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# HIGH FIDELITY

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LAB TEST REPORTS

Akai's NAB open-reel deck

Pioneer's all-quad receiver

Wollensak's supertape cartridge deck

A Dual turntable resampled

Five tape head demagnetizers

10¢

Preview of Next Season's Releases

## Recordings

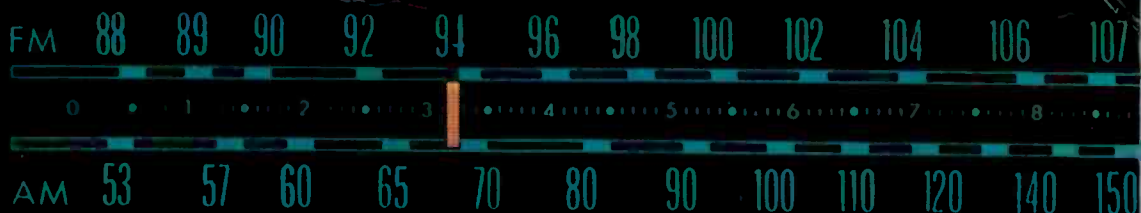
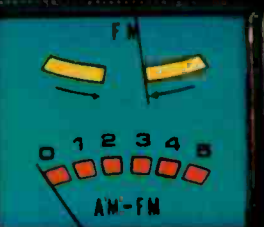
Does American Jazz Have to Be Imported from Europe?

## The Man Who Revolutionized Music



Arnold Schoenberg by George Gershwin



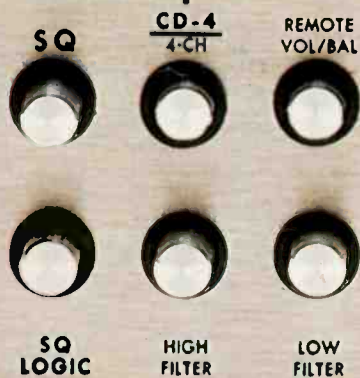


REMOTE

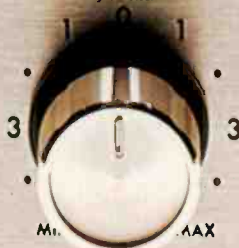
◇ OUTPUT ◇

4-CH

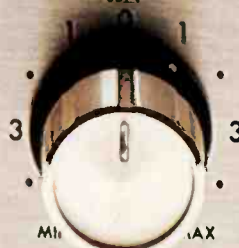
SELECTOR



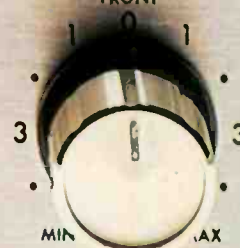
BASS

REAR  
FRONT

MIDRANGE

RIGHT  
LEFT

TREBLE

REAR  
FRONT

# 4 is the best receiver you can own.

decoder gives you dramatic channel separation.

## Lots more good stuff.

If you need more convincing... the 634 has four individual level meters and a "joystick" balance control, plus optional remote control for volume and balance. There are Baxandall bass and treble controls and a midrange presence control, and tape outputs on the front and rear panels. And 4-channel headphone jacks, illuminated

function readouts, and much, much more.

It's all put together incredibly well with over-size parts that should last for years and years. And common-sense design with things like plug-in circuit boards to make servicing a snap in the unlikely event that something ever goes wrong.

If this sounds like the receiver you've been waiting for, stop waiting. You can try it out at your nearby Fisher Studio

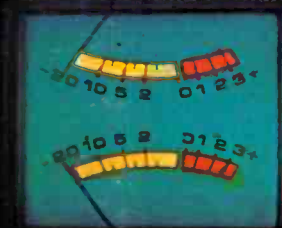
Standard dealer. Or send for our informative and interesting book about all the new Studio Standard receivers. Write Fisher Radio, Dept. HF-9, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

**Fisher**  
Studio-Standard

# FISHER

CD-4/4-CH

LEFT — FRONT — RIGHT



*Studio-Standard*

PROGRAM  
SELECTOR

MODE SELECT

LEFT



FRONT



PHONO 1  
CD-4  
PHONO 2  
AM  
AUX



TAPE  
MONITOR



MONO



2-CH



CD-4  
SEPARATION



RCDR  
OUT



RIGHT

REAR

METER  
ATTEN



MUTING  
OFF



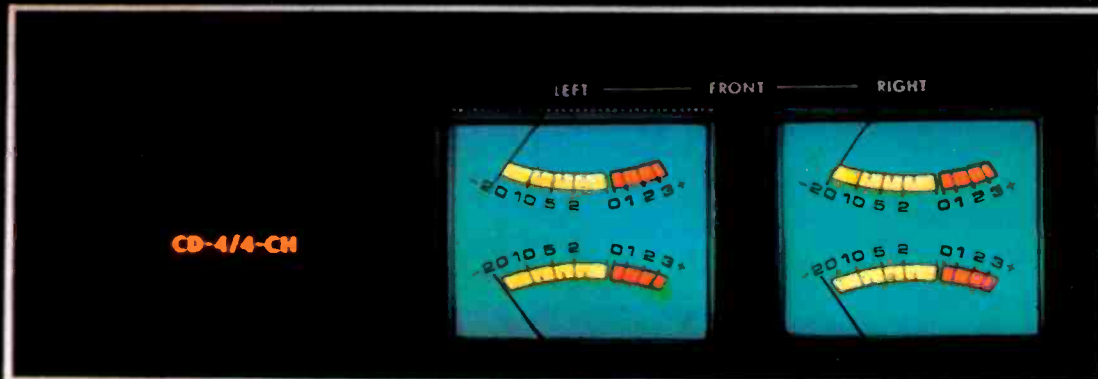
PHASE  
LOGIC





Actual size.

# FISHER



*Studio-Standard*

PROGRAM  
SELECTOR

MODE

LEFT  
●  
CD - 4  
SEPARATION  
●  
RIGHT

FRONT  
●  
RCDR  
OUT  
●  
REAR

PHONO 1  
CD-4  
PHONO 2  
FM  
AM  
● AUX

TAPE  
MONITOR  
●  
METER  
ATTEN  
●  
MONO  
●  
MUTING  
OFF  
●  
2-CH  
●  
PHAS  
LOGIC  
●

## The new Fisher 634

### Here's why:

The Fisher 634 has so much power, performance, versatility, and overall quality, that whether you use it as the heart of a blockbuster stereo system or an exotic 4-channel system it will do more for you than any other receiver you can buy.

### Plenty of pure power.

The 634 puts out 45 watts RMS per channel in the 4-channel mode. And a

special power-boosting "strapping" technique gives you 100 watts RMS per channel in stereo, more than some of the most highly-touted stereo-only receivers and enough to handle even very inefficient speakers in very large rooms.

### Full Logic SQ and CD-4.

So you can listen to as much 4-channel music as possible, the 634 has state-of-the-art IC decoder circuits for both CD-4 and SQ.

The SQ has "full logic" for increased separation and clarity, plus Fisher's exclusive "Phase Logic" for even more separation across the rear.

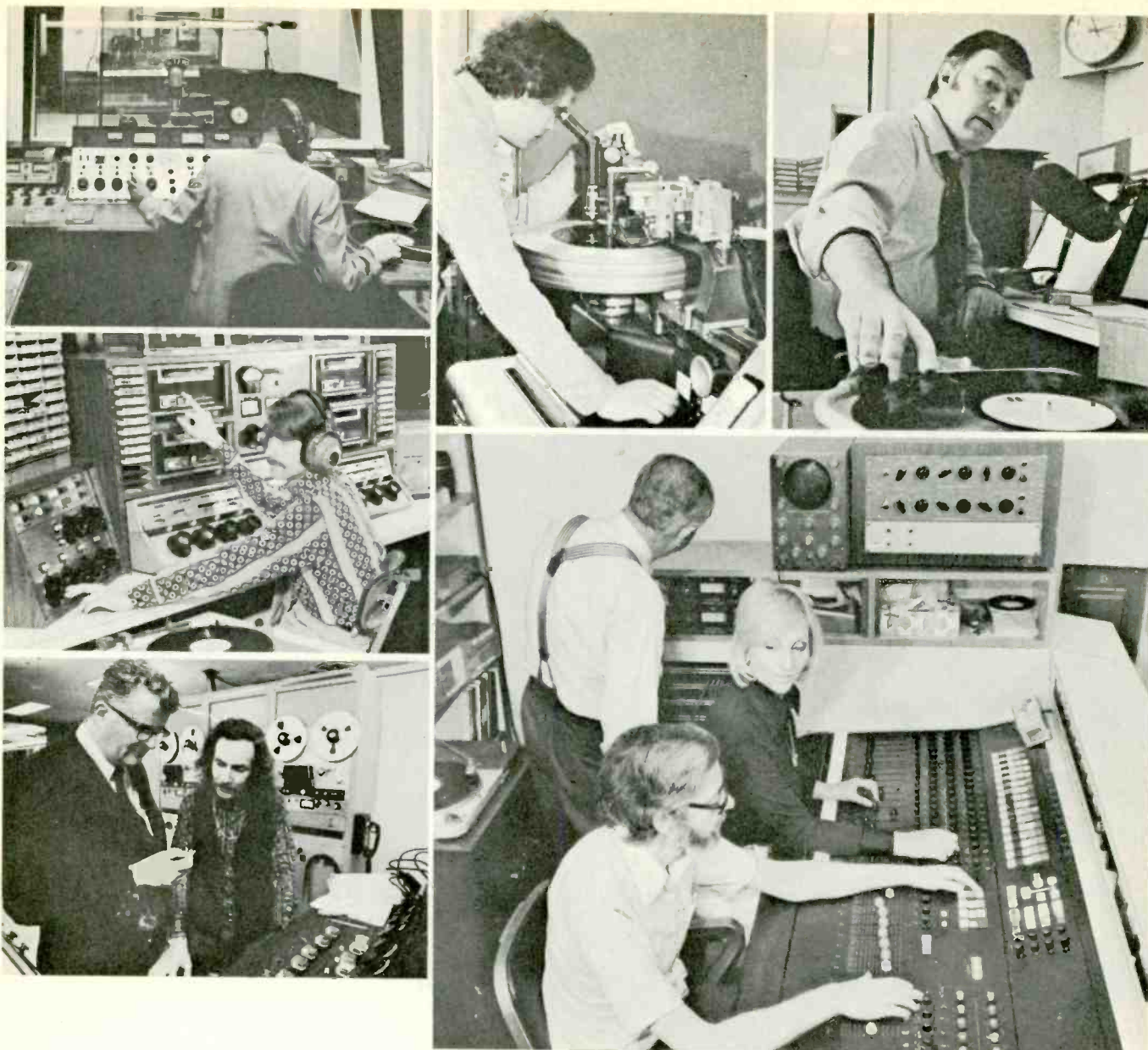
### Exceptional FM reception.

A dual-gate MOS/FET FM front end gives you terrific sensitivity to haul in many more stations with brilliant clarity than any other receiver. A ceramic ladder filter rejects interference. A Phase Lock Loop multiplex





**Even when you use just part of it.**



## In response to the needs of the recording and broadcast industries, Stanton creates the new calibration standard ....the 681 TRIPLE-E....

A definite need arose.

The recording industry has been cutting discs with higher accuracy to achieve greater definition and sound quality.

Naturally, the engineers turned to Stanton for a cartridge of excellence to serve as a primary calibration standard in recording system check-outs.

The result is a *new* calibration standard, the Stanton 681 TRIPLE-E. Perhaps, with this cartridge, the outer limits of excellence in stereo sound reproduction has been reached.

The Stanton 681 TRIPLE-E offers improved tracking at *all* frequencies. It achieves perfectly flat

frequency response to beyond 20 Kc. It features a dramatically reduced tip mass. Actually, its new nude diamond is an ultra miniaturized stone with only  $\frac{2}{3}$  the mass of its predecessor. And the stylus assembly possesses even greater durability than had been previously thought possible to achieve.

The Stanton 681 TRIPLE-E features a new design of both cartridge body and stylus: it has been created for those for whom the best is none too good.

Each 681 TRIPLE-E is guaranteed to meet its specifications within exacting limits, and each one boasts the most meaningful warranty possible: an individual calibration test result is packed with each unit



For further information write Stanton Magnetics, Inc., Terminal Drive, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.



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An exceptional turntable requires the match of precision, refined strength and sensitivity. The Thorens TD-125 AB Mark II electronic transcription turntable has achieved the ultimate in this delicate balance.

At its heart is the most precise electronic control circuitry known to man. The solid state 2-phase Wien Bridge oscillator is impervious to variations in the frequency or amplitude of line current in your home. Even in today's uncertain energy environment, constant and precise platter rotation are ensured. And typical of Thorens' attention to detail, speed selection is accomplished with a gold plated switch.

We've harnessed the strength of Thorens' unique 16-pole synchronous motor by reducing the motor speed from

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But strength must be tempered with sensitivity. To minimize acoustic feedback caused by vibration, a highly refined split-level suspension system isolates the tonearm and platter from a chassis housing the drive system.

All of this attention to detail is further evidenced in the TD-125 AB Mark II's ultimate tonearm. Unlike many high quality tonearms which employ springs or counterweights for anti-skating compensation, the Thorens TP-16 gimbal suspension tonearm utilizes a frictionless, magnetic system to

guarantee precise stylus contact in the absolute center of the record groove at all times.

This then, is the unique combination of excellence that defines perfection in turntable design and performance. And the reason Stereo Review said, "... This beautiful instrument provides a mark for others to aim at."

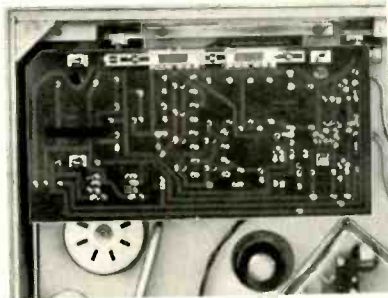
If owning the ultimate in sound equipment is important to you, owning the Thorens TD-125 AB Mark II is inevitable. Why not now?

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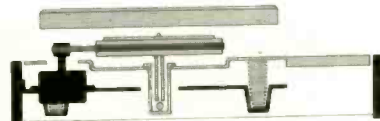
## THORENS®



Wien Bridge oscillator assures precise speed control. Incorporates highly reliable, micro-miniaturized IC chips.



The TP-16 aerospace tonearm combines the gimbal suspension system with frictionless, magnetic anti-skating control.



Split-level suspension system isolates the tonearm and platter from the drive system for shock-free operation.



Simplified operation with all controls conveniently accessible on the front panel. Features sliding lever cueing control.



The belt-driven 16-pole synchronous motor provides almost instant start-up. Precise speed in 1.5 seconds!

# letters

## The Vinyl Crunch

Thirty-five years ago, I heard a chemistry professor at Columbia declare that future generations would curse us for burning oil as a fuel instead of conserving it as a priceless raw material for the petrochemical industry. Yet today the very same idea appears startling to so sophisticated a man as Gene Lees ("The Vinyl Shortage: Does It Mean Poorer and Fewer Records?" July 1974).

As he notes, our politicians, rather than facing us with such unpleasant realities, have led us down the primrose path of squandering irreplaceable reserves of oil, and recent events in Washington indicate that the temporary abatement of the oil crisis has led to a return to the same foolish reliance on oil as a permanent resource. There is little likelihood of a crash program to develop alternate sources of energy.

We already are seeing the American dollar, along with other currencies, weakened abroad by the increased outflow of cash for foreign oil. At the moment, this hits us as record collectors through list prices of \$7.98 (and climbing) for some imports.

With possible financial disaster in the offing—perhaps not more than a year away—if the outflow of dollars continues, it seems a bit trivial to worry too much about the price of records and their availability, but there can be little doubt that the long-term outlook for records is not encouraging. Prices will go up, and quality and variety will suffer.

For what consolation it may offer, records remain a fantastic buy. Many of us remember when it took \$2.00 to buy nine minutes of music in a twelve-inch 78-rpm disc—and gas was seven gallons to a dollar. In terms of 1930 dollars, the same nine minutes now cost less than ten cents.

Frederick S. Lightfoot  
Huntington Station, N.Y.

## Catalogue Dropouts

Do we really need thirty-seven separate releases of the *1812 Overture* in print when there isn't a single available recording of Milhaud's *Suite provençale*? Having heard a broadcast of this work, I know it has been recorded; so apparently someone's accountant determined it wasn't making enough money—less, for instance, than DG's current release of the *Piezas de clarines* by one Antonio Martin y Coll (16-- to 17--). I wonder if Milhaud realized how esoteric he was?

I suggest that a recording be kept in print if it is: 1) the sole recording of a work; 2) a recording that fills an important gap (such as a reading of the *Art of Fugue* on its intended instrument, the harpsichord—currently hard to find); or 3) regarded by many as the greatest recording of a work (such as Ferrier's reading of *Das Lied von der Erde*, which was unavailable for five years).

A rather modest proposal, don't you think?

Christopher C. Brewster  
Chicago, Ill.

Well, we'll certainly buy the principle, but the specifics are going to be tough to enforce. 1)

There are lots of works whose sole recording could safely slip into oblivion. 2) Who defines "an important gap"? (The disc containing the Martin y Coll pieces is a baroque trumpet recital, and a lot of Adolf Scherbaum fans would hate to see it go.) And 3) For almost every recording ever made, you'll find people who hail it as the greatest.

But of course we get the point, and it's a good one. It would be nice, for example, to have the Munch/BSO stereo *Suite provençale* in the catalogue again—perhaps on Victrola?

Finally, we cannot let the statement that the harpsichord was the "intended instrument" for the *Art of Fugue* pass without comment. If ever a work seemed "intended" to transcend any particular instrumental realization, this one certainly is it. Although it may be no coincidence that the work can be played on a keyboard, Bach wrote it in open score, using a separate part for each voice.

## Grainger and Grieg

I am really surprised at you people, letting André Watts ["Speaking of Records," June 1974] get away with identifying Percy Grainger as "the pianist for whom Grieg wrote his piano concerto." Grainger, of course, was born in 1882, fourteen years after Grieg wrote his concerto. The true story is that Grainger and Grieg did meet, and that the composer was so taken with the young pianist's playing that he personally coached him in the concerto. Unfortunately, a scheduled performance in which Grieg was to have conducted the concerto for Grainger was prevented by the older man's death.

I must say I enjoyed the Watts piece thoroughly and would certainly endorse his preference for live-performance recordings. Of course some artists prefer the studio (as Lipatti is said to have), and they are entitled to their preferences; but all one needs to do is compare Sviatoslav Richter as recorded live and in the studio (in, say, *Pictures at an Exhibition* or the Beethoven *Appassionata*) to find out what is often lost in more controlled conditions. Who cares about coughs or clinkers when tol-

erating them enables us to hear the difference between caution and white-hot inspiration?

Leslie Gerber  
Phoenicia, N.Y.

By now I hope someone has passed along to André Watts the good news that Percy Grainger did indeed make a recording of the Grieg piano concerto, and it is available! It is of course a piano-roll transfer for solo piano, and I think Mr. Watts will find it as remarkable as the Harold Bauer recording of the Saint-Saëns G minor Concerto mentioned in his delightful article.

The LP is "Percy Grainger Plays Grieg," Klavier KS 101. I broadcast it as soon as Klavier sent it to me and will do so again as soon as someone drops a hat.

William N. Brock Jr.

Concert Music Director, WLEC  
Sandusky, Ohio

## Piezoelectric Tweeters

I have just finished reading your June issue and particularly enjoyed Robert Angus' "Why Do Speakers Sound the Way They Do?" and Robin Lanier's "How Do Speakers Work?" However, I could not help but feel that there was a definite omission in not making reference to the piezoelectric tweeters manufactured by Motorola Communications Division.

The piezoelectric phenomenon not only provides an extremely clean sound (low distortion and extremely good transient response) but, because it has no magnet or voice coil, is free of the problems inherent in conventional dynamic speakers. The Motorola tweeters offer efficiency ratings comparable with dynamic units, but, because of the high impedance (400 ohms at 3 kHz) and low power absorption (no coil to heat up), the power-handling capability is quite high: up to 35 volts rms. Also, since the high-end response goes on up to 40 kHz, the unit adds a new brightness to speaker systems.

Jonathan Bost

Project Engineer, Motorola, Inc.  
Franklin Park, Ill.

The method by which Motorola's piezoelectric tweeter generates sound [see "News and Views," January 1973] is quite different from that in conventional dynamic tweeters, but its use in a full-range system is very much like that of conventional tweeters—and therefore unlike the "special" tweeter designs discussed in Mr. Lanier's article. Largely because of its extended top-end response, a number of manufacturers have begun substituting it for conventional cone or domed tweeters in their systems, and Mr. Angus' comments on choosing tweeters for the desired balance between drivers applies to the piezoelectric type as well as to the more familiar ones.

## Sequencing Beethoven

We have received many letters concerning the automatic sequencing of the Beethoven piano concertos with Vladimir Ashkenazy and the Chicago Symphony conducted by Sir Georg Solti (CSA 2404). This was done in order that all the concertos could be put onto four records. Had this set been released in manual sequence, it would have required either using five records or breaking up many of the concertos over two sides in an illogical manner



Percy Grainger  
Setting the Grieg story straight.



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Traditionally, new audio equipment (new anything for that matter) is introduced with orthodox "product shots".

In the case of the B·I·C 980 and 960 we're breaking that mold. We're taking you inside and underneath—because much of the real beauty of these instruments lies in the innovation and engineering that's there.

In the exploded view at left you see a combination of things not found in any other turntable—a belt drive system and a record support post. Never before has there been a belt drive turntable with automatic multiple play capabilities. Only B·I·C has this combination.

At right you can see the B·I·C program panel. With it you can operate these turntables manually. Or you can elect to play a single disc automatically. Or you can repeat a single disc as many as 6 times. Or you can play from 2 to 6 discs in series.

For the first time one turntable combines the advantages of a manual unit with the convenience of perfect automatic record handling—without sacrificing playback performance.

## The Worm's Eye View

The underside of the turntable is revealing.

Compare it with the underside of any unit you choose and you'll be struck by the simple, clean appearance of the B·I·C

Many moving parts found in turntables with automatic features have been eliminated. (We've sold and serviced millions of automatic record players over the past 37 years and one thing we've learned is that simpler is better and less is more.)

The motor is a 24-pole, 300 RPM unit. It has the torque to move the platter to playing speed in  $\frac{1}{3}$  a revolution. The 1800 RPM units used in automatic turntables are simply no match for its smoothness, silence, and durability.

Only B·I·C has a 300 RPM 24-pole motor.

The 4 shock mounts at the edge of the unit plate form an acoustically damped interface between the unit plate and base. These hollow rubber, spherical cushions were designed specifically for B·I·C Programmed Turntables.

Conventional units use metal springs.

## Other Intriguing Features

The B·I·C tone arm includes features you won't find on any other arm at any price.

The cartridge shell can be adjusted so that optimum 15° tracking can be achieved no matter how deep or shallow your cartridge body is.

Cueing time can be adjusted for from 1 to 3 seconds via a knob on top of the unit.

Seven other adjustments can be made from the top of the instrument which permit easy fine-tuning of the tone arm system, to a greater degree than has ever been possible before.

The control tabs and linear scale for anti-skate and tracking force adjustment are unique.

The cycle button which controls play is unique. Etc. Etc.

## Dependability

B·I·C Programmed Turntables are made in the United States, in our own factories. We mention this because quality control is probably *the* most important factor in building this kind of equipment. The fact that the specifications for these turntables have been created and quality controlled by B·I·C is more important than you might guess.

Also, the considerable investment you are making in a B·I·C turntable is going into the turntable—not into import duties, currency fluctuations, and transportation.

## Performance

The B·I·C 980 and 960 bring you an order of performance which is both outstanding and fast becoming *essential* in the new era of 4-channel reproduction.

They are bound to be copied.

For the time being, however, they are absolutely unique in their field—fundamentally different from any other turntable, be it fully automatic, single-play automatic, or manual.

We barely have space here to hint at the things you should know about these turntables.

Your audio dealer has a comprehensive 26-page booklet about them which includes performance figures, dimensions and details about the B·I·C 2-year warranty.

Get this booklet . . . or write for more information to Dept. B, British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

We think you ought to compare turntable features before you buy. And if you compare ours with any and all others you're considering (price no object) we'll be happy. We think you will be too.



The 980 and 960 are identical except for the 980's electronic speed and pitch control circuitry and its lighted strobe. Accessories available include solid oiled-walnut wood base—matte black molded base—and hinged dust cover. The 980 will sell for approximately \$200. The 960 for about \$150.

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that would have served the interests of neither automatic nor manual sequencing advocates.

Our policy on the sequencing of classical records is that works such as operas or long symphonies extending over more than one LP will be released in automatic sequence; anthology sets such as boxes containing a number of symphonies, concertos, etc., will normally be released in manual sequence.

We hope that such a flexible approach will serve the best interests of all our customers.

*T. A. McEwen*  
Manager, Classical Division  
London Records  
New York, N.Y.

### Warranties (continued)

In your May 1973 issue I read your article entitled "Warranties: Do They Do You Any Good?" by Dennis Tuchler. An owner of a Kenwood 7200 receiver, I was experiencing extremely annoying interference from a nearby ham-radio operator. After informing the dealer from whom I purchased the unit, I was authorized to take the receiver to the dealer for transportation to the manufacturer.

After approximately eight weeks, my receiver was returned to the dealer. Kenwood had installed several appropriate audio devices to minimize the disturbing interference. The only cost I had to pay was the normal dealer handling charge. Kenwood had included the parts and labor under the terms of what I feel is a most generous warranty—especially when the source of my problem had absolutely nothing to do with defective materials or workmanship.

And best of all, the Kenwood service department's efforts have proved successful! The only interference I now experience is minimal and on my rarely used AM band. On FM, phono, and aux, I experience no interference whatsoever from my next-door neighbor, whose ham-radio tower is less than a hundred feet from my receiver and has the potential of a 1,000-watt output.

Do warranties do you any good? Based upon my recent experience, I feel that of the Kenwood Corp. goes far above and beyond what any serious music-loving individual might expect.

*Franklin E. Ullrich*  
Saddle Brook, N.J.

*Readers have a habit of staying mum except when they have a complaint. Perhaps there are other such stories of service above and beyond the call of warranty, but we seldom hear them. More thanks to reader Ullrich, then, for brightening our (and probably Kenwood's) day.*

### A Little Kindness, Please

In the April "Speaking of Records" debate between musicologists Robert Levin and Paul Henry Lang, my sympathies are all with Mr. Levin, whose liner notes for Candide's recording of a Mozart divertimento prompted the dispute—but not for any reasons of "scholarship" or the like.

When I read Mr. Lang's review of the record last November, with his unbridled personal attack on the author of the liner notes, I thought there must be a great scarcity of blue pencils in your editorial offices. Granted, it is the business of liner-note authors to write and of critics to criticize. But it seemed to me then, and it still does, that Mr. Lang went considerably beyond the role of the critic when he lit

into Mr. Levin the way he did. Whatever the merit of Mr. Lang's comments, the gratuitous verbal slap in the face surely called for the use of a blue pencil. This is not censorship; it is simply the exercise of good editorial judgment.

Perhaps I am overly sensitive about all this, because almost forty years ago I wrote the program notes for a series of Sunday-morning concerts presented at the Roxy Theater by an orchestra of two hundred musicians. They were probably the worst program notes ever written, but not one of those who covered the concerts—Olin Downes, Bill Chase, Francis Perkins, Sam Chotzinoff, et al.—ever complained, in print or privately. Nor did conductor Erno Rapee, nor guest conductors Deems Taylor and Ernest Schelling, nor guest artists Felix Salmon, Dusolina Giannini, et al.

Maybe people were a little kinder in those days, or a little less impressed by their own "scholarship."

*Stephen N. Dick*  
Fayetteville, N.Y.

### Grappelli and Smith

I notice with interest the letter from J. Honeycutt in your "Jalousie" Sweepstakes" ["Letters," June 1974].

I am happy to inform both you and Mr. Honeycutt that the Stéphane Grappelli and Stuff Smith album he mentions is not out of print; it is now available in our Archive of Folk and Jazz Music series, FS 238. And we plan future releases with Grappelli.

*Bernard C. Solomon*  
President, Everest Records  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### More on Sir Vivian Dunn

With reference to R. D. Darrell's review of the Klavier record of Sullivan orchestral music [April 1974], Sir Vivian Dunn was knighted in the New Year's Honours in 1969 upon his retirement as Principal Director of Music, Royal Marines.

Despite the claims of the record sleeve, the producer is not Harold L. Powell, but Brian B. Culverhouse, who for over twenty years produced all Sir Vivian's recordings for EMI. Incidentally, a new recording by Sir Vivian with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra called "Music of England" is to be released on the Polydor Circle of Sound label, again produced by Mr. Culverhouse.

*Malcolm Walker*  
Editor, *The Gramophone*  
Kenton, Harrow, Middx.  
England

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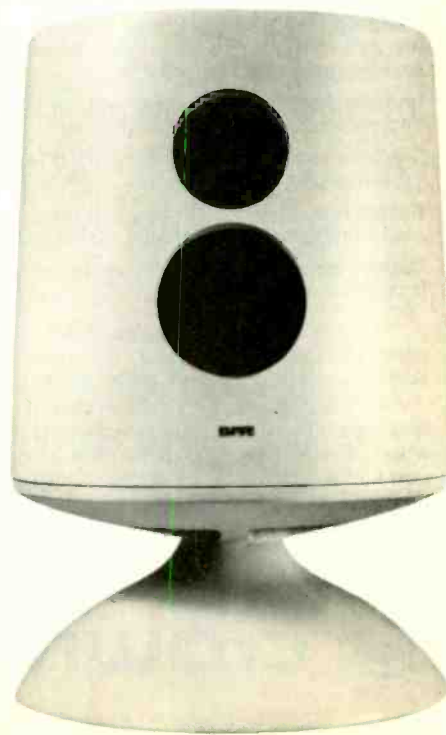
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## the lees side

### War on Moral Poverty

"MORALE IN AN organization," I once heard a business executive say, "doesn't seep up from the bottom. It drips down from the top."

I don't know whether the observation was original or quoted. But it's one of those dicta that make one stop and think.

A few years ago, I wrote a column in this magazine projecting what might happen to popular music if certain people were elected to the presidency. I thought that Eugene McCarthy had a pretty good chance of getting the nomination (not counting on Bobby Kennedy's opportunism). I concluded, "If I'm wrong and everybody's favorite bob-up clown, Richard Nixon, is elected? Hell, who'll care what happens to music then?"

There was another line at the end of the column: "because this country won't be fit to live in." It was deleted by the editors (with my agreement), because it seemed hyperbolic. Now I wish we'd left it in.

The tragedy of Richard Nixon's presidency, as I heard a conservative Republican remark, is that he disgraced conservatism just at the time when its restraining voice would have been salutary. And the repercussions of that discreditation are being felt all through American society.

All of this ran through my mind while reading, in the *Los Angeles Times*, an article headlined "Gloomy Ride on the Rock 'n' Roller Coaster," on the troubles of the rock music business in an era of petroleum and vinyl shortages. It dealt in part with the recent and unresolved scandals about payola.

And here's where it touched the rotting moral core of the situation. David Geffen, president of Elektra-Asylum Records, said of the investigations of the record industry: "The whole thing is a joke. There is a climate of corruption in this country, so whatever the investigators find, it won't ruin the industry. People aren't as shocked by this kind of thing as they used to be. Besides the government should be investigating oil or trucking, which could be helpful to the country. The record industry is small potatoes next to all those giant industries. Anyway, since all the crookedness in government came to light, when the government investigates anybody it's like the pot calling the kettle black."

It is instructive to compare this statement with the defense of the President made several months ago by Dean Burch of the White House staff. Burch said, in effect, that he was appalled by the outcry over the transcripts of presidential conversations. What was all the fuss about,

he wanted to know, when the conversations only reflected "life as it is . . . in politics and business and industry."

Do you see the interlocking rationalization of the two men's remarks? One is saying no one will be shocked by corruption in business because it goes on in government, and the other is saying no one will be shocked by corruption in government because it goes on in business. No comment on the moral poverty of this mutual support need be made.

Well, Burch and Geffen are astonishingly wrong, as is the Republican who said of the reaction to Watergate, "Some of this suffocating moral outrage will diminish in time." The only thing that has held back greater public outrage over the scandals of the record industry is that the country is too concerned with a bigger scandal. But the two issues are not unrelated, as Burch and Geffen have unconsciously demonstrated. And when the scandal is cleaned up in government, watch for a cleanup in other areas.

For as Joseph Kraft, the political columnist, noted, "The storm raised by . . . the transcripts demonstrates a point much forgotten late and soon: The United States remains a deeply moral country."

"It has been easy enough over the past few years not to equate America with the New Jerusalem. The swag has been piled high as the Rockies, and the self-debauchery of getting and spending has gone on apace. . . ."

He was talking, I presume, of government, but what he said applies equally to industry, particularly the record industry. In the climate of greed spawned and abetted by government, the record industry has failed the people (on the whole) just as much as the Administration. It gave us Alice Cooper, after all.

But it's over. As Kraft said, "What looked like moral inertia in the country was only a refusal to accept idealistic nostrums for complicated . . . problems. Beneath that not unfounded caution, the Puritan conscience ran strong."

There have been more than a few signs that the record industry—parts of it anyway—is moving toward cleanup. The appointment of Ken Glancy (about whom I will write in my next column) as president of RCA Records is one of the encouraging signs.

It's all working in quite the opposite way to what Geffen apparently thinks. Instead of being evermore tolerant of moral horror, the country has had it up to here with greed and connivance and vicious opportunism.

Nothing exists in a vacuum. Not even the record industry. GENE LEES



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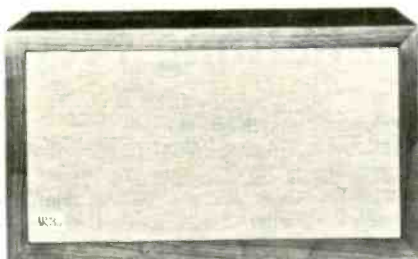
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CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

## speaking of records

ONCE AGAIN it's time to gaze into our vinyl ball. And even with the perennial Classical Crisis being joined by all our new Crunches (the Messrs. Energy, Oil, Vinyl, Paper), you won't find much evidence of it in the following pages. Last year was a dandy one for the classical collector; even with rising prices, the coming year looks like another good one.

The repertory blends the old and the new, the familiar and the unfamiliar—it's hard to think of *anything* that isn't well represented. (Exception: Sorry, folks, it appears we'll have no new *Ring* cycle.)

New licensing arrangements will give us new access to European material. The two big developments: Columbia will begin releasing Melodiya recordings not issued by Angel; Vanguard will release selected Supraphon titles.

Hardy new companies continue to appear, joining such stalwarts as Nonesuch, Vox (which seems well on its way to recording the Complete Everything), and Vanguard in plugging repertory gaps and championing less-known performers. The fat Columbia and RCA lists are welcome signs of health in the American classical industry, and the increased recording of American orchestras—a trend we suspected last year—has become a major development.

Reissues (indicated by a ●) remain an invaluable supplement to new recordings, both for economically pressed record companies and for collectors. Worth mentioning are the reactivation of RCA Victrola and the new Turnabout Historical Series, with such prospects as the wonderful Beecham/London Philharmonic Mozart recordings. And apparently to prove that "historical" recordings aren't automatically treasures, Olympic/Everest is dredging up such forgotten-but-not-gone goodies as the Oceanic operas.

On the four-channel front, the only newcomer is Vox, which has moved in in a big way. The uncommitted majors remain so, at least as this is written. Not all the projected quad releases (indicated by a ◻) will materialize (these are tentative decisions)—or at least not simultaneously with the stereo versions.

The recordings listed *should* reach us before next year's preview (many lists, in fact, go only through Christmas). But send us no orders.

## Something Old, Something New, Something . . .



Angel

- Albinoni et al.: *Orchestral Works*. Academy, Marriner.  
 Bartók: *Violin Concerto No. 2*. Perlman; London Symphony. Previn.  
 Beethoven: *Symphony No. 5; Prometheus Overture*. London Symphony, Previn.  
 Debussy: *Images pour orchestre; Jeux*. Orchestre National de l'ORTF, Martinon.  
 Elgar: *Cello Concerto; Serenade; Introduction and Allegro*. Tortelier; London Philharmonic. Boult.  
 Gottschalk: *Piano Works*. Pennario.  
 Holst: *Choral Symphony*. Palmer; London Philharmonic, Boult.  
 Holst: *The Planets*. London Symphony, Previn.  
 Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 17, 24*. Previn; London Symphony. Boult.  
 Rodrigo: *Concierto de Aranjuez*. Parish-Alvars: *Concierto in G minor*. Zabaleta, harp; Spanish National Orch., Frühbeck.  
 Schoenberg: *Gurre-Lieder*. Arroyo. Baker. Young. Wolstad. Möller. Patzak; Danish State Radio, Ferencsik.  
 Schumann: *Frauenliebe und Leben; Lie-*

- derkreis*. Schwarzkopf. Parsons.  
 Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 8*. London Symphony, Previn.  
 Strauss. R.: *Don Quixote; Rosenkavalier Waltzes*. Tortelier; Staatskapelle Dresden, Kempe.  
 Tchaikovsky: *Sleeping Beauty*. London Symphony, Previn.  
 Verdi: *Aida*. Caballé. Cossotto, Domingo. Cappuccilli. Ghiaurov; New Philharmonia Orch., Muti.  
 Verdi: *Otello*. Vickers. Freni, Glossop; Berlin Philharmonic, Karajan.  
 Pop Concert with Previn (Bernstein. Enesco. Tchaikovsky. Vaughan Williams).

### ARCHIVE PRODUCTION

- Handel: *Harpichord Suites*. Tilney.  
 Handel-Mozart: *Messiah (in German)*. Mathis, Finnila. Schreier. Adam; Austrian Radio, Mackerras.  
 Monteverdi: *Orfeo*. Bowman. Rogers. Dean. Elwes. Partridge. Petrescu. Reynolds; Jürgen.

argo

- Handel: *String Concertos et al.* Academy, Marriner.  
 Schubert: *Choral Works*. Duruffé: *Requiem*. St. John's College Choir. Cambridge.  
 Vivaldi: *La Stravaganza*. Academy, Marriner.  
 Chamber-Orchestra Works (Suk. Janáček. R. Strauss). Los Angeles Chamber Orch., Marriner.  
 Contemporary music. Continuation of Gulbenkian Foundation series.  
 French Baroque Masterpieces. King's College Choir.  
 French Carols. King's College Choir.  
 Argo Drama series. Beckett: *Waiting for Godot*; Eliot: *Murder in the Cathedral*; Marlowe: *Dr. Faustus*; Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Royal Shakespeare Co.). *The Hobbit* (N. Williamson).

## The Bach Guild

- Bach: *Harpichord Concertos Nos. 1, 4, 5*. Heiller; Vienna State Opera Orch., Caridis.



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## CAMBRIDGE RECORDS

Bach, C.P.E.: *2 Harpsichord Sonatas*. Duply: Suite. Gibbons.  
 Bach, J.S.: *2 Organ Preludes and Fugues: Schübler Chorales*. Moe.  
 Debussy and Fauré: *Songs on Verlaine poems*. Bogard. Moriarty.  
 Marais and Sainte-Colombe: *Music for Two Viols*. Meints and Caldwell. gambas: Weaver. harpsichord.  
*Elizabethan Organ Music*. Leonhardt (Schnitger organ at Zwolle).



- Dvořák: *Slavonic Dances*. Bamberg Symphony. Dorati.
- Liszt: *Dante Symphony*. Luxemburg Radio. Cao.
- Mendelssohn: *Symphonies; Overtures*. Baltimore Symphony. Comissiona.
- Prokofiev: *Violin Concertos (2)*. Ricci: Luxemburg Radio. Froment.
- Saint-Saëns: *Piano Concertos Nos. 2, 5*. Tacchino: Luxemburg Radio. Froment.
- Schubert: *Choral Works*. Buckel: South German Madrigal Choir. Gönnerwein.
- Strauss, R.: *Also sprach Zarathustra*. St. Louis Symphony. Susskind.
- Tchaikovsky: *Manfred*. Utah Symphony. Abravanel.
- Thalberg: *Piano Concerto; Piano Works*. Ponti: Westphalian Symphony. Kapp.
- Ysaÿe: *Violin Sonatas (6), Op. 27*. Ricci: *Czech Piano Works*. Firkusny.
- *French Works for Piano and Orchestra*. Dosse: Westphalian Symphony. Landau.
- *Medieval Music*. Polonska. Irish harp: Camerata.



Bach: *Gamba Sonatas (3)*. Rose. Gould.  
 Bach: *Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II*. Newman.  
 □ Bach: *Toccatas and Fugues*. Biggs (four antiphonal organs played simultaneously).  
 Beethoven: *Piano Sonata No. 7; 32 Variations; Rage over a lost penny*. Watts.  
 □ Bernstein: *Dybbuk*. New York City Ballet Orch., Bernstein.  
 □ Bernstein: *Trouble in Tahiti*. Columbia Wind Ensemble. Bernstein.  
 □ Chopin: *Piano Works*. Horowitz.  
 ● Debussy: *Orchestral Works*. Cleveland Orch., New Philharmonia. Boulez.  
 □ Elgar: *Pomp and Circumstance Marches; Imperial March; Crown of India Suite*. London Philharmonic. Barenboim.  
 Feldman: *Rothko Chapel*. Smith.

- Haydn: *Symphonies Nos. 95-96*. New York Philharmonic. Bernstein.
- Ives: *Music for Theater Orchestra (13 premieres)*. Yale Music School.
- Liszt: *Totentanz*. Franck: *Symphonic Variations*. Watts: London Symphony. Leinsdorf.
- Mahler: *Das Lied von der Erde*. Ludwig. Kollo: Israel Philharmonic. Bernstein.
- Mahler: *Symphony No. 2*. Armstrong. Baker: London Symphony. Bernstein.
- Mendelssohn: *Piano Concertos (2)*. Perahia; Academy. Marriner.
- Mendelssohn: *Symphonies Nos. 3-5*. New York Philharmonic. Bernstein.
- Mozart: *Church Sonatas (17)*. Haydn: *Organ Concertos (3)*. Biggs: Columbia Symphony. Rozsnyai.
- Mozart: *Concertone*. Pleyel: *Sinfonia Concertante*. Stern. Zukerman; English Chamber Orch., Barenboim.
- Nunes-Garcia: *Requiem*. Helsinki Philharmonic. Freeman.
- Rachmaninoff: *Preludes, Vol. 1*. Laredo.
- Rameau: *Les Indes galantes*. La Grande Ecurie et la Chambre du Roy. Malgoire.
- Schubert: *Piano Sonata in A. D. 664; Wanderer Fantasy*. Watts.
- Silverman: *Elephant Steps*. Thomas. cond. *Homage to Stravinsky*. Includes two earlier versions of *Les Noces*. Craft.
- Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto No. 1*. Watts: New York Philharmonic. Bernstein.
- Tchaikovsky: *Symphonies Nos. 1-3*. New York Philharmonic. Bernstein.
- Wagner: *Orchestral Excerpts*. New York Philharmonic. Bernstein.
- Webern: *Complete Works, Vol. 1*. Harper; Rosen; Juilliard Quartet; BBC Symphony. Boulez (four discs).
- Bernstein at Harvard: The Norton Lectures*. Includes complete performances of *Oedipus Rex*. Mozart Symphony No. 40. Beethoven Symphony No. 6 et al. (six vols. of two, three, or four discs each).
- *Great Performances from Marlboro*. Schubert: *Trout Quintet*; Brahms: *Sextet No. 1*; Mendelssohn: *Octet*; Mozart: *Clarinet Quintet*. Piano Trio No. 4.



Liszt: *Piano Sonata; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6*. Slobodyanik.  
 Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 21*. Haydn: *Concerto in D*. Gilels; Moscow Chamber Orch., Barshai.  
 Prokofiev: *War and Peace*. Vishnevskaya. Arkipova et al.; Bolshoi Theater. Melik-Pashayev.  
 Rachmaninoff: *Symphony No. 2*. Bolshoi Theater Orch., Svetlanov.  
 Irina Arkipova and Vladislav Pivko: *excerpts from Trovatore and Cavalleria rusticana*.  
 Yuri Mazurok: *Russian and Italian arias*.

## Crystal Record Company

Mozart: *Vesperae de Dominica, K. 321; concert aria, K. 538*. Stevenson. Hurwood.

Wyatt. Nehls: Los Angeles Camerata. Mitzelfelt.

Annapolis Brass Quintet: *Recital*. Works by Bach. Dahl. Holborne et al.  
 Berlin Brass Quintet: *Recital*. Works by Arnold. Rathaus. Maurer et al.  
 Catherine Crozier: *Organ Recital*. Beckerath organ at the Mission San Luis Rey.



Beethoven: *Piano Sonata No. 29*. Aitken.  
 Beethoven: *Diabelli Variations*. Aitken.  
 Couperin: *Pièces de clavecin*. Hamilton.  
 Dupré: *Organ Works*. Noehren.  
 Haydn: *Symphony No. 78*. Schubert: *Symphony No. 5*. Mozart Festival Orch., De Preist.  
 Marais: *Pieces de viole*. Heinitz. viola da gamba; Hamilton, harpsichord.  
 Scarlatti: *Sonatas, Vol. 2*. Hamilton.  
 Szymanowski: *Mazurkas, Opp. 50 and 62*. Rosenberger.  
*Twentieth-Century Music for Chamber Ensemble*. Boston Musica Viva. R. Pittman.

## DESTO

Epstein: *Vent-ures*. Eastman Wind Ensemble. Hunsberger. *The Seasons*. DeGaetani. Freeman. *String Quartet No. 1*. Philadelphia Quartet. *String Trio*. Pacific Trio.  
 Hovhanness: *Firdausi*. Husa: *Evocations of Slovakia*. Long Island Chamber Ensemble. Sobol.  
 Kubik: *Scholastica; 5 Theatrical Sketches*. Lees: *Violin Sonata No. 2*. Druian. Alpenheim. Rorem: *Night Music*. Carlyss. Schein.  
 Rochberg: *Music for the Magic Theatre Chamber Symphony*. Oberlin Orch., Moore.  
 Schumann: *Violin Sonatas Nos. 1-2; Intermezzo*. J. and R. Laredo.  
 Siegmeyer: *Flute and Clarinet Concertos*. P. Lloyd. flute; Brymer. clarinet; London Symphony. Siegmeyer.  
*American Piano Music, 1790-1970*. Mandel (four discs).  
*Baroque Concertos for Chamber Orchestra* (Albinoni. Hirtel. Telemann).  
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 Messiaen: *La Transfiguration de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ*. Soloists; National Symphony. Dorati.  
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 Tchaikovsky: *The Nutcracker*. National Philharmonic. Bonyngé.  
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 Luciano Pavarotti: *Italian Songs*.

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МЕЛОДИЯ



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- Mussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition; Night on Bald Mountain*. Dorati.
- Ravel: *Bolero; La Valse; Rapsodie espagnole; et al.* Detroit Symphony. Paray.
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 Hindemith: *Mathis der Maler Symphony*. R. Strauss: *Death and Transfiguration*. London Symphony. Horenstein.  
 ■ Ives: *Siring Quartets (2)*. Concord Quartet.  
 ■ Ives: *Violin Sonatas (4)*. Zukofsky. Kalish.  
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- Bruckner: *Symphony No. 4.* Columbia Symphony, Walter.
- Mozart: *Flute and Harpsichord Sonatas.* Rampal, Veyron-Lacroix.
- Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 9.* Haydn: *Concerto in D.* Kipnis, harpsichord; London Strings, Marriner.
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- Beethoven: *Piano Concertos: in E flat; No. 2.* Jacobs; Paris Philharmonic, Leibowitz.
- Beethoven: *Symphonies* (9). Furtwängler.

Gershwin: *American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue.* Vienna Symphony, Dixon.

● Gluck: *Alceste.* Semser, Seri, Mollien, Hoffman; Paris Philharmonic, Leibowitz.  
 Mozart: *Symphony No. 39; Eine kleine Nachtmusik.* Stockholm Philharmonic, Walter.

● Mussorgsky: *The Marriage.* Agrov, Desmazures, Mollien, Popovitzky; Paris Philharmonic, Leibowitz.

● Nicolai: *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor.* Böhme, Horand, Stein, Kühnel; Leipzig Radio, Kleinert.

● Rimsky-Korsakov: *Mozart and Salieri.* Linsolas, Mollien; Paris Philharmonic, Leibowitz.

● Rossini: *Stabat Mater.* Steingruber, Herrmann, Dermota, Schoeffler; Vienna State Opera Orch., Steinberg.

Schubert: *Symphony No. 9.* Stockholm Philharmonic, Walter.

Strauss, R.: *Also sprach Zarathustra; Schlagobers; Waltzes.* Vienna Philharmonic, Strauss.

● Strauss, R.: *Salome.* Goltz, Karen, Aldenhoff, Herrmann; Dresden State Opera, Keilberth.

● Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto No. 2.* Gilels; Leningrad Philharmonic, Kondrashin.

● Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 3.* Vienna Symphony, Swarowsky.

● Telemann: *Pimpinone.* Fuchs, Lassner; Salzburg Quartet, Messer.



- Ashforth: *Byzantia.*  
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 Handel: *Cantata Lucretia.* Baker; English Chamber Orch., Leppard.  
 Mozart: *Arias.* Ameling; English Chamber Orch., De Waart.  
 Mozart: *Così fan tutte.* Caballé, Baker, Gedda, Ganzarolli, Cotrubas, Van Allan; Covent Garden, Davis.  
 Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 20, 24.* Brendel; Academy, Marriner.  
 Mozart: *Preludes and Fugues* (6). K. 404. Grumiaux Trio.  
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 Mozart: *Early Symphonies.* Academy, Marriner (eight discs).  
 Mozart: *Symphonies Nos. 35, 41.* Concertgebouw, Krips.  
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 Schumann: *Noveletten.* Arrau.  
 Strauss, R.: *Also sprach Zarathustra.* Concertgebouw, Haitink.  
 Tchaikovsky: *Nutcracker Suite et al.* London Philharmonic, Stokowski.  
 Tippett: *Concerto for Orchestra; Ritual Dances from "A Midsummer Marriage."* London Symphony, Covent Garden, Davis.  
 Tippett: *Piano Sonatas* (3). Crossley.  
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- Bach Transcriptions.* London Symphony, Stokowski.  
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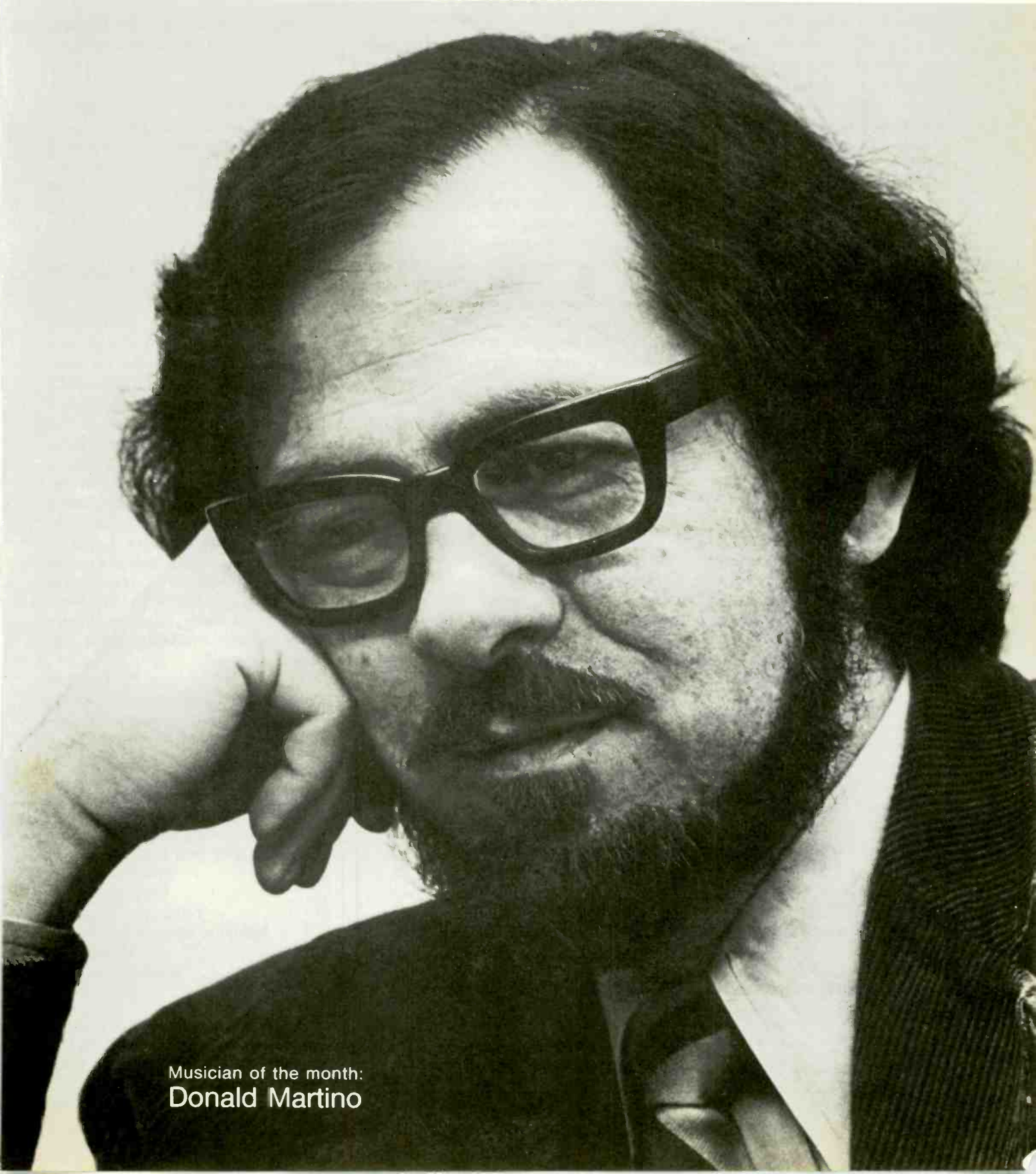


**HIGH** SEPTEMBER 1974  
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# musical america

Ned Rorem  
on composing

A new Ives  
biography—  
catchy fiction?



Musician of the month:  
Donald Martino

## The Death of the National Ballet

The demise of the twelve-year-old National Ballet in the nation's capital is yet another sign that despite growing government and private support of arts institutions in this country, the times are still peculiarly out of joint. Ballet is popular now as never before—community companies are springing up like wildflowers and little girls are toddled off to dance classes as they once were to piano lessons. Many regional and civic companies stimulate strong and loyal local support. But it has not worked that way in Washington. Although the city has made a determined and self-aware effort to put itself on the cultural map since the opening of the Kennedy Center, and although the local symphony and opera company are holding their own, the ballet has gone down the drain.

The cause was lack of local support. The Ford Foundation had been generous, having given a grant of \$400,000 shortly after the company was founded in 1962/63, and another of \$228,000 in 1972. But like most performing arts organizations the National Ballet faced growing deficits, and by last January was \$300,000 in the hole. The management hoped to raise money locally (two grants were applied for, unsuccessfully) and then to approach Ford once again. But the money was not forthcoming, and the principal patron, Mrs. Richard Riddell, had gone as far as she could go.

The loss of the company is deplorable—perhaps not so much for the gap it will leave in Washington itself, where the world's finest companies will continue to come in on tour, but for the coast-to-coast audiences for whom the arrival of the National Ballet was an artistic event of some significance. The company toured more widely than any other professional American dance ensemble, and by its own estimate had reached a total audience of three million. It was a national asset.

Questions, of course, remain. Could the company have maintained a higher artistic level than was its norm? Probably. Could management have been more astute? Probably. Is the peculiarly transient population of Washington a particularly hard nut to crack when fund-raising time comes around? Apparently. But the collapse of the National Ballet seems to have a message, and a discouraging one: that residents of even so sizable a city as Washington are willing to take the easy route of importing artistic excellence instead of the long hard climb of generating their own.

## next month in musical america

Remembering Charles Ives, by Sidney Cowell

Ives and American Culture, by Gilbert Chase

Have Cello, Will Travel:  
the adventures of a redoubtable instrumentalist

### Lomax & Cantometrics

SIR:

Congratulations on the *MUSICAL AMERICA* issues [May and June] containing Charles Fowler's essays on Alan Lomax's Cantometrics project. I am delighted that your magazine has boldly tackled and presented—in very readable form—this pioneering work in musical style and its relationship to culture and the world. The work itself is well worth your reporting, for it has profound implications for our understanding of music. And Mr. Fowler's analysis is succinct and informative.

Thanks for doing it.

*Alan Jabbour*

Director of Folk Arts  
National Endowment for the Arts.  
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

I was delighted to see Charles Fowler's two articles on Alan Lomax's work, since I have known Lomax for many years and am a great admirer of his contribution to American ethnomusicology. We have Lomax's books here and we include discussion of his work in several of our courses in the Wesleyan World Music Program. We will now make the articles in *MUSICAL AMERICA* available to our students also.

*David P. McAllester*

Professor of Music and Anthropology  
Wesleyan University  
Middletown, Conn.

SIR:

Charles B. Fowler's pieces on Cantometrics [May, June] were extremely interesting and the format of your magazine very enjoyable.

*Richard H. Ekman*

Program Officer  
Education Programs  
National Endowment for the  
Humanities  
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

We have received copies of Charles Fowler's splendid articles on Alan Lomax and his research work with Can-

Continued on page MA-4



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Patrick J. Smith, *book reviews*  
Dorle J. Soria, *personalities*

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Marseille/Susan Heller Anderson
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Patrick J. Smith, editor

## HIGH FIDELITY

# musical america

## highlights of september

- TUESDAY 10 New York City Opera presents a new production of *Manon Lescaut* with Maralin Niska in the title role.
- THURSDAY 12 The centennial of Arnold Schoenberg's birth is honored by the University of Southern California with a four-day Institute featuring scholarly discussion and a concert series.
- FRIDAY 13 The San Francisco Opera launches the season with a new production of *Manon Lescaut*; Leontyne Price sings the first Manon of her career.
- WEDNESDAY 18 The International Verdi Congress meets in Chicago—its first convention in the United States. The subject: "Verdi in the New World."
- FRIDAY 20 The Chicago Lyric presents a new production of *Simon Boccanegra* in honor of the Verdi Congress.
- MONDAY 23 The Metropolitan Opera opens with *I vespri siciliani*.
- THURSDAY 26 The Boston Symphony season opens under Seiji Ozawa's direction; Bernstein *Chichester Psalms* is on the program.

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tometrics. I personally found the material fascinating and hope that there will be wide use of Mr. Lomax's data and theories. Beyond this, I was much impressed by Mr. Fowler's splendid prose—some of the best I have ever read on the subject of music. We congratulate you for adding him to your staff as Education Editor.

*Joan Gaines*  
Director of public Relations  
Music Educators  
National Conference  
Vienna, Va.

### Does education aim too low?

SIR:

I enjoyed Charles Fowler's discussion of the Music Educators National Conference [July], but I think you chose a singularly inappropriate illustration to go with it: if those juicy, swinging, well-fed youngsters on page MA-15 represent the product and ultimate aim of music education in America, we are indeed doomed to mediocrity. They perfectly symbolize the homogenized commercial flashiness appropriate, perhaps, to Disneyland or a football cheering section, but it is sad to think that the lowest common denominator determines the level of serious education, in music or any other field of learning. I get the distinct impression from Fowler's article that the music education crowd is trying hard to be all things to all people, so perhaps your picture was well chosen after all.

*Patrick Malone*  
Lexington, Ky.

### New music notation

SIR:

Cheers for the fascinating article by Kurt Stone on new music notation [July]—it is the first exposition of the subject I have read which makes sense to people who may not be students of Milton Babbitt or subscribers to *Perspectives of New Music*. It manages to clarify not only the subject of notation, but illuminates also the sometimes rather murky purposes of our avant-garde composers.

*Eliza Philips*  
New York, N.Y.

### Milstein appreciated

SIR:

The article on Nathan Milstein by

Dorle J. Soria in your July issue (page MA-7) is one of the most interesting I've read in any music magazine in a long time.

*George Smith*  
Angwin, Cal.

### Rose misnamed

SIR:

Your selection of organist John Rose as one of the promising young American performers featured in the July issue (page MA-23) was much

appreciated, but I'm afraid both he and you were victimized by a typo which changed his last name.

Two years ago in Paris just before Mr. Rose performed at Notre Dame de Paris the *International Herald-Tribune* switched the same letter, changing Rose into Ross, so your publication is in fairly distinguished company at any rate.

*Phillip Truckenbrod*  
President  
Arts Image Ltd.  
Newark, N.J.

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# artist life

DORLE J. SORIA

**O**N THE NIGHT of last November 7 a fire swept the Metropolitan Opera warehouse on Third Avenue and 186th Street. The loss was estimated at three million dollars. Costumes of forty-one productions were destroyed. Among them were *Vanessa* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Samuel Barber mourns the luxurious wardrobe of the early 1900s which Cecil Beaton had designed for *Vanessa*. For *Vanessa* herself there were a ruby red velvet first-act dress, a plum-colored traveling suit, a scarlet ball gown, ermines for skating and mink tails to trim a saffron chiffon negligée. "Now they will never do the opera again," he says. But the composer has no regrets for Zeffirelli's *An-*

*tony and Cleopatra* creations. Charles Caine, the Met's staff costume designer, recalled them. "There were about a thousand costumes. The Antony group were in earth colors, armor of gray and brown suede, great capes and high-laced boots. The Romans were in colors of steel and silver and blue. togas and tunics under armor. The Egyptians wore green and gold-encrusted costumes made of nubbly and shiny silks. Leontyne Price was in pale pastel greens for the Nile scene, in black and bronze for the death scene—a dozen different fabrics were used. And all those wigs! The metallic coiled wigs Alexandre had brought from Paris had to be discarded. The house-made ones used things like pipe cleaners, metallic rope, and sheer pleated materials."

## Only an elephant was missing

It was this mammoth production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Barber opera which inaugurated the Metropolitan's new Lincoln Center home on September 16, 1966, which crushed and killed the opera at birth. In the opening scene, "a vision of the Empire," Zeffirelli had about three hundred people on the stage—Romans, Greeks, Persians, Jews, soldiers—not to mention horses, goats, and a camel. Only an elephant had been refused him. "It was completely overproduced," says Samuel Barber, looking back to that black night. "Zeffirelli was so busy with the pyra-

mid, the chorus, the crowds and the animals that he had no time for the singers or the music. He didn't even have time to rehearse *Leontyne*. We all sat around, waiting, waiting. Besides, Zeffirelli had arrived in New York only twenty-five rehearsal days before the opening. He had been delayed in Rome, busy with that other *Cleopatra*, Elizabeth Taylor, and with Richard Burton. He was doing a film with them, *Taming of the Shrew*, which was not yet finished. When he did come he was appalled to find that he could not have the entire stage to himself every day. He did not realize that other new productions were being simultaneously prepared. Alfred Lunt, who was to direct *Traviata*, was pacing below."

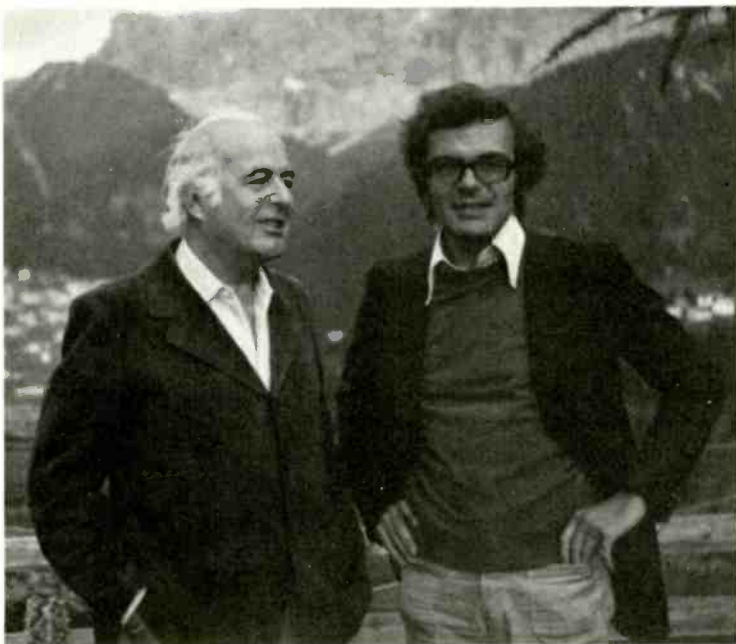
That opening night of *Antony and Cleopatra* is opera history. Everything that could go wrong on stage went wrong. It was a fiasco.

The morning after the premiere Samuel Barber sailed for Europe on the *S.S. Constitution*. "When I left I had no idea of the enormity of the failure. It was not until I arrived when I began to get letters from friends, letters of condolence, full of pity. 'You poor thing.' 'I'm so sorry.' 'What a shame!'" The Metropolitan commission had paid for a chalet in the Dolomites but it could not repay him for the fact that no opera house thereafter asked for *Antony and Cleopatra*.

But, what was, was. Today Barber can echo what Aeneas said when, having survived Scylla and Charybdis and other mortal perils, he finally reached shore. "Some day this too will be a joy to remember." Because now *Antony and Cleopatra*, risen from the ashes, is to be reborn where it died—at Lincoln Center. Rewritten, revised, restaged, it will be given at Juilliard next February and a new edition will be published by Schirmer.

"Gian Carlo let the cat out of the bag," said Samuel Barber. Menotti, in an interview with the *New York Times*, had announced: "Something good has happened to me quite recently. I will again work with Sam Barber!" He revealed that Barber was reworking the score of the opera, that he was reshaping the libretto, that it would be done at the Juilliard Opera Theater and that he would stage it. "I'm sure the new version will be quite a surprise to everybody."

Menotti, author of the *Vanessa* li-



Samuel Barber with Milan Turkovic, bassoonist of the Vienna Symphony

bretto, admitted: "In my long friendship with Sam, and my devotion and admiration for Sam, the only sorrow I had was when Sam decided to write his new work for the Metropolitan without me. I very much wanted to collaborate with him again. I think we make a marvelous team, and I would have loved to have written a second libretto for him. Now I'm very touched and delighted that he has asked me to reshape this libretto and also to stage it."

Barber gently pooh-poohs the idea that Menotti would have wanted to work originally on the Shakespearean text. "Gian Carlo has always written his own librettos." But he is delighted that Menotti is now helping to prune the first version into a simpler, more dramatic, and more practical edition.

### Revision underway

"We started before any performance was in view. I met Gian Carlo September a year ago in Spoleto. I brought the tapes of *Antony and Cleopatra* and we played the opera through. Gian Carlo made notes as we went along. We talked of what to cut, what to add, where a new scene was needed. Then, last winter, Peter Mennin called. He said he wanted to do the opera at Juilliard. I am very happy about it. There will be four performances and weeks for rehearsals." In May, when we saw Barber, he had been scouting the cast. He had been to two performances of the Juilliard *Ariadne*, looking for a Cleopatra, the role he had first written with Leontyne Price in mind. If anyone doubts the moving beauty of the Barber score he has only to listen to the Price recordings of the soliloquy "Give me some music: music, moody food of us that trade in love," and of the death scene, "Give me my robe, put on my crown."

Barber showed us the score, marked by crosses and additions. He has eliminated several small parts—senators, watchmen, Antony's officers, possibly the soothsayer. "His part is too dependent on language, on play on words." He has cut half the opening chorus, lengthened the ensuing duet between Cleopatra and Antony, and has eliminated the drunken orgy aboard the Roman galley: "All that Rotary Club talk by the Romans."

It is not a new thing for a composer

to revise an opera. Verdi completely revised *La forza del destino* for its Scala production, seven years after the St. Petersburg premiere, omitting numbers, changing the order of scenes and the finale, adding the present overture. Then there was *Simon Boccanegra*, a failure in Venice in 1857, which Verdi retackled twenty-three years later, giving Boito the task of improving the Piave libretto and himself revising the score. *Antony and Cleopatra*, lightened and leavened, may well start a second and successful life at Juilliard. Derailed at the Metropolitan, it should get back on the international operatic track. The omens are good.

We talked with Samuel Barber at his New York apartment. Capricorn, the two-winged house in the wooded isolation of Mt. Kisco which he and Menotti shared for thirty years, has been sold. It was no longer possible to maintain it. Menotti, with his work largely centered in Europe, has moved to Scotland. Barber, for the time being, has a *piéd-à-terre* in New York, on the twentieth floor of a huge East Side apartment building. There is a large living room, walls covered with pictures, and a smaller room where the composer's bed fights an unequal battle for space with the nine-foot Steinway which once belonged to Rachmaninoff. He needs more space, he says, and he talks nostalgically of Capricorn. He was missing the excitement of spring in the country—the early bulbs and the daffodils, the dogwood, the lilacs, the new green of the leaves and the first flowering trees. The composer has said that "one of the physical nurturing components that makes my music sound as it does is that I live mostly in the country." He consoled himself by thinking of his home at Santa Cristina in the Italian Alps near the Benner Pass. "It is five thousand feet high. The most marvelous begonias grow there."

Samuel Barber is accepting no new offers now "although everybody wants something for the bicentennial." The past few years he has written several commissioned works: *Fadograph of a Yestern Scene* for the opening of Pittsburgh's Heinz Hall; *The Lovers*, to poems of Neruda, commissioned by Girard Bank for the Philadelphia Orchestra; and three songs for the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center which we heard in

April sung by Fischer-Dieskau. We were particularly taken by one called *A Green Lowland of Pianos* with these antic verses: "Herds of black pianos/Up to their knees in the mire/They listen to the frogs/They gurgle in water with chords of rapture . . ./After the vacation they cause scandals in a concert hall/During the artistic milking/Suddenly they lie down like cows/Looking with indifference at the white flowers of the audience . . ." We said black pianos would never look the same to us and we asked Barber where he had found the poem. "In a little Penguin book of translated verse. It's by a Polish author whose name I can't pronounce."

He returned to *Antony and Cleopatra*. "It was easier for Verdi. He wrote music for translated Italianized texts. Boito, in adapting Shakespeare's *Othello*, added, subtracted, wrote new verses, augmented the part of Desdemona. I had to work with the original Elizabethan text and avoid the sound of Purcell. There was no danger of writing Roman music since there is no Roman music extant. There is only one piece of music left of the classic age—a Greek piece in Delphi. Sometimes, in shaping the text, I would steal a line or phrase from other Shakespeare plays." He got up. "I want to show you a very funny book." He came back with a heavy volume. *The Harvard Concordance to Shakespeare* by Spevack. "It has over five hundred thousand quotations. Take love . . ." He turned to L and pointed to the hundreds of references to "us that trade in love."

"Who will conduct at Juilliard?" we asked. "I can't tell you now but it's a talented young man. You know him." Barber lapsed into discreet silence. He looked pleased with his secret.

### Red roses for Iturbi

Men are not supposed to receive flowers, but José Iturbi received red roses at his New York Avery Fisher Hall concert. They were sent to him by Van Cliburn and his mother. Mrs. Cliburn said: "In Russia they always send flowers to men artists. I picked red roses because they mean love." She explained that the family affection for Iturbi dates back many years.

The Cliburns live in Texas where they still have their house and farm in Kilgore. "When Van was eleven Mr.



*Cleopatra - Andante mosso*

Give me some mu-sic: Mu-sic, moody

food of us that trade in love

A bit of Barber autograph: Cleopatra's "Give me some music . . ."

Iturbi came to Dallas. He was brought there by Colonel Byrd, the big oil man, who was a good friend of ours. My husband was with Mobil. Through the Colonel Van met Iturbi and played for him. After he had finished Mr. Iturbi asked who his teacher was. The Colonel pointed to me: 'There she is—his mother.' Mr. Iturbi said: 'The boy mustn't change teachers.' I was flattered to death and thanked him for being so nice. Mr. Iturbi said: 'I'm not being nice. I auditioned somebody else this morning and I told him to *change* teachers.' Mrs. Cliburn added, "I pray for Van when he plays. And I prayed for Mr. Iturbi tonight. When I love someone I always pray for them."

After the concert we all had supper with Iturbi at a restaurant near Lincoln Center. We were joined by Jean Dalrymple, Wanda Horowitz and her sister Wally Toscanini, and by Fredric R. Mann, the president of Robin Hood Dell after whom the

concert auditorium in Tel Aviv is named. At the table Mann fingered a cigar, then put it away—obviously a sacrifice. He said: "I had my first cigar from Arthur Rubinstein and I've smoked them ever since." Talkative and entertaining—and a good musician himself (he was in the same class with Mrs. Cliburn when they both studied piano with Arthur Friedheim, a Liszt pupil)—he reminisced. "When I first met Arthur Rubinstein in the Thirties I didn't smoke. He introduced me to a fine Havana cigar. Before long I was ordering them from the same firm in Cuba which supplied him. Eventually they even printed my name on the band—a great honor. In those days I sometimes toured with Rubinstein. The more I heard him the more I wanted to hear him. Once we were in New Orleans together. Rubinstein had a bad cold. I offered to call a doctor but he wouldn't have it. At that time he had no faith in American doctors.

Anyhow, he played a great concert and after it there was a supper the Ladies' Committee had arranged in his honor. He wasn't well but he went. It was a long drive. Once there we sat down and Rubinstein cheered up when he was offered a drink. He asked for his usual—a Scotch and soda. 'We have punch and we have ginger ale,' he was told. He began to be worried. He whispered to me: 'Better see if there is any food.' I went to the kitchen and got friendly with the help. There wasn't much, mostly little cakes, like for a small bar mitzvah. I reported back to Rubinstein. But, as you know, he is very polite. He said we must stay awhile. He took out his cigar. At least he would enjoy that. Then up came a lady and she asked him please not to smoke a cigar. That was the end. He said: 'You don't like my cigar. I don't like your house.' We left and we went to Antoine's where he had a wonderful supper and a fine cigar." △

## musician of the month

# DONALD MARTINO

**T**HE MUSIC OF Donald Martino is not, by everyday standards, easy to listen to: You must meet it through an intensive effort of concentration. Each moment bristles with happenings—quicksilver changes of dynamics, split-second evolutions of timbre, kaleidoscopic rearrangements of instrumental relationships, abrupt shatterings of texture. It is serial, it is austere, it is strangely persuasive if you live with it long enough. It has won the forty-two-year-old composer many prizes, the most recent of which is the 1974 Pulitzer Prize for a chamber work called *Notturmo*, commissioned and premiered in May 1973 by Speculum Musicae.

Never having met Donald Martino, it was hard to reconcile the composer, as we imagined him, with the writing of nocturnes. So we sought him out one afternoon at home—a tidy house on a quiet street in Newton Corners, a Boston suburb, where he is spending a sabbatical year on a Guggenheim grant, away from his duties as chairman of the composition department at the New England Conservatory. The creator of the bristling scores turned out not to bristle at all in person; bearded and bespectacled, markedly open and easy to talk to, he invited us in, explained that his wife was still at work but would be home shortly and that it was their wedding anniversary, offered us a glass of beer, and remarked with a chuckle that the *New York Times* had given him two extra children—“I don’t have three, only one daughter, who lives with my former wife.”

Martino, who is from Plainfield, New Jersey, outlined for us briefly the three pivotal points of his formal training: study with Ernst Bacon at Syracuse; two years at Princeton, the first with Milton Babbitt, the second with Roger Sessions; two years on a Fulbright in Florence with twelve-tonist Luigi Dallapiccola. His own evolution, as he described it, seemed organic and logical. “After studying with Babbitt it seemed necessary to me to plot and plan a piece in advance. Not that Milton demanded that—he’s not academic or a pedant at all when he works with students, he tries to see what you’re doing in music, what you’re interested in, and sharpen you up in that language. In any case, I felt the necessity then to pre-vision a work. Now, it is no longer unalterable. I don’t have a total prescription when I start, and I find that after three hundred bars an entire work may change. An eraser is handy.”

We asked Martino when and how he had arrived at twelve-tone composition, and it was quickly evident that he considers it a mistake to place too much emphasis on the serial label *per se*. “There isn’t that much difference between the twelve-tone language itself and what preceded it,” he said. “Schoenberg and his school went into the twelve-tone idiom through chromaticism. I never heard a

work of Schoenberg’s until almost the time I went to Princeton, and the first thing I did hear put me off. Then I began to change. In the Fifties I was writing in a kind of Bartókian vein, and by the time I went to study with Dallapiccola in 1954 I felt my music was getting out of hand, was getting *too* chromatic. The serial approach was a way to control it. It was a natural evolution for me—I didn’t just say hey, I’m gonna write twelve-tone music.

“The twelve-tone technique is an entire world within which I can work. It’s like a piece in C major: Is it *all* in C major? No, of course not. It’s a framework you can move around in. Take a Mozart sonata form,” he went on. “Characters are introduced—a first subject, a transition, a second subject. One thing at a time. They’d stick to a topic, that’s what those guys did. In serial composition the argument is not that different. The *method* is different, the pitch manipulation, the register manipulation, the way the characters are introduced. My mind is focusing on an enormous number of variants at the same time. They’re tangential but they’re there: Your mind perceives a multiplicity of tangents. That’s what’s happening in my own music, and once I became aware of that I cultivated it.”

Martino’s mind, besides focusing on a multiplicity of tangents, also is capable of an occasional whimsical turn. He has, for example, written a piece for clarinet titled *B,a,b,b,it,t* (he himself is a clarinetist), a cello work for Aldo Parisot called *Parisonatina Al’Dodecafonia*—“We’ve had a great success with it”—and *Augenmusik: A Mixed Mediocrity for Actress, Danseuse, or Uninhibited Female Percussionist and Electronic Tape*. There is also a piano concerto and a cello concerto, a *Mosaic for Grand Orchestra* (which to the composer’s surprise was received with particular enthusiasm at a Munich Radio Orchestra performance conducted by Gunther Schuller), and perhaps a dozen chamber and solo works.

We asked about the prizewinning *Notturmo*, and found the composer ever so slightly reserved. “Well, it’s a piece I’m fond of, I wouldn’t disclaim it. But in a way it seemed too routine to me. I guess I didn’t go through enough torture over it. Virtually everybody said it was different for me, that I was getting mellow in my old age, that kind of thing, but I don’t see it that way at all. At the first performance in New York a beautiful girl came up to me at intermission and told me what the whole thing meant to her. She went on and on. I couldn’t get away from her, though that was OK, she was really beautiful. But the thing is, she was *wrong*. All wrong. The piece had absolutely nothing to do with what she heard.” Wasn’t it gratifying, anyhow, to have aroused such enthusiasm? “Oh sure. But I’d be just as pleased if somebody came up and said they really hated it. You have to be held to be re-





pulsed." *Speculum Musicae* itself has been anything but repulsed and has another commission coming up—a work which Martino plans to start on momentarily. Record buyers, meanwhile, will be able to hear *Notturmo* when Nonesuch releases its *Speculum Musicae* recording in early fall. (Other Martino discs currently available include two CRI recordings, the Concerto for Wind Quintet of 1964 and a pairing of the Trio for Violin, Clarinet, and Piano and *Fantasy-Variations* for solo violin.)

Donald Martino gets up at 4:00 or 5:00 o'clock most mornings and composes until six at night, apparently undaunted by a twelve- or fourteen-hour workday (he used to be almost entirely a night worker, but his present schedule started "after I turned forty"). He calls himself a slow worker, taking six or eight months to write a piece. When it is done, one thing is certain: It will be exorbitantly difficult to play. "As a clarinetist I like a piece that's tough to play, myself. There's a funny transformation with a performer who's learning a piece of mine. At first I find that he's reluctant to do it, he grumbles, he hates you. Then he gradually sees what you're trying to do, and by the time of the performance he's really into it and wants more time."

What was he composing now? "Come down to the room where I work and I'll show you," he said, and we descended to a basement studio packed with books, music, an upright piano, audio equipment, built-in shelves and a desk, and stacks of score paper, all in awesomely

neat arrangement. A two-foot-high manuscript score lay on the table and beside it a much-worn copy of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. "For years I've wanted to set something in Italian. When I got a commission from the Paderewski Fund to write a choral piece I decided on the *Paradiso* of the *Divine Comedy*. The score calls for two live choruses, ten little choruses on tape sounding antiphonally around the hall, a taped orchestra and a live orchestra, and about fourteen soloists—three important ones and the rest supporting."

That, we soon found out, was only half the story: The choral commission was growing into an opera, and Martino now conceives of a huge three-act setting of the *Comedy* in which *Inferno* will be composed serially and *Purgatorio* in a transitional style, leading to a *Paradiso* which is purely tonal, with the "ghosts of Brahms and Berlioz" readily apparent. Only the third act is on paper now, and Martino said half jokingly that he is only waiting for a commission to start on Acts I and II. As he spoke of the work it was clear what he had meant about not pre-visioning a composition at the outset. "I started this with no main characters—no Dante or Beatrice or Virgil. I thought of it as a purely metaphysical kind of thing; I'd get the sex out of it. It can work without that. Plunge the audience right into Hell, let the audience be Dante. But all of a sudden after I'd written five hundred bars Dante needed to get in,

Continued on page MA-40

# the dance

JACQUELINE MASKEY



Antoinette Sibley, Anthony Dowell in *Manon*: a tender balance

WHEN THE curtain goes up on the bustling provincial courtyard, the first scene in Kenneth MacMillan's new full-length *Manon* for the Royal Ballet, the silence is a little unsettling. It is such an operatic scene that you expect the thieves and beggars, lightskirts and gentlemen, workers and idlers to gabble in that semihysterical way crowds do on the lyric stage just prior to bursting into a rousing chorus. It is decorated in operatic style, too, by MacMillan's frequent collaborator Nicholas Georgiadis—heavy, opulent, in rather subdued earth-toned colors. It could well be the opening scene of the *Manon* with which we are most familiar, that of Jules Massenet.

## Royal's "Manon"

MacMillan does, in fact, use Massenet's music for his ballet, but none of it from the composer's *Manon*. The score is a pastiche drawn from a num-

ber of operas and vocal pieces, among them *Don Quichotte*, *Ariane*, *Cendrillon*, *La Vierge*, and the songs *Crépuscule* and *Il pleuvait*, orchestrated and arranged by Leighton Lucas and Hilda Gaunt. Objectively, the selection of music from outside the opera is not a bad idea. It worked brilliantly for Antony Tudor in his *Romeo and Juliet* in which, by using Delius, the choreographer freed himself and his audience from the demands and associations of the familiar Prokofiev and Tchaikovsky scores. The problem with this score is that Lucas seems in his selection to have favored Massenet's more insipid efforts; the maudlin *Elégie* is prominent and represents, more or less, the standard of choice.

MacMillan, although he returns to the Abbé Prévost's original novel for certain details and incidents, preserves the main line of Manon's progression from schoolgirl to glittering courtesan to the ruined wraith under sentence of deportation who dies in

her faithful lover's arms, as did Massenet's collaborators Meilhac and Gille. MacMillan does not, mistakenly I think, capitalize upon the seminary scene, the climax of the opera and one which the astute composer suggested to his own librettists. It would seem a splendid opportunity for a climactic *pas de deux*, a confrontation between Manon and Des Grieux in which the dictates of the flesh overpower those of the spirit. Such a conflict might also give some color to Des Grieux; MacMillan seems satisfied to make of him a meek creature whose chief (and almost only) characteristic is a dog-like devotion to the amoral Manon.

MacMillan's neoclassic choreography is at its best when it is most expressive of character, as in a small but effective solo in Act I for the wryly brilliant Monica Mason as Lescaut's mistress (a personage unthought of by either Prévost or Massenet). With its repeated and contrasting motifs of



flurried *temps du flèches* and carefully stretched *pointes tendues*, the solo manages to speak of both a butterfly temperament and a demi-mondaine's strict attention to social form. There is another trio for the maidenly Manon (Antoinette Sibley), an Old Man (Leslie Edwards) and Lescaut (David Wall) in which the girl flirts prettily while her brother deftly lifts her bodily out of the persistent clutches of her aged admirer. The sequence establishes Lescaut at once as little better than a charming pimp, bent upon upping the price to be paid for his not unwilling sister. MacMillan echoes this lifting sequence in Act II, where the splendidly dressed Manon, bought and paid for by the steely-eyed Monsieur G.M. (that pillar of the Royal Ballet, Derek Rencher) and observed by her former lover Des Grieux (Anthony Dowell), is displayed like a trophy or prize, high on the shoulders of her admirers. MacMillan also offers a bit of comic relief in a reeling solo for the drunken Lescaut, although I suspect Wall's boyish charm, theatrical skill, and innate good taste have more to do with its success than the choreography.

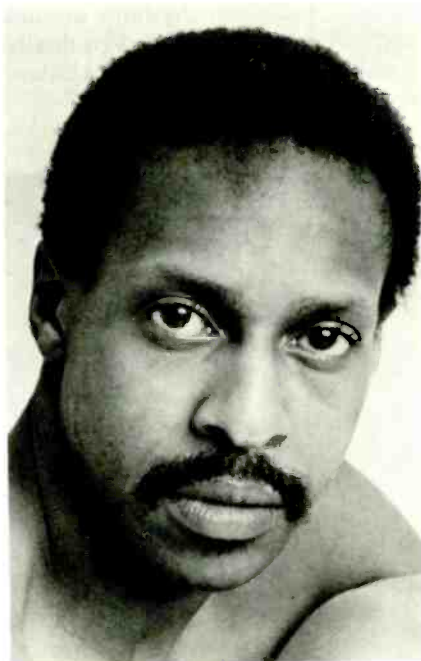
Inexplicably, MacMillan throws his ballet away in Act III which, to be blunt about it, is a disaster. It opens with a long, innane, apache-like duet for the Gaoler and his mistress (David Drew, Georgina Parkinson) which continues at dockside where Manon, exiled as a prostitute from France and accompanied by Des Grieux, is landing. Then, an endless processional of head-clutching dancers give tedious expression to the humiliation felt by the shorn young women who are Manon's fellow deportées. The act concludes with the hallucinating, dying Manon and Des Grieux rolling about on stage while the fog machines churn up an atmosphere suitable to a Louisiana swamp.

It is a pity that MacMillan leaves his principal dancers in these straits, because they have served him with such magnanimity. Sibley, with her appealing Miss Mouse face and wan limbs, and Dowell with his shy sweetness and simplicity, give much to the ballet by merely being. The tender balance of their long-standing partnership lends a smoothness and sheen—even an Ashton-like aura of poetry—to MacMillan's undistinguished love duets.

What *Manon* needs—if only to give Sibley and Dowell and the audience its due—is a trip back to the drawing board. A new third act would be appreciated; after all, if *Swan Lake* isn't sacred, must *Manon* be?

### Ailey's "Fanga" & "Wedding"

About the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater's season (May 14–June 2). On the final night of the engagement I caught up with Pearl Primus's *Fanga* (1949) and *The Wedding* (1961), produced for the first time by the company as additions to its "In the Black Tradition" series. Earlier in the season I had remained unenthused before Janet Collins's *Spirituals* (1949) and her work-in-progress *Canticle of the Elements*. It was Collins, a distinguished performer who—to the undoubted astonishment of some and dismay of others—made news in the early 1950s as the Metropolitan Opera Ballet's first black ballerina. Obviously the woman had drive, talent and guts, qualities mostly unrealized in her choreography. The brief *Spirituals* was danced to an overelaborate piano arrangement of *Standing in the Need of Prayer*, *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*, and *Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel*. Even when performed by Judith Jamison its attitudes of heaven-directed pleading and prayer conveyed little



Dudley Williams: "demon of evil"

of the emotional impact which one assumes it had a quarter-century before. *Canticles*, a company piece danced to an odd combination of Bach and Villa-Lobos sought, with the encouragement of Archangels, to give appropriate dance form to the elements of Air, Water, and Earth (Fire was unfinished). Not very successfully, I might add. The Archangels wheeled about decoratively in their heavy cloaks, while Air, Water, and Earth searched earnestly for something of substance or meaning to dance.

Unimpressed by the Collins pieces, I trudged off to give history another chance. Pearl Primus was another figure—an unassimilated one—from the Middle Period of modern dance. Trinidad-born, the granddaughter of a voodoo drummer, a Ph.D. in anthropology, a maker of African dances before she had ever set foot on that continent. It was obvious that when the drummers (Alphonse Cimber, Ladzi Camara, Onwin Borde) began and Judith Jamison walked on beaming pride and welcome that Ailey had picked a winner. *Fanga*, a little dance in whose pulsating rhythm Liberian earth, sky, and dancer are almost magically merged into a single figure of hospitality. Then *The Wedding*, a small-scale drama in which traditional Congolese dance, ritual, drumming, and chanting are neatly put together to tell the story of a Bride (Mari Kajiwara) who, being escorted by relatives, friends, and protectors to her husband's village, is waylaid by the Demon of Evil (Dudley Williams) and rescued in the nick of time by The Healer (Judith Jamison).

This new staging of *The Wedding* is highly appropriate to both the "In the Black Tradition" theme and the "Roots of American Dance" series undertaken by Ailey in the past. You can recognize in the piece the spawning ground of a lot that has become familiar vocabulary in the recital hall and on the social dance floor. Further, it provides an opportunity to rediscover Pearl Primus. Her skillful theatricalization of African cultural elements makes not only entertainment but gripping theater. *The Wedding* is joyous, robust, and mysterious, an unexpected hit from an unexpected source, and a most welcome addition to the Ailey repertoire. △

# what's new?

JOHN ROCKWELL

**P**HILIP GLASS, following dutifully after those other underground composers who have yearned for above-ground recognition, presented a concert of his music on June 1 in New York's Town Hall.

The hall's glory days have faded a bit; still, it represents midtown respectability, and people like to appear there to establish their establishment credentials.

Glass's concert had been reasonably well advertised, and he managed to attract a decent-sized audience of some seven hundred or eight hundred people. But those people were hardly midtown concertgoers, drawn to experiment with a new kind of concert experience. Glass simply lured his loyal downtowners uptown—except those who might have been put off by the six-hour length of the affair. The six hours was no gimmick. The concert marked the occasion of the first performance of a work called *Music in Twelve Parts* which had occupied Glass for three years, and the first performance anywhere of the last three of the twelve parts. Actually, the piece lasts four hours, but Glass paid oblique homage to Richard Wagner and Bayreuth by inserting a ninety-minute dinner break in addition to two fifteen-minute intermissions.

## "Music in Twelve Parts"

*Music in Twelve Parts* proved to be an important piece, a pleasure to hear and a healthy phenomenon in the context of serious new American music. The work stands as a summation of what Glass has been up to since about 1967. Born in 1937, he spent the first twenty-eight years of his life fulfilling the expected career pattern of a Promising Young American Composer. He earned his B.A. from the University of Chicago and his M.A. from Juilliard, worked for two years on a Ford Foundation grant

providing *Gebrauchsmusik* for Pittsburgh schools, and even studied in Paris with Nadia Boulanger.

But in 1965 his steady progress was interrupted. He was asked to notate the music of Ravi Shankar for use in a movie, and in so doing, he says now, he misunderstood much of what Indian music was all about. But the idea (as he perceived it) of the additive rhythmic structure of the music—large-scale units of time built up from the stringing together of duple and triple modules—formed the basis of all his music since.

Glass returned to New York shortly thereafter and immediately fell into a circle of New York visual artists. Working closely (at that time) with Steve Reich, Glass produced a series of spare pieces clearly influenced by the minimalist and structuralist notions then prevalent in the art world. Mostly in unison or in strictly parallel or contrary motion, they consisted of a steady stream of rapidly reiterated eighth-notes played by electric keyboards and/or winds. They were harmonically static, dynamically fixed (loud) and hopelessly simplistic to most conventionally trained ears. But for others, less bound to the traditions of the past, they represented something fresh and invigorating, a trance-like kind of music that established its own sense of time. Since then Glass has enriched the textures and complexity of his idiom, adding parts and expanding their contrapuntal relations, introducing even more sophisticated rhythmic notions and cyclical structures, and gradually pushing the harmonic vocabulary towards a rich chromaticism.

## Hypnotic idiom

*Music in Twelve Parts* explores, in encyclopedic if hardly dogmatic fashion, the variety of which Glass's mature idiom is capable. Each of the twelve parts—scored for a sextet of electric keyboards, winds (saxes, flutes, and oboe), and soprano voice—lasts between eight and twenty-two minutes (the average is about eighteen). What was surprising about the June 1 integral performance (Glass says the work will probably not be repeated in one evening, given the enormous problems of endurance involved) was how the music managed to sustain the most lively interest. Conventional audiences would still have great trouble with it. But given an intuitive appreciation of such a drone-based, hypnotic idiom, Glass has succeeded in investing that idiom with a quite remarkable degree of variety and—despite what he says in his notes about superceding old-fashioned Western notions of contrast—drama.

What is most interesting about Glass's music (and Reich's very different music, too, for that matter) from an historical standpoint is how it stands in relation to John Cage. Whatever one may think of the man's work, his influence as an aesthete and father figure has been enormous. Cage cleared the decks of the accumulated debris of a Western musical tradition gone stale. After him younger composers felt free to build up a new kind of music. And that freedom, crucially, entailed the freedom to re-use elements and devices of

Continued on page MA-40



*The Philip Glass Ensemble plays Music in Twelve Parts—a healthy phenomenon*



# the musical whirl



Aspinwall, Poor, Mullen, Trussel, Osborne, Hocher, Silver



Lewis, Mann

Uptown Opera, founded by sometime MA contributor **Conrad Osborne**, gave its first demonstration concert last spring in New York and looked pleased with the proceedings. Left to right: board member **Richard Aspinwall**; bass **Harris Poor**; violinist **William Mullen**; tenor **Jack Trussel**; general director **Osborne**; soprano **Barbara Hocher**; pianist **Jacquelyne Silver**. . . . **John Lewis** of the Modern Jazz Quartet and **Robert Mann** of the Juilliard Quartet team up for the first time for a CBS-TV "Camera Three" show. . . . Conductor **Maurice Peress** directed a performance of Berlioz's *Beatrice and Benedict* last month at the Corfu festival; mezzo **Betty Allen** was in the cast. . . . Polish harpsichordist **Elizabeth Chonjacka** gave the U.S. premiere, with the Cleveland Orchestra, of Marius Constant's *Candide* for Harpsichord and Orchestra last spring. She looks over the score here with Cleveland's assistant conductor, **Matthias Bamert**.



Peress, Allen



Chonjacka, Bamert

## HARLAN HOFFA

*Education Editor Charles B. Fowler has invited as a guest columnist this month Dr. Harlan Hoffa, Head, Department of Art Education, Pennsylvania State University in University Park. Dr. Hoffa's views on educational alliances in the arts were stated in an article appearing in the March 1974 issue of the Pennsylvania Music Educators Association News; he has recast those views for MUSICAL AMERICA.*

**T**HOUGH THE arts have co-existed in the schools of this country for a century or more as separate disciplines, they have remained isolated from the mainstream of educational thought. Music and art and theater and dance and, to a lesser extent, literature and creative writing have long been considered "special subjects" by educational planners; the first to be called up for the PTA extravaganza and the first to be shot down by the school board's Finance Committee. More to the point, however, teachers of the several arts have, themselves, acted as if they were special. They have tended to the special interests of special stu-

dents but have blatantly ignored those who are not specifically arts-oriented; they have steered away from involvements with other subjects, such as history or social studies, which could be mutually reinforcing; and most damning, they have rarely acted as if any relationship could exist between the visual, the performing, and the literary arts.

If such a situation were ever tolerable (which is doubtful, even in the best of times), it is grossly out of step with the social and economic tenor of this decade. For if the 1960s could be called extroverted times, the 1970s seem destined to introversion. There is no question that the entire educa-

tional establishment reflects this image of retrenchment and reassessment. It can be seen underlying performance-based curricula and competency-based teacher training; it is evident in the government's abandonment of experimental educational programs; it shows itself in defeated school bond issues and zero budgets and hiring freezes; and, of particular importance to teachers of the various arts, it is at the root of the meat-ax slashing of arts programs all across the country. That, then, is the first of two fundamental situations.

The second is that collaborative educational programming, involving the visual, the performing, and the

# on education

## A call to the arts to gain strength in unity





literary arts, has recently been implemented in a variety of places and it has proven to be far more successful than even its greatest enthusiasts could once have predicted. Three such efforts are nationally recognized and I assume that they are known to most arts educators: first, the Arts Impact Project; second, the Cemrel Aesthetic Education Program; and finally the Arts in General Education Program of the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Fund. Collectively, these programs have demonstrated several virtues, not the least of which is that specialists in any art form need not fear an erosion of their own professional integrity—as artists or as teachers—through working in concert with their peers in other disciplines.

#### Union now

If art education and music education and dance education and theater education, as such, are now threatened, it is probably a result of overspecialization, even in an era of specialization; and if it seems as though they cannot survive in isolation from each other, the best alternative may be to work toward a symbiotic relationship in the same manner as have

teachers in other fields. We rarely hear of biology education or chemistry education—we hear, instead, of science education, even though individual teachers may be trained as biologists or chemists and even though they teach biology or chemistry to their students. We hear, not of history education or geography education, but instead of the social studies, even though most such teachers work with only one or two of the social science disciplines. We hear of vocational education, and of health, physical education, and recreation, but we hear little about the separate vocations for which the students are trained. These fields have long since known something which teachers of the arts now need to recognize about the survival benefits of collective effort. By way of contrast it is obvious that this is not the situation in the arts for, at every level, teachers of the visual and performing arts are insular and impotent. One might wonder, quite reasonably, about this difference. Could it be that the arts really are outside the mainstream of American thought and life? Or could it be that the myths of individualism and nonconformity have isolated artists (and arts teachers) from those de-

cision-making processes which affect them most? Or could it be that the art world is too disorganized and too narrowly self-conscious to be an effective social force? None of these hypotheses is strange beyond belief, even if taken individually, but it is only when seen together that their fullest impact is realized. Let's look at these three postulates individually, however.

#### Three problems

First: Are the arts really outside of the American mainstream? It might once have seemed so, for in the early years of the republic, when the Puritan Ethic combined with a frontier spirit to form a uniquely American ethos, the arts were thought to be useless at best, and sinful at worst. The work ethic, the denial of sensuous pleasure, and an untrammelled belief in God and country are scarcely characteristic of these times, however, and furthermore, the explosive growth of the arts outside of education also says a great deal about changing public attitudes toward them. Yet there is a curious dichotomy here, for the very same public which flocks to museums

Continued on page MA-27



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# Why I Compose the Way I Do

**W**HAT CAN BE TOLD about music that the music itself can't tell? Only how it came to be written. It is instructive to hear what one composer says about another because, no matter how biased, he quite knows what he's talking about. It is less instructive to hear what a composer says about himself because, no matter how sincere, he doesn't quite know what he's talking about. A composer can clarify his method to others, but not his esthetic. He can tell how he wrote his piece, but not why. His why is the piece. All else is a smokescreen through which he explains what you're supposed to hear rather than what you do hear. Unless the smokescreen itself is his music.

A smokescreen is handy but fragile. Let me show you mine—which may blow away even while I'm talking.

Why do I compose the way I do?

What way is that? As with affairs of the heart each time is the first time, and the way of a new composition is no more predictable than the way of true love. Rules observed last time must be broken this time; vices become virtues in a different setting.

Years later, when one or another of his "ways" has faded from public awareness, a composer himself finds it hard to revive the old flame, nor can he explain why the spark did or did not flare into fireworks. Of course, experience eventually teaches him how to play with fire. And it teaches him not to push comparisons: Love, even love for

---

*Mr. Rorem's compositions are well represented in Schwann's; he is also the author of several prose volumes, including Paris Diary and Pure Contraption; his next book, The Final Diary, will be published next month. The present essay was delivered at a Symposium on Contemporary Music sponsored by the American Music Center in New York earlier this year. "Why I Compose the Way I Do" was set as the topic for several composers who took part.*

music, is never logical, while music, even music that inspires love, is always logical.

Why do I compose the way I do?

How answer, unless I know the effect the music has on others? That effect can never really be known, least of all while composing. While composing I can only know the effect I want to project.

No artist hopes, or even seeks, to be understood. In his heart he feels understanding to be a bit insulting: he is too complex, too special, and anyway understanding is no urgent ingredient of art as it is of more critical expressions. What he hopes for is: not to be misunderstood. For an artist, the height of misunderstanding is to be taken for clothed when in fact he is naked, to be praised for finery he has no intention of wearing.

For example. My early emigration to France was not that of an American in need of a change; I had felt myself born out of context and wanted to go back to a different womb. When I first played my pieces for my new countrymen I experienced relief and elation to be finally spilling forth my oh-so-sensual gallic wit to comprehending ears. Now, their reaction was: Why so cold and humorless, Ned, so Nordic and inhibited? Be more French.

Do I then compose because of influences?

We all compose, probably, "through" the first music which attracted us. That music in turn was heard through music we already knew. Because I knew Ravel before Bach, I still hear Bach as I hear Ravel: those baroque sequences become static ninth chords. Because I knew French music before German, I still hear (and judge) German music as French. I still hear twelve-tone music as tonal, and still hear my own jagged airs as mere nursery



exercises for blues singers. We all grow by taking from our predecessors. To refuse to take from them is itself a taking—an affirmation. The difference between a true and a false artist is the difference between a conscious and an unconscious thief. The professional disguises a theft by stamping it with his trademark. The amateur has no trademark; he doesn't know he's stolen; he peddles black-and-white reproductions.

A trademark can be a speech defect. It makes no sense to disqualify a speech defect, or even a language. Criticize only what is said in the language, and despite the defect (which may be engaging). I speak my native tongue as I can. Will you listen? Do I hold your interest?

Aware of those I've robbed, I smile when others don't recognize them. Yet I make no claim to novelty. My sole originality is that I've never sought originality. Though in the end that claim cannot apply to my music, only to a point of view about my music.

■

Do I compose because I've been encouraged? been so often singled out as a unique melodist?

I'm not a unique melodist. I am a setter of literature, which has no special claim to tunes. Any uniqueness springs from an unactive competition—at least in the domain of Recital Song. Every composer worthy of the name is essentially a vocal composer, be his medium a quintet of tubas, a percussion ensemble, an electronic synthesizer. He is a setter of literature which makes no special claim to words. Inasmuch as I've been—against my will—pigeonholed as a song writer I have, yes, been encouraged. Without the practicalities of praise and performance day after day, I would have given up long ago. And each day

is still touch and go. Admittedly there is a professional paradox here. Although others who *know*, because their ideas are published, say my reputation is that of a song composer, of the ample variety of commissions offered me over the past ten years none has been for songs.

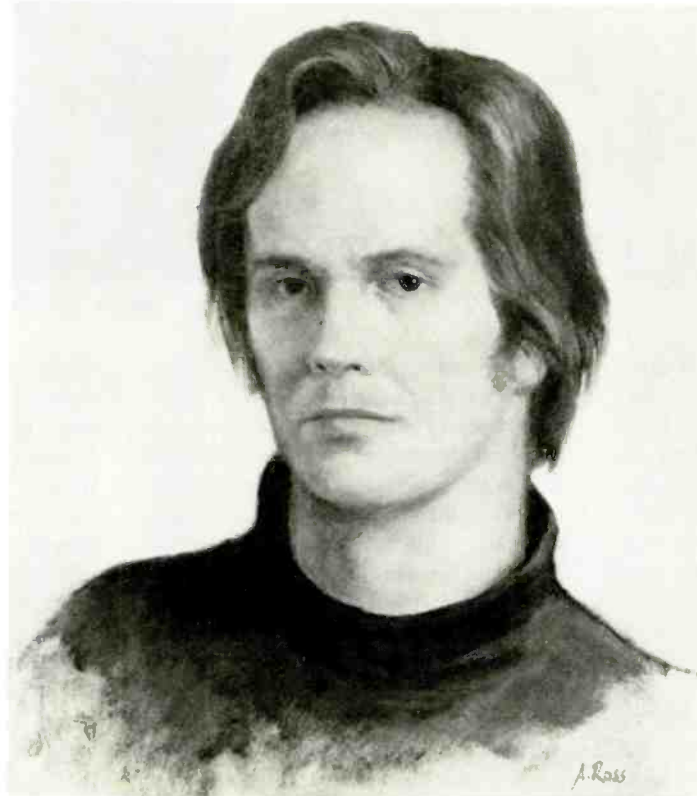
My three mottos for song-writing: Use only good poems—that is, convincing marvels in English of all periods. Write gracefully for the voice—that is, make the voice line as seen on paper have the arched flow which singers like to interpret. Use no trick beyond the biggest trick—that is, since singing is already such artifice, never repeat words arbitrarily, much less ask the voice to groan, shriek, or rasp. I have nothing against special effects, they are just not in my language. I betray the poet by framing his words, not by distorting them.

The setting of words to music, despite a certain built-in ecstasy of the vocation, has always struck me as a bit silly. This objectivity—the standing off to observe the silliness (which possibly Palestrina or Schumann did not)—may be a help or hindrance as to quality, how can I know? There is silliness in all art, as in all love. That is a twentieth-century sentiment. So is the fact of this symposium. Can you picture Palestrina or Schumann asking themselves publicly: Why do I compose the way I do?

■

Why do I compose, period?

Less from self-expression than because I want to be an audience to something that will satisfy me. The act dispels the smokescreen between my ego and reality. However my gifts may seem a luxury to others, I compose for my own necessity, because no one else makes quite the sound I wish to hear. △



Ned Korem in a portrait by Alvin Ross



*David Ward as Bluebeard: the right weight and style*



*Shirley Verrett: intense as Bartók's Judith*

## THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

**I**N THE OLD days the Met used to go dark in June, or succumb to ballet. For eighty years and more June was when singers and managers took ship for Europe, to be heard and seen no more until the fall. Then came Lincoln Center, the fifty-two-week contract for musicians and stagehands, and air-conditioning—respectively the prod and the carrot that led to the inauguration of the June Festival

For seven years or so the festival has plucked hardened operatic addicts from the city's streets—and lured tourist from faraway operatic desert-

lands—into the novelty of big-league opera at this unusual time of year. The repertory has generally consisted of a half-dozen works culled from the previous winter's list, offered with mildly diluted casts and (too often) radically diluted conducting. But there has been enough take at the box office to help meet the payroll and the Con Ed bill. The June Festival may not take place next year (there is talk of some fancy overseas touring for the company) as the Metropolitan management tries to back away from fifty-two-week contracts and cut down costs; and it may be that New

York will revert to its former condition of operatic drought in early summer. If that comes about, the 1974 June Festival may be remembered for the fact that on June 10 it launched a pair of new productions into the company's regular repertory, a double bill shared by Bartók and Puccini.

As in the "legitimate" theater, so in the opera house, double bills tend not to endure. Of all the thousands of one-acters composed over the centuries only *Cav* and *Pag* keep a tight grip on each other and the public. But it was a daring and commendable notion to pair off Béla Bartók's



*Bluebeard's Castle*, a somber and portentous turn-of-the-century poem set to a youthful though nonrevolutionary score, with an irrepressibly high-spirited farce from the unlikely hand of Giacomo Puccini. Though both operas were first performed in 1918—*Bluebeard* in Budapest, *Gianni Schicchi* at the Met—it would be hard to find any two pieces that resemble each other less.

### Bluebeard's Castle

Béla Bálazs provided the *Bluebeard* libretto, and Chester Kallman its English translation. It opens with Bluebeard bringing Judith, his newest bride, home to the gloom of his castle. She compels him to open in turn seven doors, each one revealing a separate aspect of his tragic and violent past. At the last door she learns what happened to three previous wives, and finally comprehends her own fate. There is little stage action, much declamation, some splendid orchestral scoring which reaches a luminous climax at the opening of the fifth door. The dominant values are musical, orchestral, not dramatic. One suspects that the future of *Bluebeard* lies not so much in the opera house as in the concert hall: a month earlier Solti and the visiting Chicago Symphony offered a memorable and unstaged performance in Carnegie Hall.

Perhaps the Met would have done best to treat *Bluebeard* with the utmost visual simplicity, allowing the musical values to assert themselves. Instead director Bodo Igesz and designer David Reppa went wild with scrim and projector, techniques in which the Met has not always been notably successful. As each of the seven doors opened we were given specific illustration of the abstractions invoked by the libretto: troops and bombers denoting violence, an oil refinery to show greed, slum scenes to convey the notion of exploitation and, inevitably, the astronaut's view of the earth and the apocalyptic mushroom cloud to lead our thoughts into the Void. In front of this welter of images stood David Ward and Shirley Verrett, each moving a little this way and then that way, she at the end being transformed like Lot's wife into a pillar not of salt but of something non-representational, he extinguished by the blacking-out of the

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last spotlight. It was a production that fought every word of the libretto and every note of the score.

Both performers did very well, considering. Each found the right weight and style for Bartók's phrases and tried hard to articulate Kallman's words, though enunciation became more difficult with the increasing mass of the orchestration. (Hungarian librettos are notoriously difficult to render into singable translations: the unremitting Magyar stress on the first syllable of each word poses insoluble problems.) Nonetheless, Miss Verrett did some intense and atmospherically apt singing, while David Ward's sonority was admirable. But why was he robbed and grizzled like old Gurnemanz? Bluebeard should surely be seen to be capable and virile, even if there is a need for some sort of beard and some tinge of blue. (After all, there were to be three more brides after Judith, who was Number Four—or am I confusing it all with Henry VIII?)

Conductor Sixten Ehrling and the orchestra responded with impressive mastery to the symphonic challenge, and there was excellent work in the pit, with some exhilarating brass climaxes at the fifth door movement.

In sum, the ears are well served by the Met's new *Bluebeard*, but the eyes have violence done them. Though Bartók's gloomy one-acter cannot be lightly treated—it is by no means *The Merry Widower*—it should not be made to bear any additional load of symbol and portent: there is quite enough of all that in the thing as it stands.

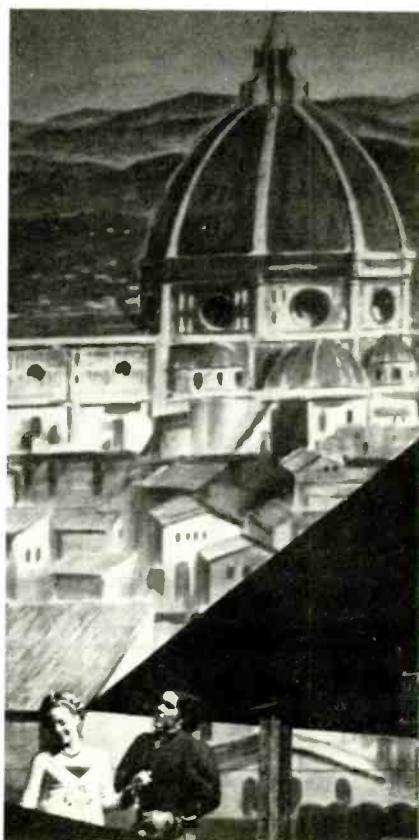
### Gianni Schicchi

*Gianni Schicchi* was something else. The opera house lit up and the audience chuckled and came alive, as though it had burst free from the previous imprisoning gloom. Puccini's caper—a precursor to the present wave of "heist" movies—is one of a precious handful of successful comedies in the entire roster of grand opera. To an inventive, irrepressible score, we are told a picaresque tale of thirteenth-century Florence, expanded from a fragmentary reference in Dante. Greedy relatives conspire with Schicchi, the rascal of the town, to amend, criminally, the will of a rich merchant; but they are helpless when he skims off the cream for his daughter, her lover, and himself.

There were juicy little cameos for the Met's house platoon of supporting players—Marcia Baldwin, Betsy Norden, Charles Anthony, Clifford Harvuot, Lawrence Klein, Herman Marcus, Gene Boucher, Andrij Dobriansky, Russell Christopher, and Edmond Karlsrud. Richard Best (Spinelloccio) and Irene Dalis (La Vecchia) offered more substantial and no less fetching characterizations. As the young lovers Judith Blegen (Lauretta) and Raymond Gibbs (Rinuccio) were, as the phrase goes, over-parted: both roles need bigger, fatter voices. "*O mio bambino caro*" is an interpolated show-stopper, a descendant of "*Vissi d'arte*" in that respect, and Miss Blegen (who looked, as always, delectable) did not have the volume to bring it off fully. And Rinuccio's aria about Florence needs more spin than Best could provide.

Frank Guarrera returned to the company to sing the title role. He is a resourceful actor and brought off some wildly funny effects during the impersonation, though his voice is undeniably small for passages that require sustained singing; but he showed both flair and command.

In all, *Gianni Schicchi* offered a



*Blegen and Gibbs, with backdrop*

closely integrated ensemble production more characteristic of the New York City Opera than the Met. The credit must go squarely to young Fabrizio Melano, here given his first independent chance to stage one of the company's operas, though he has previously worked in the house as an assistant. He is obviously a man with a future. David Reppa was again the designer, doing better justice to Puccini than he had to Bartók: the set was both practical and handsome, the clothes entirely appropriate. But Reppa is hooked on projections, it seems. In the closing moments of *Gianni Schicchi* we witness the irrelevant retraction of two upstage towers and the projection of a dominating cityscape of old Florence, Duomo and all, to surmount the final tableau. He would have done far better to fix our attention on Gianni, where it belonged.

Sixten Ehrling conducted with commendable zest and propulsion, and the musicians did all that could be wished.

In addition to this double-barreled premiere the June Festival presented revivals of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, *Don Giovanni* (reviewed below), *Carmen*, *Rigoletto*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*—all done last winter in the regular season. There were also three performances of *Turandot*, an opera not in the main 1973/74 repertory though it did form part of the Metropolitan spring tour and will be repeated next winter.

GEORGE MOVSHON

### "Turandot"

Heard on 5 June, *Turandot* offered substantial and secure singing from the principal ladies (Elinor Ross in the title role, Edda Moser as Liu); some predictable sostenutos from tenor Franco Corelli, who was in average form; comprimario grunting and barking from the Pin-Pang-Pong trio (Robert Goodloe, Andrea Velis, and Nico Castel) and fairly primitive acting throughout. Corelli made two unscheduled exits, presumably to clear his throat. Miss Ross stood four-square and delivered. It was not clear from Miss Moser's demeanor whether she was happy that Calaf had won the quiz (and thus saved his life) or sad, because he was now going to marry the Princess.

Visually the production has much

Continued after High Fidelity page 106  
HIGH FIDELITY / musical america



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LP, Cartridge & Cassette

CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

- Humperdinck: *Hänsel und Gretel*. Moffo. Donath. Ludwig. Fischer-Dieskau; Bavarian Radio. Eichhorn.
- Mahler: *Symphony No. 1*. London Symphony, Levine.
- Mahler: *Symphony No. 4*. Blegen; Chicago Symphony, Levine.
- Massenet: *Thaïs*. Moffo. Bacquier. Diaz. Carreras; New Philharmonia, Rudel.
- Messiaen: *Vingt regards sur l'enfant Jésus*. P. Serkin.

Mozart: *Arias*. M. Price; English Chamber Orch.. Lockhart.

■ Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 14-19*. P. Serkin; English Chamber Orch., Schneider.

Mozart: *String Quartets Nos. 14-17*. Guarneri Quartet.

■ Prokofiev: *Alexander Nevsky*. Philadelphia Orch.. Ormandy.

■ Puccini: *La Bohème*. Caballé. Blegen. Domingo, Milnes. Raimondi, Sardinero; New Philharmonia. Solti.

■ Puccini: *Tosca (excerpts)*.

■ Rachmaninoff: *Symphony No. 2*. Philadelphia Orch.. Ormandy.

Schubert: *Piano Trios*. Szeryng. Fournier, Rubinstein.

Strauss, R.: *Four Last Songs; Rosenkavalier and Frau ohne Schatten excerpts*. L. Price; New Philharmonia. Leinsdorf.

Verdi: *Simon Boccanegra*. Cappuccilli, Raimondi, Ricciarelli, Domingo; RCA Italiana. Gavazzeni.

■ Verdi: *I Vespri siciliani (excerpts)*.

*Amazing Grace*. Hymns sung by Milnes.

*Cathy Berberian: Edinburgh Festival Recital*.

■ *Classic Film Scores*. Discs devoted to Herrmann (*Citizen Kane*) and Waxman (*Sunset Boulevard*).

*Guitar Concertos* (Rodrigo, Vivaldi, Handel). Bream; ensemble.

*Julian and John, Vol. 2*. Bream. Williams.

*Anna Moffo: French Arias.*

*Anna Moffo: Operatic Arias.*

*Leontyne Price and Plácido Domingo: Duets.*

● *Ten Great Piano Concertos*. Rubinstein.

● *Ten Great Violin Concertos*. Heifetz.

- Paganini: *Violin Concerto No. 1*. Wienawski; *Violin Concerto No. 2*. Rabin; Philharmonia Orch.. Goossens.
- Prokofiev: *Violin Concerto No. 2*. Miaskovsky; *Cello Concerto*. Oistrakh; Rostropovich; Philharmonia Orch.. Galliera and Sargent.
- Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 11*. Houston Symphony, Stokowski.
- Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 6*. Berlin Philharmonic. Furtwängler.



Bach: *Cantatas, Vols. 9 and 10*. Soloists; Concentus Musicus, Harnoncourt.

Berg: *Lyric Suite; String Quartet, Op. 3*. Berg Quartet.

Boulez. Lutoslawski. Stravinsky: *Orchestral Works*. ORTF. Maderna.

Cavalli: *Mass for 3 Choruses*. Munich Brass Soloists, Bavarian Chamber Orch.

*Dufay and His Contemporaries*. Syntagma Musicum. Amsterdam.

Lasso: *Sacrae Lectiones*. Prague Madrigalists.

Lasso: *Sibylline Prophecies; Moresques*.

Monteverdi: *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*. Donath. Söderström. Berberian. Equiluz; Concentus Musicus. Harnoncourt.

Mozart: *Horn Concertos (4)*. Baumann; Concentus Musicus. Harnoncourt.

Ockeghem: *Requiem*. Prague Madrigalists.

Scarlatti: *Harpichord Sonatas*. Dreyfus.

Schumann: *Piano Works, Vol. 3*. Engel.

Victoria: *3 Motets; Officium defunctorum*. Prague Madrigalists.

Wolkenstein: *Songs*. Equiluz. Linser.

*Chansons des Trouvers*. Studio for Early Music.

*Italian Recorder Works*. Brüggner.

RCA  
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Bach: *B minor Mass*. Erato recording.

Bellini: *Adelson e Salvini (excerpts)*. Zucker. Wolfe.

● Bizet: *Carmen*. Stevens. Peerce, Albanese. Merrill; Reiner.

● Verdi: *Rigoletto*. Warren. Berger. Peerce. Tajo; Cellini.

● Verdi: *Il Trovatore*. Milanov. Bjoerling. Warren. Barbieri, Moscona; Cellini.



● Brahms: *Violin Concerto*. Beethoven: *Romance No. 2*. Menuhin; Lucerne Festival and Philharmonia Orch.. Furtwängler.



Boccherini: *String Trios and Quartets*. Carmirelli Quartet.

● Brahms: *Piano Concerto No. 1*. Backhaus; Vienna Philharmonic, Böhm.

■ Chihara: *Grass; Ceremony I; Ceremony III*. London Symphony, Marriner.

Françaix: *Orchestral Works*. Various soloists; Luxemburg Radio, Françaix.

Hummel: *Etudes, Op. 125*. Boehm.

Kalkbrenner: *Piano Concerto No. 1*. Hummel; *Piano Concerto, Op. 110*. Kann; Hamburg Symphony, Beissel.

■ Mayer, William: *Octagon*. Barber: *Symphony No. 1*. Masselos, piano; Milwaukee Symphony, Schermerhorn.

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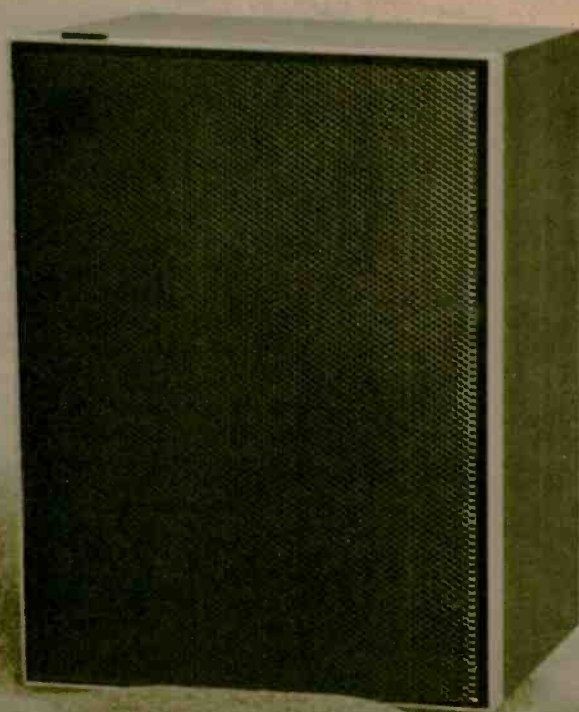
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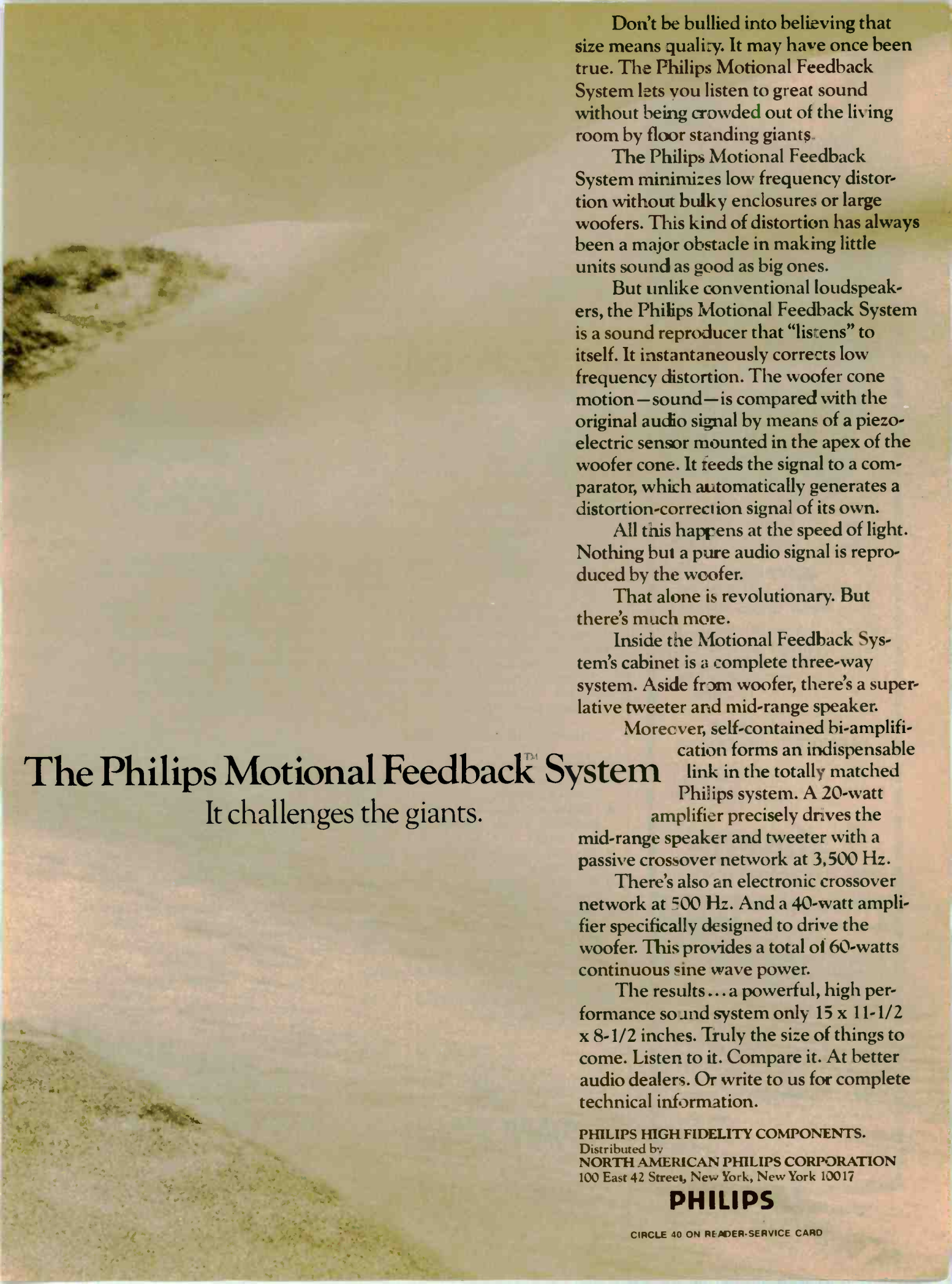
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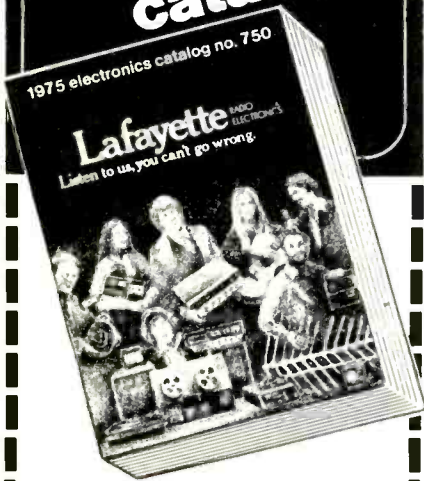
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Mozart: *Church Sonatas*. Haselböck, organ; Graz Cappella Classica. Hochstrasser.

☐ Mozart: *Divertimento, K. 563*. Lautenbacher, Koch, Brees.

☐ Mozart: *Symphonies Nos. 40-41*. Salzburg Mozarteum Orch., Hager.

Parris: *The Book of Imaginary Beings*. Evert; *Piano Quintet*.

☐ Schumann: *Piano Concerto et al.* Frankl; Bamberg Symphony. Fürst.

Still: *From the Black Belt: Darker America*. Kay; *Six Dances*. Landau and Freeman, cond.

☐ Tchaikovsky: *1812 Overture: Romeo and Juliet*. Utah Symphony. Abravanel.

Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto No. 2*. With Tchaikovsky arr. by Grainger and Liszt. Ponti; Prague Symphony. Kapp.

☐ Tchaikovsky: *Symphonic Music from "The Voyevode," "The Oprichnik," and "Mazepa."* Bamberg Symphony. Fürst.

☐ Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn: *Violin Concertos*. Rosand; Luxemburg Radio. Froment.

*Flute Concertos*. Marion; Ensemble Instrumental Jacques Prat.

☐ *French Orchestral Works* (Massenet, Lalo, Chabrier). Luxemburg Radio. Cao.

☐ *Guitar Concertos* (Fasch, Vivaldi, Krebs). Ragossnig; Southwest German Chamber Orch., Angerer.

*Music for the Kings and Queens of England*. Choir and ensembles, Williams.

*A Renaissance Christmas*. Camerata.

*Swedish Orchestral Works* (Larsson, Von Koch, Fernstrom). Gertler; Stockholm Symphony. Frykberg and Westerberg.

☐ *Wind Concertos*. Southwest German Chamber Orch., Angerer.

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- Bartók: *Plays His Own Works*.
- Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis*. Vienna Symphony. Klemperer.
- Beethoven: *Piano Concertos Nos. 3-5*. Backhaus; Vienna Philharmonic. Böhm and Krauss.
- Berlioz: *Requiem*. Paris Opera Orch., Scherchen.
- Bruckner: *Symphony No. 4*. Vienna Symphony. Klemperer.
- Mozart: *Symphonies Nos. 29, 31, 34-36, 38-41; Don Giovanni and Nozze di Figaro Overtures*. London Philharmonic. Beecham.
- Offenbach: *Tales of Hoffmann*. Royal Philharmonic. Beecham.
- Strauss, R.: *Also sprach Zarathustra*. Vienna Philharmonic. Strauss.



**VANGUARD**

☐ Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos (6)*. English Chamber Orch., Somary.

☐ Bach: *Cantatas Nos. 11, 80*. Palmer, Watts, Tear, Rippon; English Chamber Orch., Somary.

☐ Bach: *Mass in B minor*. As above.  
 Bach: *Violin Sonatas and Partitas (6)*. Zukofsky.

☐ Handel: *Solomon*. Armstrong, Burrowes, Tear, Diaz, Rippon; English Chamber Orch., Somary.

☐ Mahler: *Symphonies Nos. 1, 5, 6, 10* (Adagio only). Utah Symphony. Abravanel (also 10 symphonies boxed, stereo only).

☐ Prokofiev: *Peter and the Wolf*. Britten; *Young Person's Guide*. Geer; English Chamber Orch., Somary.



- Beethoven: *Archduke Trio*. Suk Trio.
- Dvořák: *Symphony No. 8*. Czech Philharmonic. Neumann.
- Dvořák: *Violin Concerto: Romance, Op. 11*. Suk; Czech Philharmonic. Ancerl.
- Mendelssohn: *Octet*. Smetana and Janáček Quartets.
- Schubert: *Piano Trio, Op. 99: Notturmo*. Suk Trio.
- Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 5*. Czech Philharmonic. Ancerl.



Albéniz: *Piano Works, Vols. 2 and 3*. Kyriakou.

☐ Gershwin: *Works for Piano and Orchestra*. Siegel; St. Louis Symphony. Slatkin.

Liszt: *Harmonies poétiques et al.* Rose.  
 Ravel: *Piano Works*. Simon.

☐ Saint-Saëns: *Orchestral Works, Vols. 1-3*. Ricci, Ponti, Tacchino, Johannesen; Luxemburg Radio. Froment.

Saint-Saëns: *Piano Works, Vols. 1-2*. Dosse, Petit.

Schubert: *Piano Sonatas, Vols. 2-3*. Klien.

Schubert: *String Quartets Nos. 12-15*. New Hungarian Quartet.

Schumann: *Piano Works, Vol. 1*. Frankl.

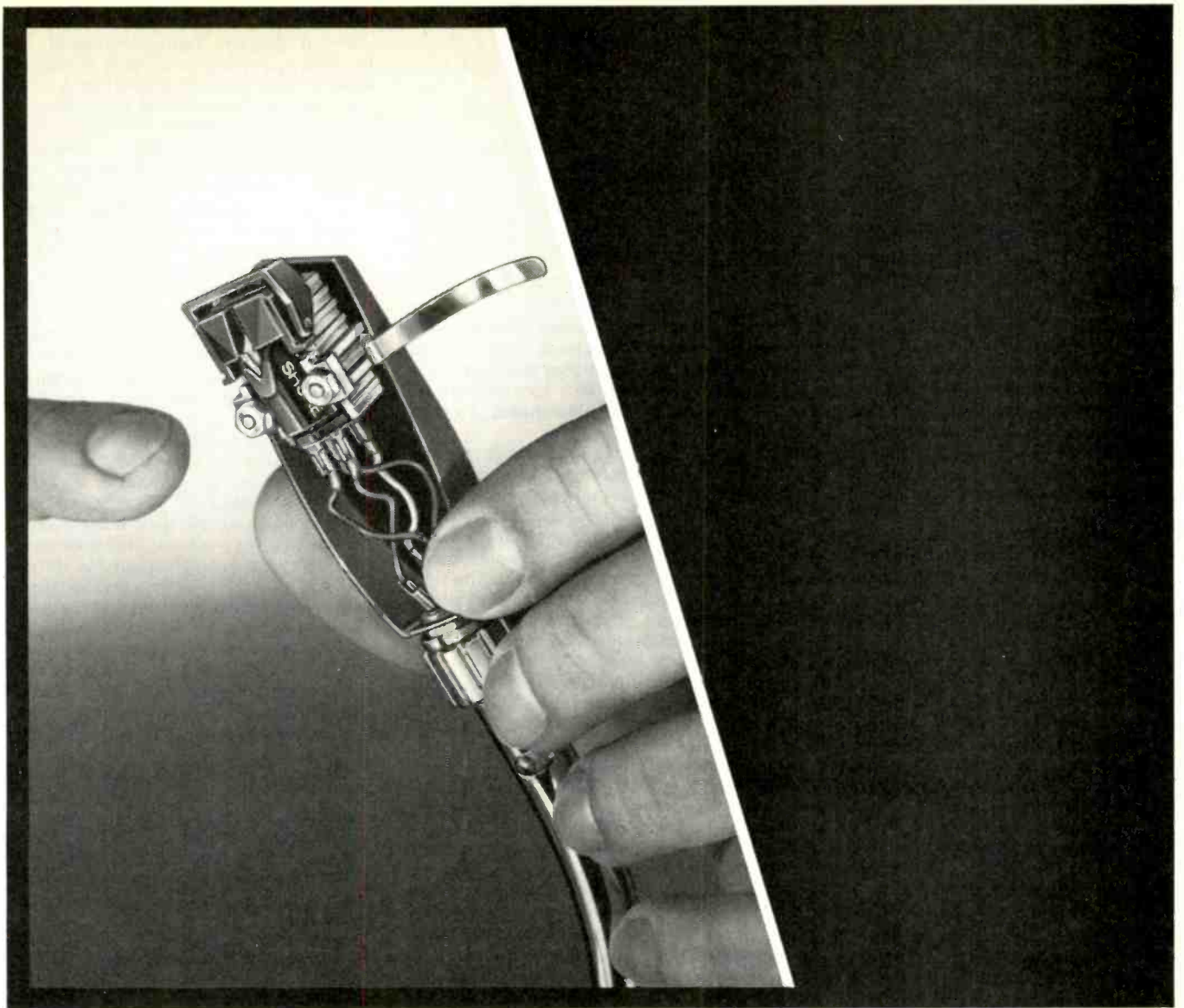
Scriabin: *Piano Works, Vols. 3-4*. Ponti.

☐ Tchaikovsky: *Symphonies; Tone Poems*. Utah Symphony. Abravanel (nine discs).

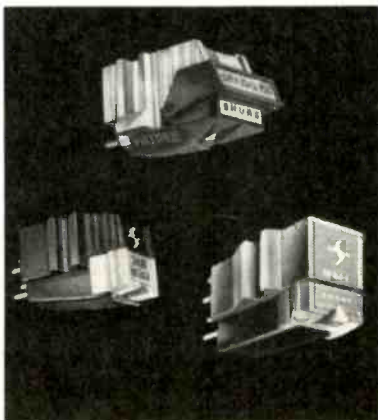
*American String Quartets* (Mennin, Copland, Piston, Gershwin, Thomson, Ives, Schuman, Sessions, Hanson). Kohon Quartet.

☐ *German Organ Music, Vol. 4*. Lehrndorfer.  
*Italian Organ Music, Vol. 3*. Terni.





## The heart of hi-fi.



Beauty is truth, truth beauty. The fact is that all too few music lovers realize that while certain high fidelity components can be less than best, there is one component that cannot endure a sacrifice in quality: the cartridge. Because the hi-fi cartridge functions as the *source of sound* (the point at which the recording is linked with the balance of the hi-fi system), its role is absolutely critical. Just as the camera can be no better than its lens, the finest hi-fi system in the world cannot compensate for an inferior cartridge. Suggestion: For a startling insight into the role of the cartridge in the overall hi-fi system, and a breathtaking re-creation of your favorite recording, see your nearby Shure cartridge dealer. He'll introduce you to the Shure cartridge that is correct for your system and your checkbook. Or, next best, send for our brochure:

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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



## too hot to handle

I deeply resent the way we are asked to accept "technological" gewgaws as some kind of advance in the state of the high fidelity art. At the moment I'm thinking primarily of the "digital" thing. Just because the computer has made digital-anything a fad, we're supposed to pay double for FM tuners because they have numbers that light up instead of a dial. And now I'm told there's a company here in California making a "digital" amplifier. When somebody comes out with a digital pickup, I'm going to give up high fidelity and take up something sane, like needlepoint. Can't you do something to expose all this nonsense?—**M. E. Rodman, Fresno, Calif.**

Don't go overboard! We do try to expose gewgaws where and when we find them, but your complaint basically is misapplied to the digital approach. The earliest digital tuners were designed so that they couldn't be mistuned; hence the conventional tuning scale made no sense, since even when the tuner's dial was between channels the tuner's circuitry couldn't be. It's true that some companies quickly picked up on the idea by providing digital readout sans digital (discrete-channel) tuning that the readout implied. They could cut costs that way, but the product no longer made much sense.

Infinity (presumably the California company you refer to) probably will have the last laugh if you think there's anything "funny" about a digital amp. The Infinity "switching power amplifier" uses a pulse-rate modulation system to amplify audio signals, bypassing the inherent nonlinearities of transistors and, they say, managing an unheard-of 96 per cent efficiency (as opposed to perhaps half that in a typical solid-state amp). The digital signal-processing idea—which theoretically could prevent all noise and distortion—has intrigued engineers for a long time; Nippon Columbia has built some (extremely expensive) professional digital equipment, but Infinity is the first company we know of to come out with a consumer digital amp. While we've seen and heard only a prototype, this is a development that does deserve serious attention. Among its other claimed benefits are high power in little space with only negligible heat generation. Don't knock it until you've tried it.

Please tell me what type of "line" input and output connections you recommend and why. Your magazine and others published in the U.S. seem to emphasize the "pin" type once known as RCA or "phono" connectors. Some of the equipment in British magazines has only DIN style connections, which I gather are de rigueur in Germany and other continental countries.

Some Japanese equipment offers both—at least for tape connections. Should I stop worrying about the matter and just buy a variety of adapters so I can intermix as convenient?—**J. M. Marchand, Verdun, Canada.**

Generally speaking, the DIN connectors are better engineered than the pin type, which are about as inexpensive as you can get. The DIN connectors also are "fool-proof" in the sense that, once they're wired correctly, they prevent such misadventures as inadvertent channel reversal. The only electrical disadvantage we can see in them is their reliance on common-ground hook-ups, which may introduce crosstalk under some circumstances.

But there are practical disadvantages. DIN connectors come in several styles; a two-conductor (that is, left and right, plus ground) style may be used for most stereo line-connection purposes, but the four-conductor style is used for tape recording/monitor (input/output) connectors. Hence you should not expect to plug the tape deck's output into the aux input of your amplifier or receiver without an adapter. Nor could you interchange left and right signals without a stereo-reverse switch on the equipment—or a specially wired adapter.

The pin connectors are, in a word, far more flexible in use. We would say the choice should be dictated primarily by the equipment you want to use and should, as far as possible, be either all-pin or all-DIN. If you start feeding DIN outputs to pin inputs and vice versa, you're likely to come up against a compatibility problem sooner or later since both the levels and the impedances assumed in true DIN line connections (as opposed to those that simply parallel a DIN socket off the pin jacks) differ from those that are generally accepted for products that use pin connectors.

I would like to see more space given to American-made tape recorders and mix-down units. I am spoiled on American-made goods such as Altec and Dynaco and would like to see credit given where credit is due. All too often recently the airing has gone to the cheaper imported units and the American (original) product is left unnoticed. Without American interest in the field of high fidelity, it would doubtless yet be in its infancy as an industry. So let's hear it for us, the experts in quality-fi!—**Leo N. Hadsell Jr. (no return address given).**

We frequently get letters like this—letters in which some readers will see a commendable loyalty, while others will see an arbitrary chauvinism. But no matter what your attitude toward a "buy American" policy is, it's mighty hard today to carry it over into

the tape field. Only two companies, Crown International and Telex/Magnecord, are making quality consumer tape equipment in American plants and selling it under their own names. We know of at least one company making transports for sale to other manufacturers, several—like Astrocom—can be considered specialists that have pulled back from the regular consumer market, and, of course a number of companies manufacture professional equipment; but the design, distribution, and often pricing put them out of reach of, or make them impractical for, home use. And where, you may ask, does this leave Wollensak, for example? Right in the middle.

The 3M Co. does manufacture some of its decks in this country, we are told, but it—like Ampex and many other "American manufacturers"—at one time or another—has found that the only way it can compete in key consumer areas is to sell equipment (or at least transports) that is imported, usually from the Orient. The reason often is cost, though it sometimes is technological. At one time, for example, Japanese manufacturers were buying many of their transistors and all of their ICs from the U.S. Now it sometimes is possible to get new ICs developed by Japanese companies faster than similar ICs from American companies. We've seen this in the race for various specialized quadraphonic "chips." And of course a great deal of the important developmental work on quadraphonics has taken place in Japan.

This is not to put down American manufacturers, however. In electronics (think of innovative and even maverick companies like Phase Linear, Infinity, Quintessence, Heath, Dyna, and DBX) and loudspeakers (Bose, ESS, Ohm, Dahlquist, et al.) a great deal of high-quality, original work is being done here. Therefore, while Mr. Hadsell can take legitimate pride in a great many American products, he will severely limit his choice if he wants only American tape equipment.

I recently bought a used, kit-built Dyna PAT-4 preamp. During the 60-day warranty period I returned the unit to the dealer three times because of excessive noise in the controls, in the selector switch (which "thumps" with the volume control at normal setting), and intermittently in one channel. It was mutually agreed after the third return that a refund was in order. It was then that the dealer told me that the PAT-4 is "junk"—that the selector switches are of the nonshorting type, that the controls are cheap and invariably noisy, and that even factory-built it simply is not a quiet, trouble-free preamp. I had been considering a factory-built PAT-4, but now I don't know. What's your recommendation?—**Michael Silver, San Bernardino, Calif.**

If the only thing you don't like about the PAT-4 is the dealer's comments, we'd say ignore them. It sounds as though he's trying to make excuses (at Dyna's expense) for his inability to put the PAT-4 to rights. It is harder to troubleshoot a sloppily built kit than a good piece of factory wiring, but that need not concern you now. The selector on our own kit-built sample of the PAT-4 does "pop" sometimes, but not objectionably. And noise otherwise is low, though the sample is some six years old.





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CIRCLE 18 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

## news and views

### East Coast Consumer High Fidelity Shows

High fidelity enthusiasts in the Northeast will have an opportunity this fall to view the latest in components at shows in New York (October 3-6) and Boston (November 1-3) sponsored by the Institute of High Fidelity.

The New York show, at the Statler Hilton, will be open to the public from 6 to 10 p.m. Thursday and Friday (Oct. 3 and 4), from noon to 10 Saturday, and from noon to 7 Sunday. The other show will be at the Statler Hilton in Boston with public hours from 6 to 10 p.m. Friday (Nov. 1), noon to 10 Saturday, and noon to 7 Sunday.

These are the last scheduled IHF shows in the East until the fall of 1976.

### Dolby FM: Emphasizing De-Emphasis

Last month, in ruminating on the design of the Marantz 4240 receiver, we said its unique combination of built-in Dolby functions plus switchable (75 or 25 microseconds) FM de-emphasis makes the Dolby circuit appropriate "with either the present or the proposed FM technology and . . . with tape as well."

The proposal in question, from Dolby Labs, was that the new (25 microsecond) equalization become a concomitant of Dolby broadcasting to add high-frequency headroom and also to prevent Dolby broadcasts from sounding overbright, even with no treble compensation, on non-Dolby receiving equipment. Shortly after the report went to press, however, the FCC—working with uncharacteristic speed—turned the proposal into fact. The 25-microsecond equalization will be allowed but only as a concomitant of Dolby encoding; all Dolby broadcast equipment will make the conversion automatically. (Broadcasters' existing equipment should already have been converted by the time you read this.)

Marantz is the first company we know of to offer a whole line of equipment for receiving Dolby broadcasts and performing other Dolby chores. And acting on a suggestion of Dolby Labs, it has wired the de-emphasis switch on the 4240 and similar models in such a way as to affect Dolby reception only; moving it from one position to the other will not alter performance in any way unless the Dolby selector is turned to the "FM decode" position.

Where does this leave tape-equipment manufacturers offering FM-decode options on their Dolby-equipped decks? In need of a change. Not an elaborate one, according to Dolby Labs; changing "a couple of resistors" will restore the highs lost through the mismatch between the 25-microsecond broadcast and the 75-microsecond (non-Dolby) tuner in use. By incorporating this equalization switching at the input (and keyed to FM-Dolby recording and listening functions only, of course), the equipment will automatically restore the tonal balance to the Dolby broadcasts and thus make recordings that can be played like any other Dolby tapes without further worry about equalization.

### Re-Enter, the \$2,500 (Née \$1,600) Tuner

The long-awaited Sequerra tuner is expected finally to be available before the end of the year. Parts-supply problems have held up production of the tuner, which was shown to the public late in 1972 [see "Equipment in the News," December 1972]. But designer Richard Sequerra was signing up selected dealers in June as well as reshowing the Model 1, indicating that this time he's able to deliver.

As you may recall, this is a super-spec Dolbyized unit with a front-panel oscilloscope that shows: 1) a panora-



Multipurpose Sequerra 'scope, here shown displaying "tuner vector," can be used in three other ways as well—including "panoramic" display of nearby FM frequencies.

mic display of all FM stations broadcasting within 1 MHz of the digitally tuned frequency; 2) a fine-tuning display showing the instantaneous carrier deviation of the tuned FM station against the derived signal-strength-plus-AM products of multipath; 3) a stereo display exhibiting left and right channels along perpendicular X and Y axes for checking separation and phase characteristics of stereo material; and 4) a display showing similar characteristics of external mono, stereo, or four-channel sources.

Of course the Model 1 isn't for everyone. It costs \$2,500—about \$900 more than when it was originally announced. We understand you can save \$500 if you order the tuner without the panoramic multistation display.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

### video topics

#### Software for the Masses

Video recording, originally a tape medium, also has been demonstrated on disc. The newest format is a magnetic "video card." Sony Corp., which developed the "Mavica" system and showed it recently in Canada, says it is the least expensive video systems proposal yet advanced—at least as far as software is concerned.

It utilizes two 6¼- by 8½-inch magnetic cards (one for audio, the other for video) each with a playing time of ten minutes. Both are contained in an envelope, which is inserted in the machine. The cards move separately into groove guides on a cylindrical drum, where they come in contact with revolving audio and video heads, and are returned to the envelope at the end of the cycle.

Sony says this system can record in stereo and features easy interchangeability of cards between machines without alignment—a compatibility consideration that has bothered some other systems. Inexpensive, high-speed program duplication is possible, and the blank cards cost only about seven cents apiece. At this time the projected U.S. price for a playback-only unit is about \$600.

Pictures at the first showing were described by some observers as "fuzzy," perhaps attributable to the somewhat limited horizontal (220 lines) and vertical (250



# The Only Working Relationship

The **dlu** fluid and brush are designed to have a precise working relationship as a fully integrated record cleaning system. And while **dlu** is chemically tailored to solubilize common dirt and debris on your records' surface, the **dlu** formula was also developed to handle the newest problems of the record user—crystallized manufacturing lubricants.

Both components of the Discwasher system can stand on their own merit: an improved directional pile brush which lifts off rather than pushes around. And the **dlu** fluid which is a chemically sophisticated product resulting from years of research.

But together, the relationship exceeds the expectations of the most critical audiophile. The **dlu** relationship should be working for you.

Send 25¢ and a self-addressed stamped envelope for our Technical Bulletin Clean Records and Chemistry, to find out what's happening to your records today. Discwasher, Inc., 909 University, Columbia, Mo. 65201.



## OTHER FINE DISCWASHER, INC. PRODUCTS



Discorganizer holds the Discwasher system, extra stylus, screwdriver, reserve spindles, etcetera.



Turntable Foundation alleviates audible distortion and provides a solid base against floor vibration.

lines) resolution. Sony representatives say both recording time and resolution will improve in larger versions of the system.

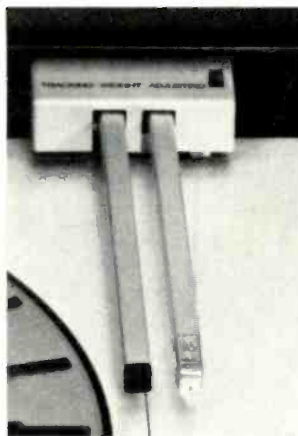
The Mavica is only a prototype at this stage, and Sony is still aggressively promoting its successful 3/4-inch U-Matic tape cartridge system. But while manufacturers have taken different approaches to video systems, everyone agrees that low-cost software will be necessary if the consumer market is ever to be unlocked. A seven-cent magnetic video card could be the key.

## The Gestation of a Record-Playing Robot

Two years ago we informed our readers that Bang & Olufsen in Denmark had developed an astounding unit called the Beogram 4000 that, among other things, would sense the diameter of a record and automatically decide on the correct playing speed (45 for 7-inchers, 33 for the larger sizes), find the lead-in groove, play the record, and return to an attitude of repose when the record was finished. There was manual override for users who wanted to second-guess the robot, of course, and many other features that put the 4000 in a class by itself among record-playing units. Among them was B&O's then-latest cartridge, the SP-15.

We were told that the SP-15, fitted with an appropriate stylus, would play CD-4 records (Quadradsics) with excellent results and that even with a conventional stylus it represented an improvement on the already superb SP-12. We were also told that the Beogram 4000 was on display at New York's Museum of Modern Art but warned not to expect immediate introduction here of either product; both would go on sale in Europe first, and no promises were being made about U.S. on-sale dates.

This spring Bang & Olufsen announced the Beogram 4002 and the MMC-6000 cartridge. After a two-year

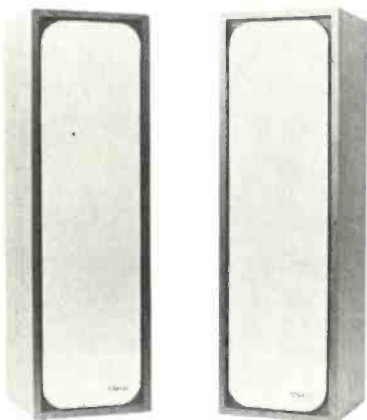


Motor-driven radial arm of Beogram 4002 has two elements: pickup arm (right) and sensor arm, which "measures" diameter of the record and sets speed accordingly.

wait, the goodies finally had made it stateside—with alterations and new model numbers. (Amateur photographers probably will recognize the pattern. One of the "hottest" cameras of recent years, the Nikkormat EL, with automatic exposure control and electronic shutter, was introduced in Japan in 1971 but in the U.S. only in 1973. And this pattern of tantalizing expectations for potential U.S. buyers may become common in high-ticket innovations.) Why the wait?

No matter how you slice it—and despite a certain economic malaise—the U.S. market is a mighty important one for technologically sophisticated consumer goods. But for overseas manufacturers it's harder to reach than heretofore. Unfavorable changes in currency exchange rates, which are driving up the prices of imported goods on the U.S. market, make the profitability of really maverick products chancier than ever before. Manufacturers want to be sure the product will work and will attract prospective buyers (albeit in other lands) before committing such wares to U.S. warehouses.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



## equipment in the news

### Avid's low-cost, high-efficiency speaker

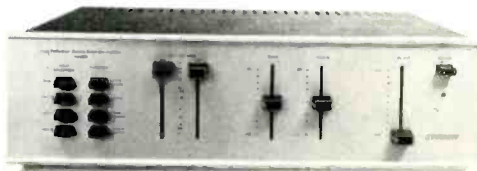
The Model 60 two-way reflex speaker system with its tower styling, high efficiency rating (5 watts minimum power required, 35 watts handling capacity), and low cost (\$59.95 in the East) was designed for use in four-channel systems, according to Avid. Performance is rated at 60 to 17,000 Hz  $\pm$  5 dB. Brown or off-white grilles are offered, and wall-mounting brackets are included.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

### "Distortion-free" preamp circuit from Radford

We recently tested and reported on one preamp/amp pair (the SPA-60 and SC-242) from Radford. Now the company has introduced the HD-250 integrated control amp (shown here) and the HD-22 preamp, both featuring preamp circuitry said to be virtually distortion free—that is, exhibiting no distortion measurable on present test equipment. The amp section of the HD-250, rated at 50 watts of continuous power per channel, is similar in most respects to the SPA-60. The integrated unit costs \$650. The HD-22 preamp is rated for maximum output of 18 volts and S/N ratios (re 1-volt output) of better than 80 dB; it costs \$395.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

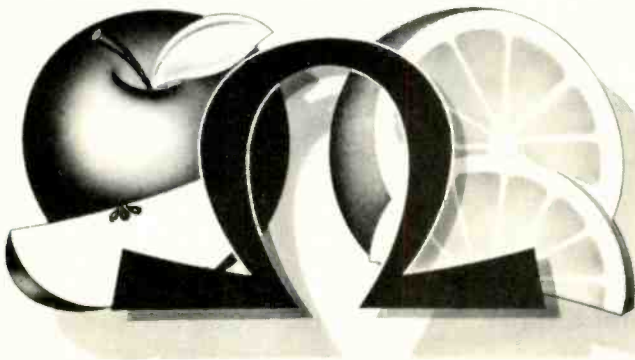




# THE HITACHI REPORT

No. 27 • Subject: Power Selection • 4/2-Channel Receivers

How to know from apples, oranges and ohms. The more power, the better the amplifier, right? The truth is, there are a lot of variables to consider before you can really decide. And Hitachi wants you to know what they are.



Never compare apples (RMS power) to oranges (IHF music power). RMS power means Root Mean Square; continuous rated or average usable power output. It's the most conservative measure and generally considered to be the industry standard. IHF is a standard measurement of power established by the Institute of High Fidelity, also conveniently referred to as music power. Rated this way, power tends to appear less conservative than RMS ratings. However, either way is acceptable as long as you're comparing like power ratings at the same speaker OHM ratings. Most mid-priced quality makers give their power ratings at 8Ω (OHM).

The cleaner the power, the cleaner the sound. Another key consideration in pinning down power is Total Harmonic Distortion (THD). This specification tells you how clean the resultant output signal is.

Any more than 1½% THD will result in noticeable distortion. Which means, all the power in the world won't give you pure sound unless the THD is within tolerable limits.

And on and on and on. The kind of music you like to hear can also have a bearing on your power requirements. Classical buffs usually require less power and lower volume than rock freaks. Then too, room size, approximate acoustic conditions, and the number of additional speakers the unit will be required to drive — are all factors that will help you make the right power choice.

The way we look at it, the more you know, the better equipped you'll be to compare the specs on our 4/2-channel (SQ, RM, Discrete) receivers. So do it, already. If you find something you don't understand, your nearby Hitachi dealer can set you straight. And that's getting to be a small wonder in itself.

#### SMR-7240

FM/AM/FM Stereo Discrete 4-Channel/2-Channel Receiver with BTL Circuits 85 W IHF music power, 15 W RMS x 4, 35 W RMS x 2 (less than 1.0% THD at 8 ohms, PBW 20Hz-25kHz IHF). FM sensitivity 2.2 μV. Capture Ratio 1.2 db. Two Tuning Meters. 2-channel and 4-channel Tape Monitors. Mike Mixing Jacks and Volume Control. SQ/RM Matrix Switch. Joystick 4-channel Balance Control. 4-channel Headphone Jack. Wood Cabinet.

#### SMR-5240

FM/AM/FM Stereo Discrete 4-Channel/2-Channel Receiver with BTL Circuits 70 W IHF music power, 10 W RMS x 4, 25 W RMS x 2 (less than 1.0% THD at 8 ohms, PBW 20Hz-25kHz IHF). FM sensitivity 2.2 μV. Capture Ratio 1.2 db. 2-channel and 4-channel Tape Monitors. Mike Mixing Jacks and Volume Control. SQ/RM Matrix Switch. 4-channel Headphone Jack. Wood Cabinet.

#### SMR-4040

FM/AM/FM Stereo Discrete 4-Channel Receiver 56 W IHF music power, 9 W per channel RMS (less than 1.0% THD at 8 ohms, PBW 20Hz-30kHz IHF). S/N Ratio 67 db. FET Tuning, 4-channel Indicator, Regular and SQ Matrix Switch, 2 Microphone Input Jacks, Microphone Mixing. Wood Cabinet. Optional "RQ-1" 4-channel Toggle-Type Remote Balance Control available.



**HITACHI**  
working small wonders in sound

National Headquarters 401 West Artesia Boulevard, Compton, Calif. 90220

## Sylvania introduces \$400 stereo receiver



A differential power amp input on Sylvania's new RS-4744 stereo receiver is said to significantly reduce harmonic and IM distortion. The tuner section has two ceramic filters, is rated for 1.8-microvolt IHF sensitivity, and includes both signal-strength and center-tuning meters. Power rating is 60 watts of continuous output per channel from 20 to 20,000 Hz into 8 ohms at less than 0.25 per cent THD. Features include phase-lock-loop circuitry; bass, midrange, and treble controls; and switching for two phono inputs, two tape decks, and a front-panel mike input. The price: \$399.95.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

## Elac/Miracord's new moderate-priced model

Benjamin Electronic Sound Co. has added the Model 820 to its Elac/Miracord turntable line. This two-speed (45, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm) automatic changer sets the stylus down on the disc according to the selected speed. It includes a variable pitch control and a strobe ring on the platter. A low-mass arm-and-head assembly allows tracking as low as 1 gram. A recessed walnut-vinyl base and hinged dust cover are optional. The changer costs \$129.95.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



## Telephonics adds "Fixler-effect" quad

The latest addition to Telephonics' headphone line is the TEL-101F, a four-channel model utilizing the so-called "Fixler effect" (named after inventor Jon Fixler). A convincing quadriphonic effect is said to result from the unique placement of specially engineered drivers, which face each other instead of the listener's ears. The headphones, with foam-padded ear cups, weigh 20 oz. and cost \$85. A four-channel simulator accessory called the Quadramate is optional at \$25.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

## First cartridge recorder with ANRS

JVC, the inventor and prime proponent of the Automatic Noise Reduction System (ANRS), is offering the first 8-track cartridge recorder incorporating this system. The JVC-1245 includes controls for fast forward, pause, and program repeat plus a manual/automatic cartridge-eject selector. Two front-panel mike inputs and two VU meters are provided. The unit costs \$249.95.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



## Automated turntable added by Sansui

A new low-cost, two-speed (45, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm), automatic single-play turntable has been added by Sansui. At \$149.95 the SR-212 was designed to incorporate many features found on the company's more expensive models, such as bidirectional damped cueing, an S-shaped tone arm, and auto tone-arm return. A special antifeedback suspension system isolates the turntable from the walnut base via a multipoint air-cushion system. Low-capacitance leads (for CD-4 cartridges) and a hinged dust cover are included.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



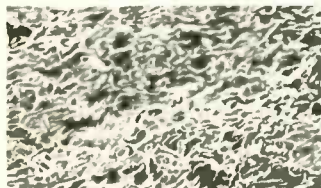
How to make the sound system you bought  
sound like the sound system you bought.



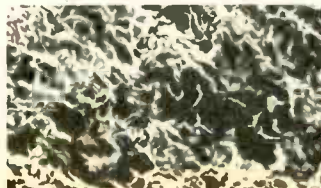
# INTRODUCING NEW TDK AUDUA OPEN-REEL TAPE.

No matter how much time, effort, or money you put into your sound system, chances are it's not giving you peak performance—the level it was designed for.

Much of that gap in performance can be attributed to the inconsistencies you find in most low-noise, high-output tapes. The shape of the magnetic particles, the density and uniformity of the coating, all contribute to that total performance. And the more inconsistencies, the fewer overtones and transient phenomena you hear.



Audua coating: tight, fine, dense.



Other premium tape coatings:  
random, sparse.

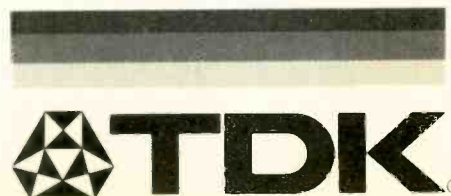
Audua's different from anything you've ever heard before. In fact, you'll probably find that it's capable of delivering the finest sound of any open-reel tape you can buy, anywhere. Even better than our own highly rated SD. That's why SD's been discontinued.

Audua was designed to provide higher output and

lower noise levels. That's because TDK designed a unique process of uniformly applying Audua's ultra-fine particles. Particles that are only 0.4 microns long and with a length-to-width ratio of 10:1. In addition, that process gives Audua a significantly better high-end frequency response.

Here's why: take a good look at the two micro-photos. Audua is denser and more uniform. It can capture more delicate harmonic overtones and transient phenomena than that other premium tape.

So try Audua. It could make your sound system perform like the sound system you paid for. Or maybe even better.



TDK ELECTRONICS CORP.  
755 Eastgate Boulevard, Garden City, New York 11530

**“...the most powerful four-channel receiver we have tested to date...”**

**“The overall feel and handling of the RQ 3748 were superb.”**

**“In virtually every respect the RQ 3748 met or surpassed its specifications...”**

**“The audio amplifier section was particularly impressive.”**

**“...the RQ 3748 is one of the most refreshingly ‘different’ four-channel receivers we have seen.”**

That's what the July, 1974, *Stereo Review*\* said.

Then they summed it up very neatly by concluding: “The Sylvania RQ3748 is obviously well designed and thought-out and therefore deserves serious consideration by anyone shopping for a top-grade four-channel (or two-channel) receiver.”

And who manufactures this “powerful,” “superb,” “impressive,” “refreshingly different,” four-channel receiver? One of those



well-known specialty companies?

Nope. Believe it or not, the RQ3748 is sold by a big American company.

A company with the know-how and facilities to produce and service a real quality product at a reasonable price.

And which company did it?

We did.

\*Reprinted by permission from *Stereo Review*, July 1974 Copyright 1974 by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.

**GTE SYLVANIA**





## A Wollensak 8-Track Deck Adapts to a Supertape

**The Equipment:** Wollensak Model 8075, a stereo 8-track cartridge record/playback deck in wood case. Dimensions: 19 $\frac{3}{4}$  by 5 inches (front panel); 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep plus allowance for connections and controls. Price: \$299.95. Warranty: one year on parts, 90 days for labor. Manufacturer: Mincom Div., 3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

**Comment:** 3M's Wollensak line has, for some time, given evidence of the company's seriousness about building 8-track cartridge equipment to component standards. The latest and most convincing evidence of this thrust is 3M's development of Classic tape (see separate box), a formulation that so far only the 8075 and its companion Model 8080 are specifically designed to handle.

The styling of the 8075 is similar to that of other recent Wollensak models. At the left are a pause lever and a selector (which advances the heads from one "program" or stereo track-pair to another). A recording interlock is below them. To their right is the cartridge slot with its hinged "door"; below it are pilot lights for recording and each of the four stereo programs. Next come the tape counter, which reads in minutes and seconds, and levers for fast wind (forward only) and eject. Below each of the illuminated meters are recording-level sliders and miniature phone jacks for mike input. A switch panel at the right selects Dolby action (FM decode/off/record-play), tape (regular/special—the latter for Scotch Classic), auto eject (on/off), repeat (all/one), and FM listen (on/off).

There is a stereo headphone jack on the front panel. On the back are "aux" (line) input and line output pin-jack pairs plus an unswitched AC convenience outlet. (Unlike most cartridge decks, the 8075 has a manual power switch: the "FM-listening" control needed to turn on the electronics for Dolby decoding when no cartridge is in use; inserting a cartridge automatically turns on the unit as well.) The back panel also has a pair of screwdriver controls for adjusting input levels in the Dolby FM mode.

These controls are necessary to align Dolby refer-

ence level of encoded FM broadcasts (or tapes fed from another machine) to that of the 8075. Switching to "FM decode" on the front panel disables the recording-level sliders and substitutes the screwdriver controls. Because of tuner limiting action, adjustment to the Dolby level of one station should provide correct (or nearly correct) Dolby tracking for all stations using Dolby noise reduction, if there are more than one in your area. The screwdriver adjustments can be realigned if you wish to copy Dolby-encoded tapes without decoding; or you can use the output level controls on the other deck, if it has any, to adjust Dolby reference output from it to Dolby reference input on the 8075.

The auto eject and repeat features allow you to listen to a cartridge one program at a time or all the way to the end, or to repeat a given program or the entire cartridge. The repeat does not operate during recording (you can't accidentally erase the beginning when you come to the end), but the "repeat" switch determines whether the cartridge will stop and eject when you've recorded to the end of each program or only at the end of the cartridge. The fast-wind and program selector levers both are interlocked with the recording switch: You can't activate either while you are recording.

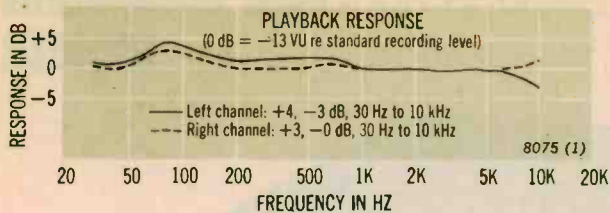
Obviously a good deal of thought has gone into the 8075's design, and the resulting capabilities are beyond the reach of garden-variety 8-track decks.

Speed accuracy, as measured at CBS Labs, is within the high fidelity ball park and the best we've seen in a cartridge deck. (Curiously, it varies *inversely* with line voltage.) The lab's wow and flutter measurements (ANSI-weighted peak readings) are good and are consistent with Wollensak's spec of 0.1% rms, weighted. The lab, measuring the entire recording cycle (tape plus electronics), got S/N figures of 45 dB at best; Wollensak puts its spec at 50 dB but does not indicate how it measures S/N. Distortion too is higher than spec, though again Wollensak fails to indicate just what is measured.

The record/play response curves average out definitely above par for a cartridge deck—in fact, about par for a \$300 cassette deck. Note that the 8075's meters

### REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, 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 Laboratories assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.



### Wollensak 8075 Additional Data

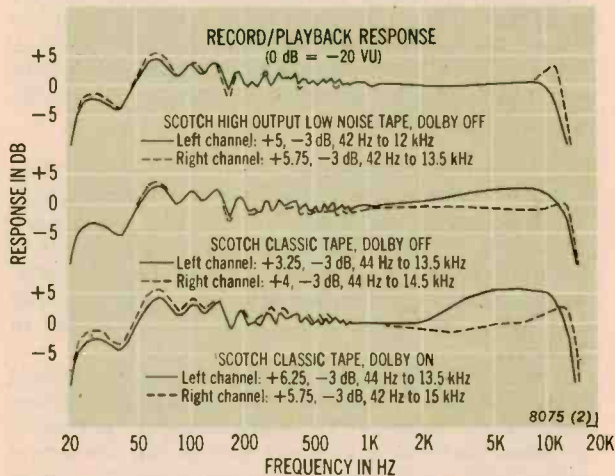
Speed accuracy	1.3% fast at 105 VAC 0.53% fast at 120 VAC 0.17% fast at 127 VAC	
Wow & flutter	playback: 0.17% record/play: 0.26%	
Fast-forward time (40-min. cartridge; 10 min. per pass)	2 min., 24 sec.	
S/N ratio		
playback	L ch: 45 dB	R ch: 42 dB
record/play	L ch: 42 dB	R ch: 39 dB
Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)	64 dB	
Crosstalk (at 400 Hz)		
record 1, play 2	66 dB	
record 3, play 4	64 dB	
Sensitivity (for 0-VU recording level)		
aux (line) input	L ch: 60 mV	R ch: 68 mV
via FM decode	L ch: 76 mV	R ch: 85 mV
mike input	L ch: 0.20 mV	R ch: 0.21 mV
Meter action (for test-tape 0 VU)	L ch: -5 dB    R ch: -4 dB	
THD (-20 VU)	<3.8%, 50 Hz to 10 kHz	
IM distortion (-10 VU)	L ch: 10%	R ch: 10%
Maximum output (0 VU)	L ch: 0.68 V	R ch: 0.75 V

read 0 VU (and Dolby level) at about 5 dB below standard test-tape 0 VU, and about 15 dB above our "-20-VU" record/play response curve. (Similarly, many cassette decks meter 0 VU at or below Dolby level—and therefore several dB below DIN 0 VU—to add headroom for peaks and avoid saturation of the highs in loud passages.)

Compared with other cartridge decks, the foregoing figures represent good or excellent performance. Similarly, the pause control on the 8075 takes about 1 second to reach full speed once you've released it—excellent for 8-track. The fast-forward speed, at about four times transport speed (3¾ ips), is the fastest we've yet tested in 8-track equipment.

It may be stating the obvious to point out that alternate tape formats—open reels and cassettes—offer in sum better performance than even this excellent 8-track cartridge model. But if cartridge tapes are what you want, we can heartily recommend the 8075.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



### A New Round of Tape Upgrading

The Wollensak 8075, reviewed here, is the first cartridge deck we have tested that has a tape-type switch. Since two- and even three-position tape switches are common on cassette equipment in the same price bracket, how come they're so scarce on cartridge models?

First, cartridge performance has tended to lag behind that of the cassette, making such fine points largely academic. Second, the cassette recently has reaped the benefits of experiments in tape technology. Third, the cartridge generally has been treated as more exclusively a convenience format than the cassette, and equipment designers have eschewed "technological complications" in their cartridge decks.

3M's Scotch Classic tape—and its Wollensak 8075—breaks this pattern. Classic is a high-performance ferric oxide tape that requires higher bias than conventional ferrics if it is to realize all performance benefits. It is available in open reels as well.

But there is another Classic tape: the cassette. Though it carries the same name and introduction dates it differs from its open-reel and cartridge counterparts

in having a thin layer of chromium dioxide above the ferric oxide coating. In this respect it closely resembles Sony's new Ferrichrome cassettes. (Other manufacturers appear to be interested in such hybrid coatings, and by the time you read this other brands may be available on the U.S. market.)

Classic and Ferrichrome cassettes both ideally require bias currents somewhere between those for chromium dioxide and those for the high-performance ferrics. Sony already has introduced cassette equipment with switching for this purpose. When correctly biased the hybrid coatings are said to combine the best of both (ferric and chrome) oxide worlds: maximum frequency response and headroom, and minimum distortion and noise. Underbiased (as for conventional ferrics) they still deliver extended frequency response but may tend to peak at the high end.

Cassette fans, used to tape upgradings and concomitant new bias requirements, probably will take these tapes in stride. The striking thing about the present round of introductions is that one entry (the all-ferric Classic) made its appearance first in cartridge form.





## An All-Format Quadriphonic Receiver from Pioneer

**The Equipment:** Pioneer Model QX-949, an AM/FM receiver with four-channel amplifier usable at higher power in the two-channel "power boost" mode, built-in CD-4 demodulator and SQ-plus-RM matrix decoder section, and switching for outboard Dolby unit (not supplied); in wood case. Dimensions: 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches (front panel); 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep plus clearance for controls, connections, etc. Price: \$749.95. Warranty: two years parts and labor, shipping not included. Manufacturer: Pioneer Electronics Corp., Japan; U.S. distributor: U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Dr., Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

**Comment:** Pioneer was among the very first companies to announce its intention of making all-format quadriphonic receivers and has resisted the SQ-only or RM-only—or even CD-4-only—routes by which its competitors generally have worked into receiver quadriphonics. Though the QX-949 has a "power boost" feature for enhanced per-channel power when it is used for stereo only, it does not rely heavily on stereo use for its appeal. Simulation of quadriphonics from stereo program material is via either RM or SQ matrix-decoder positions, for example, rather than via a simulator intended only for that purpose.

The most striking feature of the front panel is the "scope"—actually a visual display that shows and calibrates signal levels in each channel via the length of the four "rays" in its sunburst pattern. This feature proves useful in balancing channels and in double-checking placements in quadriphonic reproduction, though of course it doesn't give as much information as a true quadriphonic oscilloscope display does. The four small knobs that flank the display are balance controls for each channel.

To the right of the display is the tuning dial, which includes lighting indicators for modes and signal sources plus two that light only under special conditions: the presence of a CD-4 carrier from the phono input, and the presence of a stereo subcarrier in the FM tuner. Farther to the right are a dual (channel center and signal strength) meter panel and the tuning knob. Below the dial is a series of on/off pushbuttons: The AC power switch is by itself; then come two buttons for reducing the operating threshold of the quadriphonic display (to -10 and -20 dB, or to -30 dB when both are pressed); the next four switch the two (A and B) quadriphonic sets of speakers, with separate buttons for front and back channels of both sets; next comes a group for loudness, two-channel tape monitor, four-channel tape monitor 1, four-channel tape monitor 2, and Dolby; last are buttons for multiplex noise filter and FM muting.

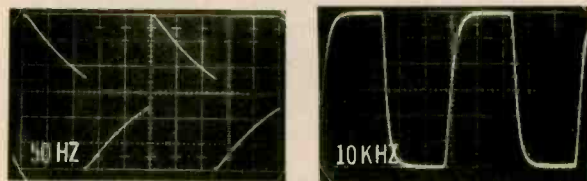
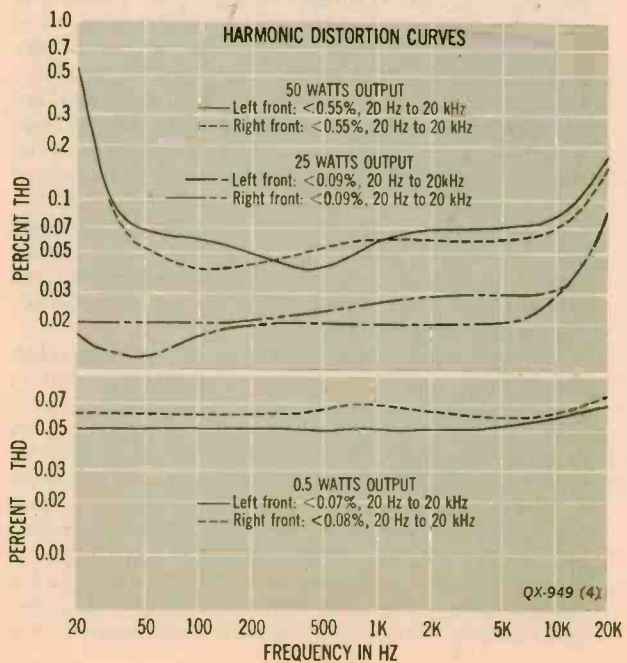
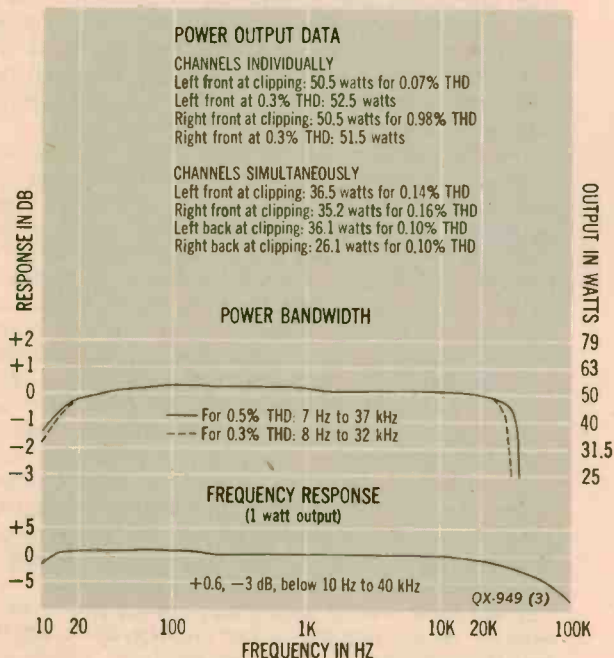
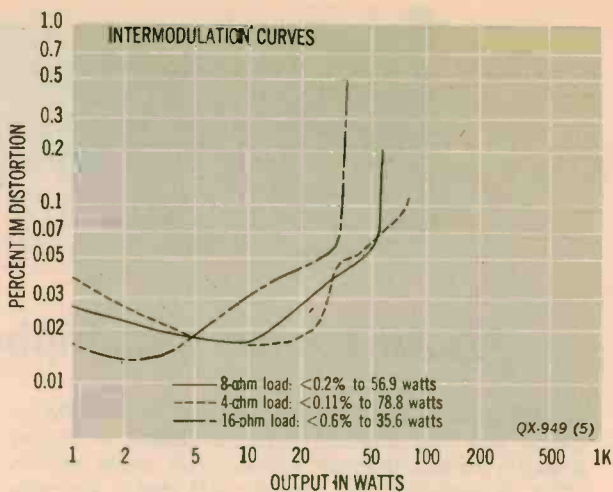
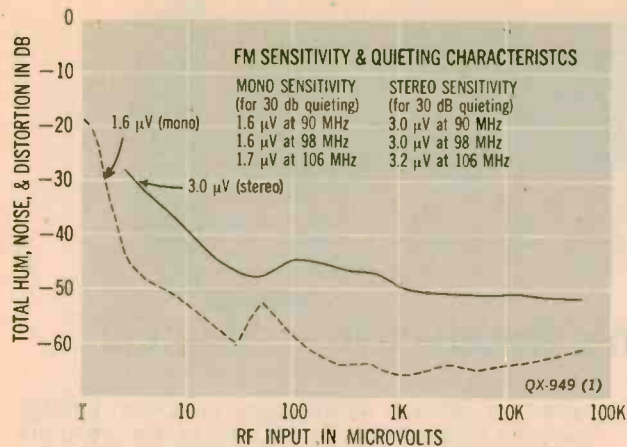
Directly under the quadriphonic display is the main volume knob, flanked by small knobs used (one per

"side") to optimize front-to-back separation through the CD-4 demodulator. To the right of this group are front and back stereo headphone jacks that are live at all times, bass and treble controls for the front channels, on/off buttons for high and low filters, and bass and treble controls for the back channels. The final two knobs are for mode (2-ch/CD-4/RM/SQ) and selector (AM/mono FM/auto FM/phono 1/phono 2/aux).

The CD-4 position on the mode switch is what most receivers call discrete; the CD-4 demodulator switches into the phono circuits only when the unit senses a carrier signal. Stereo discs therefore reproduce in all four channels (with the back signals duplicating those in front on each side) in the CD-4 position. Switching to "2-ch" simply cuts out the back signals. The two four-channel sets of tape connections are *after* the matrix decoders in the circuitry, so the tape feed and monitoring is unaffected by the position of the mode switch (except if it is at "2-ch," which, again, cuts the back channels). If you are listening to SQ, for example, the four *decoded* signals will be present at both sets of four-channel tape-recording jacks. And the Dolby connections—intended for an outboard Dolby unit (not supplied)—are in effect a third set of four-channel tape connections with a special marking; the switching is identical to that for monitoring four-channel tape.

If you have one of the more common two-channel Dolby units, you probably would prefer to use it with the two-channel tape connections. Not only would that leave the "Dolby" input free for use as a quadriphonic aux (the aux on the selector switch has two input channels only), but it would allow you to decode both Dolby and quadriphonic-matrix functions (assuming you can find any broadcasts with both forms of encoding) simultaneously with only a stereo Dolby unit. This is because matrix decoding functions come *after* the two-channel tape connections in the QX-949's switching. A stereo tape deck—assuming your Dolby circuitry isn't already built into one—can still be connected to the stereo Dolby unit; and matrixed signals can be recorded in that form on a stereo deck, whether or not you are monitoring the decoded quadriphonics.

The back panel has all the stereo connections (both phono pairs, two-channel tape in and out, and aux) grouped together. Two grounding posts are located near the phono jacks. A similar group of pin-jack pairs handles the front channels of the two four-channel tape-connection sets and the Dolby set (two channels of both input and output in each set); an identical group below it handles the back channels. Near the grounding posts are an FM de-emphasis switch—75 microseconds for the U.S., 50 microseconds for Europe—and an FM multiplex output for use with an outboard discrete-quadriphonic FM decoder. Speaker connections, for a



Square-wave response

### Pioneer QX-949 Additional Data

Tuner Section			
Capture ratio	1.5 dB		
Alternate-channel selectivity	80 dB		
S/N ratio	67.5 dB		
THD	Mono	L ch	R ch
80 Hz	0.14%	0.38%	0.31%
1 kHz	0.07%	0.24%	0.24%
10 kHz	0.10%	0.54%	0.54%
IM distortion	0.13%		
19-kHz pilot	-66 dB		
38-kHz subcarrier	-68 dB		
Frequency response			
mono	+0.25, -1.75 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz		
L ch	+0.25, -2.25 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz		
R ch	+0, -2 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz		
Channel separation	>35 dB, 20 Hz to 5.5 kHz		
	>30 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz		
Amplifier Section			
Damping factor	53		
Input characteristics (for 50 watts output)			
	Sensitivity	S/N ratio	
phono 1	1.0 mV	56 dB	
phono 2	0.9 mV	54 dB	
aux	150 mV	85 dB	
tape monitors	150 mV	87 dB	
RIAA equalization accuracy	+1.25, -3dB, 20 Hz to 16.5 kHz		



total of eight units, are spring-loaded clips that accept bared wires.

Just above the built-in AM ferrite antenna is the "power boost" switch. When you remove this assembly and plug it in upside down, it cuts the power supply to the back channels and supplies the front-channel amplifier circuits at increased voltage, resulting in enhanced per-channel output capability. There are screw terminals for the antenna connections: 75-ohm and 300-ohm FM lead-in and long-wire AM antenna plus ground. Three AC convenience outlets are supplied, one of which is switched by the QX-949's power button.

CBS Labs tested this unit in the quad mode throughout, though it did check that the increase in power capability claimed by Pioneer actually is delivered in the "power boost" mode. The lab data show the amplifier section to be attractive in terms of both distortion and power, though a comparison between our data and that supplied by Pioneer suggests that the actual output capability of the lab sample may be as much as 1 dB below that to be expected in a typical sample. Note, for example, that the power bandwidth curves, while respectable, offer somewhat less headroom than average; they are above the 0-dB line (here chosen arbitrarily as 50 watts, rather than the 53 watts actually specified by Pioneer), but not by the margin that we usually find. Distortion is low, however, at all output levels, and both THD and IM are lower than we have been seeing in "strapped" designs.

The data for the phono inputs—measured, as always, with all level controls wide open—suggest high sensitivity but also higher than average noise. When we set up the receiver for a typical (JVC) CD-4 cartridge, however, adjustment of the two separation controls lowered both somewhat. (As in some other brands, Pioneer adjusts baseband sensitivity to carrier level, rather than vice versa; hence the CD-4 adjustments act as input-level controls for *all* phono signals.) In practice the actual sensitivity and noise factors therefore will depend to this extent on the cartridge employed.

The tuner section is one of the best we've seen in a quadriphonic receiver. Both stereo and mono quieting curves descend below the 50-dB line; in stereo, high-signal levels are required for such fine performance, but in mono, only a little over 5 microvolts is required at the antenna terminals. And above about 100 microvolts the mono curve is below the 60-dB line. As in the amplifier section, the lab measurements are consistent with Pioneer's specs though they don't literally confirm them at every particular.

All told, the QX-949 strikes us as typical of Pioneer's relatively uncompromising approach to receiver design. It combines four channels of clean and fairly powerful amplification and an above-average tuner with a CD-4 demodulator and matrix decoders for both SQ and RM, plus more than minimal switching for tape decks and other ancillary gear. That really is a lot to cram into a receiver, even at \$750.

## Akai Deck Combines Pro Feel, Moderate Price

**The Equipment:** Akai Model GX-600D, a two-speed (7½ and 3¾ ips) stereo quarter-track monitor-head open-reel tape deck accepting 10½-inch (NAB) reels, in metal case with wood sides; available with optional Dolby B noise reduction built in. Dimensions: 17¾ by 18 by 7 inches (plus allowances for feet, knobs, connections, reel overhangs, etc.). Price: \$625.00; Dolby version, GX-600DB, \$725. Warranty: one year parts and labor. Manufacturer: Akai Electric Co., Ltd., Japan; U.S. distributor: Akai America Ltd., 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., Compton, Calif. 90220.

**Comment:** Akai has responded to the apparently rekindled interest in consumer NAB-reel decks that have more-than-minimum features by offering its attractive GX-600 decks (with or without Dolby), which deliver a lot of the feel, features, and fun—and even performance—of semipro decks in the \$1,000 class but which are tailored to home use in both style and price. We worked with the non-Dolby GX-600D.

Even 7-inch reels overhang the top plate (by only about ¼ of an inch at the sides, more at the top), so adequate clearance must be left. The tape path has tension arms (for motional stability; that at the right also controls automatic shutoff) at both sides of the head cover, which is easily removable and houses separate erase, recording, and playback heads. Akai uses its long-wear glass and crystal ferrite heads for the two latter.

A tape counter is to the left of the head cover, along with lever switches for AC (on/off), reel size ("10"/"7"), and speed (high/low, representing 7½ and 3¾ ips, respectively). At the right of the head cover are the motion controls: pause, rewind, stop, forward, and fast forward. Though these are mostly mechanical controls,



they feel very much like the solenoid controls associated with professional equipment. Interlocks prevent going directly from a fast-wind mode to play; a short time delay prevents activation of the "forward" (recording or playback) lever immediately after that for stop.

The pause control acts like the stop button with three important exceptions: The pinch roller does not retract all the way from the capstan, the tape lifters are not triggered, and the recording mode (if you are switched to it)

does not disengage. There are a number of consequences of this design. In the first place, the pause can be used (in playback) to locate precise cues for physical editing since the tape can be rocked back and forth past the always-live playback head and the output monitored. Second, the reduced distance the pinch roller must travel when the pause is released (by pressing the forward lever) reduces tape bounce slightly. There is discernible tape bounce in starting the GX-600, but it is well damped and therefore very brief.

To the left of the meters is a ganged (left/right) output knob; to the right are two double knobs, one for recording levels in each channel. The ring elements control line feeds, the central knobs the mike inputs. Mixing of the two inputs, independently in the two channels, is thus possible. The knobs have a beautifully smooth feel but make one-hand fades in both channels almost impossible. (Paired sliders are better in this respect if, for example, you want to fade in following the stylus set-down but before the music in copying a disc.)

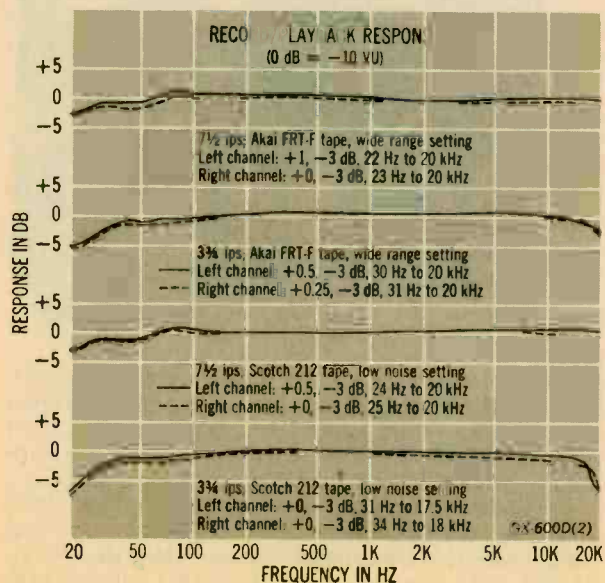
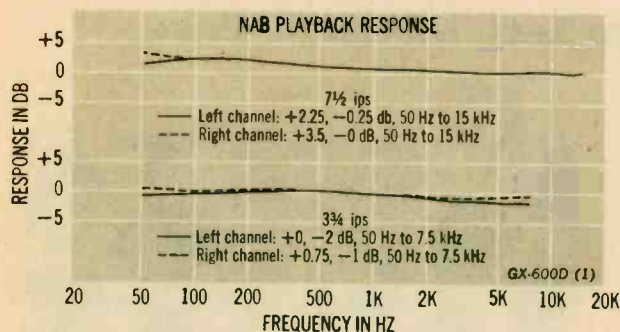
Across the bottom are a stereo headphone jack, a tape selector button, the source/tape monitor switch, a sound-on-sound on/off button (plus the Dolby button in the GX-600DB), and phone jacks for left and right mike inputs. Tape selector positions are marked "wide range" (for Akai's own SRT-F, Maxell UD, TDK SD, or similar tapes) and "low noise" (optimized for Scotch 211/212 or similar tapes). The lab made its tests in the "low noise" setting, except where SRT-F is indicated, and used Scotch 212; for home record/playback tests

we concentrated particularly on UD. The monitor switch controls both the output and the metering; when it is switched to "source," the meters will read incoming signals no matter what mode the transport is switched to, allowing easy presetting of recording levels. The usual pin connectors are provided on the back panel for line inputs and outputs, together with a DIN input/output socket, a binding post for grounding to ancillary equipment, and an unswitched AC convenience outlet.

Now let's look at the lab measurements—which is a pleasure. They're exceptionally good for a deck in the \$600 class and can hold their own by comparison to any deck we have ever tested. The most striking accomplishment, perhaps, is shown in the Akai-tape record/play curves at 3 1/2 ips, which go all the way to 20 kHz without dropping below -3 dB; even with Scotch 212 the -3 dB points are beyond 17 kHz. (Relatively few recorders can make it even to 15 kHz at this transport speed.) Distortion is low; speed accuracy and stability are excellent; S/N measurements are very good.

It goes without saying that tapes made or played on the GX-600D sound excellent. Granted, open-reel fans are a fussy lot and, depending on the way they use their equipment, will look closely at one feature or another, at one spec or another. On the average, however, this unit should satisfy a broad range of users on both counts. It is the most exciting unit we have ever tested from Akai and, given its \$600-range price, strikes us as an excellent buy.

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### Akai GX-600D Additional Data

Speed accuracy			
7 1/2 ips		0.1% fast at 105, 120, & 127 VAC	
3 1/2 ips		0.1% slow at 105, 120, & 127 VAC	
Wow and flutter (ANSI weighted)			
7 1/2 ips		playback: 0.04%	
		record/play: 0.04%	
3 1/2 ips		playback: 0.06%	
		record/play: 0.09%	
Rewind time, 7-In. 1,800-ft. reel			1 min., 34 sec.
Fast-forward time, same reel			1 min., 40 sec.
S/N ratio (re NAB 0 VU)			
playback	L ch: 55 dB		R ch: 53 dB
record/play	L ch: 49 dB		R ch: 49 dB
Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)			69 dB
Crosstalk (at 400 Hz)			
record left, play right			51 dB
record right, play left			52 dB
Sensitivity (re NAB 0 VU)			
line input	L ch: 0.1 mV		R ch: 0.1 mV
mike input	L ch: 37 mV		R ch: 37 mV
Meter action (re NAB 0 VU)			
	L ch: exact		R ch: 0.5 dB low
THD (record/play, -10 VU; 50 Hz to 10 kHz)			
7 1/2 ips	L ch: <1.8%		R ch: <1.9%
3 1/2 ips	L ch: <1.9%		R ch: <1.9%
IM distortion (record/play, -10 VU)			
7 1/2 ips	L ch: 2.0%		R ch: 1.5%
3 1/2 ips	L ch: 3.5%		R ch: 3.5%
Maximum output (line, 0 VU)			0.72 V (per ch.)



## A Second, Surprising Look at the Dual 701

**The Equipment:** Dual 701, a two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) automated single-play turntable and arm ensemble, supplied with walnut wooden base and removable dust cover. Over-all dimensions: 16 1/16 by 14 3/8 by 5 1/2 inches. Price: \$400. Warranty: one year parts and labor. Manufacturer: Dual, West Germany; U.S. distributor: United Audio Products, Inc., 120 S. Columbus Ave., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10553.

**Comment:** Yes, you're right. We already did run a report on the Dual 701—last March. Why another report on the same product? Because what we tested previously is not quite the same component as the one customers can now find on the shelves. But more of that later.

To refresh your memories, the 701 is an automated single-play turntable (all the functions of a changer save the record "changing" itself) of strikingly innovative design. It is the first Dual that is not a changer, the first turntable from any manufacturer with its particular feedback-voltage-servo direct-drive system, and the first design we've seen with so sophisticated a counterweight decoupling design to control arm resonance. Although we called the 701 "the best piece of record-playing machinery yet brought out by Dual," we questioned its "advertised price . . . vis-à-vis competing models." The lab data were not all that spectacular for a \$400 turntable.

As it turned out, apparently the test sample was one of the earliest delivered in this country. Not only was it packed in a general-purpose carton rather than the custom-made variety that subsequently became available, but the unit contained no warning that a shipping screw in the counterweight must be loosened before attaching it to the tone arm. (United Audio started including this warning shortly afterward; and the newest samples coming in are said to use a simpler plastic insert to prevent damage to the counterweight during shipping instead of the setscrew.) Finally, after our original report appeared, United Audio sent us a set of specs and other laboratory data on the 701 that made us wonder whether the test sample that we tested might have been so early as to be atypical. In terms of rumble, wow and flutter, and arm resonance, the figures supplied by the company were better than ours by large enough margins to make us question whether we had, in fact, been

testing the same piece of equipment. We decided to find out via further tests with a unit from a current production run.

The first parameter we looked at was rumble, and the new sample does indeed test out more than 10 dB better than the first! The ARLL weighted measurement has improved from -57 dB to -68 dB—a superb figure that moves the 701 from merely good to the champion class. Any ARLL figure greater than 60 dB can be taken as representing inaudible rumble; par value for a fine single-play turntable these days is in the range between, say, 58 and 63 dB.

ANSI-weighted flutter measurements, too, represent a significant improvement. The first sample measured 0.1% average and 0.2% maximum; the new one was clocked at 0.04% average and 0.09% maximum—again, superb. Even more significantly, the 5-dB resonance rise (at 6 Hz) in our original sample has disappeared. Resonance in the new sample is extremely complex (as it should be with this sort of decoupled counterweight design), being spread out, so to speak, so that no "peak" greater than 1 dB could be measured in any plane or at any frequency! This measurement (made with the V-15 Type II Improved cartridge) is the most resonance-free we have ever encountered.

The speed adjustment range is a little broader on the new sample:  $\pm 6.4\%$  (as opposed to  $+5.0, -7.5\%$ ) at 33,  $\pm 5.2\%$  (as opposed to  $+3.7, -4.5\%$ ) at 45. Speed accuracy represents a tiny step backward. No variation could be measured in either speed, set at 120 VAC, for either 105 or 127 VAC on the older unit. In the newer one, speed remained the same at 127 VAC but dropped by 0.2% (for both 33 and 45 rpm) at 105 VAC. This is a negligible error and can, in any event, be adjusted for with the built-in strobe and the two verniers (one for each speed). Other measurements virtually duplicated the excellent results with the first sample.

The first time around we looked on the 701 as an improvement on previous Dual changers, used in the single-play mode. (For one thing, the omission of the changing mechanism itself intrinsically decreases the opportunities for malfunction; for another, there were measurable—if not necessarily striking—improvements in performance.) Now we must revise that opinion. As it currently is delivered the 701 sets itself well apart from any changer on the market and even represents a degree of performance sophistication that few manuals can challenge in several key respects; rumble and arm resonance stand out as the best we have measured. Hence the Dual 701 has placed itself in the select group of products against which we must measure the performance of the others.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

## Five Head-Degaussing Devices Compared



R. B. Annis Han-D-Mag

**The Equipment:** Ampex 228 8-track demagnetizer and head cleaner. Dimensions: mounted in 8-track cartridge shell. Price: \$4.95. Source: Ampex Music Div., 2201 Lunt Ave., Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007.

Han-D-Mag degausser. Dimensions: 1 1/4 by 2 1/2 by 3 1/4 inches plus 2 1/4-inch curved probe; 6-foot AC cord. Price: \$21 (also available in Han-D-Kits that include a magnetometer); price includes shipping on prepaid mail orders. Manufacturer: R. B. Annis Co., 1101 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202.

Olson HF-38 tape head degausser. Dimensions: 1 1/2 (dia.) by 3 1/4 inches plus 1 1/2-inch probe; 3 1/2-foot AC cord. Price: \$4.49. Source: Olson Electronics, 260 S. Forge St., Akron, Ohio 44327.





Nortronics; Ampex; Olson; Realistic

Nortronics QM-202 head demagnetizer. Dimensions:  $\frac{3}{8}$  by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (max.) by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches plus  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flexible probe;  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -foot coiled cord extends to 6 feet. Price: Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55427.

Realistic "tape cartridge" Head Demag, catalogue no. 44-1154. Dimensions:  $1\frac{3}{8}$  (dia.) by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches plus  $4\frac{3}{4}$ -inch angled probe. Price: \$7.95. Source: Radio Shack, 2617 W. 7th St., Fort Worth, Tex. 76107.

**Comment:** We sampled five tape-head demagnetizer units, from as many companies, as a cross section of what's available. Each model was tested on the basis of field strength and convenience of use. We judged field strength in two ways. First, a calibrated test loop measured the field (in gauss) at a distance of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from the probe end. The higher the number the better. Second, we magnetized a strip of spring steel (which, being less permeable than tape-head materials, is more difficult to degauss) to a known level, demagnetized it with the unit under test, and read the residual magnetization with a magnetometer. The result is shown as a "per cent residual magnetization"—the smaller the better.

Of the five, the most powerful unit by far is the Annis Han-D-Mag. Although rated at a hefty 350 to 400 gauss at  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, we clocked it in at almost 700! (At the other end, which the literature claims will bulk-erase  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch tape on the reel, we measured over 1,500 gauss.) Residual magnetization was virtually unmeasurable—less than 1%. The unit is rated at 6 to 8 minutes of continuous operation and has no switch. It is somewhat bulky and heavy but is comfortable to hold nonetheless. The rigid, curved probe tapers to a point about  $\frac{3}{8}$  by  $\frac{3}{16}$  inches and is heavily sheathed in soft plastic so it won't scratch the heads. The "fat" probe is difficult to get into small cassette decks, but its shape accounts for the very strong field; and given that field you need only get within about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch of the head to demagnetize it. By the way, you also get a fine mini-treatise on magnetization.

The next most powerful device is the Olson HF-38. The field  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from the probe measures just shy of 100 gauss. With one pass by our test strip, the residual field dropped to 16%. Additional passes further reduced it to 5%. In theory, extra passes should not reduce the residual since the demagnetization occurs during withdrawal, not during the "waving"; perhaps the field at the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch probe tip is too narrow to cover the full  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch test strip. The probe is painted—not sheathed in plastic. A layer or two of plastic insulating tape is advisable to avoid scratching head surfaces. The unit is rated for 5 minutes of operation at a clip. An accompanying sheet gives good instructions for use. The small size of the

HF-38 is convenient; but the straight, rigid probe may still be difficult to maneuver into some tight spots.

Third in order of field strength (80 gauss) is the Realistic Head Demag distributed by Radio Shack. This rather large unit is designed so that it will reach even to the back of typical 8-track cartridge wells; it can be used for cassette and reel equipment as well. The probe is rigid and straight, with a bent tip, and is well protected in plastic. The efficiency is rather low. Residual magnetization of our test strip was 48%. Additional passes didn't help (note the wide tip), but we got better results (25% residual) when demagnetizing at the bend instead. The unit is rated at 1 minute on, 5 minutes off. It draws 40 watts and seems to warm up relatively fast in use. A pushbutton switch on the handle is a mixed blessing. It lets you energize the unit after it is plugged in, but should you accidentally release the button while the degausser is near your deck, you could have a problem.

The Nortronics QM-202 is the most stylish unit of the group and the most comfortable to hold. The narrow ( $\frac{1}{4}$  inch), flexible probe will retain bends up to a full 180 degrees when you flex it, helping you get into tight places. It's the only unit in this group that would reach the heads and guides of the most awkward cassette deck we could find. The probe is well sheathed in soft plastic. On the negative side is its relatively low-field (70 gauss). Nortronics confirms that the field strength was chosen for head degaussing rather than, specifically, guides and capstans (which are magnetically "harder" and hence resist both magnetic buildup and degaussing). Demagnetizing our test strip left a 50% residual, although this could be reduced to 28% by using the probe shaft rather than the tip. A squeeze-type power switch with very short throw was judged risky; we sometimes found it hard to keep the unit energized as we worked with it. Ratings are 1 minute on, 5 minutes off, and 20 watts.

The Ampex 228 is a cordless demagnetizer built into a standard cartridge housing but with a push bar on the front edge. Insert the 228 into the machine, set the machine in operation, and depress the bar. This moves a rotating *permanent* magnet close to the head. As the machine runs, the magnet is rotated and slowly (and automatically) withdrawn from the head. The rotation alternates the field, and the slow withdrawal accomplishes the demagnetization. At the end of the cycle, the bar is fully extended and displays the legend "demag. complete." The cartridge is loaded with cleaning tape to "scrub" heads and capstan while you degauss. (A similar cassette unit, the Ampex Model 220, was reviewed in our March 1971 issue.) The 228 is the most convenient of the five units to use, but because it dispenses with the fixed AC field we couldn't establish the efficiency of the device with the test procedure used on the others. So our conclusions must remain relatively tentative. In theory it should work, and the idea basically is very clever, but the effective field strength of the rotating magnet cannot be as great as that of typical AC units, because of the limited distance to which it can be withdrawn within the cartridge shell. In our view, a good conventional AC demagnetizer probably would be preferable.

For general purposes, and assuming readily accessible heads and other parts, the Annis would appear to be the most effective of the five models. Once the Olson is plastic-sheathed, however, it should do as thorough a job if used carefully; it also costs less (\$4.49 vs. \$21) and will reach into some spots the Annis won't. The Nortronics obviously is the best bet where awkward head mountings are involved; it and the Realistic are the only AC-powered units in this group that will reach cartridge-deck heads. And if that's your only problem, we'd suggest the Realistic on the basis of price.



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# The Man Who Revolutionized Music:

## Arnold Schoenberg

(September 13, 1874–July 13, 1951)

THE FOLLOWING PAGES are devoted to the consideration of a composer whose music is not widely loved. Audiences have generally avoided it, and even most musicians have shown little enthusiasm for playing it. Yet the music and aesthetics of Arnold Schoenberg, who was born one hundred years ago this month, have had a greater impact on the subsequent course of the art than possibly any other figure since Hucbald gave the go-ahead to multivoiced music in the tenth century.

Hyperbole? No, for although most music of today—from Bob Dylan's to Dmitri Shostakovich's—is still written within an age-old tradition, the frontiers of music have entered qualitatively different territory. After Schoenberg, as after Hucbald, music would not be the same again; it had taken a quantum jump into a new realm. Hundreds of composers have been directly influenced by the Schoenbergian point of view, and most of the other serious ones have been at least indirectly influenced by it. As Charles Rosen implies in the following article, even if we don't listen to Schoenberg's music, we hear it all around us.

What was this revolution?

From earliest times, music was based on specific scales of up to seven of the available twelve tones. One note of the scale, what today we would call a *tonic*, dominated both the scale and the music; it was usually the starting and ending tone or at least determined what these tones would be. The other tones could be considered auxiliaries to the tonic. Although flatted and sharped notes would sometimes creep into music, not until the middle of the 1400s, with Willaert and his disciples, did true chromaticism enter Western music. Some 250 years later Bach brought this art to its apotheosis. He could, and did, use any combination of tones in his melodies and harmonies and continually switch the tonic to any of the twelve tones during the course of a piece. (Schoenberg called Bach "the first twelve-tone composer.")

But the funny thing about these altered tones was that, instead of diluting the importance of the tonic, they served to emphasize the dominion of the tonic, for they were auxiliaries to the tones of the scale—which were of course themselves auxiliaries to the tonic. These chromatic tones led, or resolved, to the notes of the scale, which in turn led to the tonic. It was as though the king's knights had their own squires, all to the greater glory of the king.

Basically, this state of affairs lasted until the end of the nineteenth century. During that freewheeling century, composers began so extensively to emphasize all the auxiliaries, to let them "resolve"—if that's still the right word—to yet other auxiliaries, and to avoid the tonic like a shackle, that by Wagner's *Tristan*, the constantly shifting tonic could at times hardly be sensed. Upon reaching this frightening abyss, Wagner backed away and gave us *Meistersinger* (for which, I might add, thank God!).

Schoenberg took the ultimate step, and, for many, "modern music" (now about two-thirds of a century old) has been plummeting down the abyss ever since. For Schoenberg overthrew the king. All notes, he said in effect, are created equal. And as for dissonances—

Ever since multivoiced music developed, consonance and dissonance had been a crucial element of harmony. The one was a sound of repose; it could end a phrase or a piece satisfactorily. The other was a sound of tension; it had to resolve to a consonance. Although which sounds were which had changed through the ages—before the Renaissance the interval of a fourth was consonant and the third dissonant; in most of the music we hear the situation is reversed; in jazz the addition of a sixth or even a ninth to a chord simply adds color—the concept of consonance vs. dissonance itself was never in dispute. Schoenberg simply abolished the distinction. He proclaimed the emancipation of the dissonance (his term): a dissonance no longer had to resolve, since the tonic, which inevitably had controlled what all notes might do, was banished.



This, perhaps simplistically, is what *atonality*—a term Schoenberg himself avoided—is all about. (It should probably be called “atonality”: the tones are, after all, still there.)

Eventually Schoenberg felt the need to create another basis for composition, now that the banishment of the tonic threatened musical anarchy. He thus added a sort of musical bill of rights: one note, one vote. No tone could get a subsequent voice in the proceedings until all eleven other tones had their say. And this is the basis for the *twelve-tone system* (Schoenberg preferred “method” to “system”), also known as *dodecaphony*.

Using this method, a composer arranges the twelve tones in any order he chooses and then sticks with this *tone row*, or *set*, throughout a piece, using it for both his melodies and his harmonies. He may use it as is, backwards, upside down, and backwards upside down.

For example, let's say that with his basic tone row he begins his melody



by Charles Rosen

# The Controversial Schoenberg

"... Here is the sense of scandal, the consciousness of moral outrage aroused by his work after 1908. . . ."

RECOGNIZED INTERNATIONALLY near the end of his life as one of the greatest living composers, considered by many the finest of all, acknowledged—along with Stravinsky—as the most influential figure in contemporary music since the death of Debussy, Arnold Schoenberg continued to provoke an enmity, even a hatred, almost unparalleled in the history of music. An elderly artist whose revolution





ary works had raised a storm of protest in his youth is a traditional figure, but in old age his fame is generally unquestioned and all dissenting voices have been stilled. In Schoenberg's case, the dissent may be said to have grown with the fame.

He recognized the importance of the hostility that he faced throughout his career, paying his enemies a superb tribute in speaking of what he had achieved: "Maybe something has been achieved, but it was not I who deserves the credit for that. The credit must be given to my opponents. They were the ones who really helped me." [Quoted from *Letters of Arnold Schoenberg*, translated by Erwin Stein, St. Martin's Press.]

It was as if he saw that the controversial nature of his work was central to its significance.

Schoenberg had not at first expected controversy, and he rarely, in fact, consciously or openly sought it out. His early works are Brahmsian, even Dvořákian in character, solid and largely unadventurous. Wagner was to become for him a slightly more advanced model but hardly, by the late 1890s, a dangerously revolutionary one.

Yet the Wagnerism of the string sextet *Transfigured Night* written when Schoenberg was twenty-six already created difficulties. "It sounds as if someone had smeared the score of *Tristan* while it was still wet," remarked a contemporary, and a musical society in Vienna refused to allow the work to be performed as it contained one dissonance (now harmless to our ears) as yet unclassified by any textbook. And in 1898, the year before *Transfigured Night* was written, there had been a minor disturbance after the performance of one of Schoenberg's songs. The composer was to recall it many years later and comment, "The scandal has never ceased."

All these early difficulties, however, are the normal ones encountered by most composers in the history of Western music since the Renaissance—and by most writers and artists as well. A unanimous critical success from the very outset has even come to seem somewhat suspicious. It is expected that a new style, a new personality will have the toughness and the individuality that is bound to excite opposition. This initial opposition, indeed, is an essential ingredient of the later success and turns acceptance into triumph.

Relatively early in his career, this success was not withheld from Schoenberg. He gradually won the respect and support of musicians of the importance of Busoni, Richard Strauss, and Mahler. The critics were beginning to come around. As for the public, the first performance of a new work by Schoenberg was generally followed by a display of hostility—a sort of minor riot that was accepted as a ritual element in Viennese concert life. But second performances were quiet and often successful, even brilliantly so. The tone poem of 1903, *Pelleas und*

*Melisande*, was handsomely received when it was played in Berlin in 1907.

Finally in Vienna on February 23, 1913, came an almost unmitigated triumph, with the first performance of the immense *Gurre-Lieder*, a long work for the gigantic forces of six soloists, four choruses, and an orchestra of 150. Many people came to the first performance ready to whistle on their house keys (the traditional Viennese method of expressing public displeasure), but the keys were not used: The audience wept and cheered, and Schoenberg received an ovation that lasted a quarter of an hour.

The next concert that he gave, on March 31, 1913, brought total disaster, a riot even more destructive than the recent one provoked by the first performance in Paris of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. It was not, in fact, Schoenberg's own work that touched off the final uproar (although his Chamber Symphony, Op. 9, had been listened to with growing displeasure), but one by his young pupil, Alban Berg, a selection from the set of songs to words sent on a picture postcard by the Viennese poet Peter Altenberg. The rest of the program had to be canceled, the police called out. Berg himself never recovered from the hostility of this occasion, and he was never to hear another performance of the *Postcard Songs*.

The triumph of February 23 had been, in effect, a posthumous one, a celebration for a composer who had changed almost beyond recognition. Today it is possible to recognize the identity of the composer of the *Gurre-Lieder* (written in 1901) and that of the later works, to see the relation between them, even to see the gradual development from one to the other, to find radical change latent in the early work. But the change was rapid and far-reaching, as Schoenberg himself recognized when, in 1912 while orchestrating the *Gurre-Lieder*, he tried to change four or five passages: These corrections alone, he confessed, gave him more trouble than the composition of the whole work.

By the beginning of 1909 the break with the style of 1901 appeared almost complete. If the works of Schoenberg's pupils, Berg and Anton Webern, played at that catastrophic occasion in March 1913 were far more radical than the Chamber Symphony of their teacher, that is because, for once, Schoenberg had cautiously withheld his most recent works (the Chamber Symphony dates from 1906).

The presence of works by Berg and Webern on this historic program also underlines the fact that this development of Schoenberg had not taken place in solitude. He had found in Webern and Berg genius equal to his own and an even more remarkable precocity. It is clear that the most radical experiments were initiated by Schoenberg himself and that both Webern and Berg considered them-

selves disciples, but it is also certain that the influence soon became reciprocal and that Schoenberg owed much to the stimulation of his pupils.

What is remarkable is the rapidity with which Webern and Berg adopted the most thoroughgoing innovations of their teacher, the ease with which ideas only suggested in Schoenberg's music were developed by them in the most individual way. Particularly for the years 1906 to 1914 we may speak of a genuine and absolute community of spirit. It may be conjectured that without the extraordinary support and understanding of his two greatest pupils, Schoenberg might not have been able to overcome his resistance to the revolution he was initiating.

Schoenberg recognized this resistance, and that knowledge is essential to the understanding of the character of his music and of his later development. It was with more than reluctance that he embarked on the series of works that begin with the *George-Lieder* of 1909, as he acknowledged in the notes to the first performance on January 14, 1910:

"With the George songs I have for the first time succeeded in approaching an ideal of expression and form that has been in my mind for years. Until now, I lacked the strength and confidence to make it a reality. But now that I am conscious of having broken through every restriction of a bygone aesthetic, and, though the goal towards which I am striving appears to me a certain one, I am nonetheless already feeling the resistance I shall have to overcome; I feel now hotly that even the least of temperaments will rise in revolt and suspect that even those who have so far believed in me will not want to acknowledge the necessary nature of this development. . . . I am being forced in this direction. . . . I am obeying an inner compulsion which is stronger than any upbringing." [Quoted from Leo Black's translation in *Schoenberg* by Willi Reich, Praeger.]

To speak of an inner compulsion is to recognize one's own unwillingness to yield, to feel the weight of the opposition, and to admit, even partially, its validity.

In his justification, Schoenberg brings forward the classic dichotomy of nature and civilization, the opposition of an inner compulsion and an "artistic education" (as he characterizes "upbringing"). In this notorious pair, the rights are traditionally on the side of nature—and, indeed, Schoenberg's critics were to accuse him of violating the natural laws of music, of substituting a purely artificial system for one that had been handed down to use along with the laws of physics. Nature has generally been the ground upon which to build any aesthetic theory, and the most contradictory positions have claimed a base there. If the dichotomy of nature and art can so easily be stood upon its head, it should lead us to be suspicious of the opposition. The resistance to Schoenberg's radical break with the nineteenth-century tradition was as inevitable

as the break itself.

What should be emphasized here is the sense of scandal, the consciousness of moral outrage aroused by Schoenberg's work after 1908, as by all the important artistic achievements of the period. It would be mistaken to conclude that the music of Schoenberg—and, indeed, of most of the avant-garde movements of the first decades of this century—was created solely with an intent to shock. The artists, Schoenberg as much as any, were above all aware of taking the next reasonable and logical step, of doing work that was already at hand and that had to be done. To a certain extent, the stylistic revolutions of those years were merely the exploitation of already existent possibilities within the artistic languages, the drawing of unavoidable conclusions.

Nevertheless, the sense of rebellion cannot be easily dismissed. Much of the music and the art of that period is deliberately provocative and expresses a defiance and even a profound horror of the society in which the artists lived.

Throughout the nineteenth century, the resistance of the public to new artistic movements grew steadily. A fear of what is original and difficult to comprehend is no doubt a constant in history, but the accelerated rate of stylistic change after 1800 and the rapid expansion of the mass public interested in consuming art combined to make the normally difficult relation between artist and public a pathological one. It may be said that the artist and his public each conceived the other as a threat. The artist's answer to ideological pressure was one of deliberate provocation; the public came to believe that a violent response to such provocation was a citizen's right and even a patriotic duty. A conservative taste in art seemed to many the last defense against anarchy. By the end of the century, the works of poets as different as Mallarmé, Jarry, and George express a powerful contempt for the public, and this contempt veils an even more profound hatred.

Nowhere was this hatred more open than in Vienna. If the pastime of shocking the bourgeoisie takes on a playful aspect at moments in Paris and London, in Vienna it is carried on with a bitter seriousness only occasionally masked by wit. Adolf Loos (with Peter Behrens the greatest of Central Europe's architects of the first decade of the twentieth century) founded a review called *The Other, a Paper for the Introduction of Western Culture into Austria*; the determination to insult was characteristic.

The conservative taste in music of the Viennese public at the end of the nineteenth century was the most uncompromising in Europe. The existence and integrity of what was locally felt to be the greatest tradition of Western music was menaced by every new step taken, starting with the works of

*Continued on page 59*



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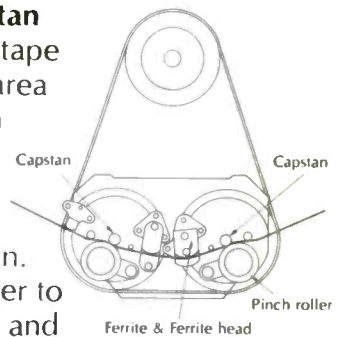


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# Schoenbergisms

*Most of the excerpts on this page are from various essays by Arnold Schoenberg collected in Style and Idea, which is scheduled to be republished this fall by St. Martin's Press.*

## On Misunderstanding

There is scarcely anyone who, if he received an order to create the world better than the Lord God Almighty had done it, would not undertake the task without further ado. Everything which we do not understand we take for an error; everything which makes us uncomfortable we take for a mistake of its creator.

*Gustav Mahler*

## On Artists and Critics

The great artist must somehow be punished in his lifetime for the honor which he will enjoy later. And the esteemed music critic must somehow be compensated in his lifetime for the contempt with which later times will treat him.

*Gustav Mahler*

## On Internationalism in Music

We see a great number of composers of various countries and nationalities who compose about the same kind of music—music, at least, of such a similarity that it would be difficult to distinguish them from one another, quite aside from the question of their nationality. Advice for composing is delivered in the manner in which a cook would deliver recipes. You cannot fail; the recipe is perfectly dependable. The result is: Nobody fails. One makes it as well as all the others.

Astonishingly, each considers it his national style, though different nationalities write the same.

It is the true internationalism of music in our time.

*The Blessing of the Dressing*

## On Brevity in Great Music

Great art must proceed to precision and brevity. It presupposes the alert mind of an educated listener who, in a single act of thinking, includes with every concept all associations pertaining to the complex. This enables a musician to write for upper-class minds, not only doing what grammar and idiom require, but in other respects lending to every sentence the full pregnancy of meaning of a maxim, of a proverb, of an aphorism. This is what musical prose should be—a direct and straightforward presentation of ideas, without any patchwork, without mere padding and empty repetitions.

*Brahms the Progressive*

## On Musical Adventures

Is there no more romanticism in our time? . . . Are there not still to be found young people who engage in adventure for which they may have to pay with their lives? . . . Would it not be easy to find numerous youths to fly to the moon in a rocket plane if the opportunity were offered?

Is not the admiration of people of all ages for our Tarzans, Supermen, Lone Rangers, and indestructible detectives the result of a love for romanticism? . . .

One might expect that this kind of youth, attracted by the difficult, the dangerous, the mysterious, would rather say. . . "This music is complicated, but I will not give up until I understand it." . . . Intelligent people have always been offended if one bothered them with matters which any idiot could understand at once.

*New Music, Outmoded Music, Style, and Idea*

## On Composing with Twelve Tones

The introduction of my method of composing with twelve tones does not facilitate composing; on the contrary, it makes it more difficult. . . . The restrictions imposed on a composer . . . are so severe that they can only be overcome by an imagination which has survived a tremendous number of adventures. Nothing is given by this method; but much is taken away.

*Composition with Twelve Tones*

## On Teaching

I consider it as one of my merits [as a teacher] that I did not encourage composing. I rather treated most of the hundreds of pupils in a manner that showed them I did not think too much of their creative ability.

*The Blessing of the Dressing*

## On Composers

I believe that a real composer writes music for no other reason than that it pleases him. Those who compose because they want to please others . . . are merely more or less skillful entertainers who would renounce composing if they could not find listeners.

*Heart and Brain in Music*

## On Next Month's Discographee

There is a great Man living in this Country—a composer. He has solved the problem how to preserve one's self and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt. He is not forced to accept praise or blame. His name is Ives.

*Found among Schoenberg's papers after his death.*

*(Charles Ives was born one month after Arnold Schoenberg. Next month being his centenary, we will therefore celebrate with CHARLES IVES ON RECORDS, a critical discography of the Yankee rebel's music. Another Yankee original will also be passing a milestone, which we will note in BILL SCHWANN'S CATALOGUE AT 25. And of course we will have our usual October look at the audio components you can expect to see on dealers' shelves this coming season in NEW EQUIPMENT FOR 1975.)*





## Controversial Schoenberg

Mahler and even before. By 1910 a concert of contemporary music was an open invitation to a hostile demonstration.

The more hospitable artistic atmosphere of Paris, where music was taken less seriously, was not to be found in Vienna. The Paris riots at artistic events, including the famous one at the premiere of *The Rite of Spring*, were much jollier affairs than the ugly, vicious scenes in Vienna. Furthermore, Paris had a tradition of artistic rebellion that was firmly established and accepted as a counterculture and that the artists of Central Europe looked at with envy and tried to imitate in vain before the limited and fragile success of Berlin in the 1920s. But for the Viennese artist and musician, the public was the enemy.

The Schoenberg scandal is part of a much larger historical complex on an international scale, which includes not only the violent reactions to the first performances of Strauss's *Salome* and *Elektra* and Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, but also the sense of direct affront in the exhibition of *Les Fauves* at the *Salon d'Automne* of 1906 (when the work of Matisse, Derain, and Vlaminck was described in the now famous words: "a pot of paint flung in the public's face"), the shock created by Picasso's whores in the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* of 1908, and the morbidity and violence of German Expressionist drama and painting.

The interdependence of all these movements is obvious, and, indeed, the identity of the French Fauvist movement and German Expressionism was proclaimed by the Expressionists themselves. In the *Blue Rider*, the manifesto of German Expressionist painting, are printed the new Cubist works of Picasso and Delaunay, numerous works of Henri Rousseau, and two of the greatest of Matisse's paintings, "La Musique" and "La Danse." There are almost as many articles on music in the *Blue Rider* as on painting, including an essay by Schoenberg and a discussion of the music of Scriabin. Songs by Webern and Berg were included, along with a facsimile of the manuscripts of Schoenberg's *Herzgewächse* for soprano, celesta, harmonium and harp.

For a number of years Schoenberg thought of himself as a painter as well as a composer; his paintings were exhibited in the *Blue Rider* exhibition of 1912, and two were reproduced in the *Blue Rider* itself. The paintings, admired by Kandinsky among others, are seen today as an interesting marginal phenomenon like Goethe's watercolors and Victor Hugo's wash drawings.

It is in this atmosphere that the works of Schoenberg were composed, and his music was both inspired by the movements in the other arts and an example to them in its revolutionary boldness.

These movements were all conceived as liberations from the constraints of nature as well as of tradition. "Fauvism came into being," Matisse said, "because we suddenly wanted to abandon the imitation of the local colors of nature and sought by experimenting with pure color to obtain increasingly powerful—obviously instantaneous—effects and also to achieve greater luminosity."

The release from "an imitation of the exterior forms of nature" was also demanded by the Expressionists. "It has no significance," Kandinsky wrote in 1912, "whether the artist uses a real or an abstract form. Both are inwardly equal."

The revolution of Schoenberg has been described, not least by Schoenberg himself, as "an emancipation of the dissonance." The argument still rages as to whether perspective (like tonality) is a natural or conventional system, but in any case the artistic upheavals of the earlier twentieth century are felt as a new freedom as much from natural as from conventional laws.

The achievement of Schoenberg and his school between the years 1908 and 1913 is still so explosive in its implications that we are only beginning to understand it today. In one year alone, 1909, Schoenberg wrote the Op. 11 piano pieces, the Five Pieces for Orchestra, and the one-act opera *Erwartung*. The last-named work was completed in seventeen days; Schoenberg wrote it (as he wrote almost everything) in a fury of inspiration. Once he lost the thread of a piece, he could almost never pick it up again without disaster. In 1912 he composed what was to be his most famous work, *Pierrot lunaire*.

An early piece like *Verklärte Nacht* was easily absorbed into the repertory; only the immense size of the forces required to perform the *Gurre-Lieder* has prevented similar acceptance. The works written after the invention of serialism in 1921 have, in a strange way, become a normal part of today's music: They are not often heard, but they are the works that have been imitated by hundreds of composers over the world.

The later Schoenberg became a model followed so many times that we hear him most often without being aware of it. In this sense, the works from 1908 to 1913, the great Expressionist period, remain an achievement that we have not yet come to terms with.

# A Schoenberg Photo Album

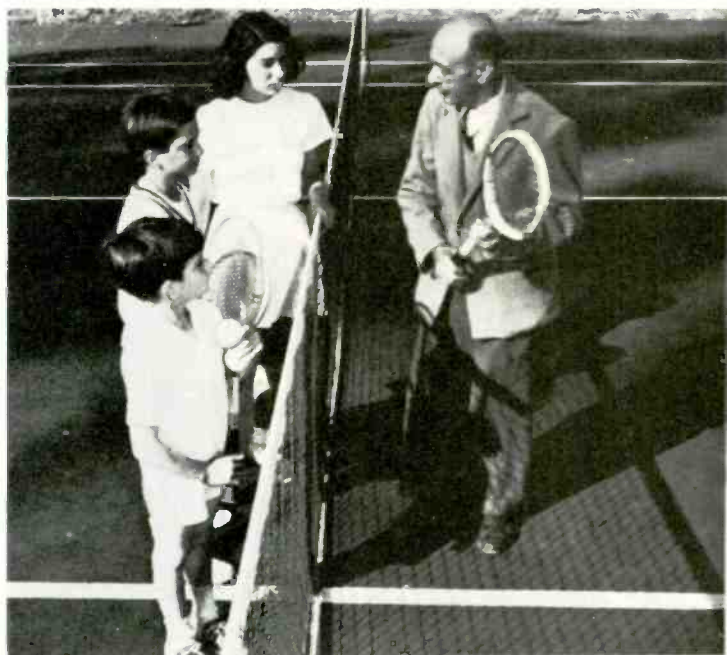


Above, at the turn of the century, as a young Viennese professor. Schoenberg was also fascinated with the life of the theater; at left he appears in full rig between two unidentified colleagues during a break in the performance of a Moliere play in Prague.



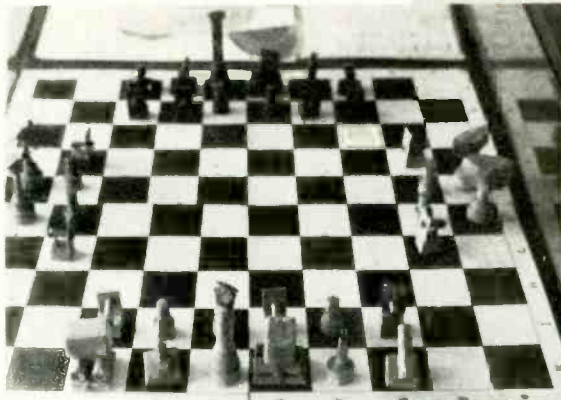
Paintings—both by and of him—played a prominent role in Schoenberg's life. At left, Schoenberg pupil Alban Berg poses in his Vienna apartment window with the portrait of him painted by his teacher; above, George Gershwin works on the Schoenberg portrait that appears on our cover.



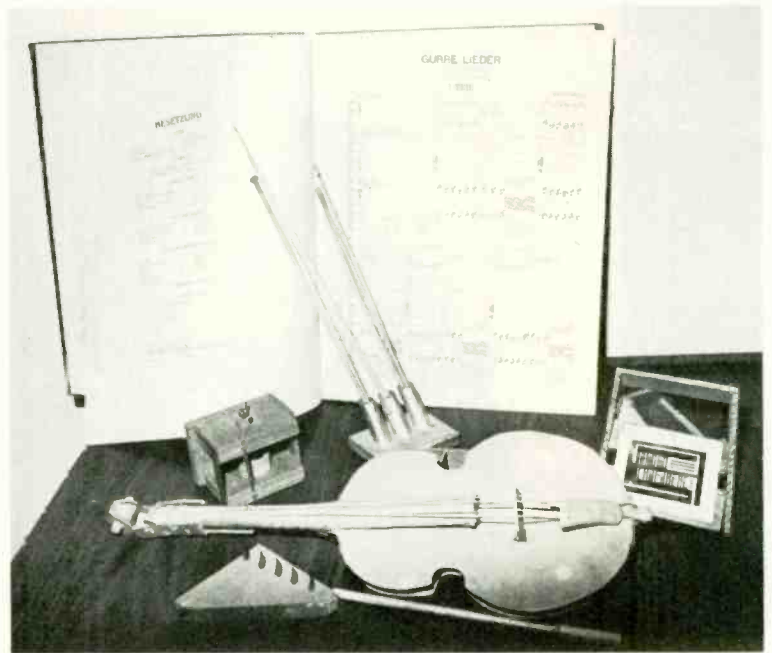
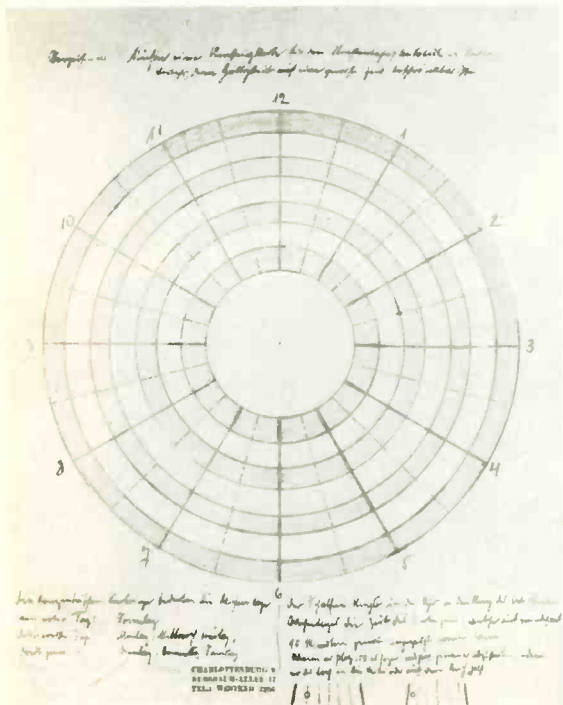


After moving to Los Angeles, Schoenberg was able to devote time to his love of tennis, coaching his three children, Lawrence (who was to become an Olympic tennis player), Ronald, and Nurla (now Mrs. Luigi Nono). During a visit to the Chaplin studios in the late Thirties with his wife, Gertrud, he was photographed flanked by fellow composers David Raksin (whose best-known score is *Laura*), right, and Charlie Chaplin (whose best-known score is *Limelight*). Although he retired from his university posts in 1944, Schoenberg continued to teach privately—below, a 1948 class analyzes a Beethoven symphony.



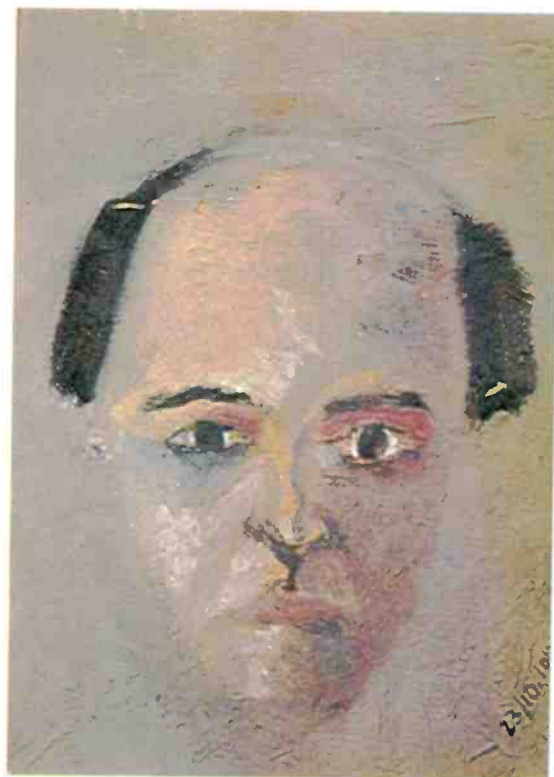
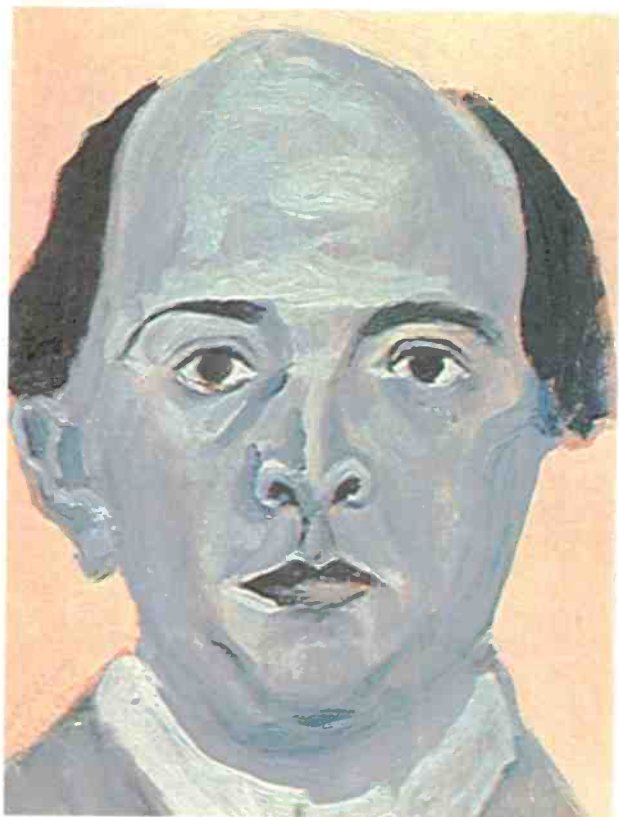


Not content with Hoyle's rules, Schoenberg was as revolutionary in designing games as he was in writing music. His contributions to gamesmanship included a ten-square "chess" set (above), complete with new rules, plus several other card and board games such as a tarot deck and a set of multisuit cards.



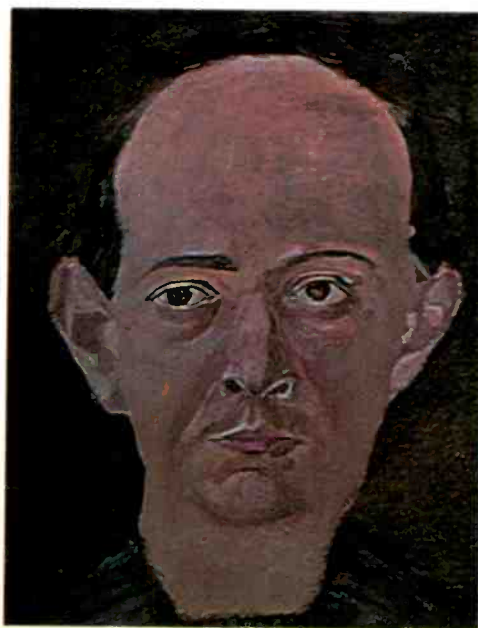
Schoenberg, the draftsman, once designed a 24-hour commuter ticket (left) for the Vienna transit system, though there is no evidence that it was ever used. Above, in front of the composer's full score of the *Gurre-Lieder*, are some of his compositional tools, also self-designed—batons, a tape roller, pen points, a toy violin, and his logo.





## Schoenberg as Painter

*Schoenberg's legacy to posterity included many examples of his work with a brush as well as a pen. The paintings here are three self-portraits plus the composer's diabolic view of a critic.*





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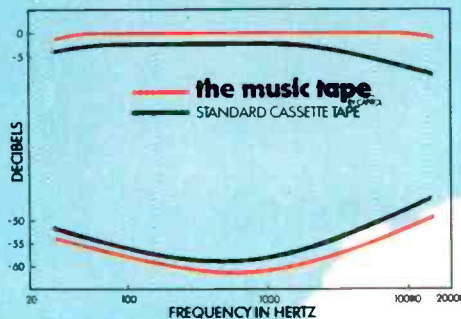
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RECORDINGS OF SCHOENBERG's music now fill two columns in the Schwann catalogue—a long step from the listing in the 1936 Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia that comprised only *Gurre-Lieder* and the Bach transcriptions. More than two-fifths of the current listings are on the Columbia label, and fully a quarter are conducted by Robert Craft—an extraordinary and praiseworthy effort to make broadly available one of the modern era's most significant musical legacies. (A statistic perhaps even more telling is that eighteen works, including the three available operas and several other substantial items, can be currently obtained only in recordings by Craft.)

If one regards this as not altogether a fortunate situation, the observation is not intended to denigrate the knowledge, study, and hard work that went into the Columbia series. Many of these recordings had to be made under difficult circumstances, in time made available at the ends of sessions devoted primarily to other music, and it is remarkable that, on the whole, they turned out so well.

But now that Schoenberg's music turns up ever more frequently on concert programs, the opportunity should be seized to bring forth a new generation of Schoenberg recordings. More and more performers are becoming comfortable with his language—the rhythmic shape of

the gestures, the long line of the pieces. Deutsche Grammophon's recent efforts, the concertos and the quartets, are in the right direction. And smaller labels should follow the example of Nonesuch's *Pierrot*. Dover's piano music, recording model performances of the smaller works as they occur from time to time. There is room for a great variety of Schoenberg interpretations, just as with Beethoven, Brahms, or any other composer of genius, and only when we have the opportunity to hear performers explore this range of possibilities will we understand the full potential of the music.

There are some enticing prospects in the offing: the piano music from Paul Jacobs, the quartets from the Juilliard, an extensive series of chamber works from the London Sinfonietta, *Die Jakobsleiter* led by Boulez. Two new *Gurre-Lieder*s, above all a pair of *Moses und Arons*. All these—and, let us hope, many more—will be helpful in unveiling the richness of Schoenberg's work, too often concealed by recorded performances of limited proficiency and musicality.

The discography is organized by genres and chronologically within genres. In order to simplify the record listings, recordings in the pervasive Columbia series are identified only by volume numbers; the complete contents are listed on page 68.

## OPERAS

### Erwartung, Op. 17 (1909)

● Helga Pilarczyk, soprano; Washington Opera Society Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. I.

This "monodrama," to a text by Marie Papenheim, shows us a post-Freudian Isolde dementedly seeking her Tristan through eerily moonlit fields and forests, only to encounter at last his dead body. All this may be taking place only in her mind—and she herself may, as Robert Craft suggests, be the murderer.

The rate of musical change is as fast as thought itself—or, more properly, as the free associations of insanity. Nothing stands still, no symmetries or repetitions provide handy signposts through the nameless protagonist's phantasmagoria, and in a fulfilling performance, with every flickering orchestral reflection of her mental odyssey sharply characterized, it should be a gripping experience.

Pilarczyk sings well for Craft (much better than on an earlier European mono disc with Scherchen), but the competent orchestral work seems relatively understated.

### Die glückliche Hand, Op. 18 (1910–13)

● Robert Oliver, bass; Columbia Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. I.

The expressionist aesthetic in its most elaborate form: A symphony of colored lights is carefully notated in the score, as are the specific gestures of the protagonists in this complex allegory. Necessarily, a recording can only suggest the theatrical impact, but the orchestral writing is Schoenberg's most dazzling, the mixed spoken and sung choruses fascinating and evocative. One of Craft's best performances, too, aided immeasurably by Robert Oliver's uncannily accurate singing.

### Von Heute auf Morgen, Op. 32 (1929)

# Schoenberg on Records

by David Hamilton

## For Starters

The best way to approach Schoenberg's music—indeed, the only fair way—is through very good performances that fully realize the music's rhythmic and textural variety; anything less constitutes a hurdle to comprehension. There are several such performances outside the Columbia series, and they make up this initial "basic library."

*Pierrot lunaire*. NONESUCH H 71251.

Piano Concerto; Violin Concerto. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 257.

Serenade. OISEAU-LYRE SOL 250. String Quartets. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2720 029.

Piano music. DOVER 7285.

*Gurre-Lieder*. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2707 022.

From here, one must go on to the Columbia series, in which the following works are particularly recommended:

Five Orchestral Pieces (Vol. III)

*Die glückliche Hand* (Vol. I)

*A Survivor from Warsaw* (Vol. I)

String Trio (Vol. VII)

● Erika Schmidt (s). Wife; Heather Harper (s). Friend; Herbert Schachtschneider (t). Tenor; Derrick Olsen (b). Husband; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VIII.

The libretto of this one-act bourgeois comedy is ascribed to "Max Blonda"—a pseudonym for the composer's second wife, Gertrud; it seems dated now, for the 1920s' ideas of unconventional social behavior would hardly make waves today. There is much musical wit and apt characterization here, though, and final judgment of its stageworthiness would naturally have to be based on theatrical performances, of which there have been few indeed. The recording is well played and sung, especially by the two ladies.

### Moses und Aron (1930–32)

One of the century's major masterpieces, *Moses und Aron* treats profoundly and movingly some fundamental questions of artistic communication. Although Schoenberg never wrote the music for the short final act, the two complete acts form a satisfying whole, much performed in recent years.

At various times, rumors of forthcoming recordings have raised our hopes, especially the prospect of one by Georg Solti, who has had great success with the opera in London, Paris, and (in concert form) Chicago and New York. This may yet come to pass; in the meantime, not even the reasonably effective mono recording drawn from the 1954 premiere is available (Columbia K3L 241 deleted). However, the elaborate and compelling choral writing cries out for stereo; Philips has made a Vienna recording under Michael Gielen.

## VOICE AND ORCHESTRA

### Gurre-Lieder (1901–11)

● Inge Borkh (s). Tove; Hertha Töpper (ms), Wood Dove;



Herbert Schacht Schneider (t), Waldemar Lorenz Fehenberg (t), Klaus the Fool, Kieth Engen (bs), Peasant; Hans Herbert Fiedler, speaker; Bavarian Radio Chorus and Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2707 022, \$13.96 (two discs, automatic sequence).

This enormous cantata, reaching from lush Wagnerianism to surrealistic grotesquerie, was composed in 1901, but financial pressures prevented Schoenberg from completing the scoring for another decade. The forces required are unusually large, surely the only explanation for its rarity on concert programs. The listener, initially drawn by the spacious love songs of Part I, is strongly drawn into the nightmare vision of Waldemar's ghostly ride.

Kubelik's performance, taped at a public concert, is an excellent one, although the climaxes as recorded lack ultimate impact. Fortunately, in most of the work's course Schoenberg draws upon his multitudinous instrumental resources to create a prodigality of chamber sonorities (the ultimate model for much of the orchestration is Brangäne's Watch in *Tristan*). The soloists are all acceptable, with a helping hand from DG's characteristic voice-heavy balance. (Angel will soon release a Ferencsik/Danish Radio set.)

### Six Orchestral Songs, Op. 8 (1904-5)

● Irene Jordan, mezzo-soprano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. V.

Distinctly in the Wagner-Strauss tradition, only rarely bowing to the alternative Mahlerian models available by 1904, these songs are big, handsome expostulations and often very successful.

We need a better recording, however, for Miss Jordan's rich sound rides consistently below pitch and the orchestral tone is undernourished. A job for Christa Ludwig or Janet Baker, I would say.

### Four Songs for Voice and Orchestra, Op. 22 (1913-16)

● Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.

The last completed work before the great hiatus in Schoenberg's compositional activity, these songs call for lavish orchestral complements but are never gigantesque, for the textures are light, precise, and subtly colored. The decidedly nonsymmetrical treatment of the texts (one a translation of Ernest Dowson by Stefan George, the other three by Rilke) calls for exceptional imagination and fluency in phrasing, and the range is demanding: low G flat to high A flat.

Miss Sarfaty copes more impressively here than Miss Jordan did with the conventional lines of Op. 8, but there is still more to be made of these songs. The Columbia booklet includes part of Schoenberg's own analytic lecture on the songs; the whole is printed in *Perspectives on Schoenberg and Stravinsky*, edited by Benjamin Boretz and Edward T. Cone.

### Die Jakobsleiter (1917-22; unfinished)

The torso of this ambitious oratorio has been edited for performance by Schoenberg's pupil Winfried Zillig—a major addition to the canon, some forty minutes in length. A Boulez recording is now apparently in the works.

### Kol Nidre, Op. 39 (1938)

● Victor Braun, speaker; Festival Singers of Toronto; CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.

A solemn and moving, austerely tonal setting (in English) of the Yom Kippur prayer, introduced with spoken lines by a rabbi over music. Schoenberg is trying hard not to be unconventional, but the orchestral skyrocket that flashes out to illustrate the phrase "Let there be light" bears the unmistakable fingerprint of the composer of *Moses und Aron*: the remainder is processional in mood and entirely accessible.

The speaker in Craft's recording is notably accurate and natural of manner.

### A Survivor from Warsaw, Op. 46 (1947)

● John Horton, speaker; Festival Singers of Toronto; CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. I.  
● Sherrill Milnes, speaker; New England Conservatory Chorus; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA RED SEAL LSC 7055, \$11.96 (two discs; with Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 5 and 9).

This vignette of Nazi terror builds astounding tension in less than seven minutes—the narrator setting the ghetto scene over fragmentary instrumental interjections, then a hair-raising climax in the whole orchestra as the captive Jews begin counting in response to the sergeant's command and burst into the *Shema Yisroel*, "the old prayer they had neglected for so many years, the forgotten creed."

Both performances are good, Craft's more forwardly recorded and more appropriately coupled.

### Modern Psalm, Op. 50c (1950; unfinished)

● Andrew Foldi, speaker; Festival Singers of Toronto; CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VIII.

During the final months of his life, Schoenberg wrote (in German) a series of "modern psalms" and began a musical setting of the first of them. Its content and vocabulary recall the thought and idiom of his operatic *Moses*, ruminating on his relation to God, and the music with its speaker and canonic choral writing, also harkens back to the earlier work. The music peters out, like the final contrapunctus of Bach's *Kunst der Fuge*, in mid-stream.

The capable performance is slightly marred by overprominence for the speaker.

## VOICE AND CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

### Brettlieder (1901)

During 1901, Schoenberg composed at least eight songs for a Berlin literary cabaret. Two of them have been recorded by the Italian soprano Liliana Poli on imported Wergo 60051: "Nachtwandler," accompanied by piccolo, trumpet, snare drum, and piano, and "Galathea" (to a Wedekind text), with piano only. Both recall, more than anything else, the Brahms *Zigeunerlieder*, and the curious ensemble in the first piece proves as difficult to balance as you might expect. It would be interesting to hear the rest of these songs.

### Herzgewächse, Op. 20 (1911)

● Rita Shane, soprano; George Silfies, celesta; Paul Jacobs, harmonium; Laura Newell, harp; Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.

This exotic setting of a Maeterlinck poem (in an uncredited German translation) first appeared in *Der blaue Reiter*, the famous Expressionist publication. The vocal writing is—to put it mildly—demanding. Beginning low (down to G sharp below middle C), the soprano must eventually ascend, at dynamics between *ppp* and *pppp*, to the F nearly three octaves higher.

Miss Shane gets the notes with remarkable accuracy but can't manage the dynamics, nor does the performance as a whole generate much shape or atmosphere. Doubtless Schoenberg's requirements are unrealistic—but one keeps hoping.

### Pierrot lunaire, Op. 21 (1912)

● Helga Pilarczyk, soprano; Domaine Musical ensemble, Pierre Boulez, cond. EVEREST 3171, \$4.98.  
● Maria Theresia Escribano, soprano; Ensemble "Die Reihe," Friedrich Cerha, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34315, \$3.50.  
● Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Columbia Chamber Ensemble, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. I.  
● Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Arthur Weisberg, cond. NONESUCH H 71251, \$3.48.  
● Alice Howland, mezzo-soprano; ensemble, Herbert Zipper, cond. CONCERT-DISC CS 232, \$4.98.

*Pierrot* is rapidly becoming Schoenberg's *Firebird*, and with reason, for few works in his output sound so contemporary, so spontaneous. Realization of the *Sprechstimme* remains problematic, and the available recordings offer a variety of solutions.

Escribano's must be ruled out of court as too closely approximating straightforward singing, which Schoenberg explicitly condemned. The others are all more than capable: Pilarczyk the coolest, and the most specific in her reading of the words; Howland accurate and sensitive; Beardslee the most imaginative and fantastic; DeGaetani intense and impassioned.

Weisberg's fine ensemble is regrettably underrecorded, but this low-priced record comes with the bonus of a brilliant, flavorful new translation of the text. Along with Beardslee/Craft (an almost inevitable acquisition, for the Columbia Vol. I contains unique recordings of several important scores), it is my favorite, although I have enjoyed Pilarczyk/Boulez and the very cleanly recorded Zipper disc as well.

*Pierrot* was the only piece Schoenberg ever conducted for a commercial recording (Columbia ML 4471, long ago deleted)—a fascinating and problematic document.

### Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, Op. 41 (1942)

● John Horton, speaker; Glenn Gould, piano; Juilliard Quartet, COLUMBIA Vol. VII.  
● Bernard Jacobson, speaker; Joanna Nickrenz, piano; Claremont Quartet, NONESUCH H 71186, \$3.48 (with Stravinsky and Webern works for string quartet).

The Beethovenian libertarianism of Byron's poem is matched by the gestures of Schoenberg's setting. Since the recordings were first issued, I have heard a remarkably convincing presentation of the spoken part by Richard Frisch, which ferreted out of the ambiguous notation a host of harmonic and melodic implications yet did not sacrifice declamatory plausibility; a recording by him would be most welcome.

Of the extant versions, the Columbia is slightly preferable on instrumental and vocal grounds, but the Nonesuch is quite beautifully recorded.

## VOICE AND PIANO

- Two Songs, Op. 1 (1897-98)
- Four Songs, Op. 2 (1899)
- Six Songs, Op. 3 (1899-1903)
- Eight Songs, Op. 6 (1903-5)
- Two Ballads, Op. 12 (1907)
- Two Songs, Op. 14 (1907-8)
- Fifteen Poems from "Das Buch der hängenden Gärten" by Stefan George, Op. 15 (1908-9)
- Gedenken (c. 1909?); Am Strande (1909)
- Three Songs, Op. 48 (1933)

- Op. 1, 2, and 15. Donald Gramm, baritone (in Op. 1); Ellen Faulstich, soprano (in Op. 2); Helen Vanni, soprano (in Op. 15); Glenn Gould, piano. COLUMBIA M 31311, \$5.98 (also in Vol. IV).
- Op. 3, 6, 12, and 14; Gedenken; Am Strande; Op. 48. Donald Gramm, baritone (in Op. 3, No. 1); Cornelis Opt-hof, baritone (in Op. 12, No. 2); Helen Vanni, soprano (in the others); Glenn Gould, piano. COLUMBIA M 31312, \$5.98.
- Op. 2, No. 1; Op. 3, Nos. 2 and 5; Op. 6, No. 4; Op. 12, No. 2; Op. 48, Nos. 1 and 3. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Aribert Reimann, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 107, \$7.98 (with Berg and Webern songs).
- Op. 15. Belva Kibler, mezzo-soprano; Gerhard Alber-sheim, piano. LYRICORD LL 42, \$4.98 (mono).

The two Columbia discs cover all of Schoenberg's solo songs (most of them early works), except some unpublished juvenilia and a small group of folksong settings. Regrettably, they are a bad investment: The vocal performances have limited character and style, the piano accompaniments too much of the wrong character and style. Before Op. 15, Schoenberg's songs still call for commitment to a basically nineteenth-century aesthetic, and Glenn Gould resolutely refuses to make such a commitment, pulling back at climaxes and indulging in other condescending mannerisms.

Op. 15, a wondrously subtle and sustained cycle, inhabits a new world altogether, of asymmetrical, involuted phrases, mysteriously ambiguous harmonies that mirror the texts with imaginative precision—at least, in a good performance. Neither current recording makes the listener comfortable: Kibler's earnest work is pallid and prosaic, Vanni's is insecure. The one performance I know that makes Schoenberg's elliptical, epigrammatic settings as natural and fresh as speech, as lyrical as song, was made about ten years ago by Bethany Beardslee and Robert Helps (Son-Nova 2, deleted); it still sounds marvelous and should be resurrected, by fair means or foul.

Fischer-Dieskau's selection finds him in something less than ideal voice, but he and pianist/composer Reimann do manage a degree of conviction about their subject matter that is generally lacking in the Columbia discs.

## CHORAL MUSIC

- Canons (1905-49)
- Friede auf Erden, Op. 13 (1907)
- Four Pieces, Op. 27 (1925)
- Three Satires, Op. 28 (1925-26)
- Three Folksongs (1928)
- Six Pieces for Male Chorus, Op. 35 (1930)
- Three Folksongs, Op. 49 (1948)
- Dreimal tausend Jahre, Op. 50a (1949)
- De profundis, Op. 50b (1950)

- Op. 13; Folksongs (1928 and 1948), Opp. 50a and 50b; Gregg Smith Singers. EVEREST 3182, \$4.98.
- Op. 13. John Aldis Choir. ARGO ZRG 523, \$6.98 (with works by Bruckner, Debussy, Messiaen).
- Op. 13. Ithaca College Concert Choir, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. V.
- Op. 13. Berlin Radio Chorus, Helmut Koch, cond. MONITOR MC 2047, \$3.49 (mono; with miscellaneous choral works).
- Opp. 27 and 28. Gregg Smith Singers; Columbia Chamber Ensemble, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VI.
- Opp. 35 and 50b; Canons. Chicago Symphony Chorus (in Op. 35); Festival Singers of Toronto (in Op. 50b); Gregg Smith Singers (in Canons); Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VIII.
- Op. 35. John Aldis Choir. ANGEL S 36480, \$5.98 (with Chamber Symphony No. 2; Berg and Webern works).
- Opp. 50a and 50b. Whitehart Chorale. LYRICORD LL 7161, \$5.98 (with Hindemith; Mass).
- Op. 50a. Festival Singers of Toronto, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.

Schoenberg's choral music ranges widely, from the chromatic richness of *Friede auf Erden* to the spiky virtuosity of Opp. 28 and 35 and the austere religiosity of the final works. Craft's performances are generally the best of the lot, along with Aldis's admirable Op. 35 (a set of intricate and varied male choruses). Although it uniquely contains the two groups of folksong settings, Smith's Everest disc is rough and unsatisfactory; the Whitehart Chorale is also disappointing.

## KEYBOARD MUSIC

- Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11 (1909)
- Six Little Piano Pieces, Op. 19 (1911)
- Five Piano Pieces, Op. 23 (1920-23)
- Suite, Op. 25 (1921-23)
- Piano Piece, Op. 33a (1928)
- Piano Piece, Op. 33b (1931)

- Complete. Marie-Françoise Bucquet, piano. PHILIPS 6500 510, \$6.98.
- Complete. Glenn Gould, piano. COLUMBIA MS 7098, \$5.98 (also in Vol. IV).
- Complete. Jürg von Vintschger, piano. TURNABOUT TV 34378, \$3.50.
- Opp. 11, 19, and 23. Beveridge Webster, piano. DOVER 7285, \$2.50 (with Berg and Webern piano works).
- Op. 23. Peter Serkin, piano. RCA RED SEAL LSC 3050, \$5.98 (with Piano Concerto and Phantasy).

Except for the neobaroque Suite (the first completely twelve-tone work), Schoenberg's piano music consists of untitled pieces, not dissimilar to nineteenth-century preludes, impromptus, nocturnes, and the like, covering an enormous variety of moods and styles. The

best buy of the lot is undoubtedly Webster's selection, solidly and musically played. The complete discs present a Hobson's choice among Bucquet's rhythmic shapelessness, Gould's eccentricity, and Vintschger's characterless routine, while Serkin's Op. 23 is often so slow as to be virtually motionless.

The most convincing recorded performances to date of this music were Edward Steuermann's eloquently shaped account (Columbia ML 5216, deleted) and Charles Rosen's crystalline versions of Opp. 25 and 33 (Epic BC 1140, deleted); restitution of either or both would be a welcome gesture on the part of Columbia. Well worth waiting for is Nonesuch's planned complete set with Paul Jacobs.

## Variations on a Recitative, Op. 40 (1941)

- Marilyn Mason, organ. COUNTERPOINT 5507, \$5.98 (rechanneled; with Satie: Messe des Pauvres).
- Marilyn Mason, organ. COLUMBIA Vol. VII.

Schoenberg's only completed work for organ is this curious set of variations in D minor, which the composer referred to as "my 'French and English Suites.'" Neither of Miss Mason's recordings (the Counterpoint is a stereo-ization of an original dating back more than two decades and thoroughly undesirable) achieves anything like the clarity of voice-leading that Schoenberg wanted, and she treats some of the tempos rather freely. Gerd Zacher's trickily registered version (Heliodor 2549 008) was musically preferable, if hardly ideal.

## CHAMBER MUSIC

- String Quartet in D major (1897)
- String Quartet No. 1, in D minor, Op. 7 (1905)
- String Quartet No. 2, in F sharp minor, with soprano, Op. 10 (1907-8)
- String Quartet No. 3, Op. 30 (1927)
- String Quartet No. 4, Op. 37 (1936)

- D major; Nos. 1-4. Margaret Price, soprano (in No. 2); LaSalle Quartet. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2720 029, \$39.90 (five discs, with Berg and Webern works for string quartet: Quartet No. 1 separately on 2530 329, \$7.98).
- Nos. 1-4. Maria Theresia Escribano, soprano; Ramor Quartet (in No. 2); Kohon Quartet (in Nos. 1, 3, 4). Vox SVBX 590, \$9.95 (three discs; Quartet No. 2 separately on TURNABOUT TV 34032, \$3.50, with Verklärte Nacht).

## The Columbia Series

Each album, priced at \$11.98, contains two discs. Vols. I-IV and VIII contain admirably prepared booklets with texts, translations, essays by the composer and others; Vols. V-VII are limited to liner annotations, including texts where necessary. Columbia has recently announced Vol. IX, *Moses und Aron*, and Vol. X, *Gurre-Lieder*, for sometime in 1975.

- Vol. I. Erwartung; Die glückliche Hand; Pierrot lunaire; Violin Concerto; A Survivor from Warsaw. M2S 679.
- Vol. II. Verklärte Nacht; Pelleas und Melisande; Three Little Orchestral Pieces; Variations for Orchestra; Prelude to "Genesis." M2S 694.
- Vol. III. Chamber Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2; Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16; Herzgewächse; Four Orchestral Songs, Op. 22; Kol Nidre; Dreimal tausend Jahre; Bach transcriptions; Schoenberg interview with Halsey Stevens. M2S 709.
- Vol. IV. Songs, Op. 1, 2, and 15; Piano works, Opp. 11, 19, 23, 25, and 33a-b. M2S 736 (also available separately: songs on M 31311, piano works on MS 7098).
- Vol. V. Six Songs, Op. 8; Friede auf Erden; Suite for String Orchestra; Brahms transcription. M2S 752.
- Vol. VI. Serenade; Wind Quintet; Four Pieces, Op. 27; Three Satires, Op. 28; Suite, Op. 29. M2S 762.
- Vol. VII. Variations on a Recitative; Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte; Theme and Variations, Op. 43b; String Trio; Phantasy. M2S 767.
- Vol. VIII. Von Heute auf Morgen; Six Pieces, Op. 35; De profundis; Modern Psalm; Eleven Canons; Concerto for Cello and Orchestra (after Monn). M2S 780.



- Nos. 1-4. Uta Graf, soprano (in No. 2); Juilliard Quartet. COLUMBIA SPECIAL PRODUCTS CML 4735 (No. 1), CML 4736 (Nos. 2 and 3), CML 4737 (No. 4, with Berg and Webern works for string quartet), \$5.98 each (mono).
- Nos. 3 and 4. New Vienna Quartet. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139 449, \$7.98.

The four canonical quartets are among Schoenberg's most considerable achievements. The first is an elaborate four-movements-in-one span of density and ripe Romantic expansiveness. The second reaches, during its course, into tonally ambiguous regions. The last two strenuously and convincingly seek to reconcile the new twelve-tone techniques with classical formal procedures. Along with the quartets of Bartók and Carter, they constitute the century's most important extensions of a major tradition.

At least until the appearance of the long-awaited Juilliard remake (scheduled to go into the Columbia studios next year), the LaSalle set, including the first recording ever of the apprentice Quartet in D major, is an essential contribution—not only for the very capable performances, but also for the fascinating documentary booklet that accompanies it. (The set will be deleted when present stocks are exhausted, in favor of single discs: the First Quartet, as well as the Berg and Webern material, has already been issued separately.) The two-decade-old Juilliard series is still a worthy achievement, far superior to the Kohon/Ramor package and to DG's earlier series by the New Vienna Quartet, of which only the final disc now remains in the catalogue.

#### Verklärte Nacht, Op. 4 (1899)

##### String-sextet version

- Domaine Musical ensemble, EVEREST 3170, \$4.98 (with works by Eloy and Pousseur).
  - Edlith Lorincz, viola; Zsolt Deaky, cello; Ramor Quartet. TURNABOUT TV 34032, \$3.50 (with Quartet No. 2).
- ##### String-orchestra version
- English Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, cond. ANGEL S 36484, \$5.98 (with Hindemith: Trauermusik; Wagner: Slegfried Idyll).
  - CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. II.
  - Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Jascha Horenstein, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34263, \$3.50 (with Chamber Symphony, Op. 9).
  - Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, cond. LONDON CS 6552, \$6.98 (with Scriabin: Poem of Ecstasy).
  - New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. ODYSSEY 32 16 0298, \$2.98 (with Vaughan Williams: Tallis Fantasia).
  - Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, cond. SERAPHIM S 6080, \$3.49 (with Loeffler: A Pagan Poem).

From the Brahms-Dvořák ambience of the 1897 quartet to the Wagnerian programmatics of this string sextet is a sizable distance for Schoenberg to have traveled in two years. I much prefer the original chamber form to the more popular string-orchestra version (usually played in the composer's 1943 revision), although neither current version draws as much weight and consequence from the harmonies as did the old Marlboro performance (Columbia MS 6244, deleted); the Parisian group is certainly preferable to the Ramor's rough playing.

Surprisingly, the most passionate performance of the Cinemascope version is that of Mitropoulos. Stokowski having opted on this occasion for a refined traversal, typically expert in its balancing and voicing of the ensemble. These bargain discs, along with Horenstein's less well-recorded version, really make redundant the more expensive ones, among which Mehta's middle-of-the-road presentation is easier to take than Craft's dry

sobriety or Barenboim's less precise sluggishness.

#### Serenade, Op. 24 (1920-23)

- Jacques-Louis Rondeleux, baritone; Domaine Musical ensemble, Pierre Boulez, cond. EVEREST 3175, \$4.98.
- Donald Gramm, baritone; Columbia Chamber Ensemble, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VI.
- John Carol Case, baritone; Melos Ensemble, Bruno Maderna, cond. OISEAU-LYRE SOL 250, \$6.98.

Some portions of this score, with its neoclassical formalities, sound surprisingly similar to Stravinsky's idiom of the same period. "Surprisingly similar" is not "very similar," however, nor do any of the recordings muster the rhythmic elegance necessary to project fully the traditional elements.

Maderna, although operating well below the composer's metronome markings, gets the most poised and satisfying results. Craft's tempos are more correct, but his players seem stiff, preoccupied with the notes rather than the phrases and rhythms (Donald Gramm is the best singer of the lot, but that affects only a single movement). Boulez's expert group falls between, but I think I'd prefer Maderna as a starting point, because he conveys more of the fun inherent in the score.

#### Wind Quintet, Op. 26 (1924)

- New England Conservatory Chamber Players, New England Conservatory 102, \$5.98.
- Westwood Wind Quintet, COLUMBIA Vol. VI.

This is a thorny, perhaps even a rebarbative score. Schoenberg's consistently contrapuntal writing makes severe demands on the inherently ill-balanced medium, and no recorded performance has really succeeded in subordinating problems of surface consistency to the point of making the musical substance expressive in and for itself. An imported version by players from the Southwest German Radio Orchestra (Wergo 60032) is marginally more expert than the two domestically available ones, but there is not much in the choice.

#### Suite, Op. 29 (1925)

- Columbia Chamber Ensemble, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VI.
- Melos Ensemble, OISEAU-LYRE SOL 282, \$6.98 (with Berg: Four Pieces).

More "classical" forms, calling for the same specificity of rhythmic articulation as the Serenade. The Melos group, this time without Maderna, does less well than before but is still preferable to the tense Craft reading. In any case, when well played this is the most accessible of Schoenberg's early twelve-tone scores—especially the last two movements, a set of variations on a German folksong and a sprightly gigue.

#### String Trio, Op. 45 (1946)

- Juilliard Quartet members, COLUMBIA Vol. VII.
- Lenox Quartet members, DESTO DC 7170, \$5.98 (with Handel-Schoenberg: Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra).

Unlike the string quartets, to which it is the natural historical sequel, Schoenberg's trio eschews the reconciliation of new means with old forms. An intense, concentrated single movement, it moves fluidly through a wide expressive range, set forth in coruscating colors. The extensive use of such timbral devices as pizzicato, col legno, sul ponticello, and harmonics makes for strenuous work, which both

ensembles have mastered well. The Juilliard reading is more propulsive, less sectional, and the Lenox group is further disadvantaged by a cavernous recorded ambience.

#### Phantasy for Violin with Piano Accompaniment, Op. 47 (1949)

- Israel Baker, violin; Glenn Gould, piano, COLUMBIA Vol. VII.
- Hyman Bress; Charles Reiner, FOLKWAYS 3354, \$5.98 (mono; with works by Bartók, Bloch, Debussy).
- Robert Gross; Richard Grayson, ORION ORS 74147, \$6.98 (with works by Dallapiccola, Hindemith, Swift, Webern).
- Arnold Steinhardt; Peter Serkin, RCA RED SEAL LSC 3050, \$5.98 (with Piano Concerto and Piano Pieces, Op. 23).

The difficult solo part of this single-movement virtuoso scena for violin was first composed in its entirety, and the piano part added afterward. Although Steinhardt is the most polished fiddler of this group, I incline to the rhythmically spirited work of Gross, who reads the phrases very sensitively. Neither Bress nor Baker is in the same league, and Gould is typically mannered.

### ORCHESTRAL WORKS

#### Pelleas und Melisande, Op. 5 (1903)

- CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. II.

This long but concentrated, gorgeously scored symphonic poem deserves a richer, looser performance than Craft's—perhaps one by Michael Gielen, who gave a dazzling reading with the New York Philharmonic a few years ago. Still, Craft projects much more detail than did Barbirolli in his tonally lush but slack and indulgent version, recently deleted (Angel S 36509).

#### Chamber Symphony No. 1, Op. 9 (1906)

- Domaine Musical ensemble, Pierre Boulez, cond. EVEREST 3192, \$4.98 (with Three Little Pieces; Messiaen: Seven Haikai).
- Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.
- Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Jascha Horenstein, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34263, \$3.50 (with Verklärte Nacht).
- Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, cond. LONDON CS 6612, \$6.98; cassette M 10221, \$6.97 (with Variations for Orchestra).

Schoenberg later made a version for full orchestra of this intense, driving work, which helps a good deal to overcome the balance problems of the fifteen-instrument original; unfortunately, no recording to date has made use of that rescoring.

The extremes here are represented by Horenstein's sleepy traversal (26 minutes) and Boulez's rather hectic one (17 minutes), neither recorded with much clarity. Mehta and Craft (close together, around 20 minutes) are more to the point, and, although he does not maintain the line of the piece consistently, Craft does get better playing from his orchestra.

#### Five Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16 (1909)

- Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA SPECIAL PRODUCTS CMS 6103, \$5.98 (with Berg and Webern works).
- Cleveland Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.
- Cologne Gürzenich Orchestra, Günter Wand, cond.

There are two editions of this powerful, disquieting score—the original and a 1949 revision for reduced (i.e., normal) orchestra. Only Craft/Cleveland uses the original, and it is the clear choice. Craft/Columbia is less smooth but has valuable couplings, and Wand's less than first-rate band does surprisingly well, despite the recorded sound's subdued tonal and dynamic range.

### Three Little Pieces for Chamber Orchestra (1910)

- Domaine Musical ensemble, Pierre Boulez, cond. EVEREST 3192, \$4.98 (with Chamber Symphony, Op. 9, and Messiaen: Seven Haikai).
- CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. II.
- International Kranichstein Chamber Ensemble, Bruno Maderna, cond. MAINSTREAM 5008, \$5.98 (with various contemporary works).

First discovered in 1957 among Schoenberg's papers, these Webern-ish miniatures are remarkable indeed, and not merely historically. Craft's recording is the cleanest of the three and the most appropriately coupled.

### Variations for Orchestra, Op. 31 (1926–28)

- CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. II.
- Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, cond. LONDON CS 6612, \$5.98; cassette M 10221, \$6.97 (with Chamber Symphony, Op. 9).

Schoenberg's most ambitious orchestral work using the twelve-tone technique, the Variations are not only difficult to play, but even harder to shape effectively, for the elaborate finale can easily lose momentum at its several sectional interstices.

The late Hans Rosbaud was a master of this score, but his recording (Heliodor 2549 008) is now deleted. Craft's orchestra is undermanned, but his ideas about the piece are surely more specific than Mehta's, his execution of them more stylish.

### Accompaniment to a Film Scene, Op. 34 (1930)

This is music for an imaginary film, conveying the shape of an unspecified but vividly imagined action. There is no current recording, although Columbia might well restore Craft's version (MS 6216, deleted).

### Suite for String Orchestra, in G major (1934)

- Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. V.

Optimistically commissioned by Schoenberg's American publisher as a piece for school and college orchestras, this tonal score proved somewhat over their heads. Craft feels that it often unconsciously evokes Tchaikovsky (of all people!), and I hear what he means. Mainly for curiosity seekers.

### Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 36 (1934–36)

- Israel Baker, violin; CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7039, \$5.98 (with Piano Concerto; also in Vol. I).
- Wolfgang Marschner, violin; Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Michael Gielen, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34051, \$3.50 (rechanneled; with Piano Concerto).
- Zvi Zeitlin, violin; Bavarian Radio Symphony Orches-

This major challenge to the fraternity of fiddlers has been taken up by few of them, but at least two of those represented on disc earn thereby the right to call themselves masters. Marschner's dazzling expertise still shines through the dimness of the stereo-ized Turnabout recording, and Zeitlin, in much better sound, is very nearly as good. This is a hard work to play but surprisingly accessible in a good performance, one that makes sense of the individual phrases and builds them into a coherent over-all performance.

### Chamber Symphony No. 2, Op. 38 (1906–39)

- CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.
- New Philharmonia Orchestra, Frederik Prausnitz, cond. ANGEL S 36480, \$5.98 (with Six Pieces, Op. 35; Berg and Webern works).

Despite the gap of several decades between initiation and completion, the Second Chamber Symphony manages to sound "all of a piece." Neither of these performances has enough punch to put it across as a more lyrical, almost balletic counterpart to the driving Op. 9.

### Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 42 (1942)

- Alfred Brendel, piano; Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Michael Gielen, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34051, \$3.50 (rechanneled; with Violin Concerto).
- Alfred Brendel, piano; Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 257, \$7.98 (with Violin Concerto).
- Glenn Gould, piano; CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7039, \$5.98 (with Violin Concerto).
- Peter Serkin, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA RED SEAL LSC 3050, \$5.98 (with Phantasy; Piano Pieces, Op. 23).

A more humorous, lyrical, and colorful work than the violin concerto—qualities best brought out by Brendel and Kubelik in one of the most fluent and spontaneous of recorded Schoenberg performances. Serkin and Ozawa make beautiful sounds but progress forward only with apparent reluctance. Gould, as may be clear by now, is not my cup of tea in this music, although he and Craft at least generate a tension altogether missing on the RCA disc. I'm happy to note that Brendel's foggily recorded Turnabout version is now superseded by the fine-sounding DG disc.

### Theme and Variations for Band, Op. 43a (1943)

### Theme and Variations for Orchestra, Op. 43b (1943)

- Op. 43a. Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble, Frederick Fennell, cond. MERCURY SR 90143, \$5.98 (with works by Hindemith and Stravinsky).
- Op. 43a. Cornell University Wind Ensemble, Marice Stith, cond. CORNELL UNIVERSITY 1, \$4.00 (with works by Bielawa, Copland, Rimsky-Korsakov).
- Op. 43b. Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7041, \$5.98 (with works by Berg and Webern; also in Vol. VII).

Another of Schoenberg's efforts for the educational market, and somewhat more successful than the string-orchestra piece. It sounds best in Fennell's proficient, propulsive rendition. The alternative version for full orchestra is surely not the turgid mass heard on the Ormandy recording.

### Prelude to "Genesis," Op. 44 (1945)

- Festival Singers of Toronto; CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. II.

Strange things emerged from the international circles of Hollywood in the 1940s, not least the *Genesis Suite*, a series of illustrative pieces commissioned from Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Tansman, Toch, and Castelnuovo-Tedesco by film musician Nathaniel Shilkret, who modestly took on the depiction of Creation itself. We may hope never to hear a complete recording of this *olla podrida*, but Schoenberg's prelude, with a wordless chorus introduced at the end, is an imaginative and colorful example of his late style—clearly the prelude to something only he could have composed. An orphan, but well worth reviving; no score is available, but the performance sounds competent.

## TRANSCRIPTIONS AND ARRANGEMENTS

**Bach: Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele; Komm, Gott, Schöpfer, heiliger Geist (1922)**

**Bach: Preludé and Fugue in E flat (St. Anne) (1928)**

- CBC Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. III.

**Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, after a cembalo concerto by Georg Matthias Monn (1932–33)**

- Laurence Lesser, cello; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. VIII.

**Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra, freely adapted from Handel's Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 7 (1933)**

- Lenox Quartet; London Symphony Orchestra, Harold Farberman, cond. DESTO DC 7170, \$5.98 (with String Trio).

**Brahms: Piano Quartet in G minor, Op. 25 (1937)**

- Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Vol. V.

Schoenberg's transcriptions make purists see red, but they are enormously entertaining and often instructive. The Bach and Brahms are simply orchestrations, to overcome what Schoenberg believed to be fundamental limitations of the original media. The Brahms, in particular, can be most effective when played with precision and gusto by a great orchestra—as Michael Tilson Thomas demonstrated last season with the Boston Symphony. Craft's performances are not quite on that level: the CBC orchestra (in the Bach) is rather scruffy, and the interpretations are nowhere expansive enough.

The Monn and Handel works are another matter—the most active kind of music criticism ever, for Schoenberg found certain aspects of the originals tedious and simply recomposed them. The cello concerto wants a spectacular virtuoso (it was written with Casals in mind), and perhaps Rostropovich will take it in hand one of these days; Lesser makes a brave stab. The Handel original is well known, of course, and although few share Schoenberg's rather specialized perception of its deficiencies the spirited new Desto recording is great fun.



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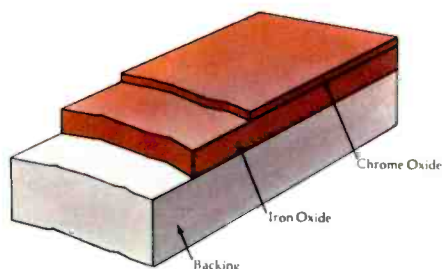




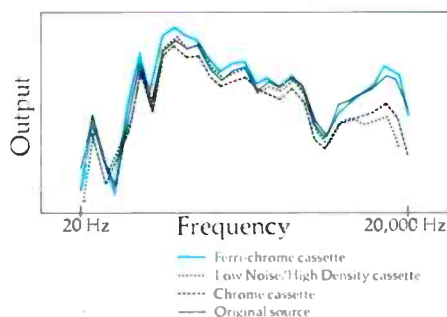
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by John S. Wilson

# Does American Jazz Have to Be Imported from Europe?



*Recordings by such greats as Oscar Peterson, Earl Hines, and Art Tatum may originate here, but they're often for European labels which then export the records to the U.S.*

THE EUROPEAN JAZZ world has been shipping coals to Newcastle for more than half a century, ever since American jazz musicians began going overseas after World War I and recording for local labels there. But the transfer has taken on added complications in recent years.

Those early records, made in London (by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in 1919), in Berlin (by Sam Wooding's orchestra in 1925), in Paris and Barcelona (both by the ubiquitous Wooding in 1929), found their way back to the U.S. in small quantities. Transatlantic recording picked up in volume in the 1930s, when Louis Armstrong recorded in Paris during his second trip there in 1934 and when Garland Wilson and Willie Lewis settled in Paris, followed by such celebrated temporary expatriates as Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter. And it increased to a torrent after World War II with foreign labels not only recording the growing number of American jazzmen resident in Europe, but seizing every possible opportunity to hustle into a studio those who were just passing through.

In the past couple of years, however, this transatlantic jazz traffic has taken on a new dimension. An extra leg has been added to the trip: Results of recording sessions held in the U.S. by American musicians are sent to Europe for mixing, programming, and mastering; they then are sent back to this country, either in the form of a finished record or as a master tape from which American duplicates of European releases are manufactured here for distribution not by importers, as has been the case in the past, but by established U.S. record distributors.

Most prominent in this back-and-forth process are the West German MPS label, which has been distributed in this country for more than two years by BASF Systems; Black Lion, an English label which is distributed here by Audiofidelity Enterprises; and ECM, another West German label,

which has been distributed here since January by Polydor Records.

In addition to sessions recorded here by foreign labels, this three-step shuttle includes recordings made here years ago by American labels that have been reissued by foreign affiliates of these labels and then shipped back to the U.S. In fact, what now seems to have been the pioneer move in this process involved fifteen reissue LPs of material recorded by Capitol in the Forties and Fifties and put together in Holland by Joop Visser of Capitol's Dutch affiliate, Bovema-EMI, and Simon Korteweg, an editor of the magazine *Jazzwereld*.

The series originally reached the U.S. through the usual import channels. But American Capitol was sufficiently impressed with the discs to reproduce the first ten, complete with covers and annotation from the Dutch set. The ten included the celebrated Miles Davis nonet recordings of 1949 and 1950 that have gone down in jazz history as "The Birth of the Cool," as well as collections by Stan Kenton's orchestra and Woody Herman's Second Herd (the "Early Autumn" and "Lemon Drop" band), Nat "King" Cole Trio records that put emphasis on his piano rather than his voice, a set of Art Tatum solos, and a Coleman Hawkins collection. Gerry Mulligan's Tentette, Serge Chaloff, the Metronome All Stars, and a grab-bag disc on which a spot was found for Billie Holiday's famous recording of "Travelin' Light" were also part of this batch of imported reissues.

But, as so often happens, sales of the reissues were disappointing, by the bookkeeping standards of a major U.S. label. American Capitol decided not to issue the remaining five discs, thereby forgoing a fascinating set of Duke Ellington piano solos, seven idiomatic performances by Lennie Tristano's sextet; some prime bop pieces by Tadd Dameron, Babs Gonzales, and Dizzy Gillespie; and big-band collections by Benny Goodman,



Charlie Barnet, Cootie Williams, and Benny Carter. These were left in the hands of the import firms.

At the same time, Hans George Brunner-Schwer's West German label, MPS, began an American distribution arrangement with BASF Systems. The catalogue was made up largely of recordings by American jazz musicians and a few Europeans, recorded for the most part in Brunner-Schwer's Tonstudio in Villingen in the Black Forest. But these early releases also included several American sessions that Brunner-Schwer had picked up from independent producers—Dick Gibson's 1971 Colorado Jazz Party, for example, and live performances in Rochester, New York, by the Monty Alexander Trio.

And there were some Oscar Peterson sessions produced in New York by Brunner-Schwer and two Count Basie sessions produced for MPS by Sonny Lester. The Peterson recordings were the label's best sellers in this country. "Unbelievable!" exclaims BASF's Woody Howard of the sales.

Since then, MPS has become even more American-oriented. Bill Evans, fulfilling a commitment to MPS made before his current Fantasy contract, was recorded recently in New York with a 90-piece orchestra. George Shearing has signed with the label and has made his first records for MPS in Los Angeles.

In most cases, tapes of MPS sessions made in the U.S. are sent back to Villingen for mixing. But a newer West German entrant in the American jazz market, ECM, returns *all* of its American-made tapes to its home studio in Stuttgart to be mixed.

"We do the mixing in Stuttgart, because I have been with an engineer there for six or seven years and I know the room conditions and the speakers," the label's founder, Manfred Eicher, explained while he was in New York recently producing a session with Benny Maupin. "I like the speakers, because they have a neutral effect, like the equipment a listener has at home. I don't want speakers that are only for rock or some specialized form of music. They record a lot of string music in the Stuttgart studio, so they have speakers that are very neutral."

Of the forty recordings produced by Eicher since he formed ECM in 1970, eight have been released in the U.S. through a distribution arrangement with Polydor. Of the eight, six are by American musicians or groups: the Gary Burton Quartet, a quartet led by Robin Kenyatta, an American quartet led by expatriate Englishman Dave Holland, a piano solo set by Chick Corea, a set of duets by Corea and Burton, and another group of duets by Keith Jarrett and Jack De Johnette. Half of them were produced in this country because, Eicher said, it is simpler for him to go where the musicians are than to pay for transporting several musicians to an overseas studio. However, he does make one exception in this practice.

"I have a friend in Oslo who has a studio with a Steinway that is one of the most beautiful in the world," he explained. "So I took Chick Corea there to record his solos, and I did the duets by Chick and Gary Burton there."

After Eicher has taken the tapes of his sessions to Stuttgart for mixing, matrixes of the masters are leased to Polydor, which makes the pressings for American distribution. Polydor also reproduces the original ECM covers but adds its own logo.

Eicher, who was once a recording supervisor of classical music for Supraphon, became interested in jazz when he heard a session recorded by Bill Evans at the Village Vanguard in New York in 1962. Eicher is a bassist and has played, as an amateur, with Robin Kenyatta and the German pianist, Wolfgang Dauner. "But," he pointed out, "I'm also into Ralph Vaughan Williams and Elliott Carter."

He started ECM (Editions of Contemporary Music) with \$4,000 put up by the owner of an electronics store in Munich. His objective was not simply to put out jazz—he also handles the Music Improvisa-



MPS founder Manfred Eicher (far left) chats with Benny Maupin in New York while Baden Powell and Oscar Peterson (above left and right) tape sessions at an MPS studio in Germany.

tion Company which plays Stockhausen, among other composers—but to record “good music,” music that he can identify with.

“I never make a record just to sell it,” he maintained. “I must have a close relationship to the music, otherwise the details of mixing would not be like they are. I can still listen to most of my records and enjoy them.”

Despite his professed lack of concern about sales, Eicher has had at least one record that was an unqualified hit, Corea’s “Return to Forever,” which was picked up by Polydor for American distribution before its deal with ECM had been set. This led to Corea signing a contract with Polydor.

He had been between contracts when he recorded “Return to Forever.”

Eicher got Keith Jarrett and Kenyatta under similar circumstances. He persuaded Gary Burton to record “Crystal Silence” with Corea when Burton too was between contracts, and, as a result of that session, Burton has become an exclusive ECM artist.

Experienced musicians such as Burton, Corea, and Jarrett are attracted by the prospect of recording for ECM rather than a big American label, said Eicher, because of the freedom he gives them. “With me, they’re not under pressure to make a big seller,” he pointed out. “As long as you let an artist do what he feels is his basic thing, you can influence a session without saying anything. The musician knows what he should do.

“Chick Corea told me that he never had a chance to do solo albums for American companies. He always had to have a rhythm section or horns. Chick was very grateful for the opportunity to do a solo album—‘Piano Improvisations, Vol. 1.’ It has been helpful to his career. He can now do solo concerts in the classical halls of Europe.”

While Eicher concentrates primarily on the more adventurous of the contemporary jazz musicians, Alan Bates’s English label, Black Lion, ranges from a Nat Cole jam session recorded in California in 1945 to Sun Ra’s Space Music. Since Audiofidelity began distributing Black Lion in the U.S. last November (making its own pressings from Black Lion masters and printing covers from negatives supplied by Black Lion), twenty-two of the company’s discs have been released here [as of July 1974]. Five of these were recorded in the U.S., shipped to England, and then returned to this country. They are, in addition to the King Cole and Sun Ra collections, sets by Earl Hines, Paul Gonsalves and Ray Nance, and Art Tatum. Two of the label’s top three sellers come from this list: Cole’s “Anatomy of a Jam Session” is first, and Sun Ra’s “Pictures of Infinity” is third. The second spot is held by a session made in England by Thelonious Monk, “The Man I Love.”

Both Polydor and Audiofidelity report encouraging sales on their exported-imported jazz lines.

But the picture does not seem to have improved for reissues produced by foreign affiliates of major labels since Capitol dipped a tentative toe into that field more than two years ago.

Early in 1973, Columbia’s French affiliate, CBS Records, launched an impressive reissue series called “Aimez-vous le jazz?” Produced by Henri Renaud from masters and tapes provided by American Columbia as well as records supplied by European collectors, the series ranged from early Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington to relatively recent Miles Davis and George Benson. One particularly notable project is the packaging in a series of two-disc albums of all of Ellington’s recordings for Columbia in chronological order. The first two albums have been completed.

In October 1973, American Columbia, despite having a continuing Archives series of jazz reissues of its own, decided to import the first thirty albums of the French series. Unlike the Polydor and Audiofidelity method of importing—pressing the records and printing the covers here—Columbia brought over the complete, finished French product with initial orders of six thousand in most cases but going up to fifteen thousand for two Miles Davis discs.

The response in this country has been “just fair,” according to Bruce Lundvall, Columbia’s merchandising vice president. “One of the problems is that the importers had been selling the records here before we brought them over,” he said. “That undercut our potential sale.”

The result is that Columbia will probably not distribute any records in the series beyond the thirty already imported.

RCA Victor is looking across the ocean at an even more extensive reissue series prepared by French RCA. This “Black and White” series, produced by Jean-Paul Guiter, consists of 119 LPs—among them five volumes of Louis Armstrong, four volumes of Bix Beiderbecke, eight volumes of Duke Ellington, nine volumes of Benny Goodman, six of Lionel Hampton, four of McKinney’s Cotton Pickers, eight of Jelly Roll Morton, four of Bennie Moten, and eleven of Fats Waller.

But Ken Glancy, president of RCA-Victor, who is a jazz fan and is personally tempted, is inclined to let the importers do the American distribution of “Black and White.” Guiter, he says, has done a diligent and devoted job in making the transfers: “The sound is great.”

And while importing the series “would be the easiest thing for us to do,” he adds that it “would not fit the market requirements of the United States.”

Which brings us back to the philosophical and bookkeeping differences between RCA-Victor, Columbia, or Capitol and Manfred Eicher’s ECM recordings. “I can never be disappointed in our sales,” said Eicher, “because I don’t expect any.”



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Another professional feature is our unique push-button control system. Certainly, it's more pleasant to press one button than to push several levers. But we didn't design them just for convenience. We did it to avoid that inevitable initial shock other systems cause every time you start a record, resulting in arm movement and possible record damage.

Of course, even if that initial shock did occur, the arm of the 50H Mark II wouldn't be thrown by it. Because it happens to be balanced in all planes. It also has a unique method for matching anti-skating with stylus pressure and a cartridge overhang adjustment which reduces distortion and record wear.

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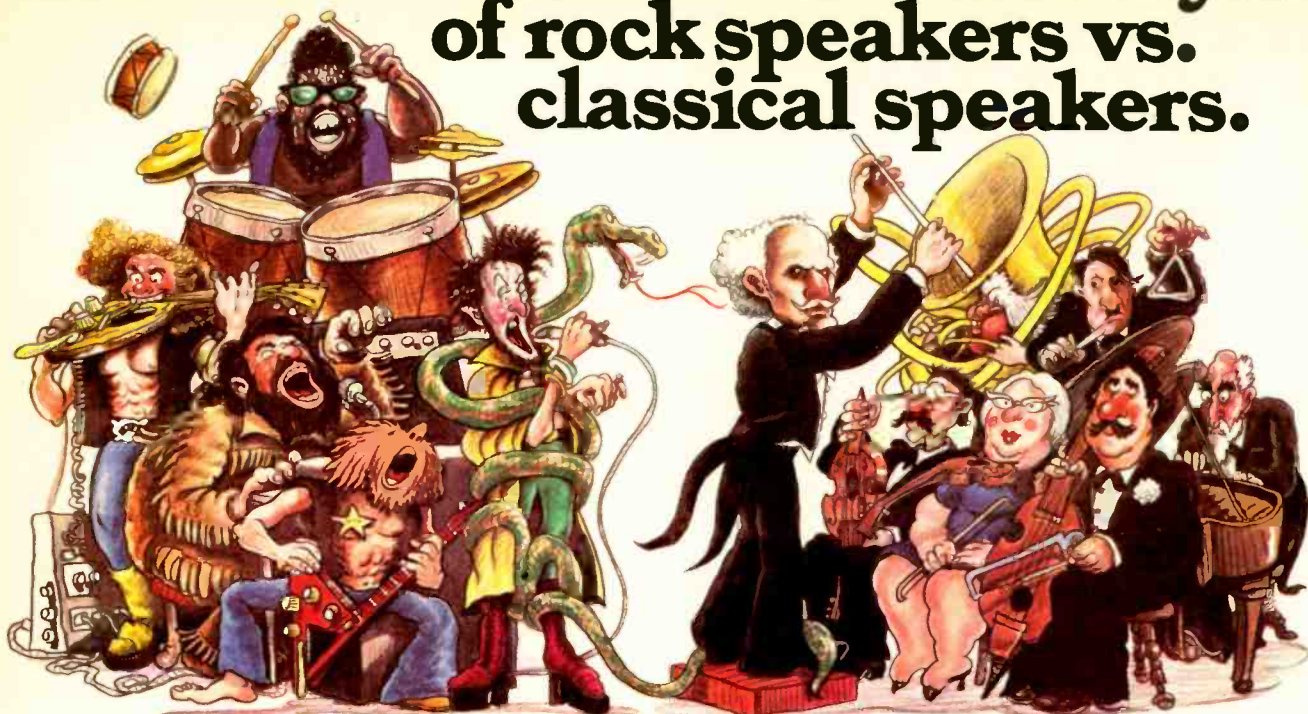
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# The Rectilinear 5: end of the myth of rock speakers vs. classical speakers.



The new Rectilinear 5 is capable of playing very, very loud. Rock-festival loud. Even with a medium-powered amplifier.

At the same time, it's uncannily accurate. It sounds sweet, unstrained and just plain lifelike at all volume levels.

The temptation is great, therefore, to one-up that prestigious manufacturer who some time ago announced "The first accurate speaker for rock music."

But we refuse to perpetuate that mythology. It's perfectly obvious that the Rectilinear 5 reproduces classical music just as accurately as rock. We could never see how a voice coil or a magnet would know the difference between Jimi Hendrix and Gustav Mahler.

So we'd rather use this opportunity to set things straight once and for all.

Thus:

There's no such thing as a rock speaker or a classical speaker. Any more than there's a late-show TV set or a football-game TV set.

There are, however, speakers that impose a hard, sizzling treble and a huge bass on any music. And others that round off the edges and soften up the transient details of any music. That's the probable origin of the myth;

but these aren't rock and classical speakers, respectively.

They're inaccurate speakers.

It's true that an aggressive treble and a heavy bass are characteristic of most rock music, even when heard live. It's also true that some record producers exaggerate these qualities, sometimes to a freakish degree, in their final mix of the recorded sound.

But that doesn't mean the speaker can be allowed to add its own exaggerations on top of the others.

A loudspeaker is a conduit. Its job is to convey musical or other audio information unaltered. If the producer wants to monkey around with the natural sound that originally entered the microphones, that's his creative privilege. He'll be judged by the musical end results. But if the speaker becomes creative, that's bad design.

By the same token, if some classical record producers prefer a warm, pillowy, edgeless string sound, that

doesn't mean your speakers should impart those same qualities to cymbals, triangles or high trumpets. (Stravinsky's transients can be as hard as rock.)

And if you like to listen at very high volume levels (after all, that's what rock is about—but so is *Die Götterdämmerung*), you still don't need a speaker that achieves high efficiency through spurious resonances. What you need is something like the Rectilinear 5.

Everything in this remarkably original design was conceived to end the trade-off between efficiency and accuracy. The four drivers are made to an entirely new set of specifications. The filter network that feeds the drivers is totally unlike the traditional crossover

network. Even the cabinet material is new and different. Of course, those who feel threatened by all this fuss about accuracy and naturalness will point out that the monitor speakers preferred by engineers and producers in recording studios are usually of the zippy, super-aggressive variety.

That's perfectly true, but the reason happens to be strictly nonmusical.

"I use the XYZ speaker only as a tool," a top producer explained to us. "I wouldn't have it in my house. It really blasts at you when you crank up the volume, so that any little glitch on the tape hits you over the head. After eight hours in the studio, that's what it takes to get your attention. I know how to deal with those unpleasant highs; they're in the speaker, not on my tape."

It's easy enough to find out for yourself. Any reputable dealer will let you hear the Rectilinear 5 side by side with a "rock" or "monitor-type" speaker. Adjust each speaker by ear to the same high volume level, making sure the amplifiers are of good quality. Then listen. To rock or classical.

Then and there, the myth will crumble.

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Wrong: Freaky sound made even freakier by the speaker.



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**the new  
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## Hugo Wolf: The Final and Fullest Flowering of the Lied

Odeon assembles Fischer-Dieskau's classic Wolf recordings, and Nonesuch offers Jan DeGaetani in "the most important Lieders disc in years."

by Peter G. Davis

WHEN ONE SURVEYS the field of German Lieders, it's tempting to look on the songs of Hugo Wolf not only as the final flowering of a form that flourished for little more than a century, but as an apotheosis of it as well.

Not many people these days would subscribe to the Enlightenment doctrine of inevitable progress and improvement, in music any more than in other areas of human endeavor, and no one is going to toss the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms out the window. But Wolf's Lieders are special.

Like the late-sixteenth-century Italian madrigalists, Wolf had an unusually rich harmonic idiom at his disposal, a complex set of options that opened up virtually unlimited possibilities for a word-conscious composer. Although the madrigal had numerous distinguished practitioners, only Wolf among his contemporaries seized the full implications of the chromaticism and thematic plasticity of the post-Wagnerian language and how these innovations could be adapted to suit the more intimate proportions of Lieders. Furthermore, he combined a mastery of his materials with refined literary tastes and perceptions rarely encountered in a composer. The result was some 250 songs that, taken as a whole, are unparalleled in the entire literature for expressive variety and consistent quality.

Getting the full measure of a Wolf song is a demanding experience, perhaps even more for listeners than for interpreters. The specificity of the musical gestures and the often intricate working-out processes to which they are subject require an unusual amount of concentration in order to grasp the total effect—if even the smallest detail is missed, the whole point of a song can be lost.

Wolf's identification with the poems he chose to set is so complete, his response to their emotional content and

shape so intense, that no two of them are alike, and this makes a discussion of his methods rather difficult in general terms. The five great "songbooks"—to texts by Mörike (composed in 1888), Eichendorff (between 1880 and 1888), Goethe (1888–89), Spanish poets (1889–90), and Italian poets (part one between 1890 and 1891, part two in 1896)—do inhabit clearly distinguishable stylistic worlds, but even within their definable limits the diversity of expression covers an astonishing range.

It's not surprising, then, that such challenging material has never been exactly overexposed, either in the concert hall or on records, although it is possible to assemble most of Wolf's Lieders from currently available or recently deleted discs. To do so, one must rely almost exclusively on Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who between them have recorded practically all the composer's published songs with Gerald Moore at the piano.

Most of Fischer-Dieskau's activity in this repertoire took place between 1958 and 1960, when he taped the male songs from the Mörike, Eichendorff, Spanish, and miscellaneous-poets collections for EMI, now handily reassembled on Odeon's newly released seven-disc anthology. The baritone's later integral sets of the Spanish and Italian songbooks with Schwarzkopf are to be had from DG (2707 035) and Angel (SB 3703) respectively. Schwarzkopf's two Wolf recitals for Angel (Goethe Songs, S 35909, and miscellaneous poets, S 36308, both deleted but still to be found in some shops) fill in the female side of the picture.

The alternatives to these two singers are not extensive, and many classic Wolf performances have long since vanished from the catalogue—the life expectancy of a Lieders recording has never been very long in the market-

place. For a complete overview of the situation past and present, interested readers will find the Wolf discography prepared by J. F. Weber most helpful (1 Jewett Place, Utica, New York 13501, \$2.00).

In any case, the reappearance of Fischer-Dieskau's EMI Wolf cycle is a happy event: 128 songs in all, many of them never recorded before or since. Except for the single disc devoted to selections from the Spanish songbook (Angel S 35838), none of these performances were made available on domestic pressings, and the original German and English imports disappeared years ago. Needless to say, such a valuable set from this protean musician is an indispensable item for anyone who cares about Lieder and the art of singing—grab it up while you may.

Originally released in 1958 on five sides, the first two discs in the album contain forty of the fifty-three Mörike songs. This was Wolf's first period of intensive creativity, and it was literally an explosion; all the songs were written between February 16 and November 26, 1888, sometimes two or three in a single day. Eduard Mörike (1804–75), a little-known Schwabian poet when Wolf discovered his verses, produced a body of work that covered many subjects: erotic love poems, nature moods, impishly humorous conceits, pungent character studies—all couched in an intense language of unusual physical presence. Wolf matched the variety of subject matter with a musical response that is equally kaleidoscopic.

In general the Mörike songs are more broadly conceived and more melodically direct than his later collections, but the declamatory flexibility, imaginative thematic development, and individual design had few precedents. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Wolf's song-writing technique is that the initial literary impulse never overrides the purely musical factors in the end result, no matter how vivid the dramatic effect or unique the formal approach. True, the Mörike songs are possibly somewhat less consistent in quality than those to come in the Spanish or Italian series, but the lapses are few and inconsequential in light of the total achievement.

Most of the Eichendorff songs (twenty appeared in the first edition of 1889, eighteen of which are on the Fischer-Dieskau album together with two posthumously published early works) were written in September of 1888. They are on a lighter, less ambitious scale than the Mörike set, objective and even detached in tone. Humorous character studies predominate, but undoubtedly the most treasurable songs are those that reveal the more familiar, romantic side of Eichendorff, such as "*Verschwiegene Liebe*," "*Das Ständchen*," or "*Nachtzauber*."

By October 27, 1888, Wolf had already started on his Goethe settings, sixteen days after he had completed all but one of the Mörike poems. Except for "*Die Spröde*," the fifty-one songs were written less than four months later, and they show the composer reaching out to match the high poetic quality and intellectual sensibilities of Goethe. The lyrics from *Wilhelm Meister* are among the most frequently encountered Wolf songs; no other composers before him ever quite penetrated so deeply the poignantly disordered worlds of Mignon and the aged Harper. These songs and the concluding trilogy of "*Prometheus*," "*Ganymed*," and "*Grenzen der Menschheit*"—three aspects of man and his relationship to the divinity—frame some of the composer's most seldom-heard songs of a rather dialectical nature, such as "*Beherzung*" and the *Cophische Lieder*, together with the deli-

cate lyrical cases of "*Anakreons Grab*," "*Frühling übers Jahr*," and "*Blumengruss*." Fischer-Dieskau offers thirty-one in all, each of them utterly absorbing.

Of the forty-four Spanish songs, ten are on sacred subjects, and, with three exceptions that deal tenderly with the Holy Family, the latter are among the most disturbing songs that Wolf ever wrote. The themes of guilt, spiritual and physical pain, and religious ecstasy are delineated through tension-filled melodic lines supported by accompaniments of frequently scorching dissonance. The secular songs explore the bitter and sweet aspects of Spanish love-making in dance rhythms, lightly mocking serenades, and clever (if not always successfully integrated) guitar effects and typical vocal flourishes. Fischer-Dieskau generously includes twenty-three songs; Jan DeGaetani's new Nonesuch release contains sixteen, five of them duplicated on Fischer-Dieskau's recital.

The final disc in Odeon's album is a miscellaneous collection of fourteen songs, eight of them dating from 1878 to 1889, while others—"Morgenstimmung" (Reinick), the two Byron settings, and three Michelangelo songs—were to be Wolf's last efforts before the mental breakdown of 1897. There are no stylistic correspondences to be found in this grouping of stray lyrics, of course, but the brooding, melancholy Michelangelo triptych is crushing in its finality, particularly "*Alles endet, was entsteht*": "rigorous, bitter, inexorable truth—truth to the point of cruelty," wrote Wolf of this almost unbearably bleak song.

There's not a great deal to be said about Fischer-Dieskau's performances that has not already been touched upon in innumerable different contexts. His voice was in peak condition in the late Fifties, a supple instrument with ample sheen and body for all but the most weighty, vocally demanding songs such as "*Prometheus*" and the Michelangelo Lieder. His refined verbal projection of the texts is never less than illuminating; only occasionally does he sacrifice the pure lyrical impulse behind the vocal lines for a touch of overemphasis. Even the songs that have never been truly a part of his active repertoire seem to be thoroughly absorbed—which can hardly be said of his later Schubert and Strauss projects—and Gerald Moore's realization of the piano writing is always magnificently complete.

Save for the Spanish and Italian songbooks with Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau has rarely returned to Wolf, perhaps intentionally. It's difficult to see how he could possibly improve on these seven discs, certainly among his finest accomplishments for the phonograph. (Interestingly, after all these years he has just redone, the Mörike songs, with Daniel Barenboim for DG).

Wonderful as it is to have these performances back in circulation, Jan DeGaetani's new recital is in some ways even more important, simply because of this mezzo's unique approach. More than one critic has suggested that Wolf's vocal lines so faithfully reflect the text that the sophisticated nuances added by singers of the Schwarzkopf/Fischer-Dieskau school often either gild the lily or actually distort the composer's intention through verbal exaggeration. For them DeGaetani's disc should be a novel experience, a wholly fresh view of Wolf by a singer whose background is completely detached from the interpretive traditions that have dominated the art for the past twenty-five years.

What instantly strikes one on listening to these performances is DeGaetani's dead-center intonation. The



notes are so precisely tuned that the harmonic clashes resulting from the crossing of the vocal part and the piano accompaniment emerge with razor-sharp clarity. Most singers unconsciously tend to adjust the pitch slightly in a song such as "*Mühevoll komm' ich und beladen.*" where the grinding sequences of major and minor seconds between voice and piano invite a tiny sharpening or flattening of the note and a subsequent blurring of the harmonic image. DeGaetani's precision at such points reveals Wolf's musical intentions with an exactitude rarely achieved by other Lieder singers.

Another unusual aspect of these interpretations is the very absence of all those enhancing vocal colorations usually deemed essential to "put over" a Wolf song. After listening to DeGaetani's natural and unaffected way with "*In dem Schatten meiner Locken*"—sung in a light, tender tone as the composer instructs with all the dynamic and tempo indications scrupulously observed and nothing added—I turned to Schwarzkopf's DG version, which is insufferably arch by comparison, full of gratuitous gulps, puffy explosions, and annoying coos that turn the song into some sort of loathsome Wolf parody.

Time and again DeGaetani demonstrates that unvarnished fidelity to the musical text is more than sufficient to realize the emotional content of a song. It is true that self-effacement can itself become a mannerism and lead to disappointments—the achingly passionate "*Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt.*" for instance, in which her otherwise appealing fragility and delicate pointing creates the mistaken impression of a girl whose lover is leaving her in a state of total exhaustion after an unusually active night. But for its determination to present Wolf on his terms, by approaching his songs as musical statements first and foremost, this recording is a revelation and decidedly the most important Lieder disc to appear in years.

Gilbert Kalish's accompaniments are very fine, but unfortunately they have been placed rather too far behind the singer for ideal balance and in a somewhat boxed-in acoustical frame. Perhaps this will be corrected

on Jan DeGaetani's next song recital—I have no advance information on what it might be but surely she and Nonesuch cannot stop here.

**R** **WOLF:** Lieder. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. ODEON 181 01470/6, \$55.86 (seven discs, manual sequence; *Mörike Lieder* in mono, others in stereo) [from various EMI originals, recorded 1958–60].

**Mörike Lieder:** Der Genesene an die Hoffnung; In der Frühe; Fussreise; Gebet; Im Frühling; Karwoche; Auf einer Wanderung; Denk' es, o Seele! Die Geister am Mummelsee; Begegnung; Zitronenfalter im April; Der Gärtner; Nimmersatte Liebe; Helmweh; Der Jäger; Storchensbotschaft; Jägerlied; An die Geliebte; Peregrina I-II; Lebe wohl! Um Mitternacht; Der Feuerreiter; Seutzer; Wo find' ich Trost?; Neue Liebe; Auf eine Christblume I-II; Auf ein altes Bild; Schlafendes Jesuskind; An den Schlaf; Verborgenheit; Gesang Weylas; Lied eines Verliebten; Zur Warnung; Der Tambour; Auftrag; Bei einer Trauung; Selbstgeständnis; Abscheid. **Goethe Lieder:** Harfenspieler I-II; Der Sänger; Spottlied; Der neue Amadis; Genialisch Treiben; Gleich und gleich; Frühling übers Jahr; Der Ritteranfänger; Ritter Kurts Brautfahrt; Gutmann und Gutweib; Frech und froh I-II; Coptisches Lieder I-II; Beherzigung I-II; Dank des Paria; Phänomen; Der Schäfer; Blumengruss; Ob der Koran von Ewigkeit sei?; Trunken müssen wir alle sein; Solang man nüchtern ist; Sie haben wegen der Trunkenheit; Was in der Schenke waren heute; Erschaffen und Beleben; Epiphania; Sankt Nepomuks Vorabend; Anakreons Grab; Königlich Gebet; Prometheus; Ganymed; Grenzen der Menschheit. **Eichendorff Lieder:** Der Freund; Der Musikant; Verschwiegene Liebe; Das Ständchen; Der Soldat I-II; Nachtzauber; Der Schreckensberger; Der Glücksritter; Lieber alles; Helmweh; Der Scholar; Der verzweifelte Liebhaber; Unfall; Liebesglück; Seemanns Abschied; In der Fremde! Erwartung; Die Nacht; Nachruf. **Spanish Songbook:** Nun bin ich dein; Ach, du Gott gebarst; Nun wandre, Maria; Führ' mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem! Ach, des Knaben Augen; Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert!; Herr, was trägt der Boden hier; Seltsam ist Juanas Weise; Treibe nur mit Lleben Spott; Auf dem grünen Balkon; Und schläfst du, mein Mädchen; Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst; Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren; Ich fuhr über Meer; Deine Mutter, susses Kind; Herz, verzage nicht geschwind; Ach, im Maien war's; Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh'; Dereinst, dereinst; Blindes Schauen, dunkle Leuchte; Komm', o Tod; Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein; Da nur Leid und Leidenschaft. **Songs after various poets:** Biterolf; Der König bei der Kronung; Ueber Nacht; Wo wird einst; Sonne der Schlummerlosen; Wanderers Nachtlied; Morgenstimmung; Lied des transferierten Zettel; Gesellenlied; Keine gleicht von allen Schönen; Zur Ruh', zur Ruh'; Wohl denk' ich oft; Alles endet, was entsteht; Fuhr meine Seele.

**B** **WOLF:** Spanish Songbook (16 excerpts). Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Gilbert Kalish, piano. [Marc J. Aubert and Joanna Nickrenz, prod.] NONESUCH H 71296, \$3.98.

Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein; Die ihr schwebet; Führ' mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!; Köpchen, Köpchen, nicht gewimmert!; Wunden tragst du, mein Geliebter; Sie blasen zum Abmarsch; In dem Schatten meiner Locken; Herr, was trägt der Boden hier; Sagt, seld Ihr es, feiner Herr; Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh'; Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!; Ach, des Knaben Augen; Mühevoll komm' ich und beladen; Trau' nicht der Liebe; Mögen alle bösen Zungen; Bedeckt mich mit Blumen.

by Clifford F. Gilmore

## The Bach Organ Works Done Proud

Michel Chapuis's Telefunken series handily outclasses the "complete" competition.

WITH THESE FIRST THREE VOLUMES Telefunken begins the American release of Michel Chapuis's twenty-disc traversal of the "complete" organ works of Bach—in every respect the finest of the five more-or-less complete recorded versions.

The format is identical to Telefunken's cantata series. There will be ten of the familiar brown boxes containing two discs each and three booklets: one listing the complete contents of the ten volumes, cross-referenced in every conceivable manner, and the specifications of the five organs used; a second containing a wonderfully informative and detailed analytical article by Bach scholar





Georg von Dadelsen (this article is serialized through the ten volumes); and finally, as in the cantata series, the scores of all the works played (photo reductions of the Peters edition, in most cases).

The complete series should be available by early 1976. These same recordings have been obtainable since about 1970 on the French Valois label, singly and in four five-record boxes, but Telefunken's pressings are every bit as good as the originals, and the documentary material is vastly superior to Valois's (French-only) notes.

Until now, the only players who have managed to get a complete Bach on record have been of the scholarly, dull type, with various degrees of technical proficiency ranging from fair to inferior. Chapuis has a dazzling technique and a remarkable ability to make nearly every piece crackle with excitement. From the largest of the major preludes and fugues to the smallest of the youthful chorale preludes, he has something highly interesting to say, giving every piece a distinct personality. There's never a hint that he is trudging dutifully through a thousand pages of organ music merely for the sake of completeness; extended listening to any of the four competing versions inevitably leaves me with just that feeling.

Chapuis's tempos are frequently quite brisk, sometimes hair-raisingly so, but in every case perfectly appropriate to the music. His ideas vis-à-vis ornamentation are rather conservative if compared to a few of today's most progressive players, but radical compared to the "urtext" performances fashionable with the myopic purists of a generation or so ago. He does add a few more ornaments than those printed in the score, but he stops short of adding cadenzas in any of the pieces in these three volumes. In a couple of appropriate chorale preludes there is quite a lot of extra ornamentation in the French manner, and he does it so smoothly and naturally that I wish he had applied the principles more widely. (Chapuis's recordings of the two Couperin organ Masses on Victrola—far the best available, by the way—are outstanding for the elaborate yet graceful and natural ornamentation he employs there.) In the Schübler chorale *Wachet auf* he adds a subtle continuo-style realization of the implied harmonies between entries of the chorale tune (Bach notated only soprano and bass with the chorale in the tenor).

The only rhythmic alterations Chapuis employs are those necessary to bring occasional triplets and duplets into agreement, and in one piece the most subtle and gentle variety of *notes inégales* is applied throughout. I am especially impressed by his sharp, clean articulation, aided by the articulate voicing of these tracker organs; but of course no organ can disguise sluggish fingers, and Chapuis's are snappy and accurate. I really have only one criticism of his general style: While no one could accuse him of setting rigid, metronomic tempos, he does tend to push through major cadences and section endings without any letup. A bit of tempo inflection at these points would help to clarify structure.

Chapuis plays on five large-scale, major European tracker organs. Vols. 3 and 4, which contain most of the major preludes and fugues, are devoted to the organ many people consider the finest in the world: the Schnitger in St. Michael's Church, Zwolle. (In any case, it can be rivaled only by the organs at Haarlem and Alkmaar, and the Zwolle instrument has been infrequently recorded.) Begun just before Arp Schnitger's death in 1720, it was completed by his son Franz Caspar. In all it

comprises sixty-four stops on four manuals and pedal. It's true that Bach was writing for an instrument with a wider keyboard and pedal-board compass than this one, but every adjustment that Chapuis must make is done convincingly. It is such a magnificent instrument, so well recorded, that even if Chapuis's playing were routine, every organ enthusiast would want these two volumes.

More than half of his recordings were made on two new Danish instruments built by Poul-Gerhard Andersen, whose book *Organ Building and Design* has become something of a bible for today's organ builders. Until the early 1960s Andersen was one of the chief tonal designers for the Danish firm of Marcussen, but he has since been putting his own name tag on the instruments he builds. These two are sparkingly bright, clear, cohesive instruments with many attractive individual stops and a rich, full *plenum*. Both, however, are afflicted with some heavy, woofy, slow-speaking pedal stops, which Chapuis has not always been able to avoid. A new Beckerath organ in Germany is heard in Vol. 9 and half of Vol. 2, and an instrument by one Klappmeyer (about whom I've found no information) is heard in half of Vol. 6. Chapuis's registrations on these various instruments are always appropriate yet imaginative and frequently daring.

Each of the five performers who have recorded the complete Bach organ works uses a different interpretation of the word "complete," so it's necessary to make some attempt to clarify the picture. Wolfgang Schmieder, in his thematic index of Bach's works (the *Bach Werke Verzeichnis*), has assigned 247 numbers to organ works—173 chorale-based works and 74 free works. The number of works is actually larger, since alternate versions often share the same number, being designated a, b, or even c. There are also a number of pieces included among the harpsichord works that might legitimately be played on the organ. On the other hand, Schmieder has assigned BWV numbers to many works of doubtful authenticity, some of which have since been definitely attributed to other composers (Krebs, Walther, Telemann, and Bernard Bach are among those thus honored). So a performer might justifiably omit some or all of the doubtful works and alternate versions of the same piece.

Chapuis's twenty-disc edition is the second most nearly complete of the five recorded versions. Of the free works he omits the eight "Little" preludes and fugues and nine more minor, doubtful works, none of which is a serious omission. He skips 34 chorale-based works, 24 from the group of 25 that Schmieder calls "youthful, doubtful, and defective" works. In all cases concerning the chorales, Chapuis's choices coincide exactly with those of the editors of the *Neue Bach Ausgabe*, planting the suspicion that he plays from that excellent new edition, even though the older Peters edition scores are included with the records. Chapuis also includes some bonuses in the form of first recordings of three newly discovered works that have no BWV numbers: a major chorale prelude on *O Lamm Gottes unschuldig*; a Prelude, Trio, and Fugue in B flat major; and a Fantasy in C minor. The chorale is authentic and is in the new Bach edition, but Bach's authorship of the other two works must remain a matter of speculation. Still, they are highly interesting and attractive works, deserving of recording. These and some other unusual, customarily omitted pieces will appear in Vol. 5.

Vol. 1 is devoted mainly (three sides) to the six trio so-



natas. These are among Chapuis's most exciting performances and are by far the best of all the available integral versions of these works. He actually equals Anthony Newman's lightning tempos and electrifying excitement in several movements. Side 4 contains the popular "Little" Fugue in G minor and six of Bach's earliest free works, interesting more as harbingers than for their intrinsic quality.

Vol. 2 is full of chorale-based works. One disc is devoted to the *Canonic Variations on "Vom Himmel hoch"* and nineteen more small chorales and chorale preludes based on Christmas and Advent tunes. The second disc contains the six Schübler chorales and eight smaller works. The twenty-seven small, early chorale preludes in this volume include a number of seldom-heard but delightful works, and Chapuis's extraordinarily interesting and varied readings make even the simplest of them sound like miniature gems.

Vols. 3 and 4 contain all the major preludes and fugues except the E flat: the toccatas, the passacaglia, and the remaining free works will be in Vol. 7. The major chorale collections each appear in a separate volume: the eighteen Leipzig chorales in Vol. 8, the *Clavierübung III* (with the E flat Prelude and Fugue and the four duets) in Vol. 9, and the *Orgelbüchlein* in Vol. 10. Vol. 6 will contain the remaining unattached chorales, and Vol. 5, a kind of supplement, will contain the newly discovered and various odd, difficult-to-classify works.

Marie-Claire Alain's version on twenty-five Musical Heritage Society discs is by far the most nearly complete. It matters not to her if Bach wrote the piece, only if Schmieder numbered it. Aside from alternate versions, she omits only one free work (an unfinished C major Fantasy) and seven chorale preludes. (Curiously, Chapuis's less "complete" version includes that fantasy and five of the chorale preludes.) She adds six works to which Schmieder has given harpsichord numbers (the four duets from the *Clavierübung III* and a little prelude and fugue) and an organ arrangement of that marvelous final fugal chorus from Cantata No. 131, "*Aus tiefer Not*." (No one else has recorded this piece, to my knowledge.) Alain's playing is skillful and accurate but lacking in drive or imagination. She plays on a number of fine new tracker organs in northern Europe built by Marcussen. The set's chief virtues are its degree of completeness and low price.

Walter Kraft's edition, which omits sixty-one works and includes no "bonuses," is available in six three-disc Vox Boxes (SVBX 5441/6) and, at an even more tempting price, in a single eighteen-disc Murray Hill box with all the same printed matter. Kraft performs on a dozen fine and truly historic European organs, making the set appear even more attractive. His playing, however, is woefully inadequate: excruciatingly labored, slow, laden with wrong notes and botched rhythms, and utterly lacking in imagination. The set could not possibly be priced low enough to qualify it as an acceptable bargain. I really fret for the casual buyer who innocently takes these records home and wonders why Bach is so painful to listen to.

The most heavily pruned of the complete editions is Helmut Walcha's, contained in two large Deutsche Grammophon volumes. Vol. 1 (2723 008, eight discs) is devoted to the free works; all doubtful works have been banished as well as quite a few more that he apparently regards as inferior. In all, there are thirty-six omissions

from this volume, among them eight works already published in the new Bach edition and others that have never been considered doubtful. All the major works are here, though.

Vol. 2 (2723 009), a seven-record collection devoted to the chorale settings, has not yet been released in this country. It includes all the chorales in the four big collections (*Orgelbüchlein*, Schübler, the eighteen Leipzig chorales, *Clavierübung III*) plus the *Variations on "Vom Himmel hoch"*, one partita, and six more chorales, omitting the remaining seventy-four chorale settings. These are Walcha's second recordings of the "complete" Bach; the earlier ones, mostly in mono, have been deleted for a number of years. Most of the new recordings were made on a severely renovated Silbermann organ in Strasbourg, the others on the organ of St. Laurenskerk in Alkmaar.

Walcha's style is that of the noble purist's reaction against the excessively subjective, "Romantic" Bach performances of the last century. In recent years, however, the pendulum has swung back toward the center, and his performances now seem excessively objective, bloodless, sterile, and embarrassingly reverential. His integrity is unassailable, and he deserves respect for his important accomplishments, but I can't recommend any of his performances to today's record buyers.

Lionel Rogg's records must be mentioned for the sake of completeness, even though they will be difficult for American collectors to find. He too has recorded the complete series twice, omitting thirty-three of the free works and about sixty of the chorales. The first recordings (in very good mono) were made on the superb large new Metzler organ in the Grossmünster in Zurich. They are now available singly on the English Oryx Bach Recordings label (B-OR 1-18). A stereo series, done on a fine Silbermann organ in Arlesheim, was made by French Harmonia Mundi. The first nine of these records were available briefly here on Epic (B3C 166, 169, 173); the whole series is still available in France in three six-record boxes (Harmonia Mundi 521, 522, 523).

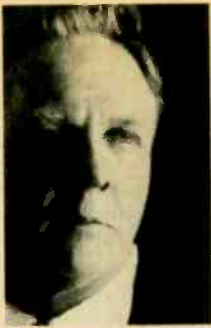
Rogg, a student of Walcha, is a self-confessed admirer of his mentor, so his style is predictably similar. Rogg, however, plays with more facility and a bit more imagination: These are good, standard readings.

Chapuis's, then, easily outclasses all the competing complete sets. I would rank him right along with my other favorite Bach organists, Richter, Biggs, and Newman. Chapuis combines some of the best qualities of these three players: Richter's electrifyingly exciting playing, Biggs's wit and sparkle, and Newman's incredible facility. I recommend that you start with Vol. 3 (preludes and fugues played at Zwolle) unless you're already convinced that you should go for the complete ten volumes.

**BACH:** Organ Works, Vols. 1-3. Michel Chapuis, organ (Schnitger organ at Zwolle; two Andersen organs in Denmark; Beckerath organ of St. Paul's Church, Hamm/Westfalia; Klapmeyer organ in Altenbruch/Niedersachsen). TELEFUNKEN BC 25098, 25099, and 25300, \$13.96 each two-disc set (manual sequence).

Vol. 1: Trio Sonatas (6), S. 525-30; Fugues: In C minor, S. 575; In G minor, S. 578; Fantasia con imitazione in B minor, S. 563; Preludes: In G, S. 568; In A minor, S. 569; Fantasy in C, S. 570; Trio in G minor, S. 584. Vol. 2: Canonic Variations on "Vom Himmel hoch," S. 769; Schübler Chorales (6), S. 645-50; 27 early chorales. Vol. 3: Preludes and Fugues: In F minor, S. 534; In A, S. 536; In D minor, S. 539; In G, S. 541; In A minor, S. 543; In C, S. 545; In C minor, S. 546; Toccata and Fugue, in D, S. 538 (*Dorian*). Fantasies and Fugues: In C minor, S. 537; In G minor, S. 542.





by David Hamilton

## Feodor Chaliapin (1873–1938)

Recent issues have replenished and slightly expanded the legendary bass's discography—but the real work lies ahead.

IN HIS OWN DAY, Feodor Chaliapin loomed larger than life—as large, surely, as his exact contemporaries (and friends) Enrico Caruso and Sergei Rachmaninoff, whose centenaries were so widely noted last year. As far as records are concerned, Chaliapin's legacy was equally imposing. He made more than 450 sides for the Gramophone Company and Victor, of which some two hundred were actually published in his lifetime or have emerged since. His recorded career runs from 1898 (a half-dozen private cylinders that still survive in Russia and may yet be published) until 1936 (two sides made in Tokyo for Japanese Victor). Few singers recorded so consistently over so long a span—thirty-eight years; we must look to conductors and instrumentalists such as Stokowski and Casals for careers of greater length. Yet the harvest of anniversary reissues has been lamentably small.

Clearly, posterity has a more limited view of Chaliapin than did his own time—quite literally, in fact, we cannot see him, and what we hear on records is manifestly only a part of his art. Moreover, the field upon which he drew his verbal, visual, and tonal pictures was essentially Russian, and many of us have only limited access to this tradition; to the records we must bring a willing sympathy, a bit of linguistic enterprise, and a certain imagination if we are to come to the secret of his expressive power.

In Western operas, he must have been at once imposing and impossible, for he put the picturesque, the shocking, the theatrical far ahead of any concern for tradition or, often, collaboration and congruity with his surroundings. His Basilio (in *Il Barbiere*) was a sweaty, scheming, anticlerical cleric; one feels sure that all the bits of grubby stage business (nose-picking and the like) that modern Basilio draw upon are Chaliapin's heritage. Characteristically, one perceives more about this portrayal in photographs than from the recordings of "*La calunnia*," although the currently unavailable Victor version of 1927 is preceded by a snatch of suggestively oily recitative.

Even more dismaying to audiences of the day must have been his Gounod *Méphistophélès*, far from the suave, aristocratically sardonic devil of Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, and Journet. The Serenade he made into a grimacing, leering caricature, and in the process sacrificed most of its musical point to a sluggish tempo and gross ritards that underlined his verbal points. (The previously unpublished version from the 1928 Covent Garden performance, in the new two-disc Odeon set, is something of a disaster, for this is the occasion on which Chaliapin and conductor Eugene Goossens had severe public disagreements about tempo. The 1930 studio version, on the Seraphim disc, is a more reasonable facsimile of what Chaliapin intended.) All his published versions of "*Le veau d'or*," too, are full of liberties—remarkably consistent, however, like the curious ornaments he espoused at the beginning of "*La calunnia*."

Despite a bit of shouting, something of Chaliapin's sheer weight of personal projection does come through in the Invocation from Act III, and I'm sorry that his 1925 studio version of the Church Scene with Florence Austral, a fervent Marguërite, hasn't been reissued. The EMI files contain some other excerpts from that 1928 *Faust* performance, which display the most musically licentious aspects of his rendition.

To be frank, the license is often impossible for us to overlook. Probably it became worse over the years. The 1926 "live" *Mefistofele*, for example, with its casual Italian, sloppy rhythms, and shouty dodges of difficult phrases, would hardly have been tolerated by Toscanini, who presided over Chaliapin's Western debut in this role (at La Scala in 1901, with Caruso and Emma Carelli). Indeed, if we go back to his 1912 disc of "*Ave, Signor!*" (Scala 801), we hear a much more respectful singer.

His Italian-opera records from that earlier period are decidedly inconsistent; among those collected on the admirably dubbed Preiser disc, we find a superbly martial "*Ite sul colle*," a slack "*Infelice, e tu credevi*." While deploring the assorted liberties, we cannot deny that King Philip's monologue projects a real character. The breadth of phrasing and the rhythmic swing in the *Lucrezia Borgia* cavatina are compelling, despite the awful, consonant-ridden gurgling to which he always resorted when confronted with melismatic writing ("wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh," or sometimes even "luh-luh-luh-luh").

The reasonable inference, of course, is that Chaliapin wasn't striving for any bel-canto ideal. This he clearly regarded as a barrier: The artifice of conventional singerly virtues created, by his standards, an artificial character. By shunning this distancing apparatus, he sought to give his audiences a "truer" character, drawn from within himself rather than created at arm's length through musical means, conceived primarily in terms of verbal inflections, projected with a sound almost naked in its avoidance of tonal plush—although none the less potent.

The result was, at any rate, a more naturalistic mode of operatic impersonation—although not necessarily "truer," particularly when the style of the work in question (i.e., those aspects that made the work "true" in its own way to some particular kind of reality) was in the process destroyed.

The roots of the Chaliapin approach are in his Russian background, of course: primarily in the naturalistic declamation of Mussorgsky and doubtless also in the Russian school of acting. (We hear that in St. Petersburg during 1895 and 1896, he was able to work with the actor Mamont-Dalsky, from whom he learned much about dramatic gesture, rhythm, and tempo.) As so often in history, the "true" interpretation of a new musical style came into being only some years after the music itself, and that breakthrough came during Chaliapin's tenure with the privately run Mamontov opera company in Moscow, in the last years of the century, with his appear-



ances in Glinka's *Life for the Tsar*, Serov's *Judith* (as Holofernes), Rimsky's *Maid of Pskov* (as Ivan the Terrible), Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* (as Dosifei) and *Boris*, and Rimsky's *Mozart and Salieri*, in which he created the role of Salieri.

Here, in the literature for which Chaliapin's "method" was evolved, was where it worked. It is sad that he recorded no samples of his Holofernes, Ivan the Terrible, or Dosifei, even in the years of great activity in the Russian studios, before World War I. Doubtless one of the major prizes of the Odeon memorial album is the first publication of three of Salieri's monologues from Rimsky's work. I say "doubtless," for nothing like the full impact of Chaliapin's performance is likely to reach non-Russian-speaking listeners in the absence of a line-by-line libretto—and EMI has provided only a synopsis (in a facsimile of the program for the 1927 concert at which the recordings were made). But the historical importance of this material to students of Russian opera hardly requires underlining; at least and at last, it is available.

The bulk of Chaliapin's electrically recorded Russian repertory has been around for some time. *Boris* (along with several other works) is represented on Seraphim 60211: the 1925 studio Coronation Scene, the 1931 studio monologue and Clock Scene, and the 1928 Death Scene from the famous Covent Garden performance. One side of the new Odeon set corresponds to this, with the important substitution of the monologue and Clock Scene from the same 1928 performance, instead of the studio versions. On that occasion (when everybody except Chaliapin sang in Italian), the Coronation Scene, Boris' Act II entrance, the duet with Shuisky, and at least part of the scene with Pimen were also recorded—thus, substantially all of the role; tragically, most of the masters were found unsatisfactory and were destroyed. (The only other surviving material is the beginning of the Death Scene, up through Boris' entrance. I'm sorry that it wasn't included here, to complete the documentation.)

Particularly in the monologue, Chaliapin indulges in some long pauses, which don't work as well on record as they must have in the theater. But these are, by and large, spellbinding recordings. The monologue goes more spaciouly than in 1931 (when it seems to have been rushed a bit to fit a single 78-rpm side) and is preceded by a warmly paternal exchange with Feodor (the young Margherita Carosio). In the Clock Scene, Chaliapin made his own version of the vocal part, with additional words and repetitions (the two recordings are remarkably consistent about these variants). Best of all is the final scene, the Prayer stretched out on a *fil da voce* that seems to go on forever. It is not easy to believe that he was fifty-five years old when he sang this.

Chaliapin as a singer of songs was—*mutatis mutandis*—pretty much the same artistic problem as Chaliapin in the opera house. His recitals must have been overwhelming experiences, but the recordings are a mixed bag.

Those in the Odeon set, mostly published for the first time, are a very mixed lot indeed, and I would gladly hear again only the impressively solemn Grieg and the Rachmaninoff. (The Brahms is particularly horrible, with intonation problems, a choppy line, and distended rhythms. Everything here is sung in Russian, by the way.)

The Seraphim disc includes some of the great Chaliapin warhorses: Rubinstein's "Persian Love Song" with

its gorgeous *ppppp* melismas, Mussorgsky's "Trepak" (shorn, alas, of one stanza and played in Glazunov's orchestration) and "Song of the Flea," the tailor-made version of the "Volga Boatmen," and that curious, awesome performance of an excerpt from Gretchaninov's "Two-Fold Litany," the bass voice psalmodizing with all the majesty of the patriarchs, the White Russians of Paris chanting fervently in the background—the remnants of Imperial Russia in exile praying that their world might not end.

Sooner or later, someone will give us a complete edition of Chaliapin's recordings to set alongside the Olympus Caruso and the RCA-Rachmaninoff. The Russians made a stab a few years ago, an eight-record set (Melodiya D 018101/16) that has circulated here in imported form; unfortunately, the dubbings were decidedly imperfect, with clumsy cutoffs and severe suppression of highs. The groundwork for such an edition has been admirably done, in the thorough scientific discography prepared by Alan Kelly and published in that indispensable little magazine *The Record Collector* (subscriptions \$7.50 from J. Dennis, 17 St. Nicholas Street, Ipswich, Suffolk, England; no serious collector of vocal records can do without this). Perhaps the current atmosphere of *entente* will bring about an Anglo-Russo-American cooperative venture.

If that happy day should come to pass, let us hope that its sponsors will understand the absolute importance of including complete texts and translations for all the material. Odeon has let down the listener, as distinct from the collector, very badly over this—lots of information about the recording sessions, almost nothing about the often unfamiliar music and the all-important words. Seraphim's annotations are more useful, but the translations that were included with this disc's first incarnation as COLH 141 are now abjured. Preiser has, as usual, only annotations in German and source documentation.

**H FEODOR CHALIAPIN:** Arias and Songs. Feodor Chaliapin, bass, various accompaniments. ODEON RLS 710, \$13.96 (two discs, mono) [recorded 1910–30].

**VERSTOVSKY:** Askold's Tomb: Song of the Unknown (1910). **RUBINSTEIN:** The Demon: On the airy ocean; I am he whom you called (1925). **BOITO:** Mefistofele: Ave, Signor! Son lo spirito che nega (Covent Garden performance, 1926). **RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:** Mozart and Salieri: excerpts (Albert Hall performance, 1927). **GOUNOD:** Faust: Le veau d'or; Il était temps; Serenade (Covent Garden performance, 1928). **MASSENET:** Don Quichotte: Ça, vous commettez tous un acte épouvantable (1930). **MUSSORGSKY:** Boris Godunov: Coronation Scene (1925); Monologue; Clock Scene; Farewell and Death (Covent Garden performance, 1928). **TCHAIKOVSKY:** The Nightingale (1913). **TRAD.:** The sun rises and sets. **RUBINSTEIN:** The Prisoner. **GRIEG:** A Swan. **RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:** On the hills of Georgia. **RACHMANINOFF:** When yesterday we met. **BRAHMS:** Sappho's Ode. (All 1914). **GRIEG:** An Old Song; Verses in an Album (1921). **TRAD.:** Black eyes (1927). (All songs in Russian.)

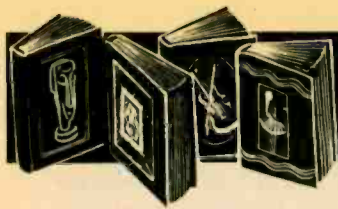
**B THE ART OF FEODOR CHALIAPIN.** Feodor Chaliapin, bass; various accompaniments. SERAPHIM 60218, \$3.49 (mono) [recorded 1926–33; from ANGEL COLH 141, 1964].

**RACHMANINOFF:** Aleko: The moon is high (1929). **ROSSINI:** Il Barbiere di Siviglia: La calunnia (1926). **GOUNOD:** Faust: Le veau d'or; Serenade (1930). **IBERT:** Don Quichotte: four songs (1933). **MUSSORGSKY:** Trepak (1929); Song of the Flea (1926). **TRAD.:** Song of the Volga Boatmen (1927); Down the Petersky (1929). **RUBINSTEIN:** Persian Love Song (1931). **MALASHKIN:** O could I in song tell my sorrow (1928). **GLINKA:** Doubt (1931). **GRETCHANINOV:** Two-Fold Litany: Glory to Thee, o Lord (1932).

**H FEODOR CHALIAPIN:** Arias and Songs. Feodor Chaliapin, bass; orchestral accompaniment. PREISER LV 53, \$7.98 (mono) [recorded 1908–12].

**GOUNOD:** Faust: Le veau d'or (1908); Il était temps (1910); Church Scene (with Maria Michailova, soprano; 1910); Serenade (1908) (all in Russian). **DELIBES:** Lakmé: Lakmé, ton doux regard (1908; in Russian). **ROSSINI:** Il Barbiere di Siviglia: La calunnia (1912). **BELLINI:** Norma: Ite sul colle (1912). **MEYERBEER:** Robert le Diable: Nonnes, qui reposez (1912; in Italian). **DOMIZETTI:** Lucrezia Borgia: Vieni, la mia vendetta (1912). **VERDI:** Ernani: Infelice, e tu credevi (1912). **Don Carlos:** Dormirò sol (1910). **RUBINSTEIN:** The Demon: Do not weep; On the airy ocean (1911). **DE LISLE:** La Marseillaise (1912).





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# classical

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Glenn Gould  
*Typically unpredictable Bach.*

**BACH:** Cantatas, Vol. 8. Boy soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Siegmund Nimsgern (in No. 28) and Max van Egmond (in Nos. 29 and 30), basses; Vienna Boys Choir, Chorus Viennensis; Vienna Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. TELEFUNKEN SKW 8, \$13.96 (two discs).

Cantatas: No. 28, *Gottlob! nun geht das Jahr zu Ende*; No. 29, *Wir danken dir, Gott, wir danken dir*; No. 30, *Freue dich, erlöste Schar*.

Vol. 8 of Telefunken's complete cantata series includes three works from Bach's Leipzig years, all of which are currently available in at least one other recorded edition; but, as with most of the previously released cantatas in this series, the new versions take top honors.

Barely adequate performances of Nos. 28 and 30 conducted by Fritz Werner are available from Musical Heritage Society, and performances of No. 29 by Gönnerwein (also MHS) and Wöldike (Bach Guild) are only slightly better. There was until about a year ago a fine, exciting, and polished reading of No. 30 on the Ars Nova/Ars Antigua label (ARS 5001), made at the Brattleboro (Vermont) Bach Festival and conducted by Blanche Moysé. If that recording were still obtainable, it would offer strong competition to the Telefunken. Still, Telefunken's remarkable roster of soloists can't be equaled, even by Moysé's more than competent group.

Cantata No. 28, *Gottlob! nun geht das Jahr zu Ende*, for the Sunday after Christmas, opens with a bouncy soprano aria accompanied by two oboes, taille (tenor oboe), and strings. The second movement is a majestic motet-style chorus based on the chorale "*Nun lob, mein' Seel', den Herren*," with cornetto, three trombones, three oboes, and strings doubling the voice parts. This same movement, only slightly altered and with a different text (the fifth verse of the chorale, "*Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren*"), is listed by Schmieder as the seventh motet (S. 231) with no instrumental parts indicated and also turns up in this form in a motet by Telemann. A bass arioso, a tenor recitative, and a sprightly 6/8 meter duet for alto and tenor with continuo, followed by a

simple four-part chorale, round out this attractive work.

Cantata No. 29 is perhaps best known for its splendid and energetic opening sinfonia for organ solo accompanied by trumpets and drums, oboes, and strings. (The solo-organ part is a transposition of the entire Preludio of the E major Solo Violin Partita, S. 1006, with an orchestral accompaniment added.) Organist Herbert Tachezi is apparently playing a very small portative organ that unfortunately doesn't provide enough sound to penetrate the heavy orchestration as clearly as we might wish.

The opening chorus, "*Wir danken dir, Gott*," will also be familiar, since Bach used this same music for two numbers in the B minor Mass with only slight alterations to accommodate the new texts: "*Gratias agimus tibi*" and "*Dona nobis pacem*." There are arias for tenor (with solo violin), soprano (with oboe and strings), and alto (with obbligato organ and continuo).

This festive cantata, written for the installation of the Leipzig town council in 1731, comes to a suitably festive conclusion with the chorale "*Sei Lob und Preis*" (the same as appeared in Cantata No. 28) accompanied by the full orchestra with independent parts for the trumpets and drums. Considering the popularity of the sinfonia and the familiarity of the opening chorus, it's surprising that we've had to wait until now for the first satisfactory recording of the entire cantata.

Cantata No. 30 is one of the few cantatas dating from Bach's late years: It was first performed on St. John's Day 1738. The music was first written for the secular congratulatory cantata *Angenehmes Wiederau* (S. 30a) in the previous year, then almost immediately adapted to the new sacred text. It is a large, elaborate work in two parts, scored for pairs of flutes and oboes with strings. The Bach Gesellschaft score also includes three trumpets and drums, but Harnoncourt feels that these parts were added later by someone else and therefore omits them from his performance. (The Moysé recording mentioned above includes the trumpets and drums and is of course considerably more splendid: the two versions seem equally

valid to me, though.) The big da capo opening chorus is repeated at the conclusion of the second part, and in between there are recitatives and major arias for soprano and alto, two each for the bass, a recitative for tenor, and a simple four-part chorale to close the first part.

Coming from Bach's late years, when he had practically ceased cantata writing, this music is atypical and rather more "modern" than other more familiar cantatas. Hearing it exposes yet another facet of the personality and style of this incredibly complex and fascinating man.

Harnoncourt's performances are, as usual, practically flawless and frequently exciting. That he has been able to assemble such a remarkably skilled and beautiful-sounding group of soloists to sing early music may perhaps be his greatest accomplishment, but the unique sound of his instrumentalists and the ravishingly beautiful singing of the Vienna Boys Choir contribute equally to the continuing success of this series.

As in the previous volumes, helpful and thorough notes, full texts and translations, and complete reprints of the Bach Gesellschaft scores accompany the records. C.F.G.

**BACH:** French Suites: No. 5, in G, S. 816; No. 6, in E, S. 817. Overture in the French Manner, in B minor, S. 831. Glenn Gould, piano. [Andrew Kazdin, prod.]. COLUMBIA M 32853, \$6.98. Tape: MT 32853, \$7.98.

This sequel to the lovely Vol. 1 of Glenn Gould's survey of the *French Suites* (M 32347) is predictably unpredictable!

Gould's Bach playing is generally less eccentric these days than is, say, his Mozart, mostly because traditions are more flexible and less established in baroque music. But where his treatment of the first four suites was generally intimate and delicate, that of No. 5—one of the most benign and graceful of the group—is athletic to an extreme, bristling with extroverted tempos and bustling motoric energy, almost to the point of ruthless dynamism. I find the power almost too much for the music to sustain. There are other innovations too, such as the unusual embellishments in the *Allemande* of No. 5.




The gigantic *Overture in the French Manner*—don't let the title deceive you, the work is really the seventh and grandest of the keyboard partitas—is best able to absorb Gould's hard-nosed dynamism.

If you can relish clarity and forget about courtly charm and grace, you will find this record magnificently well played, provocative, and beautifully reproduced. H.G.




**BACH:** Organ Works, Vols. 1-3. For a feature review of these sets, see page 83.

## Explanation of symbols

### Classical:

-  Budget
-  Historical
-  Reissue

### Recorded tape:

-  Open Reel
-  8-Track Cartridge
-  Cassette



**BACH:** "The Unknown Bach." Various performers. ORION ORS 74148, \$6.98.

"Little" Magnificat in A minor, S. Anh. 21 (Micheline Tessler, soprano; Arts-Quebec Instrumental Ensemble. Mireille Lagacé, cond.) [from *PIROUETTE JAS* 19003, 1967]. Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord: in G minor, S. 1020; in F, S. 1022 (Steven Staryk, violin; Kenneth Gilbert, harpsichord). Partita for Solo Flute, in A minor, S. 1013 (Ransom Wilson, flute).

A very interesting record: four first-rate pieces, beautifully performed and recorded. Scholars are still debating whether Bach wrote three of these works (they agree on the authenticity of the flute partita), but the jacket annotator argues persuasively for the authenticity of them all.

The outstanding contribution here—and main justification for the title of the record—is the "Little" Magnificat in A minor for soprano solo, flute, violin, and continuo. Schmieder mentions the piece in the appendix of his thematic index of Bach's works (Anh. 21) but says the text and music are lost. A manuscript was discovered in 1940 in Leningrad, however, and only recently published.

The work has ten short movements and lasts less than sixteen minutes in this performance, which seems to me frequently quite slow, though also quite lovely. Whether by Bach or not, it is perfectly delightful, and I would like to see it performed more frequently. In spite of the annotator's assertion that the piece is being "heard for the first time after a silence of two and a half centuries . . ." there was an old mono recording of it on Italian RCA and the Canadian performance now being released was formerly available briefly on the Pirouette label.

There is also doubt concerning the authenticity of the two sonatas for violin and obbligato harpsichord—which Staryk and Gilbert perform magnificently—though they are very similar in style, texture, and quality to the six well-known sonatas (S. 1014–19). The G minor Sonata has been recorded several times with a flute or oboe taking the melody line, but this seems to be the first violin recording (the manuscript specifies violin). The F major Trio Sonata for flute, violin, and continuo, is also available on a Musical Heritage Society disc (MHS 628), but this is a far superior performance.

Ransom Wilson's performance of the A minor Solo Flute Partita (or Sonata) is both brilliant and remarkably musical. Bach's uninterrupted stream of sixteenth notes presents as many musical problems as technical, and young Mr. Wilson solves them all with a flourish. C.F.G.

**BEETHOVEN:** Quartets for Strings, Nos. 7–11. Végh Quartet. TELEFUNKEN SPA 25096, \$20.94 (three discs, manual sequence).

Quartets: No. 7, in F, Op. 59, No. 1; No. 8, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2; No. 9, in C, Op. 59, No. 3; No. 10, in E flat, Op. 74 (Harp); No. 11, in F minor, Op. 95.

**BEETHOVEN:** Quartets for Strings, Nos. 12–16; *Grosse Fuge*, Op. 133. Juilliard Quartet. [Richard Killough, prod.] COLUMBIA M4 31730, \$27.98 (four discs, automatic sequence).

Quartets: No. 12, in E flat, Op. 127; No. 13, in B flat, Op. 130; No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 131; No. 15, in A minor, Op. 132; No. 16, in F, Op. 135.

The Végh and Juilliard Quartets offer in their respective versions of the five middle and the five late string quartets very different approaches to the Beethoven quartet literature.

The Végh group, a much respected middle-

European ensemble of long standing, is more conservative in outlook: Tempos are generally quite relaxed, and the timbre strived for is essentially rich and mellow, with a blended balance among the four instruments. The results are often striking. But there are aspects of the performances that bother me, particularly in regard to tempos, which are often sluggish rather than merely relaxed (e.g., the Allegretto of Op. 59, No. 2, or the Allegro vivace following the introduction of Op. 59, No. 3). The playing is also at times too tentative to carry the motion over the larger spans, and notes are occasionally "sat on" so heavily as to alter their meaning (e.g., the syncopated chords at the end of the exposition of the first movement of Op. 59, No. 2). Finally, minor ensemble problems crop up in all five of the quartets.

Yet despite these reservations—and it would be possible to extend the list—I greatly enjoyed this set. The Végh communicates a winning expressive warmth in all of the pieces, and there are interesting details throughout. The group is particularly concerned with matters of nuance—too much so, I feel—achieving in some passages effects unlike those of any other quartet I have heard; and it is fascinating to hear the musicians shaping the various lines and textures in their highly personal way. (In this regard, at least, the performances are anything but conservative.) In the best moments, such as in the entire opening movement of Op. 74, the music flows with a wonderfully relaxed, yet controlled quality that is quite special.

As for the Juilliard's recording, here I have almost no reservations: It is a fine achievement. This group has managed to maintain over the years (and over recent personnel changes) the vibrancy and precision that has always been its characteristic, and it has more recently added a dimension of depth and interpretive subtlety that places it at the very top of the field.

Hearing these discs after listening to the Végh set, one may at first feel that the Juilliard plays more on the surface of the music. But I think this feeling results mainly from the group's timbre, which is much leaner (although also more internally differentiated) than the Végh's, rather than from any lack of depth in its readings. The incisiveness and force of its playing is generally acknowledged, but what also emerges here is the wonderful fluidity of its performances. One of the principal difficulties in performing the late Beethoven quartets is the problem of integrating the different tempos and characters of juxtaposed, contrasting sections into a larger unit, so that the music doesn't become overly fragmented. The Juilliard does this exceptionally well and thereby provides a well-focused view of the larger continuity. Individual lines are also carefully differentiated, and the intonation is impeccable.

To list a few of the high points: The variation movement of Op. 131, which can so easily slip into a series of diffuse gestures, is beautifully held together; the Presto of the same quartet presents a case study in the control of dynamic nuances; the *Heiliger Dankgesang* from Op. 132 sings out with a controlled, sustained lyricism; and the *Grosse Fuge* (played as part of Op. 130, followed by the later finale—an arrangement which is becoming more common, but which I find renders the finale totally anticlimactic) is a tour de force of forward drive and technical virtuosity. On the negative side, I might mention the awk-



Colin Davis  
*Civilizing Beethoven.*

ward, overarticulated introduction to Op. 127 and several tempo fluctuations (mainly ritards) that occur in various places but serve no clear function.

The Juilliard has recorded two of these five quartets for RCA (still available), but in both cases—Op. 131 and Op. 135—I find the newer versions preferable. The performances seem less mannered and forced, as if the ensemble was surer of what it wanted and more confident of its ability to communicate it directly. As for other comparisons, the Amadeus version of the middle quartets offers a very different, much more aggressive approach than the Végh's (unfortunately, these are available only in the set of all the quartets). The Amadeus also does very well with the late quartets, but for these I prefer the Yale Quartet's brilliant performances on Vanguard Cardinal.

This new Juilliard set provides real competition, and I would be hard put to make a choice. Both groups do the same sort of things well—play with tight ensemble, good intonation, and a fine grasp of the formal shape.

R.P.M.

**BEETHOVEN:** Symphonies: No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67; No. 8, in F, Op. 93. BBC Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. PHILIPS 6500 462, \$7.98.

**BEETHOVEN:** Symphony No. 7, in A, Op. 92. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. ANGEL S 37027, \$5.98.

The Angel Beethoven Seventh is the first domestic issue of a recording that has been circulating in England for almost fifteen years, now at bargain price: the Philips Fifth and Eighth coupling is a brand-new installment in a projected Beethoven symphony cycle. (The *Eroica* was released some time ago.) Presumably the joint phenomenon of the film *Zardo:* and Davis' increasing reputation—largely paid for by Philips' promotion—prompted Angel's release at full price rather than on Seraphim.

Certainly the sound on the Angel disc could pass for recent vintage. The timpani are a little weak—almost nonexistent in the introduction to the first movement. Otherwise the acoustic is bright and spacious, with clear textures and good separation of strings and woodwinds.



The Philips sound is a little fuller and richer but, on balance, not terribly superior. Both are thoroughly acceptable.

In terms of interpretation, I rather prefer Davis' earlier work. The old *Seventh* goes with a good deal of swagger in the outer movements. The first-movement introduction has weight and the requisite sense of impending drama. The 6/8 of the vivace is beautifully delineated, at a tempo that, while not too fast, gives a true dancelike feeling. The inner movements are a bit stolid: The tempo for the *Allegretto* is too suggestive of a funeral march, and the trio section of the otherwise lively, well-sprung scherzo is exceedingly slow and massive à la Klemperer. But on the whole, this is a direct, vigorous, idiomatic performance. Davis observes all repeats in the third movement but eschews most others.

On the subject of repeats, I found it just a little ironic that Davis—one of the few conductors to insist upon every repeat in the *Berlioz Fantastic Symphony*—plays the *Beethoven Fifth* with none at all. I suspect that the Philips engineering department, frightened at the prospect of putting Davis' hefty sounding, rather moderately paced reading on a single disc side, may have influenced him. Otherwise the new performances are admirable in their cleanliness and a bit disappointing in their all too civilized manner (which many—myself included—will find merely stodgy).

Put on this *Eighth*. You will recognize the basically good musicianship, the solid pulse, the admirable clarity, and so forth. But midway through the first movement, interest begins to flag. Put on the *Casals Columbia* version—or, if you don't mind monaural sound, the *Toscanini*—and you are immediately in another world. Davis doesn't err by making the *Eighth* Symphony sound like a jolly little work, but his reading inevitably sounds tepid and constrained against the volcanic temperament one hears with *Casals* and *Toscanini*.

H.G.

**BERLIOZ:** *Roméo et Juliette*, Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Michel Sénéchal, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; Solistes des Choeurs de l'ORTF, Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond. LONDON OSA 12102, \$13.96 (two discs, automatic sequence).

**Comparisons:**

Davis / London Sym.  
Monteux / London Sym.

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One encounters the best points of *Maazel's Roméo* pretty early on: the excellent small chorus from the French Radio, with its superior diction and intonation, and Michel Sénéchal's spirited, witty delivery of *Mercutio's* scherzetto. The orchestra's warm tone and expert playing are also generally to the good, and they are well registered by most standards—although more presence and less plush would surely better serve the *Berliozian* sound ideal.

The negatives pile up more gradually. Christa Ludwig brings to bear rather more voice and sentimentality than the "Strophes" really need—more, perhaps, than they can comfortably bear: this is not *Brahms's "Die Mainacht"*, after all. And already in the orchestral introduction one feels a certain stiffness in the rhythmic delivery. The introspectively irregular phrases that open "Romeo Alone" are shaped correctly but blandly, and the party rhythms fail to bound. The Vienna band's characteristic wind tone turns out to be



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a bit "chunky" for the volatile figures of the "Grand Fête." And so it goes, although the worst is saved for the last: Ghaurov's coarse, imprecise blustering as Friar Laurence.

Maazel is certainly not insensitive to the score's challenges, for he articulates cross-rhythms clearly, blends orchestral tone well, and secures extremely accurate playing. Yet it isn't enough, and reference to Colin Davis' recording will show soon enough what is missing: rhythmic spring to generate forward motion and greater detail of articulation to characterize every thread of the textures.

Let's zero in on the Love Scene for more detailed comparison, starting after the choral episode (sung here, apparently, in an off-stage cavern). The first theme is not an easy matter, a twenty-measure-long melody in the lower strings that gradually acquires decorations, counterpoints, and harmonic reinforcement from the rest of the orchestra. Up to the very end, every measure of this melody has the same rhythmic pattern, presenting the great hazard, at such a slow tempo, of disintegrating into twenty one-measure tunes—and this nearly does happen in Toscanini's performance (RCA LM 7034, deleted), where the rhythmic repetitions are too insistently pressed on the ear. Maazel avoids the problem by treating everything as *sotto voce* background waiting for a tune; only more than halfway through do the violas squeeze into the foreground to make a climax. This is ingenious, but robs us of a characteristic Berlioz stroke of genius. The carefully shaped, onward-leading melody that Davis gives us is, surely, one of the necessary features of the Love Scene's eloquence—not only for itself, but because it defines the dimensions of the piece's melodic scale.

Later, after this theme has recurred, come those upthrusting expostulations in the cellos, answered by quick repeated chords in winds and plucked strings. For Maazel, they just lie there inert, instead of building anticipation for the "big tune" to follow (under which, incidentally, the fat Vienna horns sound all wrong, transporting us from Verona to the Venuesberg). The following *Allegro agitato* passage, too, singularly fails to increase the intensity, and the next new tune is woefully undercharacterized, so that we never feel the impact of the wondrous expansions and extensions that it undergoes for the rest of the piece, eventually merging into the "big tune." Yet this sense of musical stretching is essential to the poetic significance—literally, "notes with many a winding bout/Of linked sweetness long drawn out" that illustrate the continuing postponement of the lovers' inevitable moment of separation.

Much of the performance is thus lifeless in a crucial dimension: sectional, not continuous, laid out on plateaus rather than an undulating terrain. I have invoked the Davis version for comparison, and it is very possibly the best of all his big Berlioz recordings, with the LSO at its peak of virtuosity and individuality. Their "Queen Mab" Scherzo is a thing of muted, fugitive iridescence, more dazzling in its subtlety than any mere display of executive expertise (I don't mean to suggest that it's sluggish, though!).

One might also invoke the late Pierre Monteux's recording to show what Maazel's lacks, for this more luxuriantly paced performance is intensely musical at every point. I happen to feel that Davis captures more facets of Berlioz'



Abbey Simon  
*Poised and dependable Chopin.*

imaginative world, and certainly the LSO was not, in Monteux's time, the fabulous ensemble of a few years later. Still, the impoverished could do worse than Monteux, at less than half the price of the Davis.

My copy of the new London set manifested a few grinding post-echoes of loud passages, most distractingly during a crucial silent measure in the Love Scene. Good notes by Hugh MacDonald and a complete libretto with translation are provided. D.H.

**B** **CHOPIN:** Works for Piano and Orchestra (complete). Abbey Simon, piano; Hamburg Symphony Orchestra, Heribert Beissel, cond. VOX SVBX 5126, \$9.95 (three discs, manual sequence). Quadriphonic: QSVBX 5126, \$11.95 (three QS-encoded discs).

Andante spianato and Grande polonaise brillante, in E flat, Op. 22. Concertos: No. 1, in E minor, Op. 11; No. 2, in F minor, Op. 21. Fantasy on Polish Airs, Op. 13. Krakowiak, Op. 14. Variations on "Là ci darem la mano," Op. 2.

**CHOPIN:** Works for Piano and Orchestra. Claudio Arrau, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Eliahu Inbal, cond. PHILIPS 6500 309 and 6500 422, \$7.98 each.

6500 309: Concerto No. 2; Krakowiak. 6500 422: Andante spianato; Fantasy; Variations.

The two Philips discs complete Arrau's traversal of Chopin's piano-and-orchestra works. (The First Concerto is on 6500 255.) They present the considered viewpoint of one of today's most important virtuoso musicians. Unlike some of his illustrious peers, Arrau has never been a specialist: his repertoire ranges over the whole keyboard, so to speak, and it is always educational to hear any music rendered with such extreme care and pianistic prowess.

However, the early Chopin of these works does not appear to be his cup of tea. The previously released First Concerto was given an interpretation of great profile and characterization, but even in that big work spontaneity and flow were sometimes absent. All the remaining works (including the Second Concerto) are of slighter substance and need lightness and grace rather than soul-searching. I

find Arrau's performances aurally beautiful in their coloration and dynamic gradations, occasionally imperious and moving, but mostly too staid and solid—with a massive, bass-oriented, almost Brahmsian sonority that sinks the filigree work instead of merely supporting it.

A great deal of care and preparation has obviously (too obviously!) gone into these performances. Note, for example, the ornately contrived *rallentandos* in the *Krakowiak* *tutti*, or Inbal's rather precious insistence that the *appoggiaturas* in the second theme of the Second Concerto's first movement be played on—rather than before—the beat (in obvious deference to Arrau's well-known views on that subject). For all the external evidence of deep rapport and collaboration, I find the conductor's work here rather flaccid and shapeless. A willful artist such as Arrau, if I may be so rude as to suggest it, might have been better off with a maestro who would fight with him and hustle him on a bit instead of one who follows him slavishly at a respectable, but not always accurate, distance.

I enjoyed the performances of the Op. 2 Variations and the *Polish Airs* Fantasy most, but Philips' decision to rupture the latter between record sides baffles me completely. Is this what the LP is for?

The new Vox Box—the first released in quad (Vox is using the Sansui QS system), though I heard it only in stereo—is one of those pleasant surprises that come a reviewer's way now and then.

For one thing, the orchestral playing is far more than that of a small-time provincial group. I do not know whether the Hamburg Symphony is a *nom du disque* for a pickup group, but I do know that conductor Heribert Beissel gets them to play with sleek, well-rounded tone, responsive phrasing, crisp attacks and releases, and excellent intonation. Only in the finale of the First Concerto do the trumpets seem a bit fizzy, the strings a trifle underfed. Indeed the orchestral work is comparable and often superior to that of Philips' LPO.

Moreover, either I was extremely lucky in my review copy or Vox's pressings have improved radically. There was nary a tic or pop on any of the six disc sides, and the surfaces were as impeccable as those on the superlative Philips imports. And the engineering is absolutely first-class: bold, forward microphoning, judicious balance between piano and orchestra, excellent but never distracting close-ups of all the necessary instrumental obbligatos. The sonics are full of presence and crystalline textures but nonetheless easy to live with.

Abbey Simon's work is *not* surprising. He is one of the most poised and dependable of pianists and remains so throughout this cycle. He does not command a coloristic range comparable to Arrau's and prefers instead to work for a kind of tough, sinewy linearity. His tempos are frequently faster, the basic approach—while sensitive—tougher, more elemental. There is plenty of sensible phrasing, although the basic straightforwardness of the playing is not completely free from barnacle-encrusted "tradition."

I have heard more distinctive versions of many of these works. Lipatti (Seraphim 60007), Pollini/Kletzki (Seraphim S 60066), and Rubinstein/Skrowaczewski (RCA LSC 2575) are my particular favorites for the First Concerto, as are Ashkenazy/Zinman (Lon-



don CS 6440) and Richter (a pirate release, especially distinguished) for the Second Concerto and the deleted DG Askenase/Otterloo for the charming *Krakowiak*. But for the modest price, you can't go wrong with the Vox set.

H.G.

**CZERNY:** Concerto for Piano Four Hands—See Mennin: Symphony No. 4.

**DELIUS:** *Koanga*.

Koanga	Eugene Holmes (b)
Palmyra	Claudia Lindsey (s)
Don Jose Martinez	Raimund Herinx (b)
Simon Perez	Keith Erwen (t)
Clotilda	Jean Allister (ms)
Rangwan: Uncle Joe	Simon Estes (bs)

John Alldis Choir; London Symphony Orchestra, Charles Groves, cond. [Christopher Bishop, prod.] ANGEL SBLX 3808. \$12.98 (two discs, automatic sequence).

The pale flame of Delius' international reputation might have flickered out long ago but for the tenacious determination and vitality of the society bearing his name, which has sponsored recordings of the composer's music for over two generations. Here is the second of his operas to be issued commercially. (Angel brought us *A Village Romeo and Juliet* last year, SBLX 3784; the Delius Trust also underwrote that masterpiece's original recording—under Beecham—in the twilight years of 78 rpm.)

*Koanga* (1897) is the third of Delius' half-dozen operas. *Village Romeo*, the fourth, followed four years later; the last opera, *Fennimore and Gerda* (the only one of the unrecorded operas I've heard), came in 1910.

*Koanga* is from an episode in an 1880 volume by George Cable, fashioned as a libretto in 1895 by Charles Keary and then revised by the composer's wife, Jelka Rosen, first in German (1904) and later back into English (1933) for the premieres in Elberfeld and London respectively. Douglas Craig and Andrew Page reworked the text extensively for the 1972 Sadler's Wells production, on which this recording is based. I detail this complex genealogy as background for two points: The work has its real problems as poetic theater; and the new libretto flows more smoothly, packing greater dramatic punch than what one hears in the early-Sixties (?) BBC performance conducted by Stanford Robinson circulating widely in the underground.

Delius' 1880s sojourn in Florida, where he managed his father's orange grove and was struck by the ambience of American Negro life, shows as much in *Koanga* as in the earlier *Florida Suite* and *Appalachia*. The setting of this opera (in three acts plus prologue and epilogue) is a slave plantation in the late eighteenth century. The title character is an African prince and voodoo priest brought captive to Don Jose Martinez' plantation, which is managed by Simon Perez. The overseer lusts for the mulatto Palmyra, for whom Don Jose has other plans—to wit, that she should woo Koanga in order to contain his voodoo charisma for the purpose of keeping the other slaves in line. The expected complications develop, and in the end Perez and the two lovers die.

The problems in characterization here are doubtless as much those of the composer as of the various librettists. Delius, an upper-class Englishman of German descent with an

aesthetic and pantheistic bent, must have been more comfortable with the "white man's burden" than with the "black power" outlook, by whatever names these notions were then called.

Thus Don Jose is a fairly bland character for a slave owner, and Simon Perez looks like a meaner chap in the story than he sounds in the music. Palmyra is clearly torn between two worlds—her partially white roots and the African descent brought to life by her love for Koanga. Koanga, potentially a revolutionary catalyst, uses his magical power mainly to permit bearing of the chains.

The music reaches its greatest heights in setting the pathos and nostalgia of the plantation atmosphere (Act I entr'acte), in Koanga's evocations of his longed-for native land, and in the sickness and decay of Act III where the whites have shabbily betrayed Koanga and Palmyra's love and await the inevitable (and

foreshadowed) revenge.

Unfortunately Delius was simply inadequate at portraying anger and real terror, which is why Perez falls flat and why the Act II fight scene and the double-murder-plus-suicide of Act III—where the text invites vehement climaxes—are strangely static. I suspect that Delius' heart went out genuinely to the victims of persecution, but that he was essentially incapable of empathizing with their rage and defiance. He was a romantic escapist and an aristocratic snob. Thus as a human drama *Koanga* ultimately doesn't work, though its best pages exude the touching sadness, the rarified sensitivity to nature that is like no other composer's.

When Delius picked plots more at one with his world view (in *Village Romeo*, for example, the star-crossed lovers are victims of their own masochism and hence desirous and worthy of their pathetic fate), the pain and heartbreak

## A Major "New" Bruch Concerto

by Harris Goldsmith

Sometimes it is no bad thing to buy a cat in a bag! In 1971 Nathan Twining, the second pianist in this first-ever recording of Max Bruch's two-piano concerto, attended an auction of effects of the late Ottilie Sutro (the Sutro sisters were famous as a duo-piano team in the early years of this century). Twining was unable to afford the books that interested him, but he bought a box, contents unspecified, for \$11 and discovered the manuscript of this concerto. Later discoveries included the fact that the sisters had tampered with Bruch's score and that the original version had never been performed. The present world-premiere recording claims to present the music as its composer intended.

And very good music it is. Many listeners tend to frown on Bruch today, classifying him as either a German Saint-Saëns or a poor man's Brahms. But, as I have said before, the slight is as unjustified as it is uncharitable. Actually Bruch's music, if it is derived at all, owes more to Schumann than to Brahms. And its predominantly serious content has considerable substance, with virtually none of Saint-Saëns's sterile facility.

The newly retrieved work is piercingly poignant, tellingly orchestrated, and cogently constructed. If you like the two violin concertos and the *Scottish Fantasia*, you will be overjoyed with this companion opus. I was constantly reminded of the two Schumann *Konzertstücke* for piano and orchestra—and that may be taken as high praise indeed.

The concerto, vintage 1912, is a reworking of an abortive orchestral suite begun in 1904. The solo works here recorded by Martin Berkofsky are youthful affairs, more naive in their workmanship and harmonic content. Naive, perhaps, but nonetheless masterfully written for the piano.

All the performances are sensitive,



clearly structured, vigorous when necessary, and completely unpretentious. The music falls gracefully on the ear. Reproduction is airy, spacious, and brightly defined. A delightful record of music that ought to be heard in our concert halls.

And now what about recordings of Bruch's symphonies and chamber music? It would be especially interesting to discover whether all eight of the Op. 83 pieces for viola, clarinet, and piano are as fine as the three arbitrarily chosen for concert presentation.

**BRUCH:** Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, Op. 88a; Six Pieces, Op. 12; Two Pieces, Op. 14. Martin Berkofsky and (in Op. 88a) Nathan Twining, pianos; London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. (in Op. 88a). [John A. Willan and George Sponhaltz, prod.] ANGEL S 36997, \$5.98.

were more sustained in the music and more credible to the audience.

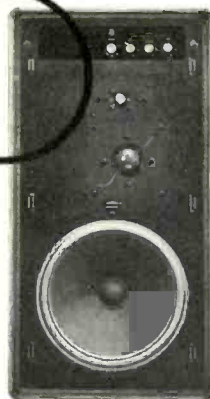
I need not qualify my praise for the conducting of Sir Charles Groves, who steers his forces through the score with sustained sensibility and a keen ear for color and beauty of detail. The discipline is tight but not overbearing. Indeed, the long unavailable old Beecham recordings of *La Calinda* (the Act II wedding scene) and the closing scene offer virtually nothing interpretively that Sir Charles hasn't captured.

In tribute to EMI's fine job of casting, I am unable to cite any role that is done better on the pirate BBC performance. Holmes, as Koanga, is a strong-timbred baritone who

copies eloquently with the hero's nobility and despair. Lindsey is passionately arduous, producing a sweet and warm sound as Palmyra. Simon Estes, doubling as the voodoo priest Rangwan and Uncle Joe, the old slave who introduces the story, gives vivid if inevitably stereotyped performances. Herinex' Don Jose is vocally steady but dramatically vacuous, and Erwen's Perez is hollow—but both singers may be at the mercy of their parts. Of the principals, only Allister turns in some technically insecure work, but Clotilda is not a crucial part.

An informative introductory essay and libretto come with the album, which is cleanly and spaciouly recorded. A.C.

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**DVOŘÁK: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in G minor, Op. 33.** Michael Ponti, piano; Prague Symphony Orchestra, Jindřich Rohan, cond. TURN-ABOUT TV-S 34539, \$3.50.

**DVOŘÁK: Mazurkas, Op. 56; Humoresques, Op. 101.** Rudolf Firkusny, piano. [Marc J. Aubort, prod.] CANDIDE CE 31070, \$3.98.

Comparison—concerto: Firkusny, Somogyi/Vienna St. Op. West. WGS 8165

Dvořák's shortcomings as a composer for piano—his lack of idiomatic pianism, for one thing—have often been commented upon. However, he did compose well for the instrument in chamber music, and his solo and concerted works add an important dimension to our over-all impression of him, especially in performances of the quality exhibited here.

The piano concerto (1876) is a work of Dvořák's early maturity, falling between the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. He was thirty-six when he composed the concerto; it preceded the violin concerto by four years, the cello concerto by nineteen. Despite his effort to write a pianistically effective solo part, his colleagues found it unsympathetic. Some time after his death, Vilém Kurz revised its scoring, lightening the solo part somewhat. But it was largely due to the efforts of Rudolf Firkusny that this concerto has reached an international audience.

Ponti plays the Kurz version with Firkusny's later editing, and he plays it very well indeed with no little technical brilliance and idiomatic sympathy. Nevertheless his performance inevitably invites comparison with Firkusny's, now available only in a Viennese performance—a superb reading with Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra has long been out of circulation. Possibly from long acquaintance, I find Firkusny's the stronger solo performance. Neither orchestra is particularly distinguished, though the more recent Ponti record has a brighter sound.

With Firkusny's solo record I find no qualifications whatever. Though the music is on a small scale, each suite has a strong cumulative effect, and the pianist obviously feels the overall unity from piece to piece. More tender and less dramatic than those of Chopin, the mazurkas tend toward a sameness of rhythm and mood, but Firkusny projects their subtle variety beautifully. The better-known *Humoresques* are more varied and are superbly played.

Of the two records here, Firkusny's is a very important addition to the Dvořák canon. Ponti is excellent in the concerto, but I personally treasure the Firkusny/Szell version for its extraordinary collaboration. Short of a new version by Firkusny with a major orchestra, the Ponti is a good choice for those encountering the work for the first time. P.H.

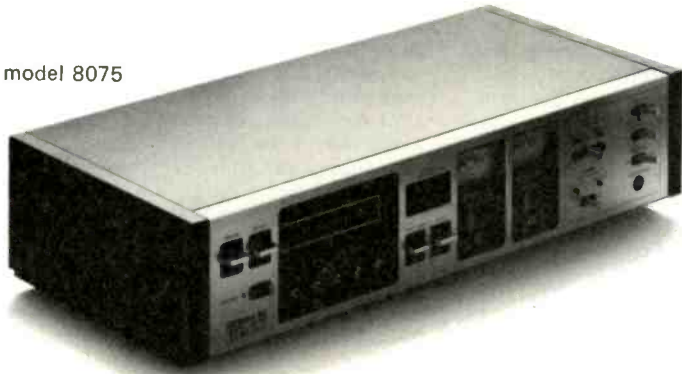
**FAURÉ: Piano Music.** Jean Doyen, piano. MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 1770/1, \$7.00 (two discs), and MHS 1772, \$3.50 (Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

1770/1: Nocturnes: No. 1, in E flat minor, Op. 33, No. 1; No. 2, in B, Op. 33, No. 2; No. 3, in A flat, Op. 33, No. 3; No. 4, in E flat, Op. 36; No. 5, in B flat, Op. 37; No. 6, in D flat, Op. 63; No. 7, in C sharp minor, Op. 74; No. 9, in B minor, Op. 97; No. 10, in E minor, Op. 99; No. 11, in F sharp minor, Op. 104, No. 1; No. 12, in E minor, Op. 107; No. 13, in B minor, Op. 119. Ballade for Piano, Op. 19. Theme and Variations, Op. 73. 1772: Barcarolles: No. 1, in A minor,



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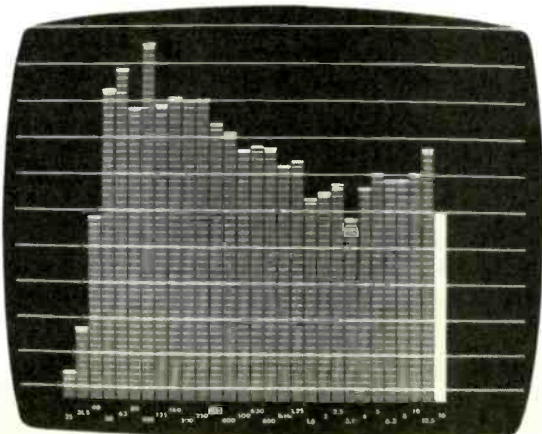


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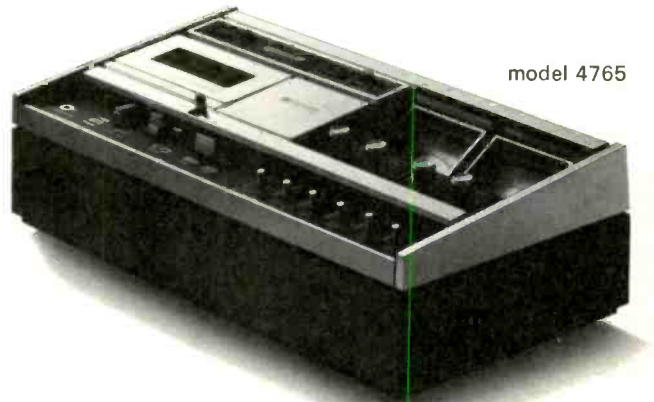
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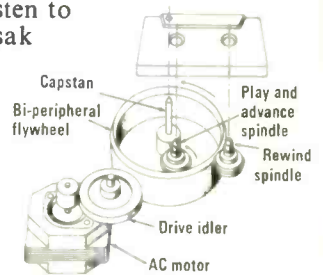
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Comparisons:  
Crochet  
Johannesen

Vox SVBX 5423/4  
GC 4030, 4046, 4048

In his piano music, Fauré moves along somewhat the same course as that followed by Scriabin, who was born more than twenty-five years later than Fauré and died almost ten years earlier. Both owe a considerable debt to Chopin (and Liszt) in their beginning stages, but both evolve relatively quickly toward a style that becomes progressively more self-contained, concentric, and hermetic. But whereas formidable stylistic differences separate Scriabin's early compositions from the

later ones, it is more difficult to pinpoint just what makes, say, Fauré's Sixth Nocturne (1896), which contains some particularly Scriabinesque passages, so unlike the Second (1883), since both are loaded with the musical idiosyncrasies so often associated with Fauré.

Fauré has, in fact, tended to be typecast in the mold of a composer of graceful *sicilienes*, sad elegies, and melodic ballades. But if a piece such as the Fourth Barcarolle (1888) fits the stereotype fairly well, the Seventh, with its obsessively repeated rhythmic fragment and its halting forward movement, belongs to another domain altogether. And if the early Nocturnes burst with Chopinesque lyricism and energy, with *dolce* melodies and octave-chord themes leading the way for constantly moving accompaniments, the later ones take on an almost improvisational quality, with harmony

and melody moving in almost separate, unpredictable, and occasionally rather unconvincing directions, neither chromatic nor wholly tonal.

Almost all of the pieces, however, early or late, are marked by the composer's predilection for blocklike presentation of both thematic and accompanying material. Unlike Chopin, who rarely breaks the momentum of a given section of a particular work, Fauré tends to consider the measure as a self-contained entity whose material can be picked up and transplanted at will anywhere in the work, so that the typical Fauré line often moves along in repeated spurts. This explains the composer's tendency, which becomes more marked as his music evolves, to use exceptionally long measures based around meters such as the 18/8 of the Seventh Nocturne (1898). This practice also allows for a greater degree of complexity in the rhythmic and melodic development. Even as early as the Second Nocturne (1883), one of the most beautiful of the works recorded here, Fauré takes an energetic allegro figure cast in what amounts to a 24/16 meter and pits it against a lovely, soaring melody that maintains the Nocturne's basic 4/4 time.

There is also an aura of malaise surrounding much of what can be heard on these discs. Whether in the more obvious quiescence of the Eleventh Barcarolle (1914) or the strange octave passages of the sixth variation in the *Thème et variations* (1897), you feel a certain aching, a kind of other-worldly orientation that is never very far from the surface of anything Fauré ever wrote. Even as charming a figure as the cross-hand quasi-countermelody in the First Nocturne (1883) has an almost neurotic poignancy to it.

Jean Doyen's performances were initially part of a five-record Erato set of the complete piano music. In breaking up the set, Musical Heritage has separated the Eighth Nocturne, which is part of the Eight Short Pieces, Op. 84, from the other nocturnes, a fact not made entirely clear by MHS. The final two discs will be released next year.

Doyen approaches the music with an intensity and vigor that counteract the dainty, heart-on-sleeve Fauré performances we often hear, and he benefits from truly full-range, resonant recorded sound. But I generally prefer the style of Evelyne Crochet, whose Vox renditions have been only a shade less well recorded. Grant Johannesen plays Fauré quite creditably, but he does not measure up to either Doyen or Crochet, and Golden Crest rates a distant third for its sound and surfaces.

Crochet, it seems to me, reaches the emotional depths of the Fauré idiom, giving with the music when it gives but never hesitating to bring on the bravado when it seems called for. Doyen intellectualizes, and, while he perhaps lays bare the subtle structures of the music better than Crochet, he often strikes me as labored and a bit dry, producing a somewhat unpleasantly harsh piano tone. And in his efforts to stress everything, Doyen tends to neglect Fauré's lyrical power. Crochet, on the other hand, not only performs the often complex accompaniments with marvelous effortlessness and clarity, she beautifully highlights the melodic lines in a manner that neither overwhelms the other musical elements nor is buried by them.

But Doyen's performances should not be underrated, and in particular the two-disc set—devoted primarily to the nocturnes—is a



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must, as it contains the solo piano version of the popular Ballade, available in neither the Crochet nor the Johannesen albums (Johannesen performs it in his twenty-fifth anniversary recital on Golden Crest). In the solo version of the Ballade, which Liszt of all people once called too difficult, Doyen's apparently tuned-down concern with the cerebral side of the music results in a sonorous, sumptuously Romantic performance of incredible virtuosity. R.S.B.

**GABURO:** *Lingua II*, *Maledetto* (composition for seven virtuoso speakers). NMCE III, Kenneth Gaburo, cond. [Carter Harman, prod.] COMPOSERS RECORDINGS SD 316, \$6.95.

Kenneth Gaburo teaches at the University of California at San Diego. Now forty-eight, he has an honorable history as an innovative composer.

*Maledetto* (1967-68) is the second part of a six-hour theater piece called *Lingua*, which has four parts in all and was composed between 1965 and 1970. Approached on the level of pure sound (which is really too limited a way to approach it), this is one of the more spectacular recorded examples so far of the new choral virtuosity that has won a place for itself in the annals of recent music.

The performers are the third of Gaburo's NMCEs—or New Music Choral Ensembles, as they were once called. The performance is especially impressive when heard live. On record, one not only grows to resent certain characteristics of particular voices (especially the archness and slight periodic slurring of the principal "narrator"), but also misses the sense of live virtuosity in this age of overdubbing and splicing. This record may well have been done in a single take, but there's no way one can sense that when listening to it. Still, the rapid-fire verbal gymnastics here (there is no "music" in the sense of normally pitched notes) is impressive to listen to as sound alone.

But this is more than just sound. *Lingua* as a whole is conceived as a theater piece, although naturally on records one misses Gaburo's attempts to set the mood visually. *Maledetto* in particular is devoted to a daunting plethora of researched quotations and stream-of-consciousness disquisitions on the screw—every conceivable meaning of that word. There are learned treatises on that humble bit of hardware, on its more grandiose applications, on statistics of screw production, and of course on the sexual senses of the word.

As its title implies, *Maledetto* is a "curse piece," in Gaburo's words, and full of at least ostensibly "dirty" material. The notes are also full of learned references to Chomsky, Levi-Strauss, Merleau-Ponty, and Grotowski. To me, it all sounds too much like a middle-aged Easterner searching for liberation in the heady wilds of California, before it's too late. But maybe that's my own hangup, not his. J.R.

**GOEHR:** *Quartet for Strings, No. 2, Op. 23*; *Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, Op. 20*. *Allelegri Quartet* (in Op. 23); *Orion Trio* (in Op. 20). [James Burnett, prod.] ARGO ZRG 748, \$6.98.

Alexander Goehr's idiom is beholden to Schoenberg in its consistent use of the vari-

ation principle, to Messiaen in the grandly sonorous quality of its harmonic invention, to Bartók in its occasional whiffs of folk tune and folk rhythm.

This music, especially the string quartet, has a genuinely ethical quality. Although the slow movement with which the quartet ends leaves you shattered with the beauty of the emotional experience it has provided, the whole feeling of the work is not so much of emotional communication as of something beyond emotion and far beyond entertainment—the Olympian world of Beethoven's last quartets is reborn here in modern guise. And you are never likely to hear a better performance from a string quartet nor a finer recording of one.

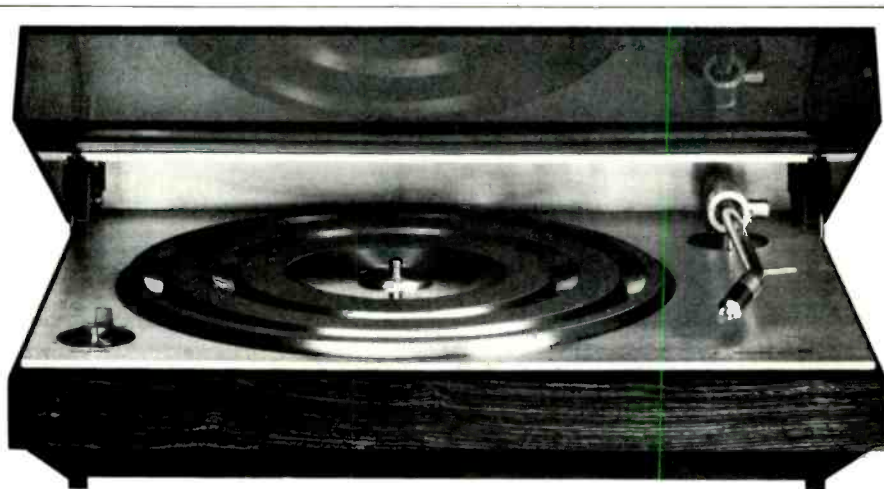
The trio relies a little more on Bartók than does the quartet. Its special glory is the very

long slow movement with which it ends. That's fine, but the great piece here is the quartet. A.F.

**KODÁLY:** *Piano Works (complete)*. György Sándor, piano. CANDIDE CE 31077, \$3.98.

Marosszék Dances; Meditation sur un motif de Claude Debussy; Pieces (9), Op. 3; Pieces (7), Op. 11; Valse.

Unlike his compatriot Béla Bartók, Zoltán Kodály composed very little for piano; though he learned the instrument as a child, he preferred the violin and cello for his own performance, and of course he conducted both orchestra and chorus extensively. Except for some pedagogical pieces, this record contains his entire repertory for the piano, spanning



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some two decades of his early career from 1907 to 1927. Though of considerable musical interest, these works are seldom heard in concert. However they frequently figured in the "mixed" solo recitals that Bartók gave during his last years in this country.

Like Bartók, Kodály was strongly impressed in his youth by the music of Debussy, which he encountered when he was also beginning his folk-music researches with Bartók. The earliest work on this record, the *Méditation*, was composed at Paris in 1907 and is based on a theme from *Pelleas et Mélisande*.

The two sets of *Pieces*, to which the *Valsette* is closely related, reflect Kodály's growing absorption of folk style but without the strong profile that Bartók projected in similar pieces. They have a tenderness and warmth characteristic of Kodály.

The most important music here is the piano version of the masterful *Marosszék Dances*, which actually preceded the orchestral suite, and was originally conceived orchestrally. Though less well-known than the *Galánta Dances*, this work has always impressed me as a stronger evocation of Hungarian folk music.

Long an exponent of both Bartók and Kodály, György Sándor worked closely with both composers as student and friend, and he plays this music beautifully. It is good to have his technically strong and idiomatic performance of this music on records. P.H.

**B** LISZT: Transcendental Etudes (12); Consolations (6); Liebestraum No. 3. Jorge Bolet, piano. RCA RED SEAL CRL 2-0446, \$6.98 (two discs).

Bolet, a long-time specialist in this fire-breathing literature, has in fact recorded most of the *Transcendental Etudes* before, on a 1959 RCA single disc. His playing is bold and unpretentious, especially when the musical content is strenuous and extroverted, and on the whole immensely effective. He has the command to reduce awesome technical hurdles to smooth efficiency, and yet he always leaves a bit of roughness to preserve the performances' requisite vitality.

Some of the extraordinary panache of Ashkenazy's recent selection of these etudes (London CS 6719) is missing from Bolet's solid but not always urgent readings, and, although some of the poetic pieces are beautifully recreated, others are apt to sound either a trifle prosaic or a bit overphrased in this essentially gymnastic pianism.

Coloristically one can hear that Bolet is achieving some memorable feats and that the poor-sounding Spanish Ensayo engineering is largely thwarting his efforts: The piano sound varies from spiky but adequate to almost unlistenable, the worst occurring in the blasting, distorted *Mazeppa* on Side 1. Playing as good as this deserves better recording. H.G.

MENNIN: Symphony No. 4 (The Cycle). CZERNY: Concerto for Piano Four Hands and Orchestra, in C, Op. 153. Jean and Kenneth Wentworth, piano (in the Czerny); Camerata Singers (in the Mennin) and Symphony Orchestra, Abraham Kaplan, cond. [Paul Goodman, prod.] DESTO DC 7149, \$6.98.

Peter Mennin's Fourth Symphony, composed in 1947-48, recalls the heroic time when the modern American symphony was a distinct, rich, freshly developing entity and its composers—Schuman, Piston, Harris—formed one of the most interesting and important schools of the day. We have drifted away from all that now, but it is good to be reminded of it with so characteristic and beautiful a work as this one of Mennin.

Like all of Mennin's music, the keynote of the work is its flawless clarity—the translucency of its orchestration, the logic of its subtly handled forms—and the vivid, flying energy of its two fast movements. The intervening slow movement is quite wonderfully mysterious, ethereal, and withdrawn. The work is a choral symphony using texts by Mennin himself about the redemption of man by the forces of nature. As a poet, he has to take a back seat to the Whitman who seems to have inspired his verse: still and all, that verse serves as root and matrix for a very distinguished piece of music.

The Czerny concerto is a charming tribute to Beethoven's influence. In thematic invention and orchestral device it is altogether worthy of its model, but, when it comes to the development of the material, Czerny's hand, with its five thumbs, reveals itself. One of the unexplained miracles is how a Beethoven or a Schubert can take a theme—perhaps not a very distinguished one—put it through a few modulations, and raise your hair on end, while a Czerny, doing exactly the same thing, just thumps and thumps and thumps. A.F.

NONO: Como una ola de fuerza y luz; Y entonces comprendio. Slavka Taskova, soprano; Maurizio Pollini, piano; Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Claudio Abbado, cond. (in *Como una ola*). Mary Lindsay,

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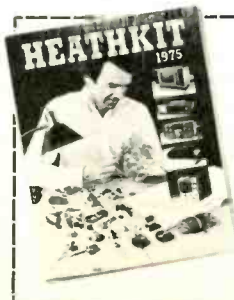
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Liliana Poli, and Gabriela Ravazzi, sopranos; Kadigia Bove, Miriam Acevedo, and Elena Vicini, speakers; RAI Chamber Chorus, Rome, Nino Antonellini, cond. (in *Y entonces*). Magnetic tape, Luigi Nono, sound direction (in both works). [Rainer Brock, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 436. \$7.98.

Luigi Nono is a rare combination: avant-gardist and Communist, and one who manages furthermore to exploit such staid Establishment institutions as the Bavarian State Radio and Deutsche Grammophon and to put out records expressing his love for the common man at an exceptionally high price. But above everything Nono is a musical dramatist. Like Berio, Dallapiccola, and other Italians of the modernist persuasion, he is descended directly from Verdi. The idiom has changed, but not the passion and the fire.

These two works are elegies for Latin American revolutionaries, hence their Spanish texts. *Como una ola de fuerza y luz* (*Like a wave of power and light*) laments the death of Luciano Cruz, a Chilean leftist; its text is by Julio Huasi. *Y entonces comprendio* (*And then he understood*) is mostly about the famous Che Guevara, with text by Carlos Franqui and Guevara himself.

*Ola*, as the work would doubtless be called in Hollywood, is for piano, voice, orchestra, and tape. The tape is based on the sounds of the piano as played by Pollini and the timbre of Taskova's voice, both combined with the natural sounds thereof to marvelous and fantastic effect. The work develops through what Nono calls a "long march" to a climax of almost insupportable intensity; in the whole range of modern Italian music there can be few explosions so grand and so impressive.

*Y entonces comprendio* uses six female voices, three of them singers and three of them speakers. At the start they are all Santuzzas hurling their grief at us, but the combination of singing and speaking voices is fascinating, and so is the rich, gray use of electronic sound. This work also develops into a huge climax, this time called *The Battle*, and here Nono uses not only excerpts from Guevara's last letter to Fidel Castro, but also the sounds of crowds in the streets during political demonstrations. But this piece, it seems to me, is a bit too long and loses some of its force accordingly. A.F.

**RACHMANINOFF:** Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 18; Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini, Op. 43. Rafael Orozco, piano; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Edo de Waart, cond. PHILIPS 6500 691, \$7.98.

Stylistically, both of these performances are similar to the same artists' account of the Third Concerto issued in this same series a few months ago: somehow that angular sobriety seems better suited to the needs of these pieces.

The Second Concerto—which increasingly impresses me as the finest of the four—comes out particularly well in this broad, bold, firmly delineated reading. Neither Orozco's slightly matter-of-fact pianism nor De Waart's refined but mostly understated leadership unleashes any temperamental lightning bolts, but the sane, strong, rhythmically regular pulse (heard in a spacious, weighty, well-defined re-



Kurt Sanderling  
An artist of real distinction.

production) makes this one of the best modern versions of this perennial score.

The *Paganini Rhapsody* can stand a bit more *diablerie* than it gets here: The Dies Irae references, for instance, hold little terror in this meat-and-potatoes treatment. But once again the playing is healthy, extroverted, well-disciplined, and marvelously captured by the microphone.

Everything considered, this disc is tangibly superior to Anievas' Seraphim disc (S 60091).

H.G.

**RACHMANINOFF:** Symphonies: No. 1, in D minor, Op. 13; No. 2, in E minor, Op. 27; No. 3, in A minor, Op. 44. Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, Kurt Sanderling, cond. EVEREST 3363/3, \$14.94 (three discs, rechanneled, manual sequence).

*Comparisons:*

Ormandy/Philadelphia (complete)	Col. D3S 813
Previn/London Sym. (No. 2)	Ang. S 36954
Kletzki/Suisse Romande (No. 2)	Lon. CS 6569
Wallenstein/L.A. Phil. (No. 2)	Sera. S 60133
Previn/London Sym. (No. 3)	RCA LSC 2990
Abravanel/Utah Sym. (No. 3)	Van. VSD 2119

The Leningrad Philharmonic is the towering virtuoso among the Soviet orchestras. Sanderling, though few of his recordings are available here, is slowly being recognized as an artist of real distinction. Thus their collaboration (which ended in 1959, guaranteeing that these rechanneled recordings are far from recent) would seem to promise Rachmaninoff playing of high musicianship and powerful ethnic feeling.

The results are even better than one might expect musically, but worse than one would fear technically. I am ready to take up a collection to get Everest tape-dubbing machines that go at the right speed, so we at least don't have to put up with sharp transfers in addition to fake stereo, on top of the dated original sound.

The Sanderling First was previously issued on Everest and Artia/MK. It is a restricted-in-range but eminently solid and listenable recording, documenting a seamless, delicately nuanced, and vibrant interpretation that is more totally satisfying than any of the genuine stereo editions of this uneven score (which I discussed in the May issue).

The current Second is new to me. Though evidently a studio job, it is not the same as the 1956 Deutsche Grammophon effort made while these artists were on tour in the West (originally issued here on Decca, later reissued on Heliodor). This "new" Sanderling Second is far more impulsive than its "predecessor," with wider extremes of tempo and more abandon in the use of both rubato and portamento. Everest's scherzo and finale are both wilder and faster than the DG. In several passages, Sanderling prematurely anticipates Rachmaninoff's "poco piu mosso" and "poco ritard" markings. DG's engineers may have been responsible for the superior balances there, for in this latest issue the trumpets produce a raucous sound that occasionally smothers strings. Also, the clarinetist in the beginning of the slow movement sustains his tone more evenly during the long solo on DG than on Everest. (Again, the burbles that break up the phrases may have been the fault of inferior recording.)

Let I overemphasize these differences. I should point out that there is much splendid playing on the new release and the earlier-circulated record has its share of the wide vibrato that makes Slavic orchestras anathema to some listeners. Both Sanderling versions share a degree of imaginative flexibility, profound expressive breadth, and melting tonal warmth and luxuriance that few, if any, other recordings of this gorgeous work have displayed.

One peculiarity should be noted: The two Leningrad editions play the first three movements in their entirety (restoring the passages Rachmaninoff himself authorized for deletion) but expunge large chunks of the finale (*different* cuts in each rendition).

The Third Symphony is from an actual concert (no details given, needless to say). Though background noise is particularly obtrusive here, the hall produced some incredibly transparent balances. In heavily scored passages, for example, one hears at least as much wind detail as in the stereo versions—and perhaps even more. Furthermore, the playing has an "on edge" intensity quite unlike anything else I've encountered in this work. The strings articulate with a taut and bouncy precision at times but elsewhere pour forth a bronzen sheen of cantabile tone that is utterly voluptuous! The combination is enormously fitting for a symphony that, in its almost Mahlerian way, is forever torn asunder between heart-piercing lyricism and nightmarish frenzy. The trumpets cackle with diabolical meanness, and the horns are full and glowing.

If not for the telltale Russian woodwinds, you could almost convince me that this is an air check of a 1930s Mengelberg/Concertgebouw performance (assuming he ever played the symphony), for Sanderling's conception has an undulating freedom within its tightly contoured structure that brings point and character to every measure of this amazing music. It is always thrilling to come across an interpretation at the same time elegantly aristocratic and demonically possessed. Even the composer's reading with the Philadelphia Orchestra (RCA ARM 3-0295) is lacking in that last measure of drama and spontaneity.

Listeners with the imagination to adjust to execrable sonics (far worse than the composer-led 78s) can hear Rachmaninoff playing of a beauty, stylishness, and forcefulness like nothing else in the catalogue. Ormandy's cycle, obviously more brilliantly engineered



and polished in execution, in comparison seems matter-of-fact and superficial. Previn is said to be recording the cycle for EMI, and his recent Second is the most warmly affecting of the contemporary recordings. His older Third for RCA will be hard to surpass, and it also has the first-movement repeat.

Among individual recordings, Kleitzki's Second is crisp and, like Previn's Angel version, uncut. Despite cuts, Wallenstein's coolly classical approach is a nice bargain. Abrahavanel's Third is just as straightforward, competent, and well-recorded as Previn's, though without the repeat. A.C.

**SAINT-SAËNS:** Symphony No. 3, in C minor, Op. 78 (*Organ*). Virgil Fox, organ; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. [Max Wilcox, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0434, \$5.98. Quadriphonic: ARD 1-0434 (Quadradisc), \$7.98; ART 1-0434 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.95.

**Comparisons:**  
Zamkochian, Munch/Boston Sym. RCA LSC 2341  
Segon, Ansermet/Suisse Romande St. Tr. STS 15154

The circus-poster jacket cover of this disc is doubly deceptive. Only disappointment awaits those who are led to expect more of the blatantly "heavy" musical and verbal posturings with which Fox in recent years has labored to win a share of the "rocky" teenaged mass public. But of course what will be dismay to his hippie fans will be a relief to more discriminating listeners: The present performance of this symphony's obligato organ part is a strictly literal, not foxy, one.

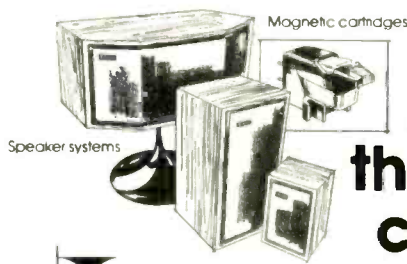
As a matter of fact, the actual role of the organ in this so-called *Organ* Symphony is scarcely a starred solo one. The instrument is used primarily to expand the composer's tonal palette, especially in enhancing the atmospheric effectiveness of the brooding equivalent of a slow movement and in adding the ultimate in sonic weight and power to the grandiloquent finale.

And here too even Fox's instrument (the Rodgers Touring Organ) will disappoint those who admire the characteristic synthetic tonal qualities of most electronic organs. For this organ, with the best Allen design, is one of the rare electronic models that can actually satisfy the demands of pipe-organ connoisseurs. Right here, indeed, it proves itself to be aurally as attractive as, if not more attractive than, any of the pipe organs used in other recorded performances of this symphony. Add ultra-big recorded sonics, with searching clarity of detail and almost palpably solid lows, even in stereo-only (the quadriphonic cartridge edition hasn't yet come to me for direct comparison), and we should have a spectacular triumph as outstanding for today as Ormandy's late-mono Columbia version with Biggs was in 1958 and Munch's RCA stereo version with Zamkochian was in 1960. Yet we don't—or at least we get no more than a partial triumph.

The new version is indeed sensationally spectacular in the dazzling glitter of the equivalent of a third movement and in the impact of the super-sonorous finale. But the calmer moments lack true lyricism, and the more violent ones are sometimes almost frantically melodramatic. There is no hint of the Gallic elegance that can restrain even the most rhetorical extremes, and the magical expansiveness and buoyancy of the score at its best is lost as even the incomparable Philadelphians

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seem to be too hard-driven, tonally as well as interpretively.

For the poetry that can redeem this music from bombast, one must go back to the lamentably undervalued Ansermet version of 1963, now reissued at a budget price. For the best over-all combination of interpretive eloquence, organ-and-orchestral warmth, and still miraculously glowing recording, the Munch version remains the preferred choice.

R.D.D.

**SCHUBERT:** Quintet for Strings, in C, D. 956. Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Juilliard Quartet. [Richard Killough, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32808, \$6.98.

**SCHUBERT:** Quintet for Strings, in C, D. 956. László Szilvássy, cello; Tátrai Quartet. [Zoltán Hézszer, prod.] HUNGAROTON LPX 11611, \$6.98.

**Comparisons:**

Amadeus Quartet  
Heifetz, Piatigorsky et al.

DG 139 105  
RCA LSC 2737

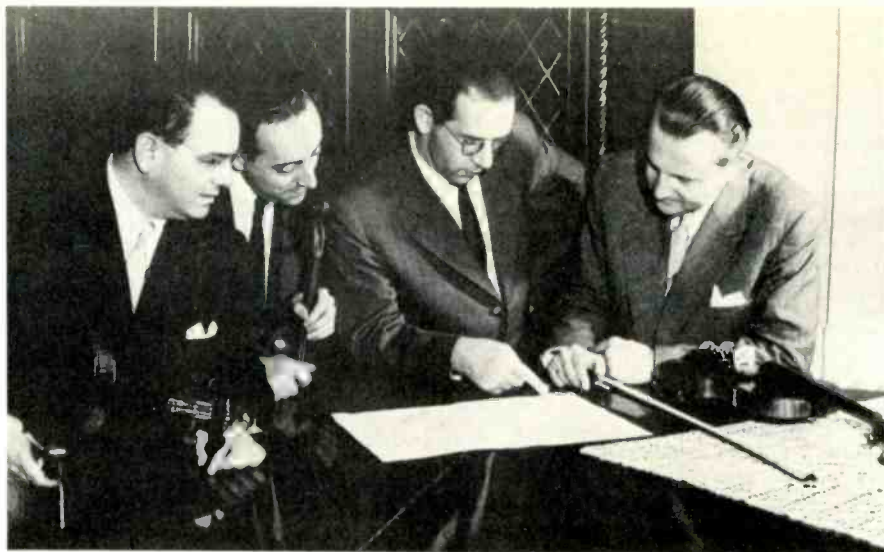
The C major Quintet is not only one of Schubert's most beautiful works, it also is one of the most difficult to get across properly—though oddly enough its most famous feature, the incredible, melting cello theme of the Allegro, seems to go gloriously right in almost every recorded version. (What a debt cellists owe for that one!)

But elsewhere the pitfalls open up. The transition between the first and second themes in the first movement is almost inevitably rough sounding, and the middle-voice sixteenths that jitter nervously below the second theme when it moves into violin/viola are bound to be agitated and unsettling. The problem is to make the unsettlement sound intentional. In the development, the open octaves in the first violin (*sforzando*, at that) must somehow be kept from shattering the eardrum. In later movements different problems arise, like that of keeping three simultaneous trains of thought well balanced (in the second E major section of the Adagio, among other places) and that of allowing the first violin a certain prominence without losing sight of what is going on below it.

All of which ought to be kept in mind when considering these two impressive performances, by the Juilliard and Tátrai Quartets. A choice between them is anything but clear-cut. In general—and predictably enough—the Juilliard is more sophisticated, incisive, finer-tooled, and twentieth-centuryish; the Tátrai more rugged, less smooth in ensemble, sometimes more sonorous, occasionally more deeply penetrating, and always carrying an aura of great conviction.

The differences are emphasized by the recorded sound, which in the case of Columbia is relatively mellow and smooth, and on Hungaroton tends to be close and somewhat harsh. Now and then, however, because of the closer miking the Tátrai achieves passages of especially succulent sonority. This happens in the Trio (which the historian H. J. Moser called "the most terrifying requiem mood in the whole literature of chamber music"), where those beautiful chord resolutions, which are hymnlike in any case, take on the richness of a church organ.

The Juilliard performance, while by no means calculated sounding, does show the workings of a carefully planned approach. In the Adagio, for example, the opening may



The Tátrai Quartet—bringing great conviction to Schubert's difficult quintet.

seem at first a bit disappointing in comparison to the Tátrai: It is tamer, smoother, more decorous. But there turns out to be a reason for this: namely, the attainment of a vast contrast with the savage F minor section that follows, where the Juilliard digs in with ferocity. The wider spectrum of intensity between the two sections is a point worth making.

The most obvious contrast between the Juilliard stance and the Tátrai occurs in the finale. The Americans are tight, trim, precise; the Europeans more spacious and a little raw-boned, conveying a sense of joyous swinging wonderfully in keeping with the heavy-footed stamp of Schubert's music.

Among versions of the quintet currently in the catalogue, the rather mellow, well-tempered Amadeus performance reminds me somewhat of the Tátrai, though I think the latter is much more successful in the Adagio. The Heifetz/Piatigorsky sounds like a fascist drill exercise in comparison—tight-lipped, biting, and virtuosic (though here too the cello theme glows). The old Budapest version, no longer available, is still a very winning performance. The stereo remake (Columbia MS 6536) is not familiar to me, but Harris Goldsmith reported in 1966 that it was marked by murky intonation and lackluster ensemble, and I will gladly take his word for it. Happy hunting. S.F.

**SHOSTAKOVICH:** Symphony No. 3, Op. 20 (*May Day*); *Faithfulness*, Op. 136. R.S.F.S.R. Russian Chorus; Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Kiril Kondrashin, cond. (in Op. 20). Estonian State Male Chorus, Gustav Ernesaks, cond. (in Op. 136). [Peter Kondrashin (in Op. 20) and Alexander Griva (in Op. 136), prod.] MELODIYA/ANGEL SR 40245, \$5.98.

**Comparison—symphony:**  
Gould/Royal Philharmonic

RCA LSC 3044

This Shostakovich coupling offers two extremes in setting the Russian Revolution to music. The 1930 *May Day* Symphony uses a razzle-dazzle, new-idea-every-second context in an attempt to capture the spirit of the relatively new Soviet state. The recent *Vyernost* (*Devotion* or *Faithfulness*), a set of eight ballads for a cappella male chorus, meditates sedately on the hundredth anniversary of the

father of the revolution, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin.

Neither work has much going for it. Considerably less radical and nowhere near as intriguing as the Second Symphony, the Third, quite possibly the least effective of Shostakovich's fifteen symphonies, probably breaks a track record for the number of permutations and combinations of unrelated rhythmic patterns, instrumental effects, and thematic fragments jumbled together in a twenty-minute period. Many of the familiar Shostakovich ties are there—the themes doubled in thirds, the recitatives, the wide-gap orchestration—but the over-all impact rarely rises above that of breakneck improvisation, with a couple of slow, meditative doodles thrown in to break the pace. (A similar formal approach, but in an infinitely more convincing context, can be found in the Fourth Symphony's finale.) Only in the choral conclusion does Shostakovich abruptly shift directions and establish a smooth, occasionally Mussorgskian flow.

The innocuousness of the Third Symphony's choral heroics is rivaled only by the pretty but totally unoriginal a cappella writing of a work such as *Faithfulness*. At least the Estonian State Male Chorus gives a rich, stirring performance of the work, which has been spectacularly well recorded. Don't follow the lyrics, however, unless you get your kicks from being told of the worthlessness of religion in one breath and in the next hearing a Lenin eulogy that would put any credo to shame.

As for the Third Symphony, Kondrashin probably plays it the way Shostakovich intended; but I prefer Gould's somewhat subtler (if the word can be used here) performance. (There was also once a good Soviet recording by Igor Blazhkov.) But you hear a good deal more of what is going on with the Kondrashin disc (apparently produced by a relative of the conductor) than with the much more distantly recorded Gould.

This disc completes a Shostakovich symphony cycle on Melodiya/Angel, which includes alternate recordings of some works. Of the ten Kondrashin performances, only one (the Fourth) might be called brilliant. There are, however, two promising Shostakovich cycles in the works—by André Previn and the London Symphony (their first installment, the superlative Eighth to which I have previously



referred, is scheduled for September domestic release and will be reviewed next month), and by Rudolf Kempe and the Royal Philharmonic. R.S.B.

**STRAUSS, R.:** Concertos: for Oboe and Small Orchestra, in D; for Horn and Orchestra, No. 2, in E flat. Lothar Koch, oboe; Norbert Hauptmann, horn; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. [Hans Weber, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 439, \$7.98.

I wonder whether Strauss, setting O. J. Bierbaum's poem "*Traum durch die Dämmerung*" to music around 1894, when he was still a relatively young man, had any premonitions of how well he would enact, a half-century later, the lines:

*Durch Dämmergrau der liebe Land:  
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht...*

That is, in Philip Miller's *Ring of Words* translation:

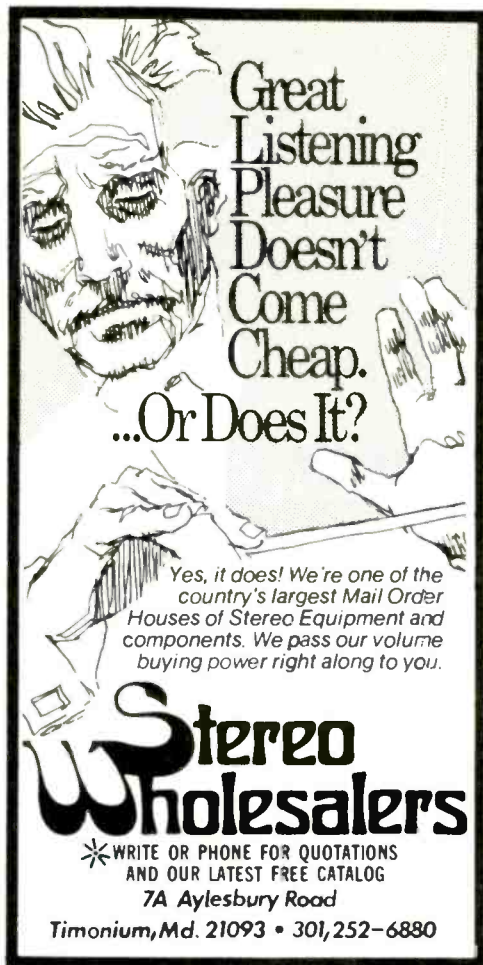
*Through the twilight grey to the land of love  
I do not go quickly, I do not hurry...*

The verdict on Strauss's twilight years' creativity in the fifth edition of *Grove's* couldn't be more obtusely wrong in asserting that "it continued, in a tired sort of way, on the lines of his mature masterpieces of the earlier years of the twentieth century." On the contrary, near and in his eighties, Strauss's genius (after what had been indeed a long relatively "tired" period) was magically rekindled and refined. In truth he did not hurry, but lingered lovingly over a series of "last" works that, once one comes to know them, prove to be more heartwarming than all the far more virtuosic triumphs of his earlier years.

Last January, in recommending the then new and very fine Philips release of one work from this period, the 1943 First Sonatina for Wind Instruments, I mentioned some of the other "last" masterpieces every Straussian should know—among them the Oboe and Second Horn Concertos, from 1945 and 1942 respectively. Each of these has been available in good versions (starring Philips' oboist Holliger and London's hornist Tuckwell), but Deutsche Grammophon is the first, I think, to couple them since Columbia's famous 1952 mono LP of earlier 78-rpm recordings starring Leon Goossens and Dennis Brain. (And when may we expect a reissue of that?)

The present Berlin Philharmonic soloists are no Goossens or Brain, of course, although quite possibly they have greater powers of personality projection than so dominant a personality as Karajan allows to emerge here in highly skilled but rather literal performances, most notable perhaps for the restraint on everyone's part—even the conductor's. However, the playing is extremely beautiful (unless one finds the characteristic Berlin Philharmonic oboe tonal qualities too penetrating or too astringent), and it is superbly captured in DG's most translucent, ear-bewitching sonics. I hope such irresistibly appealing sound will be enough in itself to persuade a whole new generation of listeners to realize how much more *musically* valuable these works are than the mere vehicles for virtuoso soloists they have been too often mistaken for in the past.

And I hope too that this release may soon be followed by the return to the catalogue—through Karajan, in his current Strauss series, or any other concerned and competent con-



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ductor—of the two "last" works that are currently unavailable: the Op. 86 Divertimento on Couperin harpsichord pieces of 1940-41 and the 1947 Duo Concertino for clarinet, bassoon, strings, and harp. R.D.D.

**WOLF:** Songs. For a feature review of recordings of these works, see page 81.

## recitals and miscellany

**H ERNA BERGER:** Portrait. Erna Berger, soprano; Berlin State Opera and Radio Orchestras, various cond. BASF KBF 21490, \$9.98 (two discs, mono) [recorded 1935-46].

**FLÖT:** Martha. Letzte Rose . . . Mein Los mit dir zu teilen (with Peter Anders, tenor); Die Herrin rastet dort Mag der Himmel euch vergeben (with Anders; Else Tegelhoff, mezzo-soprano; Josef Greindl and Eugen Fuchs, basses); Der Lenz ist gekommen . . . Diese Hand, die sich gewendet (with Anders). **GLUCK:** Orfeo ed Euridice: Quest'asilo ameno e grato; Che fiero momento (with Margarete Klose, alto) (both in Italian). **HUMPERDINCK:** Hänsel und Gretel: Suse, liebe Suse . . . Brüderchen, komm, tanz' mit mir (with Marie-Luise Schlip, mezzo-soprano). **MOZART:** Die Entführung aus dem Serail: Welcher Kummer . . . Traurigkeit, Märtern aller Arten. Die Zaubertöte: Der Hölle Rache. **OPFENBACH:** Les Contes d'Hoffmann: Elle a fui, la tourterelle; Hoffmann! Antonia! . . . C'est une chanson d'amour (with Anders). **R. STRAUSS:** Ariadne auf Naxos: Grossmächtige Prinzessin. Der Rosenkavalier: Ist ein Traum (with Tiana Lemnitz, soprano). **VERDI:** Rigoletto: Figlia! Mio padre! . . . E il sol dell'anima (with Klose; Helge Roswaenge, tenor; Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone); Gualtier Malde . . . Caro nome; Lasso in cielo (with Schlusnus). (All sung in German except as noted.)

Erna Berger's career is a testimony to correct singing. She never forced, always kept the tone free, forward, and pure. Unlike Wilma Lipp (born in 1925), who was famous at twenty and finished at forty, Berger (born 1900) sang with ease until well into her fifties. In Furtwängler's 1953 and 1954 Salzburg *Don Giovanni* she was by far the oldest of the women and yet vocally the freshest. Her matronly appearance as Zerlina was belied by a voice of youthful limpidity.

Though one of the outstanding singers of her time, Berger was not, I would say, one of the most interesting. She sang a lot of Mozart superbly, especially the concert and church music, but though her technical assurance carried her triumphantly through the difficulties of the Queen of the Night and Constanze she was for me too small in scale, too gentle and polite to give these heroic figures their due.

Berger was at her best in ingénue roles—Sophie, Gilda, Gretel—but she made an excellent Susanna, refreshingly straightforward and unsentimental at a time when Irmgaard Seefried's coy portrayal was all the rage. She was also charming as Rosina and Norina, both of which parts she sang successfully in London when she was nearing fifty.

Few of BASF's selections are unfamiliar. Excerpts from old Urania albums (*Martha, Hoffmann, Orfeo, Hänsel und Gretel, Rigoletto*) pass in review. All are vigorous perform-

ances, though despite the caliber of the soloists rather unpolished. The Mozart arias are nicely done, especially the "Traurigkeit" under Robert Heger.

The final duet from *Rosenkavalier*, sung with refreshing ardor under Clemens Krauss, is the best thing on the recital. One wonders if the complete 1935 performance survives. The *Ariadne*, also under Krauss and dating from 1935, does. Berger's Zerbinetta is not the most sparkling of assumptions, and she runs into difficulties at the end of "Grossmächtige Prinzessin," but the opera as a whole (circulating on pirate discs and the tape underground) is magnificent and would make a fine choice for release by BASF (it has been announced in Europe). There is no Prologue, but the singing of Viorica Ursuleac as Ariadne finally gives some indication of why she achieved fame, and the Bacchus of Helge Roswaenge is the best I have ever heard.

No texts or translations. D.S.H.

**H CARUSO AND MELBA:** Two Unpublished Sides. Enrico Caruso, tenor; Nellie Melba, soprano. STANFORD ARCHIVE OF RECORDED SOUND STARS 1000, \$5.10 postpaid (seven-inch mono LP; available from Town and Country Music Center, 127 Town and Country Village, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301).

**VERDI:** Rigoletto: Bella figlia dell'amore, tenor solo only (Caruso; orchestral accompaniment; probably recorded Jan. 25, 1917). **DVOŘÁK:** Gypsy Songs, Op. 55: No. 4, Songs My Mother Taught Me (Melba; Frank St. Leger, piano; recorded Jan. 12, 1916).

The list of unpublished Caruso titles is tantalizing. We shall doubtless never hear such things as the *Tosca* duets with Farrar or the *Gioconda* trio with Destinn and Homer, but meanwhile the tenor's legacy is amplified by this hitherto unknown *Rigoletto* side.

The music of course does not extend his recorded repertoire. But even though the various versions of the *Rigoletto* quartet (with Bessie Abbott, Sembrich, Tetrizzini, and Gallucurci—to designate them by their Gildas) are among Caruso's most familiar records, it is fascinating to hear a completely distinct, additional account of the tenor's opening solo (together with the first words of the mezzo-soprano's response).

Caruso is one of those great singers every fragment of whose art is worth having. The original 78 was possibly cut as a rehearsal test for the final record, but we do not know precisely when. W. R. Moran's notes make out a case for 1917, and, listening to the other versions (1907, 1908, and 1912), I would concur. The voice has the same dark magnificence as on the Galli-Curci version, though with the difference that on this special issue Caruso takes the first occurrence of the phrase "un detto sol tu puoi" without a breath in the middle. The effect is one of immense passion, possibly too strenuous for what should be graceful philandering, but treasurable, all the same.

The original label was autographed by the singer "To Caruso by Enrico," and this has been reproduced on the present label.

The Melba side, also hitherto unknown, derives from a test pressing originally in the singer's personal record collection. The published version of this song was orchestrally ac-



less impact than it once did: it seems decidedly smaller-scale and less spectacular. One suspects that the tour scenery—built smaller, for use on many different stages—has been substituted for the original article. Certainly the crowds and processions are much reduced. Too much should not be made of such economies, for spectacle is by far more expendable than talent, but anyone expecting to have revived his memories of the 1961 Turandot premiere (Nilsson, Mollo, Corelli; conducting by Stokowski; production by Beaton, designs by Aoyama) was in for a disappointment.

But all this is less important than musical erosion, and the conducting this night was rigid and insensitive to a disturbing degree. Gabor Ötvös showed, by stifling all the natural Puccini impulses, that he has no regard or affection for such music; and no composer can be more quickly curdled by seemingly objective hostility than this one. The real fault is not in the conductor, however. It lies with the Met's management, for choosing him to do a job that fifty other musicians could do better, many of them young, many of them American. G.M.

### Don Giovanni

A change of cast in the June Festival *Don Giovanni* at the Metropolitan brought a line-up of singers largely different from those who had appeared in Mozart's masterpiece earlier this season, as well as another conductor, Max Rudolf, in place of James Levine. The result, neither bad nor exhilarating, called to mind the type of opera one used to hear before World War II at the German Theater in Prague: estimable; comfortable, and slightly provincial.

*Don Giovanni* defeats all but the most gifted singing-actors, since it cannot be done "straight" like Weber, Wagner, or Verdi. The personnel, in addition to penetrating their roles, must also stand outside them, in full awareness of the Mozart idiom. Sincerity is not enough. Style and elegance must be superimposed, the work's cosmopolitan essence conveyed.

Rudolf's conducting, solid and authoritative, set the mood of the evening I attended on June 4. Everything fell nicely into place but wanted sparkle. Thomas Stewart, as

the Don, looked and acted well, sang the difficult Da Ponte recitatives with expertly tripping Italian. What eluded him was that strain of glamor, of seductiveness in the voice that sets its mark upon Giovanni as the eternal womanizer. This lack was not so apparent in the recitatives, which he projected strongly, as in those two famous showpieces—the Champagne Aria and Serenade—sung without much brilliance or flair. To his credit, Stewart's dedication never flagged.

Edda Moser, the Donna Anna, offered prevalently warm tone, good technical command, and a rather neutral presence on stage. The Donna Elvira, Evelyn Lear, once she had passed from a plebeian first act to a more aristocratic second one, convinced dramatically. Some of her singing seemed a bit careful for best theatrical impact, but much of it sounded affecting in the softer reaches.

Frederica von Stade's Zerlina, it should be noted, found favor with the audience. For my taste, this was no impulsive peasant girl but a cool debutante. I am not partial to mezzo-soprano quality in the role—dusky timbre seems not in harmony with the character's winsomeness and naiveté—yet, this reservation once set down, I must report she sang adroitly.

Leo Goeke, the Don Ottavio, projected his two arias with lovely tone and phrasing. The recitatives came off less fluently. Quite promising, the Leporello of Paul Plishka. It is already, despite an occasional lack of polish, well sung. Plishka's problem would seem to be that he is no *farceur*. His comedy is lumbering, his appearance improbable: a blond-bearded Leporello in Seville? Such details might profitably be changed.

The harpsichord, Maestro Rudolf: why was it missing, replaced by a modern piano? ROBERT LAWRENCE

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# debuts & reappearances



*Vladimir Horowitz at work: the titan returns*

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## CHICAGO

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### Opera School: "Il Ciarlatano"

Members of the Chicago Opera School, né Lyric Opera's American Apprentice Artist Program [see July issue], stood before the public for the

first time in the project's history on May 14 at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall. It was an event prompting mixed reactions.

The young singers showed what they have learned in Lyric's classrooms with nothing less than a new-to-America opera, Domenico Puccini's *Il Ciarlatano*. The two-act opera

buffa by Giacomo's grandfather was rescued from deserved oblivion by Herbert Handt, who recently staged and conducted the first modern performance in Lucca, Italy. As the new director of the Chicago Opera School, Handt imported his charming, shoe-string production of *Il Ciarlatano*, hoping in vain that the



novelty would send tons of attention in his program's direction, and recognizing rightly that it would be an apt vehicle for his dozen young charges.

The dullness of the 1815 score and the inanities of the formula plot and structure fortunately proved incidental in an evening replete with spunk, savvy, and artistic promise. Handt miscalculated by presenting the opera in the original Italian, instead of the English translation that all comedies of this genre so strongly demand. Nevertheless, light-hearted style was the night's password. Handt conducted the small pick-up orchestra and the cast of six (an alternate cast sang at another campus performance later the same week) with attentive verve. All of the singers frolicked with glee, and by no means the least impressive aspect of the evening was the way the young Americans conducted themselves on the stage. The unevenness of the voices, however, came as something of a shock. Tenor David Gordon and baritone Glenn Cunningham may have important careers ahead of them. But Paul Geiger, Patricia Guthrie, Richard Sutliff, Karen Yarnat, and Paul Gudas, while not without promise, all need more time and work before thinking about the professional arena.

The newness of the Chicago Opera School doubtless has something to do with the students' qualitative discrepancies. The administrators have had some trouble deciding whether their school should mold youngsters or polish next season's pros. A few years more teaching experience should help Lyric iron out its selection goals and methods.

KAREN MONSON

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## CLEVELAND

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### Vladimir Horowitz, piano

The titan has returned. Vladimir Horowitz, who hadn't performed publically since 1969, came out of

semiretirement to play an eleventh-hour recital before a duly ecstatic, sold-out audience in Severance Hall on May 12. Why Cleveland? Because, as the legendary pianist cheerfully explained in a press conference two days before, he hadn't appeared here in twenty-six years, because the management of the Cleveland Orchestra had invited him, and because he likes to decide on the spur of the moment where and when he performs ("I don't like people who play according to some plan").

It was as if the master had never been gone. The assembled worshippers accorded Horowitz a standing ovation before he had played a single note, and several more ovations erupted throughout the two-and-a-half hour recital, refusing to abate

even after the sixty-nine-year-old virtuoso had dispensed three encores.

From the small-scaled romanticism of the opening Clementi Sonata (Op. 26, No. 2) to the tempestuous romanticism of the concluding Chopin Ballade (G minor), the Legend was in peak form, which is to say incomparable. No living pianist commands a sonority to equal Horowitz's. Few are able to marshal such awesome power and brilliance to such poetically expressive ends. Few dare take as many liberties with rhythm and dynamics, and none make them sound as natural, or as inevitable.

Horowitz's mini-marathon love affair with the piano consisted entirely of works with which he has been identified. Gone were the flashy transcriptions of Bizet, Sousa, and others with

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## CBS: "Medea in Corinth" is Sunday morning premiere



CBS-TV is helping to break the monopoly of religious services and talk shows on Sunday morning television with a series of half-hour opera premiere broadcasts entitled "Lamp Unto My Feet." The wisdom of such an unusual time for televised opera is debatable. Only a confirmed opera addict is likely to rally at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, turn on the tube, and tune in on an opera. More power to CBS, however, if its off-beat project proves successful.

Its most recent mini-opera production was *Medea in Corinth* by Benjamin Lees on May 26. Euripides' tale of adultery, infanticide, and plenty else might seem lurid fare for the Sabbath, but as this adaptation reduces the cast to four and the length of the drama to a half hour, the bloodbath is quickly done with. So quickly, in fact, that the opera left the impression of being simply a sketch for part of a much larger whole. Not that the music left one anxious to hear more. Benjamin Lees is a perfectly respectable American composer who writes perfectly respectable dull music, and *Medea* was no improvement on anything I've heard from him in the past. To his credit, Lees writes sensibly for the voice—especially in this instance, for Rosalind Elias in the title role—but the music is little more than a Straussian harangue without the earlier composer's gripping characterization. The brittle and strangely ironic accompaniment scored for woodwind quintet casts faint light on the drama; and large chunks of the harmonic writing tend to run in parallel fifths, an affectation which Lees sports too often. The composer might take a leaf from Stravinsky and Benjamin Britten on how to get the most from a small ensemble.

The singers, including Irene Jordan, John Reardon, and Ara Berberian, were all satisfactory, and the New York Woodwind Quintet led by Alfredo Antonini performed its awkward material with polish. The production by Pamela Ilott went neatly enough, even though the montages and other special effects employed were unable to alleviate the static effect of this opera.

ANDREW DERHEN

which he used to thunder his way into an audience's hearts. They weren't missed. In the context of this display of Olympian artistry, such finger-benders would have sounded positively jarring. The Clementi sonata was played with crystalline clarity of articulation, fluent rhythm, and a warm, reflective expressiveness which made the little piece sound more profound than it really is. It was followed by a delicately poetic account of Schumann's *Kinderscenen* which fairly revelled in singing, supple tone. Rarely have these elusive pieces been projected with such sophisticated charm and (paradoxically) simplicity as well; rarely have they formed such a lyrically unified statement.

For the rest of the program Horowitz turned his attention to Chopin: the grand *Polonaise Fantaisie*, Op. 61; the rarely heard *Introduction and Rondo*, Op. 16; two mazurkas; and the G minor Ballade. Each was illuminated in very special ways. The pianist brought hair-raising brilliance and panache to the Opus 61, and made the musically inconsequential Opus 16 sparkle and sing with an amazing variety of touch. The reverie-like mazurkas were studies in coloristic legerdemain. In the heroic Ballade, the peerless pianist finally got a chance to unleash those fabled Horowitzian thunderbolts. It was thrilling, as always, to experience his majestic sonorities and quicksilver scales. Measured against the artist's own highest standards, however, this reading sounded a bit gruff and clangorous. To these ears, more poise and spontaneity, less sinew, would have been preferable.

Apparently unsated from this musical feast, the customers demanded—and got—three encores: Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor and two Scriabin pieces. They roared for more, but the Legend merely smiled, shrugged, pointed to his watch and bade them a gracious though unspoken good evening. JOHN VON RHEIN

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## MINNEAPOLIS

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### Minn. Op. Co.: "Newest Opera . . ."

*The Newest Opera in The World*, premiered by the Minnesota Opera Company on May 4 in Cedar Village Theater, Minneapolis, is a sort of elaborate musical parlor game, but it



*The Newest Opera: chance, imagination, improvisatory skill*

also passed the test as musical theater opening night. The production was the outgrowth of improvisatory exercises which the company's artistic director, H. Wesley Balk, has been using for some time in training young singer-actors. Since it is all improvised and subject to chance operations, each of its five performances was different.

The opera is divided into seven scenes. Three wheels of fortune determine respectively the general plot structure of each scene (eight choices for each scene), the setting (sixteen choices), and musical style (sixteen choices). Some musical control is exercised by making the styles of the first and final scenes the conductor's choices. Once all three elements are established before each scene, the cast, conductor, and small instrumental ensemble go to work on their

improvisations.

The first-night version provided quite a variety of locales—a wooded glade, a mink ranch, the fjords of Norway, a record factory, an airport terminal, and so on. And the erratic story line included hypnosis of the heroine, seduction and suicide attempts, and a catatonic Mad Scene, with the heroine finally restored to sanity and voice through the power of Love. Along the way there were some piquant moments, such as one in which a pretty country girl sings an ornamented Mozartean aria while feeding her mink, and the revelation that a mezzo-soprano, on the point of seducing the hero, is a countertenor in disguise.

The musical styles opening night included verismo, Mozart, late Baroque, French Impressionism, cabaret à la Weill and Kurka, American





Vermont conductor Borowicz congratulates Bernard Folta on *Three Songs*

musical theater, and French Romantic. Cast and instrumentalists came up with reasonably accurate facsimiles thereof.

The game didn't always work at a consistently high level and, expectably, the substance of the piece was parodistic. The company, under musical direction of Philip Brunelle, sang very well indeed and gave an impressive demonstration of its improvisatory skills, imagination, and ensemble alertness. No new ground of importance was broken and no great art created, but it was all good clean fun. Bruce Snyder's costumes were excellent and Terry Sateren's plexiglass-and-steel-tubing constructions—stylized musical symbols—were versatile basics for props and scenic arrangements.

Cast included Barbara Brandt, Vern Sutton, Michael Riley, Janis Hardy, Ellen Vincent, Peter Strummer, and Yale Marshall.

JOHN H. HARVEY

### A Tribute to Gustav Holst

By-passed in this season's centenary preoccupations with Schoenberg and Ives, Gustav Holst—also born in 1874—had his due in Minneapolis on the Plymouth Music Series on May 12. A narrative, crisply delivered by Guthrie Theatre actress Barbara Bryne, threaded the vocal

retrospective. Conducted by Philip Brunelle (music director of the Minnesota Opera as well as the Plymouth Church Choir), the soloists and richly toned chorus presented strong, fastidiously prepared interpretations of Holst's works. Encountered in sequence, however, the anthems suggest that Holst's practical outlook limited his vision. Where Ives is bold, Holst is bland, the counterpoint predictable, the rhythms tiresome. Singly, given such stirring performances under an imaginative leadership that capitalized on the spatial relationships of the church, the hymns might have been more persuasive. And the non-sacred texts, unfortunately, did not generate settings very different in profile from the religious.

Holst's chamber opera, *Savitri*, provided the core of the program. Shifting between declamation and sheer rhapsody, the mystical score reflects his obsession with Sanskrit literature shortly after the turn of the century. The solos were eloquently realized by mezzo Janis Hardy, tenor Barry Busse, and bass LeRoy Lehr. But Holst's affectation of prettiness—here in the ah's of women's voices (the chorus and orchestra hidden from view)—dilutes its impact. Over-all, the tribute to Holst inadvertently dramatized the difference between talent and genius: by implicit con-

trast, Ives and Schoenberg were fully vindicated in dominating this year's centennial celebration. M.A. FELDMAN

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## MONTPELIER

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### Vermont Phil.: Folta premiere

The Vermont Philharmonic's third subscription concert this past season was highlighted by the first performance of *Three Songs*, composed by local resident Bernard Folta. A senior systems programmer in the city's National Life Insurance Company, Folta was with the Philharmonic for eight seasons, dividing his time between the orchestra's viola section and serving as the general manager. He studied music at the University of Michigan in the early 1960s, during one of the institution's most exciting and productive eras in musical composition.

Originally composed in 1964, *Three Songs* was rescored this season for voice with instruments. The text is from *Poems of a Young Girl* by Shana Winer Ross, with whom Folta attended high school in his hometown of Claremont, New Hampshire. Folta explains, "Of the forms of musical composition I have done, I enjoy writing songs the most . . . my goal has been a lyric vocal line. The challenge was to assemble associative gestures in the music which, to my ear, would not be alien to the imagery of nature in the poems, while at the same time preserving their haiku-like form."

His contemporary accompaniment did just that, with the small orchestra of strings and woodwinds alternating in providing a delicate support to the soprano solo of Phyllis Andrews, also a Central Vermont resident. Folta achieved his goal, for his work serves as a musical interpretation of the poetry, beautifully complementing and reflecting the lyric lines.

*Three Songs* was very enthusiastically received by the audience as well as by local newspaper critics. The evening's program was under the direction of Jon Borowicz, founder and music director of the fifteen-year-old Philharmonic. The remainder of the night's performance, which featured the newly formed Vermont Philharmonic Wind Ensemble and String Orchestra, included Gabrieli's *Sonata Pian' e Forte*, *Fantasia on a Theme*



André Michel Schub: headed for the élite

by *Thomas Tallis* by Vaughan-Williams, Gounod's *Petit Symphonie*, Ewald's *Symphony for Brass Choir*, Benson's *Solitary Dancer*, by Grainger's *Colonial Song*, and *Suite Française* by Milhaud.

ELISABETH KEIM

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## NEW YORK

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### N.Y. Choral Soc.: Weill "Flight"

Few people today may be aware that the historic trans-Atlantic flight of Charles Lindbergh was saluted with a musical ode by Kurt Weill. With the current spate of 1920s nostalgia and the renewed interest in the more serious side of Weill's output, the time seemed right for the revival of *Ocean Flight* on May 17 by the New York Choral Society at Fisher Hall. Despite Weill's innovative bent, his *Ocean Flight* adheres to the tradition of much commemorative music: a dramatic cantata with alternating intervals of meditation and exhortation

leading to a triumphant conclusion. Again like most commemorative works, *Ocean Flight* has not survived the initial excitement of the event it celebrates. Audiences in 1929 may have been fascinated by the fact that The Spirit of St. Louis "was constructed at the Ryan Factories in San Diego and it took sixty days to build it" or that Lindbergh's provisions included "ropes; sewing thread, and needles; four red torches. . . ; five cases of iron rations;" But today these are only obscure details. Responsibility for the jerky, stumbling text may lie with Lis Simonette's English translation, which was being performed for the first time.

The economical neoclassic score manages to make its points without resorting to such obvious effects as roaring motors or thrashing waves, but there are times when Weill does seem remote from his material. The frightening fog episode is accompanied simply by sedate two-part counterpoint, and Weill's purpose for employing his familiar cabaret style

in the Sleep movement is not exactly clear. The New York Choral Society forces and a small chamber orchestra were both excellently prepared by Robert DeCormier, but the three male vocal soloists were pretty tame. Two of them, tenor Sidney Johnson and baritone Cortez Franklin, were much more exhilarating in the performance of the *Missa Luba*. Also on the program were Haydn's *Theresienmesse* and Britten's *Voices for Today*, the latter containing a very haunting bitonal blend of mixed and boys' choruses.

ANDREW DERHEN

### André Michel Schub, piano

André Michel Schub, winner of the Naumburg prize, gave an exceptional debut recital at Tully Hall on May 9. This young man, as one expects from winners at big competitions, has plenty of technical ability. But matters of mere digital accomplishment aside, he is a truly superb pianist—with a rare coloristic sense, a flair for projecting big and little masses of sound, an uncanny ear for sorting out moving strands and, best of all, a wonderful blend of bashing drama and lyrical introspection. This was, indeed, a performance mostly beyond cavil.

Schub opened with Clementi's Sonata Op. 26, No. 2. His interpretation had line, classical proportion, and that type of pristine, cool, clear sonority that differentiates Clementi's slightly cerebral music from that of his more heartfelt contemporary Beethoven. Schub made light of the treacherous double thirds in the finale. Beethoven's *Appassionata* was, surprisingly, not particularly passionate, but strong and assertive nevertheless. There were some interesting phrase balancing and shifting of rhythmic tensions, incisive cross-accents, and some of the most liquid, aurally appealing trills I have ever heard in this oft-stormed-through piece. True, there were also a modicum—but *only* a modicum—of missed notes (which pleased me because it showed that Schub was willing to take chances, however reserved and intellectualized his interpretative ideas were).



Copland's austere Piano Variations of 1930 received a thoroughly effective statement. All the gnarled energy and tough dynamism in the work were there, albeit tempered by a truly artistic, broadly lyric sonority. As for the Moussorgsky *Pictures at an Exhibition*, Schub's reading was a lesson in superb voicing (e.g., that place in the *Great Gate at Kiev* where the melodic line is enmeshed in cascading accompanimental figurations was, for once, brilliantly clarified). There was jocular humor (the *Chicks in Their Shells* were irresistibly whimsical), stone-crushing power (a terrific *Baba Yaga* and *Bidlo*), and at all turns, artistic communication. Schub can even be compared in this music to Richter. The Paganini-Liszt encore was astonishing in its athletic kineticism and its bejeweled refinement.

There is only one problem with giving a recital of this quality at the age of twenty-one. Is there really that much more room for improvement? Schub is unquestionably destined to join his generations' pianistic elite, and it was a privilege to be able to come in at the beginning, so to speak.

HARRIS GOLDSMITH

## ON EDUCATION

Continued from page MA-15

and buys millions of records and jams the opera houses seems only too willing to look upon the arts as an educational fill. Or is it the same public? Maybe one public goes to museums and concerts but an altogether different public votes down the school bond issues. Or have those of us in arts education failed with the public in mysterious ways where the arts outside the school-house walls have gloriously succeeded?

Second, arts people have traditionally wallowed in the myth of their own nonconformity, in their essential difference from the great unwashed public. It seems probable that this myth, while not altogether a self-delusion, may be self-fulfilling. These attitudes, however central they may be to the creative process, cannot help but drive a wedge between artists in general and the public in general; and to some extent, these antago-

nisms also prevail between the arts faculty and the power structure of the schools. Yet it is this power structure which makes the decisions that affect the art and music teacher's very existence, and those who ignore this reality do so at their own peril. The degree of that peril is really the point at issue, however. How much individuality can be sacrificed in the interest of gaining leverage in the social structure? What is the ideal relationship between the individual and the group? It is surely a delicate question, because if arts teachers err too far in one direction they risk their artistic integrity and if they err too far in the other they risk their social and educational viability.

Third, the same self-proclaimed sense of individuality which separates artists and art teachers from the public at large also affects the art world. The art world is, in sociologists' terms, a micro-culture embedded within the culture at large, dependent upon it in some ways but also isolated and distinctive in many of its values and behaviors. Political scientists would probably call it an anarchy. Economists could call it underprivileged. And historians might see it as an inevitable product of its own traditions. To the artist, however, the art world is "where it's at"—disorderly, remote, and narrow though it may seem to the outsider. Yet those very qualities of the art world which make it a special place for the artist also prevent it from being an effective social or political force, even in its own behalf.

### The arts together

The case of arts education as opposed to isolated programs in art and music and dance and theater can be made on both theoretical and pragmatic grounds, and I would like to offer several suggestions which might help in the implementation of arts education.

First, regarding teachers (or to be more specific, regarding what teachers teach), it is evident that much of what teachers of the visual and performing arts teach is irrelevant to the majority of students. By this, I mean

that most teachers of the arts teach exclusively from the performance-production point of view, operating as if the only valid way of knowing about art was to perform it and produce it. The epistemology of art, however, tells us that there are many ways of knowing which are outside the performance-production process. More to the point, many students have a need to know about the arts who at the same time may find that being a creative or performing artist is ill-suited to their needs and abilities. Freed from the need to acquire technique, these students could still learn a great deal about the arts, and the opportunities for building bridges between the several arts are also greater. The best model for such teaching already exists in the literary arts, where creative writing is, indeed, a special subject for a few special students but where the study of literature and grammar are assumed to be a universal need for all students. Obviously teachers of the visual and performing arts can learn much in this respect from their brethren in the literary arts. Does the world, in fact, really need more performers, or does it need better-informed and more sophisticated audiences who will, in turn, build a broad base of public support for that always-small elite who produce them? If it comes to an either/or question, it may be more important to teach all students to be more aesthetically sensitive and more perceptually aware than it is to give a few students those specialized techniques with which they might produce new art forms. Fortunately, of course, it is not an either/or question. We can easily do both.

Second, regarding the administration of arts programs in public education, I believe it is essential that school districts replace their separate departments of art and music (and theater and dance if they exist) with a single arts and humanities unit which

Continued on page MA-40

### ROBERT HARRIS

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**ROBERT COMMANDAY**

San Francisco

## THE SYMPHONY SCANDAL

**I**N MID-May, the musicians of the San Francisco Symphony brought their orchestra to national attention the hard way. By denying contract renewal to Elayne Jones, timpanist, and Ryohei Nakagawa, principal bassoon, two of the eight musicians up for tenure, the seven-man Players' Committee set its world on fire.

The Committee action overrode the wishes of Seiji Ozawa, music director, to retain these two players, and it unleashed in the community a furor unprecedented over a musical matter. It increased concerns that Ozawa might quit, a prospect feared in San Francisco ever since he assumed the simultaneous directorship of the Boston Symphony last fall. The issue brought into focus nationally the question of how far democratization should go in symphony orchestras, and raised the charge of racism and sexism.

The symphony's previously loyal and enthusiastic public was shocked and incensed. The two rejected players had been repeatedly praised by the critics during their two probationary years, and the audience seemed much aware of their excellence. Following the decision, when the pair appeared onstage for concerts, they received standing ovations while some of the Committee members were even booed.

### Accusations

In the controversy and flood of mail, accusations denouncing the Committee's action ranged hot and widely. The tenure denial was called a power play against Ozawa in response to his earlier attempt to demote four principals, though the demotion process was aborted by



Vincent Maggiora

*Elayne Jones: a victim of discrimination?*

**Players' Committee fires two,  
and hell breaks loose**

*Mr. Commanday is music editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.*



Ozawa's illness in May. Unquestionably, the new democratic provisions in the orchestra's contract were founded on player disaffection with arbitrary, sometimes unsuccessful personnel decisions by music directors, and on the feeling that nowadays a conductor is here today and gone tomorrow. In fact, the players have criticized Ozawa for not communicating with them enough individually, as needed, on professional matters. Many blamed jealousies and professional insecurities within the orchestra, and players' resentment of the challenge and success of excellent new musicians. Inevitably, charges of racism and sexism were levelled.

Elayne Jones, forty-eight, already had a distinguished reputation and career, ten years in the American Symphony under Leopold Stokowski who held her in the highest esteem, in the New York City Opera orchestra, and elsewhere in New York. Conductors and performers around the country have come out strongly in praise of her abilities. In San Francisco, she became the only black to hold a principal position in a major orchestra. Ryohei Nakagawa, thirty-nine, a native-born Japanese, was highly regarded in New York for his playing in the New York City Ballet orchestra and in chamber music. During their two probationary years in San Francisco, neither player had been criticized or advised that his or her playing was less than exemplary. The decision announced an hour before the May 15 deadline came as a total shock.

The Players' Committee has repeatedly asserted that only musical considerations were involved and that the decision is irrevocable. The Symphony Association's hands were tied. The musicians' union could only defend the contract and its peculiar tenure-decision procedure. The orchestra-elected Players' Committee consists of the bass clarinet (chairman), bass trombone, contra-bassoon, second oboe, the assistant principal, second and third trumpets. Neither a principal player nor any of the orchestra's twenty-two women are included. The Committee polled the orchestra in a secret ballot which was burned immediately and never disclosed. Six players including the principal horn, all white, were given tenure, but because the committee members' scores tallied up to less

than fifty percent for Miss Jones and Nakagawa, in effect dismissing them as incompetent, Ozawa had no say.

Very upset, Ozawa disassociated himself from the decision, told the orchestra he had wanted those two players. Two weeks later in a press conference, he cast the first slight shadow of doubt about his intentions to stay in San Francisco.

### Angry reactions

After the issue was aired in the press, the letters and phone calls poured in. Many patrons threatened to cancel their subscriptions. Board members were equally disturbed and contributions may well be affected. At symphony concerts, signatures on petitions were quickly gathered. Citizen-pickets appeared. Leaflets were distributed by the Black Women's Action Committee. Articles appeared in national magazines and Eastern newspapers.

In the face of this impressive demonstration and during further management-union negotiations, the Committee stood firm. Also in an apparent defensive stance, the orchestra voted to support its Committee



*Ryohei Nakagawa: fate accepted*

(fifty to fourteen, with thirty abstaining). Still, a few spoke out against the Committee, like Stuart Canin, concertmaster, who charged that the Committee used one set of standards to judge the six who passed, and another set for Miss Jones and Nakagawa. Musicians in other major symphonies expressed grave concern about the dangers of players being judged by their colleagues. As Canin put it, "The conductor is the only one in the orchestra without an axe to grind."

The despondent Nakagawa has sadly accepted the decision as part of the democratic process. Miss Jones has an attorney and intends taking the Symphony Association and the union to court to fight for her job, her integrity, and the principles involved. Racial discrimination will be central to the case, tough to defend against because incompetence must be proven.

There is no single explanation for the Committee's position unless it be attributed to stupidity, perhaps the best construction which can be put upon it. The striking "advances" towards orchestral democracy in the San Francisco Symphony have not been accompanied by comparable improvement in internal leadership, rank and file involvement, and political sophistication.

In the building process begun by Josef Krips in 1963 and continued by Ozawa dramatically since 1970, the San Francisco Symphony had made great strides artistically. Under Ozawa it enjoyed a new audience enthusiasm, record-breaking ticket sales, sold-out subscriptions, and was in fine health, financially and otherwise. Yet the past season was a let-up, musically less than successful. Because of the death of one guest conductor, illness of another and of Ozawa, ten guests directed twelve of the season's twenty-four weeks, and two recordings were cancelled.

Finally, the tenure decision brought the season to a cadence on a diminished seventh chord. Perhaps it will serve as a test case and object lesson useful for the future of all orchestras, but whatever the outcome in court, the consequences in San Francisco have wounded the orchestra deeply.

As one patron wrote recently, quoting E.M. Forster, "Two cheers for democracy!"

# here & there

The **New York City Ballet** has received a grant of \$800,000 from the New York State Council on the Arts. The grant, among the largest in the Council's history, supports the company's New York season at the State Theater. . . . Atlantic-Richfield Company has granted WETA-TV, Washington, D.C. \$750,000 toward the production of a music series for public television to be broadcast from **Wolf Trap**. . . . A grant of \$115,000 from the Edyth Bush Charitable Foundation, Inc. of Orlando, Florida enables the **Washington Performing Arts Society** to underwrite a program of piano recitals and commissioned works for piano to be premiered in Washington during the Bicentennial. . . . The Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation has awarded the **National Symphony** a challenge grant of \$100,000.

**Van Cliburn** has initiated two \$1,500 competitive scholarships in piano at the University of Cincinnati in honor of his mother, Rildia Bee O'Bryan Cliburn, who is an alumna of the conservatory. . . . The Portland Opera will perform the American premiere of **Ernst Krenek's** opera *Life of Orestes* on November 20, 1975. . . . The **Organization of American Kodaly Educators** was formed last March for all persons professionally engaged in Kodaly

inspired education. The official journal of the organization is *The Kodály Envoy*. . . . Swedish pianist **Kabi Laretei** made her conducting debut with the Stockholm Chamber Orchestra in May. . . . The Vancouver Symphony's scheduled tour of the People's Republic of China this month has been postponed: the Chinese authorities suggested that the visit not take place this year because the Chinese organization concerned was "too busy" to handle arrangements. . . .

## Appointments

**Ignaz Strassfogel** leaves the Metropolitan Opera to become the principal conductor of the Opera du Rhin. . . . **Maurice Peress** succeeds Jorge Mester as music director of the Kansas City Philharmonic. Peress will remain music director of the Corpus Christi Symphony for this season. . . . **Marceau C. Myers** is the new dean of the North Texas State University School of Music. He replaces Kenneth Neil Cuthbert.

Composers **Malcolm Williamson** and **Krzysztof Penderecki** will serve as artists-in-residence at Florida State University this year. . . . **Daniel Stern** is the new music director of the Boise (Idaho) Philharmonic. Dr. Stern was formerly with New Mexico Highlands University.

## Awards

The Academy-Institute of Arts and Letters made the following awards in music last May: **William Schuman** was elected to the Academy; **Ravi Shankar** was made an honorary member of the Academy-Institute; **Louise Talma** and **Alexander Tcherepnin** were made Institute members; **Charles Rosen**, **Richard Felciano**, **Raoul Pleskow**, **Phillip Rhodes**, and **Olly Wilson** received Arts and Letters Awards of \$3,000; **Paul A. Levi**, **Allen Shearer**, and **Ira Taxin** received Charles E. Ives Scholarships for musical composition; the **Charles E. Ives Society** received the Charles E. Ives Award.

The Naumburg Chamber Music Award for 1975 has been awarded to the **American String Quartet** and the **Francesco Trio** of the Juilliard School and Stanford University, respectively. Each will receive an Alice Tully Hall recital and the commission of a chamber work by an American composer. . . . **George Balch Wilson**, composition professor at the University of Michigan, has received the Walter Hinrichsen Award for Composers for 1973. The award consists of \$3,000 to commission a new work or to publish or record an existing one.

Former University of Michigan students **David Bates** and **Gerald Plain** have received the two Rome Prize Fellowships in Composition for 1974, offered by the American Academy in Rome. . . . **Sir Georg Solti** received a Doctor of Music degree from Yale University in May. . . . Peabody Conservatory of Music has awarded honorary doctorates to **Elliott Carter**, **Vincent Persichetti**, and **William Grant Still**.

Pianist **Jeffrey Swann**, violist **Heichiro Ohyama**, and cellist **Ronald B. Thomas** are winners of the Young Concert Artists, Inc. recent auditions. Each will appear at Hunter College this season. . . . The \$1,000 **Rossanna M. Enlow Young Artist Award** has gone to violinist **Machie Kudo** of Indiana University. The competition is

sponsored by the Evansville Philharmonic. . . . The aforementioned **Van Cliburn Piano Scholarships** at the University of Cincinnati will go to **Dan Riddle**, **Tim Edwards**, and **Suzanne Lahmann**. . . . First prize winner of the 1974 Chicago Symphony Youth Auditions is fifteen-year-old violinist **Margaret Batjer**.

## Competitions

Vocalists born between 1940 and 1955, and pianists born between 1943 and 1958 are eligible for entry into the first **International Mozart-Competition** to be held in Salzburg in January. Deadline for entry is November 15. For information write "Mozart-Wettbewerb," A-5024 Salzburg, Postfach 137. . . . Professional pianists of all nationalities born on or after September 1, 1945 are eligible to make application to the **Leeds International Piano-forte Competition, 1975**. For information write the Honorary Administrator, Mr. Edmund Williamson, The University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9 JT, England.

October 15 is the deadline for application to the **Illinois Opera Guild Auditions of the Air**. For information write Opera Guild Auditions Board, WGN Continental Broadcasting Company, 2501 Bradley Place, Chicago, Illinois 60618. . . . Vocalists and string players under the age of thirty are eligible to enter the North Carolina Symphony's Young Artist Competition. Deadline is December 1. For information, write Kathleen and Joseph M. Bryan Awards, North Carolina Symphony, P.O. Box 2508, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514.

## Obituaries

**Darius Milhaud**, French composer who was a member of the famous "Les Six," died in Geneva on June 22 at the age of eighty-one. . . . **Helen Thompson**, chief executive of the American Symphony Orchestra League for many years and manager of the New York Philharmonic 1970-73, died in Carmel, California on June 26. She was sixty-six.



## A NEW "HAMLET," A VIGOROUS COMPANY

**T**HANKS largely to the Opera of Marseille, this Mediterranean city is quickly shedding its Cosa Nostra image to become the most important French musical center outside Paris. Under the artistic direction since 1972 of Reynald Giovaninetti, the opera presents a highly sophisticated repertory that contrasts sharply with the more traditional seasons cranked out in theaters throughout France, Paris included. In his first year, Giovaninetti jolted his provincial audiences by including three German operas, along with such "unknown" works as *Simon Boccanegra* and *L'Elisir d'amore*.

This past season's ambitious schedule would make most opera administrators shudder. During its eight-month span, the Marseille Opera mounted fourteen works, eleven of which were new productions and one a world premiere. New productions included such obscurities as *Bluebeard's Castle*, *I Puritani*, and *La vida breve*.

Giovaninetti is committed to expanding the repertory, presenting new works and rarely performed operas using as many young French singers as he can. This uncatholic approach, in a conservative city like Marseille, has earned him a healthy share of critics, for the public has taken awhile to embrace his philosophy. Now, he confesses that audience acceptance is a matter of gradual education, rather than the sock-it-to-'em approach that characterized his first two years. For next season, he has arrived at a mélange of traditional Verdi works coupled with Wagner, Donizetti, and Brecht-Weill.

### Bentoiu's "Hamlet"

Having its world stage premiere here last April 27, Pascal Bentoiu's *Hamlet* came to Giovaninetti's atten-

*Mrs. Anderson is a former San Francisco journalist now living in Paris.*



Reynald Giovaninetti, artistic director of Marseille Opera, at work in rehearsal

## France's old port town begins to rival Paris

tion after it had won the 1970 Valca-rengi concours in Milan. Bentoiu, a forty-six-year-old Roumanian composer, has written in a variety of musical forms, but his major work has been theatrical music, including twenty-five scores for plays. He has composed two other operas, also based on stories in the classical literature.

His *Hamlet* succeeds more as gripping theater than as innovative vocal music. Relying heavily on the Shakesperian tragedy, Bentoiu composed a score that follows the drama, sometimes intensifying the staged action but rarely intruding. The music is melodious to the point of being

sharply reminiscent of several nineteenth- and early twentieth-century composers, particularly Strauss and Massenet.

Masterfully conducted by Giovaninetti himself, the large orchestra, augmented in the wind and percussion sections, filled the pit and overflowed into the two proscenium boxes. The murder of Polonius is accomplished in a short, mimed scene accompanied only by a long percussion passage. Here, the composer clearly opted for musical accompaniment of the drama, rather than for the sung histrionics that might have been a more obvious operatic solution.

Acting as his own librettist, Bentou remains true, in his fashion, to Shakespeare. He has preserved the essentials of the play, but telescoped the action, juggled scenes, and eliminated characters. Hamlet's visit from his father's ghost; his feigned madness under the watchful eye of Claudius; the murder of Polonius and subsequent insanity of Ophelia; and the final plotting of the king that leads to a bloody climax are all present in the opera. But Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are absent, as is Horatio, allowing the work to be sung by ten principals.

### Freudian bite missing

The major fault of this excellent production was the geriatric direction of Margherita Wallmann. The tragedy of Hamlet is indecisiveness and inability to change his own destiny, the conflict between his emotions and his unwillingness to act them out. Nowhere in this opera was there any hint of inner motivation.

Expressively sung and woodenly acted by Mexican tenor Salvador Novoa, Hamlet's "To be or not to be" aria seemed more of a decision on what to do that day than an expression of a tormented, vengeful, guilt-ridden youth. Considering that Miss Wallmann was cutting her teeth in the Vienna of Freud, this oversight is rather incredible.

Hélia T'Hezan's queen was a cold, regal ruler rather than the sensual, amoral woman whose love of power inspires her to aid, bed, and wed her husband's assassin. In the final scene, as she accidentally sips the poisoned wine intended for Hamlet, the queen's death was accompanied by throat-clutch-and-stagger acting that one simply cannot accept today.

Soprano Andrée Esposito's Ophelia was innocently appealing, for hers was a gentle and touching madness. The composer neglected to flesh in the king's role, so his jealousy and plotting against Hamlet are never really convincing. But the darkly threatening bass of Marc Vento effectively hinted at dire, murderous motives.

Michael Philippe's Laertes was vocally youthful and athletic, especially appealing in the duel scene. The bowing, scraping Osrick of Lucien Cattin was very irritating, more the fault of the director. Dany Barraud, as the

queen in the play-within-the-play sequence, sang and acted with suitably calculating seductiveness.

As for the chorus, which stayed mostly in the background until the final scene, it remained unintelligible throughout the opera. Only in retrospect did one realize that, in the absence of Horatio, the closing "Good night, sweet prince . . ." passage was what they were singing as the curtain fell.

Fortunately for Miss Wallmann, she was greatly aided by the stark, cruel sets of André Acquart, who designed rather opulent costumes that point to overindulgence and decadence. Jacques Karpo's moody lighting gave the illusion of dramatic movement and deepening tragedy, even when none was present onstage. In the final scene, after rivers of blood have washed away the murderous past, Hamlet is avenged and a new day dawns in Elsinore, the set and lighting design created a stunning finale.

### The well-trained team

Here is perhaps Giovaninetti's most important contribution to the Marseille Opera, the assembling of a highly skilled technical team, headed by resident director Karpo, with the ability to work together that is so completely alien to the French individualist *esprit*. Despite the serious technical limitations of an antiquated backstage, the opera works with admirable professionalism and precision.

The construction of this team is no minor matter, for Giovaninetti intends to resign in 1975 to pursue his own distinguished conducting career. As he looked out at the cloudless Mediterranean sky, then back to his paper-strewn desk, he noted wistfully, "An artist needs time to dream." This is, of course, out of the question with the administrative responsibilities of running a major opera house, coupled with a back-breaking conducting schedule that takes him throughout Europe.

Obviously, his dream for the Marseille Opera has, in a sense, come true. He has established a uniform standard of high quality and banished the uneven level of production that long haunted this house. Despite his detractors, subscriptions have doubled since last year. He has lured young



Salvador Novoa as Hamlet

people into the opera house with the combination of low prices and exciting theater. The Marseille Opera offers the best bargain in France, with tickets often selling for less than \$2 each.

Giovaninetti has renovated the theater, with its 1920s art-deco, Roxie-theater interior, into a sleek, comfortable house. He has battled the city fathers who control the purse strings, trying to convince them that opera cannot be run like government. He has stretched his \$3 million budget to give Marseille audiences their money's worth, cutting back on the expensive star system, and increasing the over-all artistic and theatrical excellence throughout the repertory.

Whoever replaces him will have a chance to put Marseille into the very top ranks of European opera houses, if they don't look back. △



# book reviews

Patrick J. Smith, Editor



*The Iveses at home in West Redding*

FROM THE STEEPLES AND MOUNTAINS, A STUDY OF CHARLES IVES, by David Wooldridge. 342 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$10.

Reviewed by John Kirkpatrick

**D**AVID WOOLDRIDGE has written an exciting historical novel, with an illusion of authenticity fit to rival Hale's *Man Without a*

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*John Kirkpatrick, the pianist, is Professor Emeritus of Yale University and Curator of the Ives Collection.*

*Country*, but also fit to prove that you can't believe everything you see in print. The book has the air of romping from scoop to scoop. On pages 37 and 107 are long paragraphs hitherto unknown, presented by indentation as directly quoting Ives's mother, who died in 1929. But Ives's cousin Mrs. Van Wyck and his nephew Bigelow Ives, who know most and care most about the family traditions, say that no such documents exist. Besides: the small wood booth, *not* "brick," was built in the 1850s, *not*

"1878" [p. 37]; the Cowell book does *not* suggest that the composition *From the Steeples and the Mountains* was based on any such imbroglio of different stories [p. 107]. The style of both is so like Wooldridge himself that one can only infer that he has invented things, as van Megeren invented the missing period of Vermeer. The book's ballyhoo ("First Major Biographical Study") includes a glowing endorsement of it from Bigelow Ives, who says this was concocted without his knowledge from a few enthusiastic re-

marks made before he had read it closely.

It is the greatest pity that Woolldridge has indulged in such fantasizing, because the book has some positive values, chiefly copious extracts from primary sources, and shows a lively sympathy for Ives himself. It reads like an overly subjective impressionistic portrait, mixing pointillist splatterings and gaudy brushstrokes in a spontaneity so reckless as to lose all sight of distinctions between fact and fiction.

On almost every page one finds imagined possibilities masquerading as apparent certainties to make a good story, often leading to wrong associations or combinings of people, traits, dates, places, events, music, etc., etc. The complete list would be so long, sad, and tiresome that a sampling of each of these headings may suffice.

People: It was not George Forrester Ives but his father Isaac Wilcox Ives who "made and lost his fortune several times over" [p. 28]. "Abbott Bros." were not "the local grocers"—the boys dreamed up a name that would be first in any directory [41]. Prof. Hall was Ives's successor as organist and choirmaster, not "Librarian" [84]. "TGS" is Thomas G. Shepard, director of the Yale Glee Club 1873–1905, not "T(he) G(reat) S(issies)" [90–91]. Mrs. Ives said that the horse, Rocket, was either given or sold to Ives by Lawrence Runyon (not "given them as a wedding-present by David Twichell") [141]. Ives's grandfather was George White (not "Wilcox") Ives (second page of pictures). Julia Twichell's husband was Howard Ogden Wood, not "Willis Wood" (fifth page). Etc.

Traits: Myrick's "greed for power and wealth" is exaggerated beyond recognition [257]. Woolldridge implies that the "candid comment" on page 174 was about Myrick [217]; it was not. He was not "a much richer man than Ives"—in 1929 he wrote Ives, "I only wish that I had put by enough so that I could retire with you" [173]. Mrs. Van Wyck was amused at the bit of fashionable arm-chair-psychoanalyzing on page 195 (that "she had waited for Charles for many years"), and said "Of course there wasn't anything like that be-



The house where Ives was born, in Danbury; Uncle Isaac and Aunt Emily in front

tween Charlie and me—yes, it's a cheap effect—and I don't think either of us was cheap." Ives never "enjoyed the daily round of selling insurance" [4]—Myrick said "he never did any direct selling, he made the balls for other people to throw." He never "started to play the stock market" [182, 256]. That he "always walked out" of Kneisel's concerts [146] must be pure invention—Elliott Carter, who heard many concerts with Ives, says "I never knew him to walk out of a concert, even when he didn't like the music—he was too decorous a man to do anything so rude." Etc.

Dates: The dormer windows were added in 1924, six years after Aunt Amelia died, not "to lighten [her] declining years" [22]. Emerson's lecture at Danbury was in 1859, not "in 1850" [27]. Chadwick's M.A.H.C. was awarded in June 1897, not "March 30, 1898" [86]. The only dating of *Soliloquy* is Ives's "1907" (not "1904") [120]. "Halloween on the 1st of April—Pine Mt." (three miles SW of Danbury) could only be on a weekend, therefore Sunday, 1 April 1906 (not "1907" when April 1st was Monday) [130]. May 29, 1919, was Edith's fifth (not "fourth") birthday [196]; *To Edith* was not "for" this birthday—

written 28 January. Ives dated *Set # 1* "made in 1906" [268]. It is untrue that "Ruggles did not start composing till 1920" [304]—rightly around 1895, but he destroyed his music earlier than *Toys* (1919). Etc.

Places: George Ives's helping hand to Foster could hardly have been in Harlem, then miles from New York [16]. Brewster's showing his play *Major John André* to Charlie on the train "to Chicago" is a rash, improbable guess (André was hanged, not "shot") [58, 118]. In 1903 Franz Kaltenborn lived in New York (80 West 82), not "in Morristown" [121]. No train went "up from Hartsdale" to West Redding [171]—they were on different lines. Etc.

Events: The last paragraph [39], quoted by Ives (in the *Memos*) from his father, has no connection with the baptism of Amelia Merritt Ives (later Mrs. Van Wyck)—and no one remembered George Ives ever having called Charlie "Eddy." Ives's 1924 memo about music (on paper of the London hotel where they stayed August 7–19) was hardly "the curious epitaph" for David Twichell (cable about his death August 16) [203]. Etc.

Music: Bach's *Es ist genug* does not



appear in George Ives's copybook or notebooks [29]. There was no "performance of [Ives's] *Song for Harvest Season* at the dedication of the 2nd Baptist Church" [54]—only a run-through "about" that time. If the choir had sung the *Processional*, Ives would have said so [109]. Downes's review of 1927 was not "the only extensive American review Ives's music ever received till his last years" [213]—Gilman's 1939 review of *Concord*, two whole columns, was courageously outspoken: "the greatest music composed by an American." The page numbers of *114 Songs* were retained in *50 Songs*, not in *7 Songs* [262]. Wooldridge seems ignorant of Ives's purpose in the volume of *50 Songs* [265-70], which was to include songs "particularly of some of the poets mentioned in the *Sun's* article." Etc.

Several times he emphasizes the necessity of going directly to Ives's music, and talks about listening—"and I mean *really* listening" [70]—but he betrays only a superficial acquaintance with the following pieces: Verses 5-6 of *Psalm 54* were never "lost" [83-84] (the music of verses 1-2 does double duty for 5-6). The sketch of the *Yale-Princeton Football Game* is complete [105]. *Because of You* is not in Pike County style, another sketch is [106]. The *Country Band March* is not "mostly lost" (only page 7, recoverable from *Putnam's Camp*) [113]. Ives never called the Scherzo for String Quartet (with the trio *Holding Your Own*) "the *Hootchi-Kootchi-Dance*" [122]—that was the makeshift title given (in the 1960 catalogue of Ives's mss.) to the tune that ends this scherzo (real title, *Streets of Cairo*). *Halloween* was originally (not "later scored") for piano quintet [130]. The *Cradle Song* does not use Elam Ives's tune [196]. The Whitman text was not "added later" [274], but is an integral part of the first sketch. The phrase at the end of *West London* (in F-sharp) is a semitone higher (not "lower") than the previous phrases (in F) [276].

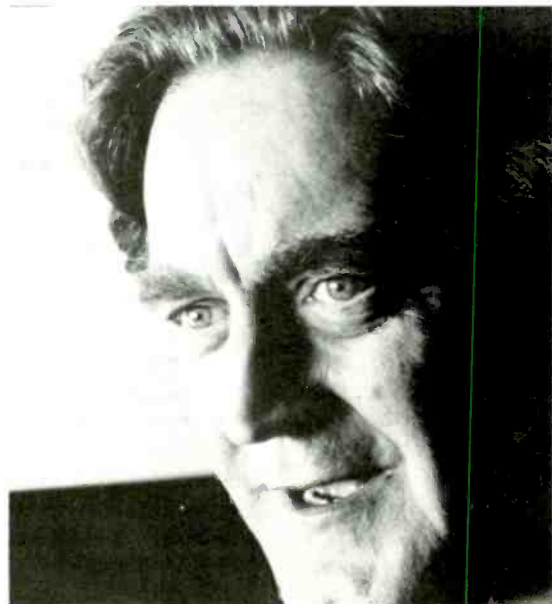
Any man is entitled to opinions, but calling the text of *The Light That Is Felt* "plebeian" [83], and that of *West London* "obese with Victorian condescension" [272], tells more about Wooldridge than about Whittier and Matthew Arnold, and from

surprisingly different viewpoints—or might both be only assumed attitudes, confident of being distant enough from each other in the book? "How this wonderful opening movement [of the *Second Symphony*] could be allowed to degenerate into the tawdry, flaccid writing of the second movement is a total mystery" [77] (has he no sense of humor?). His dismissing all the music Ives composed in 1917-26 as "silence" [182] is a preconceived, myopic gesture. His failure to understand *In Flanders Fields* [188-90] stems partly from his notion that to Ives the two texts of the tune *America* "carried identical sentiments"—so he points out the "appalling counterpoint" of "Take up our quarrel with the foe" (in the voice) and "God Save Our Gracious King" (in the accompaniment)! It was not "an overnight setting"—Lanham, who sang it, wrote that he spent "weeks" on it. Ives's war songs are dismissed with "he had out his box of tin soldiers again" [204]—but Wooldridge takes out his own brand of tin soldiers when he claims [298] that *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* (published at Philadelphia 1843) was "originally *O Britannia the Gem* [rightly *the Pride of the Ocean*]" (first published in England 1852, second English edition confessing "melody gathered abroad").

One may wonder what kind of mu-

sician Wooldridge really is: Ives's First Symphony "contains little counterpoint" [77]. Canon "is normally an introduction to counterpoint" (!) [78]. "Jadassohn dismisses the problem of 'tonal' fugue-writing within the space of a few lines, saying 'it is far better avoided'" [77]—actually Jadassohn devotes a fourteen-page chapter to tonal answer, treating "real" answer as exceptional.

But this whole miasma of shoddy carelessness, catchy fiction, and irresponsible gossip pales before his allegations against Parker, which must be explained more fully. Parker's going to Germany [72] "in July 1881" (rightly 1882) is clearly based on Isabel Parker Semler's mistake (in her biography of her father) that he was "seventeen and a half" the previous February (rightly eighteen and a half)—which Wooldridge interprets as "fails entrance examination into [Rheinberger's] class for 'foreign composition-students' and has to wait another year." "In June 1885, the end of his 4th year in Munich" (rightly third), Parker's leaving before graduation (to hunt for a job) is interpreted [73] as: "For this [exam], Rheinberger has set one 4-hr question, a fugue subject—'a most miserable one,' Parker wrote home, enclosing the subject for posterity. The question is unworkable and Parker



David Wooldridge

fails the exam, leaving Munich before the graduation ceremonies." But the joke is on Wooldridge—this fugue subject (with Parker's very words "a most miserable one") is on Mrs. Semler's page 64, in the letter of 5 June 1883 (not "1885"), and it was not "unworkable" (nor was it a "4-hr" exam). In the same letter, Parker wrote: "Our examination in Counterpoint consisted in writing a Fugue for string quartette in one day. I used only 4 hours and made a Double-Fugue which pleased old Rheinberger immensely. It tickled me, too, that mine was the only Double-Fugue in the whole batch." This is not the kind of ability that "fails the exam" two years later (see the fine review of his cantata on Mrs. Semler's page 68, and her statement on page 69 that "he never received the actual diploma to which his work at the Hochschule entitled him"). These alleged flunks can be construed only as products of Wooldridge's fancy. Ives would have doubted the sincerity of any sympathy for himself or enthusiasm for his music from anyone puffing that image by abusing Parker in ways Ives would have found untrue and unfair. Deeply as Ives felt about his own nonconformist bent, he valued fair play much more.

All these untruths make the reader skeptical of the few scoops which, if true, contribute valuable data, chiefly the Messerklinger story [150], and the correspondence between Parker and H. E. Wooldridge about Mahler [205-6]. If one is wary of these, Wooldridge has only himself to blame.

The style of the book is such a hodge-podge that one hardly knows if one is reading prose, catalogues, an outline of an imitation *Ludus Tonalis*, or a soap-opera scenario [118]. The prose is often chopped up, so that it seems in one way to shriek for attention, in another way to spread a smoke-screen, from which mini-sentences pop out like flash-cards, as on page 299: "[*The 4th of July*] contains Ives's own personal & private brand of superlative optimism. People. Not just the American people. Mankind. Mankind as a concept of all that July 4, 1776 signified for Americans. Ives's personal & private brand of Americans."

Chapters are not numbered but are grouped into sections headed: *Prologue, Prelude, First Fugue, Second Fugue,*

*Stretto, Pedal Point, and Three Protests, A Varied Air & Variations*—the significance of these terms (and *Ricercar I-II-III* ending sections 3-5) being merely decorative. There is no explanation of the frequent double-, triple-, or quadruple-parentheses. No sources are given for particular items, only the general acknowledgements [327-29]. On pages 76-77 the mathematical symbol ∴ (therefore) is used four times like a sudden whim. The device of alternation of scene was perfectly valid in John Hersey's *Hiroshima*, but Wooldridge seems to want to go him one better, alternating short bits of two different continuities on pages 225-31 and 237-40 too rapidly to give a satisfactory presentation of either.

The book ends up forcing the reader to do his own armchair-psychologizing and to suspect that Wooldridge is the kind of odd duck that comes to believe his own dramatic imaginings—like a Pirandello character, but not at all like Pirandello himself, who maintained clear-headed balances between illusion and reality. From beginning to end the book exudes such a pat certainty that it may be years before all its fictions are sloughed off from the facts and decently forgotten.

PABLO CASALS, by H.L. Kirk. 692 pages. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$15.

Reviewed by Shirley Fleming

TO SOME, whose musical awareness overlapped only the last, canonized portion of Pablo Casals' career—the reemergence into music after World War II with the first festival at Prades in 1950, the campaign for peace through performances of his oratorio *El Pessebre*, the hushed and holy appearances at the United Nations, the jollier occasions at Marlboro and San Juan—the man at moments seemed almost too good to be true. Saints can stir a flicker of rebellion in the best of us at times—a healthy gesture of self-preservation—and the weight of the Casals legend almost crushed one's capacity for spontaneous enthusiasm. Not for the musicmaking, of course; just for the sheer spiritual bulk of the overshadowing Figure. Books on, or quoting, the Figure (Carredor's *Conversations with Casals*, Kahn's *Joys and Sorrows*) simply magnified the hopeless distance between Casals and the

rest of us.

What H.L. Kirk's splendid biography does for me, at least, is not to diminish the distance so much as to bring the saint out of his niche just far enough for a few rounding shadows to fall behind. The third dimension, almost lost in later years under the glare of fame, is restored somewhat, and Casals emerges human, difficult, often unhappy, frequently implacable, still awe-inspiring. That Kirk achieves this so well in a book that is dignified, tactful, very serious yet full of vivid detail speaks well of his relationship with the subject himself, with whom he became acquainted in 1960. (He later was engaged by Columbia Records to produce a Casals tribute recording, and the friendship went on from there.) The cellist and his wife Marta read much of the manuscript; the book was in page proof at the time of Casals' death on October 22, 1973.

Kirk is objective. He makes no effort to analyze a man whose complexities were undoubtedly great, but he provides facts in abundance and the reader may draw his own conclusions. Casals was one of eleven children of a Spanish father and Puerto Rican mother, and when we learn that seven brothers and one sister all died in childhood or infancy we cannot but speculate on the effect of so much mortality on the spirit of a sensitive boy. Happily, two brothers born after Pablo lived to become his colleagues in later years, but the hard determination of Casals' mother to nurture her first surviving son's gifts, at the expense of serenity in her own married life, is understandable. And the thread of her influence, by Casals' acknowledgement, reached through eighty years of his life to culminate in his marriage to Marta Montañez in 1957—the student sixty years his junior, from his mother's birthplace, whose face and voice reminded him consciously of his strong and devoted parent. Kirk's portrayal of this extraordinary marriage is one of the warmest accounts in the book; Casals declared that Marta brought him the first permanent happiness of his life.

The remainder of Casals' personal life is handled with the utmost circumspection. There are only fleeting views of Guilhermina Suggia, the cellist with whom he lived for half a dozen years in his thirties and who seems to have been a tempestuous





*Pablo Casals: a few rounding shadows fall*

companion (Sir Donald Francis Tovey was the cause of the break-up). There is even less about the relationship with the American singer Susan Metcalfe, whom he married in 1912 and parted from eight years later. And in the Fifties, a deathbed marriage ceremony was performed with Frasquita Capdevila, who had been a devoted fellow exile and housekeeper during the years at Prades. From all of this, Kirk keeps his distance.

Previous accounts of Casals' youth, training, and first steps into the professional world have inevitably spun a fairytale vision of the charmed young genius for whom royal doors flew open at a touch and august patronage flowed unstintingly. This is essentially accurate, but we learn a few things from Kirk in addition: that Casals was crudely rebuffed by the cellist Eduard Jacobs of the Brussels Conservatory (and never forgot it: years later when the young virtuoso found himself soloist with an orchestra in which Jacobs was playing, he did not speak to the older man but mocked him loudly and obliquely at a restaurant table afterwards); we learn, too, that while he was studying in Paris as a teenager Casals went through a severe and sus-

tained depression and had thoughts of suicide. Even at this time, however, all doors were open to him, and he frequented the fashionable salons: "He was young and fortunate, talented and sensitive; he practiced his art in surroundings of civilization, refinement, and ease, already lionized by the Establishment." The awakening of the social consciousness that so characterized him as a man had already begun, but it is remarkable that it flickered into life in this opulent setting.

From this point the story leads into the inevitable virtuoso's round of tour upon tour, country upon country, year upon year (seven trips to Russia alone, up to 1917, after which he refused to go there). "I am lonesome for you," Casals wrote his friend the Dutch composer Julius Röntgen during these years, "but it is the fault of circumstances—you know how much time I have given to my career . . . it absorbs me, I tell you, to the point of consuming me . . ." It is to Kirk's credit that the account of these years is never dull, and he contributes vivid sketches of the musicians, composers, and royalty who came in varying degrees into Casals' orbit (including an illuminating view of the

French conductor Charles Lamoureux, who carried a pistol with him to ward off possible attacks by orchestra men and soloists whom he habitually enraged). The first trip into the wilds of the United States took place in 1901; it is surprising to learn that thereafter, even in Casals' prime years, audiences here were never overflowing.

Early in his career Casals had written Röntgen, "If I have been happy scratching away at a cello, how shall I feel when I can possess the greatest of all instruments—the orchestra?" The dream finally came true in 1920 when Casals founded the Orquesta Pau Casals in Barcelona and built up a workers membership of three hundred thousand. The concerts for the Catalan laborers with whom he felt such sympathy constituted one of the great satisfactions of his career, and the orchestra functioned for seventeen years, until the advent of the Spanish Civil War.

It is at this point that, for many of us, the Legend begins to take shape: Casals' refusal to play in Germany after 1933 and in Italy after 1935; the retirement to Prades; the untiring work for Spanish refugees; the announcement in 1945 that he would boycott countries recognizing Franco. The sequestered decade in the south of France emerges here as the part of Casals' life which most moves us. How often it must have seemed to him during those spare years in the dusty little village that his life had simply wound down to a muted close. And then the upsurge: enter Marta, enter Alexander Schneider and the first of the Prades festivals, followed in time by the move to Puerto Rico, the Casals festivals, the yearly summer trips to Rudolf Serkin's idyllic hill in Vermont. Kirk covers it all with liveliness, acumen, and sympathy.

The volume includes photographs as well as a complete list of compositions by Casals and a fifty-six-page discography.

DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, *Edited by John Vinton.* 832 pages. E.P. Dutton & Co, \$25.

*Reviewed by Robert P. Morgan*

MUSICAL LIFE today encompasses an extraordinary wealth of styles, media, genres, sub-cultures, attitudes, prac-

tioners, etc. This pluralism confronts us everywhere, and is itself one of the most distinguishing attributes of the present period. It affects our orientation toward all music: Since so many types of music and musical experience exist side by side—and not neatly compartmentalized, but interacting and overlapping to the point where boundaries are often only vaguely discernible—it is difficult to sort out the various phenomena and, especially, to find connections among them.

Perhaps part of our problem is due simply to lack of perspective. As with each generation, we are caught in the middle of our own time, incapable of stepping back for a larger view. Nevertheless, I suspect that our view of our present differs essentially from that of past generations. More than ever before we seem to be conscious of what William James referred to as the “blummin’, buzzin’, confusion” out there. We are not sure how to order the musical present, or how this present relates to the past, or what it suggests in the way of possible futures. It presents a rich—and I believe basically healthy—picture, but one that provides a source of considerable perplexity and disorientation for the concertgoer or record listener.

Any attempt to help bring some kind of order and understanding to this picture should be welcomed by all those seriously interested in the state of music today. Which brings me to Dutton’s new *Dictionary of Contemporary Music*, edited by John Vinton, a massive volume (832 large, two-columned pages) devoted to cataloguing and discussing the principal composers and essential musical concepts and trends of twentieth century “concert music in the Western tradition.” The contents of the dictionary break down into three main categories: Articles on individual composers, articles on subjects, and articles on countries. In all three, length varies considerably, from a few lines for brief definitions of terms and short entries on less-established composers, to over ten pages for entries on certain subjects.

All of the longer articles (generally speaking, anything over one column) are signed, and one of the most impressive characteristics of the *Dictionary* is the range and quality of its contributors. An effort has been made to find experts for each topic:

e.g., Chou Wen-chung on “Asian Music and Western Composition,” Barney Childs on “Indeterminacy,” Kurt Stone on “Notation,” Ernst Krenek on “Serialism,” Henry-Louis de La Grange on Mahler, Charles Rosen on Elliott Carter, and Gilbert Chase on the United States. Even this short list gives some indication of the variety of contributors, both in background and point of view. Of course such diversity has its negative aspect: One does not get a comprehensive view that places everything within a single conceptual framework. But that is not the purpose of a dictionary; it can better be left to more general surveys of the period.

Just what do we mean by “contemporary?” In the case of composers, for example, do we mean only those active today, or should we include those who have had an immediate influence on today’s music? Vinton has chosen the latter definition; and although he observes the general rule of thumb that a composer should be “born after 1880 and/or live after 1930,” exceptions are made in the case of such figures as Busoni, Mahler, and Debussy. (Incidentally, the rule of thumb produces some curious inclusions: e.g., Elgar.) But emphasis has been placed, and I think rightly, on composers active today. The three longest articles on individuals, for example, are those on Milton Babbitt, John Cage, and Olivier Messiaen; and many relatively minor figures among today’s composers are included, whereas one finds only the more important ones listed from the first half of the century. Most of the entries on composers are basically nontechnical (a notable exception: Benjamin Boretz on Babbitt) and include biographical sketches, comments on style, a list of principal compositions and writings, and a bibliography. For the more important figures, there are also cross-references to subject articles, which often serve to fill out the material considerably. (For example, the Schoenberg entry contains very little on the twelve-tone system, but the article on “Twelve-Tone Techniques” not only describes the system but gives examples of its use in Schoenberg’s music.)

The articles on subjects cover most of the important areas relating to new music (three of the more glaring omissions: musical criticism, media, and aesthetics). These tend to be

technical, and some are quite long (e.g., fifteen pages on electronic music, twelve on texture, and ten on twelve-tone technique). Like the articles on composers, they vary considerably in quality: Some seem rather pedestrian (Tadeusz A. Zieliński on harmony and counterpoint), some idiosyncratic but suggestive (James Tenney on form), while others provide excellent general introductions (Allen Forte on theory). In almost all cases, space is limited and the material—much of it quite complex—must be covered in extremely concentrated form. Bibliographies are usually included, but these are very selective. (This is a real drawback, as one of the most useful aspects of this dictionary would be as a starting point for further investigation.) Moreover, there are almost no musical examples, the only exceptions occurring in the articles “Notation,” “Harmony and Counterpoint,” “Melody,” “Texture,” and “Twelve-Tone Techniques.”

Inevitably in a book of this size and scope, there are editorial decisions with which one can argue. The question of relative lengths of articles on composers and of which composers are included and which are not is particularly touchy. I found several omissions that surprised me: e.g., Philip Glass, Bernard Parmegiani, and John Eaton. The absence of Glass, whose rise to prominence is relatively recent, is perhaps explained by the fact that the text for the *Dictionary* was already completed almost four years ago; and Parmegiani is probably a casualty of the strong U.S. orientation of the book (another instance: Babbitt’s five pages *vs.* Karlheinz Stockhausen’s three). But Eaton, one of the leaders in the early development of live performance of electronic music, should certainly be there. Also, the *Dictionary* is relatively weak on brief definitions of terms (to the extent, in fact, that it is really more like an encyclopedia). For example, the reader looking for quick elucidation on the meaning of “aggregate,” “derived set,” “interval class,” and “partition”—to take four terms commonly used in twelve-tone theory—will search in vain (unless, of course, he looks through the article on the general subject). There are also some mistakes. Among those I caught: A “frequency shifter” is a *Klangumwandler*, not a *Klangumwalden* (which doesn’t mean anything); the



bass clef in the lower system of Ex. 8 on p. 303 should be treble; and Ross Lee Finney didn't study with Roger Sessions "during 1929-48." There are also some puzzling assertions: e.g., in the Webern article there is a reference to the composer's "classic forms" as an influence on the music of the 1950s and '60s. The book has its share of typographical errors, and on some pages of my copy the print is excessively light.

On the whole, however, the *Dictionary of Contemporary Music* is an impressive achievement, and one that I hope will find its way to the shelves of many music lovers. Despite the technical orientation of much of the material, there is a great deal that should be of use and interest to the general reader. Moreover, there is nothing else like it available in English (or for that matter, in any language). The only book that comes to mind at all is Nicolas Slonimsky's *Music since 1900*, but there the great bulk of the contents is devoted to a chronicle of events, although there is an appendix with definitions of terms, as well as one containing letters and documents relating to the period. The two books thus serve quite different purposes. (And lest you're put off by the price of the Dutton *Dictionary*—which is really not too bad when one considers its size and contents—the new [fourth] edition of the Slonimsky costs twice as much.) Finally, as for the present volume, I know of no other work of any kind that gives so rich and detailed a picture of the diverse and multitudinous facets of contemporary musical composition.

THE GREAT AMERICAN POPULAR SINGERS, by Henry Pleasants. 384 pages. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95.

Reviewed by John S. Wilson

POPULAR MUSIC, along with those who sing and play it, is usually discussed in adoring, fan-level terms or poked at gingerly and scornfully by those who cannot relate to it. It is particularly refreshing, therefore, to come across a book that balances a musicologist's background with an understanding and knowledge of the pop field. For the past twenty years Henry Pleasants has been making a career of shaking up his classically oriented colleagues with his learned exam-

inations of jazz, rhythm and blues, and country and western music, telling them that they are hanging on to a dying branch of music and that the future lies with the Afro-American lines that have developed in this country.

In his latest book, *The Great American Popular Singers*, he draws the attention of those same colleagues to the parallel between the objectives, techniques, and criteria of *bel canto* in Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and those of the contemporary popular singer who accepts a song "as a lyrical extension of speech" and who is more concerned than the contemporary classical singer "with text, both with its meaning and with the melodic and rhythmic manner in which it might be spoken." However, he notes, the popular singer has arrived at these objectives, techniques, and criteria with no real knowledge of their previous existence but through the absorption and adaptation of idiosyncracies common to black singers.

Of the twenty-two singers he has chosen to examine because they were influential or characteristic of certain aspects of popular singing during the half-century between 1920 and 1970, he finds only two—Ethel Merman and Judy Garland—who do not show to some degree the Afro-American characteristics that he defines as the key to contemporary popular singing. Even Al Jolson, who was basically a minstrel-show mockery of the black singer, showed some superficial signs of it.

Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, and Ethel Waters were, in his view, the fountainheads, with Miss Waters the most influential because she summed up "all that had been accumulated stylistically from minstrel show, ragtime and coon song" and anticipated "the artful, jazz-touched Afro-American inflections of the Swing Era."

Pleasants traces the Afro-American thread of influence through the popular singing of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, and Peggy Lee; through the country singing of Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, Elvis Presley, and Johnny Cash; through the jazz singing of Mildred Bailey, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald; through the gospel-influenced singing of Mahalia Jackson, Ray Charles, and Aretha Franklin. In the process, he examines

these singers in a manner not normally found in popular criticism. He analyzes their voices, for example, in the same way he would analyze the voice of a classical singer, and he points up the subtle ways in which popular singers—through trial and error or simply by instinct—have found how to use their voices most effectively, particularly in relation to a microphone.

The subject of amplification flows casually through the book, but it does not really become an issue until Pleasants gets to the singers of the Seventies—Aretha Franklin, Barbra Streisand—when the basic merit of amplification for a singer (the potential for making him/herself heard over an orchestra) has been negated by the overamplification of the electric instruments in the so-called accompaniment (plus engineering control of balance that reduces the singer to a manipulated object).

This is a provocative book, written from a fresh viewpoint. But given the approach that Pleasants takes—and all credit to him for taking it—it suggests that a lot of work is still to be done in giving popular music the kind of examination toward which he has pointed.

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will have the authority to work in behalf of all programs in the visual and performing arts. The current administrative pattern of separate departments for each of the arts is divisive and mutually self-defeating, because not one of these arts departments can, by itself, challenge the entrenched academic subjects for a piece of the academic pie. As a result, they have no choice but to scabble amongst themselves for the left-over crumbs. Once an arts and humanities division is established, however, it is important that several things happen in short order. First, the scope of responsibilities for a program of general education in the arts must be defined and accepted by all concerned—teachers, building administrators, and central administration alike. Second, it must be accepted by the instructional staff, even though it might be a threat to those whose habits and self-interests are deeply entrenched. Third, an appropriate leadership team must be recruited which is composed of at least two people. The first of these might be called a "head teacher," with all of the implications of participative leadership which that British term implies; and the second, an educational administrator, with none of the authoritarian overtones which that term implies in contemporary American usage. This distinction between leadership and administration is foreign to much educational practice, but it is essential that the leaders of arts and humanities units be kept free to cajole, convince, and convert instead of being highly paid clerks who are busy all day signing requisitions, preparing schedules, and keeping records.

### Teaching the teachers

In regard to teacher education, it should be mandatory for all teachers of all of the arts to have a basic understanding of what the other arts are about. This objective may be gained from a modest amount of study in each art form or it may be generalized from the aesthetic principles by which all artistic values are derived. It is also obvious that the artist-teacher concept, which has served well enough to train students as producers and performers, is inadequate

to educating teachers who can operate in an interdisciplinary context. Clearly, the teacher who can best function in such a setting is more of a scholar and more of a pitchman than he is a producing artist. If a bit of Kenneth Clark could be transplanted into the soul of every arts teacher, combined perhaps with a shot of Leonard Bernstein at his educational best, that would be an ideal to which we might aspire.

Finally, I have some thoughts about ways in which the community at large can be, and perhaps must be, involved. If we look at the results of the so-called cultural explosion in many communities and compare it with the state of the arts in our schools we discover a marked contrast. In some communities the arts have become the focal point for community identity, somewhat in the manner of churches in other times and, while local arts festival and community arts council are newer phenomena, they also offer a vigorous model for the arts in our schools. From the point of view of interdisciplinary studies, there is another distinct asset to the community arts movement. It is obvious that the symmetrical separation of subjects, so dear to the hearts of educators, is an academic invention which does not represent, at all, the way things are in the real world. The arts are not as neatly separable as eggs in an egg crate and those who work in community arts councils or those who labor in behalf of arts festivals know that fact only too well.

In closing, it may be appropriate to quote from some remarks about the arts which were made by President Kennedy almost eleven years ago at the dedication of the Robert Frost Library at Amherst College. He said:

"In free society art is not a weapon and it does not belong to the sphere of polemics and ideology. Artists are not engineers of the soul. It may be different elsewhere. But [in a] democratic society the highest duty of the writer, the composer, the artist is to remain true to himself and to let the chips fall where they may. In serving his vision of the truth, the artist best serves his nation. And the nation which disdains the mission of art invites the fate of Robert Frost's hired man, the fate of having nothing to look backward to with pride and nothing to look forward to with hope." △

the Western tradition that a previous generation, convinced of the inevitability of "progress" and unwilling to repeat an "outworn" idea, had been unwilling to use. Thus where Schoenberg (at his strictest) struggled to avoid any hint of tonality and triadic relationship, younger composers feel no such qualms. Their own work, they know, has passed so far beyond the tradition that they don't fear their music being heard in the "wrong" way and being associated with an outmoded past. Thus Glass, in the final two sections of *Music in Twelve Parts*, has even included heavy hints of both harmonic modulation and thematic contrast—anathema to the severely minimalist music which he and Reich were producing just a few years ago. It may not be *the* music of the future—causal determinism has been discredited enough to avoid that trap. But it may well be *a* music of the future, and an intimation of that ideal lent an added resonance to the pleasure derived from what was already an extraordinarily enjoyable, important occasion. △

### DONALD MARTINO

Continued from page MA-9

and I must have wanted him in all along because so much pointed that way." Now Beatrice is in as well, "and it works—or I think it works." The premiere of *Paradiso* is set for next May at the New England Conservatory.

As we prepared to take leave of Donald Martino he called our attention to one small detail of the score that obviously delighted him. Toward the close of *Paradiso*, as the chorus opens up full force on the phrase "*O abbondante grazia*," Beatrice reiterates only two syllables: "*-dante, -dante*." A nice touch. Would the audience perceive it while so much else was happening in the score, we asked? Martino chortled. "Perceive it! Well, of course, an audience's perception is part of the pleasure of composing. But another part is the excitement which makes the guy who's writing feel enthusiastic enough to go ahead and do the piece." SHIRLEY FLEMING



compared and dates from the same recording session. Apparently the present version was too powerful for the sound boxes of 1916 and was destroyed before publication. For its period the recording is remarkable: Both singer and piano have great clarity and presence.

Melba's voice was one of the wonders of the world. Even at the age of fifty-five the sound is pure, the legato without flaw, the beauty of her timbre hardly impaired. What has dated somewhat is her style, especially in the use of upward and downward portamentos, which today sound excessive. Even so, this is a beautiful piece of vocalizing and, for me, more attractive, more vivid, than the orchestral version.

No texts, excellent notes. Proceeds from the sale of this record go to the Stanford Archive of Recorded Sound. D.S.H.

**FEODOR CHALIAPIN: Recitals.** For a feature review of these recordings, see page 86.

**CONTEMPORARY PIANO WORKS.** Robert Miller, piano. [Carter Harman, prod.] COMPOSERS RECORDINGS SD 306, \$6.95.

**WUORINEN:** Sonata, 1969. **WOLPE:** Form, Form IV; Broken Sequences. **PERLE:** Toccata. **WYNER:** Three Short Fantasies.

Robert Miller is a pianist long associated with the East Coast academic new-music establishment. He is a formidable virtuoso in the kind of knotty, complex music produced by that establishment, and this disc consists of works written for and dedicated to him. (Actually, to be entirely accurate, only the third of Wyner's *Fantasies* fits that category.)

The principal piece here, at least in terms of length, is Wuorinen's sonata, which lasts nineteen minutes and fills the whole first side. Wuorinen's idiom is an uncompromisingly abstract one. Sometimes his works sound deliberately devoid of communicative intent beyond such delight as can be derived from the audible evidence of complex problems posed and then resolved. At other times, almost in spite of himself, he lapses into devices that invite the ear.

The sonata seems at first to fall in the former category: It is as tough and truculent a piece as Wuorinen has written. Yet after a while its austerity begins to convey its own expressivity. This may be a spurious emotional imposition on a piece not intended to concern itself with such matters, and it may be unique to me. But I find that it has a kind of lonely charm.

On the second side, the most significant works are probably Stefan Wolpe's *Form* (1959) and *Form IV* (1969), both compact and original in the characteristic manner of the composer. Yehudi Wyner's *Three Short Fantasies* and George Perle's *Toccata* are slightly lesser stuff perhaps: the Wyner less hard-line than the rest of the music here, the Perle typically bristling in its intellectuality.

The performances, quite apart from their obvious virtues, have an unchallengeable documentary value. J.R.

**GREAT CONCERT OVERTURES.** Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, Carlos Païta, cond. [Raymond Few, prod.] LONDON PHASE-4 SPC 21095, \$6.98.

**BERLIOZ:** Roman Carnival, Op. 9. **BEETHOVEN:** Leonore No.



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There seems to be an active groundswell of interest on behalf of Carlos Païta, the Argentinian conductor active in Europe for nearly a decade without yet making the breakthrough into the Big Time. According to "informed sources," his is a major conducting talent, but his career has been hampered by a reputation for being "difficult."

One can hardly judge a musician from one record, particularly one of popular repertory like this, which most orchestras know by heart. And I have not heard Païta's previous Phase-4 disc, of Wagner overtures, which might give a more rounded impression of his work. But what I hear is not encouraging.

The liner notes' description of Païta as a Romantic specialist—"exuberant, enthusiastic,

and even tormented"—is partly confirmed here. At times he seems to be striving for a sort of "originality," with rather broad tempos that vary capriciously. But much of the time I find these tempos merely slow and devoid of rhythmic pulse: Long stretches of rather routine playing are interspersed with outbursts of "individuality." Technically, much of the playing is rather ordinary, and then suddenly one hears a concentration on orchestral detail for a limited time and effect. In short, I hear on this record a failure to hold any of these overtures together in a fully consistent focus.

Orchestrally, the playing is variable: sometimes quite precise and well-balanced, at other times quite sloppy. It is impossible to fix the blame completely, but it is obvious that the orchestra is not a first-class ensemble, nor can Païta make it play "over its head."

Païta has strong ideas and some sort of temperament, but we must await more substantial documentation of his work. P.H.

**ROBERT GROSS:** Violin Recital. Robert Gross, violin; Richard Grayson, piano (in the Dallapiccola, Schoenberg, and Webern). ORION ORS 74147, \$6.98.

**DALLAPICCOLA:** Due Studi. **HINDEMITH:** Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2. **SCHOENBERG:** Phantasie, Op. 47. **SWIFT:** Sonata. **WEBERN:** Four Pieces, Op. 7.

Robert Gross is head of the music department at Occidental College in Los Angeles, where Richard Grayson also teaches. This is their third recital record for Orion, and it is most attractive.

Everything on the disc counts as a classic of the twentieth-century violin repertory, except for Richard Swift's sonata. Swift teaches at the University of California at Davis, and his work here, a well-crafted bit of academic serialism, falls appreciably short of the standards set by the rest of the recital.

The rest is well worth having, however. Webern's *Four Pieces* date from 1910, before his adoption of twelve-tone techniques, but they are as tellingly spare as anything he later wrote. The Schoenberg, conversely, was the composer's last instrumental work (1949). Dallapiccola's *Due Studi* (1947) is typically communicative in the manner of that composer's very personal use of serialist ideas. Hindemith's sonata, one of the two he wrote for solo violin in 1924, is charming in every way, particularly in the last movement, a set of variations on Mozart's "*Komm, lieber Mai*."

Gross's performances throughout blend technical command, attractive tone, and musical insight superbly, and Grayson accompanies most attractively when called upon. [The Gross/Grayson Schoenberg *Phantasie* is David Hamilton's recommended version in his Schoenberg discography, in this issue.] J.R.

**MOTETS.** James Bowman, countertenor; Jean Knibbs, soprano; Linda Hurst, mezzo; Peter Hall, tenor; David Thomas, bass; David Lumsden, organ; Louis Halsey Singers, Louis Halsey, cond. OISEAU-LYRE SOL 333, \$6.98.

**GABRIELI:** Hodie Christus natus est. O Jesu mi dulcissime. **SCHÜTZ:** Lobe den Herren meine Seele. Quid commisit: Veni, Rogo, in cor meum; Cantate Domino: Was hast du verwirkt?; Bringt her dem Herrn; Die mit Tränen säen; Die Himmel erzählen. **MONTEVERDI:** Christe, adoramus te; Cantate Domino; Ego flos campi.

In all the history of choral music, one period stands out for its revelous preoccupation with creating the most lavish, the most orgiastically sumptuous and splendid sound possible. Willaert established this Venetian polychoral tradition in the mid-sixteenth century, but it was brought to its climax shortly after the turn of the seventeenth century by Gabrieli and Monteverdi and their German pupil Heinrich Schütz. These three composers, then, make ideal disc mates, and Louis Halsey has chosen some of their most magnificent works in a variety of styles from double-choir motet to solo motet.

The two Gabrieli double-choir Christmas works are almost overwhelmingly brilliant displays of the polychoral tradition at its peak. The Schütz double-choir psalm *Lobe den Herren* (from his *Psalms of David*, 1619), is just as jubilant and more rhythmically intense. The next three Schütz pieces (from *Cantiones sacrae*, 1625) are for single four-part chorus; after the *Psalms of David*, he never again had the



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Side 2 opens with two Monteverdi single-choir motets (1620) and a solo motet for alto and organ. This and two similar solo motets by Schütz (from the *Kleine geistliche Konzerte*, 1636) are magnificently sung by countertenor James Bowman. The disc ends with two Schütz a cappella choral works from the *Geistliche Chormusik* (1648).

Louis Halsey's singers are a skilled and well-trained group of young voices who sing with exquisite tone; sharp, clean articulation; and excellent diction. They are also helped by a wonderfully spacious, cathedral-like, yet clear recording. Most of the works recorded here call for organ accompaniment, and David Lumsden provides just the right amount of harmonic support. Only in the solo motets are we aware that the organ used is an adequate but not particularly distinguished instrument.

For sheer sonic grandeur, there are few records around to equal this one. C.F.G.

**H JOHN PHILIP SOUSA CONDUCTS [sic!] BAND MUSIC OF THE WORLD.** Sousa Band, various cond. [Lee Palmer, prod.] EVEREST 3360, \$4.98 (rechanneled) [recorded 1908-15].

*Sources identified.* **SOUSA:** The Pathfinder of Panama; New York Hippodrome (Herbert L. Clarke, cond., 1915). **SCHEU:** Sleepy Sidney Two-Step (Walter H. Rogers, cond., 1908). **LUDERS:** The Prince of Pilsen: excerpts (Arthur Pryor, cond., 1912).

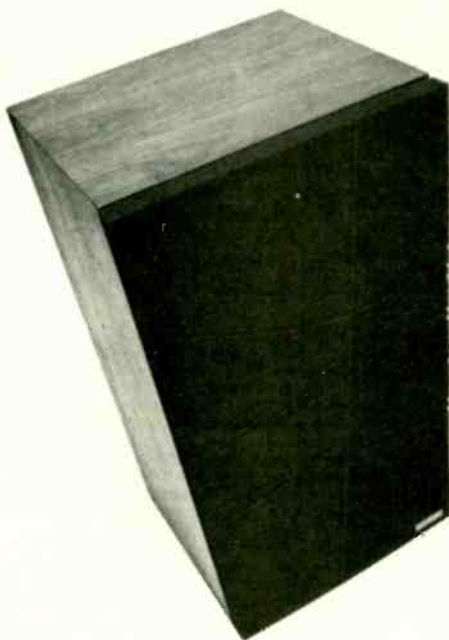
*Sources conjectural.* **SOUSA:** Free Lance (Pryor, 1912?); Manhattan Beach (Pryor, 1912?, or Rogers, 1908?); **YRADIER:** La Paloma (Rogers, 1908?). **DE L'ISLE:** La Marsellaise (Rogers, 1909?). **SUPPÉ:** Light Cavalry Overture (Pryor, 1912?, or Clarke, 1908?). **J. STRAUSS II:** Blue Danube Waltz (Pryor, 1912?, or Rogers, 1908?).

If you're on a nostalgia kick, why stop with the *Great Gatsby* era? Go the whole hog for the legendary halcyon years before there was even a First World War, when the most popular purveyor of what he himself had christened Canned Music was the redoubtably bewhiskered John Philip Sousa. Even then famed as The March King, he also reigned in other musical domains—operetta, pop-song-hit transcriptions, trimmed-down classical favorites, etc. Indeed, if there had been charts, gold-record awards, and Grammys in those days, Sousa would have taken them all.

What well may be a present Sousaphonic renaissance probably began with an earlier Everest release (3260, "Sousa Conducts His Own [and other] Marches") of transferred 1908-9 acoustical and 1926-30 electrical Victor Talking Machine Company recordings—precisely identified in my December 1969 letter to the editor augmenting my September review. Next came the definitive *Sousa Band Discography* compiled by the Library of Congress' James R. Smart, who also generously supplied the source identifications for my letter. Then George Marek's Sousa article (and my selected discography) ran in the November 1973 issue of *HIGH FIDELITY*, while almost simultaneously Appleton-Century-Crofts was publishing Paul E. Bierley's long-anticipated authoritative biography, *John Philip Sousa: American Phenomenon*, and his amazingly comprehensive *Descriptive Catalog of His Works*.

And now the second volume of Everest restorations, which has been tantalizingly available in Canada for a couple of years, finally appears in this country.

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recording's capabilities *circa* the second decade of this century. The *Sleepy Sidney* two-step by one Archie W. Scheu (here misspelled Schou) is ragtime at its catchiest, while the castanets in the same piece have been captured with a vividness likely to dumbfound present-day audiophiles.

If one of Sousa's own marches (*New York Hippodrome*) is mechanically pluggy, this is the only recorded version true to the original score. The other three marches rank among his swaggering best, with the *Pathfinder* otherwise unavailable on records today and the *Free Lance* performance exceptional for its authenticity (information for which I am indebted to my band-music guru in Ottawa, Frank R. McGuire).

And if the performances of *La Marseillaise* and *La Paloma* are stilted at best, those of bits and pieces from the *Light Cavalry* Overture and *Blue Danube* Waltz are downright ridiculous, and the sonics generally bone-dry and hollow for all their still remarkable clarity—such barbarisms are only too characteristic of their period. Perhaps equally characteristic of our own is the needless, quite minimal stereoization and an apparent, anachronistic, boosting of the re-recorded highs that sometimes adds a touch of shrillness as well as brightness quite alien to acoustical-era playbacks.

The bad news is that this release's title (like its predecessor's) thumbs its nose at all truth-in-labeling desiderata by crediting Sousa as the actual conductor of the recorded performances. That was beneath his dignity, so studio performances were usually entrusted (as in all cases here) to surrogates. Bad too is the repeated failure of the jacket notes to supply any original-source information other than the acknowledgment "from the personal collection of Music Man Murray."

It's only by study of the invaluable Smart discography that I've been able to provide the date and conductor credits in the contents listing above. The first four of these are definite, since no other Sousa Band versions were made of these selections. The other pieces were recorded on several different occasions, sometimes under different conductors; and since not all of these versions are available even in the Library of Congress archives, it has been impossible to decide positively which ones are

used here.

I've based my conjectures on the likelihood that the present transfers' sonic characteristics rule out pre-1908 versions as well as such later (1923) ones as those of *La Paloma*, *Free Lance*, and *Manhattan Beach*, conducted by Nat Shilkret. But if any Sousanians (or "Music Man" Murray himself) can provide confirmations or corrections, such more reliable information than my guesstimates will be welcome both by me and, I'm sure, discographer Smart.

R.D.D.

**H VANNI-MARCOUX: Recital.** Jean-Emile Vanni-Marcoux, bass-baritone; orchestral and piano accompaniments. Rococo 5358, \$6.95 (mono) [recorded in the '20s and '30s] (Rococo Records, Box 175, Station K, Toronto 12, Ont., Canada).

**BERLIOZ:** *La Damnation de Faust*: Chanson de la puce; Devant la maison. **BORODIN:** The Sleeping Princess. **DEBUSSY:** *Pelléas et Mélisande*: Ah! ah! tout va bien; Une grande innocence. **FÉVRIER:** Monna Vanna: Ce n'est pas un vieillard. **MASSENET:** *Cléopâtre*: A-t-il dit vrai? ... Solitaire sur ma terrasse je pense à toi. *Panurge*: Moi, je suis né dans le jardin de France ... Touraine est un pays. *Don Quichotte*: Seigneur, reçois mon âme ... Je suis le chevalier errant; Écoute, mon ami. **MOZART:** *Don Giovanni*: *Madamina* (In Italian). **MUSSORGSKY:** *Boris Godunov*: I have attained the highest power; Death Scene. (All sung in French except as noted.)

The designation bass-baritone hardly does justice to the astonishing range of Vanni-Marcoux, who during the course of his forty-eight year career sang roles like Hunding, Scarpia, Sulpice (*Fille du Régiment*), Don Giovanni, Leporello, Fafner, Jago, Basilio, and Gianni Schicchi.

Vanni-Marcoux's records do him a certain injustice. Though he made his debut in 1899 and by 1905, the year of his Covent Garden debut, was an international celebrity, he did not begin recording until 1924, by which time the coloration of his voice seems to have lightened considerably. His records reveal a timbre that straightaway strikes one as quintessentially French: nasal and with a fast vibrato. What we hear is a bright, forward sound, lyric rather than *profundo* even at the low end of the bass staff—in other words, something more like a cello than a double bass.

Vanni-Marcoux was so expressive an artist,

had such highly developed dramatic gifts, that his purely vocal endowments need to be emphasized. Though he did not command a refulgent sound, his voice was a noble one and he used it nobly. His scale was perfectly even, his legato was faultless.

He had an enormous range of expression. His enunciation of the text was uncommonly vivid: It isn't merely that the words come through with remarkable clarity; more important is the fact that through them he makes immediate contact with the listener. Invariably one hears a fully realized character, an entire situation, a distinctive mood.

All of Rococo's material exemplifies his skill, but nothing does so better than the little *chanson* from *Panurge*, in which the title character (a role Vanni-Marcoux created in 1913) sings of his native region with charm and vividness. The *Damnation de Faust*, *Pelléas*, and *Boris* excerpts are superb, despite the use of a French text for the latter.

Even so, it seems to me that the selection of this artist's records has been poorly made. The Leporello aria is very intelligent, very cultured, but far too refined in vocal quality, and the Borodin song might have been dispensed with, as well as the aria from *Monna Vanna*. I would even have foregone Vanni-Marcoux's Boris in favor of his "*Légende de la sauge*" from Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame*, "*Elle ne m'aime pas*" from *Don Carlos*, and Martini's "*Plaisir d'amour*," three of the most distinguished records I know.

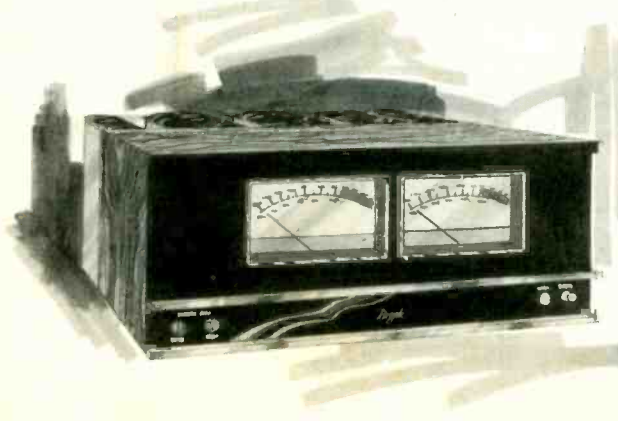
And among the selections from *Don Quichotte* I would certainly have included Vanni-Marcoux's fine performance of the Act I serenade. The version of *Don Quixote's* death included here dates from 1928 and omits the roles of Sanecho Panza and Dulcinea. Why it was preferred to the complete version recorded by Vanni-Marcoux, Michel Cozette, and Odette Ricquier in 1934 is a mystery. Why only the first half of the earlier version should have been reproduced is an even greater one.

Transfers are reasonably good, though the Berlioz selections are very congested, and there is a momentary dropout in "*Je suis le chevalier errant*." No texts or translations. And though this is historical material, no designation of the originals is offered and no dates are given.

D.S.H.

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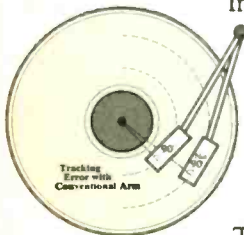
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# 4-channel discs/tapes BY ROBERT LONG

**Gaza Revisited.** I've finally been able to sit down with the Saint-Saëns "*Samson und Dalila*," starring Christa Ludwig and James King (Eurodisc Q 86 977 XR, three discs, \$20.94), reviewed by Peter Davis in the July issue on the basis of stereo hearings of the SQ-only recording. The German title, which appears throughout the set (despite the use of the original French text in the performance) is somewhat off-putting—particularly in view of Eurodisc's having omitted texts (in any language) from the booklet and given us only its German notes plus singularly opaque translations. This is galling, where it should have been Gallic; it might be forgiven had the choral diction been more fastidious, but let it pass.

This is of course the first "grand" opera to reach quad discs in its entirety in this country. (A rechanneling of the Price/RCA *Aida* is available on JVC in Japan. I'm told, but I haven't heard it.) Hence I approached the recording with a good deal of excitement—and with misgivings. If it were less than *bouleversant* would I feel disappointed? I do, though there is much to admire in the quad.

The recording conveys a sense of space, rather than of place. The chorus of Israelites in the first scene, for example, sings of revolt, but it simply doesn't suggest the oppressed throng milling about before the Temple of Dagon. It might just as easily be oratorio, with the chorus rooted by its music stands. The orchestral coloring does more than the quad to conjure up a stage picture. This is particularly noticeable in Dalila's two "big" numbers ("*Printemps qui commence*" and "*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix*"), because the instrumental figures seem to hang in the air during the introductions, giving promise of a spatial flexibility that is betrayed by Ludwig's immobility.

It's not her fault of course: the passion and shading in her voice almost overcome the unwaveringly middle-distance placement she is assigned to. But how much more effective it could have been had a sense of intimacy been created around the opening pages of her second-act scene with Samson: she builds well toward the coming climax on Samson's final confession of love, but the engineering remains static and unimaginative, robbing that climax of the impact it should have.

One feels, in fact, that Eurodisc is afraid of both movement and excessive dynamic range. Solo instrumental passages are unnaturally (though often affectingly) loud; climaxes lack the extra punch needed to put them over. This is particularly disastrous in the final scene.

Samson's last outburst ("*Seigneur, inspire-moi*") is nobly sung by King, but the engineers leave no headroom in which to convince you that the temple then crashes down about him. The orchestral rumblings and choral shrieks are little more than anticlimactic punctuation.

Just as Gustave Doré might have been the ideal illustrator for Saint-Saëns's nineteenth-century Biblicism, so quad seems an ideal sonic vehicle. That it is used here without Doré's superb sense of spatial chiaroscuro is a pity. But perhaps I'm expecting too much. Perhaps one should be content with the very real virtues that are present: a compelling performance opened up and lent added interest through quadriphonicity.

**The Budapest in Quad.** My SQ copy of Dvořák's Op. 96 (the *American* Quartet) and Op. 97 (E flat quintet) came in only after our July-issue review had been prepared by Robert C. Marsh from both the stereo version and the present SQ one (Columbia MQ 32792, \$6.98). I'd been waiting eagerly for the quad version, because romantic chamber music has seemed to me to pose a particular problem for quad engineering: Should it be presented from inside, so to speak, or from outside—that is, with only a concert hall ambience in the back channels?

Anyone who plays chamber music (as I have occasionally on a *very* amateur level), I reasoned, might prefer the former. But in repertoire demanding a high level of professionalism, and therefore normally heard in the concert hall, the "inside" perspective might seem unnatural. Furthermore I find that some accomplished chamber players do not want to "hear the music coming from all around the room": they prefer to be outside, "listening in."

Columbia has chosen to put the listener inside. At the same time, it has *not* chosen to isolate the performers by the "multitrack mono" technique that is so common in pops recordings. The quartet (or quintet) hangs together and retains its identity in the room. I feel thoroughly comfortable with this perspective. One has the sensation of being in the (relatively small) room with the Budapest but not of intruding on its music-making. And it is possible to move about the room without destroying the impression of dedicated music-making in process.

I'm sure there will be dissenters from such a view, as Marsh suggested. (I can't help wondering what the surviving members of the quartet think of this presentation: it shows them neither as

they must sound to themselves nor as they have normally been heard by some three generations of concert audiences.) But I find it eminently successful. And remember it was recorded in the mid-Sixties!

**Two from the Shows.** *Candide* (Columbia Q2S 32923, two discs, \$13.96) and *Over Here* (Columbia KSQ 32961, \$6.98) could hardly present a greater contrast. They are "original cast" albums (though the *Candide* obviously dates from the 1973 revival, rather than its *original* original 1956 cast) from the same label, but there the similarities end.

I won't belabor the subject of what's contained in the two recordings, since both are reviewed (see "Lighter Side") in this issue, but on a purely quadriphonic level they seem almost to exist in two separate media. No effort whatever is made to suggest a theatrical ambience in *Over Here*. The songs succeed one another without connective tissue and with very little sense of space or movement. If (like me) you've not seen the show, you might just as well approach the disc as though it were one more studio "album" of miscellany.

*Candide*, on the other hand, creates an entire sonic microcosm. For one thing, it includes dialogue. Whatever you may think of the revised text and the revival cast (and Royal Brown expresses some strong reservations in his review), the quadriphonic conception is superb—and consistent with the "environmental" staging of the revival. This is exactly the sort of handling I've been waiting for: when you finish listening to the set, you're aware of having experienced a phonographic event. It evokes the theater but translates everything into purely sonic terms.

**E. Power and the Glory.** Rheinberger is a name new to me. His two Concertos for Organ and Orchestra (Columbia MQ 32297, \$6.98) are something of a pompous romp, if you take my meaning. They must be an ego frolic for any organist—accustomed as he is to playing in musty loneliness—and Biggs does them magisterially, with an orchestra conducted by Maurice Peress, on the organ in St. George's Church, New York. This is a familiar *locus operandi* for Biggs quad tapings, and I hope Columbia is making appropriate ante into St. George's poor boxes in thanksgiving for having found such sonic salvation. The lower strings flow like cream in this recording; the reed stops glint like a fresnet; the violins pour out like wine.

If I find it hard to take the concertos seriously as music, they are nonetheless effective vehicles for both Biggs and quad. They've had a long wait for this moment in the sun, and all concerned have made the most of it. ●



Edgar Winter and Rick Derringer  
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## the lighter side

reviewed by

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ROYAL S. BROWN

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HENRY EDWARDS

KENNETH FURIE

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JOHN ROCKWELL

JOHN S. WILSON



**THE EDGAR WINTER GROUP:** Shock Treatment. Edgar Winter, keyboards, saxophone, and vocals; Rick Derringer, guitar and bass; Chuck Ruff, drums; Dan Hartman, guitar and bass; instrumental accompaniment. *Some Kinda Animal; Easy Street; Sundown; Miracle of Love; Do like Me; Rock & Roll Woman; Someone Take My Heart Away; Queen of My Dreams; Maybe Someday You'll Call My Name; River's Risin'; Animal.* [Rick Derringer, prod.] EPIC PE 32461, \$6.98. Tape: ● PEA 32461, \$7.98; ●● PET 32461, \$7.98. Quadriphonic: PEQ 32461 (SQ-encoded disc), \$7.98; EAQ 32461 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.

The Edgar Winter Group remains one of the best rock bands anywhere. Its hard rock is impeccably audacious, yet well played. Its softer moments are not throwaway changes of pace but thoughtful ballads. But best by far are the up-tempo rockers, such as "Do like Me" and "Rock & Roll Woman."

Edgar Winter is a superb singer of hard rock, and he has proved to be a considerable talent on the synthesizer as well. His command of the ARP is impressive on this LP. "Animal," the final tune on the album, is a marvelously nasty little number featuring a great deal of well-handled synthesizer by both Winter and Scott Mayer. M.J.

**MAUREEN MCGOVERN:** Nice to Be Around. Maureen McGovern, vocals; strings, percussion, and horn accompaniment. *All I Want; Little Boys and Men; Like a Sunday Morning;* seven more. [Carl Maduri, prod.] 20TH CENTURY T 439, \$5.98.

Maureen McGovern is the lady who had a surprise hit with "There's Got to Be a Morning After." from *The Poseidon Adventure*. The song even got an Academy Award.

It is difficult to account for an album like this coming from 20th, one of the sharpest of record companies. It makes me wonder: Is Ms. McGovern hard to work with, demanding her own way, right or wrong? Or was it a production miscalculation? Because nothing about the album works. Most of it was recorded at a place called Agency Recording in Cleveland, Ohio. Members of the Cleveland Orchestra were used on strings and horns. On a total of ten songs, six different arrangers and conductors were hired. One begins to suspect a direction problem.

The title tune is the theme from the film *Cinderella Liberty*, music by John Williams and lyric by his nonrelative Paul Williams. It meant to be fine. The rest of the songs are unfamiliar. Several are co-written by Ms. McGovern and Jim Kennedy or Ron Barron. One goes more astray than the next.

But the biggest problem is the unremitting heaviness of Ms. McGovern's singing style. Every note has whiplash. The lady has a nice enough voice—naturally heavy but not impossibly so if it were directed. It is not directed and thus becomes exhausting. She is also mixed way down front.

Almost none of the arrangements find a groove, not even those of Gene Page, who can make almost anything move. "Everybody Wants to Call You Sweetheart" gets a reverse prize for the worst arrangement of the lot.

Ms. McGovern needs the polar-opposite approach. A smart producer would go more easily with her, let her already exaggerated sense of drama ride the top of a well-defined rhythmic approach (forget six leaders, gimme a break). As it is, she leads the music—right over the cliff. There is a quality of desperate trying about this project and a dismal absence of fun. I defy anyone to dance to it.

All Ms. McGovern needs to do is lighten up, stop chewing each syllable before dropping it on us like gold, stop treating songs like sermons. All of which she brought off on her hit. She needs to go see *Blazing Saddles*, then make her next album. M.A.

**DIANA ROSS:** Live at Caesar's Palace. Diana Ross, vocals; orchestral accompaniment. *Don't Rain on My Parade; Big Mabel Murphy; Reach Out and Touch (Somebody's Hand);* fourteen more. [Berry Gordy, prod.] MOTOWN M6-801S1, \$6.98. Tape: ● M 801T, \$7.98; ●● M 801C, \$7.98.

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This eagerly awaited LP is a disappointment. Diana Ross is just too exciting a talent to allow herself to be poured into the typical nightclub mold. Here she sings plastic nightclub songs, using plastic nightclub arrangements. She also engages in some plastic nightclub chatter.

The album comes to vibrant life only when she sings a medley of Supremes hits and pays tribute to one of the most invigorating pop sounds of the Sixties. The Caesar's Palace audience would, I am sure, love Diana even if she took a chance or two when she stepped out on the nightclub floor. H.E.

**RITA COOLIDGE:** Fall into Spring. Rita Coolidge, vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Love Has No Pride; That's What Friends Are For; We Had It All; Desperados Waiting for the Train; The Burden of Freedom*; seven more. [David Anderle, prod.] A&M SP 3627, \$6.98. Tape: 8T 3627, \$6.98; CS 3627, \$6.98.

Rita Coolidge has a fine way with a ballad, as is amply shown in this latest collection of gospel-folky-country tunes. Her forte is the love song, and her performance of "We Had It All" is beautiful. On the up-tempo songs she seems a bit flat and lifeless, but this is more than adequately compensated for by her ballad voice. M.J.

**\* BEE GEES:** Mr. Natural. Barry and Robin Gibb, lead vocals; Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb, backup vocals; keyboards, strings, rhythm, mellotron, and horns accompaniment. *Charade; Throw a Penny; Down the Road*; eight more. [Arif Mardin, prod.] RSO SO 4800, \$6.98. Tape: M 84800, \$6.97; M 54800, \$6.97.

Those much-loved Bee Gees are back, proving once again that they can sustain themselves over the years and also, when they set their minds to it, produce a truly intriguing album.

Of course, this disc inevitably features the boys' fabled high harmonies, applied to a series of mushy but engaging rock ballads. Nevertheless, producer Arif Mardin has beefed up the basic Bee Gees sound and has in the process demonstrated a pleasing flexibility, by allowing the vocal trio to rock harder on some occasions and incorporate a pungent gospel sound on others.

"Mr. Natural" is proof positive that the Bee Gees can still add fans to the huge loyal following that has gathered around them over the years. H.E.

**DAVID BOWIE:** Diamond Dogs. David Bowie, guitar and vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Future Legend; Diamond Dogs; Sweet Thing; Candidate; Rebel Rebel; Rock 'n' Roll with Me; We Are the Dead*; 1984; *Big Brother; Chant of the Ever Circling Skeletal Family*. [Davie Bowie, prod.] RCA CPL 1-0576, \$6.98. Tape: CPS 1-0576, \$7.95; CPK 1-0576, \$7.95.

This is science-fiction rock, which means that instead of the usual hackneyed rock ideas we get hackneyed science-fiction ideas.

In this case, the story concerns a devastated

future society with walking corpses, fleas the size of rats, Big Brother, and lots of scavengers. The story is really just a collection of ideas, with no attempt at plotting. Bowie and his rock band bash away with rock loud and brash enough to hide the lyrics, which is the best idea. As with most message rock, it grows ponderous and, before long, stops rocking. The essential part of rock has always been the excitement, and Bowie loses it.

Only one or two tracks, mainly "Rebel Rebel," really move. And "Rebel Rebel" is a homosexual pickup song to which many people may find it hard to relate. M.J.

**NANCY JOHNSON:** Mellow Lady. Nancy Johnson, vocals, guitar, and songs; rhythm accompaniment: Nancy Johnson and Mark Hood, arr. *Ballad of Spooner; Tokens; When He's Walkin'*; seven more. [Nancy Johnson and Mark Hood, prod.] TREE FROG TF 42046, \$5.98.

Now here is a serious case of "not ready," which tends to be a terminal condition.

On the positive side, let us point out that this album appears to be a private enterprise—something practically unheard of in today's market because no one can afford it. A musician named Jack Gilfooy has opened a sixteen-track recording studio in Bloomington, Indiana, and has hired a chief engineer named Mark Hood, who is co-producer along with the artist on this album. The sound of the set is creditable if a bit bottom-heavy. The singer, Ms. Johnson, is prominently featured in the sound throughout, not exactly a bad production decision for introducing a new personality—except listener awareness never leaves the voice, so it had better be good, not just okay.

I like the fact that someone is sitting in Bloomington with the desire and means to give new artists a hearing. But there are further realities, all of which should be apparent to Messrs. Gilfooy and Hood. One is the fact,

growing ever clearer in our industry, that an engineer is rarely a producer, a producer is not often an artist, and an artist is hardly ever a producer. It is foolish and expensive to make automatic presumptions about these very distinct fields. Only occasionally does someone come along who is equally skilled at more than one task—a Stevie Wonder or a Paul Simon or a Joni Mitchell.

This album is "produced" by its engineer and its artist, and it has no concept. It is not enough to get together a bunch of tunes, some nice musicians, and a singer. "Concept" is almost impossible to discuss in records, other than to say that when it's strong it tends to work and when it's weak or nonexistent it is guaranteed not to. So: Unless you know Nancy Johnson or the dozens of her friends who are all thanked and dedicated on the jacket, the album is a bore. Ms. Johnson's style is folky in a late-'50s sense, although the lady appears to be too young for that.

Gilfooy has done a lot right in opening a new studio—including promotion, packaging, and the like. He would be wise to get several tasteful, energetic, and market-wise professionals to handle production. Then he could bring some fresh products to us jaded record fans, and more power to him. M.A.

**SHA NA NA:** Hot Sox. Jocko, drums; Screamin' Scott Simon, vocals and piano; Lennie, saxophone; Vinnie Taylor, vocals and guitar; Bowser, Donny, Denny Greene, Tony Santini, Chico, and Johnny, vocals. *Maybe I'm Old-Fashioned; Romeo and Juliet; Hot Sox; Easier Said than Done; Stroll All Night; Sh-Boom; You Talk Too Much; Bad Boy; Too Chubby to Boogie; Don't You Just Know It; Dreams Come True*. [Jack Douglas, prod.] KAMA SUTRA KSBS 2600, \$6.98.

**FLASH CADILLAC AND THE CONTINENTAL KIDS:** There's No Face Like Chrome. Flash Cadillac and Spike, vocals and guitars; Angelo, vocals and keyboards; Butch, vocals and bass; Ricco, drums; Spider, saxophone; Wally, vocals and drums. *Dancin' on a Satur-*



The Bee Gees—demonstrating a remarkable and well-earned staying power.



day Night; Message from Garcia; Heartbeat; Standin' on the Corner; Young Blood; The Way I Feel Tonight; Dirty Movies; First Girl; A Fool like You; Rock and Roll Heaven. [Toxey French, prod.] EPIC KE 32488, \$5.98. Tape: ● EA 32488, \$6.98.

Sha Na Na has been the leading band in the rock-and-roll revival for five years now. Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids are the principal contenders. Sha Na Na got much of its popularity from an appearance in the film *Woodstock*. Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids got much of theirs from an appearance in the film *American Graffiti*.

Finally, and most decisively, Sha Na Na is an inspired bunch of loonies who do what they do very well. Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids may be loony—anyone who puts KY jelly on his hair has to be at least slightly daft—but the group is not inspired and really is not very good at what it does. This album is a disappointment, lacking both conviction and solid performance.

Sha Na Na's most recent recording is much better, one of its best. The material is well-chosen and well-performed with humor and a great deal of conviction. Best is the 1963 hit "Easier Said than Done." M.J.

LANTIC SD 2-609, \$11.98 (two discs). Tape ● TP 2-609, \$11.97; ●● CS 2-609, \$11.97.

Bobby Short is an acquired taste, but a great many people have acquired it. He is the consummate performer. His singing is inspired and alive. His choice of material is flawless. And his piano playing is second to that of no singer/performer.

In this exuberant two-disc collection, Short provides a glimpse of his famous stints at New York's Cafe Carlyle. The material includes show and movie songs, jazz songs, pop standards, and contemporary songs. Especially good are "Miss Brown to You" and the elegantly catty "Mister and Missus Fitch." Harold Arlen's "One for My Baby" goes down very well, as do such recent tunes as Stephen Sondheim's "Sorry-Grateful."

Bobby Short is an acquired taste but one worth acquiring. This album provides a healthy assist. M.J.

**BILL WYMAN:** Bill Wyman, Bill Wyman, vocals and bass guitar; Dr. John, Duane Smith, Leon Russell, William Smith, and Hubie Heard, keyboards; Danny Kootch, Jackie Clark, Lowell George, Joey Murcia, and George Terry, guitars; Dallas Taylor, drums; Joe Lala, percussion; other instrumentalists. *I Wanna Get Me a Gun; Crazy Woman; Pussy; What a Blow;* five more. [Bill Wyman, prod.] ROLLING STONE COC 79100, \$5.98.

This is the first record by any of the individual Rolling Stones. Mick Jagger hardly needs to make his own records, since his performances with the Stones already constitute a solo act. As for the rest of them—even Keith Richard, who co-writes most of the Stones's songs with Jagger—they somehow never seemed likely to emerge from backup band anonymity.

But now, suddenly, from the diffidently taciturn Wyman, the band's bass player, comes this record, and a most pleasant surprise it is. Wyman's singing is nothing special, but it's good enough. And his songs have a fresh flair to them—not really Stones-ish in sound, yet hardly a denial of the band, either. His own bass playing and the excellence of the band (with guest shots by Dr. John, Leon Russell, et al.) add up to a real charmer. J.R.



**STEVEN GROSSMAN:** Caravan Tonight. Steven Grossman, vocals and guitar; Vinny Fuccella, guitars; Andy Mason, bass; Jimmy Young, drums; Chris Dedrick, keyboards and recorder; George Devens, congas and percussion; Eric Weissberg, mandolin, banjo, and pedal steel guitar; strings and vocal accompaniment. *Caravan Tonight; Out; You Don't Have to Be Ashamed; Many Kinds of Love;* seven more. MERCURY SRM 1-702, \$5.98.

Grossman does something here that's so obvious one wonders why it hasn't been done before (the typical query after almost everything original): He has composed an album of gay songs. "Gay" for Grossman doesn't mean trendily, glitteringly bisexual; it means homosexual. These songs, mostly love songs, try to express a gay consciousness through music.



Steven Grossman  
Universalizing the gay experience.

Apart from an occasional artsiness of phrasing and inflection, consciousness doesn't mean self-consciousness. Grossman simply writes as if the gay subculture were a *de facto* state of life (which it is, of course) and proceeds from there to explore what it means to live in that state.

What makes his record interesting to the non-gay is that his songs reach down beneath subcultural differences to something universally human. Ultimately, all love songs are about love, whether the love object is a man, a woman, or a shoe. If Joni Mitchell's love songs, say, can have any appeal for a gay, then Grossman's should mean something to straights. Not that his talent is quite the equal yet of Mitchell's. But he certainly has enough potential to make one look forward to his second album with interest. J.R.

**GINO VANNELLI:** Powerful People. Gino Vannelli, vocals and songs; Joe Vannelli, electric piano and synthesizer; Lani Hall, background vocals; Joe Vannelli and Richard Baker, arr. *Lady; Son of a New York Gun; Felicia;* six more. [Gino and Joe Vannelli and Herb Alpert, prod.] A&M 3630, \$6.98. Tape: ● 8T 3630, \$6.98; ●● CS 3630, \$6.98.

The more I hear this guy Gino Vannelli, the more I like him. He has a strange, powerful sound that becomes twice as strong through its association with the organ and the synthesizer. Put it all together, wet down the voice with a lot of echo, and you have an interesting and different sound.

Then there are the songs. Vannelli comes right out in front. "Powerful People" covers that familiar mood—part paranoia and part scuffle—in which we see those around us as big and powerful while we are hopeless, alone, and ineffective. I can't believe that a song on that very unsongy subject can work so well. Then there is "Jo Jo," which implores God not to take the life of a sick baby son: "Jo Jo, he's



Bobby Short  
A taste worth acquiring.



**BOBBY SHORT:** Live at the Cafe Carlyle. Bobby Short, vocals and piano; Beverly Peer, bass; Richard Sheridan, drums. *A Real Live Girl; Miss Brown to You; Mister and Missus Fitch; Sorry-Grateful; I Get a Kick out of You; Send In the Clowns; One for My Baby;* eleven more. [Lew Hahn, prod.] AT-



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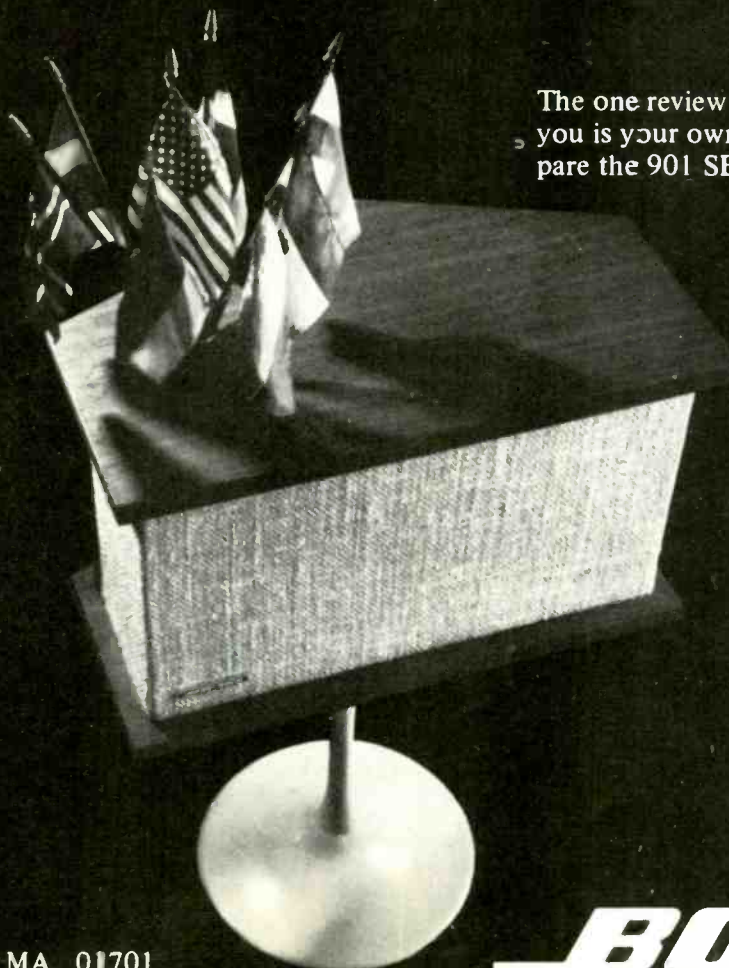
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my beautiful boy... " Don't ask me why it works as a pop song, but somehow it does. What a pleasant way to be baffled.

Two songs work in tandem. "Son of a New York Gun" is about a guy named Jack Miraculous, with his black satin (?) shirt, white tie, and his .38. The next song, "Jack Miraculous," is a view of the same man by a friend, probably a woman, who is afraid to stay close to him: "All this crime and no giving, I couldn't do for you/What are my chances of living if I were to stay close to you...?" Everybody knows you can't write songs that way. Once again, Vannelli manages well.

The musical inspiration behind the set seems to come largely from Joe Vannelli, who has as much energy as his brother Gino. Their mood is fearless, going for broke emotionally and otherwise—an appealing attitude.

The album is tightly and well produced by the Vannellis and associate Herb Alpert, who has long been one of my favorite producers. This is the second album from the group, so apparently Alpert is hanging in there with them. He's the man who hung in with the Carpenters too, and they didn't do bad.

My one complaint about this set (and it applied to the last set too) has to do with the rhythm section. In place of an electric or acoustic bass, the Vannellis use an organ bass. The drummer catches a lot of lies and uses a lot of cymbals. The rhythm floats when it should bite, and it could well keep the product out of a market that is currently all but hysterical in its rhythmic emphasis. Besides, Vannelli's choices give things a cocktail flavor that is inappropriate. M.A.



**BAD COMPANY:** Bad Company, Paul Rodgers, vocals; Mick Ralphs, guitar; Boz Burrell, bass guitar; Simon Kirke, drums. *Can't Get Enough of Your Love; Rock Steady; Ready for Love;* five more. SWAN SONG SS8410, \$5.98.

Swan Song is Led Zeppelin's new label, distributed by Atlantic. Bad Company is a new British group made up of former members of Free (Rodgers, Kirke), Mott the Hoople (Ralphs), and King Crimson (Burrell).

Anybody who loves solid, thrusting rock and roll, subsection late-Sixties British blues roots, has to hear this record. Rodgers has long been the favorite rock vocalist of many musicians and fans, even if Free never did enjoy real commercial success, and the others are all first-rate, together and in consort.

This first album, all original material by band members, is a winning debut. If they can generate some of this excitement in their live act, they should be with us for a good long time. J.R.



**THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA WITH THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS, COND.:** *Apocalypse.* Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, guitars; Jean-Luc Ponty, violin; Gayle Moran, keyboards and vocals; Marsha Westbrook, viola; Carol Shive, violin and vocals; Philip Hirschi, cello and vocals; Michael Walden, drums and vocals; Ralphie Armstrong, bass and vocals; instrumental accompaniment; London Symphony Orchestra, Michael Tilson Thomas,

cond. *Power of Love; Vision Is a Naked Sword; Smile of the Beyond; Wings of Karma; Hymn to Him.* [George Martin, prod.] COLUMBIA KC 32957, \$5.98. Tape: ● CA 32957, \$6.98; ●● CT 32957, \$6.98.

This album is a unique combination of forces: Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, formerly plain old John McLaughlin, the jazz guitarist turned rocker; Michael Tilson Thomas and the London Symphony Orchestra; George Martin, who gained fame as producer for the Beatles; and guru Sri Chinmoy, who may be the only man ever to get an Irishman to meditate.

Though at first glance this collection of forces looks uncommonly like another meeting of social-climbing rockers and slumming serious musicians, it works. Thomas provides some fine, dignified, and romantic music, which serves as a beautiful counterpoint to McLaughlin's aggressive rock.

The over-all blend creates a lovely, almost pastoral effect that doesn't really fit the album title. "Apocalypse," however much a Sri Chinmoy poem, printed on the jacket, defines that word in terms of rising consciousness. In all, the recording is one of the few good examples of how serious and "light" musicians may collaborate without one overshadowing the other. M.J.



**JON LUCIEN:** *Mind's Eye.* Jon Lucien, vocals, guitar, Fender bass, percussion, and songs; Dave Grusin, arr. and cond. *Prayer for Peace; So Little Time; When the Morning Comes;* seven more. [Larry Rosen, prod.] RCA APL 1-0493, \$5.98. Tape: ● APS 1-0493, \$6.95; ●● APK 1-0493, \$6.95.

Jon Lucien represents a very special corner of the market, one in which authentic quality seeps comfortably into authentic commerciality. With a little luck.

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Lucien is from the Islands, as I recall, but his style is distinctly Brazilian. Quite often we hear a graceful legato melody over an intense rhythmic structure. The emotional effect is simultaneously calming and exciting, and that is a very seductive premise for an album. Lucien is inherently tasteful and poetic, but his rhythmic inclinations seem to keep him grounded—and therein lies his commercial promise.

The album is arranged by Dave Grusin, a film and TV composer (*The Graduate, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*). "Name of the Game," "Maude") and record arranger/producer himself. He brings his own sense of beauty, rhythm, and perspective to the project. Together Lucien and Grusin have moments that are among the most beautiful you'll hear on records today ("World of Joy").

It was probably Grusin's idea to add r&b-type vocal backgrounds from time to time. The effect is the damndest thing. "The Ghetto Song," for instance, is a tightly written song about that part of town where you look out of a milky gray window at the junkies on





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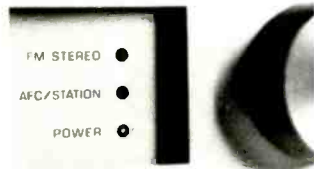
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the street below. But the rhythmic underpinnings are energetically Brazilian. The lead background vocal is credited to Ms. Marti McCall, plus a group, all r&b-oriented. In other words, this is a very international ghetto, expressed by a Jamaican in American style, backed Brazilian, and sweetened black.

"Soul Chant" is a tour de force of exotic percussion sounds coming from the mouth and diaphragm of Lucien, unaccompanied, segueing back into Nat Cole-like romance in "When the Morning Comes."

As far as I know, this is the second album from Lucien, Grusin, and producer Larry Rosen. The first one, "Rashida" (APL 1-0161), was equally gorgeous and was nominated for Grammys in two categories, arranging and something else. So the record industry is already onto these folks. Be the first on your block to see what's going on. It might count.

M.A.

### R. CRUMB AND HIS CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS.

R. Crumb, vocals and banjo; Alan Dodge, mandolin, mando-cello, violin, and vocals; Robert E. Armstrong, guitar, accordion, banjo, saw, and vocals; Richard Oxtot, bass and tuba; Paul Woltz, bassoon. *Laughing Rag; True Blue Lou; Little Rascals Medley; Willie the Chimney Sweeper; Kiwi Bump; Cuckoo Waltz; Sweet Lorraine; I'm Gonna Get It; Lucille; I Had But Fifty Cents; Down in Jungle Town; Get a Load of This; Cheap Suit Special; I'll See You in My Dreams.* [Nick Perls, prod.] BLUE GOOSE 2014, \$5.95.

R. Crumb is the best-known underground cartoonist, the man who originated the updated *Felix the Cat* series. Crumb has set aside his pen in favor of a banjo and is trying his hand at being a musician. Accompanying him are several men who also seem to be beginners at music.

This, the group's first album, is altogether enjoyable despite its off-the-top-of-the-head atmosphere and the occasional impression that everyone is out of tune. The Serenaders are best at the up-tempo songs, and the lyrics to some of the originals are worth the price on their own. "Get a Load of This," for example, laments the fact that the TV broke down during "Bowling for Dollars."

In all, the recording is a fun collection of good-time songs, and, if they're not performed perfectly, who cares? The spirit is high. M.J.

## theater and film

**OVER HERE!** Original Broadway cast recording. Music and lyrics by Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman; Maxene and Patty Andrews, Janie Sell et al., vocals; Joseph Klein, cond. *The Beat Begins (Overture); Since You're Not Around; Over Here!*; thirteen more. [Charles Koppelman and Teo Macero, prod.] COLUMBIA KS 32961, \$6.98. Tape: ● KSA 32961, \$7.98; ●● KST 32961, \$7.98. Quadriphonic: KSQ 32961 (SQ-encoded disc), \$7.98; SAQ 32961 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.

*Over Here!*, the wacky Andrews Sisters' Broadway musical, parodies the 1940s with skill and affection. The show's songs are mediocre; its book is also a mess. The spirit of this

enterprise is so strong, though, that it makes *Over Here!* jolly entertainment.

This disc is also entertainment, despite the score's weakness. Its standouts, of course, are the Andrews Sisters, who bring oomph and energy to the Sherman Brothers' eight-to-the-bar musical spoofs. But Janie Sell, who won a Tony Award for her performance, is the *real* standout with her "Wait for Me, Marlena" performance. Here is the Dietrich spoof to end all Dietrich spoofs!

H.E.

[**How it sounded in quadriphony.** The numbers are miked very much as they would have been in the period represented in the show: the Forties; that is, the sound is up-close and dry, and the quad adds very little to its impact. This may have a certain evocative value of its own, but it makes the recording intrinsically less enjoyable—as a recording—than, say, that of *Candide*. (See separate review, plus a note of comparison between the stereo and quad versions in this month's "4-Channel Discs/Tapes.")

ROBERT LONG]

**CANDIDE.** Recording of the Chelsea Theater/Broadway revival (with dialogue). Book by Hugh Wheeler; music by Leonard Bernstein; lyrics by Richard Wilbur, Stephen Sondheim, and John Latouche; directed by Harold Prince; Lewis J. Stadlen, Mark Baker, Maureen Brennan, Sam Freed, June Gable, Deborah St. Darr et al., performers; John Mauceri, cond. [Thomas Z. Shepard, prod.] COLUMBIA S2X 32923, \$9.98 (two discs, automatic sequence). Tape: ● SAX 32923, \$11.98; ●● STX 32923, \$11.98. Quadriphonic: Q2S 32923, \$11.98 (two SQ-encoded discs); QSA 32923, \$13.98 (two Q-8 cartridges).

Comparison:  
Adrian, Cook, Rounseville (orig. cast) Col. OS 2350

Probably the most attractive aspect of Harold Prince's enormously popular reworking of Leonard Bernstein's brilliant piece of musical theater (call it a musical comedy, a comic operetta, or an *opéra bouffe*, as you like) is the stunningly original staging, which has the audience sitting in the midst of diverse ramps, drawbridges, and mini-proscenias, with the action quickly moving throughout the four corners of this microcosm. But take away the visual spectacle, which even the superlatively conceived quadriphonic sound cannot, alas, reproduce, and you are left with a campy, badly acted, poorly sung, gratingly orchestrated bastardization that can hardly be called even a skeleton of the Bernstein original (particularly as presented in a 1968 one-night stand at New York's Lincoln Center).

One might at least have been grateful for a complete recording with dialogue of *Candide*. But unfortunately the book preserved here is not Lillian Hellman's original, but a new piece of pure hack by Hugh Wheeler. He generally aims at the leers, sneers, and belly laughs that Brooklyn's Chelsea Theater, where this new version of *Candide* was first staged before it moved to Broadway, seems to delight in.

In fact, his book has distorted everything to such an extent that much of the best music has been boiled down to nothing or has entirely disappeared. Thus Wheeler, instead of having the Spanish governor fall for Cunegonde (as he does in the Hellman book and, heaven forbid, in the original Voltaire "philosophical



... sets up an oh-so-faddish love affair between the governor and Cunegonde's brother—in drag. To accommodate this master stroke of subtlety, the acerbic trio "Quiet" has quietly vanished into the wings. Throughout, Voltaire's cynical, satirical wit, which is beautifully captured in the original Hellman book and Richard Wilbur lyrics, has been inflated into crass, cutesy-poo overstatement.

Furthermore, most of the sparkle of Bernstein's score has been dulled or extinguished by the reduced orchestration (done by Hershy Kay, who also worked on the first version) and the horrible singing. Cunegonde's aria "Glitter and Be Gay," for example, needs someone close to a genuine coloratura soprano, such as Barbara Cook on the original original-cast recording: Maureen Brennan's rendition is best heard behind three closed doors. The other singers (and nonsingers) in the cast fare only slightly better. And since the mini-orchestra simply could not do justice to such marvelous instrumental pieces as the mazurka, these too have vanished, to be heard only as unconsummated anticipations in the overture. Or perhaps Wheeler, poor man, just couldn't find a place for them.

One might have hoped that the bad singing was due to a stress on acting. No such luck. The basic effect of the performances here is not unlike what you might obtain by trying to overdub voices for a silent-movie serial (of the *Perils of Pauline* variety) run at half speed. On the stage, the effete whining voice of Lewis J. Stadlen as Voltaire was at least offset by his facial expressivity. Captured in high fidelity and isolated, Stadlen's shrill overtones quickly become unbearable (he also performs in several other roles, including Pangloss, with much the same impact).

But then, everybody whines. Mark Baker whines as Candide. Maureen Brennan whines as Cunegonde. Well, June Gable doesn't exactly whine as the old lady (played with infinitely more finesse by Irra Petina in the original and 1968 performances); but her caricatured Jewish accent represents, in my opinion, yet another attempt to get cheap laughs at the expense of Voltaire and Bernstein. The gratuitousness of Gable's accent really hits you when you remember Alan Arkin's hysterically funny German-accented Pangloss (Voltaire was, after all, attacking Leibniz) in 1968.

This is not to say you won't get any enjoyment from this album. Even the music-hall band and inadequate voices fail to conceal entirely the infectiousness of the Bernstein score, which contains one delightful melody after another, many of them set to lively dance rhythms. And many of Wilbur's original lyrics remain, although some have been rewritten by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche—often rather gratuitously, it seems to me. I hardly see, for instance, the improvement of the oh-so-clever Sondheimese of "Life is pleasant, life is simple/Oh my God, is that a pimple" (sung by Cunegonde's brother) over the original "Lady frilly lady silly" number sung by Pangloss at a different point in the show.

The best way to hear this album is quadruphonically. [See "4-Channel Discs/Tapes" in this issue.] Instead of imitating the staging and instrumental arrangement of the Prince production, the album's producers have set up the whole thing, with added sound effects, to create a maximum of variety and stimulation for the ears alone, with consistently imaginative and occasionally spectacular results, not

the least of which is the storm at sea you find yourself plunged into on Side 3. The stereo version, which has somewhat less echo, makes good, but obviously more limited, use of directionality.

Furthermore, while wiping out or maiming some of the pieces, this new Candide resuscitates several other musical numbers—in particular, "What a day, what a day for an auto da fe" and the haunting barcarolle that accompanies the Old Lady's tale—not heard on the original-cast album. But the only way to hear the music is on the latter, after which the limited benefits of this new album seem meager indeed. I would give my eyeteeth (whatever they are) for a complete recording of the 1968 performance. R.S.B.

**QB VII.** Original TV-film soundtrack recording. Composed, conducted, and arranged by Jerry Goldsmith. [Jerry Goldsmith, prod.] ABC ABCD 822, \$6.98.

**QB VII.** written for a sprawling TV movie based on a sprawling Leon Uris novel, is not one of Jerry Goldsmith's best scores. In fact, between a surprisingly innocuous title theme and all-too-frequent spates of the kind of folk material that almost always grates in a symphonic contest, little remains to get excited about. Even the more straightforward selections, revealing Goldsmith's typical feeling for mood, are just too glossy for my taste. R.S.B.

## jazz



**TURK MURPHY:** Frisco '58. Turk Murphy, trombone and vocals; Larry Conger, cornet; Jack Crook, clarinet and bass saxophone; Pete Clute, piano; Dick Lammi, banjo; Alan Conger, tuba; Homer Welch, drums. *Bay City; Black and White Rag; Dallas Blues;* seven more. SOLO 107, \$6.00 (Solo, Inc., Kirkwood Lane, Camden, S.C. 29020).

Now that Turk Murphy has become the elder statesman and prime inspiration of the traditional jazz school, the infrequency of his records becomes increasingly ridiculous. A recent Murphy record was his first release in ten years.

So the appearance of this set made sixteen years ago, in 1958, is not to be treated lightly. It is an event and, in this case, an unusually happy event, because the 1958 Murphy band was one of his best. For reasons not disclosed, the tape has spent the intervening years in the possession of Larry Conger, Murphy's cornetist in 1958, who now lives in Camden, South Carolina, and has his own record label, Solo.

Not only was this a good band, but the recording was done unusually well—or well enough so that the legendary Ewing D. Nunn could remaster it with brilliant results. The band has the chunky swagger that is typical of Murphy groups, leavened by the flowing solo powers of Jack Crook, a bass saxophonist who is reminiscent of Adrian Rollini and who also plays clarinet with touches of Bob Helm's ur-

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gency, and of Conger, who had a bright, crisp attack on cornet.

Murphy's trombone is more varied and flexible than usual, ranging from the siolid New Orleans sounds of Kid Ory to something approaching Tricky Sam Nanton's virtuosity with a plunger mute. And his singing is a joy—brash and lusty but never overplayed.

This was a tight, highly responsive band that managed to get something good out of almost anything it tried to play, from "The Curse of an Aching Heart" to "After You've Gone." The only tune that fails completely is a dismal, straightforward version of "Lonesome Road."

J.S.W.

\* **KEITH JARRETT:** *Treasure Island.* Keith Jarrett, piano and soprano saxophone; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Sam Brown, guitar; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums; Guilherme Franco and Danny Johnson, percussion. [Ed Michel, prod.] *Blue Streak; Treasure Island; Le Mistral;* five more. IMPULSE 9274, \$5.98.

Lurking under all the idiosyncracies of Keith Jarrett's usual performances on piano and soprano saxophone is a very good pianist who often gets no more than a brief chance to peek through.

On this disc, fortunately, the situation is reversed: His piano is used pianistically through most of the set, and his sax appears only briefly in one number. His piano is clear, direct, readily communicative, settling into a richly raunchy blues at one point or turning to a crystalline flow of melody on another.

Jarrett is impressively relaxed as he works over and through the monumentally strong and beautifully textured bass lines of Charlie Haden. Haden provides the foundation that carries the whole disc, no matter what mood Jarrett falls into.

Sam Brown adds his guitar on two pieces, developing some particularly interesting guitar-piano interplay with Jarrett on "Treasure Island." Even Dewey Redman, who has often seemed securely tied to the squall and shriek school of saxophone playing, manages to play with shading and a sense of real involvement.

J.S.W.

\* **HERB ELLIS AND RAY BROWN:** *Soft Shoe.* Harry "Sweets" Edison, trumpet; Herb Ellis, guitar; George Duke, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Jake Hanna, drums. *Easter Parade; Soft Shoe; Green Dolphin Street;* four more. CONCORD JAZZ 3, \$6.00 (Concord Jazz, P.O. Box 845, Concord, Calif. 94522).

Herb Ellis, who seems to be the resident guitarist/leader for Concord Jazz, the recording offshoot of the Concord Music Festival in California (he was co-leader with guitarist Joe Pass on the label's first release), is teamed this time with Ray Brown and Harry "Sweets" Edison in a quintet that manages to escape in a variety of ways from the customary routines followed by jazz groups in general.

The ritual of opening ensemble, solos by everyone, and closing ensemble can scarcely be found here, and, even when the outlines are there, the fulfillment avoids cliché. Even the only really dull number in the set, "Inka,

Dinka, Doo," has its novel aspect: This Jimmy Durante tune is not something you are likely to hear a jazz group play—after this effort, one can hope that no one else will try it.

But once past that (inexplicably, it is the opening number), it's clear sailing all the way. The highlight is a piece that has to be an instant classic, "Soft Shoe," a lazy, slinky tune on which Edison builds a masterpiece of relaxed, bending, sliding sounds. And not far behind it is Ray Brown's wistfully singing bass solo on "Green Dolphin Street," one short, superb chorus that says everything and stops before it gets trapped in overstatement.

There's also another specialty for Edison, "Edison Lights," which appropriately is filled by the flaring runs he now uses in much the same way that Clark Terry does. Ellis gets his innings in an unusual treatment of "Easter Parade" that starts as a gentle guitar-and-bass duet and grows steadily funkier and more heavily rhythmic.

This is a loose, happy, inventive set of performances in which the ideas and the individuals involved seem to have provided mutual sparks.

J.S.W.

\* **KING OLIVER:** *The Great 1923 Gennetts.* Joe Oliver and Louis Armstrong, cornets; Honore Dutrey, trombone; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Stomp Evans, saxophone; Lil Hardin, piano; Bill Johnson and Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; Baby Dodds, drums. *Canal Street Blues; Dipper Mouth Blues; Snake Rag;* ten more. HERWIN 106, \$5.95. (mono) [recorded 1923].

In his notes for this complete collection of the recordings made by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band for the Gennett label (complete, that is, except for two sides that have never been found), Bernard Klatzko quotes a provocative suggestion from Dick Spottswood: "The Oliver Creole Band should be reissued every ten years as electronic equipment improves."

"A sensible notion—and it applies not just to the Oliver Creole Band, but to any jazz records worth keeping that were made in the days of acoustical recording. As this collection, mastered by Nick Perls, shows, contemporary techniques can clarify those old records to a degree that would never have been believable a few years ago.

They are never going to sound like contemporary studio recordings, of course, and some surface noise is inevitable. But these Gennett records, which were probably the poorest in quality technically of any that the Oliver band made, have been brought out with a remarkable liveness and immediacy.

And since, in addition to Oliver, they contain a couple of solos by the young, emerging Louis Armstrong and a lot of excellent Johnny Dodds clarinet, the more that can be brought out of those old grooves, the better. There are a lot more that deserve the same knowledgeable treatment.

J.S.W.

\* **BUCKY PIZZARELLI:** *Beiderbecke/Challis and Kress.* Bucky Pizzarelli, Artie Ryerson, Barry Galbraith, Allen Hanton, Howie Collins, Tony Mottola, and Mary Pizzarelli, guitars. *Davenport Blues; In a Mist; After Thoughts;* eight more. MONMOUTH-EVERGREEN 7066, \$6.98.



There is probably a moral to be found somewhere in the success of one side of this disc and the failure of the other, but I'm not sure what it is.

For one side, Bill Challis, who wrote many of the memorable arrangements recorded by the Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman orchestras when Bix Beiderbecke was with them, has written arrangements for five guitars of some of Bix's piano solos. Beiderbecke's piano compositions were his strongest overt reflection of his fondness for the American followers of the Impressionists, especially for the obscure Eastwood Lane. They were not particularly jazz-oriented as Beiderbecke recorded them, although a good jazz pianist such as Jess Stacy could find some jazz feeling in them.

Challis' arrangements are of little help in bringing out whatever jazz qualities the pieces might have, and the performances—even by so superior a quintet of guitarists as Bucky Pizzarelli, Artie Ryerson, Barry Galbraith, Allen Hanlon, and either Howie Collins or Tony Mottola—have the labored sound of intense reading. Of the five selections, only "Flashes" comes through with any sense of ease.

On the other side of the disc, Pizzarelli and his teenage daughter, Mary, play a group of guitar pieces composed as duets or solos by Dick McDonough and Carl Kress. The compositions are the work of two delightful guitarists, and they are played by one of the best jazz guitarists around today (with the assistance of an unusually promising young artist). Composition and performance are all of a piece, and the results are charming—some bright and airy, others pensive and gentle. The Pizzarellis more than make up for the miscalculation on the Beiderbecke side. J.S.W.

## in brief

**KRIS KRISTOFFERSON:** Spooky Lady's Side-show: MONUMENT PZ 32914, \$6.98. Tape: ●●PZA 32914, \$7.98; ●●PZT 32914, \$7.98. Quadriphonic: PZQ 32914 (SQ-encoded disc), \$7.98; ZAQ 32914 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.

Kristofferson remains one of our most talented country-flavored songwriters, and his limited voice nonetheless projects effectively as a singer. This emerges as one of the best of his several excellent albums. J.R.

**HOWDY MOON.** A&M 3628, \$6.98.

This trio—Jon Lind, Val Carter, and Richard Hovey—deserves notice because it's pretty. Val Carter wrote Judy Collins' single "Cook with Honey," which she sings here. Ms. Carter has her own imaginative style, particularly when she's singing lead in the trio (as opposed to solo, though that's nice too). The album is produced by Lowell George, and production coordinator is Michael Jackson, who produced early Paul Williams and then the classy Patty Dahlstrom. Everyone on this debut worked with style and taste, and I wish them all a bottle of Dom Pérignon. M.A.

**COCKNEY REBEL:** The Human Menagerie. EMI ST 11294, \$5.98. Tape: ●●8XT 11294, \$6.98.

This English band not only looks peculiar, but



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also writes peculiar lyrics and creates peculiar musical effects. Nevertheless, there are some intriguing moments on this debut disc. Cockney Rebel just might have the potential to join the other members of rock's superstar hierarchy. H.E.

**EDDIE KENDRICKS: Boogie Down**. TAMLA T 330V1, \$5.98. Tape: ●● T 330T, \$6.98; ●● T 330C, \$6.98.

This is the fourth solo album for Kendrick, formerly of the Temptations, and if you liked his hit single of the same name you'll probably want to hear the LP. This is real pop music, in the sense that it is fun, facile, and never concerned with Making a Statement. It is also a terrific dance record, for all its slick new-soul sophistication. J.R.

**DUCKS DELUXE**. RCA LPL 1-5008, \$6.98. Here is a prime example of English "pub" rock. Ducks Deluxe is one of a number of new bands that make their livings playing in Britain's lively drinking spas. This group's music is loud, jolly, and mindless. Ducks Deluxe is fun. H.E.

**OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: If You Love Me Let Me Know**. MCA 411, \$6.98. Tape: ●● T 411, \$7.98; ●● C 411, \$7.98.

It's hard to complain about a singer as agreeable as this lady. She croons along in her sweet-sounding head tones, song after song. I can't tell them apart—hit after hit, and I still can't tell them apart. Ms. Newton-John has been produced more as a "sound" than as a human being, which she certainly is. But then, she has been enormously successful here, as has her fellow Australian, Helen Reddy. Ms. Newton-John is also the most beautiful pop singer I can think of. I hope her best and warmest musical work is ahead of her. M.A.

**CYBILL SHEPHERD: Cybill Does It . . . to Cole Porter**. PARAMOUNT PAS 1018, \$5.98. Movie-magazine readers undoubtedly know that movie director Peter Bogdanovich is having an affair with movie star Cybill Shepherd. Now Bogdanovich has produced a disc that features Shepherd's colorless voice on a number of Cole Porter tunes. The result can charitably be described as disgraceful. H.E.

**QUEEN: Queen II**. ELEKTRA EKS 75082, \$5.98.

Queen isn't exactly what the name might suggest. There is an element of fashionable glitter to the group's costuming, but basically this is a rather good hard-rocking British band. The stage act—as seen recently in New York—needs work: at the moment, lead singer Freddie Mercury's cavortings throttle spontaneity with a scientific precision. But on records, there is a good deal to enjoy. J.R.

**PERSUASIONS: More Than Before**. A&M 3635, \$6.98.

The Persuasions kill me anyway, but imagine a vocal group with the chutzpah to put out an entire side of an album a cappella. Not a backup musician in sight, not even much hand-clapping to help. And it swings right along. So does Side 2, which does have a rhythm section. After hearing Side 1, the five-man band on the other tracks sounds like the full-dress Count Basie band. The Persuasions have survived a lot of fads and may outlive and outgrow us all. Dying might be worth considering if you could get this group to come and sing at your funeral. M.A.

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While I'm sure these are scarcely, if at all, less delectable in stereo alone, even in relatively restrained quadriphony the music's long-familiar magical atmosphere is ineffably enhanced (Columbia MAQ 32736, Q-8 Dolby-B cartridge, \$7.98; MT/MA 32736, Dolby-B cassette and eight-track cartridge, \$6.98 each). I haven't yet heard the latter two, but I presume they also include seventeen minutes of rehearsal excerpts—from the disc edition's seven-inch bonus addendum—which are invaluable illuminating for Copland's insistence on presenting his work as unsentimentally and as unmistakably "Amerikanisch" as possible.

**Americana's Ragtime Roots.** I relished so much, just a year ago, the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble's "Red Back Book" tribute to Scott Joplin (Angel 4XS/8XS 36090) that I can only anticipate eagerly the group's Joplin sequel, this time not for Angel, but for Golden Crest. Fortunately, the original program's producer, George Sponhaltz, has rushed into the breach with a closely similar sequel program, "Palm Leaf Rag," played under his direction by the twelve-man Southland Stingers plus pianist Ralph Grierson. (Angel 8XS/4XS 36074, eight-track cartridge and cassette, \$6.98 each. Please note with amazement the return to standard price from the premium cost of Angel tapes in recent years!)

Grierson and the Stingers' clarinetist play very well indeed, but the West Coast ensemble is no match, especially in enthusiasm, for the New Englanders, and its tendency to heavy-handedness is italicized by the robust low end of the otherwise admirable recording. Nevertheless, no minor flaws can dull one's toe-tickled response to these ten wonderfully varied Joplin masterpieces, topped

perhaps by the swinging concert waltz *Bethena*, the amusing two-step *The Favorite*, the seductively graceful Mexican serenade *Solace*, the programmatic *Wall Street Rag*, and the oddly distinctive *Sloptime Rag*.

**Americana of the Future?** The stylistic jump from Joplin in the first decade of the twentieth century to Copland in the early Forties can be generally accepted as an easy one—yet the seemingly riskier one to George Crumb's far-out tonal explorations of 1969 and 1971 is only psychologically harder. Any true audiophile, intensely interested in sounds as such, will dig right off these inexhaustibly imaginative exploitations of today's tonal resources. It is lamentable that Crumb's works (even his widely successful *Ancient Voices of Children*) have been unrepresented on tape until now, when Columbia's Modern American Music series leads the way with the Aeolian Chamber Players' coupling of *Voice of the Whale* for electrified instrumental trio and *Night of the Four Moons* (after poems by Lorca) featuring mezzo Jan DeGaetani with four instrumentalists (Columbia MAQ 32739, Q-8 Dolby-B cartridge, \$7.98).

The first work, inspired by recordings of actual whale voices, is an incomparably eerie one. The other, "symbolizing" the composer's own "rather ambivalent feelings" about the Apollo 11 moonflight, is—while scarcely less atmospheric—at once more outspokenly rhapsodic and, thanks in large part to the gifted Ms. DeGaetani, tenderly compassionate. And here (unlike the case of Copland's ballet above) quadriphony seems to be a quintessential necessity for the full evocation of the music's spell-binding magic. Once it has been heard at home in this medium, I can't imagine its sounding nearly as effective in stereo alone.

**Pianistic Paragons.** I think that the remarkable pianists' pianist William Mascelos is making a belated tape debut, but I'm sure that his are the long-needed tape firsts of Schumann's *Davidsbündler-tänze*, Op. 6, and Brahms's Sonata No. 1 in C, Op. 1 (RCA/Stereotape ERPA 3291 C, 7½-ips open reel, \$7.95), surely among the most valuable and immediately appealing additions to the taped repertory of Romantic piano music. It's odd that one of Schumann's finest and most characteristic early works hasn't been available for us before, but at least the delay makes us appreciate all the more its arrival, especially in so vital, unreservedly eager, and yet so heartfelt a reading as this by a man ironically best known as a specialist in such "moderns" as Ives, Satie, et al.

The coupled sonata's unfamiliarity (off as well as on records of any kind)

isn't altogether surprising, for in this bold but overly episodic Op. 1 the only twenty-year-old Brahms had yet to learn to control and concentrate his enormous energy. Nevertheless, it offers new insights into his later, better organized, works and reminds us how exciting it must have sounded around 1853 when it fired the older master Schumann to hail Brahms (as he did Chopin in 1831) as "a genius" destined from the first for supreme fame. Probably it is the music's own rhetorical excesses that push Mascelos into occasional overvehemence, but both the work's fierce ambitiousness and the playing itself are captured with well-nigh ideal tonal solidity and vividness.

With the exception of the perhaps overfamiliar *Pavane*, most of Ravel's solo piano pieces also have been badly neglected on tape. Hence my special welcome for the delayed taping of John Browning's 1969 recital comprising the early, classically lucid *Sonatine*, the fabulously virtuosic *Gaspard de la Nuit* cycle (*Ondine*, *Le Gibet*, *Scarbo*), and the original version of *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, which includes a fugue and a toccata in addition to the four movements of the more-often-heard orchestral score.

This 7½-ips open reel (RCA/Stereotape ERPA 3028 C, \$7.95) is very well recorded, if appropriately somewhat less richly but more lightly and brightly than the Schumann/Brahms reel. And Browning plays even the most finger-cracking passages with impressive bravura.

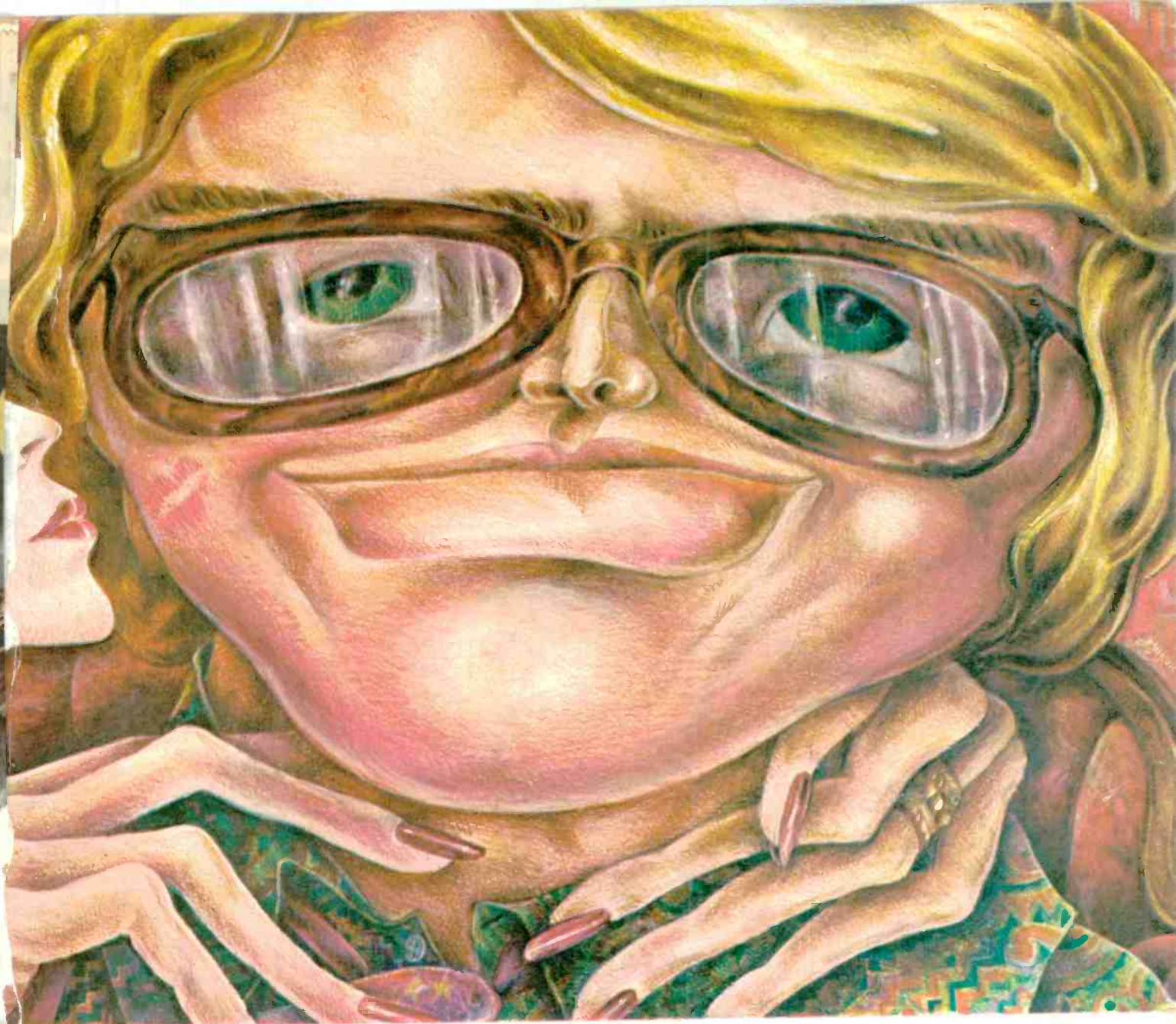
My only reservations are about some lack of truly "French" elegance and an occasional clarity of articulation that is a bit too great (as in *Ondine*) for ideal atmospheric effectiveness. But over-all this release is a must for every Ravelian—and for every student of instrumentation/orchestration learning what happens when a master like Ravel transcribes one of his own works (*Le Tombeau*).

## Joe Says It Ain't So, After All—At Least for Now.

Ampex Corporation's discontinuance of complete-opera librettos (which I first wrote about, with disbelieving horror, last June) now proves to have been real enough, but—to every tape collector's immense relief—not permanent. The Good Word is that librettos will be available again, if only on (supplied) postcard request. And that, as I noted only last month, is infinitely better than nothing at all.

I have no idea at this moment to what extent taped-opera buyers' (and my own) outraged protests helped to bring about this relatively happy outcome, but they well may have played a significant role. It's futile to complain privately and never make one's feelings known to the manufacturers themselves. ■





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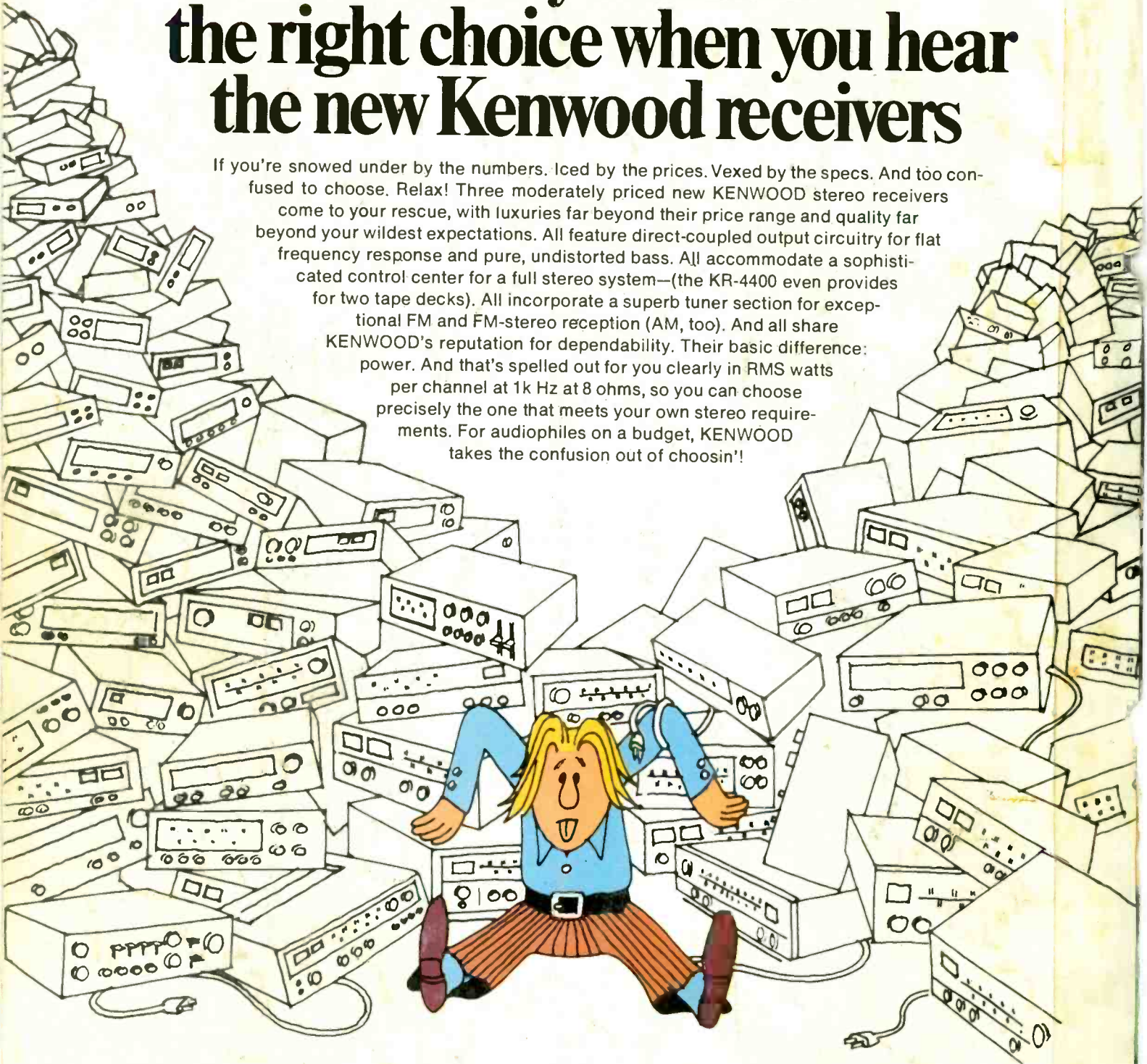
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