0.97%
1 kHz	0.27%	0.55%	0.58%
10 kHz	0.35%	1.30%	1.20%
IM distortion	0.12%		
19-kHz pilot	-54 dB		
38-kHz subcarrier	-60 dB		
Frequency response	mono + ¾, -3 dB, 20 Hz to 14 kHz		
	stereo + 1, -3 dB, 20 Hz to 13.5 kHz		
Channel separation	>40 dB, 20 Hz to 8.5 kHz		
	>30 dB, 20 Hz to 12.5 kHz		
Amplifier Section			
Damping factor	44		
Input characteristics (for 14 watts output)	Sensitivity S/N ratio		
phono	3.2 mV	68½ dB	
aux	178 mV	73½ dB	
tape	178 mV	77 dB	
RIAA equalization accuracy	±1¼, 65 Hz to 20 kHz		
	+1¼, -3 dB, 55 Hz to 20 kHz		

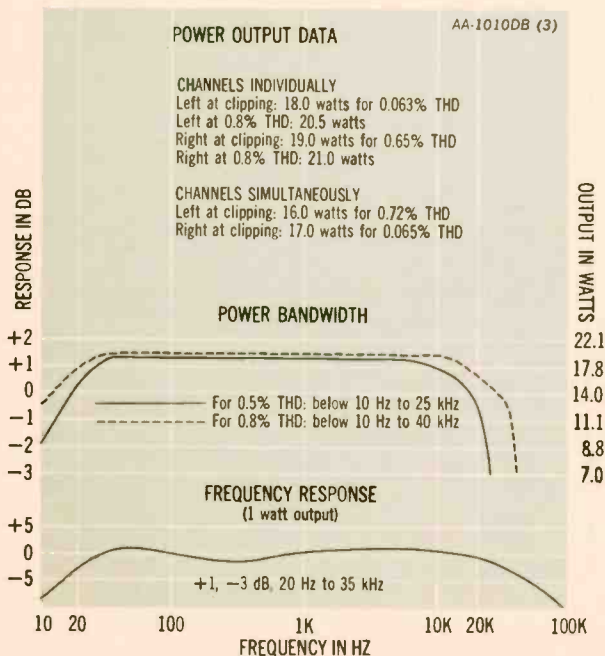


down to 20 Hz; at 1% power (0.14 watts) harmonic distortion still is below spec, which it is not in some budget units. But like many, the AA-1010DB is a little shy in deep-bass response. The phono curve, in particular, has a rolloff of approximately 6 dB per octave below 70 Hz—presumably as intentional, fixed rumble filtering (there are no switchable filters), though it is rather more pronounced than one might expect. (Incidentally, the phono preamp section itself appears to meet Akai's ± 1 -dB spec above this bass rolloff; the CBS measurements, as always, are taken through the combined amp and preamp sections and hence reflect response at the speaker terminals, which is not as flat above 100 Hz as the preamp is by itself.) Intermodulation is acceptably low: generally in the range between 0.1% and 0.2% for normal impedances and output levels. Noise as measured—"worst case," with the volume control fully open—at the lab is not as good as Akai's spec (presumably measured at less than full gain), but it certainly is respectable at 68½ dB for the phono input and beyond 70 dB for the high-level inputs.

The tuner section also is quite noise-free, though it is not particularly distortion-free; suppression of total hum, noise, and distortion remains poorer than 50 dB at all measured input levels. Today's better units generally exceed the 50-dB mark (in mono, at least), and we had hoped that this one would, too, despite its relatively low price. But it is important to note that, since the limiting factor is distortion (in the range around 0.5% at normal audio frequencies) rather than noise, the tuner section is more listenable than you might at first assume from the quieting data. The tuner data in other respects are more than adequate.

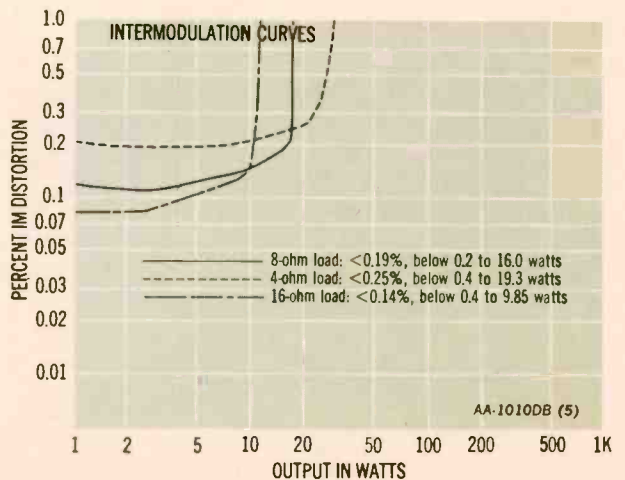
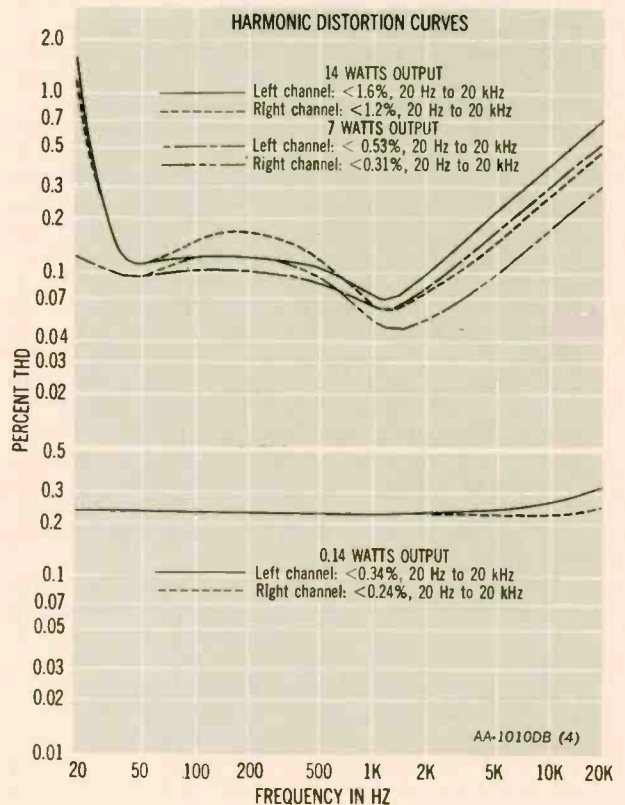


Square-wave response



Obviously the Dolby circuitry plus the associated switching and controls represent a larger proportion of the total cost in a relatively inexpensive receiver (like this one) than it does in the posher examples that we have reviewed in the past (the type one normally encounters) and therefore put more severe restrictions on how lavish the manufacturer can be elsewhere in the design. In our estimation Akai has, over-all, met the challenge represented by a Dolby receiver intended for cost-conscious users. We would be hard put to suggest a combination of budget receiver and Dolby unit that would deliver the AA-1010DB's utility and performance together at a comparable price.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



TANDBERG

10XD bridges the gap between consumer and professional tape recorders.

Meet the world's first and only 10½" reel tape recorder that operates at 15 ips and combines Tandberg's unique Cross-Field recording technique with the world-famous Dolby* B system. Result: A *guaranteed minimum* signal-to-noise ratio of 72 dB, measured on a 4-track machine using IEC A-weighting. Simply put, the 10XD completely eliminates audible tape hiss!

Here are some of the many sophisticated features that make the 10XD the finest tape recorder Tandberg has ever built:

- 3 speeds: 15, 7½, 3¾ ips. Electronically selected
- 3 motors; Hall-effect capstan motor
- 3 heads; plus separate bias head
- Electronic servo speed control
- Electronic logic mode controls, including photo optics
- Electronic balanced microphone inputs
- Echo, sound-on-sound, editing, A and B tests

- Peak reading meters
- Direct transfer from playback to record (flying start)
- Ferrite playback head with symmetrical balanced output for hum canceling purposes and differential playback amplifier.

Remote control and rack mount optional. Pitch control by special order. For a complete demonstration of this remarkable new advance in stereo tape recording, see your Tandberg dealer.



Record them over and over again.
The life of a Scotch® brand cassette is a long one. Even when you record on it time after time after time.

Because there's a tough binder that keeps the magnetic coating from wearing off. So even after hundreds of replays or re-recordings, you get great sound quality.

We wish you a long and happy life. 'Cause you'll need it to keep up with your Scotch cassettes.



Play them back without jamming.
The life of a Scotch® brand cassette is a long one. Even when you play it time after time after time.

Because there's a Posi-Trak® backing that helps prevent jamming and reduces wow and flutter. And the cassette shell is made with a plastic that can withstand 150°F.

We wish you a long and happy life. 'Cause you'll need it to keep up with your Scotch cassettes.

Scotch® Cassettes. They just might outlive you.



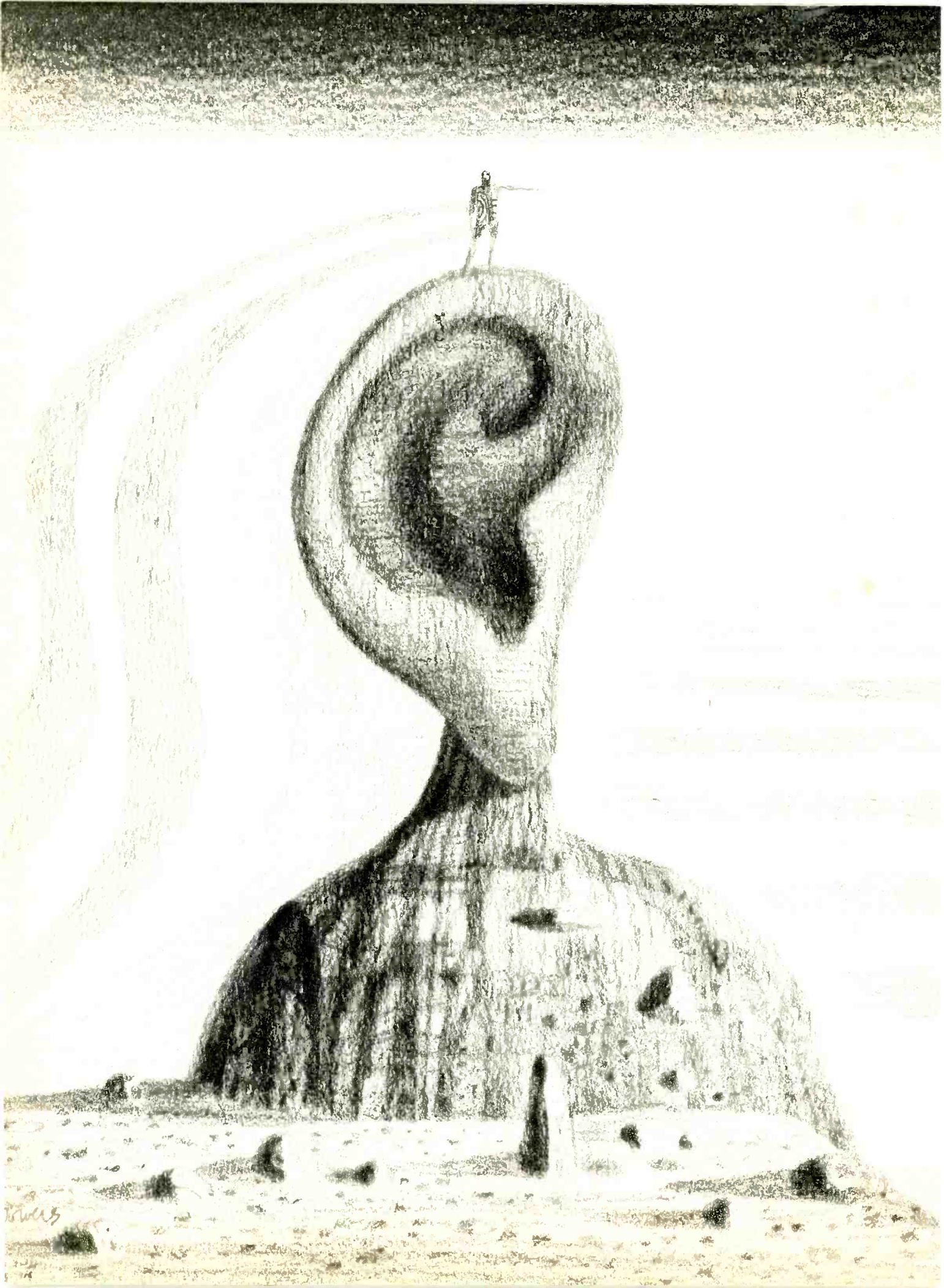
A Nice Place to Live

THE PROJECTIONS into 2001 A.D. that follow in this issue fortunately all rest upon the same implied premise: that we will not have been blown up during the next twenty-five years but will be here to enjoy an advanced cultural and technical life. Another common denominator among our futurologists' visions is that we will incorporate a wide variety of previous developments in fashioning our environment, in both music and audio. Thus Anthony Burgess—whose best-known prediction of things to come, *A Clockwork Orange*, was not quite so rosy—envisions the basic musical style of the future to be eclecticism, with, presumably, a concomitant closing of the gap between forthcoming “modern” composers and the music-loving public. (Will the seminal composer of the mid-twentieth century turn out to have been Leonard Bernstein?) Burgess, best known as an author, is also a musician whose experience has encompassed everything from being a jazz pianist to being a symphonic composer. His recent novel, *Napoleon Symphony*, combines his two fields in one tour de force: Its form parallels that of Beethoven's *Eroica*.

Isaac Asimov, professor of biochemistry at the Boston University School of Medicine, is probably the world's most prolific science and science-fiction writer. His contribution to this month's issue is an intriguing short story that shows how laser technology may someday be combined with musical inspiration in the service of medicine. The well-known audio writer Ivan Berger gives the phonograph conductor (and which of us hasn't secretly been one?) the most satisfying future of all: a high fidelity system that responds to his gestures as faithfully as that living-room mirror—and it's a system based on the possibilities inherent in current technology. Mark F. Davis, an electrical engineer from MIT who is currently working on a doctorate there in the field of psychoacoustics, is vice president in charge of engineering at International Totalizing Systems. Davis indicates where current developments in directional recording and playback systems may soon lead us. Altogether, the future seems like a nice place to live in.

My only regret is that, according to predictions by Henry Weingarten, director of the New York Astrology Center, I will not be at HIGH FIDELITY to enjoy it with you. The horoscope he drew up for us projects my tenure here as not more than another six years!

Leonard Marcus



1945



by Anthony Burgess

MUSIC AT THE

MILLENNIUM

THAT WE SHOULD respond with a special kind of fearful expectation to the year 2001 more than to any other in the future—except perhaps 1984—can be explained partly by the glamor of a certain Kubrick film. The year 1000, according to our Anglo-Saxon chroniclers, was to be a time of great prodigies, full of sin, murder, and anti-Christ, and presumably 1001 was to be no better. Yet 1000 and 1001 turned out to be very much like 975 and 976. People attach mystical significance to numbers to such an extent that terms like “millennium” and “chiliastic” imply a quantum leap change in the whole structure of human society.

This is all nonsense, of course. We're twenty-five years away from 2001, and, if what has happened in the past quarter-century is any guide, we'd be unwise to expect to enter a world of fable, especially in the arts. The arts don't truckle to time. The arts have their own in-built notions of pastness and futurity. I have on my desk now a copy of Wyndham Lewis' *Blast*, a magazine that



lasted two violent issues. When I show it to young people and ask them when they think it was produced, they usually say 1951 or 1960 or 1969. They are surprised when they see the real date: 1915. Give to a wholly innocent ear some bars of Schoenberg's *Pierrot lunaire* (1912) and then a chunk of Stravinsky's 1959 atonal writing (say, the pieces for piano and orchestra). If there is a time-response at all, it is as likely to reverse history as to confirm it. For me, in music and literature alike, the period 1912-39 is much more futuristic, more 2001-ish than anything that has come after.

Before considering the hellish question of what sorts of music will be available for the year of 2001, we ought to glance at and then push out of the way the new audio-technical wonders we can expect. Stereophonic recording and reproduction is already giving place to quadriphonic, as though man had four ears. As a sort of musician, I have always been doubtful about the value of such marvels, but this may be my age showing. I had my first formative musical experience in 1929, when I heard Debussy's *L'après-midi d'un faune* on a homemade crystal set; nothing since, for me, has been able to touch that old black magic. I clung to an HMV acoustic phonograph until I went to Malaya in 1954, there to find the tropical heat deforming my short-play records, turning them into licorice saucers. Like everybody else, I became a high fidelity man. I am not, however, all that impressed by music that bounces all around the room like a ball or—to put it another way—antiphonalizes from speaker to speaker. The *spatialization* of music, which is what today's audio experts are concerned with, has something to do with the primacy of the eye that is central to our age. Music jumps from ear to ear like a live thing: You can almost see it. *Videor, ergo sum*. I need not, as Mr. Chips used to say, translate.

Along with the refinement of the techniques for reproducing music, we may expect, by 2001, an increased difficulty on the part of the ear itself to cope with these refinements. The acoustic irony of the near future will be merely a grosser version of what we find surrounding us now. Muzak in restaurants, airports, even government buildings is desensitizing the general capacity to take in musical sounds as meaningful statements. When we are

sufficiently, though gently, nagged, we no longer take in nagging as speech. The diminishing of musical sound to a permanent whisper is complemented, at the other end of the scale, by its augmentation to a level undreamt of even by Berlioz. The amplified guitar group can be, to my generation, an experience that touches the threshold of pain. But a younger generation takes the new sound level for granted and, conceivably, hardly hears Muzak at all. When Hans Keller interviewed some plentifully haired but not very talented pop musicians on television, he apologized for not being able to accept their loudness easily: "I was brought up on chamber music." The response was aggressive and derisive: "Ugh, we bloody well wasn't," or words to that effect. By 2001 we shall have, without doubt, a generation unable even to hear chamber music.

On the other hand, I have the utmost confidence in the capacity of some of the young to master traditional instrumental techniques and to bring them, by the end of the millennium, to a point that would leave a resurrected Liszt and Paganini gasping with disbelief. The musical talent currently available in America, especially in traditional ensemble work, is incredible. Whether the technical expertise is matched by musical understanding is another question. The language of music, lauded and prized for its ability to transcend mere verbal language and to act as a sort of a world auxiliary of the emotions, is a frail and subtle thing, and its qualities are not easily transmitted either by great executants or great teachers. The language of the music of, say, the classical era owed a good deal to instrumental limitations that the composer accepted and tried to exploit. Trumpets and horns could do little more than hammer out a tonic and dominant, but Mozart made a glory out of this inarticulateness. In the near future, if not already, trumpets and horns as sprightly as clarinets, double basses as swift and sonorous as violas, will dissolve the physical obstacles of art that the composer used to delight in exploiting.

And what stretched strings and air-filled cylinders cannot do, synthetic sounds are already learning to do with frightening efficiency. I think, however, that disenchantment with synthetic music-makers is already on its way. It's all too easy, this Moog-musicalizing; easy because the parameters of the admissible and inadmissible are hard to define. No art should ever be too easy, and the easiness of the musical art—for the lowlier talent—began when the barriers between consonance and dissonance went down and, indeed, the chromatic scale was democratized. What was artistic agony to Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern is a cinch to their followers. What I predict we will see, or hear, coming about in 2001 are the beginnings of a synthesis that has nothing to do with Moogs.

Various ways of composition are available to

the composer today. He can use a style generally diatonic, with chromatic trimmings—a style, that is, that acknowledges a hierarchy of notes of the traditional European scale and pays some kind of homage to a key-center. This mode of composition has its most blatant exponents among the pop practitioners and the writers of film scores. "Serious" composers are frightened of keys and major and minor and modal scales. However, as musicians like Darius Milhaud showed, this traditional kind of music could be sophisticated, made apt for "seriousness," by multiplication of key-centers in the kind of composition known as polytonal. Polytonality was so marked, however, by Milhaud's own personal method that to use it seems all too often like creating a Milhaud pastiche.

There remains what Schoenberg bequeathed and Stravinsky eventually yielded to—serialism. But is serialism enough? Even Schoenberg seems to have thought not. When art develops, it should "enclose" what goes before, as Beethoven encloses Haydn. The looked-for synthesis of the end of the millennium is a composer of personality strong enough to create an individual language out of the century's three main heritages—the diatonic, the serial, and the polytonal—without the aid of literary texts. One makes this last condition because the urgent formal need of the music of the future is the development of structure analogous to Beethovenian symphonic structure: musical argument at length, intellectuality manifesting itself structurally, not doctrinally. Perhaps the most considerable of contemporary composers, Luciano Berio, is still able to create *at length* only when he has the prop of the extramusical: text, noise, and quotations from others' music. Music does not need language, any more than language needs music.

Generalization is never enough. Let us present a practical scenario for a composer of 2001. He is commissioned to write a piano concerto. He has a free hand, all the instrumental resources in the world, a virtuoso performer capable of anything. Because a concerto imposes a particular relationship between a soloist and an ensemble, our composer is not at liberty to use the pianoforte in a "concertante" way, making it a mere part of the orchestra. Because a concerto demands a considerable degree of exposition of technical resource, or showing off, he has to think in terms of duration greater than that, say, of a Webern vignette. Twenty minutes? Thirty? Because of the variety of pianistic modes to be exhibited, there must be a variety of styles, rhythms, and tempos. Our composer will, whether he likes it or not, end up with the "natural" alternation of slow and fast or active and contemplative. He may end with the traditional three movements or the Brahmsian four. If he feels, so shackled, that he is truckling too much to the past, he ought to reflect that he is confusing tradition and "nature." We all have to submit to the basic rhythms of the body, of the seasons, of the alterna-

tions of mood that are built into the human psyche.

If he is wise, our composer will not disown the traditional "romantic" orchestra merely because Strauss or Elgar used it before him. No composer has to use three flutes, two oboes, *cor anglais*, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double bassoon, and so forth, but he might at least consider, before disrupting or jettisoning his woodwinds, that here is God's plenty. The orchestra is the end-product of a long and painful evolutionary process, and it asks not to be disowned because it belongs to the dirty "past," but to be used in new and individual ways. It can bear subtraction (as in Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*, where the woodwinds go), and it can bear addition (electronic effects, the typewriter of Hindemith's *News of the Day*, the nightingale of Respighi's *Pines of Rome*), but never wantonly, out of mere puritanism or the desire to shock.

The composer must now think out his themes—always with contrast in mind. There may be contrasting themes, or there may be contrasting aspects of the same theme: It seems that we are, by nature, committed to a sonata view of a theme or a variational one. There is no reason why he should apologize to the world for thinking in tonal terms, to begin with. The introduction of a polytonal element thickens the plot, introduces argument, and can lead the way naturally to the conversion of a tonal theme into an atonal one:



I needn't say that the aesthetic value of the work will depend less on the techniques used than on the power of the composer's personality to express itself in highly individual statements—but always within the framework of a piece of music essentially "extrovert," public, even blatantly designed for display. Such musical personalities are at present frequently shackled because of fear—fear of being vulgar, obvious, outdated. Perhaps 2001 A.D. will, musically, be less a time for odysseys into the new than a beginning of synthesis, up-gathering what the past has had to offer and seeing how a limitless musical language can be put together out of the fragmented dialects lying around us. Joyce's *Ulysses* is an exercise in the use of "total" verbal language. We need that kind of achievement in music. But why should we have to wait until 2001? ●

WE'RE ALL frustrated conductors. When we listen to music, we tap our toes and wave our arms, following the real conductor's beat. And the reason we're frustrated is that, no matter how vigorously we gesticulate, no matter how artily we posture, we're not leading the orchestra—the orchestra is leading us. Balking as real groups can be for real conductors, recorded ones give us conductors *manqué* no cooperation whatsoever.

It's not just the urge to ham it up or move with the music. The deeper you get into music, the more you find instances where an orchestra comes in a little sooner—or later—than you would want it. Or you find that Furtwängler's tempo is just a little slow for this passage and Toscanini's is just a little fast on that one. What you need is a recorded orchestra that will respond to you and your artistic insights.

Let's imagine that it's the year 2001 and that technology has answered your needs. Step up to a computerized podium-console linked to your high fidelity system. Tap your baton and watch the pilot light wink on to signal that the orchestra and composition of your choice await your pleasure. Using a keyboard built into the podium, you specify the work by name—or, perhaps, by catalogue number—and then key in the ensemble. The sounds of tuning up pervade the room as you prepare to begin. If your podium is among more primitive models, you'll have to turn the pages of the score yourself; really sophisticated versions project the music on a built-in screen, automatically showing you just where you are at all times. (This is assuming that you don't care to undertake the risky business of conducting from memory.)

Snap your wrist for the downbeat, and the music begins. Each motion of your hand disturbs an electrical field; sensors within the podium analyze these disturbances and tell the computer what to do. (There's nothing really revolutionary in this: The principle is similar to that behind the once-popular electronic instrument, the theremin.) The computer derives a rhythmic pattern from your movements and constantly compares it with the pattern derived from the recording. If the disc's beat is running ahead of yours, the computer will retard it; if you're a bit ahead of your orchestra, the computer will speed up the record.

Won't this change the pitch? No, for the computer adds an equal but opposite pitch shift. (This has long been possible on special studio recorders like the Eltro, whose rotating head assemblies make it possible to regulate separately both absolute tape speed, controlling timing, and relative tape-to-head speed, controlling pitch.) Of course, if you do want to change the pitch—say, to raise the pitch of an orchestra that records at A-440 Hz to a more brilliant A-444—a knob on the podium offers that option.

A conductor controls dynamics as well as tempo, of course. When your hands are lowered to

signal a decrescendo, the computer will lower the volume accordingly; raise your hands, and a crescendo will commence. Accessories could also be added that would respond if you yelled "*più dolce!*"—or if you should be so artistically temperamental as to throw your baton. I'd caution you, however, in view of such advanced technology, to be prepared to duck.

You can control relative dynamics too. There is a mathematical process called "deconvolution," which—in principle—can separate, say, the first oboes from the second oboes, even though they are placed side by side. With the orchestra spread sonically through the stereo space before you, you can make one section louder than another, regardless of the balance originally recorded. The computer, which divided the stereo image into eight or ten in-

A CONSOLE CONDUCTORS

The home
playback
center
in 2001

by Ivan Berger

dividually controlled channels before mixing them back to two, adjusts the relative volume of the phantom channel that you're pointing to.

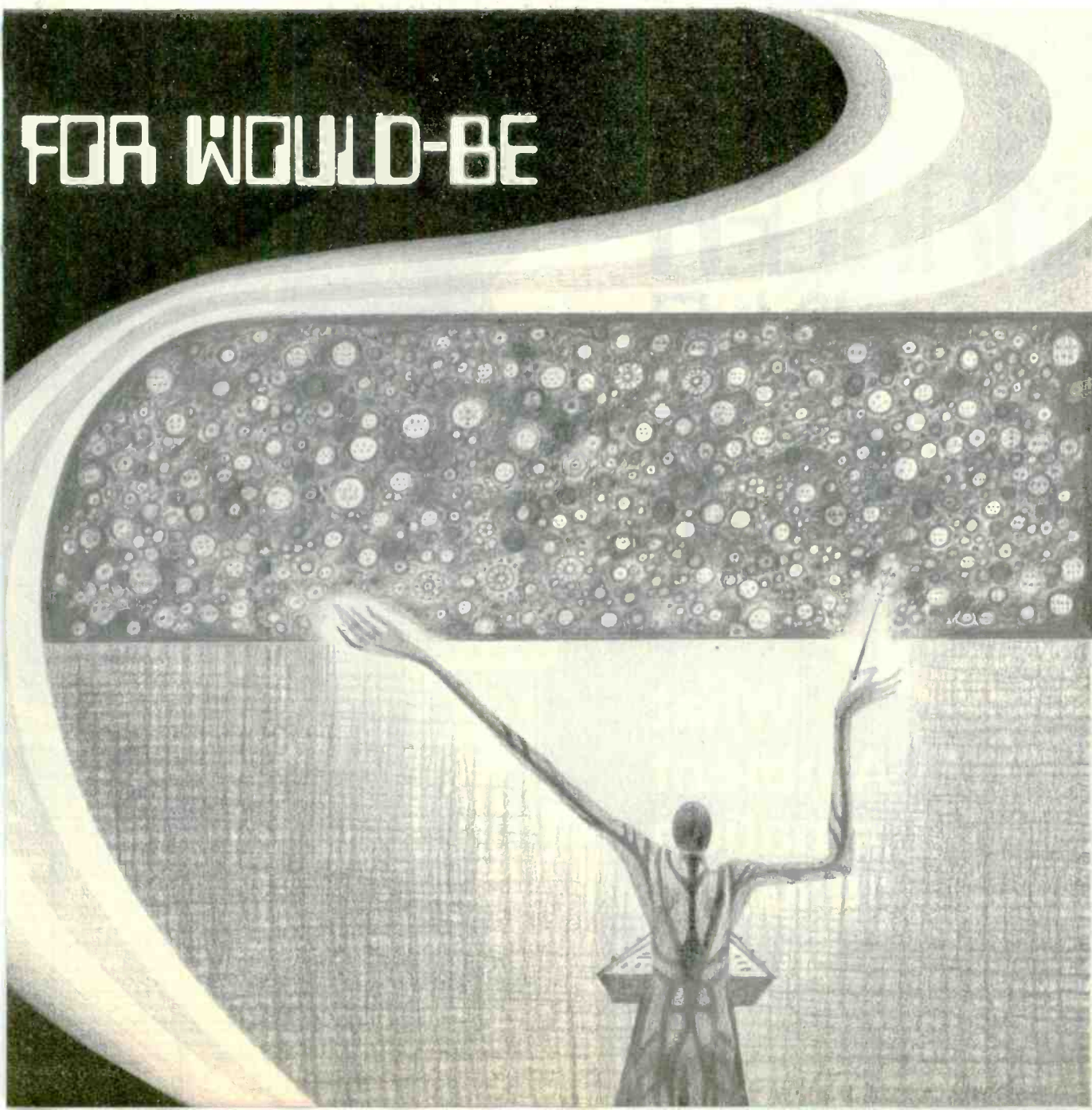
Should you get tired and want to give your arms a rest, the computer will revert instantly to straight playback of the original recording, so you needn't worry that the music will stop if you do. And, if you choose, you can store your interpretations of one hundred of your favorite works in the computer and let it put the records through their paces exactly as you would do.

This is all possible, at least theoretically, although I think that finding the rhythmic pattern of recorded music would be very difficult for a computer to do. Judging from what I've seen of musical waveforms on an oscilloscope, the presence of the beat is anything but obvious; still, if a computer

can find surface features on Mars, it can surely find the beat.

Our computerized podium would no doubt be quite expensive. I suspect that the initial market would be among the better-paid conductors, for the computerized orchestra would probably prove a lot easier to manage than the living ones they have to deal with. And if our putative leader—whether he be a professional or you—should grow impatient even with such prerecorded subordinates, more advanced technology might eventually synthesize the very sound values of international performing bodies and permit a few twists of the dial to change the guest-conducting assignment from, say, the Chicago Symphony to the Orchestre de Paris or the Berlin Philharmonic—between movements of a symphony! ■

FOR WOULD-BE



THE YEAR IS 2001, and in the living room, with their high fidelity system in high gear, John and Mary are listening to Leopold Stokowski's latest recording of Mahler's Second Symphony, with the New Philadelphia Orchestra.

"I think this is my favorite recording of the Second," John remarks.

"Mine too," Mary says, "although I prefer to hear Mahler in the Concertgebouw."

John accommodatingly goes to the receiver and turns the ambience selector from "Academy of Music" to "Concertgebouw." Immediately the living room is transformed into a sonic replica of the Amsterdam concert hall.

The ability to re-create or synthesize an arbitrary acoustic environment is probably a lot closer to becoming a reality than many realize. It may turn out to be the next major breakthrough in high fidelity reproduction.

The idea of obtaining accurate ambient information from sound-reproducing equipment isn't especially new. After all, it was the basic motiva-

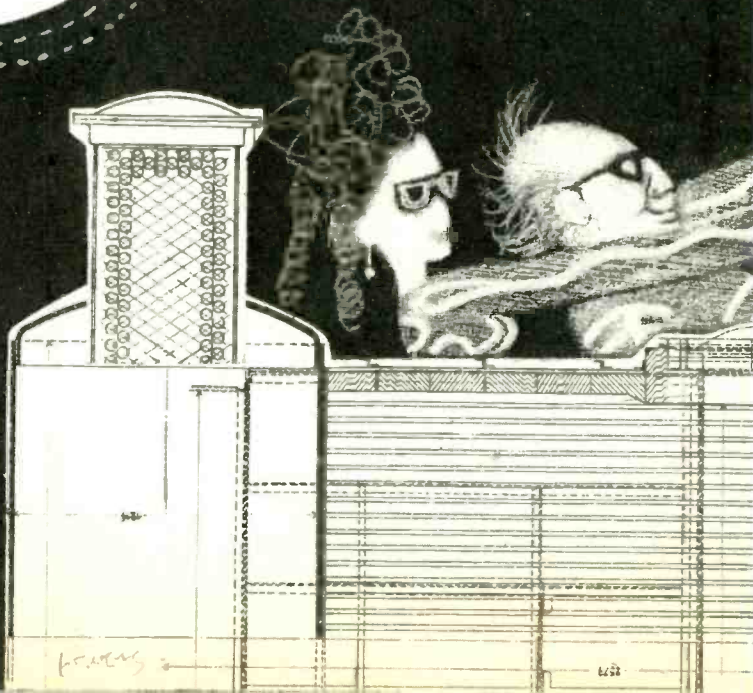
by Mark F. Davis

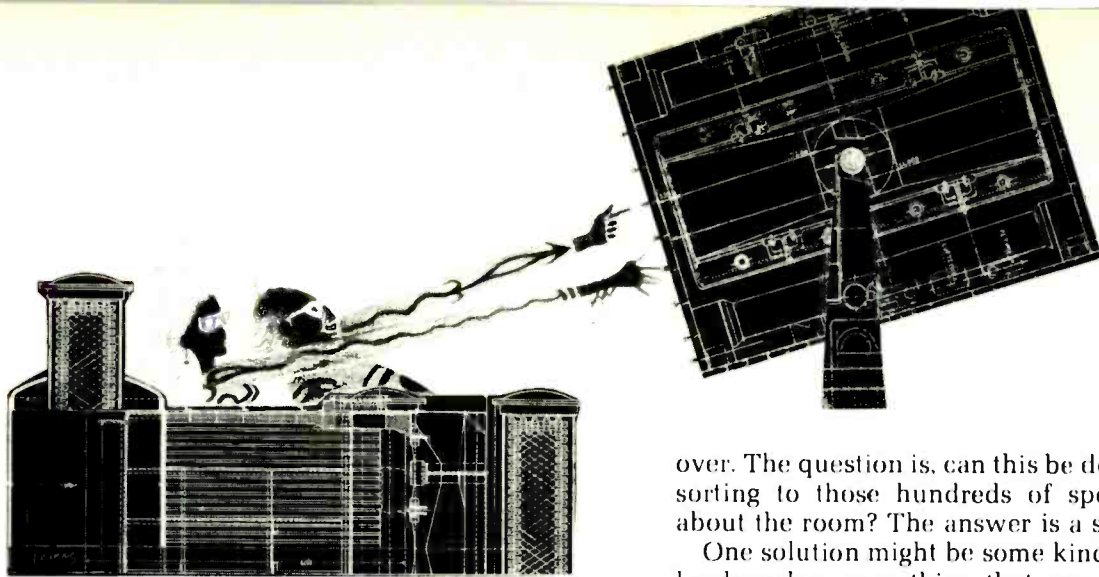
Sooner than you think, you may be able to dial any acoustical environment for your listening room.

MAHLER IN A HANGAR

Or

**What
Ambient
Information
Will Mean
to You**





tion for going from mono to stereo and then from stereo to quad. At their best, these systems can provide very satisfactory sound. Still, they are not likely to fool anyone into thinking he is "really there." To do that, it appears to be necessary to have sound coming from every possible direction, or at least to fool the ear into thinking that's what is happening. Clearly this could be done by arranging a few hundred loudspeakers around the listening room, each fed from its own amplifier. But such a system presents problems of a pragmatic nature.

One of the more promising proposals is to find a practical means of refining the binaural recording technique. The usual procedure for making a binaural recording is to place two microphones just inside of each "ear" of a dummy head and feed their outputs to an ordinary two-channel recording system. The results are reproduced via headphones so that the listener hears exactly what the dummy "heard." Theoretically this results in a perfect reproduction of the original environment.

The flaw in this elegantly simple system is that the sound doesn't change as the listener turns his head; the brain is accustomed to this variation in sound. The headphones' ambient "environment" moves with him, and for psychoacoustic reasons the sound therefore appears to be centralized in the middle of his head.

Some means of getting around this could be devised. Perhaps a set of accelerometers could be attached to the headphones. Their outputs could be fed back to a position processor that would "shift" the sound according to movements of the head. Such a modified binaural system should result in some of the most spectacular sound ever heard with a headset.

Achieving accurate spatial reproduction from loudspeakers is no small task. Unlike headphones, speakers can be listened to by a number of people simultaneously, and the position of each listener relative to the speakers affects the sound he hears. So that takes us back to where we started—to an arrangement in which sound *does* come from all

over. The question is, can this be done without resorting to those hundreds of speakers arrayed about the room? The answer is a solid maybe.

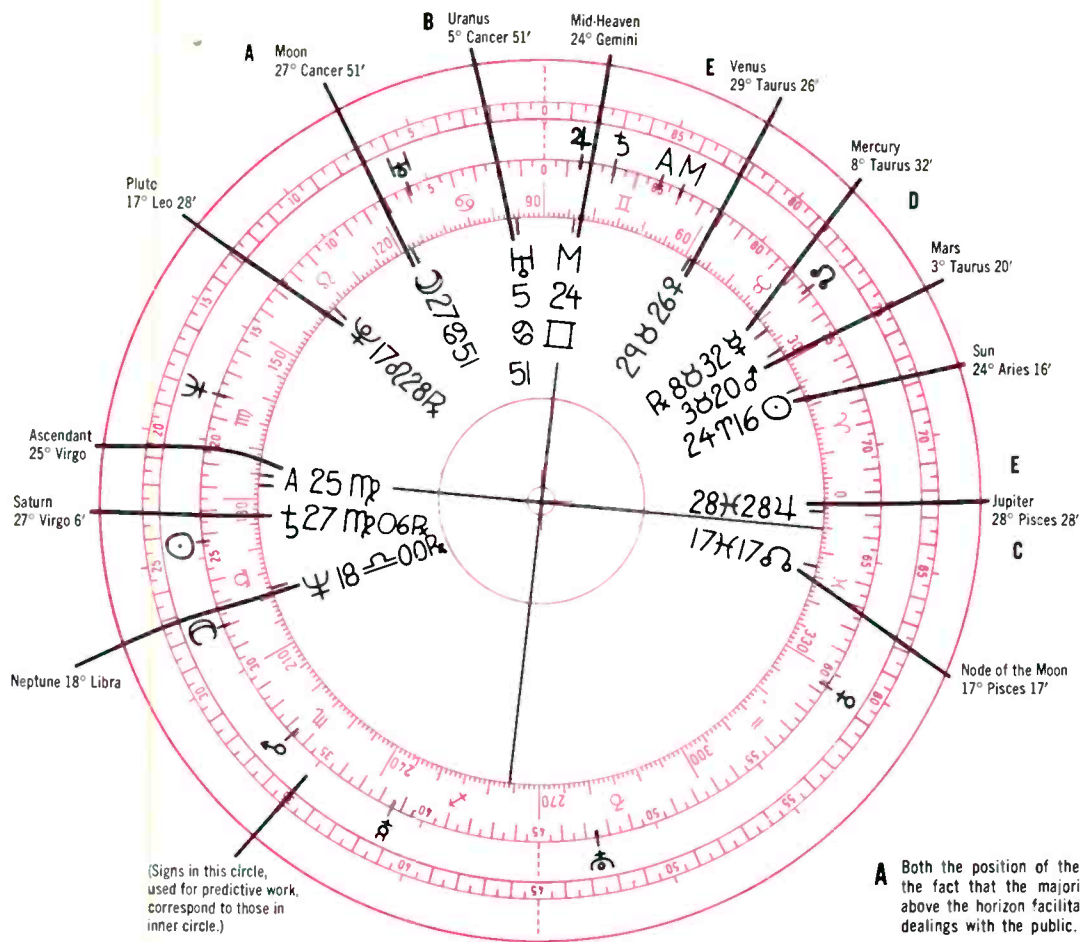
One solution might be some kind of continuous loudspeaker—something that you would put up like wallpaper, in your choice of decorator colors. That idea is not as silly as it may seem. The new polymer materials that have recently been introduced in some headphones and tweeters might be ideal for such a purpose.

Another approach might be to install a sound projector in the middle of the listening room or hang it from the ceiling like a chandelier. From this central source, sound would bounce off the walls, floor, and ceiling, making it appear to be emanating from those surfaces—rather like a show in a planetarium.

Still another idea, somewhat more likely, is the use of a moderate number of discrete loudspeakers (octaphonic sound?) if the usual multi-channel technique were refined by placing closely matched speakers in precise spatial relationship to each other. With careful control of phase in the signals fed to the speakers, phantom sources from any direction might be synthesized more convincingly than is possible with conventional stereo or quad, where the exact position of speakers is not taken into consideration at the time the recording is made.

Accurate ambience reproduction opens the door to countless exciting possibilities. The purists, of course, will demand nothing short of perfect reproduction of the concert hall where the recording was made, without any tampering by the slippery-fingered engineers at the record company. Well and good, but that's hardly the end of it. Given enough delay lines, attenuators, filters, and what-have-yous—plus some rational means of controlling them all—a record producer could place the listener in any acoustic environment, real or imagined, from a broom closet to the Good-year blimp's hangar.

Built into a home system, an automatic ambience controller could be used to measure the reflections and resonances of a listening room with inferior acoustics and electronically cancel them out, substituting the Concertgebouw or the Academy of Music or wherever Mahler seems to work out best. Who knows? It may turn out to be the blimp hangar!



HIGH FIDELITY'S NEXT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

An Astrological Forecast by Henry Weingarten
 Director, the New York Astrology Center

THE TWENTY-SIXTH year for HIGH FIDELITY begins after a year of rethinking the publication's outlook. The resulting format changes that took place in 1975 are due in part to the change in direction of progressed Mercury in HF's horoscope from Retrograde to Direct. A similar situation will occur in 1991, the magazine's fortieth year, when Mercury will return to its natal position (as it was on HF's "birthday," April 14, 1951). We can expect a change in the editorship and/or the ownership that will again result in a rethinking of the magazine's direction.

Three major changes in the audio field will affect HF's next twenty-five years. Technical developments correspond to the planet Uranus in astrology, and this planet becomes highly active in the horoscope three times during the period. (As the times indicated reflect the coverage of such developments in the magazine's pages, there is necessarily a lag between the initial development of the technical innovation and the time given here.) New developments of this

kind will be given widespread coverage in 1978-79. As this seems a bit too early for the video disc or cassette to have a large penetration of the market, they may be related to "mass" adoption of a novel microphone technique or to public acceptance of four-channel recordings. In 1984-85 there will again be major technical breakthroughs as reflected in these pages, probably corresponding to the progress of video recordings in the mass market.

In 1994-95, a completely revolutionary development in the industry will take effect. This will result from a Uranus-Pluto configuration meaning "complete and total revolution or transformation." An example of such a configuration would be the effect the first manned landing on the moon had on the space program. Perhaps the home entertainment module will be perfected to such an extent that one unit could take over functions of TV, newspapers, and audio-visual recording. HF will then serve as a type of "TV guide," and perhaps even cease to function as a print magazine, becoming a

monthly audio-visual project instead.

Now, without astrological explanations, let us preview some more of the changes HF will undergo in the next quarter-century. There will be two developments in the years 1981-82: a change in editorship and the start of a new magazine or a significant new editorial section. Projections for 1985-86 show the potential sale of the magazine and exposure to a much larger audience, either through a publicity campaign or the formation of a less technical spinoff publication. There will be strong visual changes in HF in 1988. A significant crisis period will follow, in 1989-91, resulting either from changes within the industry or changes—as I noted in the opening paragraph—in the editorship and/or ownership. The following year (1992) will bring new ventures, probably another spinoff magazine or recording projects.

While the above are not all the changes HIGH FIDELITY will see in the next twenty-five years, they are among the most significant.

A Both the position of the Moon in Cancer and the fact that the majority of the planets lie above the horizon facilitate communication and dealings with the public.

B The position of Uranus as the most elevated planet indicates that High Fidelity can play a positive role in furthering audio innovations.

C Jupiter in opposition to rising Saturn shows that the magazine must grow and change as the need arises.

D The Mars-Mercury conjunction in Taurus indicates that the magazine is aggressive and controversial in dealing with ideas.

E The three planets in Taurus, a sign ruled by Venus, and Jupiter in Pisces, a sign ruled by Neptune, are favorable because music is ruled by Venus and Neptune.

The new Sherwood S7910: State-of-the-Art for under \$500.*



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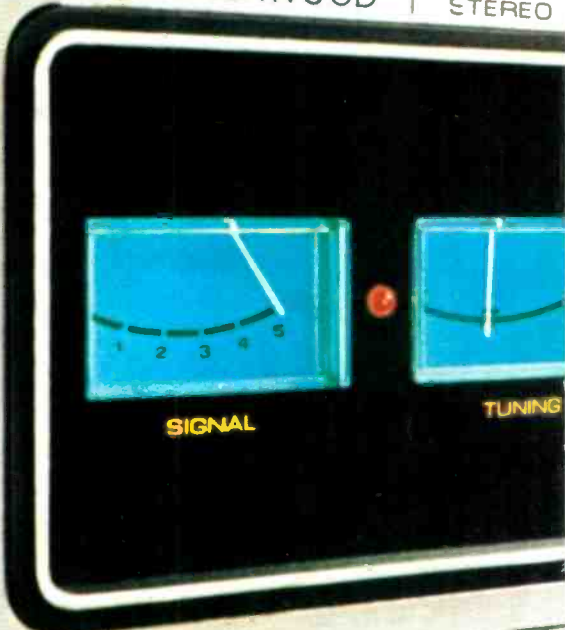
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TAPE-2



IN



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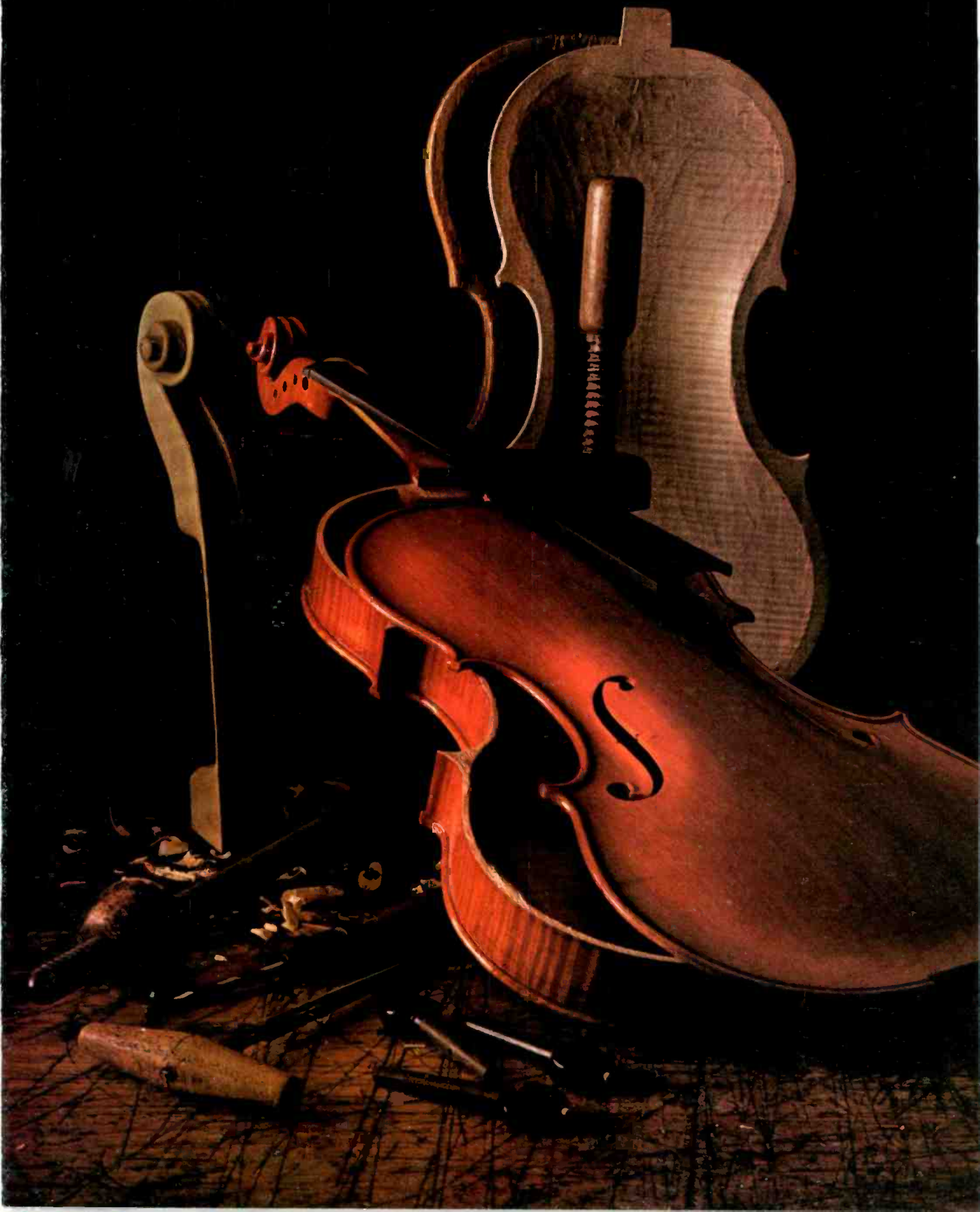
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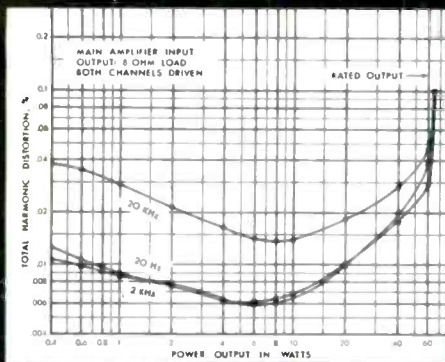
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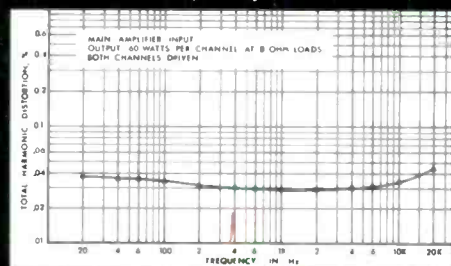
Creating fine instruments isn't
just a science. It's an art.



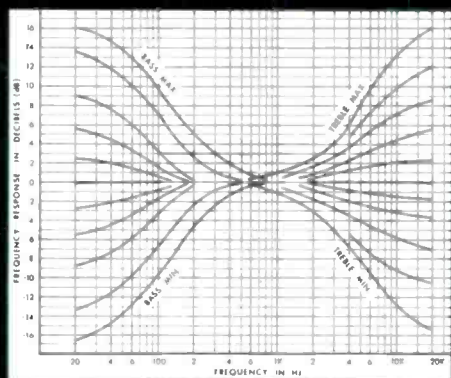
Power Output vs. Distortion



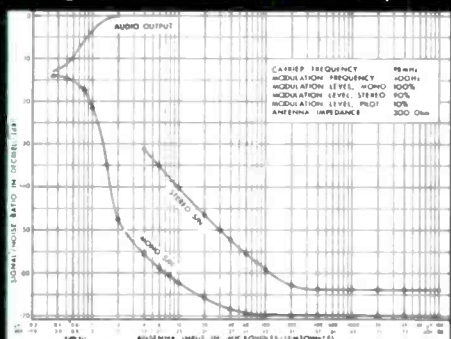
Distortion vs. Frequency



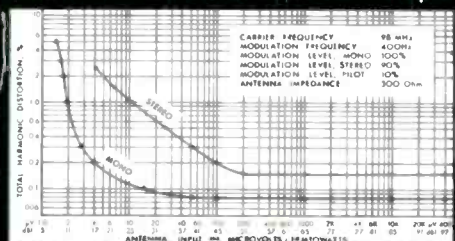
Tone Control Characteristics



FM Signal/Noise Ratio vs. Antenna Input



Total Harmonic Distortion vs. Antenna Input



In the past few years, good specifications have become a relative commonplace in the consumer electronics industry.

And, as the statistical gaps between comparably priced units lessened, other factors gained more importance. Most notably, design and the componentry that's used.

Nothing could suit us better. For twenty-three years, the strength of our reputation has rested primarily on the excellence of our engineering.

The new S7910** is a case in point.

With a power output of 60 watts per channel [minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20-20,000 Hz] with no more than 0.1% Total Harmonic Distortion, the S7910 is clearly equipped to serve as the center point of the most progressive music systems.

More to the point, though, is the componentry that permits this capability. The output devices are paralleled OCL direct-coupled. This configuration, combined with the high voltage and current ratings of the output devices, creates an extremely stable circuit. Additionally, the massive power transformer and twin 12,000 uf filter capacitors, backed by a zener regulated secondary power supply, ensure the S7910's ability to perform well beyond the demands of normal use.

The S7910's IHF FM Sensitivity rating is 9.84 dBf [1.7 uV]. That's one of the finest ratings attainable—and it can only be achieved through the utilization of superior componentry. 4-ganged tuning capacitors. Dual-Gate MOS FET's. Phase Lock Loop MPX. Ceramic FM IF Phase Linear Filters. And Sherwood's newly-developed digital detector, which introduces virtually no distortion to the signal and never requires alignment.

The front panel of the S7910 reflects every significant function of current hi-fidelity technology. And again, the componentry

behind the faceplate is the finest available. [For example, the 3-stage Baxandall tone circuit employed for the Bass and Treble controls.] Other features, such as the Master Tone Defeat switch, switchable FM deemphasis and FM Stereo Only, and two front panel tape dubbing jacks, contribute to an operational versatility that is truly outstanding.

In every respect, the S7910 demonstrates the attention to detail, the on-going effort to refine existing solutions and discover better ones, that has characterized Sherwood throughout the years.

You might be able to find another receiver in this price range that offers similar specifications—on paper.

But you won't find a receiver that's been more meticulously designed, or more carefully produced.

At Sherwood, we approach the business of creating receivers like an art.

Because no approach brings you closer to reality.

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The new S7910 will be arriving at your Sherwood Dealer in late May.

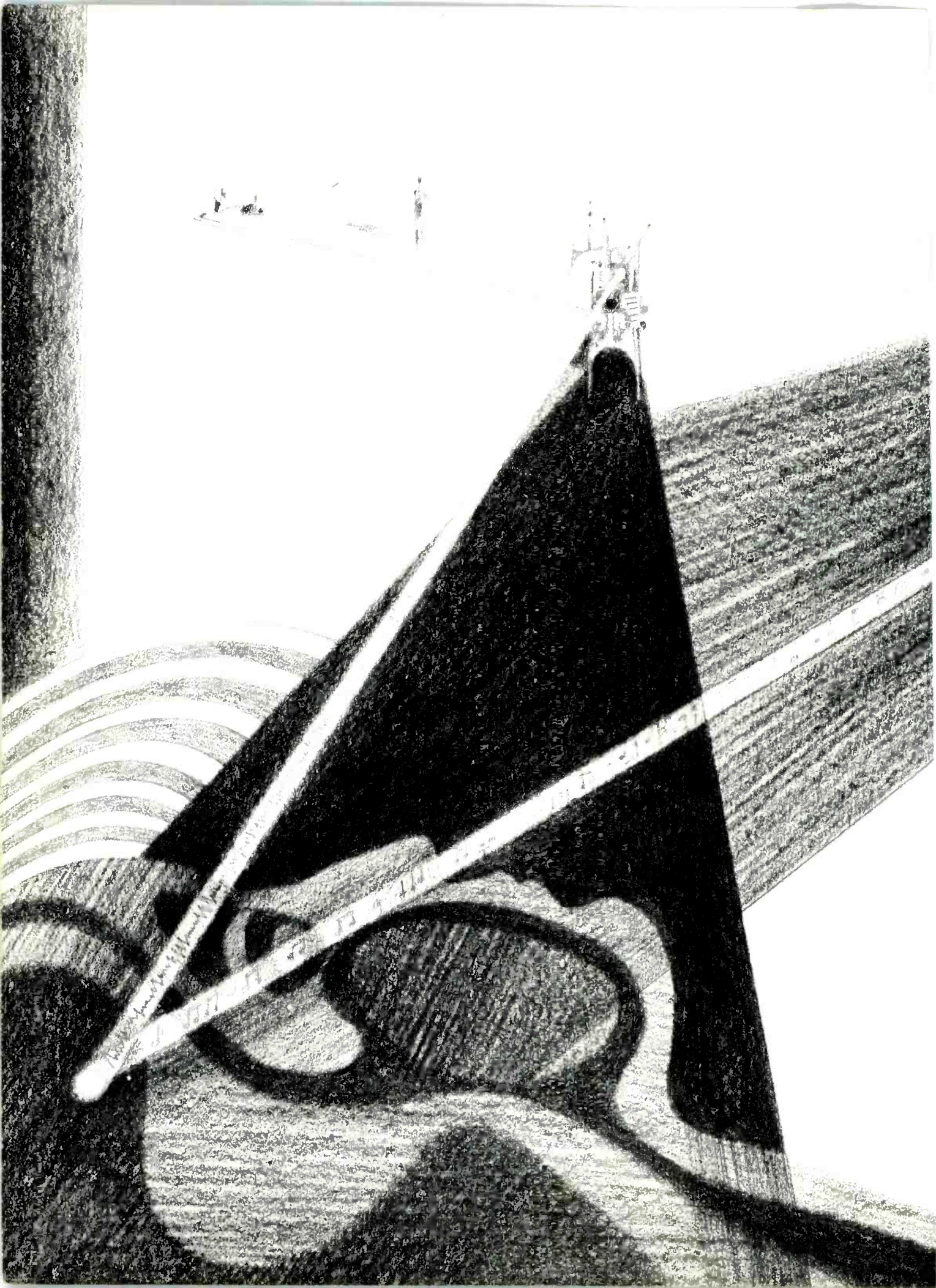
For a more complete description of Sherwood's unique approach to audio equipment engineering, write to the address above. We'll mail you a copy of our new brochure, "The anatomy of high performance design," along with detailed information about the new S7910.

 **SHERWOOD**
Everything you hear is true.

*The value shown is for informational purposes only. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Sherwood Dealer at this option. The cabinet shown is constructed of select plywood with a walnut veneer covering.

**Model SE910 offers identical specifications and features, but is FM only.

CIRCLE 40 ON READER-SERVICE CARD





by Isaac Asimov

JEROME BISHOP, composer and trombonist, had never been in a mental hospital before.

There had been times, in that year 2001, with the world in pretty terrible shape but (they said) pulling out of it, when he had suspected that he might be in a mental hospital someday as a patient. (Who was safe?) But it had never occurred to him that he might ever be there as a consultant on a question of mental aberration. A *consultant*.

He rose as a middle-aged woman entered. Her hair was beginning to turn gray, and Bishop was thankfully conscious of his own hair still in full shock and evenly dark.

"Are you Mr. Bishop?" she asked.

"Last time I looked."

She held out her hand. "I'm Dr. Cray. Won't you come with me?"

He shook her hand, then followed. He tried not to be haunted by the dull beige uniforms worn by everyone he passed.

Dr. Cray put a finger to her lips and motioned him to a chair. She pressed a button, and the lights went out, causing a window, with a light behind it, to spring into view. Through the window Bishop could see a woman in something that looked like a dentist's chair, tilted back. A forest of flexible wires sprang from her head, a thin narrow beam of light extended from pole to pole behind her, and a

MARCHIN'

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somewhat less narrow strip of paper unfolded upward between the poles.

The light went on again; the view vanished.

Dr. Cray said, "Do you know what we're doing in there?"

"You're recording brain waves? Just a guess."

"A good guess. We are. It's a laser-recording. Do you know how that works?"

"My stuff has been recorded by laser," said Bishop, crossing one leg over the other, "but that doesn't mean I know how it works. It's the engineers who know the details. Look, Doc. if you have an idea I'm a laser engineer, I'm not."

"No, I know you're not," said Dr. Cray hurriedly. "You're here for something else. Let me explain it to you. We can alter a laser beam very delicately—much more rapidly and much more precisely than we can alter an electric current, or even a beam of electrons. That means that a very complex wave can be recorded in far greater detail than has ever been imagined before. We can make a tracing with a microscopically narrow laser beam and get a wave we can study under a microscope to see accurate detail invisible to the naked eye and unobtainable in any other fashion."

Bishop said, "If that's what you want to consult me about, then all I can say is that it doesn't pay to get all that detail. You can only hear so much. If you sharpen a laser recording past a certain

amount, you bring up the expense, but you don't bring up the effect. In fact, some people say you get some kind of buzz that begins to drown out the music. I don't hear it myself, but, if you want the best, you don't narrow the laser beam all the way. Of course maybe it's different with brain waves. But what I told you is all I can tell you, so I'll go, and there's no charge except for car fare."

He started to get up, but Dr. Cray was shaking her head vigorously.

"Please sit down, Mr. Bishop. Recording brain waves is different. There we do need all the detail we can get. Till now, all we've ever had out of brain waves are the tiny, overlapping effects of 10 billion brain cells, a kind of rough average that wipes out everything but the most general effects."

"You mean like listening to 10 billion pianos all playing different tunes a hundred miles away?"

"Exactly."

"All you get is noise?"

"Not quite. We do get some information—about epilepsy, for instance. With laser recording, however, we begin to get the fine detail. We begin to hear the individual tunes those separate pianos are playing. We begin to hear which particular pianos may be out of tune."

Bishop lifted his eyebrows. "So you can tell what makes a particular crazy person crazy?"

"In a manner of speaking. Look at this." In another corner of the room a screen flashed to life, with a thin wavering line over it. "Do you see this, Mr. Bishop?" Dr. Cray pressed the button of an indicator in her hand, and one little blip in the line reddened. The line moved along past the lighted screen, and red blips appeared periodically.

"That's a microphotograph," said Dr. Cray. "Those little red discontinuities are not visible to the unaided eye and wouldn't be visible with any recording device less delicate than the laser. It appears only when this particular patient is in depression. The markings are more pronounced the deeper the depression."

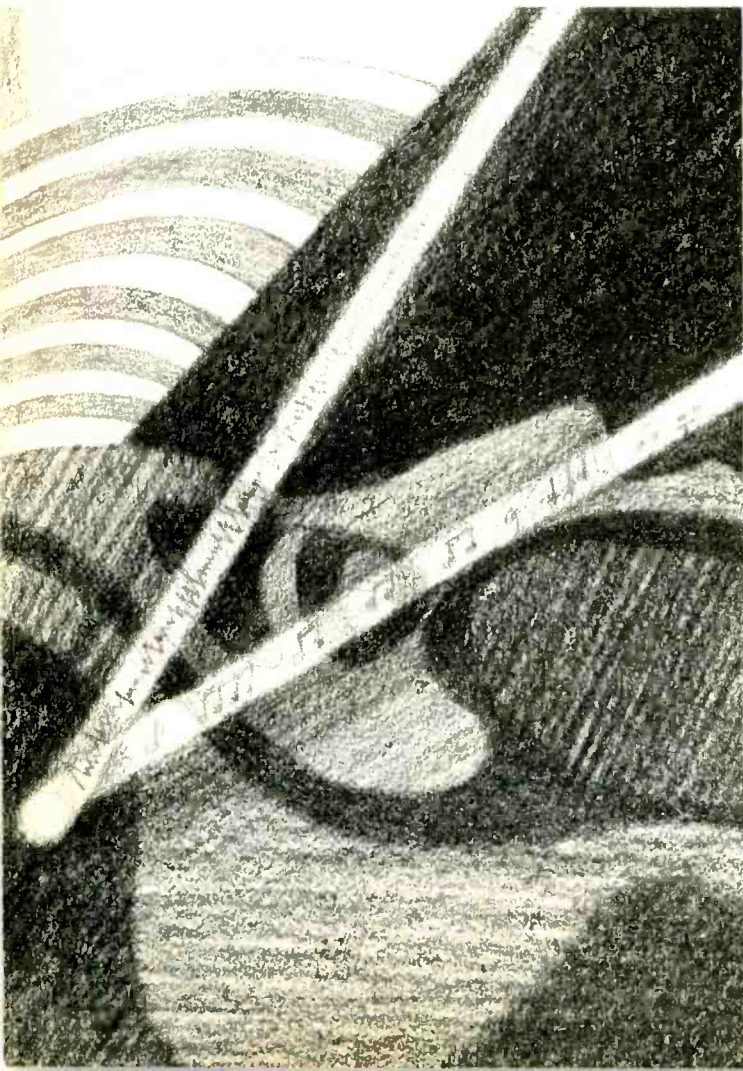
Bishop thought about it for a while. Then he said, "Can you do anything about it? So far, it just means you can tell by that blip there's a depression, which you can also tell by just listening to the patient."

"Quite right, but the details help. For instance, we can convert the brain waves into delicately flickering light waves and, what's more, into the equivalent sound waves. We use the same laser system that is used to record your music. We get a sort of dimly musical hum that matches the light flicker. I would like you to listen to it."

"The music from that particular depressive person whose brain produced that line?"

"Yes, and since we can't intensify it much without losing detail we will ask you to listen by headphone."

"And watch the light too?"



"That's not necessary. You can close your eyes. Enough of the flicker will penetrate the eyelids to affect the brain."

Bishop closed his eyes. Through the hum, he could hear the tiny wail of a complex rhythm, a complex sad pattern that carried all the troubles of the tired old world in it. He listened, vaguely conscious of the dim light beating on his eyeballs in flickering time.

He felt his shirt pulled at strenuously. "Mr. Bishop! Mr. Bishop—"

He took a deep breath. "Thanks!" he said, shuddering a little. "That upset me, but I couldn't let go."

"You were listening to brain-wave depression, and it was affecting you. It was forcing your own brain-wave pattern to keep time. You felt depressed, didn't you?"

"All the way."

"Well, if we can locate the portion of the wave characteristic of depression—or of any mental abnormality—remove that, and use all the rest of the brain wave, the patient's pattern will be modified into normal form."

"For how long?"

"For a while after the treatment is stopped. For a while, but not long. A few days. A week. Then the patient has to return."

"That's better than nothing."

"And less than enough. A person is born with certain genes, Mr. Bishop, that dictate a potential brain structure. A person suffers certain environmental influences. These are not easy things to neutralize, so here in this institution we've been trying to find more efficient and long-lasting schemes for neutralization. And you can help us, perhaps. That's why we've asked you to come here."

"But I don't know anything about this, Doc. I never heard about recording brain waves by laser." He pushed his hands apart, palms down. "I've got *nothing* for you."

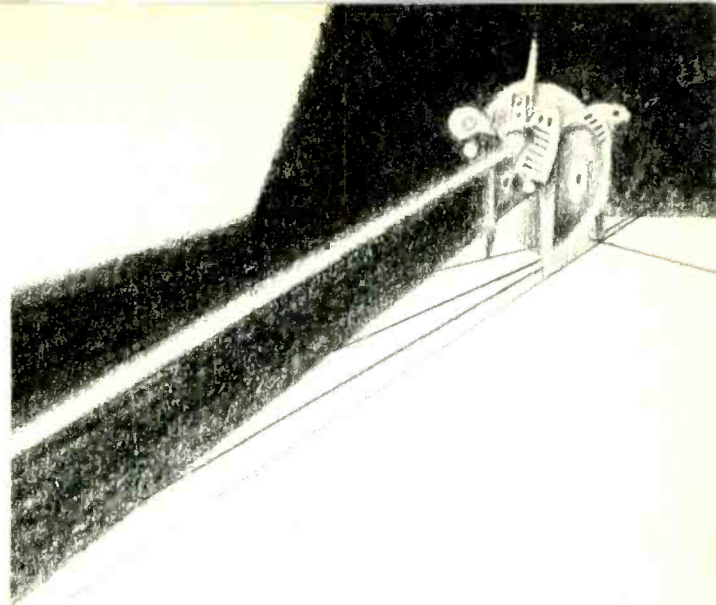
Dr. Cray looked impatient. She thrust her hands deep into the pockets of her jacket. "Just a while ago, you said the laser recorded more detail than the ear could hear."

"Yes. I stand by that."

"I know. One of my colleagues read an interview with you in the December 2000 issue of *HIGH FIDELITY* magazine, in which you said that. That's what attracted our attention. The ear can't get the laser detail, but the eye can, you see. It's principally the flickering light that alters the brain pattern to the norm, not the wavering sound. The sound alone will do nothing. It will, however, reinforce the effect when the light is working."

"You can't complain about that."

"We can. The reinforcement isn't good enough. The gentle, delicate, almost infinitely complex variations produced in the sound by laser-record-



ing are lost on the ear. Too much is present, and it drowns out the portion that is reinforcing."

"What makes you think that a reinforcing portion is there?"

"Because occasionally, more or less by accident, we can produce something that seems to work better than the entire brain wave, but we don't see why. We need a musician. Maybe you. If you listen to the brain waves, you won't hear it all any more than we do, but your instinct, or insight, or whatever it is, may enable you to feel some rhythmic patterns that will fit the normal set better than the abnormal one. Then that could reinforce the light, you see, and improve the effectiveness of the therapy."

"Hey," said Bishop in alarm, "that's putting a lot of responsibility on me. When I write music, I'm just caressing the ear and making the muscles jump. I'm not trying to cure an ailing brain."

"All we ask is that you caress the ears and make the muscles jump, but do it so that it fits the normal music of the brain waves. And I assure you that you need fear no responsibility, Mr. Bishop. It is quite unlikely that your music would do harm, and it might do so much good. And you'll be paid, Mr. Bishop, win or lose."

"Well, I'll try," Bishop said, "though I don't promise a thing."

He was back in two days. Dr. Cray was pulled out of conference to see him. She looked at him out of tired, narrowed eyes.

"Do you have something?"

"I have something. It may work."

"How do you know?"

"I don't. I just have the feel of it. Look, I listened to the laser tapes you gave me—the brain-wave music as it came from the patient in depression, and the brain-wave music as you've modified it to normal. And you're right; without the flickering light it didn't affect me either way. Anyway, I subtracted the second from the first to see what the difference was."

"You have a computer?" Dr. Cray asked.

"No, a computer wouldn't have helped. It would give me too much. You take one complicated laser-wave pattern and subtract another complicated laser-wave pattern, and you're left with what is still a pretty complicated laser-wave pattern. No, I subtracted it in my mind to see what kind of rhythm was left. That would be the abnormal pattern that I would have to counteract."

"You mean you could actually hear the difference between those two almost identical patterns?"

"No, but I could feel some sort of difference."

"But how could you subtract the difference in your head?"

Bishop looked impatient. "I don't know. How did Bach figure out a complex fugue in his head? The brain's a pretty good computer too, isn't it?"

"I guess it is." She subsided. "Do you have the reinforcing rhythm there?"

"I think so." He handed her a small box. "The final touches on this tape came from my synthesizer only this morning. The rhythm goes something like: dih-dih-dih-DAH—dih-dih-dih-DAH—dih-dih-dih-DAH—and so on."

Dr. Cray looked startled. "Beethoven's Fifth?"

Bishop laughed. "Not quite. But I added a tune to it, and you can put it through the headphones while the patient's watching the flickering light that's matched to the normal brain-wave pattern. If I'm right, it will reinforce the living daylights out of it."

"Are you sure?"

"If I were sure, you wouldn't have to try it, would you, Doc?"

Dr. Cray was thoughtful for a moment. "I'll make an appointment with the patient. I'd like you to be there."

"If you want me. It's part of the consultation job, I suppose."

"You won't be able to be in the treatment room, you understand, but I'd want you out here."

"Anything you say."

The patient looked careworn when she arrived. Her eyelids drooped, and her voice was low, and she mumbled.

Bishop's glance was casual as he sat quietly, unnoticed, in the corner. He saw her enter the treatment room and waited patiently, thinking: "What if it works? Why not package brain-wave lights with appropriate sound accompaniment to combat the blues, to increase energy, to heighten love? Not just for sick people, but for normal people as a substitute for all the pounding they'd ever taken with alcohol or drugs in an effort to adjust their emotions—an utterly safe substitute based on the brain waves themselves."

After forty-five minutes, the patient came out. She was placid now, and the lines had somehow washed out of her face.

"I feel better, Dr. Cray," she said, smiling. "I feel much better."

"You usually do," Dr. Cray remarked quietly.

"Not this way," said the woman. "This time it's different. The other times, even when I thought I felt good, I could sense that awful depression in the back of my head just waiting to come back the minute I relaxed. Now—it's just gone."

Dr. Cray said, "We can't be sure it will always be gone. We'll make an appointment for, say, two weeks from now, but you'll call me before then if anything goes wrong, won't you? Did anything seem different in the treatment?"

The woman thought a bit. "No," she said hesitantly. Then: "The flickering light, though. That might have been different. Clearer and sharper somehow."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Was I supposed to?"

Dr. Cray rose. "Very well. Remember to make that appointment with my secretary."

The woman stopped at the door, turned, and said, "It's a happy feeling to feel happy," and left.

Dr. Cray said, "She didn't hear anything, Mr. Bishop. The tape you gave me was played at the threshold of audibility, and I suppose that the sound was, so to speak, lost in the light. And it may have worked too."

She turned to look at him full in the face. "Mr. Bishop, will you consult with us on other cases? We'll pay you as much as we can, and if this turns out to be an effective therapy for mental disease we'll see that you get all the credit due you."

Bishop said, "I'll be glad to help out, Doctor, but it won't be as hard as you may think. The work is already done."

"Already done?"

"We've had musicians for centuries. Maybe they didn't know about brain waves, but they did their best to get the melodies and rhythms that would affect people—get their toes tapping, get their muscles twitching, get their faces smiling, get their tear ducts pumping, get their hearts pounding. That music is waiting. Once you get the counteracting rhythm, you pick the tune to fit."

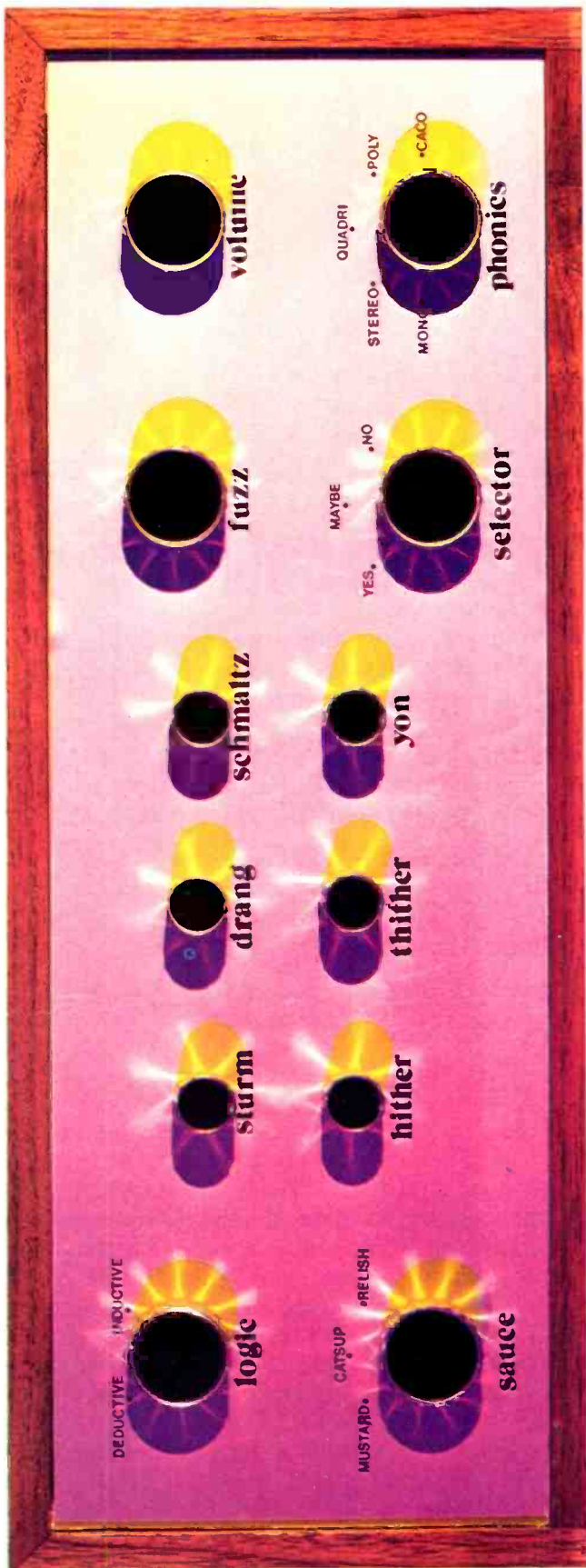
"Is that what you did?"

"Sure. What can snap you out of depression like a revival hymn? It's what they're meant to do. The rhythm gets you out of yourself. It exalts you. Maybe it doesn't last long by itself, but, if you use it to reinforce the normal brain-wave pattern, it ought to pound it in."

"A revival hymn?" Dr. Cray stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Sure. What I used in this case was a proven success. I gave her 'When the Saints Go Marchin' In.'"

He sang it softly, finger-snapping on the beat, and by the third bar Dr. Cray's toes were tapping.

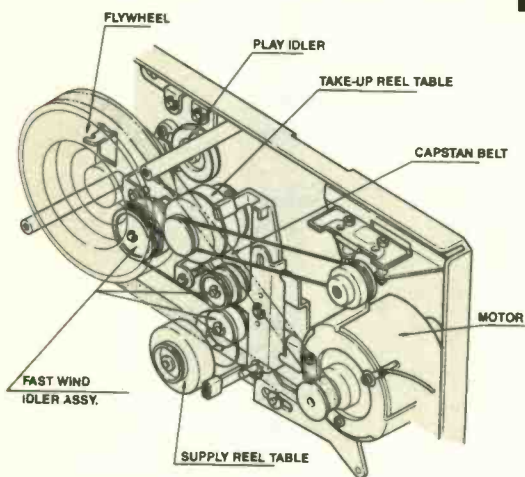


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Concocted by William Warriner

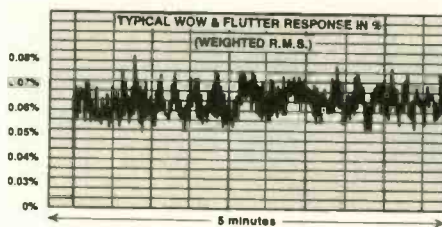


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by Norman Eisenberg

High Fidelity Pathfinders

The Men Who Made an Industry



IV. SAUL MARANTZ

Continuing a new
series of informal
biographies

Saul Marantz was trained as a commercial artist and was never an avid radio tinkerer or the like as a child. Yet he founded a company whose name has always been well up among the top few in home audio equipment. Born in 1911, Saul got into commercial art and actually owned his own New York agency for a time (he finally sold it in 1953). During World War II he wound up as second officer aboard a small freighter operated by the Army Transport Service, a civilian-manned branch of the War Department. The crew was shorthanded, and Saul had to double in brass as a medical aide (actually, a forerunner of today's paramedics) and as communications officer. In the latter role he had to learn how to run the ship's radio; this was his introduction to electronics.

After the war, Marantz settled on Long Island and resumed direction of his art studio, expanding his talents in this area to include photography and specialized kinds of drawing. But the bug had apparently gotten to him in his shipboard radio days, and one day, on an impulse he still cannot fully explain, he decided to pull out his car radio and build it into his house, together with a Webcor record changer. The eager experimenter soon ran afoul of power-supply problems, since the car radio ran on low voltage. Solving this problem brought him deeper into electronics, and he made the acquaintance of several engineers, among them C. J. LeBel. This group formed a nucleus of audio expertise, "swapping circuits" and building them at home, and eventually established the Audio Engineering Society in 1948, the same year that the LP disc was introduced.

Intrigued by this disc and by the magnetic cartridge developed for playing it, Marantz decided to build a "super preamp" that would sport various controls that the simple add-on General Electric preamp lacked. In 1952, from his basement workshop, the first Marantz amplifier came into being—a separate preamp-control plus a high-quality power amp built by a friend, using parts paid for by Saul. When urged by admirers to start manufacturing and selling these units, Marantz at first balked. It was, after all, only a hobby, and he did have that art studio in New York. His wife, Jean (possibly to get the audio workshop out of the house but more likely out of some far-seeing insight), urged him to follow the advice of his technically oriented chums. "Start making these things and see what happens," she told him.

Accordingly, the S. P. Marantz Company (later the initials were dropped) was founded in late

1953. Its first production run consisted of 100 preamps, priced at \$140 each and advertised (with an ad that Saul, the artist, devised himself, naturally) in *Audio Engineering* magazine. The ad drew tremendous response. In January 1954 the company started shipping units; a month or so later the preamps were all sold, and there were back orders for several hundred more. The following year Marantz finally moved from his cellar into a small "garage-type thing" in Long Island City, and he hired a handful of additional personnel—and later another handful.

Marantz was another audio Nestor. His chief engineer, who began with him in the basement days and stayed until the end of 1967, was Sidney Smith. Smith had migrated in the early 1950s from Chicago, where he had been working for Radio Craftsmen before it folded. Richard Sequerra joined Marantz in 1961 to bring a level of expertise in RF work that matched Smith's in audio amplification. The company began turning out a procession of superior audio products that were the envy of the whole field, including preamps, bigger power amps, the fabled 10B tuner, and electronic crossovers.

In 1964 Marantz sold the company to Superscope but stayed on as its head until the end of 1967. During this period the emphasis was on solid-state equipment, and the first Marantz receiver appeared, as well as the Model 15 power amp and the 7T preamp, which was a transistorized version of Marantz's former 7C preamp. When he left, he formed his own consulting group, including Smith (who finally went out on his own). Sequerra went into consulting work too and eventually started his own company, whose first product—the Sequerra tuner—has been heralded as the world's most advanced.

By the end of 1968, the consulting group had disbanded, and Marantz—by now in his late fifties—thought about retiring. Instead, after a brief time with Bozak, Inc., he was approached by a young speaker designer named Jon Dahlquist. Hearing Dahlquist's prototype, Saul was mightily impressed and decided to form a new company to manufacture and market Dahlquist systems. It was incorporated in early 1973, and he is the president today.

Along with his devotion to art and photography, Saul is a proficient classical guitarist whose special love is for baroque and medieval music. For years he has been on the board of directors of the Society of the Classical Guitar, a New York-based organization with several hundred international members. Through it Saul became friendly with Andrés Segovia; the book *The Segovia Technique* by Vladimir Bobri (Macmillan, 1973) is illustrated with photos of the master taken by Marantz.



V. PAUL W. KLIPSCH

Had we dubbed the subjects of this series "pioneers" rather than pathfinders, the most obviously pioneerish would surely be Paul W. Klipsch. Not only did his major product—the horn-loaded speaker system—revolutionize concepts of what was suitable for home music systems, but the man himself—his lean six-foot-plus frame, his dress, his mannerisms, his self-spoofing, and his irreverence combined with erudition and know-how—adds up to an image of one who pushes toward the frontier and re-establishes it wherever he arrives. And he is likely to arrive in his own plane, flying himself. Just as likely, he will be wearing cowboy boots and a Stetson hat. If he's feeling really peppery, he'll be sporting one of those buttons he had made up some time ago that proclaims that his company's motto is "bull. . ."

Some other choice Klipsch-isms: "I've been described as a company executive who dresses like an out-of-work housepainter. . . . I built my first loudspeaker in 1920 out of half a pair of Brandes earphones and the paper tube on which toilet paper is rolled. It didn't work worth a damn. . . . There is no such thing as 'perfect' sound reproduction. Accuracy has to be a relative thing."

Klipsch, of course, is best known for the Klipschorn (the term itself, coined from his name, has become part of the lexicon of audio), which is a folded-horn enclosure that sits in a corner of a room and uses adjacent walls as extensions of its internal horn structure. Klipsch did not "invent" the horn; he was among the most successful at folding it on itself so that a necessarily large full-bass horn could be tucked into a structure not impossi-

bly oversized for domestic installation. As a leading exponent of this exponential horn, he has published an enormous amount of literature on it and has been most generous in supplying information for others writing about the system.

He also was an early advocate of the center-fill speaker (which he dubbed the "phantom channel") for a stereo setup. Ever one to have fun with the language, he named his first non-corner-horn system the Heresy and called another system that could be placed in a corner or against a wall the Cornwall. Another along-the-wall horn-loaded system for theater use was named La Scala, and a "domesticated version" of it for home use was named the Belle Klipsch in honor of his wife.

The original huge Klipschorn held a position of near reverence in high fidelity's earliest days. When stereo came on in the late 1950s and early 1960s this huge corner speaker system (and others of related design) seemed to be heading for pasture in light of the many good smaller systems that were being produced. It is a tribute to both the product and the man behind it that the Klipschorn not only survived, but today is selling even better than it did in the days just before stereo.

Klipsch, who was born in 1904 in Indiana, is one of the few audio company heads who actually holds a degree in engineering. He started in electronics in 1926 as an employee of General Electric. From there he went to Chile for Anglo-Chilean Nitrate, working on the electrification of railroads used in mining nitrate. Later he was employed in geophysics exploration in Texas. All during this diversified period he maintained an abiding interest in electronics and audio (which actually started at the age of fifteen, when he built his own receiver—in 1919, one year before the first public radio broadcast). Between South America and Texas, Klipsch did graduate work at Stanford, where the idea for the corner horn was conceived. The monster was built in the late 1930s, described in a paper published in the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* in 1941, and patented the same year.

In the mid-1940s the Klipsch "plant" was a \$10-a-month rented shed with only one other employee. Belle worked as a schoolteacher to help pay the family bills. Today the Klipsch factory is, by industry standards, still small, but it employs over forty people, of whom the lowest paid still earns more than the area average by about \$2,000. It is located in Hope, Arkansas—the town where Klipsch served in the Army (at a munitions proving ground) during World War II and where he decided to put down his roots. According to reports, the town views him with a mixture of respect and amused disbelief.

Today, past seventy, Paul Klipsch is still running the show at Hope and literally running as well—he is a confirmed jogger and does a bit over three and a half miles each morning. One of his main technical thrusts recently has been to urge the measurement of intermodulation distortion in speakers; he feels this is more germane than other measurements because it relates more closely to what one actually hears, and he continues to research it at the labs in Hope. Presumably some new pronouncements on this and related matters will be forthcoming in the form of a Klipsch communiqué, perhaps characteristically titled, as in the past, "The Dope from Hope."



VI. RUDY BOZAK

For the man who is identified more closely than any other with the infinite-baffle speaker system, the road to his specialty was an arduous one. In 1932, Rudy Bozak—newly graduated from the Milwaukee School of Engineering—landed a job with Allen Bradley designing tone-compensated volume controls to conform to the recently announced Fletcher-Munson loudness hearing contours, which showed that as volume is lowered we tend to hear less of the bass tones in proportion to everything else. It all worked on paper, but the speakers available then simply did not reveal what the numbers showed. This puzzle started Bozak thinking about speakers and working toward making them better. Many years later he finally found

a way to satisfy his curiosity and also make a living—by starting his own company.

At his next job, with Cinaudograph in 1936 (then a new manufacturer of speakers for sound movies), Bozak served as a designer of magnets and transformers and finally got directly into speaker design. When the firm was sold in 1939 to the United Transformer Company, Rudy went with it and stayed until 1940, when UTC moved to Chicago. World War II interrupted his work on consumer products, but 1944 found him with C. G. Conn, the band-instrument manufacturer, which at the time was getting into electronics in anticipation of a boom in sales of electronic organs and related products at the war's end. None of this reached fruition at Conn, and following a strike there he left for Wurlitzer in 1946. Rudy still had not really gotten back into speakers yet; at Wurlitzer he worked on organ reeds. In mid-1948, with a depressed economy closing in, Wurlitzer liquidated an entire department, including Rudy Bozak.

Somewhere along his mottled job trail, he had met Lincoln Walsh, whose official title was chief engineer of Colonial Radio (later to become Sylvania) and whose unofficial title to many audio veterans is "grandfather of high fidelity." Walsh had designed the first all-triode 30-watt power amplifier (the Brook 10-A) and thought enough of Bozak's ability to ask him to design a two-way speaker system to check out its listening quality. Rudy had done so, and Walsh began urging him to go into business for himself, making speaker systems. The 1948 jolt provided the impetus to do just that, and the Bozak company was born—with some of the tooling Rudy managed to retrieve from Conn and shaky funding obtained from relatives and friends.

At the end of the first year, Rudy had gone through his capital with nothing to show in "bottom line" terms, although his head was teeming with ideas. A bank agreed to continue financing his operation if he could supply periodic statements of his financial progress. Somehow he did, and the company was off and running. Its first commercial product was a two-way speaker system (B-199 woofer and Model 200 tweeter with dividing network) housed in what was the closest thing to a kettledrum outside a concert hall. This design was soon modified to a more decorative-looking box, although it still lives on in today's Bozak Bard Model 1000, an outdoor speaker that is a miniaturized descendant of the earlier monster.

In 1949, Bozak met a recording enthusiast named Emory Cook at the New York Audio Fair. The two men formed a friendship and professional relationship that has lasted to the present day: Cook favored Bozak's speakers for demon-

strating the results of his record-cutting and processing techniques; Bozak admired Cook's records as source material for showing off his speakers.

Bozak's promulgation of the infinite-baffle concept is based on an early disenchantment with the type of system that was the rage in the 1930s—the bass-reflex and horn-tweeter configuration. He felt a better sound could be obtained by using a high-compliance driver in a completely sealed enclosure of suitable size for the lows and a carefully designed cone tweeter for the highs. The more than twenty-five years of continued growth of his company are ample testimony to his doggedness and to the fact that many audio savants agree with him.

In 1960 Bozak brought out his "line radiator"—essentially a vertical array of high-frequency drivers for improved dispersion. Among the auspicious installations using this system were the Vatican Pavilion at the World's Fair (1964-65) and the traveling sound-reinforcement setup in New York's parks system (1968). The largest domestic speaker system Bozak has ever produced is the Concert Grand, which first appeared in 1952 as the Model B-310 and which, modified, is still in the company's line as the Model B-410. Fifty-two inches in height, three feet wide, and weighing 225 pounds, it is one of the biggest—and best-sounding—hunks of audio machinery ever put together.

But big speakers are not Bozak's only interest. In addition to a line of smaller models, the company has gone into consumer electronics with its own stereo preamp and power amp. Another item that Bozak has never given up on over the years is the electronic crossover network for use in biampified systems (separate power amps driving their own woofer and tweeter respectively), which, he claims, makes more of an audible improvement than conventional dividing networks when used with solid-state equipment.

The man behind all this big sound and big audio thinking is surprisingly modest and soft-spoken. A longtime music lover, he plays both piano and organ, or rather, as he puts it, "I play at it." He is an inveterate concertgoer; some of his fondest memories are of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Munch. Among today's classical conductors he enjoys Karajan, and also Bernstein "when he isn't being overly dramatic."

In his younger days Bozak was quite the athlete; today, at sixty-five, he enjoys gardening and quieter pursuits—but still runs his own company. ●

NEXT MONTH

Henry Kloss—the "K" of KLH

Some reasonably unbiased suggestions on how to select your next record player.

Since you read this magazine, chances are you already own a record player. If you're considering replacing it, it probably no longer meets your requirements. One way or another.

For example, if your turntable operates only manually, you may now prefer the convenience and safety of automatic operation. If it already provides automatic start and stop, but only in single play, you may now want the ability to play a series of records in sequence and without interruption.

You may also be taking an expensive risk with your records every time you play them. Remember: your record collection probably costs more than the rest of your equipment combined. This alone should prompt you to give thought to a new turntable.

For years, Dual's approach has been to build every turntable with more precision than your records are likely to need. Since we traditionally lead the state of the art, every Dual tonearm produces optimum performance from today's finest cartridges and maximum longevity from every record.

This is as true of the least expensive Dual, the 1225, as it is of the CS701. All Dual tonearms, for example, follow the same basic design principles: straight line between pivot and cartridge for maximum rigidity and lowest mass; dynamic balance maintained throughout play; stylus pressure applied around the vertical pivot; anti-skating that automatically compensates for the inherent changes in skating during play.

As for rumble, wow, flutter and deviation from speed accuracy, all are far below audibility in every Dual. (With the direct-drive CS701, they are virtually unmeasurable.)

We don't suggest that Dual is the only quality brand turntable available. But where Dual does indeed stand alone is in the many years of proven reliability and durability. For example, many Duals that come in for servicing (usually only for lubrication and cleaning) are more than ten years old. And many Dual owners tell us (via letters and warranty cards) that they now own their second Dual... usually for their second system.

Dual quality comes in a variety of models: semi-automatic, single-play; fully automatic, single-play; single-play/multi-play. Seven models in all as described. We think it only reasonably biased to suggest that you will find your next turntable among them.



Dual 1225.



Dual 1249.



Dual CS701.

Dual 1225. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Viscous damped cue-control, pitch-control. 10 1/2" platter. Less than \$140, less base. Dual 1226, with cast platter rotating single-play spindle, less than \$170. Dual 1228, with gimballed tonearm, synchronous motor, illuminated strobe, variable tracking angle. Less than \$200.

Dual 1249. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Belt drive. 12" dynamically-balanced platter. Less than \$280, less base. Full size belt-drive models include: Dual 510, semi-automatic, less than \$200; Dual 601, fully automatic, less than \$250. (Dual CS601, with base and cover, less than \$270.)

Dual CS701. Fully automatic, single-play. D.C. brushless, electronic direct drive motor; tuned anti-resonance filters. Less than \$400, including base and cover.

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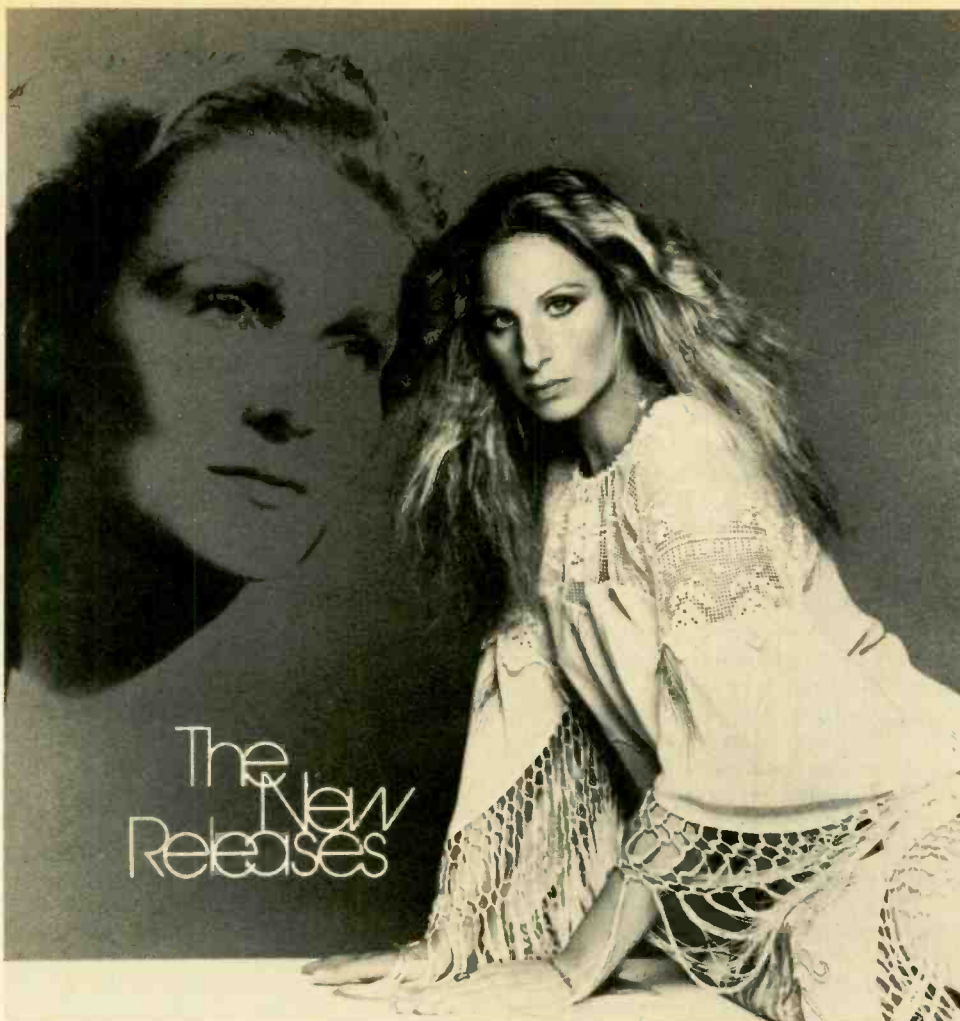
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Streisand as Schwarzkopf

The voice that is "one of the natural wonders of the age" confronts The Masters.

by Glenn Gould

I'M A STREISAND freak and make no bones about it. With the possible exception of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, no vocalist has brought me greater pleasure or more insight into the interpreter's art.

Fourteen years ago, an acetate of her first disc, "The Barbra Streisand Album," was being smuggled from cubicle to cubicle at CBS; I caught a preview, and laughed. Not *at* it, certainly—her eager mentor, Martin Erlichman, was simultaneously doing his own number in an adjacent office and it wouldn't have been good corporate policy in any case. And not always *with* it, either—though it was obvious even then that parody would play a vital role in Streisand's work. What happened, rather, was that I broke into a sort of Cheshire-cat grin that seems to strike its own bargain with my facial muscles, deigning to exercise them only when confronted with unique examples of the rite of re-creation.

Sometimes, this curious tic is caught off guard by novelty (Walter Carlos' Moog meditations on the

third and fourth *Brandenburgs*, for example, or the Swingle Singers' scat-scanning of the ninth fugue from the *Art of*). Sometimes, it cracks up over repertoire for which I have no real affection. (I always felt that I could live without the Chopin concertos and managed to until Alexis Weissenberg dusted the cobwebs from Mme. Sand's salon and made those works a contemporary experience.) Sometimes, inappropriately perhaps, it surfaces in the presence of a work for which poker-faced solemnity is considered *de rigueur*. (Hermann Scherchen's boogie-beat *Messiah* was, for me, one of the great revelations of the early LP era.) Sometimes it conveys my relief upon discovering that a puzzle I had thought insoluble has fallen into place. (Strauss's *Metamorphosen*, for example, is a work I have loved, on paper, as a concept, for nearly thirty years but which I had long since written off as a vehicle for twenty-three wayward strings in search of a six-four chord. All that changed a couple of years ago when I first heard Karajan's

magisterial recording. For weeks, night after night, on occasion two or three times per—I'm not exaggerating—I played that disc, passed through the eyes-uplifted-in-wonder stage, went well beyond the catch-in-throat-and-tingle-on-the-spinal-cord phase and, at last, stood on the threshold of . . . laughter.) I have the same reaction to practically everything conducted by Willem Mengelberg or Leopold Stokowski and always—well, almost always—to Barbra Streisand.

For me, the Streisand voice is one of the natural wonders of the age, an instrument of infinite diversity and timbral resource. It is not, to be sure, devoid of problem areas—which is an observation at least as perspicacious as the comment that a harpsichord is not a piano or, if you insist, vice versa. Streisand always has had problems with the upper third of the stave—breaking the C-sharp barrier in low gear is chief among them—but space does not permit us to count the ways in which, with ever-increasing ingenuity, she has turned this impediment to advantage. I cannot, however, let the occasion pass without mention of a moment of special glory—the “Nothing, nothing, nothing” motif, securely focused on D flat and C natural, from the final seconds of that Puccini-like blockbuster, “He Touched Me.”

In truth, though, one does not look to Streisand, as one does to Ella Fitzgerald or, as some will have it—I'm not sure that I will but that's another story—Cleo Laine, for vocal pyrotechnics. The lady can sing up a storm upon demand, but she is not a ballad-belter in the straightforward “this is a performance” manner of the admirable Shirley Bassey. With Streisand, who relates to Bassey as Daniel Barenboim to Lorin Maazel, one becomes engaged by process, by a seemingly limitless array of available options. Hers is, indeed, a manner of much greater intimacy, but an intimacy that (astonishingly, for this repertoire) is never overtly in search of sexual contact. Streisand is consumed by nostalgia; she can make of the torchiest lyric an intimate memoir, and it would never occur to her to employ the “I'll meet you precisely 51 per cent of the way” piquancy of, say, Helen Reddy, much less the “I won't bother to speak up 'cause you're already spellbound, aren't you?” routine of Peggy Lee.

My private fantasy about Streisand (about Schwarzkopf, too, for that matter) is that all her greatest cuts result from dressing-room run-throughs in which (presumably to the accompaniment of a prerecorded orchestral mix) Streisand puts on one persona after another, tries out probable throwaway lines, mugs accompanying gestures to her own reflection, samples registrational couplings (super the street-urchin 4-foot pipe on the sophisticated-lady 16-foot) and, in general, performs for her own amusement in a world of Borgean mirrors (Jorge-Luis, not Victor) and word-invention.

Like Schwarzkopf, Streisand is one of the great italicizers; no phrase is left solely to its own devices, and the range and diversity of her expressive gift is such that one is simply unable to chart an *a priori* stylistic course on her behalf. Much of the *Affekt* of intimacy—indeed, the sensation of eavesdropping on a private moment not yet wholly committed to its eventual public profile—is a direct result of our inability to anticipate her intentions. As but one example, Streisand can take a lightweight Satie-satire like Dave Grusin's “A Child Is Born,” find in it two

descending scales (Hypodorian and Lydian, respectively), and wring from that routine cross-relation a moment of heartbreakingly beautiful intensity. Improbable as the comparison may seem, it is, I think, close kin to Schwarzkopf's unforgettable musings upon the closing soliloquy from Strauss's *Capriccio* and, in my opinion, the bulk of Streisand's output richly deserves the compliment implied.

Unfortunately, the present disc is one of those “almost-always” exceptions. Another that comes to mind is the irritating sing-in for the Now—or, rather, Then—generation, “What About Today?,” produced in 1969. Unlike that latter package, however, “Classical Barbra” is obviously not intended to placate the *Zeitgeist*. Other than as a curio, it can hardly be expected to attract musicology majors, its tight, popstyle pickup (personally, I adore it!) will almost certainly alienate the art-song set, and its contents overall will quite probably turn off the casual M.O.R. shopper to boot.

So, a measure of courage is involved here; Streisand has obviously risked a good deal in order to cater to the boundless curiosity of her hard-core fans and, if only out of gratitude, we should make clear that, if this is not really a good album, it is certainly not a bad one either. It is considerate to a fault of the presumed prerequisites of the repertoire it surveys and, as such, to take the most obvious comparative route, puts to shame the ill-considered renditions of Broadway show-stoppers offered by such talk-show groupies from the classical field as Beverly Sills, Roberta Peters, or, occasionally, Maureen Forrester. (One should probably exempt Eileen Farrell, who really did “have a right to sing the blues.”)

But it's the presumption of those prerequisites that causes problems. Nothing in this album is insensitive or unmusical—unless it's the gratuitous reverb slopped into the Handel orchestral tracks, which reaches a peak of stylistic defiance at the end of both excerpts where an engineer's quick pull on the pot only makes us more aware of its excremental presence. Throughout, though, Streisand appears awed by the realization that she is now face to face with The Masters. The entire album is served up at a reverential range of mezzo-piano to mezzo-forte, and none of the cuts could be described as “up-tempo.” Notwithstanding the fact that the lady is the most adroit patter-song purveyor of our time (“Piano Practice,” “Minute Waltz”), this predilection for an unvaried sequence of *andante-grazioso* intermezzi is not unique to this disc. It turned up as early in her career as “The Third Barbra Streisand Album,” but was not then allied, as in the present instance, to an austere dynamic compression.

It is also virtually a one-stop performance; Streisand pulls out her choir-boy-innocent 8-foot and settles in for the duration. This is, to be sure, one of her most effective registrations and, when mated with appropriate repertoire, produces spellbinding results. For Orff's “*In Trutina*,” Streisand, using the fastest vibrato in the west and the most impeccable intonation this side of Maria Stader's prime, provides a reading second to none in terms of vocal security while stripping this rather vapid air of its customary theatrical accouterments. More to the point, perhaps, she turns in the only current version possessed of exactly the right Book of Hours-like accommodation to the text.

In the “*Berceuse*” (from Canteloube's *Songs of the*

Auvergne), Streisand cannot match the suave production of De los Angeles but, on its own folklike terms, her performance is quite extraordinarily touching. She does well with Debussy, too, and if Eileen Farrell, who also opened a Columbia collection with "Beau soir," stakes out her territory as a sophisticated Parisienne, Streisand replies, not ineffectively, as a Marseillan gamine.

It's in the German repertoire that Streisand runs aground. In Schumann's "Mondnacht" she keeps a maddening cool during the final stanza, plodding relentlessly through "Und meine Seele spannte, weit ihre Flügel aus." In Wolf's "Verschwiegene Liebe," she simply sets aside her unique powers of characterization, keeping no secrets and wearing no veils.

About the most that can be said of her "Lascia ch'io pianga" from *Rinaldo* is that it is a model of analytic clarity when set beside the glissando-ridden 1906 production of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Streisand delivers it according to the approved Royal Academy (1939) method—glissandos were out by then but ornaments had not yet been invented. (Ironically, it is left to Alfred Deller's superb collaborator, Eileen Poulter, to turn in the definitively Streisandesque version of this air.)

I do not, however, want to leave the impression that Streisand should give up on "the classics." In-

deed, I'm convinced that she has a great "classical" album in her. She simply needs to rethink the question of repertoire and to dispense with the yoke of respectability which burdens the present production.

My own prescription for a Streisand dream album would include Tudor lute songs (she'd be sensational in Dowland), Mussorgsky's *Sunless* cycle and, as *pièce de résistance*—providing she'll pick up a handbook or two on baroque ornamentation—Bach's Cantata No. 54. To date, in my experience, the most committed performance of this glorious piece was on a CBC television show in 1962. It featured the remarkable countertenor Russell Oberlin and a squad of strings from the Toronto Symphony. It also involved a harpsichordist/conductor of surpassing modesty who has requested anonymity; I am, however, assured by his agent that if Ms. Streisand would like to take a crack at *Widerstehe doch der Sünde*, and if Columbia would like to take a hint, he's available.

BARBRA STREISAND: Classical Barbra. Barbra Streisand, vocalist; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Claus Ogerman, piano, arr., and cond. [Claus Ogerman, prod.] COLUMBIA M 33452, \$6.98. Tape: ●● MT 33452, \$7.98; ●● MA 33452, \$7.98.

CANTELOUBE (arr.): Chants d' Auvergne: Brezairola (Berceuse). **DEBUSSY:** Beau soir. **FAURÉ:** Après un rêve, Op. 7, No. 1; Pavane, Op. 50. **HANDEL:** Rinaldo: Lascia ch'io pianga. Dank sei Dir, Herr. **OGERMAN:** I Loved You. **ORFF:** Carmina Burana: In Trutina. **SCHUMANN:** Liederkreis, Op. 39: No. 5, Mondnacht. **WOLF:** Verschwiegene Liebe.

Lazar Berman: The Mystery Solved

An impressive crop of recordings from Columbia and DG reveals spectacular agility, a huge sound, and a sunny, gentle temperament.

by Harris Goldsmith



Jacques Leiser

WHEN EMIL GILELS first appeared in the U.S. in 1955, he spoke glowingly of a younger colleague who could play Liszt's "Feux follets" "as if it were nothing." Seven years later a badly reproduced MK recital provided Americans with some first-hand evidence of Lazar Berman, and other recordings of Soviet origin have trickled in, but we have had to wait more than twenty years for an extended look.

Berman's first U.S. tour earlier this year was accompanied by a batch of record releases, and that combined exposure reveals anything but a "mysterious" or even "legendary" figure: Artistically and personally he proves sunny, direct, emotionally open—a throwback, I suspect, to the archetypal Russian superpianist, Anton Rubinstein. Berman is an impressively equipped pianist with an unusually forthright, honest style, and, if one occasionally begins to sense a slightly provincial quality in his musical thinking, Rubinstein too was noted more for strength than for refinement.

Some of Berman's pyrotechnics are truly awesome, but only rarely do I feel the flaming intensity of Rachmaninoff, Horowitz, or—at his heroic best—Richter. Perhaps Berman simply isn't neurotic enough to project his virtuosity to its fullest, but it is

also true that in terms of voicing, legato, linear separation, and pedaling his pianism is good but not exceptional. His greatest assets, in addition to his spectacular agility, seem to be his physical stamina and sonorous heft.

Both of Columbia's Liszt releases were recorded by Melodiya in the Soviet Union. The single disc containing the sonata, *Venezia e Napoli*, and the *Mephisto Waltz No. 1* was taped last year [HF, January 1976], but the two-disc album containing the *Transcendental Etudes*, *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3*, and *Spanish Rhapsody* dates back to 1963. (Berman had previously recorded the *Transcendental Etudes* in 1958.) Both of DG's releases—the Tchaikovsky First Concerto with Karajan and a Prokofiev/Rachmaninoff solo disc—are new. The older performances are impressive, but the evidence of artistic growth on the new ones is even more impressive.

Until now we have had few integral recordings of the wonderfully original, fabulously demanding *Transcendental Etudes*. Jorge Bolet's *Ensayo* set, released here by RCA (CRL 2-0446, September 1974), is not well reproduced, but it does at least offer workmanlike and occasionally poetic interpretations. With the belated domestic issue of Berman's account, with a promised Vanguard disc issue of Russell Sherman's recent Advent cassette edition (E 1010), and with an Arrau/Philips set in the works, we face the happy prospect of a new level of artistic competition in recordings of this music.

In this set, Berman gets little more help from the engineers than Bolet did: The sound is thin and hard, with bloodless fortes, but at least the ambience is cleaner than Bolet's. Interpretively he is at his best in the first two etudes, the terrific controlled virtuosity contrasting strikingly with Bolet's cautious, heavily italicized approach. Remarkable too are Nos. 8 ("Wilde Jagd") and 12 ("Chasse-neige"). The former, fearless in tempo, is a triumphantly wild hunt; the latter draws from Bolet the best performance in his set, but it pales beside Berman's, which begins more nostalgically (with unusually even, measured tremolos) and builds to a more exciting climax.

Berman misses some of the poetry of the particularly beautiful No. 3 ("Paysage"), but he shows a better structural sense than Bolet and gives a more touchingly simple and sustained reading. He batters his way through No. 4 ("Mazeppa"), a morbid gallop, with unflagging expertise and much of the requisite gusto. In No. 6 ("Vision"), he starts with an unusual dissipated, tenuto sound and builds it up, helped by his good rhythmic sense. He sweeps through the swirling passagework of No. 10 at nearly double Bolet's tempo and also conveys the structural outline far more successfully. No. 11 ("Harmonies du soir") is begun matter-of-factly but suddenly comes alive and ends triumphantly; over-all, Richter's 1958 concert recording remains unmatched.

Only two etudes seem to me basically unsuccessful. Berman has the speed and lightness for No. 5 ("Feux follets"), but he breaks up the line too much and the sound quality is especially obtrusive here. (Bolet, though, is far worse.) Here again no recording can rival Richter's. In No. 9 ("Ricordanza"), Berman is perfunctory and callous. Neither he nor Bolet can match the exalted Sherman performance.

The new Liszt record is a delight; if I were acquir-

ing only one Berman record, this would be it. The sonata receives one of its great recorded performances, marked by a poetic discernment and flexibility missing from most of the earlier Liszt performances. Everything has a basic logic and direction, yet there is enough improvisatory leeway to give the impression that the piece is taking form spontaneously. Note how supplely Berman builds up the fugal third section, how he caresses the suspensions and resolutions in the "slow movement."

The performance of *Venezia e Napoli* too is one of the best I have heard: the beautifully languorous melodic line in "Gondoliera," the extraordinary repeated notes in "Tarantella." The *Mephisto Waltz* has incredible details, like the phenomenally articulated trills, but I wish Berman wouldn't broaden the tempo every time he wants to make a rhetorical point. The sound of this disc is fully up to international standards.

DG's Tchaikovsky concerto is a suave, warm-blooded, thoroughly Russian reading. The slow tempos are familiar from Maestro Karajan's previous recordings, with Richter and the Vienna Symphony (DG 138 822) and Weissenberg and the Orchestre de Paris (Angel S 36755). This time, though, there is some lyricism and mobility, and the sound from Karajan's own great Berlin Philharmonic has welcome punch and robustness. Berman gives a massive, sonorous performance, with careful articulation of details.

The DG recital disc is in some ways even more interesting. Berman's approach to the Prokofiev Eighth Sonata is strikingly different from that of his compatriots Richter, Gilels, and Ashkenazy. He gives the music a warm nineteenth-century garb, with many yielding tempo changes and romantic inflections. He draws much more splashy color and songfulness from the music than did Gilels on his recently issued Prokofiev disc (Columbia/Melodiya M 33824), but Gilels, with his caustic finesse and greater organizational control, seems better attuned to Prokofiev's "modernism." In the overside Rachmaninoff *Moments musicaux*, however, Berman is completely—and wonderfully—in his element, offering pliant, robust, broadly delineated playing.

No doubt we will be hearing a great deal more of Berman's work. To my way of hearing, there is always room for a performer of his type: warm, honest, sympathetic—a sort of pianistic counterpart to the late, great David Oistrakh.

LISZT: *Transcendental Etudes* (12); *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3*; *Spanish Rhapsody*. Lazar Berman, piano. [Valentin Skoblo, prod.] COLUMBIA/MELODIYA M2 33928, \$13.98 (two discs, automatic sequence).

LISZT: *Sonata for Piano, in B minor*; *Venezia e Napoli*; *Mephisto Waltz No. 1*. Lazar Berman, piano. [Valentin Skoblo, prod.] COLUMBIA/MELODIYA M 33927, \$6.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in B flat minor, Op. 23*. Lazar Berman, piano; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. [Michel Glotz, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 677, \$7.98. Tape: ●● 3300 677, \$7.98.

PROKOFIEV: *Sonata for Piano, No. 8, in B flat, Op. 84*. **RACHMANINOFF:** *Moments musicaux* (6), Op. 16. Lazar Berman, piano. [Werner Mayer, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 678, \$7.98. Tape: ●● 3300 678, \$7.98.

Porgy and Bess Complete at Last

Maazel's recording, the first in stereo, demonstrates the staying power of Gershwin's lone opera.

by David Hamilton

WHEN GEORGE GERSHWIN'S *Porgy and Bess* first opened on Broadway, on October 10, 1935, the music critics fell upon it. Olin Downes declared, "It does not utilize all the resources of the operatic composer. . . . The style is at one moment of opera and another of operetta or sheer Broadway entertainment." Others questioned the songs: Lawrence Gilman called them "cardinal weaknesses . . . blemishes upon [the score's] musical integrity"; Samuel Chotzinoff thought them "too 'set' in treatment, too isolated from the pitch of opera for us to accept them as integral parts of a tragic music-drama."

Behind these comments, it is possible to discern a basically Wagnerian point of view. From the perspective of four decades, during which the pendulum of taste has swung away from the Master of Bayreuth toward a rather higher evaluation of Verdi (and a better understanding of what Mussorgsky—*senza Rimsky-Korsakov*—was up to), we are not inclined to make the same demands of *Porgy*. Still, even if we perceive more clearly what Gershwin was instinctively groping for and thus measure the work by more appropriate standards, the question remains: Did he succeed in writing a coherent, well-paced non-Wagnerian opera?

At this late date, nobody will doubt the success of the individual numbers, those "song hits" that troubled the early reviewers so. That some sort of stylized or naturalistic operatic idiom can be built around similar material has been demonstrated in the past, and the material here is unquestionably first-class—indeed. I don't propose to take up much space expatiating on the virtues of the songs. The



Maazel attends to a *Porgy* playback; behind him, McHenry Boatwright (Crown) and Leona Mitchell (Bess) do the same.

touch is sure, the manner consistent; the songs crystallize emotion, both musically and theatrically, in memorable, vocally idiomatic terms.

After several hearings of London's new recording (the first in stereo and the first really complete one ever) I find myself troubled, not by the songs, but by what goes on in between—and there's a lot of it, some forty-five minutes more than in the 1951 *Odyssey* recording (32 36 0018). Some of this music is excellent: The contrast of rhythmic activity and harmonic stasis in the Introduction is an apt musical metaphor for the life of Catfish Row, succeeded by the atmospheric torpor of the Jasbo Brown episode and then the expressive lullaby "Summertime." A good start, but even here points of transition are bridged with chromatic scales, which turn out to be more than a mere mannerism; by the end of the opera, it's hard to evade the conclusion that Gershwin simply didn't know any other way to splice things together than with these harmonically neutral upward and downward rushes. In larger terms, he was trying to make a through-composed work without sufficient technique (or without an accepted conventional vocabulary for the purpose, such as served the "number-opera" composers of earlier periods).

There are some first-rate ideas in the scene music and some ideas, too, about making it all hang together. The amiable tune that first appears during the crap game (at Jake's "Seems like these bones don't give me nothin' but boxcars tonight") is transformed into a more peaceful variant at the start of Act II, Scene 3. A key phrase from "I got plenty o' nuttin'" is anticipated when Porgy throws the dice ("I'veen

little stars come home, come home"), and the duet from Act II is prefigured in the tutti that closes the opera's first scene. And there are other such usages, as well as what amount to conventional musical-comedy reprises.

By Wagnerian standards, these are rudimentary techniques. In a much less ambitious scheme of things, they would prove useful enough, but Gershwin asks too much of them and doesn't use them very much, after all. In much of the scene music, there isn't any consistent idea of how to get from one place to another, except to write lots of music, and ambitious-sounding music, at that. But the musical development is consistently short-breathed, undercutting both the ambition and the need to fill large spans of time. Much of it isn't really very good: The Hindemithy fugue to which Porgy kills Crown is quite dreadful, scholastic and meaningless. The problem of what kind of musical fabric would best surround, connect, and set off these wonderful songs has not really been faced.

Ensembles are problematic, too—not such things as the spiritual numbers with dialogue on top, but the more operatic ones: that leading up to the Jake-Crown fight in the first scene, for example, or the trio section of "Where's my Bess?" Gershwin manages two-voice writing fairly well (although the two voices rarely manifest equal individuality), and he's a dab hand at stunt combinations such as Crown's "A red-headed woman" against a spiritual. But he isn't a polyphonic thinker, and the more elaborate textures don't sound well or clearly. (I don't mean the six-part simultaneous prayers that begin and end the storm scene, which ought to be very effective in the theater; this is an ethnic imitation, not an operatic technique.) Gershwin was doubtless aware of this limitation in his technique, and he avoids using such ensembles often in the traditional climactic places—as, for that matter, Puccini did in most of his works.

Still and all, the tragedy of *Porgy* is not that it isn't good. For a first opera, it's remarkable, especially since it came to pass in something close to a vacuum. Not only was there precious little native tradition to build on, but, by all evidence, neither Heyward nor Gershwin was a close student of traditional operatic construction. The tragedy is that Gershwin never had a chance to write another opera, to ponder the weaknesses of *Porgy*, to study more and learn more. Whatever its flaws, *Porgy* lives—and not many American operas can make that claim.

And so it is only fitting that we should have this recording, with every note of Gershwin's score. Among the substantial passages restored, vis-à-vis the *Odyssey* recording: in Act I, the aforementioned Jasbo Brown scene, several stretches of the crap game and fight, and an effective a cappella development of "Oh, we're leavin' for the promise' lan'"; in Act II, a patter song for Maria (delivered with vivid character by Barbara Conrad), the "I ain't got no shame" chorus, Serena's interruption of "It ain't necessarily so," the buildup of the hurricane, the multiple-prayer passage that begins Scene 4; in Act III, the introductions to Scenes 2 and 3, and the section wherein the returning Porgy distributes gifts to his friends. There's no doubt that all of this makes the opera too long, that cuts should be made (and were,

even in the first production)—but for once we should hear it all.

I think it fitting, too, that this project should have been undertaken by the best possible musical forces, even though the Cleveland Orchestra's transparency may reinforce our reservations about some of the scoring. One cannot doubt that London, Lorin Maazel, the singers, orchestra, and chorus, have tried their utmost to do justice to *Porgy* as Gershwin wrote it. Nearly all the voices are good, the pacing is lively, the execution meticulous.

Yet it isn't quite right. An abstract, almost monumental quality pervades the performance. Willard White has a fine baritone, his notes are securely placed and accurately sung, his words are clear, his rhythm is splendidly up to the mark. Leona Mitchell has a sweet sound, well projected. François Clemmons takes some liberties with Sportin' Life, but far fewer than "tradition" (in the person of Avon Long, at any rate) allowed. McHenry Boatwright is forceful, if mannered in delivery and production. Florence Quivar shows a real mezzo voice that can comfortably negotiate what is actually a soprano part. But none of them (except Barbara Conrad, whom I mentioned earlier) breaks through from just being a good singer standing in front of an orchestra into being a character in a drama—for that, we must turn to the older recordings, with people who had sung their parts many times on stage and worked their way into the roles. For a work like *Porgy*, a concert performance (on which this new recording was based) is probably not enough to establish the vivid interplay that we hear in the *Odyssey* set, not to mention the 1942 "original cast" recordings of the songs.

If all three recordings are put together, one can hear something like the full potential—and the very real flaws—of *Porgy*. It deserves nothing less, and our gratitude is due to London Records for taking this essential (and most expensive) step in extending our comprehension and appreciation of George Gershwin's most ambitious work.

(N.B.: Bethlehem set 3BP-1, three discs, billed as "The Complete George Gershwin *Porgy and Bess*," is nothing of the kind, but rather a jazz production under the direction of Russ Garcia, with spoken narration connecting most of the musical "numbers." I intend no reflection on its qualities as a jazz treatment, but the word "complete" is outright misrepresentation. The liner notes don't rate much better in the accuracy stakes: Whoever wrote that "every note and syllable in this production . . . was penned by Mr. Garcia in strict conformity to the original score" doesn't know what the words "strict conformity" mean in the English language.)

GERSHWIN: *Porgy and Bess*.

Porgy	Willard White (b)	Sportin' Life	François Clemmons (t)
Bess	Leona Mitchell (s)	Mingo, Undertaker	
Crown	McHenry Boatwright (bs)		James Vincent Pickens (t)
Serena	Florence Quivar (ms)	Robbins; Crab Man	Samuel Hagan (t)
Clara	Barbara Hendricks (s)	Peter, Nelson	William Brown (t)
Maria; Strawberry Woman		Frazier; Jim	Christopher Deane (bs)
	Barbara Conrad (ms)	Annie	Alpha Floyd (s)
Jake	Arthur Thompson (b)	Lily	Isola Jones (ms)

Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and Children's Chorus; Cleveland Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond. [John Mordler, prod.] LONDON OSA 13116, \$20.94 (three discs, automatic sequence). Tape: ●● OSA 5-13116, \$23.85; ● OSA 8-13116, \$22.85 (libretto on request: \$1.00).

reviewed by ROYAL S. BROWN

ABRAM CHIPMAN

R. D. DARRELL

PETER G. DAVIS

SHIRLEY FLEMING

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

KENNETH FURIE

CLIFFORD F. GILMORE

HARRIS GOLDSMITH

DAVID HAMILTON

DALE S. HARRIS

PHILIP HART

PAUL HENRY LANG

ROBERT LONG

ROBERT C. MARSH

ROBERT P. MORGAN

CONRAD L. OSBORNE

ANDREW PORTER

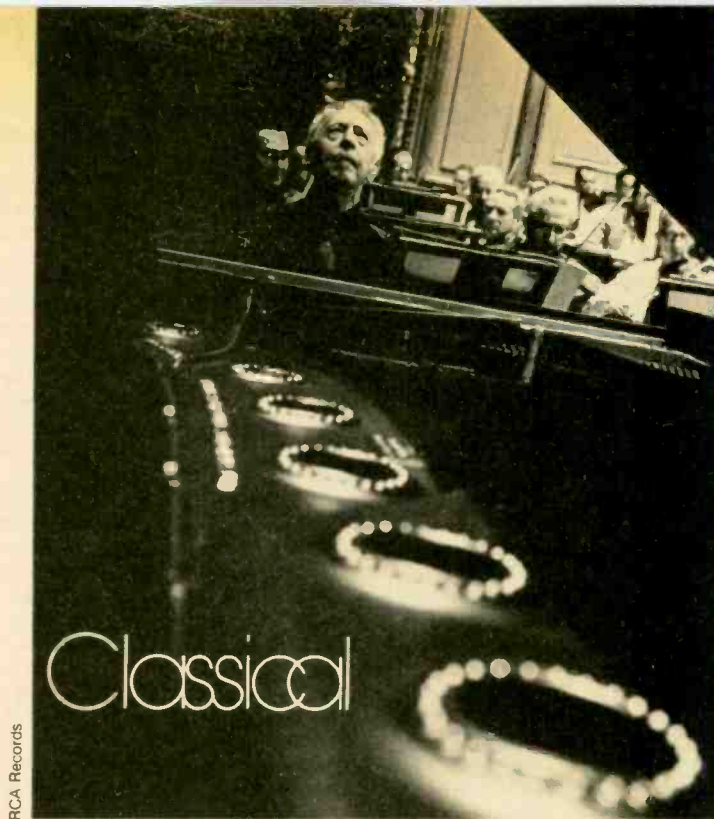
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Arthur Rubinstein
A stunning
achievement with
his third Beethoven
concerto cycle.

BEETHOVEN: Bagatelles, Opp. 33, 119, and 126. Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. PHILIPS 6500 930, \$7.98.

Comparisons:

Brendel
Schnabel (Opp. 33, 126)
Gould (Opp. 33, 126)
Serkin (Op. 119)

Turn. TV-S34077
Sera. IC 6067
Col. M 33265
Col. MS 6838

Starting with the good things in this recording, one can note the typical impeccable Philips pressing and Bishop-Kovacevich's equally typical care over detail. The crescendos and pianofortes in the A minor Bagatelle, Op. 119, No. 9, are meticulously observed as are the controversial long pedal indications wherever they occur—as in the ending of Op. 126, No. 3. (Surprisingly, in view of the meticulousness elsewhere, the problematical distinctions between forte and sforzando in the immensely tricky Op. 33, No. 2, are somewhat blurred, though this may be due in part to the rather tacky reproduction of the piano peculiar to this set; the others are warmer in tone.) Then too, I like Bishop-Kovacevich's frequently forthright approach (e.g., in his fast-paced, very lively account of the cross-handed Op. 119, No. 2, and in the C minor Bagatelle, Op. 119, No. 5). All of the playing shows admirable sincerity and integrity.

What it doesn't consistently show are discernment and intuitive grasp of the subtlety, humor, and spiritual depth inherent in the music. Many of the more charming pieces are rattled off in a "refined," objective fashion. The roguish nose-thumbings (bars 21-24 et seq.) in Op. 33, No. 1, lack spacing and shape, and the dazzling virtuoso fingerwork in No. 5 from that same set, while proficiently dealt with, misses much of the necessary élan and scintillation. Indeed, I found much of Op. 33 disappointingly perfunctory and inhibited: The pianos are wan, and though the contrasted accents and fortes are more suitably aggressive than in Brendel's fluent performances,

the reading is unsuitably insular and icy in hue.

Even when Bishop-Kovacevich's playing is better—quite good, in fact—I have substantial reservations. In the Op. 119, No. 5, to cite one example, his account sounds overpedaled and unclear alongside that of Serkin, whose idea of what *risoluto* means leads him to set a slower tempo with far greater clarity to the left-hand sixteenth notes; Bishop-Kovacevich also loses the motivic significance of the coda by sitting too long on the quarter notes.

He is, I am afraid, outmatched in all three sets. Serkin's version of Op. 119 is one of his most remarkable recorded achievements—ever. His fingerwork at the end of No. 6 surpasses both Bishop-Kovacevich's and Brendel's for delicacy and incisive clarity, and No. 7, with its prismatic, pellucid trills, is in a class by itself. Aside from displaying truly demonic virtuosity and refinement, Serkin's playing throughout has a wonderfully subtle color range (not always true of his recorded work), an exalted geniality that can rise to ferocity, and a constantly intriguing abundance of interesting detail. (He follows the manuscript rather than the more conventional first printed edition and places the quarter rest before the quarter note in the right hand of bar 65 in No. 1. Both of the others heed the alternative at this point, although at measure 20 Brendel plays A flat and G in place of the usual F and E flat, which the others follow.)

In Op. 33, Bishop-Kovacevich is eclipsed by both Schnabel's historical version and Gould's modern one. Gould, as one might expect, engages in some personal extravagances, such as the graffitilike embellishments in the F major Bagatelle, No. 3, but his playing—like Schnabel's—abounds with caustic jollity. For me, Gould's slow tempos and perverse affectations put his readings of Op. 126 out of court; Schnabel's aged but serviceable version remains a unique and grand clarification of that music. H. G.

BEETHOVEN: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra (5). Arthur Rubinstein, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, cond. [Max Wilcox, prod.] RCA RED SEAL CRL 5-1415, \$27.98 (five discs, manual sequence). Tape (single issues only): ARK 1-1416/20, \$7.95 each; ARS 1-1416/20, \$7.95 each. Quadriphonic: ARD 5-1415, \$39.98 (five Quadradiscs).

Concertos: No. 1, in C, Op. 15; No. 2, in B flat, Op. 19; No. 3, in C minor, Op. 37; No. 4, in G, Op. 58; No. 5, in E flat, Op. 73 (*Emperor*).

Comparisons:

Rubinstein, Krips/Sym. of Air RCA LSC 6702 (OP)
Rubinstein, Leinsdorf/Boston Sym. RCA VCS 6417

Not long before reaching his ninetieth birthday, Arthur Rubinstein taped this cycle of the Beethoven concertos in seven hour-and-a-half sessions! In so doing he became the first pianist to record three complete cycles (not to mention a separate No. 3 with Toscanini and No. 4 with Beecham). He is also the oldest pianist to undertake this music on records, and his playing here is—well, unreal.




Rubinstein continues to give recitals of back-breaking difficulty, to tour and record as a reigning virtuoso. A good 90% of his digital, rhythmic, and tonal command remains stunningly intact. On these records there is plenty of sweep to the bravura sec-

Explanation of symbols

Classical:

-  Budget
-  Historical
-  Reissue

Recorded tape:

-  Open Reel
-  8-Track Cartridge
-  Cassette

tions (listen to the first movement of the Emperor); the solid, vibrant touch remains as resplendent as ever—more so, in fact, than in his younger days, when he sometimes tended to brittleness; the rhythmic liberties are those of a youthful, ardent interpreter.

His deleted 1956 cycle with Krips contained more of the quintessential free-wheeling Rubinstein than the more disciplined second cycle with Leinsdorf. The new edition provides yet a third view, with the pianist reverting to informality, even at times self-indulgence. Not that these accounts are anything like those with Krips; these are rather improvisatory readings in which Rubinstein, for better or worse, lets go more than he did in Leinsdorf's more classically controlled framework. The recorded balance usually favors the piano; sometimes one can hear Rubinstein's left-hand "filler" arpeggios clearly while straining to catch a more important flute or bassoon comment. (Even apart from the piano-orchestra balance, an extra woodwind microphone might have helped.)

Which brings me to a subject I have so far avoided: the conducting. Orchestral chording is terribly loose (note the bass pizzicatos at the start of the Emperor's slow movement). Long notes are weighted with tenutos, but tutti's never have a really weighty, solid compactness. Details are smeary, and tempos vacillate without ever elucidating structure. Nor, for all his outward complaisance, is Barenboim a really good accompanist; some of Rubinstein's fancy rubatos come out of sync with ac-

companied pizzicatos and Alberti basses. In fairness, Barenboim's style of orchestral attack and release has its adherents, and it must be admitted that in some less problematical movements—the opening tutti of No. 2, for example—he does achieve a kind of broad contouring and linear movement. But in every case, Leinsdorf's accompaniments are incomparably more sophisticated in their organization and far better executed.

No. 1 is, all in all, a good performance. Rubinstein sounded a bit tepid with Leinsdorf but here recaptures some of his former dash. The first movement sounds strong and imperious, even impetuous. The Largo has wonderfully expansive shape and communication. The rondo, though, is hurt by the lopsided balance.

The new No. 2 is Rubinstein's slowest, but it nevertheless "swings." I am not happy with the end of the first-movement cadenza, where he detaches the low trill from the preceding chord and lets its mystery evaporate by overly cautious use of the sustaining pedal. (This cadenza, by the way, is the only one given in its Urtext version; as in his earlier records, he opts for the slightly vulgar Busoni reworkings of the Beethoven originals—the No. 4 with Beecham used Saint-Saëns cadenzas!) Of the three performances, I prefer the Krips, followed by the Leinsdorf and then the Barenboim.

In No. 3 the balance is a little different: Rubinstein seems back a little farther, though the orchestra is still unclear at times. This seems to me the least successful

performance in the new set. Rubinstein's uncommitted first-movement entrance lacks energy—three neatly played C-minor scales. Elsewhere the playing is full of phrases that lose contour before their conclusion. Barenboim's conducting, too, is at its least bearable in this concerto. The Largo is rather fast as before, but it lacks the poise it had last time around; the No. 3 with Leinsdorf in fact remains the only Rubinstein account I like.

The Leinsdorf and Beecham versions of No. 4 were played with tremendous clarity and refinement but chilling detachment; the Krips sounded rather inflated and sleepy. The new performance is Germanic in type—less aloof than before, but surely this of all concertos shouldn't sound so heavy, so devoid of color. A creditable reading, but not a particularly sensitive one.

In the Emperor, Rubinstein's work is incredibly robust, and Barenboim's instincts are not too harmful in this proclamatory music. Still, I would like a more forward-moving tempo for the first movement, and the prevailing orchestral muddiness becomes annoying. Here again the Leinsdorf version retains its substantial superiority.

Still, for Rubinstein's achievement alone, this is a remarkable set. H.G.

BRAMMS: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 77. Nathan Milstein, violin; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond. [Günther Breest, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 592, \$7.98. Tape: 3300 592, \$7.98.

The septuagenarian Milstein gives a remarkable performance of the Brahms concerto, surely one of the most difficult vehicles in the violin literature. From a purely technical standpoint, the playing is impressively virtuosic, though for the first time I detect signs of age in the superlative Milstein equipment: one or two passages not quite in tune, a few runs in the first movement not quite clean, occasional jagged edges in that fabulous, satin-smooth bowing. I don't want to make too much of this; any of the younger fiddlers would be glad to claim this performance.

And how touching it is musically! Jochum leads the Vienna Philharmonic flexibly but is well in accord with Milstein's penchant for brisk, neoclassical tempos and a silvery, intense line. From the first solo entrance, Milstein shapes his phrases with an exhilarating energy and conviction and an unflinching sense of destination. This is lean, ascetic, aesthetically pure Brahms, and its red-blooded manner courses straight to the music's heart. As in his two earlier recordings, Milstein plays his own cadenza—a trifle flashy but admirable in its use of the materials.

Though the microphoning is relatively distant, detail is quite fine. H.G.

CHOPIN: Etudes (15), Op. 10 and Op. posth.; Berceuse in D flat, Op. 57; Ecossaises, Op. 72. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. [Daniel Nimetz, prod.] MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 3216, \$3.50 (Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Critics' Choice

The best classical records reviewed in recent months

- BACH:** Cantatas, Vols. 11–13. Harnoncourt; Leonhardt. TELEFUNKEN 26.35269 (2), 26.35283 (2), 26.35284 (2), Feb.
- BEETHOVEN:** Symphony No. 7. Casals. COLUMBIA M 33788, Feb.
- BERLIOZ:** Symphonie fantastique. Karajan. DG 2530 597, Feb.
- CARTER:** Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano; Duo for Violin and Piano. Jacobs, Weisberg, Zukofsky, Kalish. NONESUCH H 71314, Mar.
- CHOPIN/SCHUBERT:** Piano Works. Richter. COLUMBIA/MELODIYA M 33826, Apr.
- DUFAY/DUNSTABLE:** Motets. Pro Cantione Antiqua, Turner. ARCHIV 2533 291, Mar.
- DVOŘÁK:** Slavonic Dances, Opp. 46 and 72; My Home Overture; Scherzo capriccioso. Kubelik. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 466/2530 593, Mar.
- HENZE:** Compases para preguntas ensimismadas; Violin Concerto No. 2. Henze. HEADLINE HEAD 5, Apr.
- HENZE:** Kammermusik I–XII; In Memoriam: Die weisse Rose. Henze. OISEAU-LYRE DSLO 5, Mar.
- LISZT:** Piano Works. Kempff. DG 2530 560, Apr.
- MAHLER:** Das Lied von der Erde; Five Rückert-Lieder. Ludwig, Kollo; Karajan. DG 2707 082 (2), Apr.
- MOZART:** Divertimentos (17). N. Y. Philomusica, Johnson. Vox SVBX 5104 (3), 5105 (3), 5106 (3), Apr.
- NIELSEN:** Wind Quintet; other works. W. Jutland Chamber Ensemble. DG 2530 515, Apr.
- ROSSINI:** Overtures. Marriner. PHILIPS 6500 878, Feb.
- SCHOENBERG:** Brettli-Lieder; Early Songs. Nixon, Stein. RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-1231, Mar.
- SCHOENBERG:** Das Buch der hängenden Gärten. **SCHUBERT:** Songs. DeGaetani, Kalish. NONESUCH H 71320, Mar.
- TIPPETT:** A Child of Our Time. Davis. PHILIPS 6500 985, Feb.
- WAGNER:** Das Rheingold (sung in English). Goodall. ANGEL SDC 3825 (4), Apr.
- WAGNER:** Siegfried (sung in English). Goodall. EMI ODEON SLS 873 (5), Apr.

Ruth Slenczynska's latest edition of the Chopin preludes (MHS 1841, January 1975) proved impressive technically and often absorbing musically. This first installment of the etudes (MHS promises Op. 25 in due course) is even more effective—indeed, quite thrilling.

The opening C major Etude is amazingly efficient in execution, spaciouly impactive, conceived on a huge scale (or rather a huge arpeggio!). Op. 10, No. 2, also is a knockout; Slenczynska's third, fourth, and fifth fingers have an infallible, steely precision, and I like the way she solidly emphasizes the bumping accompaniment figurations. No. 4 has miraculous sweep and continuity. The toccatalike No. 7 is beautifully voiced and rhythmically buoyant. No. 8, an emphatic reading, is exhilarating. In fact, only Nos. 10 and 12 disappoint, slightly: the former a bit too aggressive and spiky, the Revolutionary a bit shy in epic sweep.

Slenczynska's current way with this music—her Decca recordings were far more segmented and less alluring tonally—is closer in style to Pollini's DG disc of the etudes (2530 291, March 1973) than to Ashkenazy's London remake (CS 6844, November 1975). She generally favors a conservative, though certainly not restrained, treatment of meter and dynamics. Note, for example, how she refuses to break up the line in the lyrical Op. 10, No. 4; even the subito fortes in the middle section are somewhat sedate, and forward motion takes precedence over shock effect. This is true also in the Berceuse, save for a single stretch taken at a slower tempo than the basic one. The passacaglialike bass line is held quite firm, without teasing or delaying. The early ecossaises—which Slenczynska quite rightly characterizes in her annotations as English country dances, having "nothing in common with genuine Scottish dance music"—benefit from the pianist's brio and un-failing marksmanship.

The sound, clean but lively and reverberant, is well-nigh perfect. H.G.

B **DVOŘÁK:** Works for Solo Instrument and Orchestra. Ruggiero Ricci, violin*; Zara Nelsova, cello*; Rudolf Firkusny, piano*; St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Walter Susskind, cond. [Marc J. Aubort and Joanna Nickrenz, prod.] Vox QSVBX 5135, \$10.98 (three QS-encoded discs, manual sequence).

Concertos: for Piano and Orchestra, in G minor, Op. 33; for Violin and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 53*; for Cello and Orchestra, in B minor, Op. 104*. Romance in F minor, Op. 11; Mazurek in E minor, Op. 49*. Silent Woods, Op. 68; Rondo in G minor.*

DVOŘÁK: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 53; Romance in F minor, Op. 11. Itzhak Perlman, violin; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, cond. [Suvi Raj Grubb, prod.] ANGEL S 37069, \$6.98.

DVOŘÁK: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in G minor, Op. 33. Justus Frantz, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. [John McClure, prod.] COLUMBIA M 33889, \$6.98.

The Vox set is an appealing, even inevitable collection. All three soloists have previously recorded these concertos. Susskind is

a fine conductor of Czech background, and the St. Louis Symphony is as good as any American orchestra just below the "big five" level. The orchestra is recorded throughout with a warm and comfortable spread and depth, even in two-channel playback, and the attractive packaging also includes good notes by Richard Freed.

Ruggiero Ricci's older version of the Dvořák violin concerto, with Sargent, wasn't among my favorites. Now his playing is particularly nervous, and Vox's close miking highlights the wiriness of his tone. He's so intent on joining phrases in a forward-pushing line that there seems little room for the music to breathe. The haunting little Op. 11 Romance never fails to touch the sensibilities, and Ricci's problems

here are under better control. The little E minor Mazurek, Op. 49, otherwise available only in piano-accompanied format, is a pleasant bonus.

At that, the Ricci/Susskind collaboration is certainly more successful than the new Perlman/Barenboim coupling of the violin concerto and Romance. Perlman's fiddling is exhaustingly energetic, hard, and crusty, yet in the slow movement of the concerto his sixty-fourth-note runs are slowed down as if he didn't care to strain himself articulating in tempo. He does at least play the Romance with a bit more involvement than in his deleted RCA recording. Barenboim's accompaniment is loud and thick-textured, poor in ensemble, and musically inattentive. To hear what this coupling can sound

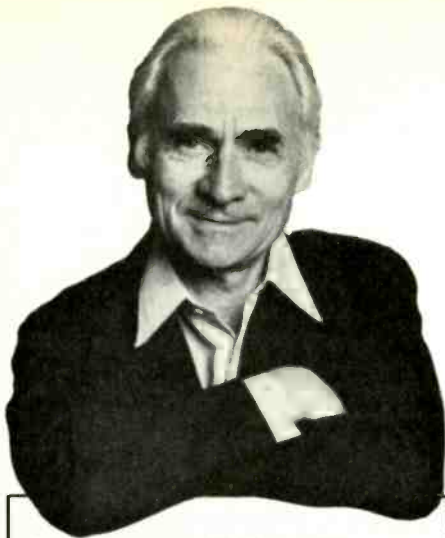
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Once-in-a-Decade Brahms

by Abram Chipman

In recent years I have welcomed some rather good Brahms Firsts—Sanderling/Eurodisc, Haitink/Philips, Kertész/London—but really great ones happen barely once in a decade. James Levine and the Chicago Symphony have produced one in a single session originally scheduled, but not needed, to complete their RCA Mahler Third (not yet released).

A portentous treatment of the agitated introduction is not for Levine, so the reading opens at an imperiously swift tempo. But the throbbing passion with which the cellos phrase the four bars leading to the allegro proper could have come out of a performance from fifty years ago. Elsewhere, where Brahms calls for a string passage to be played *espressivo*, the tenderness and vibrancy of the tone are melting. Yet in that first-movement allegro (without repeat, by the way) the crispness and swagger of tutti strings, the slashing ferocity of timpani and brass, and the transparent woodwind line (the contrabassoon has rarely sounded so menacing) illustrate how dedicated Levine is to the most rigorous contemporary standards of music-making. It is no surprise that Levine's slow movement avoids sonic murk and whiny sentimentality. But it isn't offhand or cold: Everything is molded fluently, and Ray Still's oboe solo glitters plangently. The horns, for a change, are miked with enough distance that they seem to float out from a noble height. The intermezzolike third movement is

ephemeral and wistful, with everything crystal clear.

Levine brings off the finale with special skill. The pizzicato gambols of the introduction are paced with clear differentiation of the specified gradual and quick speedups; in the *più andante*, the violins shimmer with perfect grace; to hear the dotted rhythm in the horn chorale so strongly pointed, one must go back to the Walter/New York Philharmonic mono version (now in Odyssey 32 36 0007). All of which would be wasted if the famous big tune were to make its usual anticlimactic effect. Levine performs a miracle by supplying the brio called for in the *allegro non troppo ma con brio* marking, and the listener is apt to be jolted upright as if hearing the hackneyed old thing for the first time. From there, one is carried irresistibly to the end, with all the incisiveness noted in the first movement much in evidence.

Of course all of this would have been impossible without the singular cooperation of the Chicago Symphony. RCA's reproduction is state of the art, and the jacket art and pressing are fine too.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68. Chicago Symphony Orchestra, James Levine, cond. [Thomas Z. Shepard and Jay David Saks, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-1326, \$6.98. Tape: ●● ARK 1-1326, \$7.95; ● ARS 1-1326, \$7.95. Quadriphonic: ARD 1-1326 (Quadradisc), \$7.98.

like, put on Josef Suk's Vanguard/Supraphon recording (SU 3, little more than half the price of the Perlman)—radiant and fervent, with glorious playing from the Czech Philharmonic under Karel Ančerl. Not to be overlooked is the poised, authoritative, deft Milstein/Frühbeck account of the concerto (Angel S 36011), backed by a solidly tasteful reading of the Glazunov concerto.

Zara Nelsova's early London LP of the cello concerto with Krips struck me as stodgy; I like the remake better. She plays with warmth and fullness of sound. Her articulation is clear, and what she lacks in bravura drive she makes up in a kind of rugged, homespun honesty. She hits the notes more accurately than Gendron (Philips 802 892), whose disc (with Haitink) similarly includes the G minor Rondo and *Silent Woods*. As it happens, Nelsova and Susskind bring far more zest and point to the little encore pieces. Adorable as these trifles are, though, many will pass them up to get a version of the cello concerto offering greater range and nuance of coloration from the soloist and an orchestral accompaniment with greater clarity of inner voices and shaping of dynamics and phrasing—in short, the kind of revelatory performance that Harrell and Levine recently gave this masterpiece (RCA ARL 1-1155, February 1976).

Rudolf Firkusny has been a persistent champion of the piano concerto. Many recall the glittering brilliance of his Columbia mono recording with Szell, though even in that era I preferred the warmer, more broadly heroic Supraphon version by Maxian and Talich; a current Czech performance under Jindrich Rohan, with Michael Ponti as soloist (Turnabout TV-S 34539), presents the score in a more joyous light than Firkusny's second version (Westminster Gold WGS 8165), marred by boxy sound and scrappy orchestral playing. I wish someone had recorded Firkusny's superb collaboration with Steinberg and the Boston Symphony some five years ago. On the new Vox recording he certainly displays his mastery of the work's expressive content and formal contours, but the clarity of his passagework is compromised by excessive soft pedal and an overly damped acoustic environment.

The new Columbia recording has almost the opposite problem. The thirty-two-year-old Polish pianist Justus Frantz articulates every run, every cadenzalike bit of Lisztian note-spinning with brittle clarity, a quality exaggerated by the somewhat dry, confined acoustic. His highly rhetorical "grand manner" and Leonard Bernstein's readiness to play to the hilt every contrast in tempo or sonority made me acutely aware how episodic the work can be. This is a vivid, characterful performance that manages to underline the music's weaknesses. My choice remains the flowing, vigorous Ponti/Rohan—idiomatically played, transparently and spaciouly recorded, and budget-priced to boot. A.C.

ELGAR: Symphony No. 2, in E flat, Op. 63. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. [Ray Minshull, prod.] LONDON CS 6941, \$6.98.

If any large Elgarian audience ever is won

on this side of the Atlantic, it is less likely to be won by the esteemed "idiomatic" English conductors than by sympathetic foreigners who have developed an objective yet genuine affinity for this music. I imagine that two 1973 releases, Solti's First Symphony (London CS 6789) and Barenboim's Second (Columbia M 31997), have won more American converts than all the strictly British versions combined.

Solti has been in no hurry to go on to the Second himself, but the three-year interval has been well spent in deeper study of the score and the composer's own recordings, together with public concert hall trial. As a result, Solti now plays the Second with even greater lucidity and authority than he brought to his much-admired First. Moreover, the newer recording is superior in

sonic freshness and dramatic bite. The music itself, while perhaps less immediately engaging than that of the First Symphony, seems better able to grow in both stature and magnetic appeal with every rehearing.

No matter how lukewarm, or even cold, you may have been to Elgar in the past, you may find that Solti exerts a near-irresistible persuasiveness—most profoundly moving in the Second's serenely eloquent slow movement, most excitingly in its exultantly sweeping finale. R.D.D.

GERSHWIN: Porgy and Bess. For an essay review, see page 77.

GOTTSCHALK: Piano Works (12). Ivan Davis,

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piano. [Michael Woolcock, prod.] LONDON CS 6943, \$6.98.

Souvenirs d'Andalousie, Op. 22; Le Mancenillier, Op. 11; Manchega, Op. 38; Souvenir de Puerto Rico, Op. 31; O ma Charmante, épargnez-moi, Op. 44; Suis-moi, Op. 45; The Banjo, Op. 15; Pasquinade, Op. 59; Grand Scherzo, Op. 57; Le Bananier, Op. 5; The Dying Poet, O. 75; Tour-nament Galop, O. 264.

The album title "Great Galloping Gottschalk: America's First Superstar" is a fair index to Davis' blatantly spectacular treatment of Gottschalk's exotic-scene evocations as well as his more frankly virtuosic showoff pieces. This is sensationally bravura, precisely articulated pianism that never gets under the music's shiny surfaces, and John Dunkerley's ultrabrilliant recording italicizes only too candidly the pianist's percussiveness and the brittleness of his instrument's upper register, to say nothing of the arid acoustical ambience.

Eight of these pieces have been done no less glitteringly but with more personal relish by Leonard Pennario in his two recent Gottschalk collections for Angel. Six of them are available in Gottschalk-pioneer Eugene List's incomparably captivating, age-defying Vanguard mono versions. Davis' only real nondigital credit is for including the relatively rarely heard *Souvenirs d'Andalousie* and *Manchega* (recorded earlier, as best I can tell, only in Mandel's four-disc Desto set) and one work that well may be a recorded first: the snappy West Indian serenade, *Le Mancenillier* (*The Machineel Tree*), composed in 1850. R.D.D.

GRIEG: Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1, in F, Op. 8; No. 2, in G, Op. 13; No. 3, in C minor, Op. 45. Henri Temianka, violin; James Fields, piano. [Giveone Cornfield, prod.] ORION ORS 75193, \$6.98.

Comparison—Nos. 1, 3:
Elman, Seiger

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There are sonatas for violin and piano, and there are sonatas for violin *with* piano. The three composed by Edvard Grieg in 1865, 1867, and 1887 definitely belong in the latter category. This is emphasized even further by this recording, which has reduced the piano to a virtual nonentity. If you turn your volume level high enough to bring in the piano satisfactorily, the entrances of the violin will send you running for cover.

With a subtler instrumentalist than Henri Temianka, this approach might have some validity. But he is a show-stealer from the start, milking every theme, laying on a thick vibrato (almost always slightly flat), and rarely descending beneath a forte. Although Grieg's straightforward melody-with-accompaniment Romanticism can take this treatment better than more complex styles, the scores for these sonatas indicate quite a number of dynamic contrasts, which add a breadth and variety to the music that is greatly preferable to Temianka's flared-nostril sameness. To be sure, there are those who love this old-school "devil's fiddler" approach, but, having heard violinists such as Vladimir Spivakov who can create an amazing range of tonal and dynamic shading, I find it harder than ever to appreciate such excesses.

Nonetheless, there is no denying the vigor, spirit, and life of Temianka's performances. He communicates particularly

well the folk and dance qualities of the first two sonatas (the more symphonic, classically oriented Third fares less well). Furthermore, it is good to have all three of these works well recorded on a single disc, even though this has necessitated skipping the repeats in the First, which is particularly unfortunate for the second movement.

Those preferring calmer and somewhat subtler performances of Nos. 1 and 3 should investigate the Everest reissue (3333) of the Mischa Elman interpretations. However, the sound quality is vastly inferior to Orion's, at least where the violin is concerned. R.S.B.

HOLST: The Wandering Scholar, Op. 50 (ed. Britten and I. Holst)*; The Perfect Fool (ballet music), Op. 39*; Egdon Heath, Op. 47*. Norma Burrowes, soprano*; Robert Tear, tenor*; Michael Rippon, baritone*; Michael Langdon, bass*; English Chamber Orchestra, Stuart Bedford, cond.*; London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond.*. [John Willan, prod.] ANGEL S 37152, \$6.98.

The Gustav Holst centenary year, 1974, brought many performances of his music and, with them, not so much reevaluation as consolidation of his reputation. *Planets* apart, he lacked the common touch. In Imogen Holst's life of her father, she recalls a 1930 recital at which his Humbert Wolfe settings had their first public performance and which ended with Schubert's C major Quintet: As he listened to the last, "he realized what he had lost, not only in his music, but in his life. He could cling to his austerity. He could fill his days with kindness and good humor. He could write music that was neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame. And he could grope after ideas that were colossal and mysterious. But he had missed the warmth of the Schubert quintet."

Yet, as the years went by, new generations of young musicians learned not only to admire the uncommon touch of his questing, individual mind, wrestling with the very stuff of music itself and setting down nothing that was not newly thought from first principles, but also to feel something like love for the man and his work as, behind the emotional reticence and uncompromising purity, they discovered a generous, noble spirit, quick in response to joys and sorrows and mysteries. All the same, I think Holst is likely to remain the special enthusiasm of those who have studied and heard the work in context; who have, at the least, read his daughter's introduction to it in the Great Composers series (Praeger) and, better still, her two volumes about the man and his music (Oxford). I may be wrong; perhaps the number of Holst records in the catalogues indicates a more generally approachable composer than I suspect.

In 1974, the English Opera Group staged a double bill of *Sāvītri* and *The Wandering Scholar* at the Aldeburgh Festival, and the recording of the latter derives from that performance. (*Sāvītri* would be its natural coupling, but it had already been recorded, on Argo ZNF 6, with two of the EOG cast, Janet Baker and Robert Tear; Imogen Holst conducts.) *Sāvītri* is a masterpiece. About

The *Wandering Scholar* I find it hard to make up my mind; humor is apt to be a personal thing—and homespun English humor can be terribly unfunny.

The *Wandering Scholar* strikes me as a slight joke leadenly told in Clifford Bax's libretto—a mildly amusing tale from Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* about a farmer, his sprightly young wife, a fat, lustful friar, and a poor student. Rossini, Bizet, or Delibes could have made something delightful of it. Having deemed Holst's piece, in previous productions, a galumphing affair, at Aldeburgh I found the crisp, dapper, musically pointed performance a pleasant surprise. But then I was expecting nothing. The record brings back my earlier misgivings: I listen gloomily to the piece as it moves along with a kind of dogged "aren't we having fun" quality but perk up from time to time at some neat and elegant piece of musical working. The heavy-handed jokiness seems to me awful—such larks!—but others have enjoyed *The Wandering Scholar*. John Warrack, for example, finds it "delightful . . . one of the wittiest and most attractive works of Holst's remarkable final phase."

The opera was first performed in 1934, the year of Holst's death. He was too ill to attend; in his score, there are penciled queries such as "Tempo?" and "More harmony?" Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst answered these queries when they edited the score for its first publication in 1968. A study score then appeared in 1971, and anyone interested in what they did can compare this with the original version, which has now appeared together with *Sāvītri* as Vol. 1 of the Holst Facsimile Edition. (All of these publications are by Faber; the recording follows the Britten-I. Holst edition.)

Michael Langdon and Michael Rippon give ripe performances in a stereotyped English comic vein, spreading the relish thick. Norma Burrowes is quick and bright and true but rather narrow of tone and a shade genteel in her utterance. Robert Tear, in the title role, often makes a rather coy, pert impression in a part that should be carried off with romantic dash. Altogether, it seems to me a very "English" performance, in an unfavorable sense of the word. The orchestral playing, however, is spick and span; Steuart Bedford's conducting is deft; the recording is first-rate.

But *The Wandering Scholar* as an introduction to the essential Holst is about as appropriate as Robert Morley as an introduction to England. To discover Holst, I would recommend the *Argo Sāvītri*, which is coupled with the *Choral Hymns from the Rig-Veda*, and a 1962 Decca/London disc (SXL 6006, still in the British catalogue) in which Boult conducts *The Hymn of Jesus* and the same two orchestral pieces that Previn does here. The *Perfect Fool* ballet music is an unimportant piece, cunningly scored; Boult gives it more character than Previn does in the new record. And, more powerfully than Previn, he evokes the atmosphere of *Egdon Heath*, that "homage to Hardy," bleak, desolate, and grand. Imogen Holst links it with a somber sentence from Hardy: "The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping

with the moods of the more thinking among mankind." Like Warrack, I find Previn's performance "too rich and warm." A.P.

IVES: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano.
SHOSTAKOVICH: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, No. 2, in E minor, Op. 67. Beaux Arts Trio. PHILIPS 6500 860, \$7.98.

IVES: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano.
KORNGOLD: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, Op. 1. Pacific Art Trio. [Amelia S. Haygood, prod.] DELOS DEL 25402, \$6.98.

Korngold's official Op. 1, the four-movement piano trio composed just before he was thirteen, manifests surprising maturity of style and thought. The composer's youth perhaps shows in the excessive changing of harmonic, rhythmic, and thematic direction. The ideas themselves are quite attractive, and Korngold certainly does not allow them to fall into predictable patterns, yet paradoxically all that relentless metamorphosis leads to a sameness of feeling throughout.

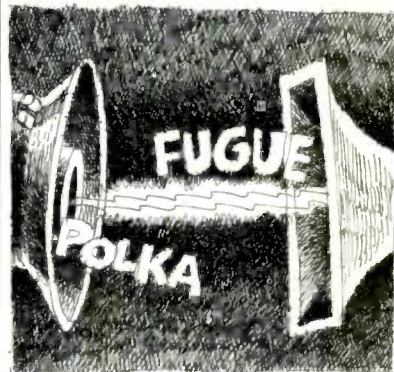
Ives too had lots of ideas, but he discovered techniques for expressing several at the same time: out of seemingly arbitrary devices he created effects striking not only in their novelty, but also in their strange beauty. For example, he opens the first movement of his three-movement piano trio (begun in 1904 and completed in 1911, a year after Korngold's) with a piano/cello duet, proceeds to a piano/violin duet, and then brings the two together in a breathtaking collage of polyrhythms, polyharmonies, and superimposed themes. In the vigorous scherzo, at various points American folk tunes grow out of a typically Ivesian sonic miasma. The meditative, often richly lyrical finale, one of the composer's most profound artistic visions, concludes one of the most important American chamber works yet written.

The Shostakovich Op. 67 Trio is an intriguing pairing, for the Ives direction is one that Shostakovich experimented with and might have pursued. If his textures, for all their jolting dissonances and driving rhythms, sound fairly tame alongside Ives's, his music has a vastly broader dramatic impact. Shostakovich continually risks intense emotivity—in the disquieting minor-key calm of the first movement, the frenetic relentlessness of the second, the elegiac sadness of the third, the dancelike grogusquerie of the finale—and the profundity of the result justifies the occasional excesses.

It is pleasant to be able to praise both of these records. Philips has an edge in the forwardness and presence of the reproduction (and the Beaux Arts Trio has a pretty sumptuous sound to begin with), but the Delos sonics, if thinner, are a bit brighter. Interpretively, it is interesting how, in the Ives first movement, which has no dynamic markings, the Pacific Art Trio remains on a subtle, fairly even keel (with occasional harshness from the violin) while the Beaux Arts imposes a varied dynamic system on the movement. In the finale, it is the Beaux Arts that is notable for subtlety, balance, and restraint.

In the Shostakovich, the Beaux Arts gives probably the most moving and exciting account on disc. The scherzo, while not

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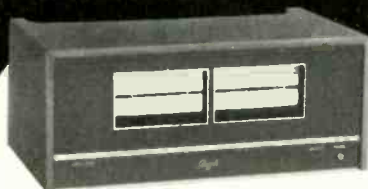
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as fast as indicated in the score, is one of the quickest I have heard, with tension heightened by the dynamic accentuation. With the marvelous sonorities of the individual instruments, it strikes me that the composer's deepest intentions have been beautifully fulfilled here. Combine this with the outstanding sound quality and the superlative lives rendition, and you have what should be an indispensable item in any twentieth-century chamber music discography. R.S.B.

LASSUS: Penitential Psalms; Motets. Pro Cantione Antiqua; Hamburger Bläserkreis für alte Musik, Bruno Turner, cond. ARCHIV 2533 290, \$7.98.

LASSUS: Sacrae Lectiones ex Propheta Job. Prague Madrigalists, Miroslav Venhoda, cond. TELEFUNKEN 6.41274, \$6.98.

Orlando de Lassus, that prodigious and prolific composer, wrote over 2,000 compositions during his life—something like 1,200 of them motets. Despite his remarkable output and well-deserved reputation, he is underrecorded, so these two new discs of motets by the sixteenth-century composer are especially welcome.

Unfortunately, one of them is somewhat disappointing. The texts for the *Penitential Psalms*, seven motets for five voices first published in 1584, are long and almost undifferentiated, offering little help in the way of contrast to a composer faced with setting them. Although the two recorded here, *Miserere mei, Deus* and *Domine ne in furore a 2* have some beautiful moments, they are quite plainly dull, and I heretically suspect that at least some of this may be the composer's fault. The heroic length—the pieces last 25:35 and 15:49, respectively—is unrelieved by any variety of texture or style. The demands of the late-sixteenth-century motet, "follow the text," and the short-phrased madrigalesque style of Lassus simply can't sustain such long periods.

The uniformity of the tempos and volume levels chosen by director Bruno Turner does nothing to alleviate the austere boredom of the whole. Possibly a liturgical setting would create a more hospitable atmosphere—the music is, after all, supposed to inspire penitence—but this is not very appealing living-room listening. Three shorter and more successfully attractive motets, *Ave regina coelorum a 4*, a fine *Salve Regina a 6*, and the beautifully expressive *O mors quam amara est*, round out the disc.

The complaints of Job might seem as unpromising, or at least as lugubrious, as penitential psalms, but these shorter, more actively expressive works are far more effective in their direct emotional appeal. Written when Lassus was comparatively young (this set was published in 1565; almost twenty years later he wrote another version), the *Lectiones* comprise nine separate motets. Each has two or three distinct sections, each about two or three minutes long. Individual images often move the composer to deeply felt effects. For instance, there is a wonderful moment at the words "*placaverunt me*" ("they have fashioned me"), where the voices seem to move in circles surrounding and shaping a new being, and the flexible rhythms of the imita-

tions illustrating the text "he fleeth as a shadow" are simply stunning.

Miroslav Venhoda wisely eschews much of the instrumental doubling that frequently intrudes on the performances of the Prague Madrigalists. The choral voices are allowed to speak for themselves—although Venhoda cannot resist at least a little instrumental support—and they speak very eloquently indeed. S.T.S.

LISZT: Piano Works. Garrick Ohlsson, piano. [David Mottley, prod.] ANGEL S 37125, \$6.98.

Harmonies poétiques et religieuses: No. 3, *Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude*, No. 7, *Funérailles*. Liebesträume (3), *Mephisto Waltz* No. 1.

LISZT: Piano Works. Jerome Rose, piano. Vox SVBX 5475, \$10.98 (three discs, manual sequence).

Consolations (6); Harmonies poétiques et religieuses; Légendes (2); Weihnachtsbaum.

Garrick Ohlsson seems far more sympathetic in Liszt than in Chopin, judging from this collection and his disc of the two piano concertos (S 37145, April 1976). The music is better able to absorb his rather angular style, and, ironically, he chooses to vary that style more here.

Oddly, the *Mephisto Waltz*, where one might have supposed that a flashy, extroverted approach would do the least damage, is least persuasive; the technically adroit pianism is segmented and tonally threadbare. But from the first notes of the much more subtle and demanding "*Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude*," Ohlsson seems far more immersed in the music. If he twists the opening portion about in a slightly excessive manner, he then builds an effective arc of sound. Listening to this reading alongside Jerome Rose's in the Vox collection, one hears the difference between a performer reared in freewheeling Romantic rhetoric (Ohlsson) and one whose background is more oriented toward the German and Viennese classics (Rose). Rose voices the appearance of the second theme with scrupulous transparency, shaping the material almost as if it were a Schubert *moment musical* (and in truth there is a close kinship between the two composers); though he relaxes more when the idea returns later, the approach seems a shade too tight to permit the music its full emotional range. Ohlsson's version is not only broader, but also sounds more comfortable and pianistically glamorous.

Ohlsson also treats "*Funérailles*" in broad, rhetorical fashion, but in its way the tauter Rose performance is equally effective. Ohlsson completes his program with tasteful readings of the three *Liebesträume*. After the disappointment of his Angel Chopin records, it is good to find this young artist back on the track, playing naturally and with commitment.

The Rose set, too, has much to commend it. Despite the slight sternness and generalization of texture in some of the more Romantic pieces, he always gives a strong, undistorted view of the music, attaining true distinction in the charming, strongly classical *Christmas Tree* suite that Liszt composed for his granddaughter. The pristine outlines and intimate symmetry of this regrettably little-known music are projected with ringing fullness.



Sheila Rizzo

Garrick Ohlsson—a young artist getting back on the track.

Both releases are solidly engineered, but my copy of the Vox set is horribly pop-ridden. H.G.

LISZT: Piano Works. For a review, see page 75.

MONTEVERDI: Vespro della Beata Vergine; Missa "In illo tempore"; Magnificat. Paul Esswood and Kevin Smith, countertenors; Ian Partridge and John Elwes, tenors; David Thomas and Christopher Keyte, basses; Regensburg Cathedral Choir; instrumental ensemble, Hanns-Martin Schneidt, cond. [Andreas Holschneider, Gerd Ploebisch, and Klaus Hiemann, prod.] ARCHIV 2710 017, \$23.94 (three discs, manual sequence).

Comparisons:

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Stevens	Van. VCS 10001/2
Corboz	Mus. Her. MHS 814/6

That Monteverdi's *Vespers* is a great musical work seems to be acknowledged by everyone, even the recording companies, since there are currently five versions available in this country. But the prospective purchaser may well be baffled once he looks carefully at them, for they differ widely in content and arrangement.

In 1610, when he was living in Mantua but looking around for another job, Monteverdi published a volume of sacred music, including the Mass "In illo tempore" and a group of pieces described on the title page as "Vespers for several voices and some sacred pieces suitable for chapels or the chambers of princes," a title aimed at what was for the time wide "market" appeal. Inside appear the words "Vespro della B. Vergine," and a succession of pieces printed in a somewhat curious order. Big concerted numbers on psalm texts alternate with soloistic chamber works; at the conclusion are two settings of the Magnificat.

Vespers, a liturgical office celebrated at evening, consists of an invitatory antiphon, five psalms in fixed order, a hymn, and the

Magnificat. Before each of the psalms, an introductory antiphon is sung, appropriate to the particular feast that is being celebrated. But the texts of Monteverdi's interpolated pieces are not the right antiphons for any known Marian Vespers. And though liturgical correctness may seem picky now, it was deemed crucial in Monteverdi's time, especially in a publication that he had dedicated to the Pope.

This is the problem. What are the solutions, musicological and practical? On the one hand is the rather early argument of musicologist Hans Redlich that the pieces have no specific relation to one another at all and that they may consequently be arranged in any fashion the conductor chooses. This view is represented by Columbia's splashy recording, a very effective and modern-sounding concert of the rearranged pieces that makes no claim to authenticity. Denis Stevens, a respected scholar/performer, takes what might be called the other extreme. Only the psalms are admitted to his Vanguard Cardinal recording. The soloistic pieces—the brilliant coloratura of "Duo Seraphim" or the delicious duet "Pulchra es," for instance—are, he argues, those that Monteverdi dubbed suitable for princely concerts and have no place in the liturgical setting. For them he substitutes Gregorian antiphons. The result is a compact performance that leaves out a lot of beautiful music.

The Telefunken recording under Jürgen Jürgens takes a strange position by including all of Monteverdi's music but adding a different group of Gregorian antiphons before the psalms as well, a decision that satisfies neither liturgical nor aesthetic necessity. Jürgens uses the accompaniment of early instruments, and, since the ensemble is the one directed by Nikolaus Harnoncourt, they are predictably well played. However, Jürgens makes an arbitrary and somewhat extravagant choice of instruments to accompany the voices. Since Monteverdi provided specific instructions as to the orchestration of the *Vespers*, right down to the organ stops to be used, this

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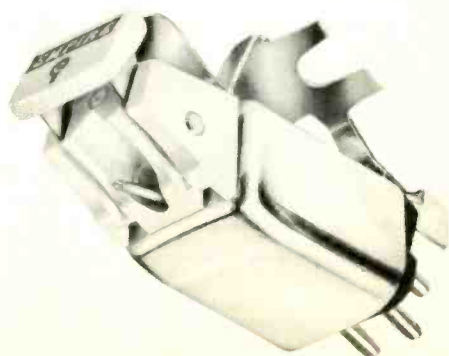
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would seem another excess.

Which brings us to the new Archiv recording conducted by Hanns-Martin Schneidt. In authenticity, this set is certainly the front-runner. Current scholarly thought, exemplified in the writings of Wolfgang Osthoff and Stephen Bonta, leans toward the view that Monteverdi created the *Vespers* as a unified artistic whole and that it should be performed exactly as published in the 1610 print. This is what Schneidt does. In fact he keeps all the music contained in that publication, including both settings of the *Magnificat* and the *Mass* based on Gombert's motet *In illo tempore*. This alone will make the album desirable to musicologists, libraries, and serious Monteverdi fans. But it also makes this quite an expensive package.

The performance (like all I have cited, incidentally) and the recording are excellent. And the soloists are magnificent. Countertenors Paul Esswood and Kevin Smith sing with extraordinary beauty at the top of their range in the soprano duet "*Pulchra es.*" Tenors Ian Partridge and John Elwes, whose parts are crucial throughout the *Vespers*, are acknowledged virtuosos in the style, as are basses David Thomas and Christopher Keyte. The chorus of men and boys makes a lovely if subdued sound, but the boy soloists in the choral sections are not so successful. In fact the alto in the *Magnificat* is positively painful to hear.

Schneidt's rhythms are clear and articulate, and he shapes the total work in a most convincing fashion. I should add a word about the *Mass*, because this is an outstanding feature of this album. It completely changed my idea about the piece, which I had always felt dull and unimaginative. Schneidt's fast tempos and dynamic conception create an exciting experience that fairly lifts you out of your chair.

The one other version of the *Vespers* that is genuinely competitive with the new release is a recording on Musical Heritage Society conducted by Michel Corboz. MHS's three discs contain both *Magnificats* (experts agree that these are actually alternative versions) but not the *Mass*. The chorus, a vigorous mixed group, sings with enthusiasm and a stronger rhythmic impulse than the Archiv choir. Among the uniformly good soloists is that incomparable Monteverdi stylist, tenor Eric Tappy. The instrumentation is not as authentic as the Schneidt set as far as the ear can judge (the notes are sadly uninformative), but it is never intrusive or false. All in all, this is a reasonable alternative for those who would like to hear a "complete" performance of the *Vespers* as we now know it and who are not able to afford the luxurious Archiv package.

Actually, this is such splendid music that one can hardly go wrong. If you already own a copy and love it, don't be afraid to try another. They are all good in one way or another and can only enrich your musical experience. S.T.S.

MOZART: Symphony No. 35, in D, K. 385 (*Haffner*); Overtures to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Die Zauberflöte*. Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, Antonia Brico, cond. [Andrew Kazdin, prod.] COLUMBIA M. 33888, \$6.98.

No one today can seriously question the right of women musicians to be conductors. Sarah Caldwell, Eve Queler, and Margaret Hillis, for a start, are talents of a high order, and their work deserves to be more widely represented on discs. But when Columbia records Antonia Brico in repertory that it has previously brought us from musicians of the stature of Bruno Walter and George Szell, it is not, I suspect, because anyone believes her to be in that class but because she has recently received an enormous amount of publicity—publicity unrelated to demonstrated skill.

However regrettable it is that Brico never had the opportunity to develop her craft, she is out of her depth here. Her limited experience with orchestras of professional stature shows in her inclination to play things safe, and she cannot make the slow tempos convincing. Priorities are those that amateur orchestras impose: getting the notes right, staying together. But this is a record by professional players for a professional recording company, and it contains a fair measure of scruffy playing I do not expect to hear under such auspices.

The performances of the three overtures are undistinguished. *Figaro* lacks vitality and wit, *The Magic Flute* lacks nobility, and *Don Giovanni* lacks drive. R.C.M.

ORNSTEIN: Quintet for Piano and Strings, Op. 92*; Three Moods for Piano. Daniel Steper and Michael Strauss, violins*; Peter John Sacco, viola*; Thomas Mansbacher, cello*; William Westney, piano. [Carter Harman and Vivian Perlis, prod.] COMPOSERS RECORDINGS SD 339, \$6.95.

Leo Ornstein (born in 1895 in Russia, now living in Texas) had never had his music recorded, and CRI now is selling him to us as one of American music's solitary eccentrics à la Ives, Ruggles, and Partch. A pianistic prodigy, he abandoned that career in the mid-Thirties to run a music school.

His *Three Moods* were composed (intracortically) in 1914 but not actually written down on paper till 1944! The first of these, "Anger," rolls along belligerently with fists on keyboard (literally—the technique uses tone clusters). "Grief" contains heavy sobs in the left hand, and the right hand stalks in atonal chords of some delicacy and nostalgia. The final mood, "Joy," stays away from C major triadic happiness, but its irregular bursts of syncopated and jagged dance rhythms sound even more spontaneous.

The piano quintet of 1927 is less experimental, being written in a multitonal and highly lush idiom. In its long, sighing string melodies, its orientalisms with touches of Eastern European folk music, and its pulsating barbarisms in the opening movement and scherzo (the latter of which dissolves into a consoling epilogue), the work could be a dead ringer for Ernest Bloch's quintet of four years earlier. Ornstein's score is beautifully crafted and quite moving in its expressive force. It has a degree of skill and integrity that, in common with the originality of the *Three Moods*, suggest he is a composer worthy of continued exposure.

The performances, by musicians active mainly in the New Haven and Hartford areas, are quite effective, and Vivian Perlis'

notes are informative. David Hancock's engineering is exemplary as usual. A.C.

PISTON: Symphonies Nos. 7-8. Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester, cond. [Andrew Kazdin, prod.] LOUISVILLE LS 746, \$6.95 (Louisville First Edition Recordings, 333 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40202).

With this recording, all of Walter Piston's symphonies save the First have made it to disc. The eight symphonies, which span nearly thirty years (1937-65), show a remarkable continuity of style, with the composer's very American dynamism, his rich but light-textured instrumentation, and his rather acid, often line-against-line harmonic tensions standing out.

If Piston's symphonies—especially the later ones—are lacking in notable themes, in a work like the Seventh one senses that more elaborate thematic material would unbalance his broader communicative aims. Thus, even the recitative episodes of the second movement are felt more in harmonic and instrumental than in strictly lyrical terms. That harmonic and orchestral interplay adds to the composer's forward-moving rhythmic idiom.

Like the Seventh Symphony, the Eighth is cast in three movements and concludes with a finale that might almost be described as slapdash. But it opens with a broad, meditative, even tragic *Moderato mosso* in which the materials slowly weave in and out of each other until they accumulate in a series of powerful climaxes, the last of which then allows the music to unravel itself into a state of bleak, final simplicity. The Eighth moves away from the tonally oriented dissonance dominating much of the composer's oeuvre into deliberate non-tonality; the closer harmonic textures create a more confined sense of musical space, counteracted by the breadth of the temporal movement.

Though the Louisville Orchestra is not fully up to Piston's considerable demands, Mester has a strong sense of how he wants the music to go, and we are not apt to get new recordings of these symphonies in the near future. R.S.B.

PROKOFIEV: Sonata for Flute and Piano, in D, Op. 94. **FRANCK:** Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A (arr. ?). James Galway, flute; Martha Argerich, piano. [Charles Gerhardt, prod.] RCA RED SEAL LRL 1-5095, \$6.98. Tape: ●● LRK 1-5095, \$7.95; ●● LRS 1-5095, \$7.95.

LOUISE DI TULLIO: Flute Recital. Louise di Tullio, flute; Virginia di Tullio, piano. [Peter Christ, prod.] CRYSTAL S 311, \$6.98.

PROKOFIEV: Sonata in D, Op. 94. **SANCAN:** Sonatine. **LISZT:** Paganini Etude No. 6 (arr. Callimahos).

Comparison—Prokofiev sonata: Rampal, Veyron-Lacroix Odys. Y 33905

Prokofiev's violin adaptation of his D major Flute Sonata works so well that its popularity among the fiddle fraternity was inevitable. Yet the original, relatively neglected till the past few years, is captivating, idiomatic, and comfortably within the compass of its instrument.

RCA's new recording is a spellbinder. James Galway, an Irishman who has held

first-chair positions in the London Symphony, New Philharmonia, and Berlin Philharmonic, is one whale of a technician; his intonation, breath control, rhythmic élan, and coloristic imagination are at least in a class with the redoubtable Jean-Pierre Rampal's. (Rampal's Erato recording, available for some time from Musical Heritage Society, has just been issued on Odyssey.) Martha Argerich partners Galway even more creatively than Robert Veyron-Lacroix did Rampal. RCA has captured the bewitching rendition in softly intimate sonics.

The Di Tullio sisters display well-seasoned familiarity but less powerful temperament. Pianist Virginia seems deferential much of the time, possibly because of the recording—the piano almost seems swallowed up in the sonority of the flute! Still, the Di Tullios make good music and display technical polish aplenty; this is a more sober statement than that of Galway and Rampal, but it certainly surpasses the other competition.

RCA's coupling is a flute arrangement of the Franck A major Violin Sonata (the arranger is not specified; Galway himself?), of which there also exists a cello version. Given the differences among the three instruments, there is surprisingly little difference in the solo parts, though the flute version of course reflects the instrument's technical limitations with regard to double stops, sustained note values, and balance with the often tempestuous keyboard part. I can hardly imagine a better case than Galway's for a flute presentation of the music, and Argerich is considerate enough not to swamp him. If you have found this work too overbearingly portentous, this flute transformation may be the perfect antidote.

The Crystal release also offers a novelty: Lambros Callimahos' flute/piano arrangement of Liszt's piano theme-and-variations on Paganini's Violin Caprice No. 24. It's not Brahms or Rachmaninoff, but it gives the players quite a breezy workout, and the Di Tullios make the most of their opportunity. The remaining work on the disc is not a transcription, but it momentarily sounds like one: The opening of the three-movement Sonatine by Pierre Sancan, a piano professor at the Paris Conservatory born in 1916, is joltingly reminiscent of Ravel's violin/cello sonata. If great originality and depth are missing, Sancan has at least provided a bravura showpiece. A.C.

PROKOFIEV: Sonata for Piano, No. 8. For a review, see page 75.

PROKOFIEV: Sonata for Piano, No. 8, in B flat, Op. 84; Visions fugitives, Op. 22 (selections). Emil Gilels, piano. COLUMBIA/MELODIYA M 33824, \$6.98.

A Columbia/"Volodya" recording of the Prokofiev Eighth Sonata might well have helped it toward the celebrity attained by the companion Seventh. (Both sonatas, in the same key, were composed during World War II.) Since Horowitz has shown little interest in the Eighth—admittedly less concise than the Seventh but, to my hearing, more diverse in its materials—it has had to "make do" with the hardly paltry atten-

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tions of Richter (DG, deleted) and Ashkenazy (London CS 6573). Now Gilels, who gave the work's premiere, enters the field.

The three performances really aren't that different. (Compare Lazar Berman's new DG recording, reviewed separately this month.) Richter's is perhaps a bit more plangent in sound, pointed in attack, coloristically shimmering; Ashkenazy's is a bit more sober and scholarly. Gilels falls midway between: He gets considerable color and singing legato; at the same time, the sonority is thicker, rounder, and fuller than Richter's and more lyrically voiced than Ashkenazy's. Gilels keeps the lines ultraclear and voices with consistent ingenuity, and his control over spacing and rhythm is exemplary.

The eight Visions fugitives (Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, and 17) are engagingly rendered; I wish only that Gilels had done all twenty of these witty little vignettes. If this disc is less generous than Ashkenazy's London coupling of the Seventh and Eighth Sonatas, those who acquire it will certainly have a superlative and excellently recorded account of the Eighth Sonata. **H.G.**

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 3, in D minor, Op. 30. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. [Jay David Saks, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-1324, \$6.98. Tape: ●● ARK 1-1324, \$7.95; ●●ARS 1-1324, \$7.95. Quadraphonic: ARD 1-1324 (Quadradisc), \$7.98.

Comparisons:
Ashkenazy, Fistoulari/London Sym. Lon. CS 6359
Ashkenazy, Previn/London Sym. Lon. CSA 2311
Mogilevsky, Kondrashin/Moscow Phil. Ang. SR 40226

Ashkenazy's third recording of this monster of a concerto is stunning, a perfected version of the grandiose, rhetorical approach espoused with less conviction in his 1972 London set of the Rachmaninoff concertos with Previn. Tempos are deliberate; the sonority of both piano and orchestra is unusually robust. Ashkenazy uses a lot of rubato but never permits phrasing to go slack. As he did with Previn, he plays the more massive version of the first-movement cadenza, and here it reaches a spectacular climax. Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra provide a rich, atmospheric backdrop, yet this is also one of the clearest, most detailed recordings of this murky score I have heard—a vast improvement over the backward, poorly engineered London set. Once again Ashkenazy gives the score in uncut form.

In some ways, I still find Ashkenazy's first recording of the piece, a 1963 London disc with Fistoulari and the London Symphony, the most original of the three. The performance, quite different from the later ones, is unusually whimsical and mercurial; characteristically, he used the lighter, more transparent edition of the cadenza. I have heard no other pianist play the Rachmaninoff Third quite that way, and the recording still sounds fine. Both that performance and the new one certainly number among the work's best recordings, though I would still choose the Melodiya/Angel version by Mogilevsky and Kondrashin, which seems to me just a bit more electric and impetuous than the new one.

Of course the two Horowitz recordings and the composer's own will always command interest, despite their cuts and dated sound.

H.G.

RACHMANINOFF: Moments musicaux. For a review, see page 75.

ROCHBERG: Chamber Works. Concord Quartet; George Rochberg, piano. [Carter Harman, prod.] COMPOSERS RECORDINGS SD 337, \$6.95.

Quartet for Strings, No. 1; Duo Concertante (Mark Sokol, violin; Norman Fischer, cello); Ricordanza (Fischer, Rochberg).

ROCHBERG: Chamber Symphony for Nine Instruments*; Music for the Magic Theater†. John Owings, piano*; Oberlin Chamber Orchestra members* and Oberlin Orchestra†, Kenneth Moore, cond. [Thomas Bethel, prod.] DESTO DC 6444, \$6.98.

These two records are the thirteenth and fourteenth in the current catalogue devoted wholly or in part to the music of George Rochberg. The first of them spans twenty years of his compositions, from the String Quartet No. 1 of 1952 to the *Ricordanza* of 1972. The other couples an early work, the Chamber Symphony (1953), and what could perhaps be called the middle-period *Music for the Magic Theater* (1965).

The styles include the serial-influenced, the serial, collage, and blameless nineteenth-century tonality. If, in a guess-the-composer quiz, the works were played in sequence, I doubt that anyone would ever put the same name to all five of them. But, once the composer is known, they can be heard as products of the same musical mind. In a sleeve note for the CRI record, Rochberg says, "Regardless of linguistic differences, all three works have two things in common: an urge to compose the most beautiful melodies I could imagine, and an obsession with creating a sense of rightness of harmony and harmonic progression." In addition, I found that every one of these five pieces held my attention: arrested by the opening measures, I wanted to hear what happened next and then never lost interest before the work was done. And each was a piece that I gladly listened to again.

The string quartet is a beautifully made composition, rhythmically alive and contrapuntally engrossing. In the romantic first movement, the texture is largely dialogue between two of the players threaded through sustained, slow-shifting harmonies sounded by the other two with a gentle, pulsant energy in cunningly varied rhythmic patterns. The scherzo has plenty of fresh, unforced vitality. The slow movement is four-part counterpoint, close-woven, with long winding melodies and cunningly tinted expressive textures. In the finale, with its muscular, leaping main theme, I feel there are some moments where "construction" keeps things going when lyric impulse has flagged.

Rochberg has often shown a fondness for sequence. In fact, in the recent violin concerto, composed for Isaac Stern, I felt that he was using the device to the point of tedium. The sequences of this quartet are of that satisfying kind where the themes, developing by metrical and pitch displace-

ments, remain aurally recognizable. The score, issued in 1957 by the Society for the Publication of American Music but now out of print, can be hired from Theodore Presser, as can the parts. The Concord Quartet's performance is at once romantic and buoyant and is cleanly recorded.

The Duo Concertante, for violin and cello, was composed in 1955 and revised in 1959. It has a graphic quality: gesture followed by counter-gesture, melodic fragment by its free inversion from the other instrument, strongly marked rhythmic statement by counter-statement in the same rhythm but with other notes. Easy to follow, for the inventions have a strong character that makes their recurrences, even in altered form, recognizable. Not schematic, but delightfully unpredictable. It is brilliantly played by the first violin and cello of the Concord Quartet.

Ricordanza, subtitled "Soliloquy for Cello and Piano" (can two players soliloquize at once?), is a surprising piece. The tempo is regular 4/4, with a 3/4 central episode. The harmony is pre-Wagnerian. Rochberg describes it as a "commentary" on the opening of Beethoven's Cello Sonata in C, Op. 102, No. 1, and the opening of the central section is a direct quotation, transposed, of the Beethoven theme. Cellists who most enjoy playing nineteenth-century music but feel they should do their duty by living composers need look no further: the idiom of Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rocco Theme* is more advanced.

It is a beautiful piece, warmly played by Norman Fischer and the composer. The recording is not altogether satisfactory; the listener seems to be at once in a good seat for hearing the cello and under the piano lid. Scores of the Duo Concertante and *Ricordanza* are published by Presser.

The Chamber Symphony, for nine instruments, is a winning piece—a sturdy little symphony of neoclassical proportions for an ensemble of three woodwinds, three brasses, violin, viola, and cello. A "performance history" supplied by the publishers, again Presser, lists only five performances between the Baltimore premiere, in 1955, and the present recording, which seem to me surprisingly few for so engaging, approachable, and sharply characterized a work. By members of the Oberlin Chamber Orchestra it is given an alert, dapper reading, brightly recorded.

The *Music for the Magic Theater* has been heard more often: it is the sort of score that adventurous ensembles enjoy getting to work on. As the composer puts it in his preface to the score, "In a sense, each player becomes an actor who is given lines to speak which do not tell him precisely how to project them." The title, of course, comes from Hermann Hesse's *Wolf of the Steppes*, or *Der Steppenwolf*, that profoundly musical novel in which Mozart, in various guises, offers occasional glimpses of a serene order (or orders) into which the chaotic and contradictory pieces of our life may seem for a moment to fit.

Der Steppenwolf is a book that, like *The Lord of the Rings*, "has varied applicability to the thought and experience of readers." For his musical purposes, Rochberg has drawn on its sense of time past bearing on the present, of other men's thoughts provid-

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ing, not solutions, but glimpses of solutions to present hell. In the book, Goethe and Mozart converse with the hero; in the score, Beethoven, Mahler, Webern, and Varèse speak. In the first "Act" the present and the past are confused. In Act II, "the past haunts us with its magic beauty"; the music is the slow movement of Mozart's *Diver-timento*, K.287, not "straight," but in transcription and coming as if from a great distance, its unearthly beauty and perfection still recognizable but crystalline ... and "relevant"? That is the question posed. In Act III, "we realize that only the present is really real." In his preface, the composer quotes the last paragraph of the book: "I knew that all the hundred thousand pieces of life's game were in my pocket. A glimpse of its meaning had stirred my reason and I was determined to begin the game afresh." The performance by the Oberlin Orchestra is carefully fashioned, eloquently and exquisitely played. A study score is published by Presser.

After *Music for the Magic Theater*, the *Ricordanza* makes more sense. It is like a sojourn in one of the rooms of Pablo's magic theater where, for a while, the old rules, the relations of IV to V to I, and of tonal centers a third apart, have not been confused and thrown into question, and new thoughts can be shaped by the tools of the old craftsmen. Also, and more extremely than the earlier score, it tests "the whole concept of what is 'contemporary,' how far that concept may be stretched today, and what it can include." A.P.

SCHUBERT: Mass No. 6, in E flat, D. 950. Felicity Palmer, soprano; Helen Watts, alto; Kenneth Bowen and Wynford Evans, tenors; Christopher Keyte, bass; St. John's College Choir, Cambridge; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, George Guest, cond. [Chris Hazell, prod.] ARGO ZRG 825, \$6.98.

Schubert's sublime final setting of the liturgy, a product of his last masterpiece-crammed year on earth, has for some time needed a truly worthy recording, as I noted in my November 1975 review of Seraphim's Leinsdorf reissue. About this new entry I have good news and bad news.

The bad news first: Either the Eulenburg score I consult has been drastically corrected or George Guest has some strange ideas about tempo. Moderato sections are sometimes quite fast, sometimes slower than those marked *andante*, which term seems to have many meanings here. As applied to the gorgeous "Et incarnatus" of the Credo, with the juicy cello tune right out of the *Zauberharfe* Overture, it is slow and solemn. *Andante con moto* can be a vigorous *allegro* (in the "Domine Deus" of the Gloria) or an *adagio* (in the Agnus Dei).

But the good news is enough not only to outweigh the bad, but to put this record into every Schubert lover's collection. Guest's leadership over-all is so vital and carries such dramatic and technical conviction that I will gladly learn to live with the tempo oddities. Moreover, unlike Leinsdorf and Grossmann (in his deleted Philips account), Guest gives the score uncut. The

boy sopranos and altos of the St. John's College Choir produce a perfect sound for this music (some nervous attacks excepted), as do their elder tenor and bass cohorts. Their intonation is secure, and they clearly have been carefully rehearsed to comprehend word meanings and note values and to swing joyfully with the various dotted rhythmic patterns.

The soloists are generally excellent; Felicity Palmer's high B flats in the "Dona nobis pacem" are particularly stunning. The orchestra is generally well balanced with the choir, though here and there I could wish that the violins were more forward. Schubert's delightful (and frequently awesome) wind-band-and-timpani scoring comes forth with astonishing clarity. A.C.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Preludes and Fugues (24), Op. 87. Roger Woodward, piano. [Ralph Mace, prod.] RCA RED SEAL CRL 2-5100, \$9.98 (two discs, automatic sequence).

Shostakovich's preludes and fugues began to take shape after he participated in the 1950 Leipzig festival commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of Bach's death by performing on the piano from the *Well-Tempered Clavier*. Although Shostakovich himself premiered excerpts from the set in November 1951, the first performance of all twenty-four was given in December 1952 by Tatiana Nikolayeva; her recording of the complete cycle, made ten years later under

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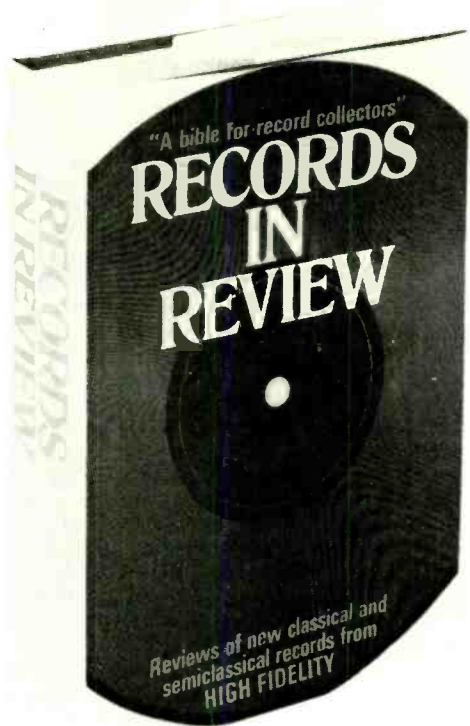
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the composer's supervision, is available on a three-disc Melodiya/Eurodisc set, 86199 XCK. (In the absence of an integral recording by Sviatoslav Richter, one of the music's most brilliant interpreters, it is worth noting that Philips has reissued his 1964 single disc in England.) This new recording by Australian pianist Roger Woodward is the first domestically available complete version; in fact it is one of the rare recordings of any of the preludes and fugues by a non-Soviet pianist.

The preludes range from the simple chord-melody of No. 1 to frescolike, dramatic pieces (Nos. 3, 4, and 24) almost like operatic entr'actes, with stops along the way for some of the composer's character-

istic sarcasms (Nos. 11 and 15). The fugues, which tend to be markedly longer than the preludes, likewise cover an exceptionally wide range, including a very Bachian two-voiced fugue (No. 9) and one (No. 16) whose melismatic, improvisational subject seems to defy contrapuntal treatment. Some of the fugue subjects are of extreme simplicity—No. 7 uses only the three notes of the major triad; at the other extreme, No. 15 (ridiculously bad-mouthed in the otherwise perceptive liner notes by Mike Thorn) uses eleven of the twelve notes of the chromatic scale and rushes along in sadistically asymmetrical rhythmic patterns almost impossible to coordinate by the time the third of the four voices has entered.

Woodward is ideally suited to this kind of music, or at least much of it. There is an energy and sharpness to his playing that recalls Glenn Gould, particularly the latter's ability to maintain rhythmic articulation and dazzling clarity in the midst of the nastiest textural complexities and the most headstrong tempos. I especially like Woodward's sense of follow-through in the fugues and his sensitive coloristic variety (considerably supported by his Bösendorfer Imperial Grand)—note the exquisite arpeggiation in Prelude No. 5 and the carillon-like presentation of Fugue No. 7's subject. He does seem to have some difficulty taking seriously the very Slavic profundities of certain preludes (such as Nos. 3, 6, and 24), whose sonorities are not allowed to expand sufficiently. Woodward follows most of the indicated tempos closely (although Prelude No. 1 is much too fast), but several preludes can stand the kind of broadening that can be heard in Nikolayeva's more idiomatic interpretations. Shostakovich himself (on his disc of six preludes and fugues, Seraphim 60024) considerably departs from the meter marking of Prelude No. 24.

As Woodward's mild sins are in the direction of Bach, there is little to complain about, and his over-all effort for this most welcome set must be acclaimed as outstanding. The basic piano reproduction is quite good, but the low levels required by the two-disc format (these are very long sides) make it impossible to bring out Woodward's extraordinary tone manipulation to its fullest. R.S.B.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Quartets for Strings: No. 7, in F sharp minor, Op. 108; No. 13, in B flat minor, Op. 138; No. 14, in F sharp, Op. 142. Fitzwilliam Quartet. [Peter Wadland, prod.] OISEAU-LYRE DSLO 9, \$6.98.

With a few outstanding exceptions, such as the Weller Quartet's performance of No. 10 (London CS 6464, deleted), Shostakovich's quartets are known on disc primarily via the Russian-based Borodin and Beethoven Quartets, the latter having given most of the premieres. That these two groups do not "own" these works is beautifully proven in this new recording by the young British musicians of the Fitzwilliam Quartet.

The immediate attraction is the Western premiere recording of the Fourteenth Quartet, completed shortly before Shostakovich's visit to the U.S. in summer 1973 but apparently revised before its premiere in November of that year. It is a surprisingly mellow, uncomplicated work, at least in its first two movements, which hark back to the transparent sarcasms and Mussorgskian lyricism of some of Shostakovich's earliest quartets. The third movement, however, opens with a characteristic non-theme built around a group of three-note figures, introducing a passage of joltingly atonal, slashing pointillism that expands into an extended frenetic development and, ultimately—having spent its almost demonic energy—dies away into wispy reminiscences in the manner of many Shostakovich finales.

At least on initial hearing, the Fourteenth Quartet does not compare well with the

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others on this disc, which receive brilliant performances. The Seventh, dedicated to the memory of the composer's first wife, is an ingenious, deceptively calm work. Rarely does one have the impression of hearing an entire string quartet performing, so fleeting are the work's motifs and so threadbare its textures. Instead, the complexity and fullness of the quartet's musical meaning are communicated on a cumulative, horizontal level. Particularly striking is the icy second movement, whose opening theme is strongly reminiscent of the Fifth Symphony's initial melody.

The Thirteenth Quartet may very well be Shostakovich's masterpiece in the medium. In spite of its B-flat-minor key signature, this grim, bleak, single-movement quartet gives almost no impression of tonality; it is, however, one of the composer's most thematically unified works, set in a slow-fast-slow, archlike form whose keystone is an other-worldly allusion to a slightly Stravinskian ragtime.

The Fitzwilliam Quartet's performances are especially striking for the fullness of its playing. The instruments form a blend that gives these works a sense of wholeness I have heard on no other recording. Furthermore, the group shows remarkable awareness of the composer's intentions, fully defining particularly harsh harmonic clashes and emphasizing the many instrumental effects, including the characteristic glissandos. The sense of dramatic movement is also as vivid as I have ever heard it—the fugal finale of the Seventh Quartet, for instance, is performed with breathtaking intensity.

The Fitzwilliam's efforts are fully supported by the brilliantly clear recorded sound. And anybody interested in knowing what Shostakovich's quartets are all about should buy the disc just for the excellent notes by violist Alan George. R.S.B.

B **SHOSTAKOVICH:** Symphony No. 10, in E minor, Op. 93. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Andrew Davis, cond. [John Boyden, prod.] SERAPHIM S 60255, \$3.98.

The Tenth Symphony contains some of Shostakovich's most beautiful and stirring musical ideas. The demonic second movement is one of the most awesome—even frightening—artistic realizations of raw energy, yet the first and third movements, deceptively simple in structure and musical language, create a feeling of great breadth. Remarkable throughout is the contrasted use of strings and woodwinds, highlighted at the conclusion of the first movement by the expansion of musical space produced by a mournful piccolo duet over a low-string pedal point.

I find this recording by the young English conductor Andrew Davis erratic. The opening of the first movement is extraordinary, with excellent balance on all levels, notably instrumental and dynamic. But that balance falters elsewhere, especially in the more dramatic moments: in the third movement subordinate instruments overwhelm the main ones; the London Philharmonic's horn section plays brilliantly but is occasionally allowed to steal the show to the detriment of the over-all texture. Some of

this may be the fault of the producer, who has clearly engaged in some flagrant level tinkering.

The producer, however, is certainly not responsible for such lapses of taste as the allargando that warps a climactic moment in the first movement. And I am not fond of Davis' excessive accentuation, which impedes the music's flow, particularly in the second movement. Still, I prefer this well-recorded version to those of Ormandy (Columbia M 30295) and Karajan (DG 139 020), and its more realistic, close-up sound makes it competitive with the superior interpretation of Svetlanov (Melodiya/Angel SR 40025). I would welcome reissues of two of the best versions: Mitropoulos' (most

recently available on Odyssey 32 16 0123, beautifully remastered) and Kurtz's (HMV, released here as RCA LM 2081). R.S.B.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, No. 2—See Ives: Trio.

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Men to the Front (1918). **Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company Band under Sousa:** The Thunderer (1926); March of the Mitten Men, or Power and the Glory (1926). **Sousa Band under Arthur Pryor:** The Stars and Stripes Forever (1912); The Washington Post (1926); El Capitan (1926). **Sousa Band under Rosario Bourdon:** Golden Jubilee (1929). **Pryor Band under Arthur Pryor:** King Cotton (1925). **Victor Military Band under Rosario Bourdon:** Semper Fidelis (1929).

Let me go recklessly out on a limb to proclaim this far and away the best of the Sousa Band reissues and probably one of the best present-day transfers of instrumental 78s from both the acoustical and early electrical eras.

And here, for once, not only is it acknowledged that the March King rarely deigned to visit the recording studios to conduct in person, but the actual conductors, recording ensembles, and precise dates are specified. Best of all, what finally satisfies the long-denied hopes of Souseanians is the inclusion of the only eight original disc tracks that Sousa actually *did* conduct himself.

The transfers are claimed to be, and sound as if they indeed are, ungimmicked reproductions, entirely free of electronic stereoization, frequency-spectrum or acoustical-ambience tampering, or even shellac-surface scratch suppression. (In this kind of repertory, the scratch generally is well covered by the music itself.) The seven acousticals on the A side run from 1912 (*The Stars and Stripes Forever*, the only really ancient-sounding recording here, in a Pryor performance much faster and less grandiloquent than the piece ever gets today) to 1923. The seven B-side electricals run from 1925 to 1929. I can't trust my memory of what these sounded like when they first appeared, but nothing here (including the acoustics) sounds wrong for its period, as do so many transfers that have been tampered with in some way. Check for yourself the differences in tonal naturalness between the Pelican and the Everest 3260 transfers of the only two recordings they have in common, *The Washington Post* of May 18, 1926, and *El Capitan* of June 15, 1926. In the trio of the latter the bass-drum strokes have genuine solidity here vs. the dull thuds in the Everest disc.

Moreover, the sonics (except of course for those of 1912 and to a lesser degree those of 1917) must impress even present-day ears as unexpectedly good. There are many admirable details, such as the delicate, non-spotlighted glockenspiel in *The Dauntless Battalion* of May 29, 1923. The most obvious disadvantage throughout is the generally very dry acoustical ambience, with less difference in this and other respects between late acousticals and early electricals than one is prepared for. The main difference, I'd say, is the fuller sonority of the larger ensembles used by 1925-26 and the closer miking and increased vividness characteristics achieved in 1929.

Yet what most fascinates me personally is the challenge of deciding how Sousa's own performances differ from those of his surrogates and later band leaders. My mainly subjective guess is that (except in the rather heavy-handedly played as well as musically less interesting *Liberty Loan* and *March of the Mitten Men*) Sousa does manage to infuse the playing with a distinctively individual jaunty verve and

proud authority. Particularly impressive are the 1923 *Dauntless Battalion* and 1926 *Thunderer*, of which the former is the only commercial recording ever made, according to Canadian band-music expert Frank R. McGuire.

I recommend it without reservation not only to every Sousa and military march specialist, but to every audiophile interested in what audio technology really was like in the years shortly before and just after the great spring-1925 watershed between the acoustical and electrical eras.

R.D.D.

STRAUSS, R.: Ein Heldenleben, Op. 40. Michel Schwalbé, violin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. [Michel Glotz, prod.] ANGEL S 37060, \$6.98 (SQ-encoded disc).

One must go back to Sir Thomas Beecham for a *Heldenleben* so consistently civilized in manner, for the emphasis here is on lyric drama rather than bombast. Although Karajan has had this music in his concert and recorded repertory for some time, he has never developed this approach quite so successfully before. Played with four speakers and SQ decoding, this becomes a room-filling swirl of sound with the low strings and brasses effectively set forth and those incredible long Straussian phrases joined in the super-seamless fashion Karajan cultivates. The seemingly neo-Nazi jacket photograph could hardly be less appropriate.

R.C.M.

STRAUSS, R.: Quartet for Piano and Strings, in C minor, Op. 13. Irma Vallecillo, piano; Los Angeles String Trio. [David Hancock, prod.] DESMAR DSM 1002, \$6.98.

Perhaps even few Straussians realize how talented the Munich prodigy already was before he fell under the influence of Alexander Ritter in 1885 and soon thereafter embarked on the series of lone poems that were to win him first worldwide notoriety and soon worldwide fame. And it's likely that fewer still appreciate how deeply he was under the influence of Brahms, Schumann, and even Mendelssohn in one of the last and best of his student works, the piano quartet of 1884. Rarely heard in concert, it has been recorded before, and there is a Vienna recording available from Musical Heritage Society (MHS 1777). British gramophiles have access to a recent Cardiff Festival Ensemble version, with a not unreasonably abbreviated finale, on Argo ZRC 809, not yet released domestically.

Much as I welcome a modern American version of this remarkable, more-Brahmsian-than-Brahms, more-Schumannesque-than-Schumann quartet, I have to balance praise for Desmar's repertorial enterprise with considerable reservations about both the performance and recording. The young Angelenos play with immense enthusiasm but little sense of Romantic stylistic traditions. And their excessive vehemence and exaggerated dynamic and tempo contrasts are sometimes exacerbated by a touch of sharp-edgedness to the overclose high strings in the otherwise first-rate but perhaps too-high-level recording.

R.D.D.

There were many ugly sounds and only an occasional ration of pliancy to serve as a reminder of the sort of singing she can deliver. Hampered by awkward costumes and silly gestures, this is a performance she would do well to restudy. Some of the best singing of the night came from the two basses, Bonaldo Giaiotti (Ramfis) and James Morris (the King), who offered firm, characterful, generous singing at every cue. They sounded like Pinza and Chaliapin back again.

GEORGE MOVSHON

Il Barbiere di Siviglia

In a performance that yielded a surprisingly good mix from odd ingredients, the Metropolitan reshuffled the leading roles of Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* on the evening of January 20, assigning the name part to the American baritone, Richard Stilwell, for the first time in New York; the role of Count Almaviva to the Welsh tenor, Ryland Davies, another first; and shifted the casting of Rosina from soprano to mezzo (the composer's own choice). Frederica von Stade, already well known in the part, returned. James Morris was the new Don Basilio; while Fernando Corena, the Dr. Bartolo, served as the only holdover from earlier performances this season.

Corena's singing of the part remains a constant, and was reviewed in the February issue. On this occasion it was his comic projection that led to a triumph in the Lesson Scene. As the veteran buffo, his vision obscured by shaving cream smeared to the eyeballs, stole vengefully in the direction of the harpsichord, bent on surprising the lovers (all traditional stuff up till now), the barber's sheet that Figaro had draped over him not long before suddenly became animated, trailed between his legs in a frantic ballet of its own. The hilarity of this moment, its consummate timing and art, spurred an ovation.

In the matter of "firsts," Stilwell succeeded as Figaro, especially on the vocal side. Having seen this baritone by now in a trio of roles—Guglielmo and Figaro at the Metropolitan, Eugene Onegin at Glyndebourne—always looking his handsome self with long, ash-blond hair, no attempt at change in identity or illusion, I question this disregard of theatrical law. His Onegin does not suggest in pres-

ence or in bearing the Petersburg snob on a scornful visit to the country. Neither does his Figaro, not at all Spanish or even remotely Latin, establish much connection with Seville. Attention to detail marks the great artist; and Stilwell, if he overcomes this lack, should be on the way to greatness.

His musicianship is impeccable, his taste generally good—although I should fault him for hazarding a sloppy, blurred *prestissimo* toward the close of "*Largo al factotum*," and the conductor for having permitted it. Yet with a performer of such promise, the enormous possibilities outweigh all passing defects. His voice is beautiful in quality, evenly produced; clear, never burly or forced. And the top tones are a glory. Not since the days of Richard Bonelli, warmly recalled, has an instrument of this very special type been heard at the Metropolitan. Its advent is a cause for joy.

In another kind of reaction, and at the risk of running into local headwinds, I must admit to finding Frederica von Stade's Rosina a disappointment. Much has been made of the lady, who is young, personable, and strikes an agreeable lyric chime. But her singing, for all its fluency, falls short on color. The sound is a near-monochrome, with little of the glint above or languor below associated with mezzo-coloratura—and these are only two among the many vocal contrasts on demand in *Il Barbiere*, for Rosina is more complex than the well-bred girl into which Miss von Stade has made her. She is devious and rebellious, romantic, proud, full of volatile caprice. Few of these shadings reached us via the ear.

And Dr. Bartolo's ward was also neutral to the eye. She frisked, she smiled, but hardly ever lit up. Does the sometimes bawdy world of *opera buffa* trouble this performer? All I am able to record is that part of the audience, myself among them, went away deprived.

Happily Ryland Davies, the Almaviva, surpassed expectations. One had not, on the basis of his previous work, awaited all that sparkle in action and song. The close of "*Ecce ridente*" might have come off with greater effervescence; but the outline was there, the voice stayed bright and flexible. In one small miscalculation, Davies' military disguise touched the obvious and should be replaced. Oth-

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erwise he looked well, sang ably, and gave us the best Almaviva in years.

On a different plane, James Morris' Don Basilio—loud, smug, unfunny—revived touring company standards of the 1920s. It would have electrified Asbury Park. The secondary parts were nicely taken, with Cynthia Munzer a good Berta, Robert Goodloe a stylish Fiorello. Cyril Ritchard's staging, renewed by Patrick Tavernia, is ready for the last collapse and might, with justice, engulf John Nelson, who conducted.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

La Traviata

There was a good deal to admire in the carefully, even reverently prepared *Traviata* on January 21: the sensitively acted and sung Violetta of Beverly Sills; the secure and authoritative conducting of Sarah Caldwell new to the Metropolitan this season; and the always dependable work by the secondary singers of the house. The only cavil, a major one, touched on performing style and idiom. I found them seriously out of line.

My disquiet had almost nothing to do with the production's more obvious shortcomings: the low-camp



Beverly Sills—
still the ideal
Violetta



Renatta Scotto
as Sister Angelica
in Puccini's *Trittico*

décor by Cecil Beaten; the busy stage direction of Fabrizio Melano who, in striving to make real characters (they aren't) out of the comprimario roles, loaded the work with fussy, sometimes embarrassingly trite detail; the arch and strident choreography by John Butler. Such drawbacks existed, but could be taken in stride. What disturbed me was the absence of any ethnic color in an essentially Italian opera.

The action, I am aware, is set in Paris; but the heart of the work lies in the Milanese musical idiom, in the special quality and weight of the *piangendo*, the passion and anguish of the *espressivo*, related to no other school. We have been witness to many protests against opera in English, listened to claims—often just—that the translated product loses in flavor and authenticity; but more to be deplored, it seems to me, is the draining off of all native juices, the reduction of a work to national anonymity even when the original text has been retained. Together with this facelessness comes an absence of

the audience-inspiring spark that should characterize any memorable Verdi performance. There is nothing wrong with the Met's *Traviata* that the presence of a great Italian conductor (or of such gifted American maestros as Thomas Schippers or James Levine, with a flair for the idiom) might not cure—along with the elimination of such inappropriate casting as that of Stuart Burrows, a good Mozart singer but certainly no Verdian, as Alfredo. Unfortunately, the scheduled Germont, Ingvar Wixell, was indisposed. His replacement by the rich-voiced but stolid and parochial William Walker brought no elation.

I attended a *Traviata* repeat on February 2, when Wixell did appear, to the benefit of the evening as a whole, and especially to the interaction, so fundamental, between himself and Violetta. In good voice, he sang the restored cabaletta (previously omitted by Walker) and spun a mellow mood. One might not relish hearing this piece at every future revival of the opera—it is much below par for Verdi—but its presence did make possible a total architectural view of Act II, Scene I.

From the standpoint of respect for the score and realization of its rhythms (more complex than one might imagine), Miss Caldwell deserves great praise. She drew a lovely, pastel tone from the orchestra (I have not, in a long experience of *Traviata*, heard the violin solo that accompanies Violetta's reading of the letter played so poignantly as by the concertmaster, Raymond Gniewek, on this occasion). Miss Caldwell's concept was sculpturally motivated, with scholarship and efficiency as associated goals. It all worked, as far as it went. Too bad that the flaming sense of theater this phenomenal figure brings to the staging of opera was so rarely present on this occasion in her dedicated yet curiously remote conducting.

Miss Sills remains in all respects except incandescence of tone the ideal Violetta. She has explored the part in depth, vocally and visually, extracted from it a pathos and vulnerability uniquely her own. The phrasing is of the utmost subtlety and penetration. One's only reservation concerns the missing amplitude required by such climactic phrases as "*Amami, Alfredo.*" I do not mean to imply that a lyric-

coloratura soprano cannot deal with these emotional peaks on her own terms. It is simply that here Miss Sills did not equal her own best work in the less strenuous pages. Her death scene, indeed the entire last act, was beautifully done; and as this artist continues to gauge the acoustics of an auditorium to which she is relatively new, I believe she will give firmer, clearer shape to the spoken words in the reading of the letter.

There were several short, studied silences during the evening, preceding or following important musical numbers. The first were effective; others brought diminishing returns.

R.L.

Trittico

It has been good to have Puccini's *Trittico* back home again, in the house for which it was written. But the staging and singing of these sharply contrasted one-act operas have not always drawn critical applause for the present revival. *Il Tabarro* has been scarred by some clumsy stagecraft, *Suor Angelica* by psychological insensitivity, and *Gianni Schicchi* by a too

frenetic pursuit of laughter through jolly romps on stage. Yet on the night of January 26 these deficiencies were largely put out of mind by the presence of an outstanding talent who transformed much of the dubious action by her very individual way of working. Renata Scottò took over the feminine leads of all three operas for the seventh and eighth performances of the season. She showed that the presence of a star can sometimes make a mighty difference.

Miss Scottò brought life to the role of Giorgetta, a fragile, guilt-ridden verisimilitude to the portrayal of the barge-captain's unfaithful wife; and she built a musical performance deeply crafted and strongly conveyed. As Sister Angelica, she was the totally pliant, submissive sinner—yet she never allowed one to forget that beyond all of her abjectness she was an aristocrat, indeed a princess. A half-hour later she was Schicchi's daughter, a delectable, radiantly free young woman. In each *persona* the singing remained confident, beautifully shaped and tonally generous. Star quality is a fine thing to make operas with.

G.M.

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debut & reappearances



Peter Hastings

Maazel, Herzog, and composer Nicolas Nabokov at Cleveland's all-Blacher program

BUFFALO

Buffalo Phil.: Heinrich premiere

For brevity's sake it was billed as *The Mighty Niagara* on the January 18–20 programs of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. But the actual title

of the work by Anthony Philip Heinrich—conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas with exquisitely controlled elan—is *The War of the Elements and the Thundering of Niagara*, *Capriccio grande* for a full orchestra. The date of composition is presumed around 1850. Heinrich (1781–1861) was a wealthy Bohemian merchant and

amateur violinist marooned in the United States by bankruptcy in 1811. He eventually turned professional musician and bootstrapped his way to the accolade “the Beethoven of America.” Salon pieces and conducting prowess won him fame, but his soul lay unfathomed in his many grandiose orchestral works, far too complicated for the rag-tag American orchestras of the day to handle. Under Thomas' baton, then, it was not only a century-delayed premiere for *Niagara*, but also the first American performance of *any* Heinrich orchestral work by adequately rehearsed, professional musicians. Thomas kept the work moving with firm but supple pressure, clearly revealing a strong sense of drama, direction, and purpose in the music's longer line—the closing, cascading roar of timpani versus percussion in strong, angular off-beats came not as an isolated effect, but an anticipated and exciting inevitability.

Superficially, one could dismiss *Niagara* as amateurish, pointing out stereotypic frilly piccolo trills, occasional oom-pah-village-band ambiance, and frequent leanness of harmony. But Heinrich had developed some highly individual notions of orchestral coloration and a flair for bold, unbridled chromatic modulation. There are any number of 19th-century European works enjoying or-



Boris Blacher in 1962

chestral repertory status whose substantive musical content is less than Heinrich's *Niagara*. It will be a great service to our musical, historical, and Bicentennial perspectives if the work is given proper place among its contemporaries. H.T.

CLEVELAND

Cleveland Orch.: Boris Blacher

Programs of music by one composer, while not exactly a new idea, can be of immense interest. The wonder is why orchestras and conductors do not use the device more often with contemporary composers they hold in high esteem. The January 8-10 program by Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra in Severance Hall was a good example of such an endeavor. The late Boris Blacher, former head of the Berlin Hochschule, was and is a respected name in international music circles, and yet only two of his works had been heard here before last night. Both were first performed under George Szell—*Music for Cleveland*, commissioned for the orchestra's fortieth anniversary season

in 1958, and the Variations on a Theme by Paganini. These and four first-in-Cleveland works cover the chronological range of his works from 1937 to 1973. It would appear that he never divorced himself from the thread of tradition, though he personalized it as he went along. The early (1937) *Concertante Musik* displayed his lean and tough-fibered method of writing for orchestra. He used elements of jazz and fashionably advanced harmonic devices, and, with a high degree of craftsmanship, made them work together effectively.

The latest work (1973), *Blues, Espagnola and Rumba Philharmonica* for twelve cellos, received its first U.S. performance. The three movements were more apotheoses than imitations of those popular forms, making an intriguing whole, and keeping one's attention riveted not only on the piece but on the soloists and conductor. The work should become at least as popular as the Villa-Lobos offerings for cello. *Collage* has the same sort of attractiveness, clarity, and transparency (virtually everything can be heard and identified), but it goes on for too long, leaving one's attention to wander. One sensed the same problem with the Variations on a Theme by Clementi for piano and orchestra, played with incisiveness and great rhythmic mastery by Blacher's widow, Gerty Hertzog, in her U.S. performance debut. As in the other works there is much logic and

facile manipulation of rhythmic material; wit and humor are derived from the complexities showered upon a childishly simple idea. But in spite of the brilliance of both the idea and its execution, the work lacked the warmth that Blacher was capable of. When all is said and done, however, one can only wonder why this composer is not heard more often. F.H.

DENVER

Denver Sym: Brown premiere

As the single world premiere of the Denver Symphony's 1975-76 season, Earle Brown's *Cross Sections and Color Fields* contained distinctive elements (e.g. a cadenza for the conductor) revealing the composer's effort to write spontaneity into his score. Commissioned for the orchestra by the Serge Koussevitzky Foundation in the Library of Congress, the work was well received for its over-all tonal refinement, while conductor Brian Priestman shared in the applause for his singular "performance" in the cadenza. Brown's concern that his zeal for controls not destroy a "flexible continuity that breathes" led him to devise "edifices" in which the conductor selects the order that specific "constructions" are played by holding up one to five fingers to cue the musicians.

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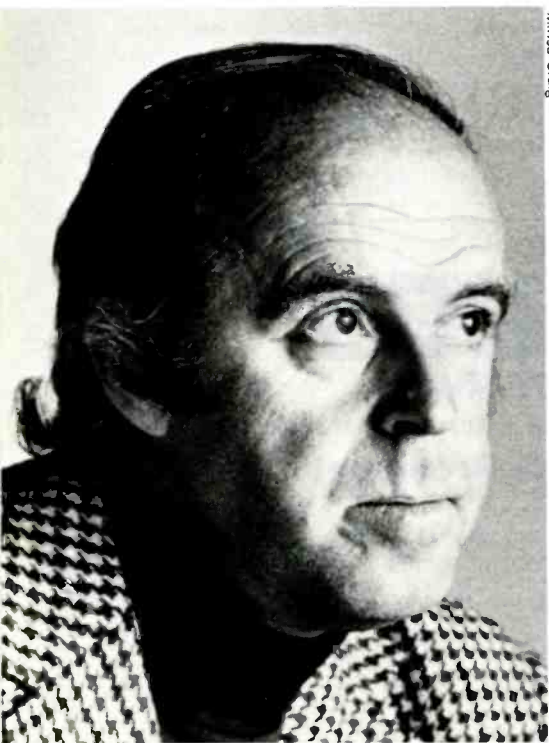
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and orchestra responded extremely well. The music is not hard to absorb. Its character is one of general suavity—a neo-Schubertian spirit of brooding drama within a gentle mood, well paced with contrasts which served to bring vitality to its twenty-three-minute length. Spatial elements were effectively established with sustained groups of notes, which changed color and volume, and were in turn broken up by delicate percussion splashings and lush harp pluckings, with trumpet calls occasionally thrown into the mix. There was almost no untraditional use of instruments.

Before the last rehearsal this writer spoke with Brown, who detailed his feeling that “renewal factors” must be written into contemporary scores. He described the work as “very vertical—it is based on symmetric aggregates from a nucleus of tones, making a quasi-harmonic, intervallic concept.” Adamant in his belief that spontaneity could be written into the work, Brown was genuinely concerned about providing orchestra musicians with ways of finding their own self-expression.

The program also featured Denver-born violinist Eugene Fodor. His technical prowess is considerable, but display outranked musicality in his superficial performance of the Paganini Concerto No. 1. Brian Priestman



Composer Earl Brown



Lorna Haywood as Katya, Edith Davis as Barbara in *Katya Kabanova*

lead a captivating reading of the Haydn Symphony No. 93 in D major to conclude the evening. A.Y.

DETROIT

Detroit Sym.: Colgrass premiere

“All composers today are asking themselves ‘What’s the significance of the past to me now? Do I believe in it, can I still give my heart to it?’ It is a struggle going on, and I just put it in musical terms.” Thus spoke composer Michael Colgrass about his *Concertmasters* for Three Solo Violins and Orchestra, commissioned by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and premiered January 29 at Ford Auditorium with concertmaster Gordon Staples, associate concertmaster Bogos Mortchikian, and assistant concertmaster Joseph Goldman as soloists.

Colgrass apparently saw the commission as a chance to telescope within twenty minutes stylistic trends in concerto writing from Vivaldi (famous for his multiple violin concertos) to the present. The three violinists functioned as co-soloists (they are labeled Red, Yellow, and Blue in the score), alternately challenging one another by sampling each of the concerto’s four styles: neo-baroque, romantic, impressionistically atmospheric, post-Webernian. Largely atonal, and serial in character, *Concertmasters* established itself as a work of factionalism and confrontation. By

the coda, each soloist had chosen a single style and convinced part of the ensemble to follow his lead. An Ivesian melange of simultaneously conflicting styles, conductors (Yellow, Blue, and Aldo Ceccato) and tempos resulted, the whole piece trailing off to the romantic/impressionistic strains of Red. In the midst of the fray, Yellow broke into Vivaldiesque C major, complete with clearly audible harpsichord and string-wind octave doubling of the bass line. This audibility was a testament to Colgrass’ transparent orchestration, which called for large performing forces, including an elaborate percussion section, but which deployed instruments economically for carefully balanced effects of nuance and shading—from brilliant flashes of color and crystalline sonorities to dense bands of funereal gray.

Music director Ceccato maintained a lyrical undercurrent, providing a spacious backdrop for the rude outbursts of percussion, brass, and soloists, whose fiddling was virtuosic and perfectly matched during the score’s occasional declarations of truce. Also on the program was the Bach Double Concerto (with violinists Staples and Franco Gulli), in which orchestra and soloists went their separate ways for an inconclusive reading. A lumpishly accompanied Beethoven Violin Concerto was unevenly matched by Gulli’s impressively forceful solo line, pure in both tone and phrasing. J.D.H.

LOUISVILLE

Kentucky Opera Assoc.: "Katya"

The operas of Leos Janáček are slowly taking their place in the repertoires of companies throughout the Western world. The Kentucky Opera Association recently contributed to the American wing of this movement by producing the Louisville premiere of *Katya Kabanova*. The performance (presented on January 16 and 17) turned out to be exceptionally rewarding, not only in its discovery of a lyric masterpiece, but also in its perceptively mounted, well sung production.

Katya is a tragedy of generations in conflict. *Katya's* generosity of spirit is no match for the grim fanaticism of her mother-in-law, whose strict moral code forces upon *Katya* a sense of guilt that eventually destroys her. If such a story is fairly common in Slavic literature, there is nothing commonplace in Janáček's musical treatment of it. His score is a mosaic of short themes, which are repeated over and over in ever-fluctuating melodic and rhythmic patterns. There's never a protracted tune or aria, but the short musical phrases welling up constantly from the orchestra paint character and passion with honesty. There are theatrical strokes of genius. In his second-act love duet, for instance, Janáček takes *Katya* and her lover off-stage, while two youngsters flirt innocently with each other. From

the distance, the voices of *Katya* and her lover occasionally soar above them in brief outbursts of ecstasy. And in his climactic scene, the composer brings his lovers together in silence, as his orchestra sings a melody of ineffable poignancy.

Lorna Haywood enjoyed a triumph in the title role, giving a performance as mesmerizing in its psychological insights as it was ravishing in sound. Charme Riesley unfortunately was a weak protagonist as her mother-in-law, but John Sandor looked handsome and sang well as her lover. Edith Davis, John Gilmore, and Roger Havranek filled smaller roles intelligently.

Charles Janssens' settings were ordinary, mixing neo-Bayreuth spareness with a visually unattractive literalism. But his direction was clean and direct. The orchestra betrayed its unfamiliarity with Janáček's music in some sloppy ensemble work, although Moritz Bomhard conducted sensitively. W.M.

MIAMI

Greater Miami Opera: "Otello"

The Greater Miami Opera's thirty-fifth season began spectacularly on January 17 with four performances of Verdi's *Otello* in a superbly cast and magnificently staged new production. Not everyone was as good opening night as thereafter (I attended three performances), yet in thirty-five



Peter Glossop—an insinuating Iago

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 Sewanee, Tennessee 37375

years of opera-going on four continents I have never witnessed such an ideal presentation of Verdi's masterpiece.

Otello launched a cycle of Verdi-Shakespeare operas to come: *Macbeth* in 1977, *Falstaff* in 1978, all devised by the brilliant team of director Nathaniel Merrill and designer Nicola Benois. Miami Opera artistic director Emerson Buckley collaborated with a masterly job of conducting the rich orchestral score and pacing the drama. The well-known individual portrayals of the principals were all meshed successfully: Jon Vickers, as *Otello*, his ringing tenor at its thrilling best; the sturdy-voiced Peter Glossop, an insinuating *Iago*; the pure gold tones and ethereal *pianissimos* of Teresa Zylis-Gara, perhaps the ideal *Desdemona* of our time. Robert Johnson was just right as *Cassio*, and William Wilderman impressive as *Lodovico*. Praise is also due to Joanna Simon, Joaquin Romaguera, and Morris White in briefer parts.

Richard Lorain's sumptuous costumes, Tharon Musser's effective lighting, the precision singing of Warren Broome's choristers, and even the sword fight staged by Oscar Kolombatovich contributed to this landmark achievement. Performances in Dade County Auditorium benefited from a big remodeling project; the formerly wretched acoustics are excellent now. Miami Beach's new Theater of the Performing Arts opened just in time for a second performance of the production. It is a handsome 2,950 seat hall and a first-class showcase for opera. F.W.O'R.

MILWAUKEE

Milwaukee Sym.: Luening prem.

The Milwaukee Symphony Or-



Jacques Lefter

Pianist Lazar Berman at his home in Moscow

chestra kicked off the Bicentennial year in its January 3 and 4 concerts with a world premiere of Otto Luening's *Wisconsin Symphony*, a work composed under a Bicentennial grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Historically, the occasion could not have been more appropriate. Luening is a native of Milwaukee whose family has been a prime mover in musical affairs since the pioneering days of the community. His father provided the musical substance of the city's Centennial celebration in 1876.

History also was on Luening's mind when he composed his symphony. Its four movements are representative of epochs. In each, he used melodic references so specific that they served a symbolic rather than a musical purpose. Quotations of *Taps* and *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming* repeatedly measured out recurring martial entanglements and the enduring spiritual strength of the state.

The pleasant surprise of recognition and the programmatic quality of the materials' positioning make the work popular with an audience. But Luening has not written an anthology of tunes. Rather, he exerts considerable skill in shaping provocative variations in the manner and boldness of Charles Ives. He also incorporates in the score a taped soprano vocalise, and mysterious, electronic pedal tones.

While *Wisconsin Symphony* may approach the banal at times, in the generally pretentious Bicentennial atmosphere it is refreshing to

experience a more forthright approach. And, if Luening had resisted using *On Wisconsin* as his finale, his musical journey through time might have had the opportunity for a more widespread hearing. J.J.

NEW YORK

Betty Allen: "Sing Out, America"

One of the benefits of the Bicentennial year is that Americans may discover several neglected aspects of their musical heritage. Although composers like MacDowell and Loeffler are already familiar names, their reputations are largely based on a few well-known orchestral and piano pieces. It was a great pleasure to hear instead the treasury of art songs that were exhumed from the library shelf by Betty Allen at her Town Hall recital on January 20, the first in a concert series called "Sing Out, America."

And sing out, she did! A deep-throated mezzo with seemingly endless reserves of power, Miss Allen has a natural flair for robust direct expression and for dramatic roles. She is best type-cast as a towering maternal figure, determined, tender, and slightly angry. In the burgundy gown and flashy feather hat of a suffragette (one of her four costumes during the recital), she delivered a stirring, authoritative rendition of the four monologues from Virgil Thomson's opera *The Mother of Us All*.

However, during most of the Euro-

pean-influenced lyric songs (MacDowell and Griffes) that began the program, Miss Allen sounded uncomfortably constrained. In an attempt to hold back her massive voice, some unpleasant nasality resulted, and several frilly appoggiaturas ended up on flat notes in the three songs by Francis Hopkinson, who is known as America's first composer. But faced with the heftier accompaniment to Loeffler's impressionist Verlaine songs, Miss Allen could unbridle her voice, which mingled ravishingly with the complex harmonies of the piano, played by John Buskirk, and the simple, exquisite viola lines of John Graham.

The best was reserved for last—a set of eight spirituals called *The Life of Christ*, arranged by Roland Hayes. The spiritual does not titillate the intellect with clever harmonies and intricate rhythms; instead, its stark simplicity goes straight for the emotions, placing the greatest demands on the expressiveness of the singer. Betty Allen shone in this music. She knew well how to slide into her notes with incredible pathos. Nothing wrought the heart more than *He Never Said a Mumberlin' Word*, in which Miss Allen, wearing a checkered maid's costume, sang her unaccompanied melody as though charged with all the sadness and hope of mankind. This was magnificent artistry, and thoroughly American to boot. M.B.



Betty Allen

Dickran Atamian, piano

Competition prizes sometimes give a healthy boost to young talents, but too often they jolt a young artist's career into trouble. The latter seems to be the case with Dickran Atamian, the twenty-year-old first prize winner of the 1975 Naumburg Piano Competition. Propelled prematurely into his New York recital at Alice Tully Hall on February 2, Mr. Atamian displayed a wealth of musical feelings, but sabotaged himself by trying to master too much too soon.

The program would have been a substantial challenge even to a seasoned performer. Chopin's A flat Ballade was the only "short" work among three extensive sonatas: the Prokofiev Sixth, Schubert's Sonata in G, and the Sonata (1964), heavily influenced by Hindemith, of Donald Keats. The challenge was not so much one of pyrotechnics (although the Prokofiev had its share), but of



Dickran Atamian—too much too soon

maintaining an extraordinary level of concentration, particularly in the vast Schubert Sonata. Plagued with memory and attention lapses, Atamian could not integrate the expansive form of this music and tended instead towards piecemeal concentration on individual passages. This approach distorted the shape of the music, lending, for example, an anachronistic angularity and jitteriness to the beautiful chromatic passage that ends the exposition and recapitulation of the Schubert's first movement. Atamian's nervousness disrupted his technique as well, not only in obviously difficult sections,

like the sprawling broken chords of the Prokofiev Allegretto, but also in the thinly scored lines of the Schubert, where too many notes were strangled by tension.

The Chopin Ballade, on a smaller scale than the rest of the program, fared better. In the opening phrase, Atamian captured the necessary *zal* (that untranslatable Polish word that means something more than yearning). The performance suggested that this gifted young pianist should enter the concert world afresh, but only after further disciplined practice and realistic rethinking about programming, lest his career be just an ephemeral splash. M.B.

Lazar Berman, piano

Lazar Berman, by dint of nature's endowments, is a true *Heldenpianist*. He is a huge man, genial in appearance and possessing a pair of shoulders that leads one to suspect he could make his living moving pianos rather than audiences. The 92nd Street YMHA's Kaufman auditorium was filled to capacity on February 2 to welcome the Soviet artist in his New York recital debut. The only important guest that failed to show on that freezing, wintry night was the Steinway that Berman had carefully selected for the concert, leaving the pianist with the Y's house instrument, a bedraggled old alleycat of a piano. But even with the handicap, he managed a magnificently powerful, sonorous tone, and his simple, winning manner carried all before him.

He began with ten of the twenty-four Preludes that Shostakovich composed in 1932-33. Within a strict, poker-faced rhythmic pulse, Berman evoked all sorts of caustic asides and fairy tale colors. These witty miniatures couldn't have sounded warmer, more supremely finished or deliciously humorous. The Liszt Sonata suffered only in comparison with the new Berman recording which this reviewer had just heard. By normal criteria, he gave the piece a masterful performance, and a near perfect one technically. Beethoven's E flat Sonata, Op. 31 No. 3, though, must count as the one real disappointment of the evening. Berman seemed a little nonplussed by the piece: on the one hand, he curbed his natural adrenaline, but on the other, he wasn't able to offer any compensa-

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tory insights. This was a sturdy, sometimes innocently unstructured Beethoven—occasionally a shade sentimentalized (as in the first and third movements), sometimes a little flabby and overpedaled, and all too often, bloodless in *pianos* and tacky in *sforzandos* (could be that piano again). Liszt's *Rhapsodie Espagnole*, by sharpest contrast, was nothing short of overwhelming in both bravura and poetry. The roaring octave avalanches brought everyone to their feet. But I was equally impressed by the incredibly limpid, delicately textured sonority Berman's bearish hands produced on the wistful second appearance of the *Jota Aragonesa* theme. If ever there was a performance which made sense of this sprawling composition, this was it.

The encores were numerous and impressive: Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade* and *Erlkönig* in the Liszt arrangements, the most famous Scriabin Etude, Rachmaninoff's G minor Prelude and (of all things), the little *Menuetto* of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 49 # No. 2. H.G.

Bronx Opera: "The Tender Land"

For a true opera lover, an evening at the opera is never completely wasted. If the libretto is incoherent, there is the music. If the music limps, there are the singers. If the singers are mediocre, there are the sets and costumes. Should everything fail, there is still that special *frisson* which only opera, with its combination of art

and spectacle, can provide.

Almost everything failed at the Hunter College Assembly Hall on January 16 on the occasion of the first performance in more than two decades of a revised version of Aaron Copland's opera *The Tender Land*. The libretto, by a painter writing under the pseudonym of Horace Everett, was embarrassing in its attempts at grass roots folksiness. In trying to attach a symbolic significance to the heroine's graduation from high school into life, it postured like Clifford Odets without that author's poetry and strength. The set was a cluttered olio of barn and kitchen and picket fence and porch, far too multipurpose for the small Hunter stage. It was through this impedimenta, designed by Philip Graziano, that the singers threaded their way as satisfactorily as the circumstances and Richard Getke's literal-minded direction allowed.

Dona Granata's costumes, musical comedy midwestern, were at least colorful, and of a piece with the rest of the production, which was presented by the Bronx Opera Company under the musical direction of Michael Spierman. Soprano Sheila Barnes was an appealing Laurie; she sang well, was pretty to look at, and radiated the kind of naive enthusiasm necessary to sustain such banal exchanges as "I have nothing to give you" and "I'll stay by your side." The rest of the cast was adequate if undistinguished.

The music, composed between

1952 and 1954, is in Copland's familiar "American" style, which is to say wide melodic intervals, open triadic harmony, and a certain emotive quality which has been taken to suggest the wide open spaces of the American heartland. In works of shorter duration, the composer has indeed been able to capture non-specific moods of vitality and yearning, moods which are equally well expressed in *The Tender Land* in set pieces such as hoedowns and individual arias. But taken as a whole, the opera lacks momentum. It stops and starts, and seldom if ever does a subsequent scene seem the inevitable consequent of the music which preceded it. (The fine ensemble concluding the first act is a striking exception). Even given the crippling libretto and the lack of authenticity of time and place, the music, written after all by one of this country's most recognized composers, might have assured the opera an honorable position in the catalog of American music drama. But for all its individual felicities, it stagnates when it should propel and becomes didactic when it should move. As welcome as this opportunity was to become acquainted with the piece, one doubts that future revivals will occur with any frequency. A.S.

Cantilena Chamber Players: Feldman premiere

Two pieces by Morton Feldman were performed on January 18 by the Cantilena Chamber Players, as the first in a series of concerts at the Jewish Museum. Well-named was his Piece for Violin and Piano, whose minute-and-a-half duration qualifies it as true music for the nuclear age. But his *Four Instruments* (1976), a piano quartet here receiving its world premiere, spanned thirteen minutes and thereby allowed a more extended view of Feldman's art.

He does not compose action-packed music. When he describes his over-all output as prevailing in "softness and slowness," he means that he's unconcerned with beat, or with using loud-soft differentiation as an articulative device. Formality is achieved by restricting everything to chords, sometimes played separately, sometimes in groups of progressions; each statement is followed by a pause that allows decay, and invariably the following statement is played at a dif-



Dee Wernet

"Stomp Your Foot" from *The Tender Land*

ferent dynamic—hence Feldman’s apt description of *Four Instruments* as “completely verticle.” Since the differences in dynamic are not strongly contrasted, since they do not serve to build or release tension, Feldman’s use of them is a wholly modern one. He likens it to the use of perspective in painting.

The effect is one of tentativeness. It’s like watching a procession of nouns and adjectives in search of a verb. This piano quartet is no example of avant-garde minimalism, not with all that firmly-delineated harmonic activity, but it is decidedly modern in its hypnotic aura and focus on music-as-material.

Playing it to a fare-thee-well was the Cantilena foursome, consisting of Frank Glazer, piano, Edna Michell, violin, Harry Zaratzian, viola, and Paul Tobias, cello. Present at the concert also were Feldman himself and David Amram, both of them giving enlightening introductions to their music. (The Cantilena series at the Jewish Museum is part of a grant program called Meet the Composer.)

Amram’s piece, here receiving its American premiere, was *Portraits*, a well-crafted twelve-minute set of variations on a folk-like theme introduced by the cello. Also on the program were Beethoven’s E flat major Piano Quartet, and the Brahms G minor Piano Quartet. Glazer, before launching into the Beethoven, apologized for the condition of the piano.



Sir Lennox Berkeley

He needn’t have: the professional sheen of his playing more than compensated for any shortcomings in sonority. His colleagues throughout maintained a high standard of chamber music teamwork. In sum, a group well worth a visit.

J.H.

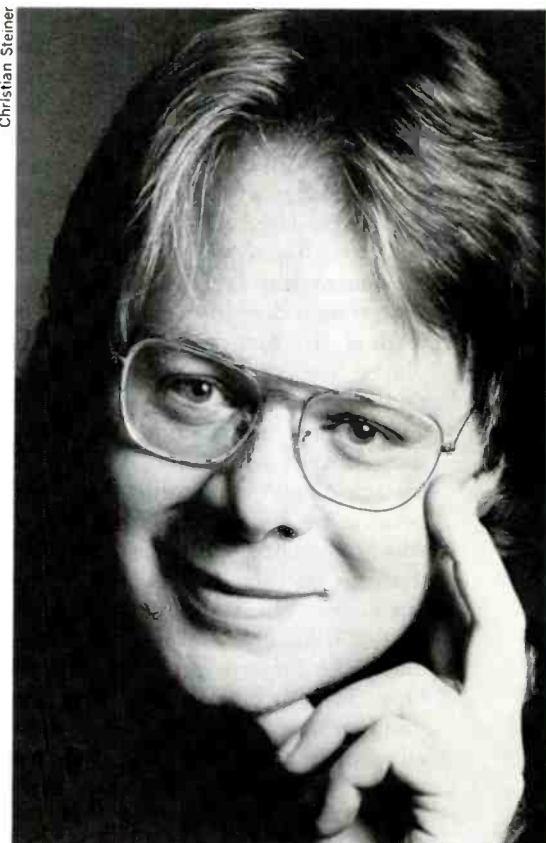
Ch. Music. Soc.: Berkeley prem.

The tremendous variety of styles and aesthetic points of view heard from composers today is a distinctive and ongoing trait of twentieth-century music. This diversity has been recognized by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, whose director Charles Wadsworth has made the commissioning and introduction of new works an integral part of the group’s concerts. One such work is Sir Lennox Berkeley’s Quintet for Piano and Winds, Op. 90, premiered on January 30 at Tully Hall. The four-movement piece was given a well-crafted and earnest performance by John Browning, guest pianist, Leonard Arner, oboe, Gervase De Peyer, clarinet, Loren Glickman, bassoon, and James Buffington, horn.

The famous seventy-three-year-old English composer, who made his first trip to the United States for this concert, is not well known in this country. He is the kind of establishment figure who writes in a conservative idiom generally neglected by international new music circles, but whose status and venerable years make him an appropriate and responsible choice for the Chamber Music Society. Berkeley’s new piece, written during the winter of 1974–75, is a sound, skillful, yet predictable outgrowth of his early diatonic neoclassicism coupled with that particular kind of restrained English nationalism/romanticism represented by Holst. The Quintet is quite conventional, both in its rhythms and its freely chromatic tonal language. One hears a strongly based tonality throughout, which the composer rarely alludes to directly. But when he does, it comes as a shock, such as the piano introducing a stretch of major chords for little apparent reason. The composer’s textures and his neglect of the instruments’ individual characters struck one as unimaginative. The winds were rarely integrated interestingly with the piano, too often playing all together in “chorale style.”

Berkeley’s new piece is sturdy and

Christian Steiner



Celloist Lynn Harrell

honest, though one could not regard it as important in terms of breaking new ground or handling musical materials in a truly distinctive way. But “being new” is not always the point. Merely the activity of composing and exposing musical works justifies the art; it is, indeed, crucial for its continued vitality.

B.S.

Lynn Harrell, James Levine: all Beethoven

Celloist Lynn Harrell, who is an Avery Fisher Award winner, and pianist James Levine, who is music director of the Metropolitan Opera, presented an all-Beethoven program on January 25 at Alice Tully Hall. For my taste, this was excellent Beethoven playing—rhythmically taut, structurally lucid and, at almost every turn, remarkably scrupulous in attention to the printed page. From the G minor, Op. 5 No. 2, Sonata’s opening Adagio sostenuto introduction—in which Levine’s clarity and directness of pulse were matched by Harrell’s precise but imaginative accompanimental figures—through the impressively virtuosic fugue finale of the D major, Op. 102 No. 2, one was treated to a stylistically big, no-nonsense execution.

But there was more than literalism and efficiency: Levine raised a few eyebrows by taking the second movement of the A major Sonata, Op. 69 *fortissimo* as originally indicated in Beethoven's manuscript. (The score was marked *piano* in the first printing; Beethoven later reinstated the first dynamic.) To my way of hearing, the movement has far more impact so done than it does in the blander *piano* reading. In fact, although Harrell played impeccably, with fine tone and precision bowing, it was Levine who almost consistently stole the show, not so much for any immodesty or lack of good ensemble spirit but because he simply displayed somewhat more energy and temperament than his partner. It was quite glorious to hear him meet and master all of the difficulties head on—particularly the fingertwisting episodes in Opp. 5 No. 2 and 69. If there was any disappointment at all, it was in the glib and tensionless straightforward way of Harrell and Levine at the start of the D major Sonata. Similarly, in the profound slow movement of the same work, I found the phrases slightly droopy and uninflected. Still, this was a more than satisfying concert. H.G.

Michael Lorimer: Bolcom prem.

With the increasing popularity of guitar recitals—a popularity begun by Andres Segovia around 1910 and enormously heightened by the folk-music enthusiasm of the 1950s and '60s—brilliant young guitarists now seem as numerous as pianists. One of the most brilliant around is thirty-year-old Michael Lorimer, who is as fleet, fluid, and downright phenomenal on his instrument as anyone could possibly wish.

But guitar recitals have a kind of built-in destruct mechanism. There simply is not a vast repertory available (if there is, nobody seems to be checking it out), and any ten recitals usually contain about two recitals' worth of material. There are a lot of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pieces, and there are the omnipresent works by Turina, Villa-Lobos, and Albeniz, and then one begins to long for something else.

Lorimer seems aware of this. Better, he is doing something about it. At his Alice Tully Hall recital on January 9 he played the expected things.

But he split his performances between the standard classical guitar and the smaller Baroque guitar, a nasal-sounding little instrument with not much color but a lot of charm. Sometimes the charm faded into dullness in the hall's large spaces, but the fault may lie in the music rather than the performer.

Lorimer is also working to expand the repertory. He played the New York premiere of *Seasons*, a fifteen-minute descriptive work by William Bolcom, an expertly eclectic composer with a deep involvement in musical Americana. Icicles, insects, winds—also ragtime—turn up in *Seasons*, and in all sorts of fascinating, ingenious ways. Lorimer played it spectacularly well and the audience's response was, well, spectacular. R.J.

Harvey Phillips, tuba

Harvey Phillips, that remarkable tuba virtuoso and proselytizer, is continuing his supersales campaign on behalf of his lowly instrument. Perhaps the most unusual event he has helped produce so far this season was a Christmas carol concert at Rockefeller Plaza performed by three hundred of the top brass among the nation's tubists. Most listeners opined that the resonant tones of the tuba can convey the season's tidings just as well as any other medium.

Phillips has also presented a number of recitals by his colleagues at Carnegie Recital Hall this season, and he himself performed there on December 22. A Harvey Phillips recital invariably is an occasion for the premiere of a new composition for tuba which he has commissioned, and this program contained two such works. Unfortunately, neither one showed much attention to the peculiar strengths and weaknesses of the instrument. Alec Wilder's Sonata No. 2 calls for a sustained cantabile sound throughout, a quality not easily coaxed from the tuba, not even by the likes of Harvey Phillips. Were such a feat less difficult, however, it would hardly have been worth the effort, considering how weak the material is. The Suite for Tuba and Saxophone Quartet by Ed Sauter relegated the tuba to its traditional drudgery as a bass instrument. A bass saxophone could have taken the part and added a much more compatible sonority to a piece whose writing has a good deal

of animation and ingenuity.

A work which exploits the tuba's potential much more ingeniously was the *Devil's Herald* by Richard Peaslee which Phillips premiered here last year. Even if some passages resemble accompaniment for a TV chase scene, the music is effective in its use of the instrument's growling low notes to create a mood of ominous suspense against a background of percussion and four horns.

The program included two Bach transcriptions and the Vaughan Williams Tuba Concerto in piano reduction. Steven Harlos was a conscientious keyboard accompanist among the many competent musicians who provided assistance. A.D.R.

St. Louis Symphony (Semkow)

The St. Louis Symphony, under its new music director Georg Semkow, came to Carnegie Hall January 29 with an interestingly varied program. The orchestra itself is in splendid health, young in personnel, strong in its parts, and warmly elegant in its totality—in every way typical of the fine ensembles that have been built up around the country. It is very much a "middle-European" sounding orchestra: one which relies primarily on richness of string sound, with lesser attention given to rhythmic qualities and to orchestral transparency.

Paradoxically, the most successful piece of the evening was the very French (and Russian!) song cycle *Shéhérazade* of Maurice Ravel. Here Semkow brought out the shifting colorations contained in this masterful and characteristically vivid score, and Heather Harper partnered him with a voice which may have lacked languorous sensuousness and the ability to dominate the climax of *Asie*, but which did possess great purity and a command of French. The opening Mozart Symphony No. 34 (K. 338) employed an ensemble built on five double basses. The result was predictable: old-style beefed-up Mozart which, when coupled with Semkow's attention to accent and *sforzandi*, sounded elephantine rather than lithe and springy.

Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C is perhaps the most problematic of his symphonies, an ungainly hybrid growing out of Beethoven and Schubert which I have always found, for its agglomeration of disparate ele-

ments, both grandiose and intimate. Its attempts at larger, whole-symphony forms are the cradle of the Bruckner symphonies. Its very problems make it attractive, for it gives a conductor challenges. Semkow, however, did not respond, and his performance was heavy sounding and not a little dull. P.J.S.

20th Cent. Music Series: Alsina

Carlos Alsina is not a household name today, but this young Argentine composer may yet exert a substantial impact. His *Schichten*, which received its American premiere at Juilliard on December 17, sustained a level of excitement that kept me literally on the edge of my seat. *Schichten*, which is the German word for layers, divides the instrumentalists into five small groups. The listener has the impression of being on a roller coaster, so abrupt are the shifts between the layers of sound. But these are no cheap thrills. The work has enough craftsmanship to stand respectably next to its stylistic progenitor, Varèse's craggy *Déserts*, which conductor Richard Dufallo wisely included on the concert's program as an "old" classic.

Also in its American premiere was Peter Maxwell Davies' *Ave Maris Stella*, a long work that is a far cry from the many accessible, theatrical creations which the composer has exported from England. The piece presents immense difficulties both to the six players and to the listener. Over-all, the music is dense and dry, and its complex rhythms are not easily followed. But several enchanting passages hint at the fine workmanship which repeated listening might reveal.

If there was little theatricality in Maxwell Davies' piece, the lack was amply compensated by the New York premiere of *An American Requiem*, another of the many experiments in spatial music by Juilliard professor Henry Brant. A chorus of druid-like woodwinds sits in a mystical semicircle with their backs to the audience, droning incessantly, while brass choirs, a kettledrum, a tuba, and bells send their individual messages from all corners of the hall (shades of the Berlioz Requiem). The dispersal of the musicians often seems a gimmicky, unnecessary distraction, with one notable exception. Soprano



Ainslee Cox, Vincent Price, Louis Ballard

Linda Morel, perched high in the balcony, sounded particularly ethereal as she sang simple unaccompanied solos based on Biblical texts predicting a holocaust and ultimate redemption. M.B.

OKLAHOMA CITY

Oklahoma Symphony: Ballard prem.

Fanfare and western flavor were present at the February 8 premiere of Louis Ballard's *A Portrait of Will Rogers* at Civic Center Music Hall; subtlety and musicality were not. The Cherokee-Quapaw composer based his narrative work on Rogers' life and his most frequently quoted bits of conversation, joining them with musical phrases from the Oklahoma Symphony and the Oklahoma Baptist University Chorale. Vincent Price served in the puzzling role of Rogers and/or narrator, mercifully dropping a homespun accent halfway through the thirty-minute work.

Ballard also incorporated dance-square dancing to represent the humorist's Caucasian parentage, snake dancing for his Cherokee heritage. The composer himself joined the latter. Had the dances been underlined by a solid musical statement, the special effects not only would have been palatable, but would have enhanced a tribute to one who revered all that was common in America. Unfortu-

nately, that statement was lacking and the text proved sentimental. Combining this with the overpowering visual effect of dance and the forgettable, tediously repetitive musical passages, the portrait became sheer fluff.

On the same program, Price performed his narration of Leonard Slatkin's *The Raven*, a work far better suited to the sophisticated actor than homilies originally delivered from horseback. And, in a masterful programming stroke, conductor Ainslee Cox inserted William Schuman's *New England Triptych* between the two narrative works. Prior to the performance of each of Schuman's three segments—"Be Glad Then, America," "When Jesus Wept," and "Chester"—the chorale delivered from the back of the hall the William Billings work upon which the Schuman was based. These melodic strains, both in original and contemporized forms, served to point out the weakness in the Ballard work. N.G.

PHILADELPHIA

Jeanne Behrend: piano

Philadelphia is treating itself to a long look back over American music this year. Reinagle, Hopkinson, and Hewitt will be pop heroes by the end of the Bicentennial. Audiences may even attain an idea of the musical

trends and paths of the nineteenth-century that wound their way to the twentieth. Jeanne Behrend followed some of those paths in a piano recital devoted to Americana at Mandell Auditorium on January 25. Choosing six composers from what Aaron Copland has called "the helpless period," she appended to her program a passionate call for her audience to use the lessons learned from the evening's offerings towards a better understanding of today's music.

The most obvious lesson was variety. Arthur Farwell, John Knowles Paine, MacDowell, Griffes, Ives, and Joplin were all in search of America. Purely American folk ideas occur in all of their music despite vast stylistic differences. Paine's *Fuga Giocosa* built on a spirited seven-note motif blended academia with sport. Farwell's *Pawnee Horses* was an early search for incorporation of Indian themes. Ives gathered in everything for the *Concord Sonata*, and Griffes and MacDowell synthesized American sounds with their German training. Only Joplin avoided scholasticism, although Miss Behrend played his *Maple Leaf Rag* with academic squareness.

Griffes' *Sonata* and *The White Peacock* were both given considerate readings, and MacDowell's *March Wind* and *Br'er Rabbit* were played with technical gloss and vigor. The *Concord Sonata*, the heart of the program, was preceded by Miss Behrend's illustration of its motival construction. Her performance gathered strength and focus as it went on. The "Emerson" movement lacked the directness of the later movements; the "Alcotts" commanded her best playing. Flutist Linda Jonas played the offstage obbligato in the final movement.

There was a sense of the classroom in this recital and of special pleading for music long overlooked. But that is our fault, not the pianist's. She lavished on the music careful preparation and technical polish which, if it lacked sparkle, did not conceal dedication. D.W.

TERRE HAUTE

Indiana State University: Contemporary Music Festival

The annual Contemporary Music Festival at Indiana State University,

January 26-29, consisted of lectures, seminars, workshops, open rehearsals, and concerts of and by contemporary music students, composers, and performers—all gloriously free and open to the public. The concluding concert featured the Indianapolis Symphony, under the direction of Oleg Kovalenko, performing six compositions selected from the many scores submitted by participating composers. Five of the six were world premiere performances.

Richard Busch's *Concerto for Orchestra* opened the program. The second and fourth movements ("Passacaglia" and "Fugue within Perpetual Motion") showed particular skill in blending traditionally formal structures with contemporary techniques. Robert Barclay introduced the theme of his *Variations for Orchestra* in the strings to the accompaniment of timpani and brass punctuating motifs. *Variations* occasionally occurred in the form of a waltz or a brassy march. Robert Keys Clark's *Repercussions*, originally commissioned as a show-piece for the percussion section, was perhaps the most approachable of the scores. *Bells du jour* featured composer C. Curtis-Smith as solo pianist. This was the most innovative of the premiered works. Two of the five movements employed a method whereby the piano strings are "bowed" with nylon fishing line to produce a variety of synthesizer-like sounds. While interesting, the highly individualized technique would seem to preclude the score's inclusion in the general repertoire.

The pièce de résistance of the evening was unquestionably Andrew Imbrie's *Piano Concerto No. 2*; commissioned and performed by the young pianist Gita Karasik. The difficult score was skillfully wrought, and brought to mind techniques of the jazz era. E.C.

WHITE PLAINS

Westchester Sym.: Kupferman's Concerto for Cello, Tape, Orch.

Because so many twentieth-century composers have tended to neglect the concerto, there is special cause to rejoice over Meyer Kupferman's *Concerto for Cello, Tape, and Orchestra*, a work which puts the solo instrument back on a pedestal but is

clearly of its time. This piece—which was premiered by the Music for Westchester Symphony Orchestra at the Highlands School in White Plains on December 13—might more accurately be entitled concerto for three cellos and orchestra, since the soloist collaborates with two prerecorded solo parts which issue from speakers onstage. The taped elements, however, seem as if they could just as well be played live if so desired. In any case, the solo cello playing in tandem with a taped cello has been the basis of a series of works which Kupferman has written for cellist Laszlo Varga, of which this concerto is the most ambitiously conceived.

Varga, a former principal cellist with the New York Philharmonic for eleven years, played with that special brand of authority and intuition which a musician acquires after a long artistic association with a composer. He interpreted with particular eloquence a Kaddish-like lamentation in one of the cadenzas.

The score, which is in one movement and lasts about thirty minutes, is as much an orchestral as a solo vehicle. As is fashionable nowadays, it touches upon almost every style from the simplest tonality to the most writhing atonality. There are also some jazz elements, and Mahler's influence is noticeable in the scoring for harp and soft percussion and in the heavy mood of apocalypse. Academicians may turn up their noses at such shameless eclecticism, but the music's grand symphonic power and gorgeous orchestration do much to unify the diverse styles which are represented.

Conductor Siegfried Landau coordinated the orchestra display with great care. The Westchester orchestra is not as large as the major metropolitan ensembles, but when called upon it is capable of producing a tone which rivals them in volume and richness. The program also included steady and well-reasoned performances of Mozart's *Symphony No. 25* and Schumann's *Symphony No. 3*. A. DER.

CORRECTION: In a review of the Vienna Symphony appearing on page MA-30 of the February issue, the orchestra was referred to as the Vienna Philharmonic. Our apologies; the two ensembles are totally distinct.

MUSIC FOR PATRIOTS, POLITICIANS AND PRESIDENTS; HARMONIES AND DISCORDS OF THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS.

By Vera B. Lawrence. 480 pages. Macmillan, \$35.

Reviewed by Gilbert Chase

IT IS DIFFICULT—probably even impossible—to convey the quality and character of this extraordinary book through mere verbal description. It has to be seen to be believed. Though it contains the music and words of many songs, it is immensely more than a collection of music. It is an historical treasure, a visual feast, a triumph of graphic art, a masterpiece of typography. The color plates of sheet-music covers are superb. It is as much a picture book as a music book, as much a work of art as an historical document. Here American history from the Revolution to the centennial of Independence comes alive through facsimile reproductions of original documents, both illustrative and textual, including a large number of song texts that make more vivid and evocative reading than most history books.

One can only imagine the tremendous amount of research, the formidable task of selection, the technical skill in graphic composition, that went into the making of this book, with its material drawn from contemporary newspapers, broadsides, almanacs, pamphlets, song-books, and, above all, sheet-music covers. Having brilliantly accomplished this labor of research, selection, and arrangement, Vera Lawrence has wisely allowed the documents to speak largely for themselves. Yet her commentary, never verbose or pedantic, adds immeasurably to our enjoyment and understanding of America's political history and its musical accompaniment. She quotes from a letter by John Dickinson (July 3, 1768), in which he wrote: "I enclose you a song for American freedom . . . songs are frequently very powerful on certain occasions. . . ." Certainly they proved to be so in the struggle of the American colonies for justice, liberty, and freedom.

John Dickinson's *Liberty Song* ("In Freedom we're born") became widely popular throughout the colonies, "being sung everywhere: at political demonstrations, political meetings,

patriotic celebrations, dedication ceremonies for liberty trees, for pure enjoyment, and also for nuisance value to enrage the British and their American sympathizers." Having then no tunes of their own, the Americans had to borrow them from the British (in this case the tune was *Heart of Oak*). Even our national anthem was eventually to be set to an English tune. The words, not the tune, were decisive. The origin of the tune that was to become our most popular "national air," familiar to us as *Yankee Doodle*, is not exactly known. At first it was used by the British to annoy and ridicule the Americans; but after Yorktown there was no longer any question of its true nationality—by adoption and victory.

The musical chapter headings will give some notion of the wit and verve, as well as the research and erudition, that went into the making of this book: Overture to Revolution; Martial Music; Grand triumphal March, Federalist Fanfares; Two-Party Invention; Hornpipe; Cotillion; Whig Waltzes and Locofoco Polkas, Counterpoints, Dirge (The Civil War), and Walk-Around (1865-76). Wars, battles, political parties and conventions, election campaigns, heroes and presidents, dissension and reconstruction, sentiment and vituperation, martial display and minstrel humor—all are illustrated verbally, musically, and visually, with such richness as to defy the reviewer's powers of summarizing.

One theme that is timely today, and that appears remarkably early in our history, is that of women's liberation. In 1835, for instance, a song appeared called *I'll Be No Submissive Wife*. Here is the last stanza:

Should a humdrum husband say
That at home I ought to stay
Do you think that I'll obey? (repeat)
No no no no no no no
No no no, not I.

In Henry C. Work's song of 1862,

book reviews

Patrick J. Smith, Editor

We'll Go Down Ourselves, the Union women decide that the men have done a poor job in beating the rebels, so:

What shall we do?

What shall we do?

Why, lay them on the shelves,

And we'll go down ourselves,
And teach the rebels something new,
And teach the rebels something new.

By 1869 the women's suffrage movement was in full swing. This called forth a satiric song by male chauvinist Frank Howard, *We'll show you when we come to vote*. The cover depicts a voting booth marked "For Ladies" and plastered with such slogans as "Down with Male Rule" and "Vote for Susan B. Anthony for President."

The book concludes with a few pages devoted to the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia in 1876—actually something of an anticlimax compared with all that had happened before. True, Theodore Thomas and his symphony orchestra played a medley of eighteen national airs, including *Hail Columbia* (originally known as *The President's March*,



Lester S. Levy collection

Sheet music cover of 1869

with music by Philip Phile, probably composed for the inauguration of George Washington). But the program also included Wagner's *Grosser Festmarsch*, commissioned for the occasion by the Women's Centennial Committee at the instigation of Thomas and for the exorbitant fee of five thousand dollars. Neither John K. Paine's *Centennial Hymn* (text by John G. Whittier) or Dudley Buck's *Centennial Meditation of Columbia* (text by Sidney Lanier) were calculated to appeal to a democratic audience. And indeed the orchestral concerts were so poorly attended that "they were terminated by order of the Philadelphia sheriff, who seized Thomas's priceless music library and sold it at auction for a pittance to pay the musicians." But the crowds did appear for John Patrick Gilmore's band concert on the 4th of July. Not official, but popular, was the song, *A Hundred Years Ago*, described as a "Vocal March, As Sung in the Picturesque Extravaganza, *Evangeline*, words by J. Cheever Goodwin, Music by Edward E. Rice." The song tells "Of how the sun of glory rose / A hundred years ago."

Now this splendid volume comes to help us celebrate the "Picturesque Extravaganza" of a second centennial commemoration, and if a benevolent sun should still rise for us a hundred years hence, it is safe to predict that among our cherished possessions will be this book that so vividly illustrates the vicissitudes and struggles, the fanfares, counterpoints, dirges, and triumphal marches of our first century.

CLASSES IN CLASSICAL BALLET. *With an Introductory Essay by Asaf Messerer. Translated from the Russian by Oleg Briansky. 494 pages; illus. Double-day, \$14.95.*

Reviewed by Jacqueline Maskey

In 1962 the hit of the Bolshoi Ballet's New York season was *Ballet School*, a demonstration piece whose objective was to present in theatrical form the development of the Soviet ballet dancer from first faltering steps to full mastery of the technical arsenal developed over the art's more than two-hundred-year-history. The ballet rose to a climax with wave upon wave of dancers—among them Maya Plisetskaya, Nicolai Fadeychev, Ekaterina

Maximova, Vladimir Vassiliev, and Mikhail Lavrovsky—soaring about the stage as only Russian dancers seem to soar, but it began with a group of earnest children doing simple pliés under the guidance of a short, bald, beneficent-looking man. So brief and modest was his appearance, so little-known his name except to a small group of Western critics and balletomanes, that most members of the audience were unaware that they had for a moment seen one of the most powerful figures in Soviet ballet, the reason in the flesh why Soviet dancers dance the way they do.

The little ballet master was Asaf Messerer and it was he who put together *Ballet School*, based on a shorter but similar work which is a feature of the annual graduation performance of Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre School. Now the advanced student, teacher, and the technically educated amateur can avail themselves of a week's sampling of Asaf Messerer's Bolshoi classes in *Classes in Classical Ballet*, as they are taught by the ballet master who since 1942 has conducted an influential *classe de perfection* for the soloists of one of the world's most distinguished companies. The six classes, notated by Elena Golubkova, are, if one is acquainted with the classical vocabulary, easy to follow. The columnar layout of the page is such that a horizontal scanning indicates simultaneously the measure, tempo, and number of bars of music necessary for each movement, the movement itself, and the accompanying position and actions of the arms. Each class, emphasizing a movement theme and meant to be about one hour in duration, progresses from exercises at the *barre*—various *batterments* and *ronds de jambes*, *ports de bras*, stretches and *relevés*—to center practice where in the case of *pirouettes* and jumps the work is differentiated for men and for women; the *pointe* exercises are, of course, for women only. The text is amply illustrated by still photographs of Bolshoi artists in performance and demonstrating the basic foot, arm, and *arabesque* positions, the various *épaulements* correct to the *croisé*, *effacé*, and *écarté* positions as practiced in the Bolshoi school, as well as sequential photographs of more complicated movements.

However, *Classes in Classical Ballet* is more than a technical manual. It also includes as a preface Messerer's own

"Reflections on a Teaching Method" and is appended by a long biographical essay by Ella Bocharnikova enumerating Messerer's roles and particular qualities as a performer, his creations as choreographer, his technical innovations—among them the *double assemblés en tournant*, *double sauts de basque*, and an astonishing number of multiple *pirouettes*—his total dedication to the art of the classic ballet.

From Messerer's own words, however, one can surmise that like Tolstoi's happy families, all great teachers are alike: they watch, they work, they think, and they stick to basic principles. So it was with Blasis (*An Elementary Treatise upon the Theory and Practice of the Art of Dancing*, 1820), so with Cecchetti (*A Manual of the Theory and Practice of Classical Theatrical Dancing*, 1922), and so with Asaf Messerer.

THE MUSIC GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN. *By Elaine Brody and Claire Brook. 240 pages. Dodd, Mead, \$10.*

THE MUSIC GUIDE TO AUSTRIA AND GERMANY. *By Elaine Brody and Claire Brook. 271 pages. Dodd, Mead, \$10.*

ONE HOPES THAT these two volumes are the first of a continuing series which will be kept current. For they are more than just a listing of opera houses and concert halls. These books are designed for music lovers of all kinds, and provide information that cannot be easily found elsewhere. Not only are there addresses of the leading performing houses, with short historical notes, but all sorts of other information—periodicals, festivals, libraries and museums (with hours when open and information on how to get in!), conservatories, competitions, music publishers, record outlets and places where you can buy music and music books, and such items as composers' gravesites. If you find yourself, for instance, in Darmstadt, you know the address of the opera house, the puppet theaters, the libraries and schools, and the fact that a road from Darmstadt leads to the "land of the Nibelungen." My only quarrel with the books (aside from the inevitable one that they could be twice as long!) is that they lack a uniformity of approach. In Munich and in Glasgow I can find sections on "the business of music" (where to buy scores etc.), but under Vienna there is no such section.

P.J.S.

LETTERS

Continued from page MA-4

the Casals Festival was created by an act of the Puerto Rico legislature, is financed by local tax monies, and derives its legitimacy as an institution from the people of Puerto Rico. The publicity accorded to the festival, including the island-wide televising of all festival concerts, makes it the most important musical event in the Puerto Rican public mind. Obviously, a publicly sponsored institution which enjoys such a privileged position has the concomitant obligation to offer quality musicmaking while providing a repertory which respects the needs of the essentially local audience.

However, in the past, the Casals Festival presented a very narrow view of western serious music. Several years ago, many of us had to battle in the local press for the inclusion of such "moderns" as Mahler, Debussy, Ravel, Sibelius, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Schoenberg, and so on. Their works were completely excluded. Since the aforementioned greats were kept off the programs until public pressure got them through the back door, it comes as no surprise that local composers were also never included either.

To exacerbate the situation, some incredibly insensitive remarks by Alexander Schneider, for eighteen years the festival's music advisor and prime mover, created much bitterness among Puerto Rican composers and musicians. When queried about the public desire for a more catholic repertoire, he arrogantly stated that "... people often want what they are not ready for" (*San Juan Star*, June 1968). He also made harsh, prejudicial statements about the works of local composers. When pressured on this point, Schneider admitted to the *Miami Herald* (July 1973) that he only knew one local piece. It is understandable that local citizens would be upset with such exclusionary attitudes, since Schneider was paid a five-figure compensation, given a New York office at 666 Fifth Avenue, plus a secretary, for his two-week musical jaunt to Puerto Rico's beautiful environs.

Another devastating blow to the relations between the Casals Festival and the general public occurred in 1974. In the United States Federal

District Court and the Superior Court of the Puerto Rico Commonwealth, the Casals Festival Organization was convicted in two separate cases of having violated the constitutional rights of two professors at the Conservatory of Music. The tragic association of Casals' name with the illegal machinations of the Casals Festival Organization pained all men who admired the musical eminence of the deceased Catalan cellist. Nearly \$100,000 in damages and back pay were awarded to professors Frederick King (formerly of the New York Pro Musica) and composer Rafael Aponte Ledee for having been illegally dismissed from their teaching positions. When subsequently, the Casals Festival officials decided to raise tuition fees at the Conservatory of Music to cover a budgetary deficit, the students, with considerable faculty support, went on strike claiming that they would not subsidize illegal actions on the part of the Casals Festival Organization. This protracted conflict is currently being resolved in the Superior Court of Puerto Rico.

1976 is the centenary year of Casals' birth as well as the U.S. Bicentennial. A major music celebration is planned. Aware of the explosive situation vis-à-vis local composers and musicians, the Casals Festival offered to present one Puerto Rican composition after nineteen years of total exclusion. The local composers attacked such obvious tokenism, demanded negotiations, pressed their cause ... and won. In addition to the three or more yearly works by local composers, the Puerto Rico Society for Contemporary Music will meet periodically with the Casals Festival people and will actively advise regarding the inclusion of contemporary music from all parts of the world.

In my judgement, the Casals Festival will be strengthened by its new flexibility. New ideas and a more comprehensive attitude will revitalize a rapidly deteriorating institution. Hopefully a spirit of cooperation will reign among the festival officials; hopefully the old arrogance will be relegated to the historical scrapheap. If so, the festival will better serve music, Puerto Rico, and the entire international community.

Francis Schwartz

Composer

University of Puerto Rico
San Juan, P.R.

INDIAN HILL SUMMER

Continued from page MA-19

choreography. The staff is Brooklyn College staff, who are learning to adapt to the element of camp counselorhood inherent in their jobs.

Gone are the rules regarding lights out, meal attendance, and off-grounds privileges. Gone too are such quaint remnants of camp as laundry service, late-night canteens, and the special thrill of sneaking into the boys' bunk-house late at night. The Baumans and the Foundation directors are still experimenting with change.

The transition

The students, too, are different. In the later years of the private Indian Hill, the students were younger; now, with many potential campers off on a second trip to Europe, the camping population of America has changed considerably. Brooklyn College Indian Hill students are not only older, but many of them have never been out of Brooklyn before. Theirs is a city-wise background which has never included summers in a sedate old Berkshire town, where the barber shop scene which looks so like a Norman Rockwell painting often includes Stockbridge resident Norman Rockwell getting his hair cut.

It has not been an easy transition to make, the Baumans and Brooklyn College officials agree. Still, the breathtaking beauty of the Berkshire hills remains an inspiration; the integration of house, barn, and modern architecture remains an exciting environment in which to live and work. The quality of the courses available is even better, due to the rigor implied by grades and credits.

And something of that original quality which Mordy and Irma Bauman so carefully planned, something of that idyllic experience for talented, gawky, impressionable teenagers who write poetry in bound blank books with Rapidograph pens still hovers around the place. It hovers, in fact, immortalized, on a sign by the entrance to the swimming pool, carefully painted by a past art major. Beneath a list of rules forbidding running, pushing, swimming without a lifeguard on duty, is the pith of the Indian Hill experience: NO HARP-SICHORDS IN THE POOL! △

store to another. It was there I met my wife. She was working in the office." Is she musical? "No. She is a wife, pure and simple," he answered happily.

And that was when he almost became a professional rugby player, and when he acquired a permanent taste for ale, which is what English beers are called, he says. He explained that there are two kinds of rugby, the amateur leagues which are part of Welsh life, and the professional teams. "Rugby is the gospel of Wales. Before a big match thousands gather. There is a brass band on the field. Though the people are scattered everywhere they all sing together, hymn tunes, folk airs, patriotic songs. From every side tenor voices join tenor voices and bass voices join bass voices. It's unique. I was a good rugby player and when I got married and needed money I was asked to turn professional. I accepted. You get two thousand pounds just on signing up. I met the agent at the railroad station in Cardiff. I was to go to the north of England and join a team called Leeds. Then—I can't explain it—then and there I changed my mind. I didn't go."

Instead he settled down in a small village as a school teacher. "The children came to me at the age of seven and I had them for two years. I'll never forget my first class—forty-seven boys. I was patient but I was a pretty good disciplinarian. I always had a happy class. When I arrived I found that music had died. There was no choir. The church musical societies were dormant. I came on the scene like an explosion. I was twenty-four. To my amazement music revived. My enthusiasm encouraged the kids to sing. They would stay, voluntarily, every day after school. I led a school choir of sixty angels in white shirts and red ties."

"Dos at fy annwyl gariad"

His career began, as it does for all Welsh singers, when he was accepted for the Eisteddfodd, the local competition for song and poetry at Caernarvon, which is where the British heir to the throne is invested as Prince of Wales. "It was a pretty hot competition—two hundred tenors. There

were set pieces, a Bach motet sung as a solo and a Welsh song called *Bard's Paradise*. Everything had to be sung in Welsh. In fact, I learned everything first in Welsh, which is a language like no other." He came out with flying colors and took the next big step. In 1959 he entered the Royal National Eisteddfodd, the biggest vocal competition in Wales. He won the tenor solo contest and the blue ribbon for voice. "For the championship test you have to sing a set piece but you can choose your own aria." He braved Don Ottavio's famous aria, a touchstone for tenors, "*Il mio tesoro*" from *Don Giovanni*, a role in which he was to make his Metropolitan Opera debut on April 13, 1971. But he didn't sing the Italian words. He sang "*Dos at fy annwyl gariad*" which means, in Welsh, "go to my loved one." Since then he has done Don Ottavio innumerable times, from Covent Garden to the Salzburg Festival under Karajan, but "whenever I'm singing '*Il mio tesoro*' I'm thinking the words in Welsh."

That success decided him on becoming a professional singer. He made his debut with the Welsh National Opera as Ismaele in *Nabucco* in 1963. Covent Garden followed. At the Royal Opera House he has sung a great variety of roles, from Tamino, Ottavio, and Fenton to Des Grieux in *Manon Lescaut*, Elvino in *Sonnambula*, Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*, Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*; this spring he sang in *Faust* and *Onegin* there; next year he is scheduled for *Idomeneo* and *Elisir*. He has also sung at the Vienna Opera but will not go back any more. "I was to sing Faust. I gave two recitals at the Brahmsaal and then had a week before the opera. I decided not to fly back to London but to stay to rehearse. I sat at the Bristol Hotel for that entire week. On the morning of the performance I had a two-and-a-half-hour rehearsal. That's the Vienna Opera for you." But he enjoys singing at the Paris Opéra "and I love it more because it's not far from Wales." His American debut was in 1967 with the San Francisco Opera; he had been recommended to Kurt Herbert Adler by his countryman Geraint Evans. In 1968 he appeared with the Santa Fe Opera and the following year returned both to San Francisco and Santa Fe.

The tenor has recorded operas including *The Tales of Hoffmann* and

Maria Stuarda with Sills, *Anna Bolena* with Sills and Verrett, *Don Giovanni* under Colin Davis and *The Magic Flute* and *Eugene Onegin* under Solti, with whom he was also soloist this season with the New York Philharmonic in the Beethoven Ninth. In September he records *La Clemenza di Tito*, and Berlioz's *Nuits d'été* with Janet Baker. In October he appears in a stage performance of *Damnation of Faust* in Geneva and with the London Symphony under Boulez. November finds him back at the Met.

There is little free time. "I try to keep all channels open, recitals and orchestra engagements, opera, recordings, and television." Only August is sacred. It belongs to his wife Enid and their children—"no more Salzburg Festival in August." His daughter Meryl is sixteen and son Mark fourteen. "They used to travel with me but now school and exams are more important. They both play the piano and Mark also plays oboe. From the beginning I said 'you haven't got to study,' but they love music." Home is in a village called St. Fagans outside Cardiff. "It has a Welsh folk museum and not much else—an eighteenth-century school, the church, the pub."

Hobbies? "Rugby used to be. Then I got married, and becoming a husband in the true sense of the word was a new thing and I took to it. I suppose my hobby is my family, and building additions to the house, and the garden—growing flowers from seed." Favorite role? None. "I just want to get on and sing. I'm an odd bird. I simply enjoy singing no matter what it is." He has made a best-selling record, *Songs of Love and Sentiment*, which includes such Victorian favorites as *The Last Chord* and *The Rose of Tralee*—"the kind of songs McCormack used to sing."

He did some seven *Traviatas* at the Met this past season and he was pleased when one critic stated that the role could have been written for him. "Alfredo," he said, "is just a country lad come into the city, a simple fellow." To him Provence was like Cilfyndd—both remote from Paris.

The lilt of Stuart Burrows' speaking voice reminded us of Dylan Thomas, whom he also somewhat resembles. He had heard that before. "But I'm no poet and he couldn't sing." Perhaps then, it isn't true—

what we had always heard—that every Welshman is born with a voice and if he sings off-pitch he is sent to England.

Party talk

Texas not only sells its oil, it sells its dirt. Flying over Texas you see bright red soil. Duly processed, this becomes the makeup used in the new Metropolitan *Aida*. It is called, naturally, Texas Dirt, and it is easy to apply and wash off. It also leaves marks. During the frantic rehearsal days before the opening, the imprints of two red-brown palms were discovered on the ceiling of one of the Met's elevators and a wag said: "By now they're crawling up the walls." A tyro super who took it all in his stride was James J. Dolan, owner of a steel company in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who last December had bid \$475 at the Met's fund-raising auction for the privilege of being listed on the program as "Jim Dolan, special guest supernumerary." He made his debut as an Ethiopian slave, wearing a short skirt and one-shoulder sarong top over "a complete body makeup." Later at the Met Opera Guild party on the Grand Tier in honor of the artists, red Texas Dirt had been replaced by red trousers and dinner jacket. He had not been nervous, he said, "just thrilled." Does he sing? "No, but I was ready!" What had impressed him most? "The organization of the house, the way everything is run." A Met executive explained. "It has to." The opera super, now the business man, shook his head. "No, it doesn't have to, but it does." The house looked very pretty that night. It bloomed with a realism missing from producer John Dexter's stylized Nile Scene. Papyrus reeds adorned staircases and landing, palms waved at the top of the stairs, wheat stalks and pots of white narcissus decorated the tables. Over it all the vice-president of the New York Botanical Garden kept a watchful eye. The next morning his green treasures, like Cinderellas, were to go back to their home in the Bronx.

George Cehanovsky, who holds the all-time record of singing forty seasons at the Metropolitan (until the closing of the old house), now coaches Met singers in Russian when such operas as *Boris* are presented. On the Texaco quiz recently he was asked: "How do you account for the fact

that there are so many good Russian basses?" He gave the recipe. "Soak your feet in cold water the night before. Eat herring. The next morning drink vodka. That's how you get a good bass voice."

John Mauceri, who took over all the *Fidelios* at the Met when Leonard Bernstein withdrew from the assignment, was explaining to a lady at the Guild luncheon at the Waldorf how his name should be pronounced. "Mow-CHAY-ree," he said, "or, if you like, Mow-SAY-ree, always with the accent on the second syllable." As a matter of fact, he added, it is really "Mow-SHAY-ree" with a soft *sh* Sicilian sound. Except for one Welsh grandmother he is pure Sicilian of origin. He explained that Sicily was invaded by everyone—Greeks, Saracens, Normans—all of whom left their imprint on the language. "My mother uses a Sicilian word for bread which is Arabic in origin. And the name Mauceri was originally Greek and meant 'knife.' We thought of *Cavalleria* and asked if his wife knew. "I told her after we were married," said John The Knife.

Conductors, pianists, sopranos

Critic Harold Schonberg told his readers that he had seen in the *Medical Tribune* an interview with Herbert von Karajan in which the conductor was quoted as saying that he had met a musician-farmer in Beirut who had made experiments with cows to find out the effects of music on them. "He found they will give more milk and better milk with music. And, it was clear, the better the music, the better the result. The best results were with Mozart." Perhaps Salzburg, which names even its chocolates after Mozart, could promote "the milk that Mozart made."

Thomas Schippers started the year far from his Cincinnati Symphony, conducting the Florence Opera and La Scala, although he says he has drastically cut down on guest engagements. "There is only just so much time. If you have a passion for your work you don't have much time to spare. Passion takes a lot of time."

Clifford Curzon is the most meticulous of pianists and admits to being fussy off-stage, too. "Once, in my manager's office," he told us, "I happened to see a folder marked 'Curzon Foibles.' Wisely, I looked no

further."

Beverly Sills describes herself as a "workaholic." She says all she does is work, work, work, and is "almost compulsive about opera." But she has no thought of changing. "My art form is a joyous one, not a torturous thing. I'm not doing it to get away from something else. I love it."

Julius Rudel, another "workaholic," lives by choice on New York's West Side (formerly unfashionable but now very much "in"), where he says "life goes on twenty-four hours a day." The conductor has loved New York since he came here as a Viennese refugee at seventeen and had his first soda—"What a discovery, what a great idea!"

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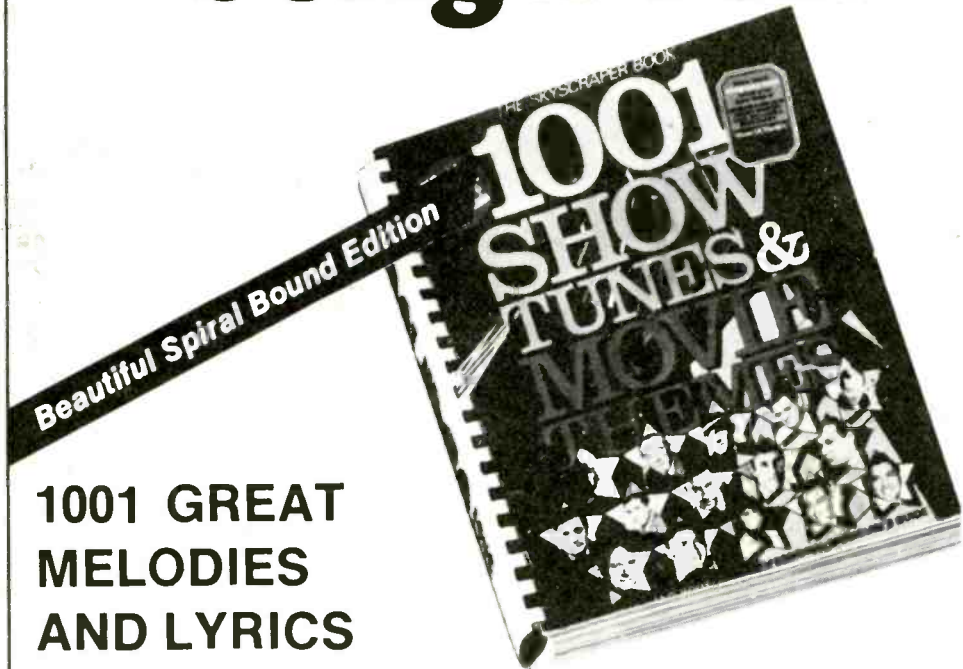
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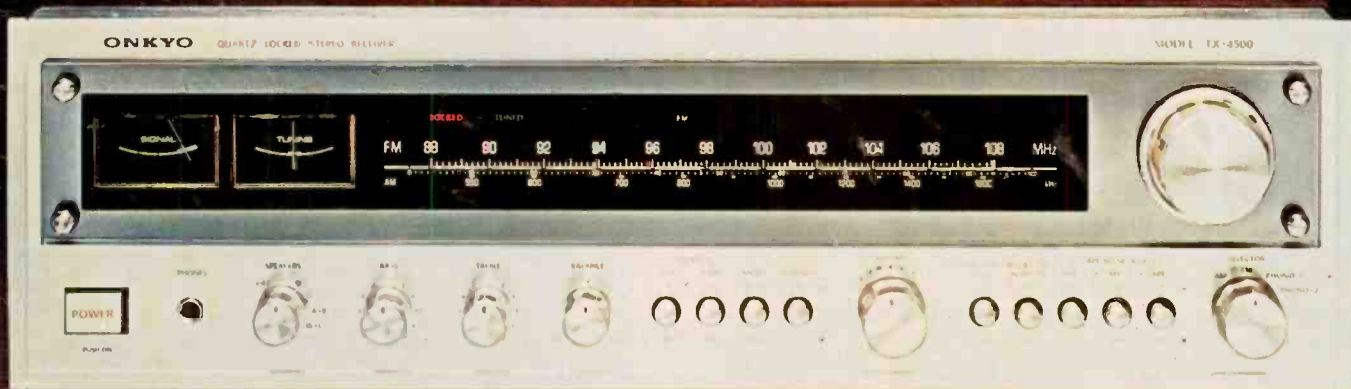
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STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du printemps*. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. [Raymond Few, prod.] LONDON PHASE-4 SPC 21114, \$6.98.

There are as many engineering philosophies about recording heavily scored orchestral works as there are versions of Stravinsky's *Rite* on the market. Nobody should be surprised, however, to find London's Phase-4 treatment even "more unique" than the rest of the pack.

You hear just about everything in the score, whether Stravinsky really meant it to "sound" or not. A solo double bass in the introduction, a stand of cellos in the midst of some orgiastic row, a contrabassoon or bass clarinet with a subsidiary rhythmic line: All snap to attention before the shock troops of the multimikes. Even the guero—a percussion instrument that sounds like shortwave static—is audible within the tutti (cue 70 of the revised Boosey & Hawkes score) in the "Procession of the Sage." Stereo separation is something else again. Winds and brass (even antiphonal timpani) are sharply divided between the right and left channels, and strings occupy what there is of the center. Even in science fiction, the mad scientist must foul up somewhere, and here somebody pulled the plug on the pizzicato violins midway into the "Glorification of the Chosen Ones" (between cues 114 and 115).

Leinsdorf's analytic rather than pagan mind is just what the doctor ordered, and he directs his instrumental traffic with aplomb. His sedate tempo for the "Ritual of the Rival Tribes" is a puzzler—molto allegro this certainly is not. At that pace, furthermore, he doesn't bother to get the LPO horns to really swell from *sfpp* to *ff* within one measure (before cue 59).

My list of favorites among the vast legions of recorded *Rites* is an idiosyncratic one: Haitink (Philips 6500 482); the Markovitch (Angel S 35549) for sheer grandeur of conception, despite aging sonics; the Mehta (London CS 6664) for engineering both transparent and plausible, despite an ordinary reading; and the Solti (London CS 6885) for the best blend of podium excitement, superb playing, and rich and rounded recording. A.C.

STRAVINSKY: *Violin Works*. Itzhak Perlman, violin; Bruno Canino, piano. [Suvi Raj Grubb, prod.] ANGEL S 37115, \$6.98.

Duo concertant; *Le Baiser de la fée*; *Divertimento*; *Pulcinella*; *Suite italienne*.

It is strange that Stravinsky wrote so little for solo violin, for the little he wrote is excellent. The violin concerto is one of the great twentieth-century scores for the instrument, and the *Duo concertant*, after forty-four years, remains a remarkably fresh and attractive work. Apart from these efforts, Stravinsky was content to serve the violinist by arranging earlier music: the Tchaikovskian melodies of *Le Baiser de la fée* (in my estimation one of his less inspired theater scores) and the irresistible wit and grace of *Pulcinella*, his homage to Pergolesi. (The latter, the *Suite italienne*, also exists in a slightly different form as a suite for cello.)

The present collection fills some con-

spicuous gaps in the catalogue (only the *Duo concertant* is otherwise available) with performances of remarkable precision that convey the wide range of musical content with eloquence. Itzhak Perlman has the style and technique, and his approach is tempered by his performances with the composer. Bruno Canino, no mere accompanist, is equally at home in the material. It adds up to one of the most attractive violin records we have had in some time. R.C.M.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1*. For a review, see page 75.

Recitals and Miscellany

ADÁM FELLEGI: *Piano Recital*. Adám Fellegi, piano. [Dóra Antal, prod.] HUNGAROTON LPX 11529, \$6.98.

BARTÓK: *Out of Doors*. **SCHOENBERG:** *Pieces, Opp. 33a and 33b*. **BERG:** *Sonata, Op. 1*. **STRAVINSKY:** *Three Movements from Petrushka*.

This disc might well have served not only as a calling card to introduce the pianist (born in 1941, winner of various European prizes), but also as an introductory helping of twentieth-century masterpieces—but for the fact that it turns out to be unevenly played and recorded.

On the Bartók-Schoenberg side, we are very close to the piano—indeed, damn near inside it. This sounds great at the beginning of *Out of Doors*, with those percussive seconds at the bottom of the keyboard vivid and powerful. But the upper registers emerge later to much less advantage, and the wash effects of the "Night Music" episode are heard in broad daylight, as it were. A strong performance, all the same.

Schoenberg is another story: the same brutal sound, but an uncomprehending performance. The tempos are quite sluggish, so that melodic lines don't cohere, and mere metrical subdivisions acquire the weight of independent beats. Worse yet, the accenting is often surrealistically wrong, turning Schoenberg's basically Brahmsian rhythms into something curiously like Bartók.

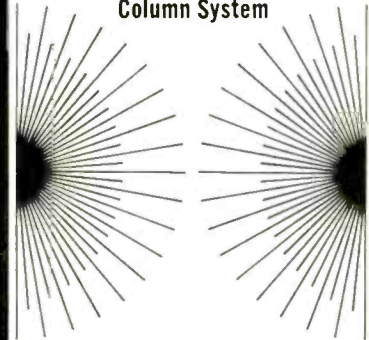
On the overside, we find a new, distant and relatively weak sound for the Berg, which is nonetheless a fluent and convincing rendition, one of the best I know. Then we come to a desperately lumpy traversal of the *Petrushka* transcriptions, the last of them decked out with some curious diversions, including an inverted glissando and Fellegi's own transcription of the Peasant-and-Bear episode, which Stravinsky chose to omit. Whatever his other attainments, Fellegi doesn't seem to have the super-control that these transcriptions demand. D.H.

BARBRA STREISAND: *Classical Barbra*. For an essay review, see page 73.

LOUISE DI TULLIO: *Flute Recital*—See Prokofiev: *Sonata for Flute and Piano*.

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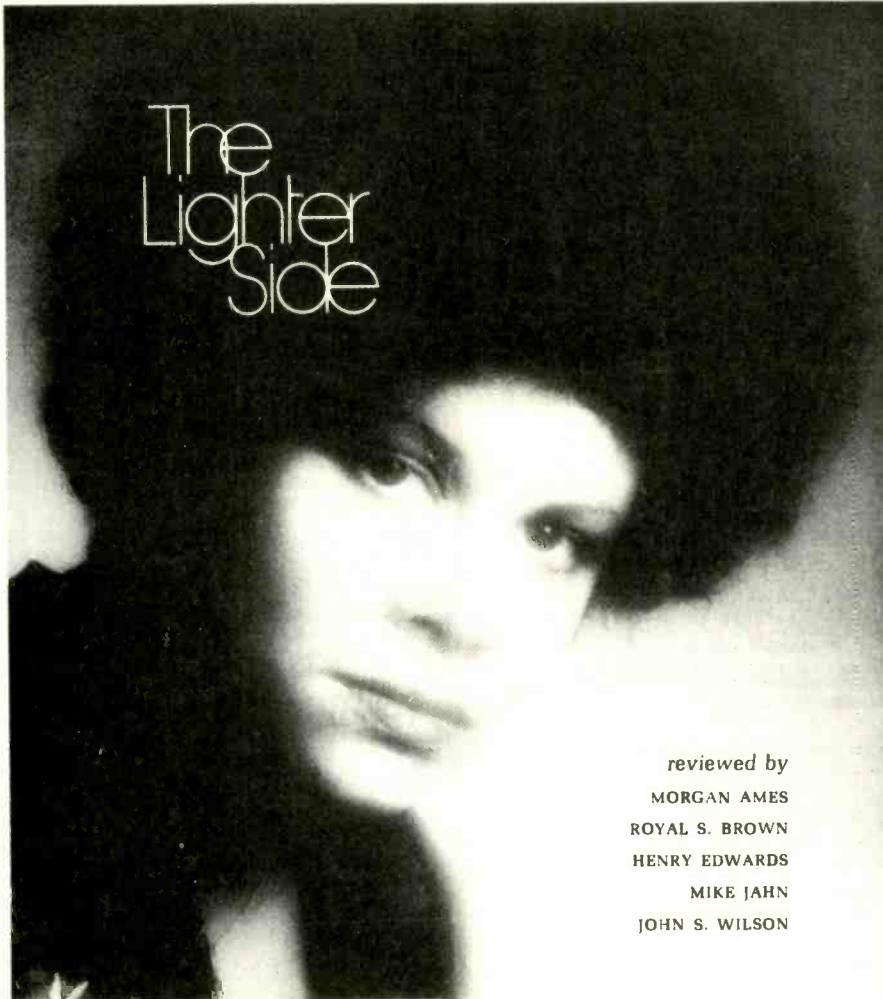
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Phoebe Snow—fulfilling her enormous potential.

*** PHOEBE SNOW:** *Second Childhood*. Phoebe Snow, vocals; bass, rhythm, strings, synthesizer, horns, and vocal accompaniment. *Two-Fisted Love; Cash In; Inspired Insanity*; seven more. [Phil Ramone, prod.] COLUMBIA PC 33952, \$6.98. Tape: ●● PCT 33952, \$7.98; ● PCA 33952, \$7.98.

The success of "Poetry Man" and the debut album from which it was plucked, "Phoebe Snow," marked the arrival of a composer/performer of enormous potential. That potential is fulfilled by this exquisite new release. After many hearings, "Second Childhood" displays the musical stamina that a record needs for filing in the memorable category.

What qualifies Phoebe Snow for such accolades? First of all, she has a throaty, soulful low voice that not only grips a listener, but also is tinged with deliciously powerful jazz nuances in the style of Dinah Washington. In addition, her compositions possess fresh, indelible melodies matched by ingenious but honest lyrical twists. These songs are simple enough to be easily remembered, yet complex enough to be worth the effort. On this recording the composer uses this horde of skills to dig in and reveal new truths about love, sadness, and madness. She also trots out a pop or rhythm-and-blues standard or two to demonstrate that in vocal prowess alone she has what it takes.

Credit for this success goes first to Snow but should be shared with producer Phil Ramone. Spare and clean, Ramone's production job also provides an elaborately rich sound when the music calls for it. Some of New York's best session musicians work their way through a set of subtle arrangements geared to amplify Snow's carefully etched musical perceptions. All in all, this is a "Second Childhood" well worth experiencing. H.E.

KGB. Michael Bloomfield, electric and acoustic guitars and vocals; Barry Goldberg, organ, piano, synthesizer, and clavinet; Ray Kennedy, saxophone and vocals; Rick Grech, bass guitar and electric violin; Carmine Appice, drums, percussion, and vocals. *Let Me Love You; Midnight Traveler; I've Got a Feeling*; seven more. [Jim Price, prod.]

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KGB is one of those instant supergroups—a handful of near-stars who think their combined weight will result in an authentic commercial lure. The bait consists of Mike Bloomfield and Barry Goldberg of the seminal late-1960s brass-blues-rock band the Electric Flag; Ray Kennedy, co-author of the Beach Boys' classic "Sail on Sailor"; Carmine Appice, original drummer for Vanilla Fudge, founder of Cactus, and member of the short-lived supergroup Beck, Bogart, and Appice; and Rick Grech, who has played with Blind Faith and Traffic.

Last season Electric Flag reunited and made the LP "The Band Kept Playing," released by Atlantic Records. Featuring Bloomfield and Goldberg, the group dissolved almost immediately after it started to give live performances. Then what can one expect from KGB? If it stays together, it undoubtedly could bring to the concert hall the musical professionalism that highlights this disc. KGB works over a couple of original compositions by Kennedy, including "Sail on Sailor," the Lennon-McCartney "I've Got a Feeling," and an obligatory excursion into the reggae beat.

KGB's sound is pure power spiked by blaring horns. Dished up with skill, this slick music could have been punched out by a computer. Commercial? Yes. Interesting? It depends on how much of this sound one has heard before—and this listener has heard plenty. H.E.

*** PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE:** *If the Shoe Fits*. Larry Goshorn and George Ed Powell, guitars; John David Call, steel guitar, banjo, and dobro; Michael Connor, keyboards; Mike Reilly, bass; Billy Hinds, drums. *That'll Be the Day; Sun Shone Lightly; Long Cold Winter; Lucille Crawford; Gimme Another Chance; Aren't You Mine; You Are So Near to Me; Out on the Street; Goin' Home; I Can Only Think of You*. [John Boylan, prod.] RCA APL 1-1247, \$6.98. Tape: ●● APK 1-1247, \$7.95; ● APS 1-1247, \$7.95.

Pure Prairie League is a country rock ensemble known, among other things, for its album covers, which inevitably feature a Remington-type painting of a crusty old cowboy thrust unkindly into the twentieth century. It is also known for polished country rock of the type once purveyed by Poco and the Flying Burrito Bros. but done to a much finer turn.

The ensemble singing is flawless, and several of the musicians produce distinguished solos with startling frequency. Larry Goshorn on lead guitar stands out on several tunes, notably "Sun Shone Lightly" and "Lucille Crawford." On "Out on the Street" he shares honors with Michael Connor, who plays some very nice piano figures. John David Call's steel guitar is excellent throughout this fine LP. M.J.

NILSSON: *Sandman*. Harry Nilsson, vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *I'll Take a Tango; Something True; Pretty Soon There'll Be Nothing Left for Everybody; The Ivy-Covered Walls; Here's Why I Did Not Go to Work Today; The Flying Saucer Song; How*

to Write a Song, *Jesus Christ You're Tall; Will She Miss Me.* [Harry Nilsson, prod.] RCA APL 1-1031, \$6.98. Tape: ●● APK 1-1031, \$7.95; ●● APS 1-1031, \$7.95.

If there are laurels for rock stars, then Harry Nilsson is resting on his. After several albums of high value, principally "Nilsson Schmilsson" and "Son of Schmilsson," the bank clerk turned singer has produced an LP that is the essence of mediocrity.

While the rock in "Sandman" is of danceable quality and the singing at least adequate, the nine songs are average at best, dull at worst. None stands out, and several are absolutely bad. "The Flying Saucer Song" says nothing at all and takes nearly seven minutes to do it.

Nilsson sings well and has good musical instincts, but he needs a strong producer. He would be well advised to consider a return to the days when Richard Perry was the captain of his fate. M.J.

✳ **D. J. ROGERS:** It's Good to Be Alive. D. J. Rogers, vocals, songs, keyboards, and arr.; rhythm and horns accompaniment. *Say You Love Me; Living Is All That Matters; Bula Jean;* seven more. [D. J. Rogers, prod.] RCA APL 1-1099, \$6.98.

Here is a case of sheer talent transcending all. I was unfamiliar with D. J. (DeWayne Julius) Rogers until recently, when I kept hearing his record of a beautifully sung ballad titled "Say You Love Me." Mysteriously, the single release has not shown up in the charts despite heavy AM air play.

This is not the kind of music one expects from John Denver's label, but it was RCA that took a chance on Rogers, and I think it will score as heavily as it did last year taking a chance on an obscure Brazilian named Morris Albert ("Feelings"). Rogers does not sound like Donny Hathaway, but he is the most full-out singer I have heard in that style lately. Today's record business is tag-crazy. All too often the tag is as long as the song, putting triple weight on the artist-lacking words, melody, or flow, he has nothing to draw on but his own marrow. Rogers was born to sing tags (for example, "Bula Jean" and "Faithful to the End"), but his songs are strong too; they are simple, they are about something, they suit him.

When the singing and the songs are strong, an album can take a lot of abuse. And it's a good thing. It is a wonder that a recording can come off as well as this one, in 1976, with virtually no help from the drummer, whose name I cannot find among the credits. His playing is weak and confusing and inconsistent. Fortunately Rogers used a raw but hot bass player named Keith Hatchel, which helps the drum problem.

Rogers' writing and producing instincts are excellent. I wonder whether he hasn't simply outgrown the musicians around him who make him feel secure. His horn writing, for instance, is appropriate and fine, but the playing is not up to top industry standard. People learn that they pay the same dollar for top-level playing as for playing of lesser quality. (That is how the top players get rich.) The backup singers are often flat and ragged, but it doesn't matter because their feeling is so good.



D. J. Rogers
Sheer talent transcending all.

There are rough places musically. In "Faithful to the End" there is a spot where a chord is never decided upon. It hangs indecisively at the end of a phrase, neither major seventh nor dominant seventh.

Finally, the engineering too is peculiar. The drum sound is usually the first thing an engineer goes for: balance, stereo spread, whatever—all is usually arranged around the drum sound. Not here. There are a lot of vocal switches, wherein Rogers' lead vocal is culled from a number of takes. Fine sometimes. Other times the vocals switch from one speaker to another, a second track is bumped, rather than slid, in and out. In other spots the rhythm cuts are subject to experimentation. The keyboard/guitar tracks are removed, leaving bass and drums only with vocal. All these tricks take more skill than seems to have been available. To the professional ear the result is puzzling, quaint, or irritating, given your mood.

Despite all the horrendous flaws, I'm mad about this album. It is a profound argument for the merits of raw talent over technical prowess. And what more technical genius can make a hit single with a rotten drum track? It is hoped that the project was a learning experience and that next time around the more obvious blunders will be avoided. M.A.

✳ **JOHNNY WINTER:** *Captured Live.* Johnny Winter, vocals and guitar; Randy Jo Hobbs, vocals and bass; Richard Hughes, drums; Floyd Radford, guitar. *Bony Moronie, Roll with Me, Rock and Roll People; It's All Over Now; Highway 61 Revisited; Sweet Papa John.* [Johnny Winter, prod.] BLUE SKY PZ 33944, \$6.98. Tape: ●● PZT 33944, \$7.98; ●● PZA 33944, \$7.98.

Johnny Winter has displayed through the course of six years that he can play the guitar as loud and as fast as anyone. His music is pure rock and roll, all thunder, perspiration, and breathless fury.

It's best heard in concert. Winter has never made a studio-recorded LP that approaches the magnificence of his live performances. Since his appeal is at least three-fourths effort and only one-fourth musicianship, he is not an easy man to capture in the sterile surroundings of a studio. "Captured Live" is about the only way to do it, and he has done a fine job this time. Best is "Bony Moronie," the 1950s rock and roll tune, though the reading of Bob Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited" is aggressively enchanting and fun to hear. M.J.

GROVER WASHINGTON: *Soul Box, Vols. 1-2.* Grover Washington, alto, tenor, and soprano saxophones; Bob James, piano; Richard Tee, organ; Eric Gale, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Idris Muhammed and Billy Cobham, drums; instrumental accompaniment, Bob James, arr. Vol. 1: *Trouble Man; Aubrey; Masterpiece.* Vol. 2: *You Are the Sunshine of My Life; Don't Explain; Easy Living; Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do; Taurian Matador.* [Creed Taylor, prod.] Kudu KU 12 and KU 13, \$6.98 each. Tape: ●● KUC 12 and KUC 13, \$7.98 each; ●● KUB 12 and KUB 13, \$7.98 each. Also available as a set: KUX 1213, \$10.98 (two discs); ●● KXC 1213, \$12.98; ●● KXB 1213, \$12.98.

When these two seemingly identical records arrived (only later did I discover that they have different-color print across the top), I assumed that Kudu/CTI had simply sent duplicate copies and played only one.

Critics' Choice

The best pop records reviewed in recent months

- AMERICA:** *History.* WARNER BROS. BS 2894. Feb.
LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND EARL HINES/1928. SMITHSONIAN COLLECTION R 002. Apr.
THE BAND: *Northern Lights—Southern Cross.* CAPITOL ST 11440. Mar.
KEITH JARRETT: *The Köln Concert.* ECM/POLYDOR 1064/65. Mar.
STEVE KUHN: *Trance.* ECM 1052. Feb.
BARRY MANILOW: *Tryin' to Get the Feeling.* ARISTA AL 4060. Feb.
KING OLIVER'S JAZZ BAND/1923. SMITHSONIAN COLLECTION R 001. Apr.
FREDA PAYNE: *Out of Payne Comes Love.* ABC ABCD 901. Feb.
PSYCHO. *Original film score.* UNICORN RHS 336. Mar.
QUEEN: *A Night at the Opera.* ELEKTRA 7E 1053. Apr.
SINGERS UNLIMITED: *Feelin' Free.* MPS 22607. Mar. ("Lees Side").
KENNY STARR: *The Blind Man in the Bleachers.* MCA 2177. Apr.
FATS WALLER: *The Complete Fats Waller: Vol. 1, 1934-35.* RCA BLUEBIRD AXM 2-5511. Feb.

The first tune was "Trouble Man," and I liked it better than any Grover Washington I'd ever heard. Later, when it was time to review and I threw the record back on (a careful throw, of course), I listened through both sides and found no trace of "Trouble Man"! Until I remembered the "duplication," I suspected I was having the crackup I've long expected.

So if I'm not keen about the packaging of these two records, that may be an overly subjective response. Certainly Grover Washington gives us a big choice here. The two volumes of "Soul Box" are quite different. One falls directly into my taste; the other falls in and out of it.

My favorite is Vol. 1, the one with "Trouble Man." I like anybody who does this classic tune by Marvin Gaye, so long as he remains true to it, and Washington does. I love him when he plays like this, simply and warmly, choosing beautifully moment to moment. Everything sounds easy; Washington could play this way all night. He sounds like a singer. Side 2 of Vol. 1 contains a gorgeous ballad by David Gates called "Aubrey" and "Masterpiece" by Norman Whitfield. They set and maintain a solid medium-tempo pace, which we are accustomed to hearing so well done at CTI.

Vol. 2 is less pop-oriented, more jazz-oriented. Parts of it are very good—mostly the early parts of tunes, before the departures. How can one not enjoy hearing tunes such as "Easy Living" and "Don't Explain" in the superb hands of the players involved here? Arranger/pianist Bob James must have been feeling especially romantic, because that's how his writing sounds. I have always liked his writing but never more than here. Especially the strings.

Vol. 2 loses me whenever Washington energizes his considerable chops, when he soars up and down and around scales dizzily, as only the saxophone can. I am impressed and harried by it all. It's not for me. The brilliant melodies, the sweet and easy playing, the gorgeous strings—these are for me.

It is difficult to listen to two CTI albums in a row and not be impressed with the sound attained by engineer Rudy Van Gelder and producer Creed Taylor. Any complaints about it are either complaints on a very high level or b.s. M.A.

*** CAROLE KING:** Thoroughbred. Carole King, keyboards and vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *So Many Ways; Daughter of Light; High out of Time; Only Love Is Real; There's a Space Between Us; I'd Like to Know You Better; We All Have to Be Alone; Ambrosia; Still Here Thinking of You; It's Gonna Work Out Fine.* [Lou Adler, prod.] ODE SP 77034, \$6.98. Tape: ●● CS 77034, \$7.98; ●● 8T 77034, \$7.98.

Carole King has perfected the art of writing pop love songs and making them into more than pop love songs through clever turns of phrase and emotional singing. In the course of her career, she has written few tunes destined to loom large in the history of popular music. The memory of neither Cole Porter nor Harold Arlen is threatened by her presence. Yet King has produced much that is romantic, personal, and real. She seems



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without
sounding hard.

thoroughly in tune with the languid and off-hand romanticism of the 1970s.

Best on this new collection of ten songs is "There's a Space Between Us." Among the extra attractions are such backup artists as James Taylor, Tom Scott, Danny Kortchmar, Russ Kunkel, David Crosby, Graham Nash, and John David Souther. M.J.

*** DOBIE GRAY:** New Ray of Sunshine. Dobie Gray, vocals; Muscle Shoals horn section, Billy Puett, and Norm Ray, horns; rhythm and vocal accompaniment; Don Peake, strings arr. *If Love Must Go; Easy Loving Lady; Lover's Sweat;* eight more. [Troy Seals and Dobie Gray, prod.] CAPRICORN CP 0163, \$6.98. Tape: ●● M 50163, \$7.97; ●● M 80163, \$7.97.

Dobie Gray has been around a record career more than once and, though he has trouble holding, always leaves us with something special. The first time I remember was with Leiber and Stoller's classic "On Broadway." Another was a couple of years ago with Mentor Williams' "Drift Away" and Will Jennings' "In My Baby's Loving Arms," both wonderfully produced by Williams. A lag followed—the real test of one's mettle. And here he is again, strong and warm and lovable all over again. The truth is that he has always been one of my favorite singers.

This time he is coproducing himself with the strong help of Troy Seals and Crofts. As far as I know, this is Gray's first album under what must be a new contract with Capricorn Records. It has a new-hope kind of energy to it. Gray and Seals went to Nashville to record the rhythm tracks, which sound tight and nice, and apparently returned to California to add vocals and sweetening.

Most of the material was written by Seals, with various cowriters: Gray, Jennings, Eddie Setser, and Max Barnes. All of it is high quality. A strong attempt at marketability has been made—you can dance to it—but quality is not sacrificed. Among the best tracks are "I'll Take You Down to Mexico" and an irresistible thing called "Comfort and Please You."

Gray has a gentle, romantic voice that can rest on a love song like honey. But in this album he concentrates far more on funk. The fine fact is that he can sing hard without sounding hard. That's my kind of funk.

Good luck to a deserving artist. M.A.

BETTE MIDLER: Songs for the New Depression. Bette Midler, vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment; Arif Mardin, Moogy Klingman, and John Lissauer, arr. *Shiver Me Timbers; Mr. Rockefeller; Old Cape Cod;* nine more. [Moogy Klingman, Arif Mardin, Joel Dorn, and Bette Midler, prod.] ATLANTIC SD 18155, \$6.98. Tape: ●● CS 18155, \$7.97; ●● TP 18155, \$7.97.

When I look at the massive credits on this album, from playing to arranging to producing, I feel compassion. I know there must have been a hundred pounds of antics for every track. I know that hair must have been pulled out or simply dropped out from despair.

But for unaccountable reasons, all I can think of is how difficult it must be for Bette Midler to keep her momentum, without which she can no longer have her career. No more free rides, no more pals at the Baths and then home to safe and quiet desperation. It's all hanging out now; it's for something.

Everyone in the city of New York is featured. Bob Dylan makes an appearance on his song, "Buckets of Rain." Joel Dorn makes an appearance too. He produced all the first ones, the hot ones that seemed (after the fact) to have hit so smoothly. Midler needed him for two songs, and he came through, as old friends do. One of these is the old '50s song, "Old Cape Cod," featuring an old '50s-type vocal arrangement by Marty Nelson, with all parts sung by Midler, as she once sang all the parts to "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." But Barry Manilow is missing. The vocal performance is ragged on the interior, and this interferes with its energy. "I Don't Want the Night to End," by Phoebe Snow, is intimate and lovely—a Bette we all love. "Mr. Rockefeller," written by Midler and Jerry Blatt, is a

plaintive campy Bette we also have affection for. "Strangers in the Night" was one of those bright-idea tracks, arranged courageously by Arif Mardin. But nothing, including humor, will ever make me want to listen to that song. "Samedi et Vendredi," written by Midler and Moogy Klingman, may be the best. "No Jesting" is a very well-sung reggae, the same dreary reggae sound thrown into every other album these days.

The seven tracks arranged and produced by Klingman are the most contemporary-sounding; they seem to me the best direction for Midler. Camp can be fun, but I feel most serious about her when she is serious about herself.

Getting success is heady. Keeping it is serious business. This album of Bette Midler does not define her career nor spark it. But it maintains. M.A.

*** ACE:** *Time for Another*. Fran Byrne, Bam King, Paul Carrack, Tex Comer, and Phil Harris, vocals and instrumentals. *I'm a Man; No Future in Your Eyes; Tongue Tied*; seven more. [John Anthony, prod.] ANCHOR ANCL-2013, \$6.98. Tape: ●● H 5308-2013, \$7.95; ● H 8308-2013, \$7.95.

Ace appears to be a British group, self-contained in every way, from instruments to vocals to songs. The most interesting aspect is that it has a genuine American country feel about it—I should say country/rock. It's closer to the studios of Muscle Shoals than to those of Nashville, and closer still to New York and Los Angeles.

Ace has the kind of professionalism that America and the Eagles have. Its sound is sure but soft, easy but full of movement. Four of the five members contribute to the vocals.

The sound (engineer is Ted Sharp) is good except for occasional changes of presence from track to track (between "I Think It's Gonna Last" and "I'm a Man"). I wish the lyrics had been included on the inside sleeve of this album from Anchor. Good music. M.A.

STARLAND VOCAL BAND. Margot Chapman and Taiffy Danoff, vocals; Jon Carroll, vocals and keyboards; Bill Danoff, guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Boulder to Birmingham; American Tune; Starland; California Day; War Surplus Baby*; five more. [Milton Okun, prod.] WINDSONG BHL 1-1351, \$6.98.

The Starland Vocal Band was formed, it seems reasonable to assume, with the intention of creating music heavily oriented toward vocal perfection. What this quartet actually has done is merely to move its vocal track more up front, and I'm not so sure that's where it belongs. For while the singers work with great élan, their harmony is at times rather grating, and their taste in arrangements is questionable. Included on this LP is an a cappella version of Paul Simon's "American Tune" that makes that superb, ethereal ballad sound devastatingly like "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen." At other times, the very up-front singing is accompanied only by relatively soft rock that has adept country influences but that remains unable to balance the aggressiveness of the singing.

Really, the Starland Vocal Band appears to have tripped over the Swingle Singers while en route to a rock and roll party. It was not a fortunate accident. M.J.

*** TANYA TUCKER:** *Lovin' and Learnin'*. Tanya Tucker, vocals; rhythm and vocal accompaniment, Bergen White, arr. *Pride of Franklin County; Ain't That a Shame; Don't Believe My Heart Can Stand Another You*; seven more. [Jerry Crutchfield, prod.] MCA 2167, \$6.98. Tape: ●● C 2167, \$7.98; ● T 2167, \$7.98.

I've lost track of Tanya Tucker's age. She was about fifteen when she first charmed Nashville; she cannot be twenty yet. Whoever handles her career does it with a lot of smarts, because it holds.

I always liked Tanya Tucker, in an inattentive sort of way. This is the first time I've listened closely to one of her recordings, and I'm impressed. The girl can sing. And, like her career, her album is handled with the utmost professionalism. This is the kind of work produced by people who mean to be around for the long run. Producer Jerry Crutchfield went for songs, and that is his strength.

Successful artists often get restless, confused, and oddly insecure. They want to indulge moods; they want to try new things; they want to be unlike themselves. Fans, of course, don't give a damn about an artist's needs, and a performer's career usually suffers during such a departure, particularly if it comes too early on. All this is being neatly avoided by Tucker, if this album is any indication. She is indeed growing and maturing, but so far her energy is being channeled directly back into the vein of her best talent—simple country singing. Not that Tucker is a hayseed; I doubt she ever was. She is uptown country.

This is a collection of love songs, many of them unhappy. Among the best are Parker McGee's "Depend on You," Don Henley's and Glenn Frey's "After the Thrill Is Gone," and the standard "Ain't That a Shame," sounding both fresh and classic.

Recorded in Nashville, "Lovin' and Learnin'" features some first-rate players and backup singers and engineer Ernie Winfrey. However, my pressing is the pits. It jumps and pops and sticks and is generally unforgivable. M.A.

BARBRA STREISAND: *Classical Barbra*. For an essay review, see page 73.

*** ASTOR PIAZZOLLA:** *Libertango*. Astor Piazzolla, bandoneon, songs, arr., and cond. *Violentango; Undertango; Tristango*; five more. [Aldo Pagani, prod.] CHRYSALIS CHR 1096, \$6.98.

I put this album on as a joke, but the joke was on me.

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The sound of the accordion has always been comic to me—corny and hard. But the bandoneon, a kind of accordion invented in Germany in the mid-nineteenth century that later became popular for playing tangos, has a deeper, richer sound, especially in Piazzolla's expert hands. He has orchestrated around his instrument with piano, organ, flute, rhythm, and a few strings. None of his choices are whimsical but rather are focused to bring out the sound and the dramatic structure. This is a serious man, a serious music project, and a serious talent.

The album, recorded in Italy, has a good sound as well as excellent musicians. If you are looking for something different—a bit alien but honorable—this is it. M.A.

Theater and Film

* **PACIFIC OVERTURES.** Original Broadway cast recording. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Paul Gemignani, cond. [Thomas Z. Shepard, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-1367, \$6.98. Tape: ●● ARK 1-1367, \$7.95; ● ARS 1-1367, \$7.95.

Of all the unlikely territories into which Stephen Sondheim might venture (he could probably set to music anything he wants, including the proverbial telephone book), the Japanese Kabuki theater—even in the somewhat westernized garb of *Pacific Overtures*—stands among the least probable. His lyrics and tunes have always provided subtle and witty translations of the quirks of the occidental psychology; it is difficult to imagine how the Orient would fit into his outlook.

The historical scope of John Weidman's book, which deals with the rapid westernization of Japan starting with the "pacific overtures" made by Commodore Perry in 1853, is overly broad. Numerous distancing techniques characteristic of the Kabuki theater, such as the use of a "reciter" (played by Mako) and the assigning of all the principal female roles to males are used. (Disc listeners who have not seen the show's spectacularly good costumes, wigs, and makeup may have a difficult time adjusting to this.) Sondheim overcomes the obstacles and once again leads us to an absolute treasure trove of vibrant, understated, exquisitely (and often hypnotically) harmonized melodies and mind-jolting lyrics that provide more dramatic impetus than almost anything taking place on the stage. And once again he creates much more musical variety than is usually to be found in half a dozen Broadway shows.

Typical of the composer's efforts is the every-other-word-a-rhyme nagging of "Chrysanthemum Tea," which is sung with perfect unctuous acidity by Alvin Ing as the shogun's mother who slowly poisons her son. (One could easily imagine Elaine Stritch in the role). At the other extreme, a moodily wistful *Night Music* type of waltz


accompanies the transformation of the samurai Kayama (played by Isao Sato, who ably carries much of *Pacific Overtures'* dramatic weight), whose bowler hat becomes the symbol of his new role as an occidentalized diplomat. In "Please Hello," a rousing ensemble number beginning the second act, Sondheim gets in his usual patter song, this time a genuine (and very funny) pastiche of Gilbert and Sullivan for the English admiral's number.

Pacific Overtures' setting also allows for some songs quite different from Sondheim's usual efforts. Among the loveliest is "There Is No Other Way." Besides the haiku-esque transparency of its lyrics, it has one of the most limpidly haunting accompaniments I have heard, including a strangely dissonant harp figure at the end of the refrain. (The wood flute and quiet percussion also used in the instrumentation represent, I presume, one of the many extraordinary sound combinations created by orchestrator Jonathan Tunick, whose contributions to the Sondheim ambience continue to be immeasurable.) Haiku plays an even more important role in the delightful "Poems," a game played by Hayama and Manjiro (Sab Shimono, perfect in his role of an Americanized sailor who ultimately becomes a samurai, thus reversing the direction followed by Hayama). In a totally different vein, the ominous cinematic tension of "Four Black Dragons," reflecting the terror of the townspeople upon seeing Perry's ships, helps to make this number a show-stopper.

If there is anything to complain of, it is that the music and lyrics have a markedly Western dimension that does not really gel with the surroundings. I often felt in the theater that the start of a musical number introduced a kind of expressivity superimposed on a form that does not convincingly support it. The most flagrant example is the quiet barcarolle-ballade, "Pretty Lady," which incongruously accompanies the efforts of three sailors to force their affections on an innocent Japanese woman. The song has to fight its way

through so many layers—Cockney-accented British sailors played by Japanese performing the symbolic would-be rape of their motherland—that the listener is all but forced to take refuge in the pure beauty of the music and forget all that surrounds it. And although Sondheim must have considered it a challenge to try to impart musical and dramatic interest to the subject of a secretly witnessed treaty meeting, the redundant "Someone in a Tree" turns out to be one of the weakest songs in the show (along with the rather silly finale, "Next").

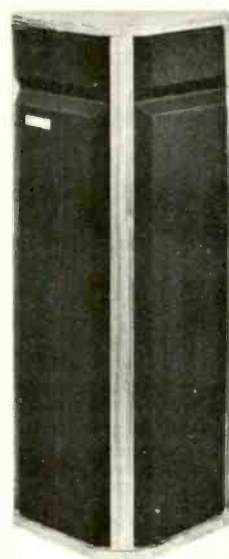
But there is too much that is fascinatingly original and exciting in the music to quibble over some miscalculations. And since, in my opinion, the Sondheim music carries much of the show on its own, this disc is essential. I am sorry that Daniel Troob's "Lion's Dance" was omitted (a similar non-Sondheim dance number was included on the *Company* album), but apparently there was not enough room. Indeed, it would have been a shame to sacrifice even one decibel of the amazingly present recorded sound. R.S.B.

 **THE HINDENBURG.** Original film soundtrack recording. Composed and conducted by David Shire. MCA 2090, \$6.98.

Strangely, the fine David Shire score for Robert Wise's *The Hindenburg* was attacked by one New York film critic as "vile" and excessively "loud." Why a critic should suddenly take note of the presence of this score, when so many beauties and horrors in the last few years have gone by unmentioned, escapes me. True, *The Hindenburg's* postcredit sequences ("The Letter" and "Suspect Montage") are supported by almost nonstop music, some of which does drown out a word here and there. But it seems to me that this music, with its nervous, Herrmannesque ostinatos and its moody string themes, deserves a number of superlatives, both for its sophisticated compositional style (well communicated on

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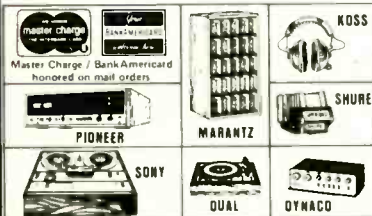
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its own) and for its appropriateness to the film.

I simply cannot imagine any score evok-
ing as well as this one such a complete
gamut of feelings arising from the film's
narrative and photographic style. There is,
for instance, a perfect blending of airiness
and cathedralesque grandeur suggested by
much of the music. And almost every note
is somehow permeated by a sense of trag-
edy that complements the story's fatalism.
Emotion is evoked in a musical style bring-
ing to mind both Bernard Herrmann and
Ralph Vaughan Williams, a comparison I
make only to suggest the exceptional depth
of Shire's contribution to the film.

It is worth noting that, prodded by the
latest supersophisticated marketing tech-
niques, the film's producers had Shire re-
score the title theme for solo trumpet, as lit-
eral-minded preview audiences had indi-
cated on a questionnaire that they won-
dered where a vocalizing soprano,
originally used, came from. The substitu-
tion is unfortunate; the trumpet does not
have that almost ethereal quality of a word-
less female voice. One wonders how com-
posers ever made it this far without the
helping hand of marketing analysis.

The disc also contains the soundtrack
from an early Universal newsreel, parts of
the famous Herb Morrison eyewitness
broadcast unfortunately dubbed over the
final, lugubrious musical sequence, and an
anti-Hitler song that won't be fully appre-
ciated unless you've seen the film. The re-
corded sound is better than MCA's usual
standard but not what it should be. But
three cheers for Shire, who has given us
two of 1975's best film scores. *The Hinden-
burg* and *Farewell My Lovely*. R.S.B.



* **TOMMY FLANAGAN:** Tokyo Recital.
Tommy Flanagan, piano; Keter Betts,
bass; Bobby Durham, drums. *Mainstem;*
Chelsea Bridge; The Intimacy of the Blues;
six more. PABLO 2310 724, \$7.98. Tape: S
10724, \$7.98.

Tommy Flanagan has spent so many years
serving as Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist
that one is apt to forget that he had a per-
fectly fine musical life of his own before he
subordinated his talents to her needs. That
may be why this solo disc by Flanagan
seems so startling. On the other hand, piano
playing of such high caliber would be start-
ling under any circumstances.

Possibly because he is not forced to
string out solos night after night as he
would if he were working with an instru-
mental group, Flanagan seems to have more
to say than most of his pianist peers. There
is less aimless churning and more shading,
variation, and color in his playing than we
are accustomed to. In this program of El-
lington-Strayhorn compositions, the bal-
lads ("Something To Live For," "Day-
dream," "Chelsea Bridge") are performed

with a finesse and delicacy that are very much in keeping with the lovely pastel style in which they were originally created. Flanagan is completely at home in this idiom, but what is even more impressive is the rugged power he builds in the faster selections, creating a drive that sweeps the pieces along even though he appears to be holding to a very cool outlook.

Flanagan is backed by the other two regulars in the Fitzgerald trio. Keter Betts's bass tends to rise to an overbearing level on some of Flanagan's solos, although the bassist's own solos are in good balance. Bobby Durham's drumming is sensitive and strongly supportive. J.S.W.

*** JIMMY GIUFFRE THREE:** River Chant. Jimmy Giuffre, tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute, and bass flute; Kiyoshi Tokunaga, bass; Randy Kaye, percussion. *Celebration; The Listening; Om*; six more. CHOICE 1011, \$6.98.

Twenty years ago Jimmy Giuffre had moved away from the flowing swing that had characterized his "Four Brothers" a decade earlier and was moving into a period of swamp-jigs epitomized by the clumpy-clump beat of "The Train and the River." That initial foray into musical impressions and folk sketches led to further pieces in the same basic manner, sometimes focusing on rural themes, sometimes moving into the city, and eventually spreading out to nature and the world at large.

The world view is at the heart of this collection, although it includes a contemporary version of the seminal "Train and the River." Its rhythm, which once seemed somewhat arthritic, is, in the context of the rest of this disc, rather jaunty. Giuffre's clarinet wanders into the upper register now (he was a confirmed low-register clarinetist back in the early Fifties), and his tenor saxophone is not quite as ponderous as it once was, although he uses that heaviness to purposeful effect in "Elephant." In general, his compositions are directly impressionistic—"The Tide Is In" is based on a broad but placid sweep of tenor saxophone, "Tree People" is dominated by flute twitterings. "The Tibetan Sun" is a solemn, golden glow on bass flute.

Behind Giuffre, Kiyoshi Tokunaga supplies a foundation on bass and Randy Kaye drops in touches of bright color (on a cymbal, a triangle), some marimba resonance, or a muffled throb. These are moody, withdrawn pieces that sway gently in the breeze and, ultimately, have a rather hypnotic effect. J.S.W.

*** LEROY JENKINS AND THE JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA:** For Players Only. Leo Smith, trumpet; Joseph Bowie, trombone; Sharon Freeman, French horn; Anthony Braxton, Maurice McIntyre, Dewey Redman, Becky Friend, and Charles Brackeen, reeds; Leroy Jenkins and Deirdre Murray, strings; James Emery, guitar; Romulus Franceschini, synthesizer; David Holland, Sironne, bass; Jerome Cooper, piano; Charles Shaw and Roger Blank, drums. JCOA 1010, \$6.98.



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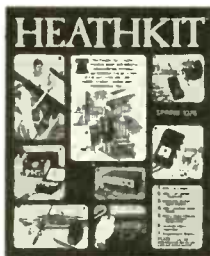
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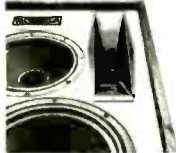
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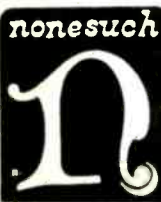
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The experimental free jazz movement has come a long way from those days in the 1960s when everybody went in his/her own direction without heed or hinder. Carla Bley, Don Cherry, and Leroy Jenkins have all brought varying degrees of form, shape, and discipline to the avant-garde without losing the spontaneity that, theoretically, should be present.

Jenkins' "For Players Only" is, in the final analysis, a very carefully structured work whose freedom comes from the fact that it has all been improvised by the musicians—eighteen of them—but the improvisation was developed through a series of workshops. The result is a constantly changing series of impressions, textures, colors, collaborations, and conversations. There are staccato rhythmic scratches that lead into heavy, lurching sounds from which woodwinds emerge tentatively. Anthony Braxton's contrabass clarinet provides a deep, dark counterpoint to Jenkins' high, ethereal violin. The drummers move in for an Albert Ayler parade effect. A warm and fascinatingly involved conversation develops between Deirdre Murray's cello and Leo Smith's trumpet. More and more sketches pass by, most notably a guttural choir of the group's deepest sounds until, after a ringing piano passage, each instrumentalist takes a bow with a very brief solo.

The monotony that was a bane of earlier free jazz efforts is never present in this kaleidoscopic production. Constant change is the rule—moving, moving, moving. This is a mixture of moods and very positive involvements that have an almost personal quality. It is very much an ensemble effort; although instrumental individuality plays an essential role, no individual ever has a chance to take off on his own. In a sense, the free jazz movement has come full circle.

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- * **JOE VENUTI AND ZOOT SIMS:** Joe Venuti, violin; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; John Bunch, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Bobby Rosengarden, drums. *Where or When; I Surrender, Dear; Lady of the Evening;* seven more. CHIAROSCURO 142, \$6.98.

The recent resurgence of Joe Venuti has brought out several recordings that lean heavily on his past in choice of material or setting. These two, the most recent, follow more or less the same paths, but with some deviation.

The Concord disc, with George Barnes, would on the surface seem an effort to place Venuti in a group similar to the Quintet of the Hot Club de France—note the violin with two guitars. Yet the results are not at all like that celebrated French group. Venuti dominates the set to such an extent that it is essentially his solo album. Barnes has solo spots, but his well-worked bag of runs and phrases is not match for the imagination and variety that Venuti brings to his performances.

On the Chiaroscuro disc, however, Venuti has in Zoot Sims a colleague who not only plays on his level, but takes him to the wall at times. In addition, there is John Bunch playing beautifully behind them, carrying messages back and forth to them, and swinging vigorously all the time. Some of the material still goes back to Venuti's source years in the Twenties (and some of the best results—"Avalon," for example). But he is also prodded into the Thirties to particularly rewarding effect on Rodgers and Hart's "Wait Till You See Her." Sims and Venuti spark each other time and time again, and whenever either one lags a little, Bunch is right there to pick it up and keep it moving. J.S.W.

FRANCES FAYE: Bad, Bad Frances Faye. Frances Faye, vocals; Herbie Harper and Tommy Pederson, trombones; Jerry Wiggins, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums; instrumental accompaniment. *Toreador; They Can't Take That Away from Me; He's Funny That Way; I've Got You Under My Skin; These Foolish Things;* six more. BETHLEHEM BCP 6006, \$6.98.

Frances Faye is a singer with a taste for jazz standards and an uncomplicated delivery that shuns all frills. In this latest in Bethlehem's series of reissues from its considerable catalogue of 1950s jazz, she breezes through such familiar songs as "They Can't Take That Away From Me," "These Foolish Things," and a medley of seven standards too long to include in their full versions.

While Faye's straight delivery is refreshing after all the mannered vocalists out there in the field, at times it's too straight, almost flat. One often longs for an ounce of romanticism to round off the hard edges. Yet her name—well-known in jazz singing—has endured, and she certainly deserves this rebirth of attention. M.J.

In Brief

JOAN BAEZ: From Every Stage. A&M SP 3704, \$7.98 (two discs). Tape: CS 3704, \$9.98; BT 3704, \$9.98.

Joan Baez shines with authority and grace on her new two-record set, performed live at various concerts and untampered with. "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around" is sung a cappella and unhesitatingly. This is a beautiful set. M.A.

MAGMA: Live. UTOPIA CYL 2-1245, \$7.98 (two discs).

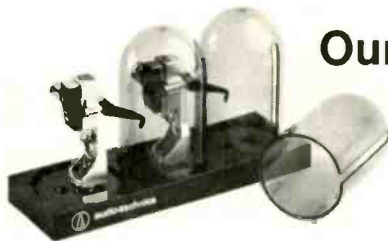
This huge ensemble makes a seamless brand of jazz-rock that is as exotic as it is amusing. Magma also displays musicianship galore—one suspects that this European group will eventually have an American impact. H.E.

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Quadriphonic-compatible? Well, sort of . . . The tantalizing technical and repertorial mysteries of the GRT classical cartridge line (noted here last December) finally have been clarified. And if the claimed "quadriphonic compatibility" actually is not what you might expect (see below), the highly ingenious new format boasts two attractive features missing in cartridges priced much higher than GRT's bargain \$4.95 list. These are complete program notes, for a welcome change, and packaging in a clear plastic case far more substantial than the usual cardboard covers. Then, too, the seventy-two-item repertory is a fabulous one—confined to older recordings, of course, but featuring Vanguard, Everest, and Westminster treasures, some in their first tape editions and many once available in open-reel editions but long out of print.

Unlike true Q-8s, the new GRTs are playable on stereo-only cartridge machines. In that mode they present their musical contents *twice*: first as "programs" 1 and 2, then as "programs" 3 and 4. In a quad player, however, the music is heard simultaneously in the back speakers ("programs" 3 and 4) and the front speakers ("programs" 1 and 2)—providing what is certainly not true quadriphony but a two-times-two-channel room-filling effect that many listeners prefer to exclusively frontal stereo.

For me, back-doubling stereo speakers (like front-doubling a mono speaker) adds little apart from somewhat more pervasive room-sound densities. But others apparently relish just that. Even I must concede that the first GRT sample I've heard (Cardinal/GRT 8193 10042 E) sounds fine in either two- or four-speaker playback. The music is Mahler's Fourth Symphony by Abravanel and the Utah Symphony with Netania Davrath as soprano soloist in the finale. While this reading is scarcely competitive with, say, the Solti/London or Levine/RCA versions, it's a warmly engaging one, and its 1969 Vanguard sonics are admirably fresh and vivid in first-rate tape processing that lacks only Dolby-B quieting and freedom from a mood-disruptive break (inevitable on a cartridge?) near the beginning of the slow movement. But at least that's the only one in the whole symphony as contrasted with three breaks in conventional Stereo-8 cartridge playback. In any case, don't forget that bargain price!

. . . And the real McQoy. Perhaps only technological purists fully appreciate the distinctions between four-speaker stereo and true quad of the back-

by R. D. Darrell

The Tape Deck

channels ambience-only kind—distinctions less striking than those involving quad featuring circumferential primary sound sources. Yet even milder "surround" technique (mostly ambience plus perhaps a few primary back sources) does indeed enhance the sonic transparency and buoyancy of the Perahia/Marriner Mendelssohn Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 (Columbia MAQ 33207, Dolby-B Q-8 cartridge, \$8.98). And it is just these qualities, augmenting the lyric grace of both soloist and orchestra, that make these versions so complementary to the nearly definitive, more robustly dramatic 1960 Serkin/Ormandy/Columbia recordings, only one of which is currently available in a tape (cassette/cartridge) edition.

Two less recent Columbia Q-8s exploit quad potentials more spectacularly. One (MAQ 33513, \$8.98) is the Schuller/All-Star Band "Footlifters" American march program I reviewed in a stereo-only disc edition last October. The readings of course remain excitingly high-tensioned, however rushed and slapdash. But impressively panoramic quadriphony ameliorates most of the earlier tonal coarseness as well as awesomely intensifying the over-all sonic impact. In the Orff *Carmina Burana* (MAQ 33172, \$8.98), reviewed in its disc editions back in May 1975, the more complex four-channel potential is realized so imaginatively that conductor Michael Tilson Thomas' idiosyncrasies no longer seem as arbitrary, and listeners are even more spellbound. The only catch is the (necessary?) Q-8 editing to "slightly shorter length"—twelve minutes shorter in fact. The cuts all are of repetitive materials, to be sure, but, at best, Orff's formal scheme is thrown out of kilter; at worst—the brutal halving of the lovely soprano solo "In Trutina"—the cutting is intolerable.

There's repetitive testimony to the conclusive superiority of Q-reels over any other quad format in another Vanguard example (VSS 23, Dolby-B Q-reel, \$12.95): the Mackerras/London Symphony complete *Petrushka* in its original 1911 edition. Here the quadriphony is unexaggerated, yet its expansion of even auditorium ambience alone invaluable enhances

both the 1973 recording's vividness and the ballet's own dramatic grip. I still prize the more poetic, graceful, and pellucid Boulez/Columbia reading, but even in its 1972 Q-8 cartridge edition it scarcely can match the present sonic bite and almost palpable solidity.

American jazz, Rhineland vintages. Ordinarily, I have to pass up jazz-tape commentary, but I can't ignore a just-received batch of remarkable ECM/Polydor cassettes (\$7.98 each) featuring American stars active in German concert halls and recording studios. Technically, these releases are first-rate in every respect, including excellent Dolby-B processing (except in the Burton Quartet/NDR Symphony "Seven Songs," CE 1040). While the musical attractions naturally vary considerably, several programs are truly outstanding. Tops for me are Keith Jarrett's piano improvisations in his live "Köln Concert" (CF 1064/5, Dolby-B double-play cassette, \$11.98) [listed among the best of pops in "Record Riches of a Quarter-Century," HF, April 1976] and "Facing You" (CF 1017). Not far behind are Chick Corea's two-volume "Piano Improvisations" (CF 1014 and 1020) and the Ralph Towner-Gary Burton "Matchbook" set of guitar-vibraharp duos (CF 1056).

Connoisseurs' conductors. Few recent conductors have won such consistently and intensely loyal aficionados as the late Jascha Horenstein and the more recently matured Neville Marriner. Each of them is heard at or near his best in two new, notably fine musicassettes. Horenstein with the London Symphony couples profoundly eloquent yet always restrained performances of the Hindemith *Mathis der Maler* Symphony and Richard Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration* (Nonesuch/Advent D 1043, Dolby-B cassette, \$5.95). Marriner and his Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields play theater-orchestrated versions of some of Rossini's most delectable overtures: not only *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, but also *La Cambiale di matrimonio*, *La Scala di seta*, *Tancredi*, *Il Signor Bruschino*, *L'Inganno felice*, and—perhaps most catchily lilting of all—*Il Turco in Italia* (Philips 7300 368, Dolby-B cassette, \$7.98) [also in "Record Riches of a Quarter-Century," classical section]. There is no direct competition here with the memorable larger-scaled Rossini recordings by Toscanini and Reiner: Marriner simply reveals different facets of this eternally fresh and intoxicating music. ●

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