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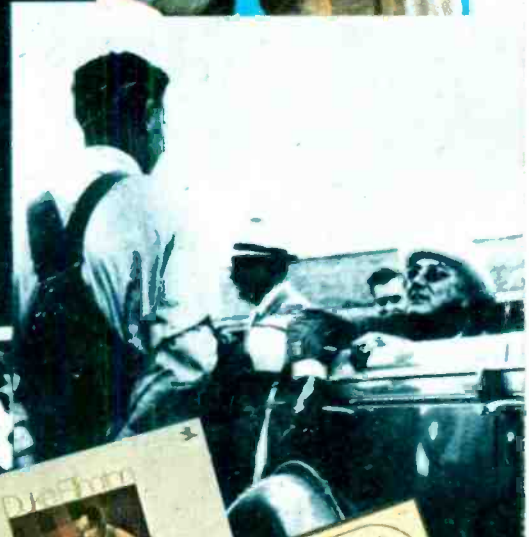
HIGH FIDELITY

and musical america



Why the Nostalgia Boom?
Survey of Reissued Recordings
Where to Find Old-Time Radio Shows
Movie Musicals — The Golder Era

THE BOSS



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CORBIN
8826 BRIERLY RD
WASHINGTON DC 20015



Fisher reviewers:

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**"Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers Guide
4-Channel"**

"... Fisher 504 four-channel
AM/FM Stereo Receiver... An
outstanding all-round per-
former. A leading heavyweight
in the 4-channel field..."

"Stereo & Hi-Fi Times"

"... The Fisher people began
on a note of leadership and
have never relinquished this
position... In FM, the 504
acquitted itself so well that it
is the equal of many separate
tuners... This is an excellent
and well-made receiver... It is
well-worth its asking price of
\$599.95."

304B

404

504



The Fisher Studio-Standard Series

We'll put our numbers
against anyone else's numbers.

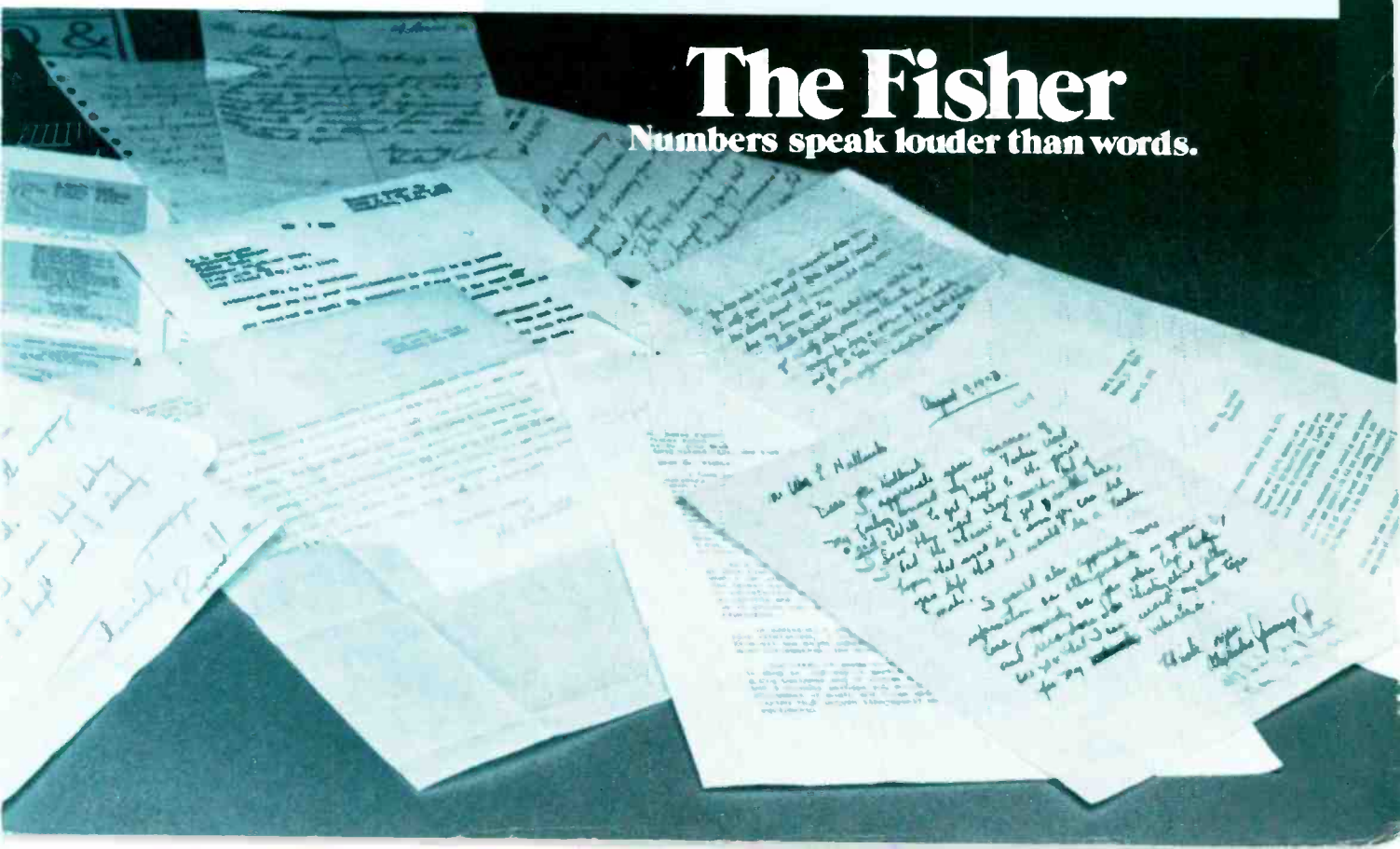
But numbers aren't
everything. Especially when
you consider our "Studio-
Standard" Series of quadra-
phonic receivers. Enough has

been written about them to
make very good reading for
anyone interested in true high
fidelity in four-channel.

It's not surprising. After all,
wasn't it Fisher who inverted
high fidelity in the first place?

The Fisher

Numbers speak louder than words.



Here are a few words from Studio-Standard owners and

Mr. V. B. of Guthrie, Okla.
 "You have made a 15 year old audiophile's dream come true with your 504 model Studio Standard Receiver... Versatile tone control. Excellent balance control. High, yet virtually clean power. Timing like nothing else. Thank you for being so picky in the audio industry and for the Fisher 504 receiver. It is quite definitely the non-professional audiophile's dream come true."

Mr. R. I. of American Fork, Utah.
 "I was sold on the Fisher 404 quad amp. almost from the minute I saw it... and now I am even more impressed with the company who produces it. I did some hard looking before I bought and I sincerely believe that I have one of the best receivers on the market."

Ms. D. D. W. of Miami, Fla.
 "Never having previously owned any type of sound equipment, I went to considerable trouble to become acquainted with the many kinds and makes presently on the market... I might emphasize that, while I am a life long musician, my knowledge of the technical aspects of sound reproduction was relatively limited... After talking to numerous people and reading considerable amounts of literature, the 504 receiver from Fisher came to be mentioned to me more and more frequently... As a result, of course, I purchased the 504 and two ST-530 speakers... and I plan to buy two additional speakers at a later date when I can afford them. I remain convinced without any doubt that I have the finest equipment available and am truly unable to express the degree of satisfaction and enjoyment I have had in the

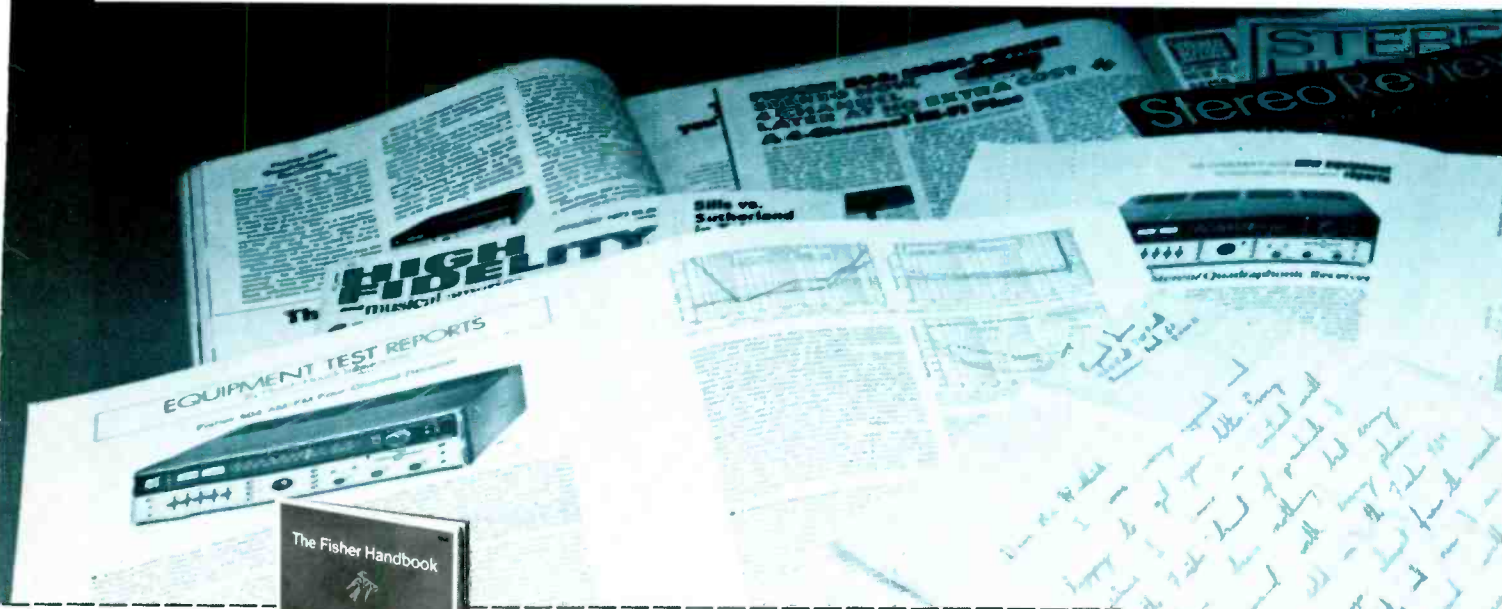
last few days listening to records and the classical music station here. To hear music as it sounds coming from the Fisher equipment is a rare and unforgettable experience..."

Mr. W. A. L. of Chicago.
 "I have a Fisher 504 receiver... The receiver is extraordinary. The salesman who sold these components... did not pressure me into buying a Fisher. I did a lot of looking around and reading literature on 4-channel receivers being this is the first 2/4 channel receiver I have ever had. I'm glad I picked the best name in 4 channel receivers and speakers. I know I'll have many years of listening pleasure..."

Mr. A. J. Jr. of Miami, Fla.
 "... (the) new Fisher unit #304... I love this unit very much. And if I had the chance to get another one, hoping that won't be too soon, you can bet your life that it would be a Fisher..."

"High Fidelity" **Ne ment Reports**
 "... The Fisher 504 with features and so in its performance t confidently say it re the best value we've encountered in a qu receiver... We have examine in detail an phonic receiver, at a that offers more, ov music listener..."

"Stereo Review," **H Houck Lab Report**
 "... The versatility o Fisher 504 is excepti Our test reports spe themselves... every operated in its inter ner... it is a superior which does everythi claims for it and the All in all, the Fisher first-rate receiver ar impressive achiever



Free \$2 value! Mail this coupon for your free copy of *The Fisher Handbook*. This entirely new, revised edition of the famous Fisher reference guide to high fidelity, stereo and 4-channel is a magnificent 68-page book.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(For same-day reply, enclose \$1.)

HF-4

Fisher Radio
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U.S. MAIL
FIRST CLASS
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Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

U. S. A.

Numbers speak louder than words.

Fisher Radio
Box 1001
Long Island City, N.Y.

Numbers speak louder than words.



Fisher Radio
Box 1001
Long Island, N.Y.

The Fisher 504 Stereo Standard receiver, \$529.95

180W
Stereo (80-80 watts), total continuous power (rms) into 8 ohms (20 Hz to 20,000 Hz), all channels driven

128W
4 channel (32/32/32/32 watts), total continuous power (rms) into 8 ohms (20 Hz to 20,000 Hz), all channels driven

0.5%
Total harmonic distortion at rated output, 8 ohms, 20 to 20,000 Hz.

1.8uV
IHF A2 (noise sensitivity)

0.2%
Frequency harmonic distortion, 400 Hz, 100% modulation, stereo 0.3%

1.2dB
Carrier-to-noise ratio (100% modulation)

60dB
Attenuation constant selectivity (IHF method)

For trace prices where applicable. Price slightly higher in N.Y. and surrounding areas.

There is only one objective way to decide if a receiver is a good value. First look at the specifications. And then look at the price.

When you examine the numbers that apply to the Fisher 504, you'll probably come to the same conclusion yet to examine in detail any Quadraphonic receiver — at any price — that offers more, over all, to the music listener.

Wouldn't you expect you to take anyone's word for the 504's excellence. Go to your Fisher dealer. Ask him for a free comparison chart that lists the important specs of Fisher receivers. Make your own comparison — using the numbers that describe any comparably priced competitive equipment.

We won't tell you what you'll discover. The numbers speak for themselves.

The Fisher

We invented high fidelity.

For more information, plus a free copy of the Fisher Handbook (a \$2 value), write Fisher Radio, Dept. 10-P, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

OCTOBER 21, 1973

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LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.

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Long Island City, New York 11101

FISHER RADIO CORPORATION
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New York
U. S. A.

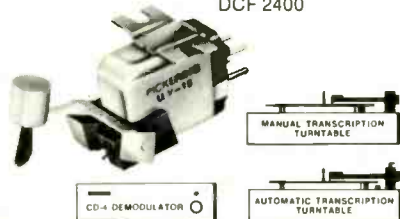
**Numbers
don't always
speak louder
than words.**

THE RIGHT PICKERING CARTRIDGE FOR YOUR EQUIPMENT IS THE BEST CARTRIDGE MONEY CAN BUY.

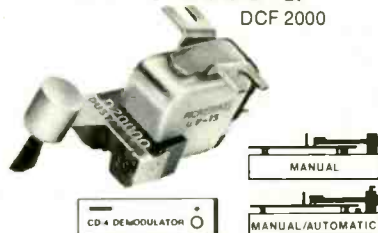
They feature low frequency tracking and high frequency tracing ability!*

DISCRETE 4 CHANNEL

UV-15 2400 Q
DCF 2400

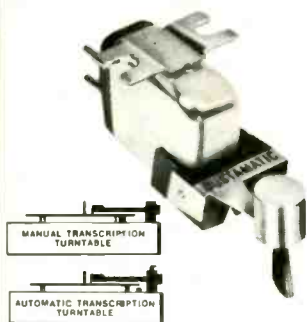


UV-15 2000 Q
DCF 2000

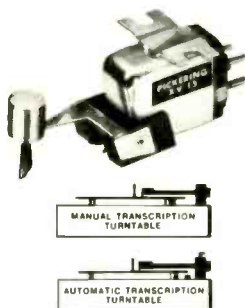


STEREO AND MATRIX

XV-151200E
DCF 1200



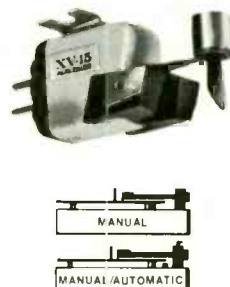
XV-15750E
DCF 750



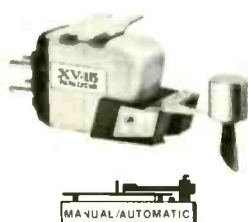
XV-15400E
DCF 400



XV-15350
DCF 350



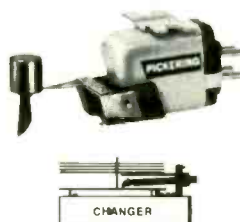
XV-15200E
DCF 200



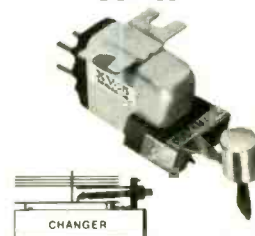
XV-15150
DCF 150



XV-15140E
DCF 140



XV-15100
DCF 100



Pickering offers you "The Best of Both Worlds" in DISCRETE 4-channel and in STEREO cartridges. These cartridges have been specifically designed and engineered not only to peak specifications and performance characteristics, but also to achieve total compatibility with *your music system* to help you get the most out of it.

Only Pickering has developed a way for you to be absolutely certain you select the "right" cartridge for *your music system*. We did it first for STEREO by developing our Dynamic Coupling Factor rating system—DCF for short—which identifies pick-up performance in terms of a quantitative measurement. The value of a DCF rating lies not only in its merit to define low frequency tracking ability but also in its measure as an index of *high frequency* (8 to 50 kHz) *tracing ability*. Pickering's DCF-rated pick-ups have exceptional *high frequency tracing characteristics*, vital for both STEREO and DISCRETE 4-channel performance. The Pickering cartridge exactly

"right" for maximum performance with *your equipment* is simple to select because of this rating method.

Now, Pickering is also applying application engineering techniques and DCF ratings to its DISCRETE cartridges. They fulfill the stringent requirements necessitated by the sophisticated nature of discrete discs.

So, whether STEREO or DISCRETE is your preference, choose from "The Best of Both Worlds" the Pickering cartridge exactly right for your equipment.

For further information write to Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. G 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, New York 11803

**traceAbility—T.M.*



"for those who can hear the difference"

CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

April 1974

VOL.24 NO.4

HIGH FIDELITY and musical america

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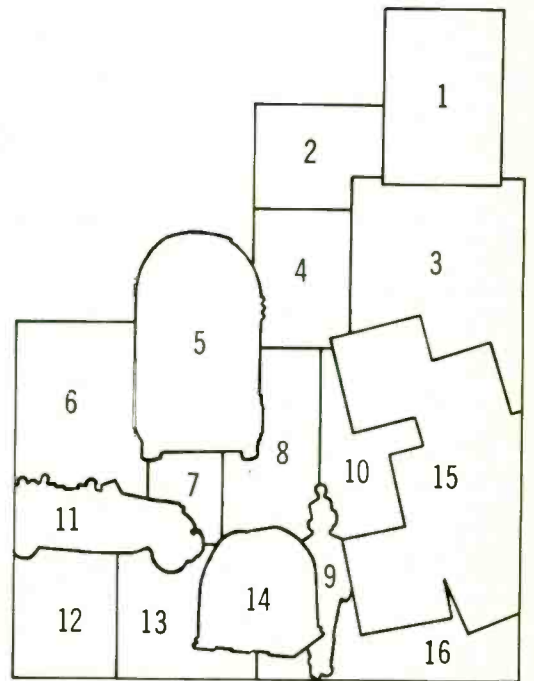
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2. Arturo Toscanini, see page 75.
3. President Franklin D. Roosevelt with Depression farmers, see page 55.
4. Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of 1936*, see page 66.
5. A Wurlitzer jukebox.
6. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *The Gay Divorcée* (1933), see page 85.
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Bernstein's Musical Grammar

For over a decade, the paramount issue before linguists has been Noam Chomsky's "transformational grammar." Chomsky and his followers purport to demonstrate that all sentences are generated by "deep structures" which are then "transformed" into various "surface structures," or sentences, by "intuitively" known transformational rules. Thus the same deep structure that can generate *Hal's car is red*; *Hal's car hit John* can generate *John was hit by Hal's red car*, but not *John hit Hal's red car* or *Red car John Hal's hit*. Noting that a very young child, who in his life has heard a restricted number of sentences, many of them grammatically incorrect, can still create correct sentences he has never heard before, and that all languages use similar operations to generate formally correct grammatical sentences, Chomsky propounds a "universal grammar" and a genetically programmed "language faculty" inherent in every human being.

So what does this have to do with music?

In his "Modern Masters" book *Noam Chomsky* (Viking Press), British linguist John Lyons has proposed that "there is at least a possibility that other forms of typically human activity (including, perhaps, certain aspects of what we call artistic creation) will also prove amenable to description . . . based upon transformational grammar." Leonard Bernstein, in a series of six three-hour lectures at Harvard last fall, made a preliminary attempt to apply transformational grammar to music. In the process, he stirred up a hive of very angry and very active intellectual bees. Michael Steinberg attacked the intellectual inadequacies of Bernstein's lectures in both the *Boston Globe* and *New York Times*. MIT linguist Irving Singer then attacked Steinberg's attack in a letter to the *Times*. (Plug: Both Steinberg and Singer used Brandeis University linguist/musician Ray Jackendoff as authority for their opposite points of view. Jackendoff's own critique of Bernstein's series appears in this month's *MUSICAL AMERICA*. Those of you who do not subscribe to our joint edition may get a copy by writing to me.) Harvard and MIT are, I understand, discussing joint seminars based on Bernstein's theses.

Bernstein's competence as a linguist is beyond my own competence to judge. But it seems to me that all those bees are flying around the head of the wrong bear. It is not a grizzly academic who has dipped into the honey, but the artistically sensitive, innocent Pooh. Whether there is a "universal musical grammar," as Bernstein suggests, is beside the point of his series' importance. Whether Verdi's *Aida* and Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* were generated by the same "deep structure" or not, Bernstein's analysis of their similarities is excitingly illuminating. Certainly traditional musical analysis could have provided at least as incisive a tool—in the hands of a Bernstein. But he gave his own clue to his series' prime value when he made analogies of poetic techniques—metaphor and ambiguity above all—to musical procedures. And even Steinberg inadvertently exposed the lectures' worth when he complained of Bernstein's "penchant for choosing effect over substance" while acknowledging that the series "was good theater, a spectacular and generous entertainment."

For what Bernstein provided in his *Ring*-length creation was more a work of art than an academic discipline, a conception replete with thought-stimulating ambiguities, open-ended allusions, climactic repetitions, and with the metaphor of music as language overriding and unifying the whole. In fact, the entire series was one giant metaphor and, as such, a work of poetic more than scientific insights.

Next month, *HIGH FIDELITY* will tackle the problem of **SHOULD YOU CHOOSE A MANUAL OVER AN AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE?** Coupled with this will be a complete **DIRECTORY OF HIGH-PERFORMANCE TURNTABLES**. And last year's centennial of Max Reger's birth has brought forth a number of new recordings of his works: we'll consider the entire Reger discography plus his significance as a composer in **MAX REGER: WINDBAG OR PROPHET?**

Leonard Marcus

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This year only 1200 perfectionists will satisfy their pursuit for excellence.

The new Ferrograph Super Seven takes its place alongside the finest high fidelity components in the world. Admittedly, it's not for everyone. Just the limited few who are able to recognize and appreciate its unexcelled capability for professional performance in the home.

The Super Seven achieves new heights in innovative tape recording with more than thirty advanced features including:

Exclusive variable speed wind and rewind—10½-inch reels—3 speeds: 1⅞, 3¾, 7½ ips or 3¾, 7½, 15 ips—Dolby B (on request with either speed configuration)—professional electronic editing—

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The choice of professional broadcasters and musical perfectionists the world over, Ferrograph Super Seven is not merely the best of its kind—it's the only one of its kind.

A visit to your Ferrograph dealer will convince you. Or write to: Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc., New Hyde Park, New York 11040 / 7301 East Evans Road, Scottsdale, Arizona 85260.



New Super Seven Ferrograph
Total versatility with tape.

Introducing the WDDS-12 Pritchard Loudspeaker System

More confusion?

There are literally hundreds of speakers on the market. There are 2-way systems, 3-way systems, omnidirectional, rearward sound projection, et al. All, according to their makers, are outstanding. And, frankly, several are.

Small wonder the public is confused. And good reason why serious listeners rely on expert opinions, as well as recommendations from knowledgeable equipment owners.

Our new Pritchard system will surely add to the confusion. And our claims will fall, unfortunately, on many deaf ears.

But among those people who, over the years, have learned to separate fact from fiction...who trust their own ears...and who respect "inside" opinions, this new speaker will be a revelation.

If you're a serious listener, unfamiliar with ADC speakers, we urge you to talk to people familiar with our products. They know that, among the relatively few outstanding speaker systems on the market, ADC's line ranks among the best. And, now, with the introduction of the Pritchard System, ADC's probably number one!

For most, the confusion about speakers will continue. For some, the WDDS-12 Pritchard System will shout "hello."

**ADC speakers
-the insider's choice.**



Enclosure: Oiled walnut airtight cabinet having a volume of approximately 2.5 cu. ft.

Heavy 12-inch acoustic-suspension woofer with massive magnet and low-resonance cone produces powerful true bass to the very lowest regions of musical sound.

¾-inch Mylar dome tweeter projects uppermost highs with exceptional clarity over broad arc, resulting in "open" sound with accurate stereo space image.

Contour control with four distinct settings permits precise acoustic matching of the WDDS-12 to the acoustic requirements of almost any listening room.

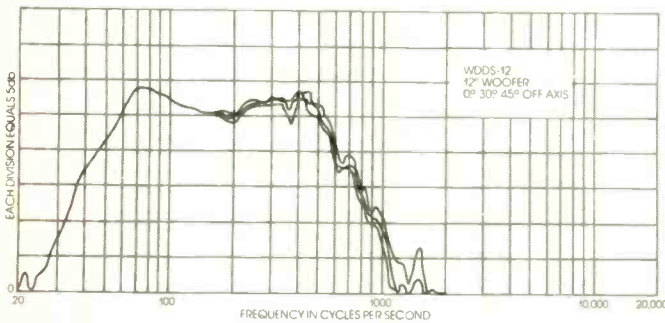
1½-inch Mylar dome tweeter assures smooth frequency transition into midrange while providing wide dispersion and crisp transients in the crucial "presence range."

Optional base in handsome matte black

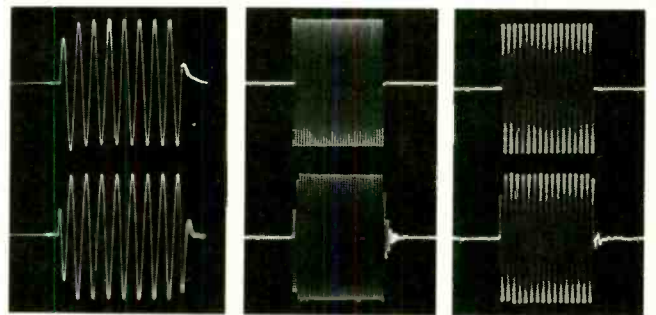
Angled dome tweeters generate a uniform sound field over 120° dispersion. Location of all drivers in the same curved plane, creates a Wide Dispersion Discrete Source (WDDS), vital for realistic stereo location and making the most of the speaker's outstanding transient response. WDDS avoids spurious sound scatter and infuses the sound field into the listening room in a pattern virtually analogous to that of a stage or auditorium performance. As a result, the listener remains unaware of the speaker — the music seems "simply there."

WDDS-12 SPECIFICATIONS

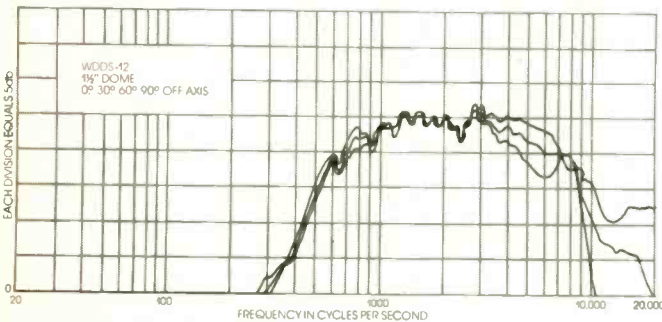
- NOMINAL IMPEDANCE:** 6 ohms
- FREQUENCY RESPONSE:** 30Hz - 25KHz ± 2 db. Average over 120° lateral radiation field and anechoic conditions above 300Hz.
- LOW FREQUENCY DRIVER:** 12" high compliance, heavy duty.
- HIGH FREQUENCY DRIVERS:** Two 1½" dome radiators and two ¾" dome radiators.
- CROSSOVER FREQUENCY:** Crossover takes place gradually between 600Hz and 5KHz.
- DISPERSION:** Frequency Response varies by no more than 3db from the "on axis" response over a 120° lateral field.
- GUARANTEE:** 5 years, as detailed in our guarantee form. All service to be carried out by authorized dealer or agent, eliminating need to return speaker to factory.
- PRICE:** \$350.00



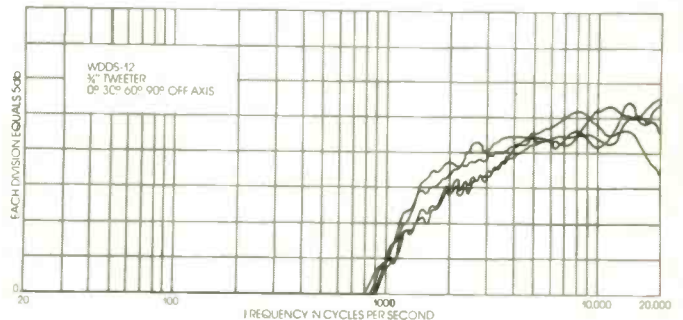
Woofer response, on and off axis, shows effective output below 30Hz, reaching the lowest range of musical sound.



Woofer tone burst at 45Hz and supertweeter tone burst at 16 and 4 kHz attest remarkable clarity of transients throughout audible spectrum.



Tweeter response curves on and off axis almost coincide, proving uniformity of sound spread in listening space.



Supertweeter response curves off axis also closely parallel on-axis response, showing superior sound dispersion.

The
Professional
Line
S
Wanted by
the most
Discerning
Audiophiles



SX824

There is a distinct difference between tape equipment mass-produced by a consumer manufacturer and tape equipment built by a professional audio manufacturer. At Crown International this distinct difference involves five things: over-engineering, rugged construction, hand-crafting, exhaustive testing and conservative rating. After 26 years, Crown is the only remaining original U.S. tape equipment manufacturer still marketing professional quality to discerning audiophiles.

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letters

Readers' Choice: Singers

I would like to add my voice to that of Thomas Wilson [Letters, December 1973] in requesting more recordings by Carlo Bergonzi, who is indeed the best tenor in the Italian repertoire since Bjoerling. I think the main problem is that Mr. Bergonzi has already recorded most of his roles, sometimes more than once. Indeed we seem to lack only *Andrea Chénier* (with Price, Cappuccilli, and Gardelli?) *L'Elisir d'amore* (with Scotto, Panerai, and Evans?), *Manon Lescaut* (again Price, Cappuccilli, and Gardelli?), and *Norma* (with Scotto?).

I believe there is also another problem, best summed up by H. L. Mencken: "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public." I hate to name names, but how else can one explain the successes of such people as Tucker, Corelli, Di Giuseppe, Boulez, Ozawa, or Caballé, or the overrating of such good but not really spectacular people as Pavarotti, Milnes, Böhm, or Levine? But I suppose that after putting up with the weekly Metropolitan Opera broadcasts with such people as Molinari-Pradelli and Baudo, anything is a relief.

Lawrence S. King
Boca Raton, Fla.

I was delighted to read [Behind the Scenes, January 1973] that Martina Arroyo has replaced Montserrat Caballé as Elena in RCA's new recording of Verdi's *I Vespri siciliani*. Caballé is an outstanding soprano in the bel canto repertoire, but her tone and relatively small voice are largely unsuited to the heavier Verdi soprano roles.

To these ears, Arroyo is the greatest Verdi soprano to emerge since Zinka Milanov's heyday, having a larger voice than Leontyne Price and a greater range than Renata Tebaldi. I have marveled at her powerful, dark, evenly produced voice on several Metropolitan Opera broadcasts and have often wondered why



Carlo Bergonzi
A more tasteful tenor?

record companies didn't use her talents in the recent recordings of *Don Carlo* (Angel), *Aida* (RCA), and *Un Ballo in maschera* (London), rather than (respectively) miscasting Caballé, needlessly duplicating Price's excellent earlier effort, and belatedly casting Tebaldi.

I earnestly hope that record companies will become more cognizant of Arroyo's remarkable voice and utilize the soprano's talents in future Italian-opera recordings.

Thomas R. Wilson
Downers Grove, Ill.

The RCA *Vespri siciliani* is reviewed this month.

Automatic or Manual Sequence?

I wrote Decca in London to ask why in the world it put its recordings of the Beethoven concertos in automatic sequence. Ray Minshull of Decca replied in part, "We are still advised that in America this is the preferred system . . . yours is the first letter from America . . . objecting to this situation, though in Europe and elsewhere we abandoned automatic sequence many years ago."

May I suggest that you sound out your readers on this question and that readers who, like myself, think automatic sequence, particularly in something like a recording of the concertos, is not desirable write to Mr. Ray Minshull at the Decca Record Co., 9 Albert Embankment, London S.E.1.

John Holt
Boston, Mass.

We'd like to know how readers feel, and London Records tells us that they would too. The floor is open.

Pfitzner and Strauss

As the Irish say, "the saints be praised" for Peter G. Davis' enthusiastic review of the Deutsche Grammophon premiere recording of Pfitzner's *Palestrina* (January 1974). A very great composer was Pfitzner, although scarcely known beyond the borders of Germany and Austria, and even there more a name than anything else. DG has a fine modern recording of his delightful Symphony in C, Op. 46; unfortunately the disc has never been released here. Several of Pfitzner's splendid chamber works are recorded on the Austrian Preiser label, which is sold in some of the larger shops throughout the country.

Perhaps even less well-known are the recordings of Pfitzner conducting both his own music and that of other composers. His recordings of the Beethoven Fourth and Eighth Symphonies are wonderful specimens of his warmth, depth, and idiosyncratic view; he can be measured against the most exceptional conductors of whom we have recordings—Mengeberg, Furtwängler, and Richard Strauss among them—and found to be their equal.

Ronald Klett
Wauwatosa, Wis.

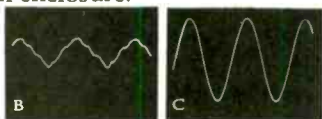
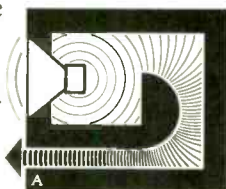
What with forthcoming recordings of Verdi's *Il finto Stanislao* (and, gradually, all the lesser-known Verdi operas) as well as operas by Michael Tippett, Leon Kirchner, and Massenet, these are exciting times for the operaphile, and I suppose one should not carp. However, at a

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B—Shows output of low frequency driver when driven at a freq. of 22 Hz. Sound pressure reading, 90 dB. Note poor waveform.
C—Output of venturi coupled duct, (under the same conditions as Fig B.) Sound pressure reading 111.5 dB, (140 times mbre output than Fig. B.) Note sinusoidal (nondistorted) appearance.

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time when every squeak of Karlheinz Stockhausen is reverently recorded by Deutsche Grammophon, it should be noted that major scores of Richard Strauss are yet to be discovered. *Intermezzo*, *Die schweigsame Frau*, *Die ägyptische Helena*, and *Die Liebe der Danae* are not in the same class as *Elektra* or *Salome*, but they don't deserve to languish. DG is the logical company to offer us this material.

Robert Reiff
Middlebury, Vt.

In Defense of Lawyers

Both in his article "Bad Days at the Black Rock" [September 1973] and in a brief letter [December 1973] concerning an identification error in his article, Gene Lees makes it clear

that he considers membership in the legal profession an embarrassment. Although I was originally tempted to make a series of rather trivial points—that criticism of the legal profession is not exactly new, that there is often much substance to the criticism, that the most pointed, powerful, and effective critics have been lawyers themselves—I have decided to confine myself to what is probably the smallest point I could possibly make: Mr. Lees's stereotyping of members of the legal profession as artistically and musically insensitive human beings is silly.

I want to offer Mr. Lees and HIGH FIDELITY readers some information I found in an article by Lewis Laska in the July-August 1973 issue of *Case & Comment*. George Frideric Handel completed legal studies at Halle University in

1703. Robert Schumann, Jean Sibelius, and Igor Stravinsky each studied law in his youth before turning to composing. Tchaikovsky was a student at the St. Petersburg School of Jurisprudence for seven years, and following that he was a clerk in the Ministry of Justice for four years before he devoted the major part of his life to music. Many other examples of composers and musicians who were trained as lawyers or were lawyers could be offered, as well as writers from Chaucer to Goethe to Jules Verne and many others who were something more than pedestrian.

What am I trying to prove? Not that lawyers are all fascinating, glittering artistic personalities, but that the profession contains an amazingly diverse bunch of people. And in the spirit of full disclosure belatedly embraced by one well-known attorney, I confess to being so enamored of the musical output of Frank Zappa (whose famous *Brown Shoes Don't Make It* refers to having to face "a dozen gray attorneys") that I privately publish something called *Mothers Home Journal*—a devout and continuing paean sporadically circulated to a tiny band of fanatics around the world. To some this admission may be proof of my musical insensitivity, but then I don't run Columbia Records either.

Craig Eldon Pinkus
Indianapolis, Ind.

Noncommercial Horowitz

Since completing the list of Vladimir Horowitz' commercial recordings, as published in the July 1973 HIGH FIDELITY, I have embarked on another interesting journey: compilation of a list of noncommercial items, including recorded broadcasts and privately recorded concerts. Important items that I hope will come to light include the two Liszt concertos, the Beethoven Op. 81a and Op. 31, No. 3 Sonatas, Schumann's *Humoreske*, Brahms's *Paganini Variations*, Medtner's G minor Sonata, and Liszt's *Feux follets* and *Mephisto Waltz*.

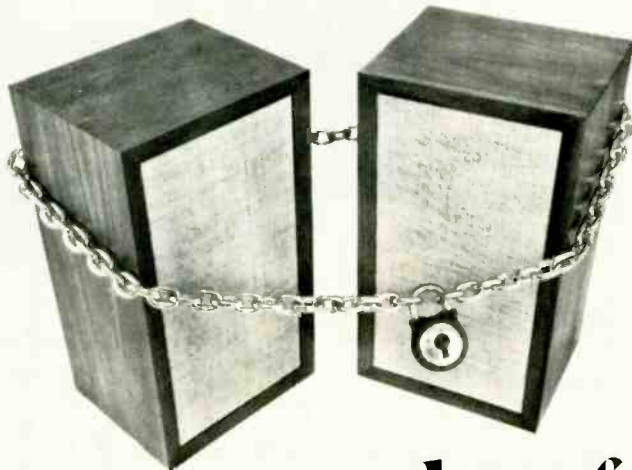
I would very much appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of Horowitz recorded performances that I can add to the list in preparation.

Caine Alder
1549 Scuth 1300 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Back to Basics

High fidelity equipment has become so ridiculously complicated that it has passed all bounds of reason. It has become a dial twister's delight and a music lover's despair. (The concept of the violin has not been changed since the second half of the sixteenth century.) Manufacturers seem to be catering to those whose main aspiration is to be an audio engineer. (Does an audio engineer have to qualify as a musician?) By the time you have balanced four speakers and seven octaves to your listening room, your wife has decided to rearrange the furniture and change the drapes. Net result: The orchestra is scattered all over the place.

How long is it since you spent an evening listening to records or tapes on basically good equipment without touching it up from time to time? Let's get back to fundamentals: power on/off switch, mode and gain controls,

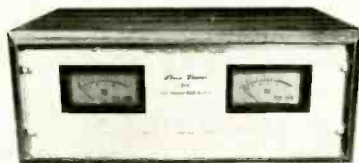


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Ronald S. Stewart
Detroit, Mich.

Pocket Bach

I read Clifford F. Gilmore's short review [November 1973] of George Fields's "The Pocket Bach" (Angel S 36067) with considerable disappointment. While I can comprehend that he obviously detests the sound of the harmonica(s), does he not believe that somewhere on this earth classical enthusiasts might exist who

truly enjoy hearing other than funky blues on this relatively primitive instrument? It is true, of course, that Fields took some liberties with the voicings, but these were justified by the natural limitations of the instrument. I feel that the result, though not a great musical event, was musically acceptable, notwithstanding Mr. Gilmore's gratuitous sarcasms. I doubt that Bach would have been so ungracious.

History is crowded with minor events of unusual soloists suffering at the hands of prejudiced listeners: they laughed when Serge Koussevitzky sat down to play his bass viol, and critics were horrified when Segovia had the audacity to transcribe the sacred Chaconne for guitar. Such a comparison is not intended to elevate Fields to the level of such fa-

mous artists but is merely another reminder that the musician will likely survive in our memories longer than his listeners. How many people are Hanslick fans?

For those who did enjoy Mr. Fields, there exists an interesting transcription of a radio broadcast, circa 1941, with George Fields playing the Mendelssohn violin concerto on harmonica, with a "chorus of bumblebees" yclept the Cappy Barra Boys.

A. E. Mossner
Chicago, Ill.

Scotch Repeat

In reading through Philip Hart's January review of Karajan's set of the five Mendelssohn symphonies, I do not understand why he notes in the last paragraph that he has never heard a conductor observe the repeat in the first movement of the *Scotch* Symphony. Surely he must have listened to the Dean Dixon version at least once, since he discusses its shortcomings in his review; and if so, he must have noticed that Dixon does indeed observe the repeat. Not that this fact is enough to salvage an otherwise tedious performance; but for those looking for a version that does include the repeat, Dixon does deserve some credit for having followed the score in this respect.

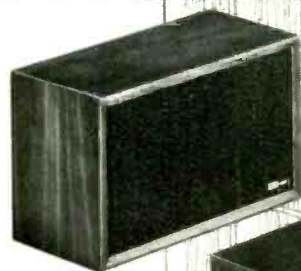
Steven J. Haller
Detroit, Mich.

Stock Society

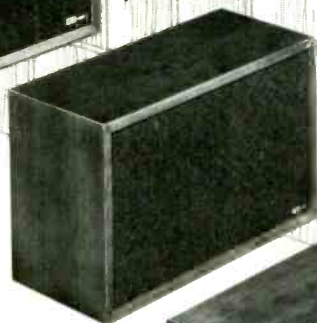
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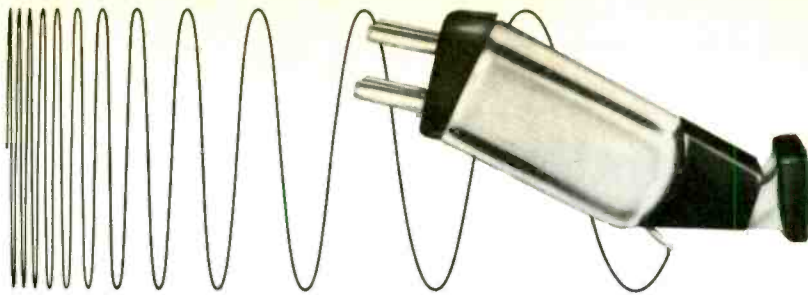
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speaking of records



Mozart—was the New York Philomusica's recording of his Divertimento in D really so far off base?

Point Counterpoint; or, Two Can Play at This Game

In which two musicologists square off on
the application of scholarship to performance.

Paul Henry Lang's November 1973 review of the New York Philomusica recording of Mozart's Divertimento in D, K. 320b/334 (Candide CE 31074) disputes the appropriateness of performing this particular work with one player to a part, dismisses the idea of prefacing and/or concluding it with the March in D, K. 320c/445, as "egregious nonsense," and excoriates the album's liner notes as "irritatingly pompous, inaccurate, and gratuitous, a typical example of amateurish demimusicology." One would have hoped that a scholar with Mr. Lang's exceptional reputation would be more careful about confusing his highly charged subjective opinions with the facts.

1. It is absurd to state categorically that Mozart's "larger serenades composed after c. 1770 . . . demand the symphony orchestra" (I quote from the review). Most of the works described by St. Foix and Einstein as "sextets"—the occasional works for strings and two horns—were written from 1776 to 1779: the Divertimentos in F (K. 247), in B flat (K. 271H/287), and the one under discussion (K. 320b/334). To use the word sextet—assuming only one bass instrument rather than *both* cello and double bass—is to confirm the chamber-music quality of these works.

In any case, Mr. Lang's juxtaposition

of the K. 320b/334 Divertimento with the *Posthorn* and *Haffner* Serenades is completely spurious, since the latter pieces have full wind and brass complements (including timpani in the *Posthorn* and, arguably, in the *Haffner*) whose obvious symphonic texture is entirely different from that of the sextet-divertimentos. These sextets were written for the Countess Lodron and the Robinig family, as opposed to the larger ceremonial works with which Mr. Lang confuses K. 320b/334.

2. The issue of texture, already cited, is further distorted by Mr. Lang's complaint of thinness in the "more robust symphonic passages" of K. 320b/334. What of the completely soloistic writing for the first violin, especially in the finale, and the two *Eingänge* (small cadenzas) clearly called for in the same movement? When Mozart incorporates such virtuoso elements into a *symphonic* work, he writes a special part for *violino principale* (as in the *Haffner* Serenade). None appears in K. 320b/334 because none is necessary; it is chamber music.

3. The performance of a march before and after a long, multi-movement occasional work is not "egregious nonsense," but a practice that has been documented and agreed upon by all responsible Mozart scholars for years. The *Neue Mozart-Ausgabe* publishes the

marches together with their appropriate serenades and divertimentos; there is even a case of Mozart's writing *two* separate marches (K. 320a/335, Nos. 1 and 2) to begin and end the *Posthorn* Serenade (K. 320). In fact, the sole purpose of Mozart's marches was to preface and conclude precisely such long works.

4. Regarding the relationship of the March in D, K. 320c/445 to the divertimento, Mr. Lang writes that "the author of the notes did not read his Köchel catalogue carefully; K. 334 is not the only prospective home for the piece." But the sixth edition of Köchel (Wiesbaden, 1964; reprinted 1965 as the seventh edition) states unequivocally that the two works belong together and numbers them consecutively as 320b and 320c. The editors observe that paper, handwriting, and treatment of the work all point to composition in Salzburg during the summer of 1779—when the divertimento was written. Moreover, St. Foix notes that the coda of the march contains a partial quotation from the first theme of the divertimento's first movement! (Thus, Einstein's earlier suggestion that the march might belong to the Notturmo, K. 269a/286, is rightly dismissed.)

As the annotator in question and a recognized Mozart scholar, I can only regret both the magnitude of Mr. Lang's inaccuracies and the tone in which he chose to proclaim them.

Robert Levin
Brooklyn, N.Y.

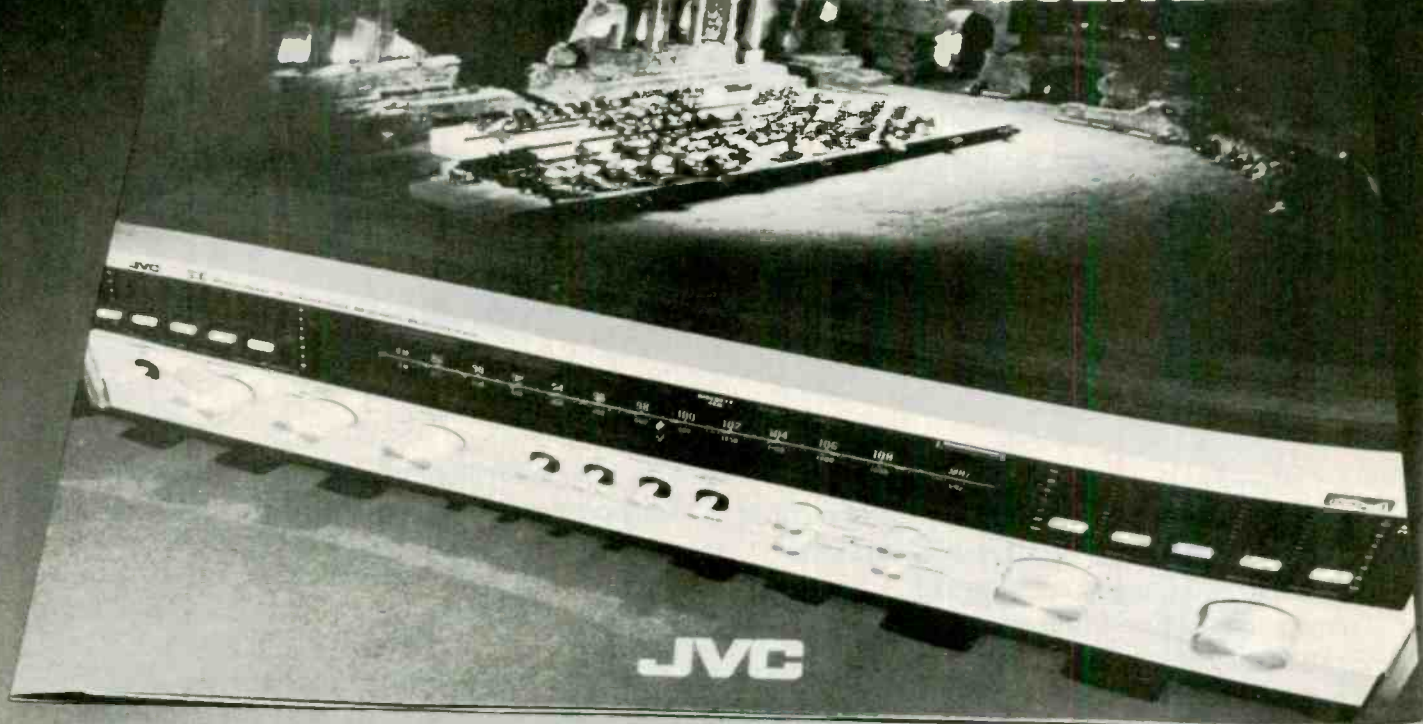
I am afraid that Mr. Levin's idea of the practical application of scholarship differs considerably from mine. He offers an array of data to dispose of an aesthetic argument, and I wonder whether we are entering—or have already entered—an Alexandrian age.

Mr. Levin says he speaks as "a recognized Mozart scholar". Speaking as a historian and sometime professional performer, I know that excessive preoccupation with minutiae attacks the plastic force of art. The passion for classifying and card-indexing can easily turn the expert into a mere spectator who witnesses art without being involved in it; when so oriented, one no longer understands the use of the past as a powerful nourishment and listens to documents rather than to music. Once the researcher faces the real thing—not the facts and figures, but the work of art—an entirely new set of resources is called into action to interpret the accumulated facts: intuition, imagination, and musical experience. Unfortunately, this is the point at which many an expert quits, losing the opportunity to make a distinction between intention and realization.

What does it matter whether a little march is pre- or post-1770—indeed,

Continued on page 22

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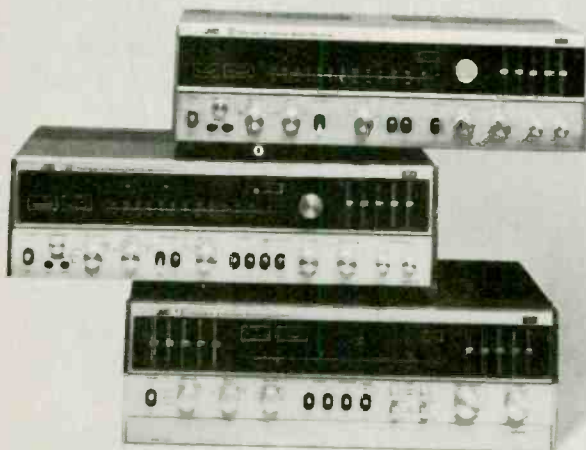
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Musician of the Month:
Jan DeGaetani



artist life

DORLE J. SORIA

ON DECEMBER 11, 1973, in the Pierpont Morgan Library, the unique museum which was once the mansion home of the famous financier, a cellist gave a recital before an audience of several hundred guests, all recognizable names in the music, art, and social worlds. He played the Grieg Sonata, *Three Little Pieces* of Webern, Elgar's *Chanson d'amour* and the Debussy Sonata. The manuscripts of the first three works, the originals owned by the Library, were on display for the occasion. The concert over, the cellist made a surprise announcement of such importance that it was front page news in the *New York Times* the next morning, sharing space with the eight-column headline of Nelson Rockefeller's resignation as Governor. The announcement was that he was giving the Pierpont Morgan Library his collection of Italian master drawings, more than 1,500 works including examples by Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, and Bellini together with "the smaller stars in the firmament" to form a study collection. The gift was described by the Library's director as "certainly the finest private collection of Italian drawings in America, and one of the finest anywhere in the world." The musician-donor was Janos Scholz, Commander of the Order of Merit, decorated by the Italian Government in recognition of his scholarship.

Janos Scholz: a Renaissance man

Janos Scholz, cellist and viola da gamba player, collector and teacher, musicologist and art historian, is a life-loving person of so many interests, accomplishments and enthusiasms that he might be described as a Renaissance man of today. Hungarian born, he first came to this

country with the Roth Quartet; he still plays a considerable amount of chamber music and gives some thirty solo recitals a year here and abroad. The gift he made to the Morgan Library was to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his arrival in the United States, and his seventieth birthday (on December 20).

The Scholz affiliations and activities are astonishing. He is President Emeritus of the Violoncello Society of New York which recently presented him with a scroll of honor. He plays a 1731 Stradivarius which had belonged to Joseph Hollmann, who was a friend of Fauré and for whom Saint-Saëns wrote his Second Cello Concerto. He plays a 1669 Jacob Stainer viola da gamba which was once owned by King Maximilian Josef of Bavaria. He has edited music for both instruments, cello literature of the eighteenth century and gamba music of Handel and Marcello. He was the first to record the Bach Gamba Sonatas. He is an iconography specialist for instruments in painting. As an art authority and Senior Fellow of New York University he gives seminars to students at the Institute of Fine Arts and for Columbia University, where he is Adjunct Professor of art history; he also lectures on collecting at the New School for Social Research. As a collector, his studies and interests have taken him from porcelain and faience to Anatolian rugs and, his consuming passion, master prints and drawings. At one time he built up a specialist collection of eighteenth-century stage designs which he parted with to Donald Oenslager in order to concentrate on Italian master drawings. A by-product of that period is the book he edited, *Baroque and Romantic Stage Design*. In music he collects cello and viola da gamba bows from about 1710 to 1880. He has over two hundred, each meticulously catalogued—measurement and color, frog and button, history and anecdote. There are Romantic bows with inlaid flowers, gold-mounted ones and tortoise-shell trimmed. The collection will go to the Smithsonian Museum. He also has a vast library of cello music, much of it piled in a back hall from floor to ceiling. This will go to the University at Greensboro, North Carolina, where a center of cello studies exists, the nucleus of which was the library of the late cellist Luigi Silva.

His family knew Schubert

Janos Scholz is a lively raconteur and he reminisces with color and gusto about his background and childhood. "In art I have a rather favorite school—the Venetian, possibly because of family ties. My grandmother was from Trieste and I am actually one quarter Italian. I am what Italians would call a *minestrone terribile*. You see, I am a real Austro-Hungarian with not a drop of Hungarian blood in me. But I feel very much my Hungarian origins."

He was born December 20, 1903, in Sopron, an old Hungarian town with Renaissance and baroque buildings, on the borders of Austria. The family had lived there two hundred years in the same large imposing house of some forty rooms. "They were commercial people except my father—he died when I was five—who was an army man, a major general in the artillery. They were all art-minded and music-minded and there were several collectors among them. But music was of the most supreme importance. I, for instance, am the fifth generation of cellists in the family and the first professional. Everybody at home played something. We always played chamber music. We had our own trio. My mother was a talented violinist and my sister a pianist. My grandfather played piano and cello. There were three pianos in the house in three different rooms and when everybody was practicing it was like a little Curtis Institute. Today my grandfather's house is a music conservatory.

"We had a tremendous music library including a most extraordinary variety of post-romantic music of such composers as Kalkbrenner and Reissiger. There was a first edition of Beethoven's *Spring* Violin Sonata which had come from the library of my great-great grandmother when she was a girl, before she married in 1827. In 1813 the family gave six thousand items of autographs and early printed music to the Vienna Society of Friends of Music." This was the nucleus of the famous *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* library.

The family not only knew music, they knew musicians. "My grandfather would tell me about a concert Liszt played in Sopron. In the middle a string broke. Somebody in the first

Continued on page MA-4

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highlights of april

- MONDAY 1** Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers* is given for the first time in Florida, by the Opera Guild of Greater Miami; an all-Met cast includes Mandac, Gedda, Diaz, and Cossa. Emerson Buckley conducts.
- FRIDAY 12** The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center presents an early edition of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in which the trumpet part is written for *corno di caccia*; Barry Tuckwell is soloist.
- THURSDAY 18** The fourth International Choral Festival opens at Lincoln Center; eleven countries are represented.
- SUNDAY 21** Ben Johnston's Quartet No. 4 will be given its world premiere by the Fine Arts Quartet at New York's Carnegie Recital Hall.
- FRIDAY 26** The Cleveland Orchestra performs the U.S. premiere of Marius Constant's *Candide* for Harpsichord and Orchestra; Elizabeth Chojnacka is soloist, Louis Lane conducts.
- SATURDAY 27** The Brooklyn Philharmonia, under Lucas Foss's direction, performs the local premiere of Krystzof Penderecki's latest work, *Dimensions of Time and Silence*.



Janos Scholtz, Renaissance man: among many interests, cello bows and drawings of the old masters

row got up and wanted to take the string out because it rattled like the dickens. But Liszt, still playing, lifted up one hand and shook it at the interloper and shouted ‘*Geh weg!*’ in German because he didn’t speak Hungarian very well. My grandmother had heard from her mother how Schubert had spent some time with them and had dedicated his *Serenade*, Opus 138, to my great-great aunt for her birthday. It was performed at home for the occasion but Schubert didn’t hear it. He had gone to a *Heuriger* outside Vienna—a wine tavern—and there they found him, all alone, tipsy, scribbling away on a piece of paper.”

First lessons, first collections

“My first teacher was a violist, but he played every instrument under the sun. I remember my first lesson. It was the 17th of November, 1910, if you please. My teacher stood in front of the small boy with his small instrument who was standing in front of his little chair, waiting to sit down. He said: ‘My son, you are going to be a cellist. I want to tell you right away, before you sit down, that you will be condemned to spend half of your life on half of your behind.’”

Janos was ten when he started collecting. “The family had lived in the house so long that all sorts of interesting things had accumulated. In

one room there were so many stringed instruments that it looked like the back room of the violin dealer Jacques Français. Once in the attic I found a set of trombones and that’s how I learned to play trombone. I also found some old medical books there and that was the beginning of my book collection. Then came coins, rocks, silver, bronzes, stamps, etc. I was only eleven when I helped at a local ‘dig’ where they were excavating prehistoric remains and I learned to put together shards and how to restore and conserve. And I catalogued a monastic library and the Roman coins of the local museum. Suddenly, when I was only fifteen or sixteen, I had a little museum in my room which was promptly taken from me because the things were much too nice.”

Later he kept the “nice things.” “My kind of collecting was done on a shoestring. Being a musician I had a chance to pick up things in my travels. In the beginning it was books but that became too difficult. In Mexico I bought a very heavy book, a sixteenth-century book of choral music, and was so annoyed carrying about that big book and my cello that I thought I must find something easier to transport. It was also in Mexico, in 1935, that I started my print and drawing collection. The first drawing I bought I thought was a Bolognese drawing of Carracci. It turned out to

be a copy. I started to learn. Through study and work and good luck—I had a lot of good luck—I bought with my small means some of the great master drawings you now see at the Morgan Library. A trained musical memory and all the collecting I had done somehow had formed my brain and eyes to go into the most delicate of all art forms, original drawings of the great masters.”

Budapest and homage to Haydn

The mother of Janos Scholtz, “an imperious lady” eager to secure her son’s future, sent him to the Royal Hungarian College of Agriculture to become an agronomist. But when he had won his diploma he presented it to his mother. He said: “I am going to be a musician. I am going to Budapest.”

He attended the Royal Hungarian Academy of Music where, among his teachers, was its director, Ernst von Dohnányi, who was also conductor of the Budapest Philharmonic with which the young cellist was later to play. Scholtz tells of his admission to the chamber music class of the conservatory. “The professor said: ‘Do you know the Haydn Quartet in G major?’ I said Yes. ‘Do you know the C major?’ Yes. ‘Do you know them all?’ Yes sir, all eighty-two. That old professor, on Good Friday, would take us to the grave of Haydn in Ei-

senstadt. It was about eighty kilometers away and, if we could not get a carriage or some little train, we walked. There were no buses then. In the loft of the Calvary Church where Haydn had been choir master and conductor we would play Haydn quartets. Once we played—not too well—the *Seven Last Words*, the quartet arrangement, and later, when we were at the professor's house, a postman came with a telegram. The old man read it and started to shout. "What is it?" we all asked. The telegram read: 'Just turned over in my grave.' It was signed Joseph Haydn. Poor man. He never found out who sent it."

After graduation Janos Scholz played with the symphony orchestra, at the Budapest Opera—"I am still a fanatic for opera"—and with chamber music groups, and toured in recital all over Europe. Then in 1932 he joined the Roth Quartet, one of the great quartets in an era of great quartets. The Nazi shadow was then becoming more and more menacing. The other three members of the quartet were Jews. It was time for them to move on. The American consul general in Budapest, by good fortune, was a friend of Congressman Sol Bloom of New York and the latter arranged for the group to be invited to come to America. Janos Scholz left everything behind and arrived in this country with nothing but a suitcase and a cello and "the tradition and love which we had in that land which I brought over here in myself." He became an American and New Yorker. That was why he gave his collection to the Morgan Library. "I feel a New Yorker since I lost my country." In 1937 he was invited back to Budapest to be a professor at the Academy. He refused. In 1948 he had a similar offer and again refused. But in the summer of 1973 he was persuaded by a former pupil, now a professor at the conservatory, to serve on the jury of an international competition. "They treated me wonderfully though I didn't see eye to eye with everything there. But the atmosphere in the conservatory was serious, no nonsense, no long-haired fellows. When the professor came in they stood up."

Janos Scholz lives in an apartment-museum, for many years the home of composer-conductor-pianist Ernest Schelling whose young widow Scholz married. Its living room with

carved fireplace and tapestries remains unchanged. The wall behind the staircase ascending to the second floor is covered with photographs, souvenirs of Schelling's life and friendships. The next stairway, curved and steep with narrow iron steps and a rope as a rail, leads to a smallish room, the studio of Janos Scholz, lined from floor to ceiling with reference books of art, with oversized drawings—three of Giambattista Tiepolo!—stacked behind the

couch. In corridor and closet are portfolios of drawings, boxes of photographs and slides, folders of old clippings and programs. We saw the 1912 golden wedding anniversary program of his grandparents at which he sang, the program of a concert for soldiers in 1914 at which he played, and his first American program with the Roth Quartet which included Mozart, Brahms, and a new work of an American, Daniel Gregory Mason.

Continued on page MA-33



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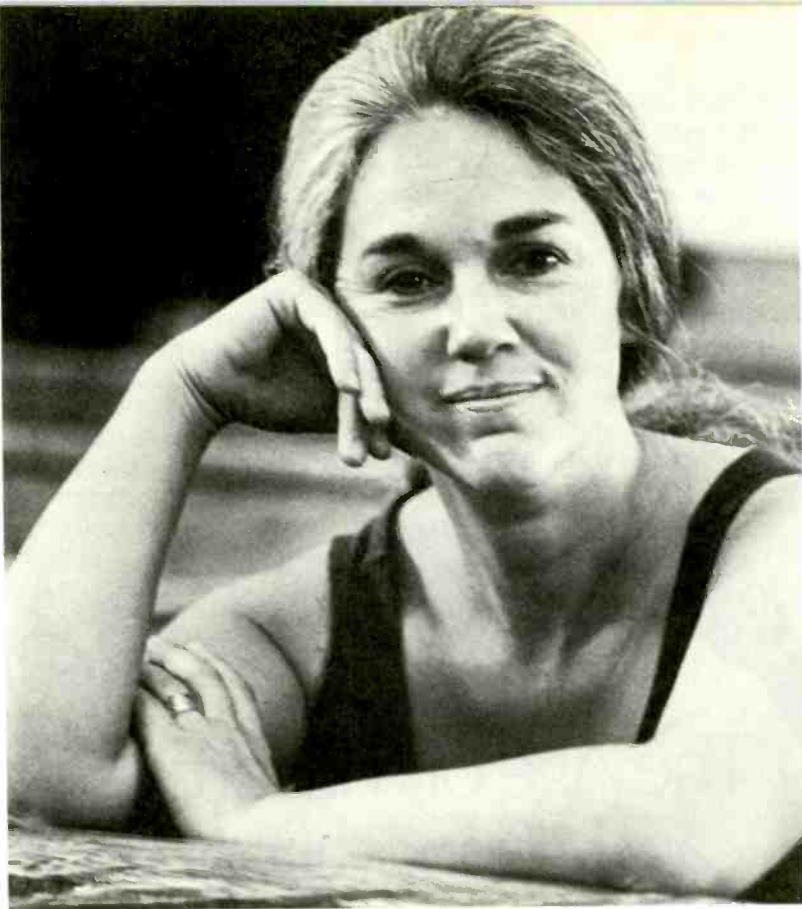
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JAN DeGAETANI

musician of the month

“**I** REALLY DON’T LIKE to think of myself as a specialist in modern music,” declares Ohio-born Jan DeGaetani, who in twenty years of concertizing has performed the vocal music of Varèse, Shifrin, Crumb, Druckman, Haubenstock-Ramati, Boulez, Ligeti, and Rochberg—plus others. She has sung so many *Pierrot Lunaire*s—and her Nonesuch recording of *Pierrot* received such favorable reviews—that she’s become as identified with that classic of the modern repertory as has Birgit Nilsson with the role of *Isolde*.

“The truth is,” she goes on, “I do as much standard repertory as contemporary.” An example she cites is Ravel’s *Shéhérazade*, which she was preparing early this year with the student orchestra at the Eastman School of Music. And diversity is certainly indicated by a discography that includes such items as *The Play of Herod* with the New York Pro Musica, an Italian madrigal album with the Abbey Singers, and an album of songs by Stephen Foster.

Yet one wonders how long the equality between music old and music new can continue. The demands from today’s composers and music organizations must be growing all the time, must threaten to absorb her totally. Consider that she’s reached that special pinnacle in a

performer’s career when she finds herself actually generating new music: when the Fromm Foundation recently decided to commission a new vocal work, their tactic was to earmark the work for Jan DeGaetani and let her suggest any composer she pleased (she suggested several; and the commission went to John Harbison); while another recent commission has come her way—this from the Albany Symphony, for a work by Jacob Druckman. Also in recent years there has been a step-up in recording assignments—four albums alone with Arthur Weisberg’s Contemporary Chamber Ensemble on the Nonesuch label. Nonesuch has other DeGaetani albums coming out, while Columbia is getting ready to release her recording of George Crumb’s *The Night of the Four Moons*. True, one coming album will represent the venerable past—a collection of Wolf Lieder—but in such company, it seems downright anachronistic.

One rarely encounters a singer of such prominence who has made her way outside the opera house circuit (in order to make the best possible impression at a pending Met audition, she was urged to give her prematurely gray hair a dye job; she refused). Curiously, although she bristles at being labeled a contemporary music specialist, her unique

non-operatic career has paralleled, in several respects, the career style of a typical modern composer. Like most composers, she has spent considerable time on various music faculties. No sooner had she graduated from Juilliard, back in the Fifties, than she began teaching there. In later years she has been artist-in-residence at the University of Wisconsin and the Aspen Music Festival. More recently she was on the faculty of the State University of New York in Purchase. And this year she and her husband Philip West, an oboist, are both faculty members at the Eastman School of Music.

Her twenty-year career (she is now forty) has been oriented pretty much towards chamber music, and we get another parallel between the career of Jan DeGaetani and that of the modern composer when she mentions her old distaste for performing with a large orchestra—an alienation from the big sound that is shared by today's composers who, finding orchestra audiences still grudging in their acceptance of new music, do most of their work for chamber ensembles. That distaste, though, has been overcome: recently she sang the solo parts in the Mahler Second and Fourth Symphonies. Nonetheless, she applauds the trend for orchestras to include chamber works on their programs. "It's a benefit for me," she admits. "It benefits the orchestra too, in that it allows the first-chair players to do solo playing of a non-concerto nature. Also, it benefits the audience, giving them time to clean their ears of heavy textures, to refresh themselves." Her husband the oboist teaches chamber music for mixed ensembles; while Miss DeGaetani herself, in addition to dealing with student singers, likewise coaches a chamber music class. When I expressed surprise, she declared firmly: "Singers are just as well equipped to deal with the musical questions. I never talk technically, of course—I can't tell people how to play a clarinet or violin. But I can certainly talk about musical matters like dynamics and shape of phrase. Maybe we all have our separate instruments, but we're all aiming at the same thing."

And what about the new music? How difficult are today's composers to work for? What demands does the singer encounter in each of their highly individual styles? Jan DeGaetani, who has sung them all, gives some thumbnail impressions:

György Ligeti. "He was the hardest. I was given his *Aventures* and *Nowelles aventures*, which both fascinated and frustrated me. One problem is that instead of dealing with any known language, you are given forty-four different sounds—I think that's the number—which you have to master. What was worse, though, was the rapidity of it all—there was no possibility of doing everything he had written on the page. Finally it occurred to me that perhaps what he wanted from the singer was that sense of nervousness, that sense of sounding harried, which you can't get any other way except by demanding *too* much. When I got to talk with him, he confirmed my suspicion."

George Crumb. "Well, I may be a mezzo, but it was working with George's music that helped me extend my range, right up to high C. Unlike such composers as Ligeti and Druckman, who sometimes write in a totally unrecognizable invented language, George always uses a text, like the Lorca poems in *Ancient Voices of Children*. In this respect, he's easier to handle; but he presents his own kinds of difficulties. There's one piece where you have to sing into the piano, and still keep your sense of pitch despite all

those billowing, bewildering harmonics; and you get a similar problem when he has you singing along with a mandolin that is not properly tuned. There are all sorts of contemporary singing devices in his music—clicking the tongue, rolling r's, and whatall—but for the most part it's just pure singing, very much the same technique that you would employ in Schubert."

Jacob Druckman. "Like George, Jacob has a wonderful theatrical imagination; and both men have wonderful hands, as opposed to some composers whose work I can barely decipher on the page. Otherwise, the two men are about as different as two people can be. Jake's music is more visceral, out of the guts, extroverted, changeable; whereas George is more careful—passionate to be sure—but more literal and organized, a passion that comes from a different direction. Unlike George, Jake will demand that you improvise, that you work with taped sound that can easily throw your intonation off. He also makes extra-musical demands—such as in *Animus II* where you're obliged to play a fair number of percussion instruments and move about the stage. This is really getting theatrical and closer to opera."

In her discussion of new music, the word "theatrical" occurs frequently, and it turns out that Jan DeGaetani—exponent of avant-garde music—has been involved with that most celebrated of this country's theatrical avant-garde, The Open Theater. She herself had been studying body movement under an avant-garde choreographer for a number of years, during which she had developed a "mishmash" system of exercises designed to help musicians—singers and instrumentalists alike—attain greater concentration, relaxation, and freedom. It was these techniques she was invited to present to the members of The Open Theater by their musical consultant, Stanley Walden. "Our first session worked out well, so we got together a number of times after, dealing mostly with experiences they had had in their improvisations, with frustrations they encountered when trying to make certain kinds of sounds. You know all those weird, tortured sounds they make—I was really upset, in the beginning, by all the strain and physical tension it took to make them!"

Has she noted much overlap between avant-garde music for the concert stage and straight avant-garde theater? "Both modern music and modern theater are exploring non-verbal aspects of the human condition," she declares. "And this requires the musician and the actor to use their voices to communicate in ways which are not so traditional or so rationally specific as language would imply. In that sense it is easy to see how music and theater might overlap. I just finished reading Peter Brook's article in the Sunday *New York Times*, where he discusses all this."

And supposing she herself could talk to an audience going into a concert of new music, and feeling the usual misgivings? What reassurances would she offer? "Above all, I'd urge them to go in *not* expecting any particular thing. With standard repertory, with Beethoven or whomever, the audience is geared to certain expectations of what's going to happen. Basically, what they're really listening for is whether it's well or poorly played. They're going in prepared to render judgment. All that performers of new music can ask is that they make themselves open for a new sort of communication, that they provide an atmosphere in which communication can happen. The rest is up to the people onstage.

JACK HIEMENZ

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S

HARVARD LECTURES

EVERY TWO YEARS, Harvard University appoints a prominent figure in literature or the arts to the prestigious Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry. T. S. Eliot, e. e. cummings, Robert Frost, and Roger Sessions have occupied the chair; Hindemith's *A Composer's World* and Stravinsky's *Poetics of Music* are the written versions of their Norton lectures. This past fall, the Norton lectures were given by Leonard Bernstein.

The series of six lectures was entitled "The Unanswered Question," after Charles Ives's little piece for chamber orchestra. Bernstein felt that the meaning of the piece—despite Ives's mystical description of Druids and so forth—is "What is the future course of music? In particular, what role will tonality play in the development of new musical idioms?" Bernstein chose to attack the question by drawing parallels between musical analysis and current theories about language.

The lectures were held in the Harvard Square movie theater, the biggest hall in town. Bernstein kept the packed house alive and attentive for the whole two-to-three-hour duration of each lecture—and alive, in Cambridge, means applauding, cheering, and hissing! Bernstein loved it. He discussed the musical and linguistic problems in his usual clear and often very personal way, with liberal use of the piano and visual aids in illustration. Each lecture contained one or more prerecorded videotapes of Bernstein conducting the Boston Symphony in works under discussion.

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Since I was unable to attend these Tuesday night extravaganzas, I went to the Wednesday videotapings at WGBH-TV across the river in Boston, where the audience was smaller and more sedate but Bernstein's presence more immediate. During the prerecorded orchestral sections, we were invited to join him around the table to talk with him at some length. Besides providing a nice week's worth of gossip, these informal moments helped overcome the inhibiting presence of cameras and teleprompters bearing signs like "Look at me!" and "Don't grunt while you're playing!" It was an exciting show.

Amidst all this hoopla, did Bernstein say anything new, beyond the level of his well-known "music for laymen" TV spectacles? Bernstein's topic, a difficult assignment for anyone to take on, cost him a great deal of personal anguish and uncertainty. Explicating linguistics to a lay audience is not easy, especially when the audience expects to hear about music. And though Bernstein spent considerable effort learning about linguistics himself, he clearly was not as comfortable with it as he is in his own territory. Many people felt he really failed to bring it off. But their objections often stemmed from a misunderstanding of his goals, from unwillingness even to consider his speculations about tonality, or simply from distaste for his unacademic brand of showmanship. My own feeling is that beneath the defects in exposition lay intuitions that were sound, insightful, and often striking. Therefore, in giving my interpretation of the Norton lectures, I will deviate considerably from Bernstein's presentation, in the hope of making the relevance of linguistics to musical analysis somewhat clearer.

Bernstein drew parallels between music and language in three domains: poetic analysis, grammatical theory, and innateness. With respect to the first of these, we observe that music and poetry are similar art forms: unlike painting and sculpture, they involve manipulation of elements over a structured time span, and, unlike cinema and dance, they are primarily aural arts. It is natural to ask whether any of the artistic devices used in one also appear in the other. Bernstein presented some clear elementary examples. Alliteration, where successive words begin with the same sounds,

Promulge the prating prim
Of the prudent promisor . . . (Pogo)

is paralleled by musical phrases like this:



(Beethoven 8th Symphony)

The device of chiasmus, in which two phrases are repeated, but in opposite order, appears in poetry:

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? (Hamlet)

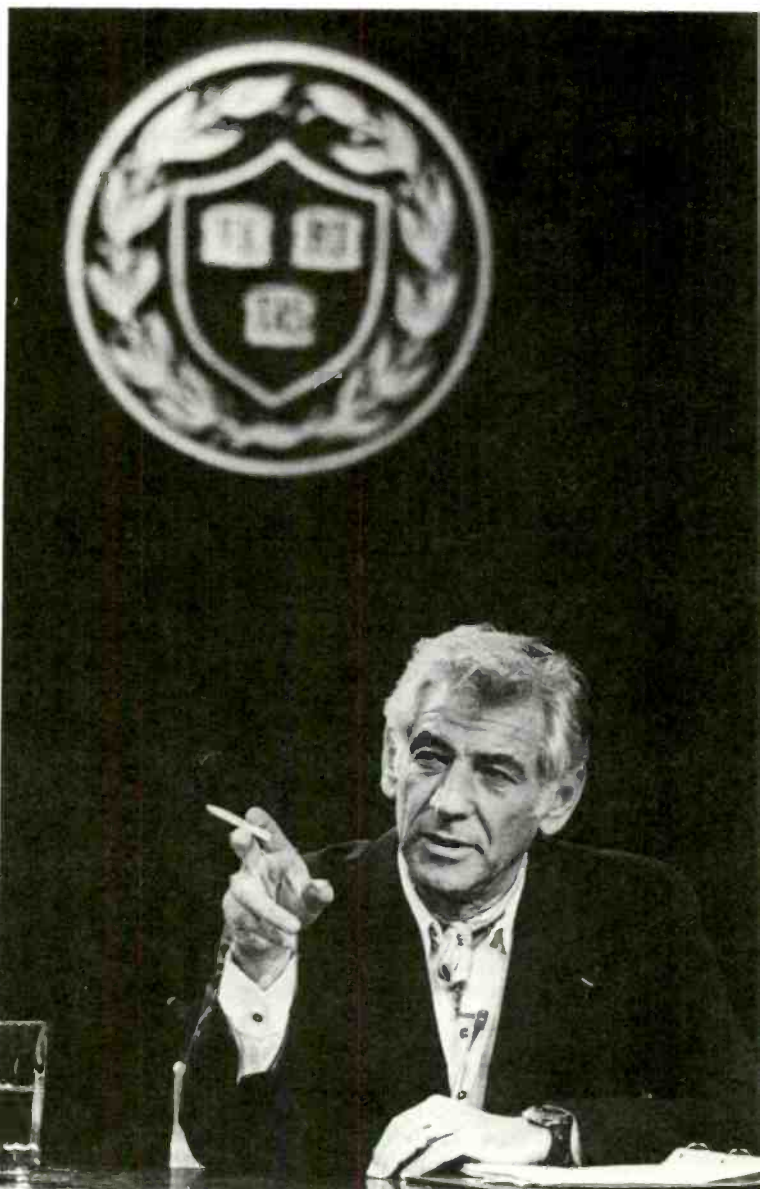
and in music:



(Schubert *Unfinished*)

More interesting is the use of ambiguity for artistic effect. A poet can use ambiguity to create a tension between two possible interpretations. Likewise, a composer can increase tension in his music by employing ambiguities that make us wonder "What key are we in?" or "Where is the downbeat?" Bernstein showed how atonality was a natural outcome of the nineteenth century's unceasing search for "bigger and better ambiguities" in tonality, illustrating his point with Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Tristan* Prelude, and *Prelude à l'après-midi d'un faune*. By the turn of the century, the sense of tonal stability has become extremely uncertain: in the most stunning lecture of the series, Bernstein represented Mahler's Ninth Symphony as a symbolic farewell to tonality, and, on a deeper level, to life itself. The way is clear for Schoenberg to write music which deliberately avoids all suggestion of tonal center, while Stravinsky fights one battle after another to find new means of tonal expression.

In the next area of inquiry, Bernstein turned to the leading school of linguistics today, the theory of transformational grammar, originated by Noam Chomsky of MIT.* According to Chomsky, the purpose of linguistic theory is to describe what it is that a human being knows when he knows how to speak a language. One might at first guess



that a speaker simply has memorized a lot of sentences. But Chomsky points out that we constantly understand and create sentences we have never heard before; thus our knowledge must consist not of sentences, but of rules for constructing and interpreting sentences. The set of rules that describes how to construct the sentences of a particular language L is called the *grammar* of L. The linguist's job is to discover this grammar, much as a physicist's job is to discover the rules describing the behavior of physical objects.

It turns out that our knowledge of English is quite complex. For example, the English sentences (a) "Max appeared to Bill to be a hero" and (b) "Max appealed to Bill to be a hero" are superficially nearly identical; but in (a) it is Max who is associated with the idea of being a hero, and

* More extensive treatments of transformational grammar may be found in John Lyons, *Chomsky* (Viking, 1970); S. J. Keyser and Morris Halle, "What Do We Do When We Speak?" in P. A. Kollers and Murray Eden, eds., *Recognizing Patterns* (MIT Press, 1968), pp. 63-80; Paul Postal, "Underlying and Superficial Linguistic Structure," *Harvard Educational Review* (1965), pp. 246-266; and Noam Chomsky, *Language and Mind* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1972).

in (b) it is Bill. Or compare (c) "John is eager to leave" with (d) "John is easy to leave," again very similar sentences. (C) is related to such locutions as "John's eagerness to leave" and "John is eager to leave the room"; but "John's easiness to leave" and "John is easy to leave the room," which we might expect to be similarly related to (d), are not even comprehensible English. Instead, (d) is related to phrases like "It is easy to leave John" and "Leaving John is easy for anyone"; but the parallel sentences formed from (c), "It is eager to leave John" and "Leaving John is eager for anyone," are not English.

The linguist's description of a native speaker's knowledge of English must explicate these facts. Chomsky proposes an abstract representation of sentences, the *deep structure* (or *underlying structure*), which expresses, for example, our knowledge that *Max* is understood as the subject of the verb *like* in sentence (a), that *Bill* is the subject of *like* in (b), and that *John* is understood as the subject of *leave* in (c) but as the object of *leave* in (d). A system of grammatical rules called *transformations* expresses our knowledge of the relations between deep structures and the actual spoken sentences and between various forms of the same sentence, such as active and passive, declarative and interrogative. The differences between languages, then, are reflected as differences in the rules of their grammars.

Bernstein pointed out that similar goals can be set for musical analysis. There is much we perceive in a piece of music that is not spelled out on its surface. For example, he showed in great detail how the first movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral* is generated from the opening four measures by processes of inversion, fragmentation, repetition, and deletion that are very similar to the manipulations performed by the transformations of spoken language. In his discussion of the Mozart G minor symphony, he showed how Mozart thwarts our expectations of symmetry with irregular phrase lengths. A complete description of the piece, he suggested, must include an abstract underlying structure which expresses these symmetries. This kind of analysis could well presage a theory of musical grammar which would explicate the educated listener's perceptions of a piece by means of a system of rules and underlying structures. As with languages, each musical style would have its own grammar; one would expect that the more two musical styles differ, the more different their grammars will be. For example, the grammar of Beethoven's music is more like that of Schumann's than it is like that of the Indian raga.

The study of linguistics does not stop at the grammars of individual languages. Chomsky asks how children, using relatively scanty data, manage to learn all the incredible complexities of language in such a short time and with so little effort. Not everybody masters differential calculus or reading the tenor clef, for example, but everyone learns to talk. Chomsky approaches the problem with this strong hypothesis: the task of learning language is not nearly as hard as might be supposed, because not everything we know about our language has to be learned. Rather, a great deal of our knowledge is in the form of an innate capacity for language, wired into our brains, part of our genetic endowment. It is this part of Chomsky's theory that has made him so controversial among philosophers and psychologists.


Now we observe that a human child will grow up speaking whatever language he hears around him, whether it is his parents' language or not. From this we must conclude that not all aspects of language are inherited. On the other hand, those aspects of language that are indeed innate must be found in all languages of the world. Hence by searching for language universals, linguists can learn something about the innate structure of the human mind. This, to transformational grammarians like Chomsky and myself, is the most important goal of research in linguistics.

Similar questions about innateness were raised by Bernstein with respect to musical perception. He suggested that not all of our understanding of *musical* grammars need be learned either, that some of it might be innate. He argued that the natural harmonic series has a psychological as well as a physical relevance, and that the natural tonal relations among the twelve notes of the chromatic scale must follow as an automatic consequence. If this is so, we bring innate equipment to bear on our perception of music that utilizes tonality, but the principles of serial ("twelve-tone") music cannot be innately apprehended.

In arguing against the innateness of the twelve-tone principle, Bernstein even went so far as to claim that the most "beautiful" passages in serial music are those that flirt with tonality. A strong statement—no wonder that composers were up in arms. Nevertheless, the idea seems to me a legitimate topic of investigation: serial music is qualitatively different in its organization from all that preceded it, and it is quite possible that it does not conform to certain innate principles of musical perception. Though this would necessarily make serial music more difficult to comprehend, it is not clear to me that any definite conclusions follow as to its value as art.

How would one go about substantiating Bernstein's claim? If the linguistic parallel is indeed relevant, one should attack the problem of innateness by studying musical universals. Do the harmonic series and tonality play a role in all the folk musics and art musics of the world? How are the principles of organization in non-Western music related to or different from those of Western tonal music? Answering these questions would make clearer the extent to which serial music is or is not a "natural" musical language.

The development of a formal theory of musical grammar might lead to more grandiose lines of inquiry as well. For example, what do the principles that we discover lead us to conclude about the organization and function of the human mind? What do these principles have in common with other forms of human perception and cognition? It is even possible to envision new ways to approach the big forbidden question of aesthetics: what properties of great works of art make them great? Not that Bernstein has provided any sort of answers to these questions. But his bold attempt to bring transformational grammar and musical analysis together may give us a way to face them with a little more courage, and I am deeply grateful to him for that.

The videotapes of the Norton lectures will doubtless be shown nationally in the near future; the written version is to be published by the Harvard University Press. I highly recommend both. They will not be by any means easy, but the effort will be rewarding. 

the dance

JACQUELINE MASKEY

BY NOW IT is almost a tradition that American Ballet Theatre's opening nights at the New York City Center are somewhat on the dullish side. No doubt about it; ABT looks and dances better in the swankier uptown atmosphere of Lincoln Center. Somehow at the City Center the company looks like an aristocrat making a botch of living in reduced circumstances. There are brave smiles and lifted chins, but the old girl has seen better days.

Not that the management didn't make an attempt to raise the interest quotient of opening night (January 8). Scheduled were a revival of Eliot Feld's *Harbinger* (Prokofiev's Piano Concerto in G major) and the staging by the Royal Danish Ballet's Hans Breena of the dances from Act III of August Bournonville's *Napoli*. Actually, what ABT calls *Napoli* includes the *pas de deux* from *Flower Festival in Genzano*, a repertoire staple a few seasons back.

Harbinger deserved, but did not receive, something better than this lackluster mounting by hands un-

known. It had been the production of this—after all, Eliot Feld's first ballet—which had renewed interest in ABT as an artistic force and had given it prestige as the nurturing ground for an authentic choreographer (as opposed to carpenter) of ballets. The hopeful future indicated by the original production of *Harbinger* and confirmed by Feld's second ballet *At Midnight* was, alas, never realized for ABT as differences between choreographer and company administration resulted in Feld's departure to form his own short-lived American Ballet Company.

This *Harbinger*, then, is a poor and shabby thing, a collection of steps without the context of spirit. Except for Terry Orr and Christine Sarry, who in the second movement's precise, breathless, and split-second grapplings remind us of what a lively and exhilarating piece this once was, the ballet had a dim and faceless quality which made more than one member of the audience wonder why ABT had bothered to revive it at all. To compound the injury, the piece

was forced to endure the indignity of an atrociously understaffed and under-rehearsed orchestra in the pit and lighting which it would be complimentary to call amateur.

Bournonville's "Napoli"

Napoli, or as it is billed, *Diversissements from Napoli*, at least looked better, with the boys in those attractive buttoned-just-below-the-knee trousers and bandana-and-shirt combinations which suggest Victorian naval cadets, and the girls in pretty, floppy-skirted tutus with ribbons in their hair (designed by company principal Marcos Paredes). But Bournonville, chief choreographer for the Royal Danish Ballet during the middle nineteenth century with a string of ballets and *pas de deux* to his credit almost equal to Petipa's, is murderously difficult to dance and it strikes me as unrealistic to think that adequate presentation can be accomplished by a willing attitude and generous rehearsal time. For one thing, elevation and *batterie*, the two most immediately obvious characteristics of the Bournonville school, are precisely the elements most neglected in American dance teaching. Then there is the constant demand in the Dane's choreography that the dancer, when landing from a jumping step, not settle into a position but take off immediately, lightly and quickly. It is this rebound from a step which gives Bournonville its special sparkle, its look of skimming across the surface of the stage.



A line-up from ABT's Napoli: a willing attitude and plenty of rehearsal are not enough

Of the principal dancers assembled for *Napoli*—Karen Brock, Ellen Everett, Christine Sarry, Marianna Tcherkassky, Terry Orr, John Prinz, Daniel Levins, and Fernando Bujones—and in the *pas de deux* from *Flower Festival* Eleanor D’Antuono and Ted Kivitt, it seemed to me that Christine Sarry with her lightness, quickness and innate musical sense was nearest to Bournonville standards, with Tcherkassky contributing some charming moments in her variation. Fernando Bujones danced forcefully, but I find that in his immaturity he attacks each role in a manner which allows for little differentiation between them. D’Antuono and Kivitt, solid dancers both, could not manage the *coup* of banishing the pervasive memory of Erik Bruhn and Carla Fracci who last danced the parts for ABT. But then, those two were not at that time principal dancers; they were stars.

Frankel and Mahler’s Fifth

I had not seen Emily Frankel’s work in several years, not since the late 1950s—the earlier, harder, downtown days, when one climbed to a loft-like space on the lower East Side to see programs prepared by Frankel and her then-partner Mark Ryder. Out of this period had come Todd Bolender’s ballet *The Still Point*, later incorporated into the repertoires of both the New York City Ballet and the Joffrey Ballet. After the Frankel-Ryder split, Frankel went on alone and there was, I recall, a disappointing solo evening of her own pieces at the YMHA in the early ’60s.

But that was *autre temps, autre moeurs*; now Frankel was a mature artist, a voyager to far places—Hong Kong, Buenos Aires—and, after an appearance for the benefit of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library last year, was appearing at Alice Tully Hall for a single evening (January 4) in “An interpretation and visualization of Mahler’s Fifth Symphony.”

The piece started promisingly enough—a slow raising of lights, Mahler’s clarion trumpet (taped, to be sure) echoing through the hall, and an immobile figure wrapped in a heavy cloak, composed and concentrated, awaiting the first lunging step of Norman Walker’s choreography.

The movement, given a monolithic

outline by the cloak, was in the nature of postures rather than steps. Everything seemed heavy, downward directed, earthbound. In the second movement, marked *Furioso* by the composer, the cloak was removed and a more rebellious, frenzied spirit marked the gestures of the dance, of which a prominent one—one hand thrust into space only to be imprisoned and subdued by the other clenching it at the wrist—was a recurrent motif.

Then a curious thing happened; from movement and gesture expressing the larger themes of repression, pain, and rebellion, with a certain dark-hued dignity, the Scherzo shifted the dance into a lengthy and unutterably silly Four Ages of Woman charade. Four costume changes en route helped depict the skipping child, the coy and nubile nymph in wreath and draperies, the erotically mature woman in fringed shawl, the kimono-clad and slatternly debauchée.

Well, during this display Miss Frankel lost me and I sat stonily through the lovely *Adagietto* which, in Walker’s choreography, consisted of a meditative walk-around for the dancer, by then clad in purple gauze. Not especially imaginative, perhaps, but at least there was nothing to blush for. There was however, a surprise yet in store when Miss Frankel, in a kind of Loie Fuller grand finale, reared up clutching wing-like appendages of colored fabric. These she waved about importantly before stepping forth, as one naked, in flesh-colored body tights, in what was undoubtedly meant to be a metaphoric *dénouement* of startling simplicity.

Miss Frankel’s costumes were by Ben Benson, her direction by Philip Lawrence, her tapes by Jon Black, and her inspiration apparently by Isadora Duncan. I wonder what that often-downright lady would have said about the evening? Not much, but I’m sure it would have been choice. △



Emily Frankel in “An interpretation and visualization of Mahler’s Fifth Symphony”

The Sadler's Wells Opera will change its name to the **English National Opera** at the beginning of its next season. ...Chicago has been chosen as the site for the next **Verdi Institute**, September 18-25, 1974. The Lyric Opera of Chicago will serve as host, opening their twentieth anniversary season with a new production of *Simon Boccanegra*. ...The San Francisco Opera's touring and educational subsidiary, the **Western Opera Theater**, opened its eighth season in January with Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*. Other performances this season were a new production of *The Barber of Seville*, *La Traviata*, and Kreněk's *What Price Confidence*. The company spends this month in residence in Alaska. ... **Uptown Opera, Inc.** has been established as a professional opera company whose aim is to bring music theater services to the people of northern Manhattan and the Bronx. Conrad L. Osborne is founder and general director. ...The **New York Pro Musica Antiqua** will disband in May after twenty years as a leading ensemble in medieval and Renaissance music. The group is terminating for financial reasons and because musical director George Houle has decided to return to California.

The **Chicago Symphony** will make a twelve-city European tour next September. ...The **Houston Symphony** has announced plans to perform the complete Mahler symphonic cycle within the next three years. ...A grant from the local AFM of \$10,000 and a matching grant from the National Endowment brings a total of \$20,000 to the **Sacramento Symphony** for the purpose of providing music programs for elementary schools in the area.

The American premiere of **Isaac Albéniz's** *Azulejos* was performed last December by the University Symphony Orchestra of the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. The work was conducted and orchestrated by Mark Starr. ...The **Arnold Schoenberg Institute** has been established at the University of Southern California. Schoenberg's heirs will provide extensive library and archives for purposes of research. ...Arizona State Univer-

sity has acquired the **Boulton Collection of World Music and Musical Instruments**, consisting of over three hundred instruments and thirty thousand recordings collected by Dr. Laura Boulton in her expeditions around the world. Dr. Boulton recently moved from New York where, in 1962, she established a Center for World Music and Musical Instruments at Columbia University.

Kolmar-Luth Entertainment, Inc. has been acquired by the International Entertainment Corporation, a newly formed management; Roger Hall is president. ...**Norman Singer**, executive director of City Center of Music and Drama, Inc., has written to Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin urging the Soviet government to ensure the personal freedom of dancer Valery Panov and his wife. The letter was written on behalf of the City Center's board of directors; it stated that the U.S.-Soviet cultural exchange was in serious jeopardy because of the Panov question.

Personalities

Walter Susskind will leave the Saint Louis Symphony at the end of the 1974-75 season. ...French pianist **Pascal Rogé** replaced David Oistrakh in February in the taping of a performance of Liszt's Concerto No. 1, a Liszt recital, and an interview, all for a CBC-TV program to be broadcast throughout Canada next fall. ...Contralto **Maureen Forrester** will sing for the first time the title role in Menotti's *The Medium* at the Stratford (Ontario) Festival in July. ...Twenty-five-year-old Ameri-

can soprano **Carol Farley** has been signed for her fourth season as guest artist of the Cologne Opera; she will sing eight performances of *La Traviata* and the *Bartered Bride*. She made her first appearance in Washington, D.C. at the Kennedy Center in March, performing Poulenc's *Le Voix Humaine* with the National Symphony. ...Composer-conductor **Jose Serebrier** recently returned from a month's tour of Poland and a stay in London where he recorded with the London Philharmonic for RCA. ...New York City Opera soprano **Carol Neblett** and Milwaukee Symphony music director **Kenneth Schermerhorn** were married last December.

Appointments

Louis Lane succeeds Max Rudolf as artistic advisor of the Dallas Symphony; Mr. Lane had been principal guest conductor of the orchestra. ...Professor **Robert Hickok** has been named dean of Brooklyn College's new School of Music. He has been on the music faculty since 1952. ...Music director of the Bergen (New Jersey) Youth Orchestra, **Eugene Minor**, has been appointed assistant conductor of the Greater Trenton Symphony Orchestra. ...Manhattan School president **George Schick** has been appointed director of opera at the International Summer Academy of the Mozarteum in Salzburg.

Awards

Cleveland Institute graduate **Margaret Eaves** won first prize in the National Association of Teachers of Singers artists awards held last December in

New York City. ...Temple University graduate **Horatio Miller** is a winner in the Competition for Young Artists sponsored by the Charleston (South Carolina) Symphony Orchestra. He is a student of Natalie Hinderas. ...**Leon Bates**, also a graduate of Temple University and a student of Miss Hinderas, is one of eight finalists in the International Rhode Island Piano Competition. ...**Raissa Tselentis Chadwell**, founder and president of the American Bach Foundation, was awarded a medal in October as a Distinguished American of Hellenic Descent by Ioannis A. Sorokos, Ambassador of Greece. ...Western Michigan University awarded violinist **Henryk Szeryng** an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree last December.

Competitions

The **Denver Symphony Guild's** ninth annual Young Artists Competition for violin and cello is open to citizens of the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Competition is held in October. For further information write Mrs. Robert E. Jobin, 4193 Everett Drive, Wheat Ridge, Colorado 80033. ...Instrumentalists residing in New Jersey, who do not reach their eighteenth birthday by June 30, are eligible for the **Garden State Philharmonic** Symphony Society's Young Artist Talent Competition. Deadline for application is May 1. For information, write P.O. Box 230, Toms River, New Jersey 08753. ...Pianists between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five are eligible to enter Chautauqua Institution's competition for the **Aldredge Piano Scholarship**. Deadline is April 15. For information, write Box 28, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York 14722.

Obituaries

Henri Busser, French composer and onetime director of the Paris Opera, died on December 31. He was one hundred and one. ...Contralto **Marie Powers**, famed for her performances in the operas of Menotti, died December 28; she was in her sixties. ...Tenor **Raoul Jobin** died on January 13 at the age of sixty-seven. ...Music critic/author **Sidney Finkelstein** died on January 13 at the age of sixty-four.

here & there

what's new?

JOHN ROCKWELL



A scene from *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*—"the irrational side of the Romantic spirit"

ROBERT WILSON is a hard man to talk about. What he does is put on multi-media theater works—which he calls “operas”—of a complexity and lavishness unprecedented in avant-garde annals. *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*, which was performed in the Opera House of the Brooklyn Academy of Music in mid-December, lasted twelve hours, from 7:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. (actually, it wandered on until about 9:00 in the morning the first night, ended at 7:00 on the nose the second, and came in a little early both times in its two subsequent performances).

The difficulties for the critic are simple enough to understand, even if the work itself is not. First of all, this really is something new. Certainly, one can evoke the obvious precedents in Surrealist and Dada theater, the debts to the hypnotic *longeurs* of Wagner, the parallels in such present-day groups as the recently disbanded Open Theater and Meredith Monk's House productions. But to peg Wilson neatly as “contemporary epic ritualism,” or some such category, doesn't begin to give a reader an idea of the impact and density of the theatrical events at a Wilson performance. Quite apart from the problem that if the critic fails to sit out the

whole twelve hours he hasn't done his job, but if he has, the logistical problem of knowing what to describe becomes all the more unmanageable.

The tempo of Wilson's pieces is slow, as it would almost have to be to extend over a twelve-hour span. Anyone used to the linear, outwardly logical continuity of the conventional spoken theater would be disconcerted with the zombie-like solemnity and “meaninglessness” of a Wilson performance. But in fact Wilson is a lot less minimal than many of those currently active in avant-garde theater and dance: his work is full of a continual flow of incident. It's just that it's focused differently from the norm. And when Wilson unleashes one of his frequent, overt *coups de théâtre*, the effect is all the more overwhelming for having emerged from the understated backdrop that precedes it.

The fourth act (of seven), for instance, is called “The Forest.” For most of its two hours an extraordinary but still steady-state continuum unfolds: There is a dining table on the left, at the head of which squats a frog-man, who periodically drinks and plays guitar and passes notes to a formal, nineteenth-century couple sitting to his left. Behind the couple are mysterious servant-figures.

There are also a low-comedy waiter and waitress who emerge occasionally with a flourish. There is a false-theatrical house behind them, towards the center, from the window of which a foreign lady emotes in a foreign language. It eventually burns down and collapses. There are continual processions, such as a line of ladies dressed in black, steadily clicking the reels of the fishing rods they carry. And that's just a tiny portion of the downstage activity.

Behind that is a wall of slim trees, and behind that is a space, through which processions pass and sylph-like temple dancers weave mysteriously. Behind that is a dark blue sky and a pyramid, illuminated by a glowing yellow moon. Suspended high over the stage two children sit on box-like swings. It is very beautiful.

But then, the top of the pyramid detaches itself and floats away, and an eye appears in the sky (*cf.* the back of a dollar bill). Gradually the stage is emptied of props and people. (I am leaving out key incidents and an infinitude of detail, but let it pass.) The stage is suffused with a strong blue light. Gradually the space behind the trees and in front of the pyramid fills with billowing white smoke, and indistinct figures emerge from it,

wending their way through the trees downstage. They are apes, about eight of them, of all sizes, ages, and sexes, gibbering to one another and shuffling about. They look down and spy eight red-orange apples on the ground. Each ape picks up an apple, and they all stumble into a rough line downstage on the right, picking at one another and looking confusedly at their apples.

Suddenly the pervasive blue is illuminated by a flickering yellow-orange light from offstage left, and immediately thereafter two figures appear from that direction. They are a perfectly matched couple dressed in formal late-eighteenth century court attire. Except that all the attire is white with silver trim, and their faces are silver, too. The woman is carrying a white parasol, and it is on fire—the source of the light, which naturally has become all the brighter now that they are on stage. At the same time, the apples have turned out to be attached to quite visible wires, and as the apes look up in amazement, the apples ascend smoothly into the wings as the curtain falls.

The irrational side

The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin was full of scenes like that, and it might be easy to dismiss (or at least categorize) Wilson's work as the ultimate so far in the hippie mind-blowing school and theatrical sensation for its own sake. Except that your ever-eager reporter went back and saw extended parts of the piece again the second weekend, and came away with a rather different impression. There can be no question that Wilson does appeal to the irrational side of the Romantic spirit, and that as such he should quite rightly be an object of intense suspicion on the part of the common-sense rationalists who dominate our culture and critical writing today.

But Wilson is hardly unintelligent, and my second visit began to reveal all sorts of more or less explicit formal ideas running through the work. Even on a first visit, the sight of a long-distance runner dressed in rust red plodding matter-of-factly back and forth across the stage at odd intervals not only provoked amused recognition from the audience, but served obviously as a unifying motif. The work is permeated with such mo-

tifs, in a quite specifically Wagnerian manner, even though Wilson draws his motifs from all the media, with music not really paramount among them, and applies them perhaps (but who knows, really) less systematically than Wagner did.

There are verbal motifs (lines like Wilson's aviary, cawing "What?" or a boy's disquisition on "Emily watches the TV; Emily likes the TV"); dance movements (wonderful, wonderful ones that evolve from simple exercises into a whole, hieratic ballet by

the fifth act); scenic links (Wilson loves animals, real and impersonated, and ostriches, sheep, camels, turtles and the like wander all over the work); musical recurrences (Pachelbel's Canon, the Fauré Requiem, original music by the two house composers); and the simple reappearance of the same characters, sometimes played by different people (among others, Sigmund Freud, Queen Victoria, Ivan the Terrible, Dave Clark, and above all, Joseph Stalin).

And there are intellectual juxta-

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positions going on, too: the fifth act, the most overwhelming of the seven, includes a lecture by Stalin on the nature of dialectical materialism, read in a flat voice through a dehumanizing loudspeaker by Stalin in a glass isolation booth, set in the sunlit interior of a pyramid, with the dancers swirling and prancing all around him. The lecture discusses dialectical materialism in a quite unintentionally mystical manner. Suddenly the processes of the dialectic don't sound all that removed from the all-embracing beliefs that transparently inform Wilson's work, and the structural notions in Stalin's thought begin to sound like Wilson's methodology in putting his theater piece together. The universal horde of characters in the work can separate into innumerable groupings, but among them are a three-class division suggestive of Communist thought—aristocracy, bourgeoisie, workers, set against other categories (animals, priests, madmen) that amplify Marx's and Engels's view of the world.

Putting it together

I don't really think it would be too fruitful to analyze Wilson structurally in the best English 1 manner. What I am suggesting is that intellectual notions play their part in giving the piece its shape, and that Wilson is hardly a *naif* as he goes about putting his works together. First of all, and most obviously, there is the sheer weight of numbers of people involved—well over a hundred—testifying to an organizational ability that transcends the normal. Second is the lavishness of the sets, props, and costumes, indicating that Wilson has been able to enlist some formidable patrons (principally the Gulbenkian Foundation). Third, there is the history of this work, which actually consists of a retrospective of what he and his company have been doing since 1969: it all fits together in a manner that suggests that Wilson is a man with very clear ideas of what it is that he is about. And fourth, there are the differences between the first weekend and the second: all sorts of excesses had been trimmed and tightened in the intervening week, showing that Wilson not only has a sharp critical idea about his own efforts, far removed from the self-indulgence en-

demic in the world of the avant-garde, but that he has the needed combination of the charisma to attract large numbers of obviously talented people to work with him, and the discipline to bend them to his will without alienating them.

It would be silly to imply that Wilson represents *the* future of dance, theater, or opera. There are some specific problems with his work: not all the parts work as well as others; some of the individual "bits" are more effective than others; the music varies widely, from the very moving indeed to the slightly stale, and could in any case be exploited far more pervasively than it is now. But more generally, this is a classic instance of a theater not for everybody. Wilson has attracted an audience, in New York and in the European cities where he has appeared. His influence has been profound on those it has affected (*e.g.*, Jerome Robbins in his ballet *Watermill*). But this is not a theater for the matinee crowd. It is a painfully personal, exquisitely fashioned exploration of new theatrical ideas, and it will attract an audience as new as itself. △



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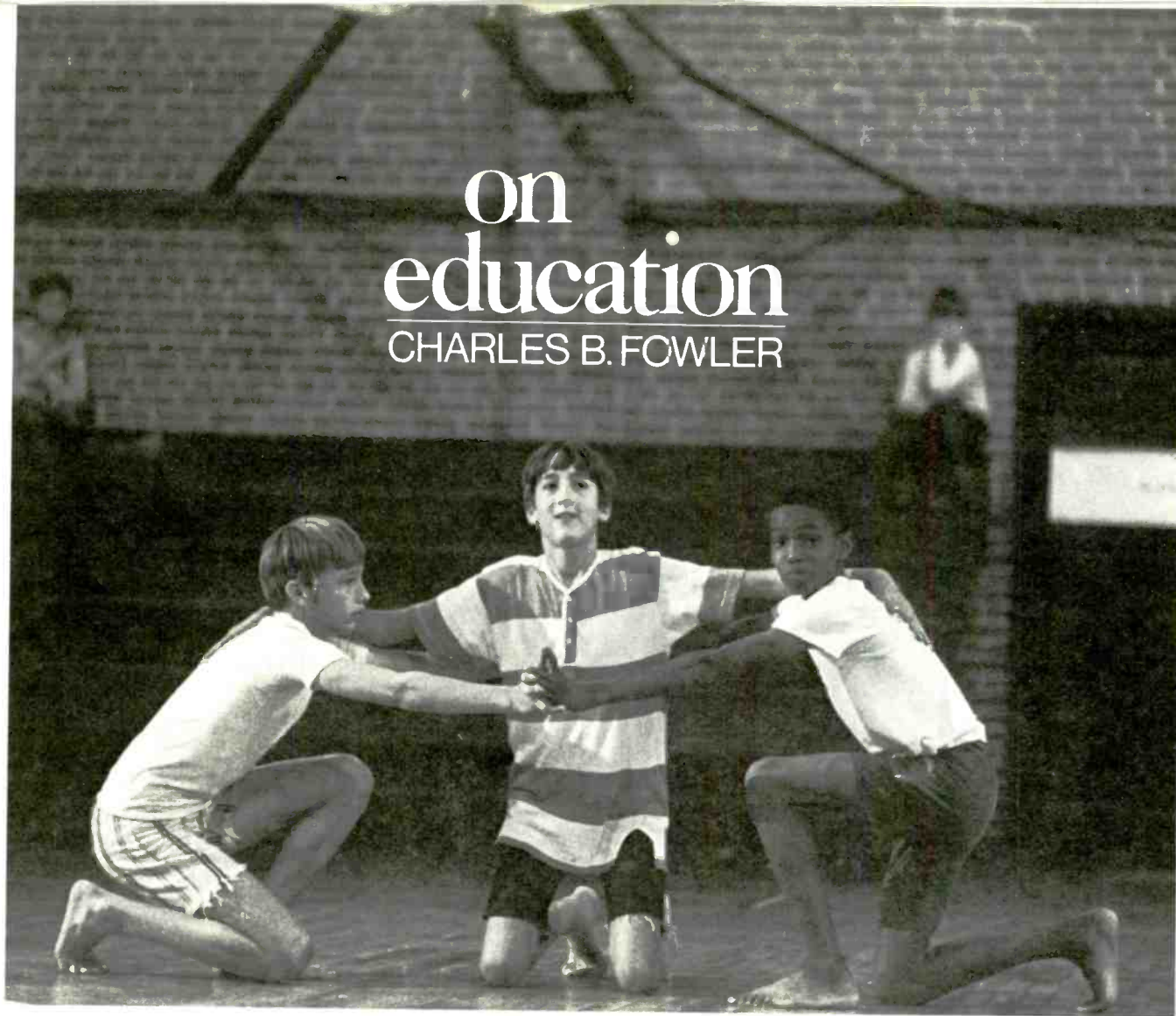
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On education

CHARLES B. FOWLER



IT HAS BEEN said about education that it's easier to move a cemetery than to change a school. And yet such a change has been accomplished recently and the implications are wide and provocative. It all began with a simple question. What if, instead of the arts being relegated to the periphery of the school curriculum, they assumed a central position, with the so-called "basic" subjects evolving around them?

Insanity? Not on the basis of a recently completed educational experiment that did, or tried to do, precisely that. Who could approve of such a move? Well, just talk to any music or art teacher—they've felt their subjects ignored and underestimated for years. And with good reason. For what has come to light, based on two and a half years of unique effort, is the idea that the arts may constitute a heretofore neglected

Charles B. Fowler, our new education editor, was the editor of Music Educators Journal.

but long-sought cure for classroom ills. Arts educators can now provide some scientific substantiation for this proposition, proof in the form of the results of project IMPACT.

IMPACT, which is an acronym for "Interdisciplinary Model Programs in the Arts for Children and Teachers," attempted to establish model, art-centered school programs. On the surface, that may not sound like much, but the fact that the plan ever got started at all is little short of miraculous.

Apprehensions

Most teachers and administrators, understandably, are apprehensive about adding more arts to an already overloaded curriculum. What will happen to the basics—reading, math, science, etc.—if more arts are introduced? Add arts to the curriculum, and what must be eliminated? Something, it would seem, has to give. Even many arts teachers, facing an

arts blitzkrieg of the schools, will express cautiousness. Who, after all, will do the teaching? If the arts are subjected to major attention by classroom teachers, will arts teachers be left out? Will artistic standards suffer?

Still, in spite of the reservations, a consortium of arts education organizations proposed the planned experiment, and, surprisingly enough, it attracted considerable support, including \$1 million from the U.S. Office of Education and additional assistance from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Arts in Education Program of the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Fund. Perhaps more improbably, scores of school systems expressed a willingness to give the idea a try. An advisory committee, acting on the advise and "nominations" of the chief state school officer in each of the fifty states, selected five sites: six elementary schools in Glendale, California; an elementary school in Eugene, Oregon; two ele-



mentary schools in Columbus, Ohio a three-district school conglomerate in southeastern Alabama; and a middle school in Philadelphia. They were selected, at least partially—and significantly—on the basis of the high quality of their already existing arts programs.

Self-expression

What was the typical IMPACT school like? From all accounts both students and faculty were far more happily engaged in the whole educational enterprise. No wonder. The arts generally brought excitement to the school day. There were music and art, to be sure, but in addition, many students were acting and dancing for the first time in their lives. With the enthusiastic guidance of dance consultants brought into the project, students began to understand and use movement as a means of self-expression.

In IMPACT schools students actually learned some “outside” facts through the arts. By inventing shapes with their bodies they took their first step in the long journey toward understanding such abstract phenomena as energy and space. They learned numbers by counting steps and legs and people. They attached names to the anatomy by identifying the parts of the body that moved. Song texts were used to provoke discussions of numerous subjects, to enlarge vocabulary, and sharpen reading skills. Spelling became a dramatic reading, a lesson in elocution, a way to make beautiful sounds. And so it



The pictures on these pages are taken from a cross section of the schools which participated in IMPACT

went. The arts became enmeshed with all learning.

The range of experience in the various schools was extraordinary. Students at one school erected a 12-foot chrome eagle on the lawn from 1,400 pounds of auto bumpers they bought at a junkyard. Dull halls were enlivened with student art works. In another school, a student was observed in the hall picking out a tune on a xylophone strategically positioned there for just that purpose. Students experienced what it's like to be a composer by fashioning "compositions" from sounds they recorded inside and outside of school.

The sight of students carrying bricks to school caused no alarm. They were probably making a sculpture garden complete with walkways, flower gardens, and fountain. Or a bunch of old packing cases were painted and then used to build an 18-foot castle. Some IMPACT students wrote their own textbooks with facts elucidated by their own illustrations, poetry, and music. In other schools, movies, photography, and television were investigated as means of communication. The arts interacted with themselves and with other subject matter. They operated as agents of unification in what otherwise would have been a segmented curriculum. In IMPACT schools subjects, including even the arts themselves, were no longer isolated from each other. Dull, perfunctory approaches to general subject-matter teaching were transformed by using the arts to spark the interest of students. The atmosphere of the school became more vibrant. Students "turned on" to their own private triumphs in clay, movement, sound, and color.

Penn's evaluation

All sound too pat and perfect? Perhaps, but according to the Summary Report of the project, prepared by an evaluation team from the Pennsylvania State University, the whole school experience was enhanced through the arts. Students were actually encouraged to cultivate their senses and to develop their capacities for feeling. Their engagement with the arts caused them to engage generally, to become (to borrow the terminology of educators) "self-motivated." Therefore their basic subject-matter learning, far from suffering, tended to

improve.

The final report stated it this way: "Students liked school in IMPACT schools." Noting the concern of teachers for the possible deleterious effects that increased emphasis on the arts might have on student achievement in other academic areas, the report discloses that "generally, teachers at the conclusion of the project indicated a belief that IMPACT either had affected such achievement positively or not at all."

Getting started

How was such a massive project as IMPACT accomplished? In a way, the approach was very simple and logical. The project wisely incorporated, as a major focus, the re-education of teachers. During the summer preceding the start of the project, staff training institutes were held at local universities. After the project began, the retraining continued through regular meetings with con-



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*** * BOOKS * ***

- Reich, W.—ALEXANDER TCHEREPNIN, BIOGRAPHY (German text) (2nd enlarged edition, 1969)
Tcherepnin, A.—ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN MUSIC (English text)

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sultants and, in some locations, through another summer institute the following year. Education necessarily perpetuates its own faults. Teachers repeat the patterns they have experienced in their own education. Having themselves been victims of curriculums devoid of the arts, they tend to belittle the value of the arts in their own daily teaching. Through workshops designed to enrich their own arts experience, they developed the necessary confidence to teach the arts and incorporate them into other instructional areas.

Another key to the success of the experiment was the way the arts teachers functioned in cooperation with the rest of the faculty. They, too, underwent a re-education. They became resource people working together as a team in conjunction with all the other teachers. By entering into the total education program, they assumed a more important role. Their work was supplemented by the expertise of artists who were brought into the schools to give students and teachers the opportunity to associate on a daily basis with creative people. The whole process stimulated the teachers as much as the students.

A great deal of credit must go, of course, to the administrators in each location, not only for their willingness to become involved in the plan, but also for their eagerness to learn, and their success in communicating the sense of the idea to parents in their communities. Parents were strongly supportive of the program. There is no question that they reacted positively to the enthusiasm voiced



by their children. According to one observer, the students even began to dress differently, with a distinct awareness of taste. Children improved in their school work, not only because they enjoyed school more, but because the creative approach to teaching the arts began to have its effect on the teaching of other subjects. While the project has officially ended, it is a tribute to its success that the programs in these schools continue to revolve around the arts.

A neglect of humanness

The whole project represents a significant reversal in educational thinking and a long-overdue boost for the arts as legitimate and essential subject matters worthy of concen-

trated study by all students. Teachers, who have worked almost exclusively with the mind, are now finding that the physical, spiritual, social, aesthetic, and emotional facets of the human being greatly influence intellectual performance. Children seem to recognize that a neglect of their senses and emotional selves is a denial of their humanness. They have always sensed their whole selves, even if the teachers didn't. When they have expressed objections to their education, they have had good reason. It had shunned an important part of their human nature. Quite naturally, there were no rebellions in IMPACT schools. The project successfully demonstrated a way to humanize education. The arts can provide a way back to another side of people, a side that can make all of us whole in wonderfully satisfying ways.

Another of the most gratifying results of project IMPACT is that it may reverse the long-standing reverence of American arts educators for the European or Asian educational approaches. American music educators, for example, who have scoured the world to find answers to their multiple dilemmas, are finally beginning to look to their own experiments and seek their own solutions. IMPACT took a giant step in the right direction. Hopefully, the approach will find wider application. \triangle

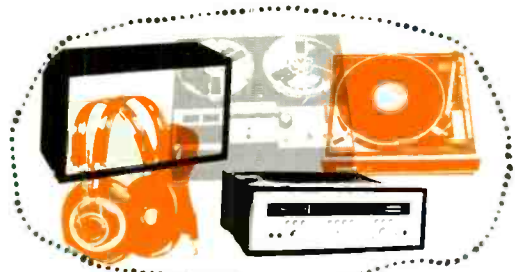


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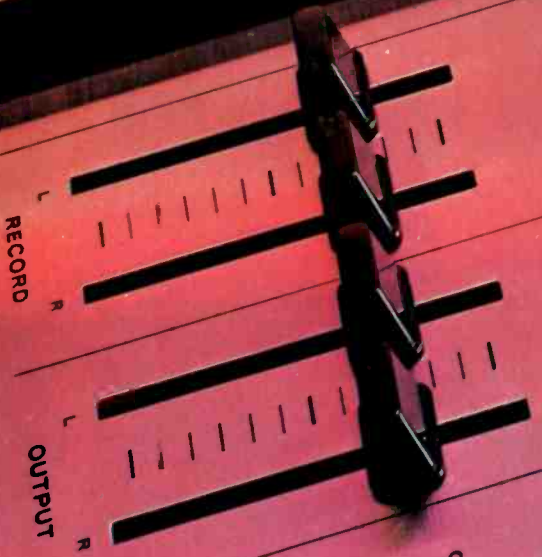
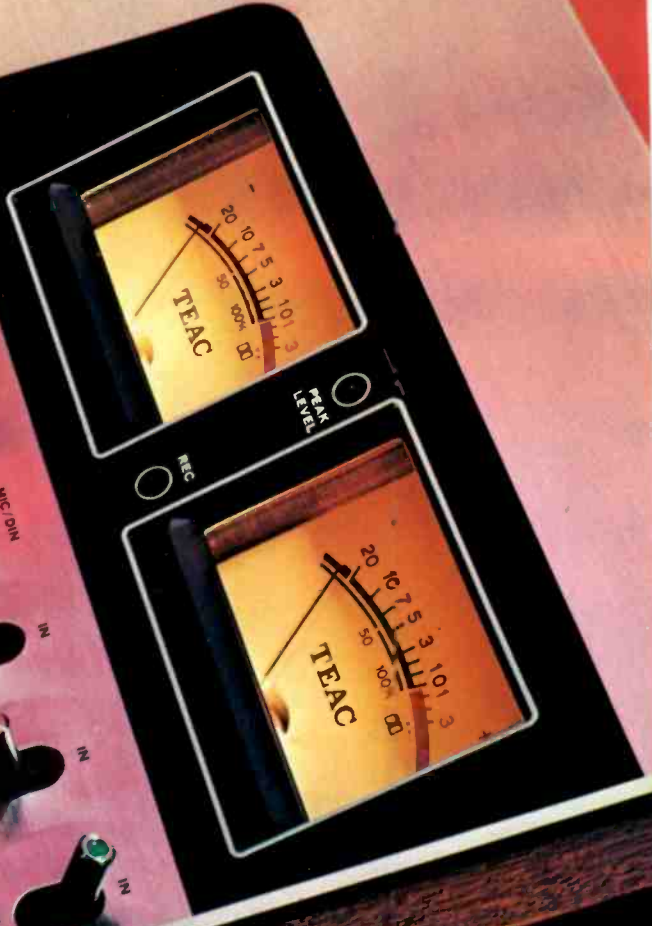
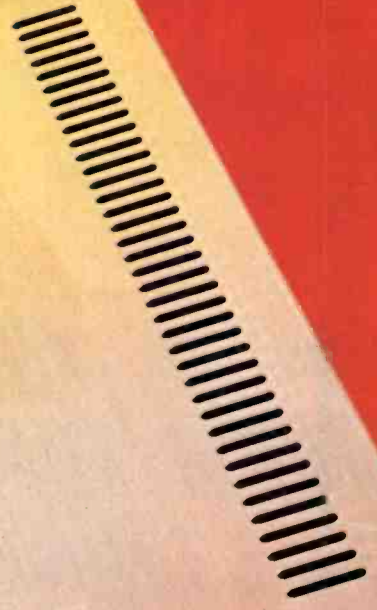
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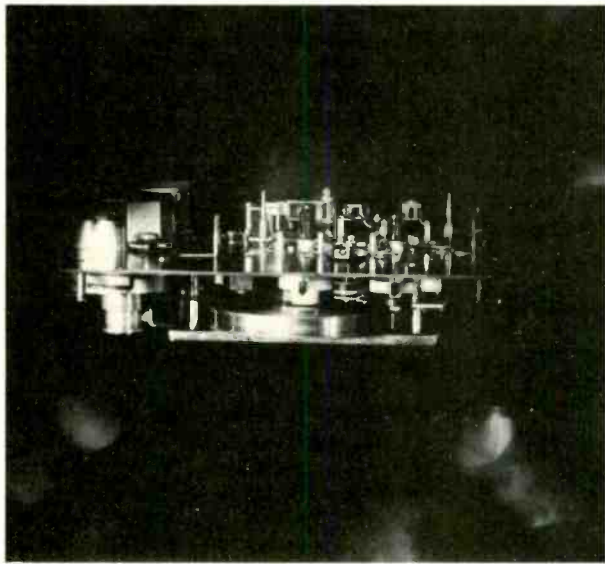
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whether these little crumbs from a master's table exist at all? To be sure, the critical edition of Mozart's collected works must contain everything he composed, for these are documents of a life work, but their presence there is not binding on the performer. In many cases these marches do not even rightfully belong to the serenades themselves and were used to usher in and send off the guests; the winter serenades do not have marches at all! Surely in a modern concert performance or recording they are dispensable. And, as I said in my review, this serenade seems to me too long for its specific musical weight; it should be pruned rather than extended.

I do not "confuse" my divertimentos. I have played them many times, both in the orchestra and in chamber groups; given the vague distinction the era made between chamber and orchestral music, both ways are legitimate with a number of the serenade-divertimentos. In addition, when it came to such entertainment music, any player available on the spot might be called upon: a bassoon would play with the bass, a flute or oboe with the violins. But there can be no question that the more extensive works in this genre, such as this disputed divertimento, are orchestrally conceived. Neither statistics, nor dates, nor classification, nor the identity of the patrons for whom they were composed will clinch this argument, but simple musical sense

will. K. 334 sounds much more convincing played by Neville Marriner's superb little orchestra than by the Philomusica sextet, no matter how well played.

Mr. Levin quotes Alfred Einstein, but he overlooks the fact that this great scholar called the serenade-divertimento a genre occupying "a place between chamber music and symphony . . . between a solo and a symphonic treatment of the strings," adding that every work "must be considered by itself." This is exactly what I am doing, whereas Mr. Levin is concerned with classifications.

Nor can I agree with his argument that the soloistic writing for the first violin bespeaks chamber music. It is again his witness, Einstein, who established the fact that Mozart's violin concertos are related to these serenades, and indeed the latter often contain miniature violin concertos distributed among the movements; hence the virtuosic writing—for the concertmaster. It is also interesting that Breitkopf & Härtel list the parts for K. 334 in their orchestra catalogue.

Now let us see how Mr. Levin argues when he strays from his data. He says (in the liner notes) that in some instances "two first and two second violins and a viola are added to the strings; thus the intimacy of the music is preserved while the integrity of each musician remains a crucial aspect to the performance." Well, just what does this mean? We have now doubled the sextet (surely a bass fiddle must be added to such a group) and are well on the way to the basic preclassic orchestra: only the two oboes are missing. Are these players to perform *chacun a son goût* so as to preserve their "integrity," or are they supposed to form a homogeneous unit as in an orchestra?

Then he says, "The horns often strengthen the texture in a manner that recalls Mozart's symphonic writing." No, sir, it does not recall such writing, it is symphonic writing.

I was a little harsh when I called Mr. Levin's musicology a demiscience, and I apologize. But when one encounters such inconsistencies, when the clarino—the common term in Mozart's time for the trumpet—is called "a cousin of the trumpet," when a disquisition on the meaning of "basso"—i.e., cellos and bass fiddles—ends in a tangle, when Gluck is consistently spelled Glück, when *Harmonie-musik*—the common term in German for wind band—is cited as "a special term" for Mozart's octets, and so forth, one is roused to impatience.

As a fellow musicologist, perhaps Mr. Levin will permit me to remind him that history serves us in achieving a clarified view of tradition in its authentic foundations, but we must bring to bear musical judgment and discretion, not the data alone, to make it valid. Otherwise we are condemned to wander on the fringes of art.

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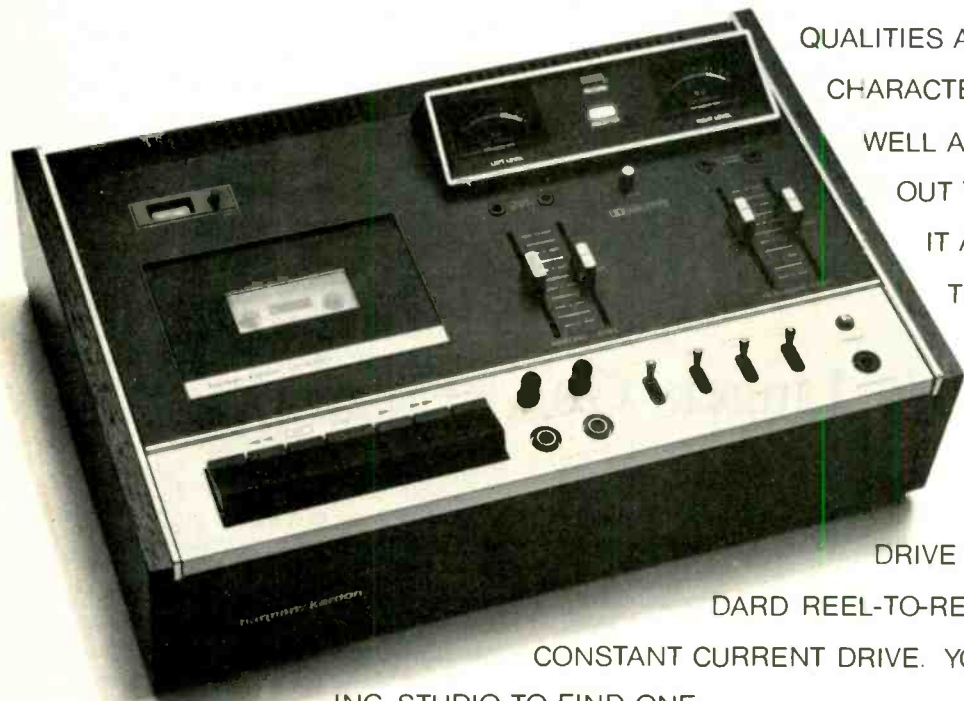
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Guy Lombardo in the 1930s (left) and today—as changeless as his music.

Guy Lombardo— The Melody Lingers On

IN THE LATE 1930s and during about the first eight years of the 1940s, there were hundreds of big bands traveling America. The most successful of them achieved the status of “name bands,” a sort of generic term that served to cover them all, irrespective of style.

In that, it was useful. For there was then something of the same terminological ambiguity that one encounters today in the attempts to define a given group as folk, rock, jazz, jazz-rock, or what have you. In those days, the confusion involved three words: jazz, sweet, and dance.

All the bands, including such jazz orchestras as Fletcher Henderson’s, Duke Ellington’s, Chick Webb’s, Count Basie’s, Woody Herman’s, Artie Shaw’s, Jimmie Lunceford’s, and Stan Kenton’s, played for dancing. And so in that sense, they were all dance bands. On the other hand, some bands that I considered primarily dance bands, such as Benny Goodman’s, Tommy Dorsey’s, and even Harry James’s, were capable of playing damned good jazz. Thus the line was not a clear one, and the Glenn Miller orchestra almost calculatedly bestrode the line between them.

For the sake of retroactive clarification, then, let’s say that there were a lot of dance bands. Some of them were deeply infused with jazz spirit and staffed with jazz players, and they played as much jazz as they could get away with.

There was another kind of band that wasn’t into and wasn’t even interested in jazz. This was the so-called “sweet” band, which the jazz fans detested on a

sliding scale according to the corn content of the music: Hal Kemp, whose band even musicians liked; Skinnay Ennis; Kay Kyser, who was only mildly disliked because the voicings and instrumentation of the band were the same as those of the jazz-inflected orchestras; Freddie Martin; Blue Barron; Tommy Tucker; Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm; Sammy Kaye, whose band was reputedly able to swing when he’d let it; Richard Himber of the “cascading trumpets”; and Wayne King, who was even then an anachronism because waltzes were his thing.

The jazz fans considered these bands a threat to the true music, and they were perhaps right: Mass public taste has never been noted for its altitude, and the businessmen who then as now dominated American entertainment displayed their usual unswerving fidelity to whatever sold the most. Thus jazz had (and has always had) an underground character—superlative music fighting a guerrilla war for survival against the overwhelming economic forces of the establishment troops: the rock groups of the 1960s; the sweet bands—saccharine would have been a better word for most of them—of the 1940s.

Of the scores of jazz-band leaders who thrived in that epoch, only four are in business today: Ellington, Basie, Herman, and Kenton. All of them play with no diminution whatever of their ancient vigor, and they *still* offer some of the most exciting music that America, or for that matter the world, has ever known.

Of the various sweet-band leaders,

only one survives, at least at a level of national renown. And ironically, his is the name that most instantly inspired the ire and impeded the digestion of the true believers who dug, with infrangible hipper-than-thou sanctimony, the jazz bands. Guy Lombardo is going just as strong as that quadrumvirate of his old opponents (privately, they’re quite friendly) named Ellington, Basie, Herman, and Kenton.

Among the five, Ellington and Lombardo are due the deference of seniority. They alone can say they’ve been out there in front of their bands since not the 1930s, but the 1920s, moving on unaltered course from the time of F. Scott Fitzgerald and the hip flask through the eras of bread lines and shot-down workers, World War II, the Bomb, the homecoming, Korea, duck-tail hair, Bill Haley and the Comets, Elvis and Col. Tom, Timothy Leary, Vietnam, the Rolling Stones, grass, and Alice Cooper and his snake. They alone can say they’ve led their bands from the era of Theda Bara and Pola Negri into that of Linda Lovelace and Georgina Spelvin.

It is difficult to grasp that Ellington and Lombardo were in business before people now in their middle age were even born. I know about the Ellington band: It was the first band I ever saw in person. I was thirteen, and I “hooked in,” as we used to say, when a ticket-taker’s back was turned. I have seen his musicians countless times since then and enjoyed them to a degree depending on how superbly or sloppily they happened to be playing that evening.

But I had never seen the Guy Lombardo band, so I made it a point to do so recently. The setting was the main dining room-ballroom of the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, one of the many hotels Lombardo plays regularly. It was a candlelight-and-wine setting, with white- and blue-haired ladies comprising a rather considerable portion of the audience. That women generally outlive their husbands was attested to by the fact that many of these ladies were there with elderly girl friends. In two observed instances, they got up—at first timidly and then with growing amusement—to dance together, like schoolgirls. Inevitably I speculated about husbands now vanished and assumed they had been the long-ago escorts of the ladies to long-ago Lombardo engagements. There was any number of elderly, white-moustached businessmen in the audience, and a sprinkling of thirty-year-olds.

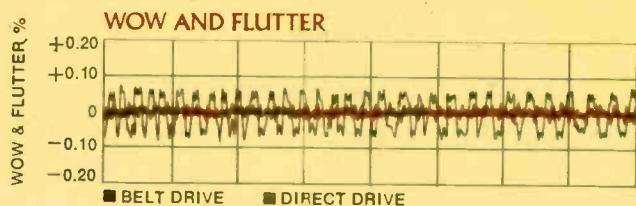
Now it happens that band music changed radically in the late 1930s and early 1940s. The bands grew bigger. Four saxes—two altos and two tenors—gave way to five, the baritone adding a

Continued on page 29

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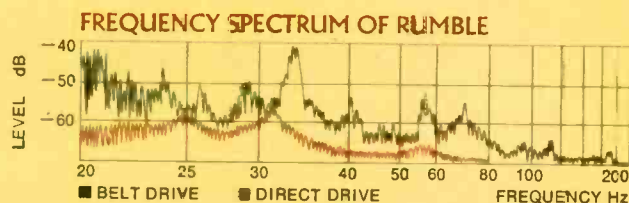
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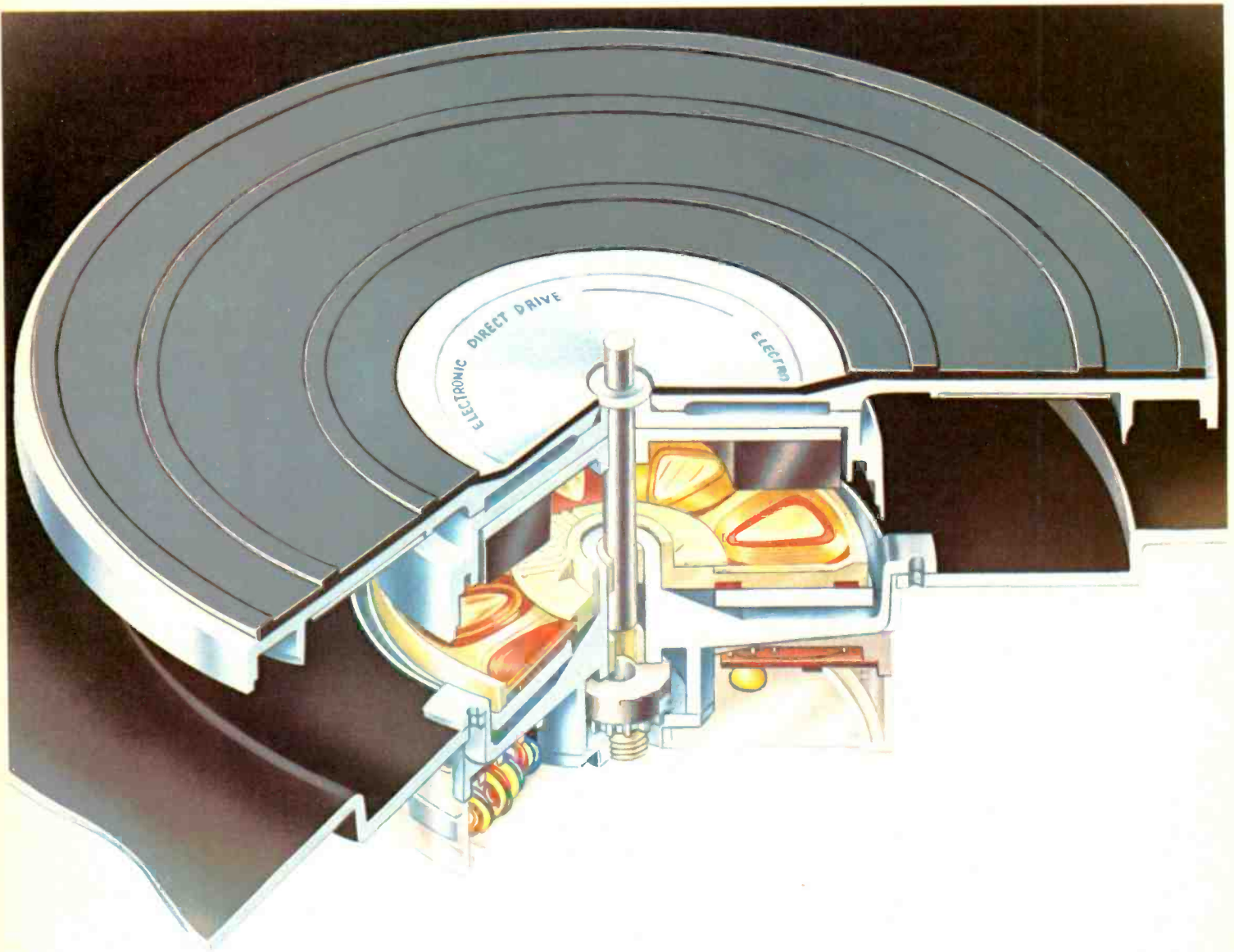
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A potential problem in all record playback systems is the natural resonant period of the tonearm/cartridge system and the turntable chassis. When resonant energy from such mechanical disturbances as acoustical feedback, record warp, or room vibration reaches the stylus, distortion is the inevitable result.

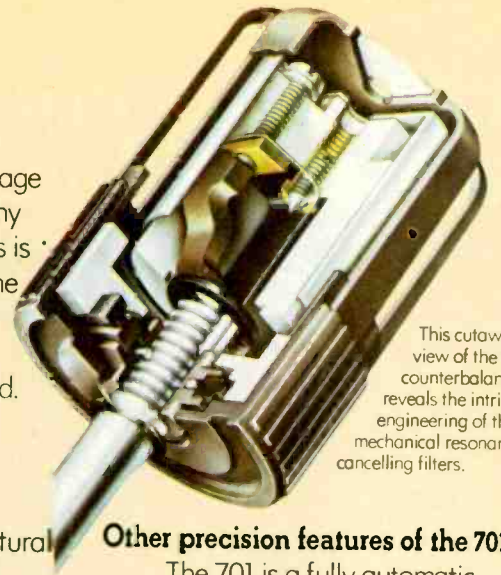
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The Dual 701, \$399.95, with base and cover.



This cutaway view of the 701 counterbalance reveals the intricate engineering of the two mechanical resonance-cancelling filters.

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The 701 is a fully automatic single-play turntable. (Its functional operation is identical to all other Duals when used in the single-play mode.)

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We have a six-page full color brochure on the 701, with detailed descriptions of the motor and anti-resonance filters.

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richer bottom and playing the lower octave in those rapid block-voiced swing passages. The brass section came to be four trumpets and three trombones, and even five and four. Claude Thornhill added French horn to achieve smoky new floating textures. These expansions made possible five-part (and more) harmony. Younger arrangers such as Gil Evans, Johnny Mandel, Ralph Burns, and Pete Rugolo, schooled in Debussy, Bartok, and even Schoenberg, began using ninth, thirteenth, raised eleventh, flatted fifth, and indeed all manner of altered and passing chords. Rhythm sections changed too: The tuba and banjo were replaced, for a lighter sound, by string bass and guitar, and some bands dropped the guitar.

Band jazz musicians had become serious about their work, and their altered attitude to dancing and dancers is caught in the perhaps apocryphal anecdote about the couple who asked a Stan Kenton trombonist, "Why don't you play something we can dance to?" To which he replied, "Why don't you dance something we can play to?"

None of that happened in the Guy Lombardo band. Its instrumentation today is that of the 1920s: two trumpets and one trombone, three saxophones (no baritone), doubling clarinets, two pianos, and drums. The bass line is still carried by tuba—there's no string bass—and this, along with simple harmonies, imparts to the band its period sound. There are two concessions to the modern age: The band uses a guitar, and it is amplified; and one of the "twin pianos" is (at least it was when I saw the band) electric.

Essentially, then, the band is a sort of living antique, a monument to and a memory of an era and styles and thinking that vanished very long ago.

Lombardo is wealthy—immensely wealthy, some say. In terms of money, he is almost undoubtedly the most successful band leader in American history. You probably have to turn to the Vienna of Johann Strauss to find any other orchestra leader who was *ever* as successful as Guy Lombardo.

Lombardo, who looks fifteen years younger than he has any reasonable right to look at seventy-one, is quite self-effacing about his professional survival:

"Well, we lost a lot of very talented people to untimely deaths, for one thing. If Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller were still alive, they would still be in the music business, and it would be a better business because of it.

"And then there are no places today to develop new bands. The ballrooms are gone. In the old days, every hotel had a band, and some of them were very good bands.

"And we were lucky."

Lucky in what way? Lombardo explained.

He was born in London, Ontario. He and his brothers, Lebert (trumpet) and Carmen (flute), used to play for garden parties and weddings with four- or five-piece groups. Sometimes, Guy remembers, they even got paid. During their adolescence, the success of the Paul Whiteman orchestra had enormous impact on them, as it did on musicians all over North America. The saxophone became popular. Carmen had had his eye on a career as a symphony flutist, but he took up the saxophone. "He wanted," Guy said, "to avoid that reedy sound. He wanted to get a flute sound."

"Then that explains his vibrato." I said. "It's a flute vibrato."

"Exactly," Guy said. "And it gave him a unique sound. Carmen's saxophone sound was one of the things we had in our favor."

The young men in the band wanted to play hot music and improvise. Guy told them, "Play the notes as they're bloody well written." This nearly caused a mutiny, but in a poolroom confrontation. Guy told the rebels, "Play the notes or you don't work," and they surrendered.

Fifty years ago last November, the brothers decided to gamble on a trip across Lake Erie to Cleveland. With a nine-piece band, they traveled to an engagement at the Claremont, a roadhouse outside Cleveland. They never went home again.

"In Cleveland we had another piece of luck," Guy recalled. "The owner of the Claremont was a man named Louis Bleet, and he knew the band business from A to Z. We had just enough brains to listen to him. He taught us to play softer and play slower. He schooled us for a year. So when the real break came, we were ready for it."

In 1927, the band was booked into the Granada Cafe in Chicago. The owner of the club didn't think Guy Lombardo and Company was a sufficiently classy name. Thus it was in Chicago that they became Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. And it was in Chicago that success came—not just overnight, but in four hours.

The Royal Canadians had picked up a few fans, including some among musicians. One of them was the late Louis Armstrong, which fact has long presented a problem of almost theological proportions to some of the more pious jazz fans. Armstrong and his group used to come by to hear them. "They couldn't get in, in those days," Guy said a little sadly, and then with a wisp of memory smile, "So they used to stand on the roof of their car and look in the window."

If Louis liked the band, few laymen even knew it existed. After several



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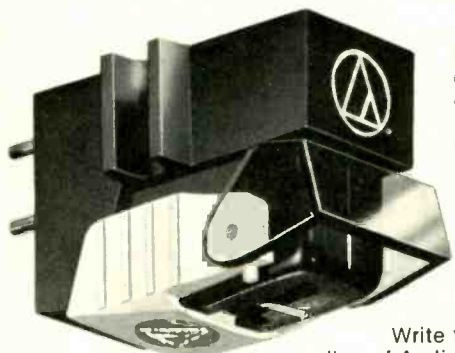
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weeks, it was still playing to no audience, and Guy was discouraged. "We'd been out for a long time, and nobody knew where we were—not even our families," he said.

He had just about decided to pack it in and head home when a small and struggling radio station, WBBM (now the powerful CBS outlet in Chicago), decided to put him on the air one night for fifteen minutes. Guy was unexcited: It was scarcely time to get warmed up. As the fifteen minutes was ending, the head-waiter handed him a message telephoned from the station's owner: "Keep playing."

The band stayed on the air all evening. By midnight the place was packed with dancers who had driven downtown from all over Chicago. They were in the big time.

Guy sent word for his parents to come to hear them. Mr. and Mrs. Lombardo got a thrilling introduction to the gangster world of Chicago.

A few nights before, Guy had shoved a hood (in Chicago pronunciation, it rhymes with "food") off the floor for usurping the microphone. This worthy decided to return the humiliation by performing an assassination right there in the club: He and his minions poured a stream of machine-gun fire into a rival mob faction that had come to hear the Lombardo music. The whole thing was broadcast *live*—undoubtedly a radio first. The musicians dived for the floor; when it was all over, two men lay messily dead and the band resumed playing.

It cannot be recorded that Guy was nuts about Chicago. But he and his band were a smash, and a Chicago critic, Ashton Stevens, had given them a motto. He said that theirs was "the sweetest music this side of heaven."

Columbia records decided to make about a dozen sides with the band.

Ted Collins, later Kate Smith's manager, told Lombardo years later what happened when the records reached the company's New York office. It was the age of the Charleston, and Columbia's executives said that you couldn't dance to Lombardo's music—it was too slow. They tried speeding up the turntable, but that made it sound like Chinese music, as Guy puts it. They were reminded that young people in Chicago were indeed dancing to it, and so the company courageously decided to issue the records in Chicago only. University students there promptly began bootlegging the records to friends at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other eastern schools who forthwith began dancing to it too. The idea of kids in raccoon coats bootlegging Guy Lombardo records may boggle the modern mind, but it happened, and Columbia at last decided to issue the records nationally. Guy has never had to

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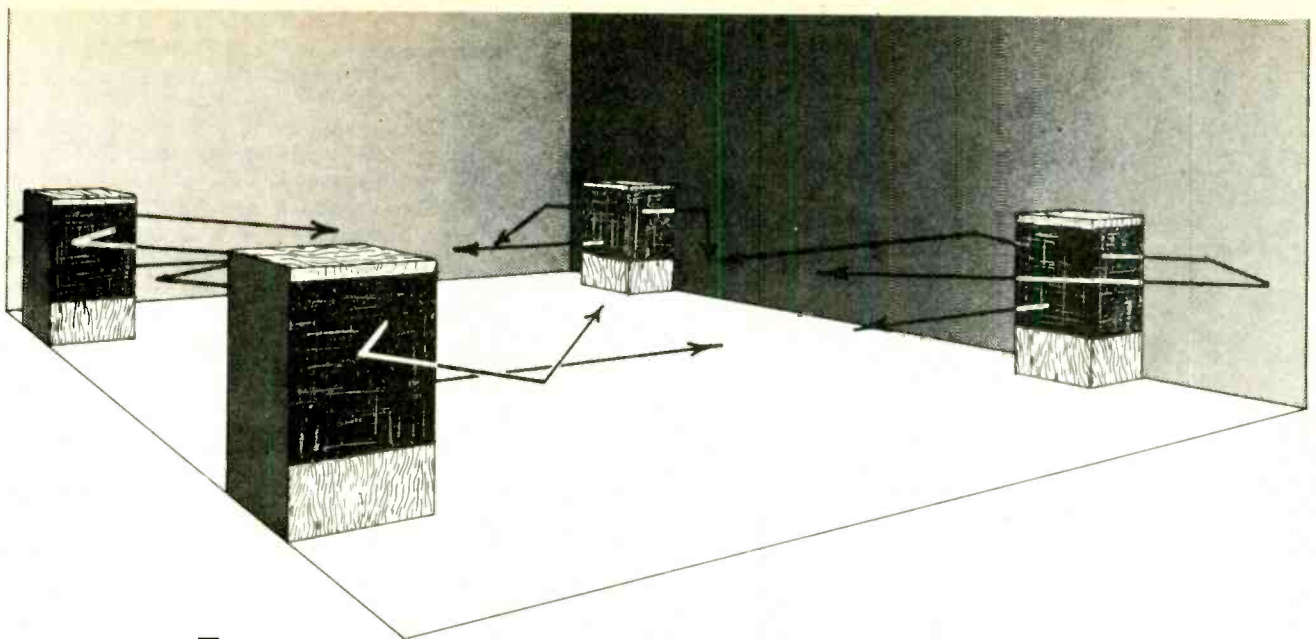
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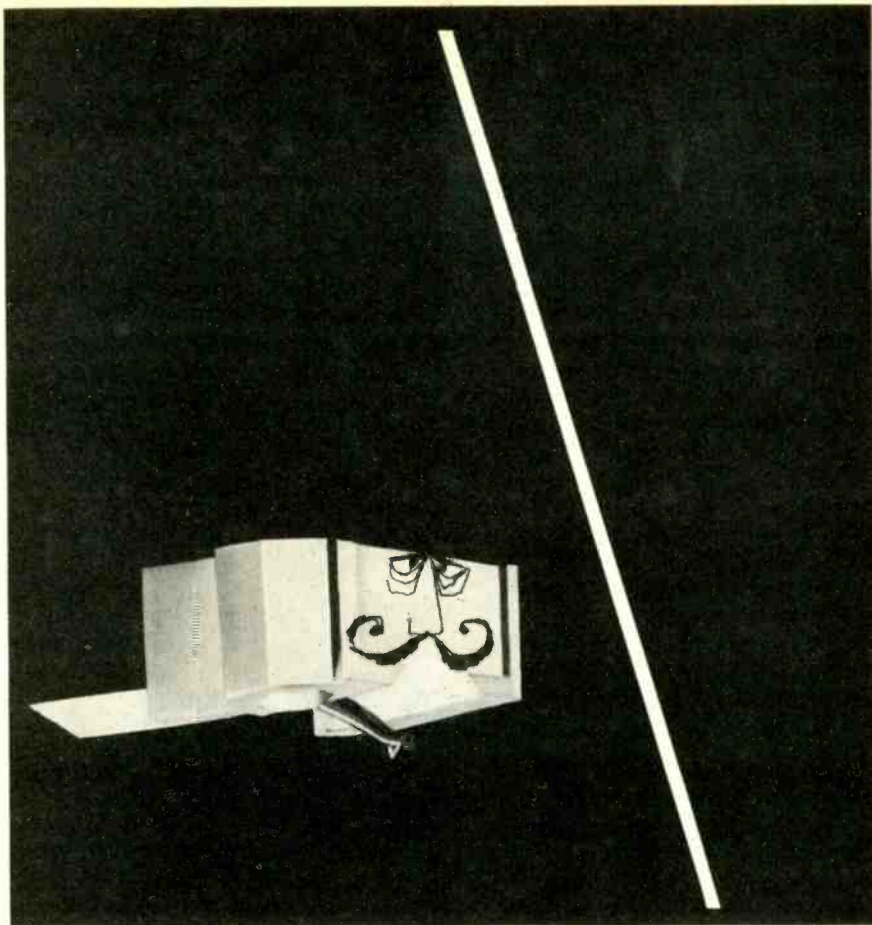
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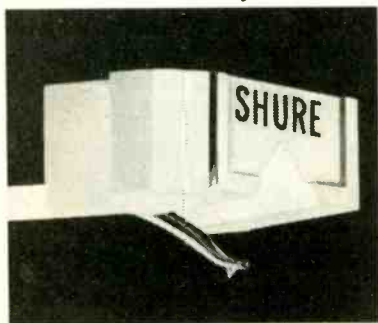
The Mountain, Framingham, Mass. 01701

CIRCLE 7 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Wolves in cheaps clothing.

Design charlatans around the world have found a lucrative business in selling spurious replacement styli. And because Shure phono cartridges are asked for by more knowledgeable hi-fi enthusiasts than any other cartridges, our styli seem to be imitated more than any others. Now, flattery notwithstanding, Shure design engineers see red when they see these impostors, because they know that



the performance of your Shure cartridge *absolutely* depends upon the *genuine* Shure stylus assembly — so to protect your investment and to insure the original performance of your Shure cartridge, insist on the real thing: Look for the name SHURE on the stylus grip (as shown in the photo, left) and the words, "This Stereo Dynetic® stylus is precision manufactured by Shure Brothers Inc." on the box.

Shure Brothers Inc.
222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60204
In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited



CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

look back, except to remember that the first hit was *Little Coquette*.

Guy and his brother Carmen—a big earner of royalties on his 250 songs—invested their money carefully. By the 1940s, Guy had become affluent enough to indulge in one of the most expensive of rich men's hobbies: speedboat racing. Does he miss racing? He once asked the same question of his friend, the great racing driver Wilbur Shaw, who told him, "Sometimes. But I just go lie down in a quiet room and turn out the lights and the feeling goes away." He feels the same way.

Nonetheless, Lombardo lapses easily into talk about Harry Miller engines, his various trophies, and the three Allison engines (built for the Bell Aerocobra) that he mounted in a boat after World War II to blister his way across the water, with a vast white rooster-tail behind him, to set records he occasionally and sentimentally still looks up in the books.

Privately, he is a Dixieland jazz fan. "I think that is the most creative, the most soulful music in the world," he says. "Although obviously, I like what we do, or I wouldn't be doing it." Twice in his long career he tested more modern sounds for his band, but his public hated them, and he retreated hastily from experimentation.

And so the band plays on. Carmen died two years ago. Saxophonist Victor Lombardo was two years old when the band left Ontario, and he didn't join it until 1960. He later left it; he has his own orchestra in Florida now. But Lebert is still there, playing lead trumpet. And singer Kenny Gardner is married to Lombardo's sister. It seems unlikely that any more Lombardos will come into the band, although the young man with the slightly oriental moustache, playing drums and looking more like a member of the rock generation than a Lombardo, is Lebert's twenty-three-year-old son Bill.

The Royal Canadians play hotels for older people, and believe it or not, they play college concerts, and quite successfully. Thus many young people evidently do like the band, in spite of its immutable 1920s sound. Or perhaps because of it.

And Guy is out there with his baton every night in the working season, moving gracefully, swooping about the stage, like a solitary dancer.

He tries to play his home town, London, at least once a year. There is in London an elderly lady who runs a dry-cleaning shop. Whenever she spots him, she yells, "Hey you! Don't you remember your old friends now that you're a bigshot?" Or words to that effect. Guy always rushes over and embraces her.

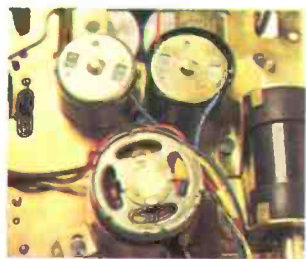
Among other things, Guy Lombardo is a very nice man. That can never be accounted the least of anyone's achievements.

GENE LEES

"Make it great. Then make it better."

That's what Tandberg engineers have always done. And now they've done it again. After months of saying, "Wait—we just figured out another way to make it even better," our hard-nosed Norwegian perfectionists are ready to announce a remarkable new stereo cassette deck. We call it TCD-310.

Many impressive features go in.



TCD-310 has three motors: One hysteresis synchronous drive motor and two unique servo-controlled direct drive spooling motors. Electronic push-button controls. Expanded range peak reading meters that warn you about distortion *before* it happens.

New input circuitry that makes it as easy to record "live" with mikes as it is to dub from records or FM. TCD-310 also has two flywheels and a dual capstan closed-loop tape drive for absolute stability.

Very impressive sound comes out.

We believe TCD-310 can produce the quietest cassette recordings in the industry. Measuring the way others do, we can claim a signal-to-noise ratio of 65 dB, IEC weighted with CrO₂ and Dolby.* For those who know, the unweighted figure is even more impressive—52 dB. That's tough to beat. TCD-310 also gives you extended frequency response, constant speed and inaudible wow and flutter. Ask your Tandberg dealer for a demonstration. You'll hear the difference. And we guarantee the performance. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

New TCD-310 Everything you hear is true.



We're our only competitor.

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Available in Canada.



too hot to handle

Reviewers of high fidelity equipment seem to have an aversion to anything that is automatic and labor-saving. On cassette decks, the automatic-reverse feature is desirable for continuity. Your Akai review [on the GXC-46D and mentioning the automatic-reverse GXC-65D; November 1973] made somewhat degrading remarks about anyone who would dare consider an almost equal model with automatic reverse. I think that this very parochial attitude must certainly influence manufacturers; and of the few automatic-reverse models on the market, none are top-of-the-line equipment. It may cost more to add this feature to a quality component, but all features must be paid for whether you're buying ease of operation or extended frequency response.—R.P. Burns, Broomall, Pa.

As the review pointed out, these were not "almost equal" models. We were a bit dubious about some of the corners that Akai appeared to have cut in keeping down the cost of the automatic-reverse model and wanted our readers to know that—depending on their needs—they might have to pay a price in more than dollars for this feature. Automatic mechanisms—whether in cassette decks or record changers or whatever—are de facto more complex than their manual counterparts, of course, and so offer more opportunities for malfunction. But at present it seems to be manufacturing cost above all that inhibits manufacturers from adding automatic reverse to their best deck designs; the combined cost would price the product "out of the ballpark." Perhaps if we get more units in the \$500 bracket *without* automatic reverse, manufacturers will be less hesitant to gamble on the sort of unit you appear to want.

I have read with delight your October issue. Though I have looked everywhere for quadriphonic records and tapes here in Colombia, I have not found any. Can you supply names and addresses of any mail order houses that sell them?—Martín Uribe Echavarría, San Andres, Colombia.

Try King Karol (Box 629, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036, U.S.A.) or Sam Goody (46-35 54th Rd., Maspeth, N.Y. 11378, U.S.A.). But any non-U.S. reader thinking of importing records from the U.S. via the mail should check local customs regulations before ordering. They may be similar to ours. Here, for instance, if a U.S. company owns a trademark or trade name, all products bearing them may legally be imported here only by the owner of the registered mark or name. Thus if we try to im-

port JVC's Victor records (carrying the Nipper trademark owned here by RCA) or British Decca records (whose tradename here is London, the Decca name being owned by MCA), U.S. Customs has the right to confiscate the merchandise. So make sure you're not putting yourself in a similar position.

I want to start a tape collection. I don't mind spending \$300 or more for Wollensak's new Dolby 8-track cartridge deck or \$600 for Teac's new 850X Dolby cassette deck. I just don't want to spend \$600 on tapes and then find that cartridges will take over from cassettes or vice versa. I have a selection of both and have hardly any trouble with either, but I want to keep just one. An audio dealer said to choose cassettes and forget cartridges; but then he added, "I could be wrong." Two record stores I know of gave up cassettes for cartridges, and a third is preparing to do the same thing. One salesman said cassettes are beautiful and easy to record on, but he can't see the cassette making it and I'm not that interested in recording. How do you feel?—Bill Hardy, Hackensack, N.J.

I want to cast a sharp dissent in the continuous downgrading of the 8-track medium by various writers in your wonderful magazine. Not that I think 8-track is the son of equal of other systems in terms of measurable performance, but its value as a bona fide music system for the automobile is being overlooked by serious music listeners and magazines alike. Since I acquired a Sony TC-228 record/playback deck I have had a great deal of pleasure making and using tapes from my library of LPs. I also own a Sony open-reel deck, and I can truthfully say that the 8-track tapes reproduce with no audible flutter and with less background noise and hiss than open reels at the same 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -ips speed. But I had to discover this for myself. Try it—you might like it!—J. Alan Woodruff, Bridgeton, N.J.

We have, and we do—though we'd hardly consider a moving automobile as the best place to search for ultimate subtleties in either sonics or music. The 8-track home equipment we have tested so far (which does not include the TC-228) has been rather disappointing by contrast to cassette equipment; we find cassettes far handier for recording (assuming that recording itself is a prime objective, rather than a means to the end of supplying program material for an existing automobile system); and catalogues of commercial cartridges fall far short of cassettes in sup-

plying classics (which deleted passages in both letters suggest are of primary importance to the writers) and some other "minority-interest" fare. The 8-track cartridge is firmly established in the automobile; the cassette is equally firmly established among habitual recordists. We don't think either is in any danger of imminent demise. But as the man says: We could be wrong.

I have always considered Marantz to be in the same class as McIntosh, but when visiting a stereo shop that has its own test lab I was told that Marantz quality has gone down. I would like your opinion.—Malcolm Perry, Springfield, Mass.

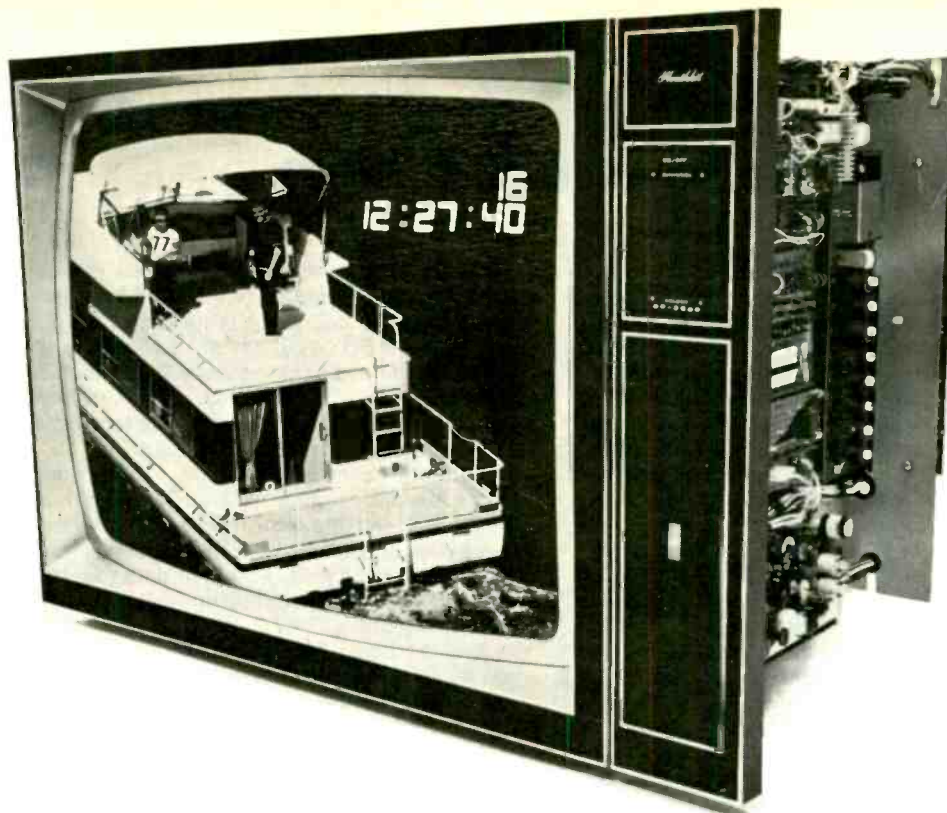
The best Marantz products still are really fine though in recent years the company has added less-expensive models and so can't be said to share McIntosh's single-minded concentration on top-quality products only.

Ever since it was introduced two years ago I've had my eye on a Garrard Zero 100 as a replacement for my aging SLX-2. To my surprise only one out of four local stereo shops was at all enthusiastic about either the Zero 100 or the Zero 32. The "best" shop, which has a respected service department, no longer carries Garrard and suggested the Dual 1214 or 1216. I received about the same reply at two others. Two friends have Zero 100s and are satisfied with them, and I find it hard to believe Garrard would market a real loser. Could you offer any technical reason (operation, durability, etc.) for this situation?—Robert C. Ericson, W. Lafayette, Ind.

Yes—or rather one that's technical and one that isn't. The relative complexity of the pivot in the "zero-tracking-error" arm does keep bearing friction relatively high; not disastrously so, to be sure, but measurably much higher than that in the Duals. So in this respect the Duals will outperform the Garrard on paper, though not necessarily in the living room. But we suspect that the nontechnical reason may be the operative factor. Consumer sales of Garrard have been handled here for years by British Industries; now Plessey, Garrard's parent company in England, has announced it will take over distribution later this year. Perhaps until dealer relations are well established the salesman may be hesitant to rely on a company that is relatively unknown to them, preferring to sell you a product from people whose warranty policies, for example, they're more sure of.

I have a Sony TC-165 stereo cassette deck. My only complaint is the slight tape hiss, and I'm thinking of adding a Dolby unit. Is this a good idea?—Don Carroll, Brewster, Wash.

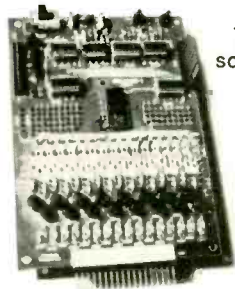
Yes, assuming a deck is good enough quality so that the Dolby wouldn't be wasted on it—and the TC-165 would seem to qualify, though we haven't tested it. The deck-plus-Dolby package probably will cost you somewhat more than a deck of comparable quality with Dolby built in, but it also will have more flexibility. If you buy a second non-Dolby deck you can use the Dolby unit with either; or it can be used in listening to Dolby-encoded broadcasts, which the Dolby units built into cassette decks generally cannot.



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Digital technology comes to TV with the new Heathkit GR-2000 Color TV. It has on-screen channel numbers and a digital clock... programmable digital channel selection, all electronic varactor tuning, and an IF that never needs alignment! So advanced, it's like nothing you've ever seen before.



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Yet another "first" is the unique fixed-filter IF amplifier that never needs instrument alignment! The picture retains its brilliance and clarity year after year, without periodic IF servicing. And you get truly superior reception, even in urban areas where the

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The 100% solid-state chassis uses more integrated circuits than any other TV around. The 25" (diagonal) matrix picture tube is the most advanced available. There's even a volume controlled hi-fi output jack, so you can reproduce TV audio through your separate amplifier.

Plus, the Heathkit Digital Color TV comes with a complete complement of self-service instruments. And a service manual that shows you how to use them all.

The Heathkit GR-2000 Digital TV is also an easier kit-form TV to build. More modular circuit boards, plus more prefabricated wiring harnesses and cables, hold point-to-point connections to a minimum. It may well be the most rewarding kit-building experience of your life.

You can order the Heathkit GR-2000 Digital Color TV with the optional on-screen digital clock (it can be set for 4- or 6-digit readout), ultrasonic digital remote control, and any of four beautiful factory assembled and finished cabinets. Mail order price for chassis and



tube, \$649.95. Remote Control, \$79.95 mail order. Clock, \$29.95 mail order. Cabinets start at \$139.95. (Retail prices slightly higher).

Send the attached card for your FREE HEATHKIT CATALOG describing the amazing new Heathkit Digital Color TV in detail. If card has been removed, write: Heath Company, Dept. 8-4, Benton Harbor, Mich. 49022.



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CIRCLE 16 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

In Discs, No Noise Is Good News

DBX is something of a maverick among equipment producers. Like a number of others that cater to professionals as well as to adventurous (and preferably well-heeled) amateurs, its representatives tend to think first of what might be done and next of how it might be done.

What prompts this comment is a demonstration of the DBX-120, a unit for playing discs specially encoded for a dynamic range of some 100 dB—about 30 dB better than that of the standard commercial product. In other terms, this would mean roughly that the noise level of a standard disc would be reduced by 97 per cent. The 100-dB figure startled us when a company representative gave it to us over the phone; the demonstration itself startled us more. These discs simply have no background noise at all—that is, none attributable to the disc itself. Air-conditioning rumble in the original studio, for example, is normally masked by record noise, but it was clearly discernible in pauses on one of DBX's discs.

The process is not to be confused with a number of systems for reducing or eliminating noise sources in the master tapes: Nippon Columbia's digital audio processing, Sheffield Records' direct mike-to-disc process, and straight noise-reduction systems like Berwen's and Dolby A. Nor should it be confused with the Dolby B encoding often used in tape duplication, though it is basically similar. In comparing a Dolby tape with its Dolby-less counterpart, one is aware that noise has been pushed well into the background. But with the dynamic range opened up, the music seems to beg for more dynamic *Lebensraum*, so to speak; and most listeners will comply by cranking up the volume for fuller peak levels and cranking up the noise level as well. Yet even with the gain as high as we could feel comfortable with, we still were hearing no disc surface noise at all—it has been made truly inaudible.

This is all the more remarkable since the characteristics of offensive noises in discs are more difficult to deal with than those in tape. Though tape produces noise that is distributed more or less evenly across the frequency spectrum, the higher frequencies mask the lower ones and lead us to describe the over-all noise as hiss. Thus when Dolby B effectively reduces high-frequency noise by 10 dB it gives us the impression that *all* noise has been reduced by this much. (Broadband noise measurements prove otherwise, but it is the impression that is important.)

In discs, the audible (and therefore objectionable) noises can include rumble, crackle, pops, and clicks—as well as hiss, usually from the master tapes. The high-frequency action of Dolby B isn't designed to combat such a range of phenomena; Dolby A is, but it's far more expensive.

DBX for some time has been offering professional broadband compressor/expander equipment designed to attack the same problems as Dolby A but at lower cost. The disc system is a logical extension of that equipment. It too involves broadband compression (during recording) and expansion (during playback), but with special frequency weighting of the level-sensing circuit to tailor it to disc use.

Assuming an original tape of wide dynamic range (one made with Dolby A, DBX, or similar professional noise-reduction equipment), the signals are fed through a special DBX disc encoder before reaching the cut-

terhead. The compression involved makes the disc sound a little strange when played back on standard equipment, of course; it is meant to be played back through the DBX-120, which restores the original dynamic range and sonic balance. It also includes its own phono preamp, a tape input (for similarly encoded tapes), and standard (RIAA and unaltered) playback selector positions for discs and tapes.

From the point of view of the average record buyer there are two catches involved. First, he must shell out some \$200 for the DBX decoder. (Other models, with additional capabilities and/or simplified circuitry could, of course, become available in time.) More important, there are only two discs currently available with the necessary encoding.

One is "Susan McDonald Plays the Romantic Harp" on Klavier Records. Klavier did the DBX mastering and sells the records as a special-order item through its dealers or from its North Hollywood offices. The other is a private recording of a college band, mastered and sold by DBX itself. Other titles, as they become available, are expected to follow one or the other of these distribution patterns.

How many more will there be? Since the giant record companies certainly won't jump at a process that will make their records essentially unplayable on almost all existing equipment, no across-the-board adoption of the DBX system is imminent. And for all but the dyed-in-the-wool audiophile the \$200 price of admission to this new world of quiet seems steep.

But if the foreseeable market seems exceedingly limited, the possibilities for eventual development are intriguing. For example a record company might choose to use the extra dynamic range to reduce cutting levels and so get much more music on the same disc with no sacrifice in signal-to-noise over present discs. Or the company might use the system to put an LP's worth of music onto a 7-inch disc with no loss in quality but with great saving of the even more precious vinyl. Or it might use it to overcome the inherently high noise of what are presently considered inferior plastic formulations. (See the item on materials shortages below.)

All this is, however, pure speculation. At this writing DBX appears only to have begun exploring the commercial aspects of the subject. We wish them well. The demonstration convinced us that they have something worth the exploration.

CIRCLE 156 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Budget Labels May Soon Disappear

If there are some items on budget record labels you've been meaning to buy but simply haven't gotten around to, it might be a good idea to make a trip to your record dealer soon to pick them up. There's a very good chance that in a short time they'll cost \$1 more—or they may disappear altogether.

One reason: the skyrocketing cost of carbon, the element that makes records black. (The high cost of pollution-control devices for carbon production appears to be a major factor.) More important is a worldwide short-

Heathkit AR-2020 4-Channel AM-FM Receiver



A minimum investment in maximum audio enjoyment...only 249.95*

The enjoyment of 4-channel sound is now within almost everyone's budget. The new Heathkit AR-2020 4-Channel AM-FM Receiver was planned from the start to give more 4-channel performance for your dollar than you can get anywhere else. And the kit-form components go together so easily you'll wonder why you ever considered costly ready-made gear.

The conservatively-rated four-section amplifier delivers a clean 25 watts IHF, 15 watts continuous, per channel into 8 ohms. The AR-2020 is designed for maximum versatility with individual level controls for precise adjustment of each channel, a master gain control, and built-in SQ circuitry so you can reproduce matrixed 4-channel material as well as discrete 4-channel, stereo or even mono through four separate amps. A versatile rear panel phone socket arrangement provides inputs for Phono, Tape, Auxiliary — plus outputs for "Tape Out". Front-panel push-button switches give you fingertip control of on-off, speakers, and all modes of operation. Two front panel headphone jacks are provided for private listening.

The tuner section boasts two integrated circuits and two ceramic filters in the IF to produce a selectivity greater than 60 dB, with superior amplifying/limiting characteristics. A phase lock multiplex demodulator offers 40 dB typical channel separation at less than 0.75% distortion. The FM tuner, providing 2 μ V sensitivity with a 2 dB capture ratio, comes preassembled to make kit-building even easier.

The Heathkit AR-2020 — one of the most outstanding quality/price values on the 4-channel market.

Kit AR-2020, includes cabinet, 31 lbs. . . . 249.95*

AR-2020 SPECIFICATIONS

AMPLIFIER SECTIONS — Dynamic power output per channel (Music Power Rating): 25 W (8 ohm load)*, 30 W (4 ohm load), 14 W (16 ohm load). **Continuous power output per channel:** 15 W (8 ohm load), 20 W (4 ohm load), 10 W (16 ohm load). **Power bandwidth for constant .5% total harmonic distortion:** 5 Hz to 30 kHz. **Frequency response (1 W level):** ± 1 dB 7 Hz to 50 kHz, ± 3 dB 5 Hz to 70 kHz. **Harmonic distortion:** Less than 0.5% from 20 Hz to 20 kHz @ 15 W output. Less than 0.25% @ 1000 Hz with 1 W output. **Intermodulation distortion:** Less than 0.5% with 15 W output. Less than 0.25% @ 1 W output. **Damping factor:** Greater than 30. **Input sensitivity:** Phono: -60 dB, Tuner, Aux, Tape: 200 mV. **Input overload:** Phono: 35 mV to greater than 5 V. Tuner, Aux, Tape: Greater than 3.0 V. **Hum and noise:** Phono: -60 dB, Tuner, Aux, Tape: -70 dB. **Tape output:** 0.4 V out with 0.2 V in. **TUNER SECTION — FM (mono) — Frequency response:** ± 1 dB, 20 to 15,000 Hz. **Sensitivity:** 2 μ V. **Selectivity:** 60 dB. **Image rejection:** 50 dB. **IF rejection:** 75 dB. **Capture ratio:** 2 dB. **AM suppression:** 50 dB. **Harmonic distortion:** 0.5%. **Intermodulation distortion:** 0.5%. **Hum and noise:** 60 dB. **Spurious rejection:** 70 dB. **FM (stereo) — Channel separation:** 40 dB typical. **Frequency response:** ± 1 dB from 20 to 15,000 Hz. **Harmonic distortion:** 0.75% @ 1000 Hz with 100% modulation. **19 kHz and 38 kHz suppression:** 60 dB. **SCA suppression:** 55 dB typical. **GENERAL — AC outlet sockets:** 2, 1 switched and 1 unswitched. **Dimensions:** 5" H x 20" W x 14" D. *Rated IHF Standards.



New Heathkit 4-Channel Amplifier divides 100 watts IHF into any format you choose

Our AA-2005 4-Channel Amplifier will reproduce any discrete or matrixed 4-channel material on the market today. You can use it as a monophonic amplifier, stereo amplifier or as four individual amplifiers. Performance is impressive — 25 watts IHF, 15 watts continuous per channel; power bandwidth 5 Hz to 30 kHz for 0.5% THD; intermodulation distortion less than 0.5%; hum and noise, -60 dB for phono, 670 dB for tuner, auxiliary and tape. Complete specs are given in the amplifier section of the AR-2020 above. For quality, performance and price, you can't find a better 4-channel amplifier value.

Kit AA-2005, includes cabinet, 28 lbs.

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CIRCLE 16 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

age of vinyl, the basic component of long-playing records. Even before the petroleum shortages, vinyl demand had outstripped vinyl production capacity.

Since it takes just as much carbon black and just as much vinyl to make a \$1.98 record as it does one selling for \$6.98, manufacturers have been giving their budget lines short shrift for several months. Some years ago, when most of these lines appeared, it was possible to press a record with a jacket for about 33 cents. Recently the price has risen to 55 cents or more—and that includes no artist or performer royalties. When you consider that the large discount chains pay about 83 cents for the records they sell at \$1.69 (\$1.98 list), that doesn't leave much profit for the record maker. However, if he raises his list price to \$2.98, the wholesale price automatically goes up to a respectable \$1.19 or thereabouts.

What's more likely as the vinyl shortage grows increasingly serious is that manufacturers will save vinyl for their best-selling full-priced albums, meaning that budget titles may disappear. The first casualties probably will be those titles that don't sell in large enough numbers to earn their way—i.e. the less popular classi-

cal artists and repertoire, offbeat jazz, and folk music.

The vinyl shortage already has had an effect on the release of CD-4 four-channel records. RCA, the company that introduced CD-4 discs, cut its fall and winter releases to the bone. Other manufacturers have been reluctant to manufacture CD-4 discs, which require unusually quiet playing surfaces. Quiet surfaces in turn mean lots of high-quality vinyl.

There are several substitutes for pure virgin vinyl. Some companies are grinding up their mistakes (i.e. records that are damaged during manufacture or don't sell) for re-use in new records. Chemical companies are rushing extenders—compounds that can be mixed with pure vinyl to make it go farther—into production. But scrap vinyl and extenders both mean noisier record surfaces, by an average of 1 to 2 dB under the best conditions.

For those interested in clean, quiet sound from discs the outlook may be glum indeed, especially if shortages force record companies to reduce the quality of their prestige products. On the other hand, some hope is offered by new developments such as DBX's. (See lead item in this column.)

bias and equalization switches for standard, high energy, and chromium dioxide tape are included. Other features are a tape-run indicator, removable head cover, and automatic end-of-tape shutoff. Specifications are given as 0.15% wow and flutter, response from 30 to 13,000 Hz (to 14,000 Hz with chromium dioxide tape), and 53 dB S/N with the Dolby feature in use.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Sony's logic-in-a-box

"Full logic in a black box" best describes Sony's new SQ add-on. The SQD-2070 decoder allows one to add full logic SQ capability to a two-channel stereo system together with an appropriate back-channel control amplifier. Or it can be used with existing quad systems to add full waveform-matching logic to simple decoders. The SQD-2070 also can be used to simulate quad from stereo program material. It costs \$89.50.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Another power amp from BGW

The Model 250 stereo power amplifier is the sixth power amp from BGW. This model is a scaled-down version of the

equipment in the news



Heath's budget-priced quadriphonic receiver kit

Heath has added a four-channel receiver to its audio component kit line. The AR-2020 features a built-in matrix-decoder IC chip optimized for SQ. Modular circuit layout simplifies construction, which should take about twelve evenings, according to Heath. The unit is said to deliver 15 watts of continuous power per channel into 8 ohms and to have an IHF FM sensitivity of 2.0 microvolts. The cabinet, with vinyl-clad top and walnut-veneer end panels, is included in the \$250 price.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Four turntables part of new Glenburn/McDonald line

In what the European manufacturer terms a "full-scale entry into the U.S. market," Glenburn/McDonald has introduced a new product line, which includes four automatic turntables. The top model is the 2130 (shown here) with adjustments for antiskating and tracking



force. A magnetic cartridge with elliptical stylus, base, and dust cover are included in its \$96 price. Other features include a bi-directional viscous-damped cue and pause control, interchangeable manual and automatic spindles, and an 11-inch platter.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Teac adds moderate-cost Dolby cassette deck

The latest in Teac's extensive cassette deck line is the 160, a \$240 Dolby model featuring Teac's Permaflux high-density erase and record/play heads. Separate

Superb performance - lavish engineering
- a new standard in high fidelity



THE ALL NEW **REVOX** 700 SERIES

Stereo Tape Recorder A700 Digital Stereo Tuner/Pre-amplifier A720 Power Amplifier A722

Revox Corporation in USA: 155 Michael Drive, Syosset, NY 11791 & 3637 Cahuenga Blvd. West, Hollywood, California 90068
Revox in England: Lamb House, Church Street, London W12PB Revox Sales and Service in Canada.

equipment in the news

500R and is designed to handle 2-ohm loads (as when two sets of 4-ohm speakers are connected in parallel). Its power output is rated at 90 watts continuous, both channels driven, with harmonic distortion of less than 0.2 per cent. Frequency response is given as +0, -3 dB from 5 to 65,000 Hz (+0, -1/4 dB, 20 to 20,000 Hz) with S/N better than 100 dB. The amp is of modular construction, with each channel on its own removable heat sink assembly, and has SCR crowbar protective circuitry. It costs \$429.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A new speaker company offers five models

Precision Marketing and Development Corp. of Golden, Colorado, recently introduced the Precision Acoustic speaker line, which includes five models. The company says it has designed the speakers with special attention to the crossover design and driver placement. A separate equalizer (Model 102A—in foreground of the illustration) is included with each set of speakers (they're sold only in pairs). The top models are mirror images and can be used



with the company's Model 110A electronic crossover network. Prices for a set of speakers with equalizer start at under \$600.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

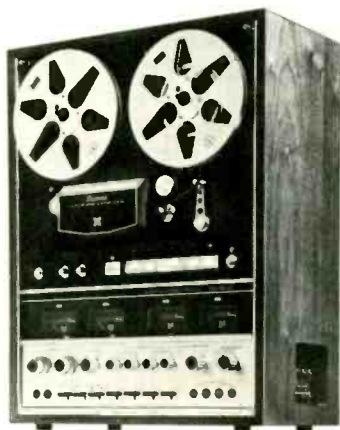
Sylvania's first four-channel receiver

Continuing its expansion into audio components, GTE Sylvania earlier this year introduced its first four-channel receiver. The RQ-3746 is rated at 15 watts of continuous power per channel into 8 ohms and 30 watts per channel when bridged in the stereo mode. THD is said



to be less than 1.0 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Switches allow selecting either regular SQ or SQ blend. Features include thermal circuit breakers to protect speakers, a primary circuit breaker to protect the component, joy-stick balance control, and a front-panel quad set of headphone outputs. The tuner section is rated at 2.3 microvolts IHF sensitivity and has separate AM and FM tuning meters. A simulated walnut-grained and vinyl-covered cabinet is included. The receiver costs \$369.95.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



First four-channel open-reel deck from Sansui

Sansui's first quadraphonic open-reel deck is the QD-5500. It has five heads (1 erase, 2 record, 2 play), allowing stereo recording and playback in both directions with automatic reversing, as well as quadraphonic recording and playback. Frequency response is given as 20 to 20,000 Hz (± 3 dB) at 7 1/2 ips, S/N as 60 dB, and wow and flutter as 0.07 per cent at 7 1/2 ips. A bias selector, four mike and four line inputs, input mixing, and automatic end-of-tape shutoff are included. A cue button moves the tape toward the playback head when the machine is in either fast mode, allowing quick location of specific material. A re-

mote-control unit (SRC-2) is optional. The deck lists at \$750.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



A full-logic decoder from Lafayette

Joining the broad SQ-oriented four-channel line from Lafayette is the SQ-W full-logic decoder with Variblend. The decoder includes a "composer" circuit to decode other matrix-encoded sources and another to simulate four-channel from two-channel sources. Two input-sensitivity controls and a master volume control are included. The price is \$99.95.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Sony offers new 10 1/2-in. open-reel deck

From Superscope comes Sony's newest open-reel deck, the Mode TC-755—the lowest-price 10 1/2-in. unit in Sony's extensive open-reel line. Its three heads (1 erase, 1 record, 1 play) and two speeds (15, 7 1/2 ips) are coupled with a servo-control drive motor and closed-loop dual-capstan drive. Total mechanism shutoff (TMS) disengages the tape drive at the end of the tape in any mode, while a mechanical memory device (in conjunction with an optional timer) engages the tape drive mechanism, even in the recording mode, at a preset time. Other features include bias and equalization selectors, input mixing, variable playback volume with detents, adjustable tape-height guides, and a three-position (0, -15, and -30 dB) mike attenuation switch. Accessories supplied are two patch cords, two reel adapters, and one 10 1/2-in. take-up reel. The list price is \$799.95.

CIRCLE 155 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

GOOSE BUMPS.

It's the feeling you get when the music really reaches you. Which may not be often unless you frequently go to live concerts.

Until now, no sound system could give you the "ambiance" and sense of realism that you hear at a live performance. That's why two CBS engineers invented the Leslie Plus 2® Speaker System. On October 16, 1973 Leslie Speakers/Electro Music was awarded U.S. patent #3,766,317 for a breakthrough in sound design. It was the first patent ever granted for effectively dealing with the "standing wave problem"—a technical phenomenon that robs stereo of its "live" qualities.

The new Leslie system produces a dynamic multi-directional or "Multi-planar" sound, thereby providing the listener with the sense of realism of a live concert. The Leslie Plus 2 system consists of two high-performance speaker systems with their own built-in and matched amplifiers. When added to conventional stereo systems, they expand the capabilities of the system to play either stereo or quadraphonic records with dynamic "Multi-planar" sound... at any location in the room...and at any sound level.

Test your stereo for 50¢. We have produced a special first-quality test record with isolated signal tones and test music. Put your stereo through its paces. Then take the record to your franchised Leslie Plus 2 dealer. Listen to the same music. And you be the judge!



LESLEIE SPEAKER MODEL 430



LESLEIE SPEAKER MODEL 450



Leslie
SPEAKERS

LESLEIE PLUS 2 SPEAKERS, ELECTRO MUSIC/CBS, INC., 56 WEST DEL MAR AVENUE, PASADENA, CALIF. 91105

I want to put my stereo to the test! Please send your 7" LP test record. 50¢ is enclosed for postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Electro Music, CBS Musical Instruments, A Division of CBS, Inc. Leslie and Plus 2 Speakers are registered trademarks of CBS, Inc.

CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

\$179⁹⁵ for a Thorens?



\$179⁹⁵ for a Thorens!

You've always expected the unexpected from Thorens. And now you get it for only \$179.95.

Despite its modest price, the new Thorens TD-165C is a Thorens in every sense of the word. Completely integrated with a new Thorens tonearm, dust cover and walnut base, it features a double 16-pole synchronous motor, precision cueing control, dynamically balanced six pound, 12-inch platter, anti-skating control,

plus the many refinements that are the foundation of Thorens' reputation for the world's finest transcription turntables. And of course, with Thorens the last thing you have to think about is quality. We thought of it first.

Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc.,
New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040
7301 E. Evans Rd.,
Scottsdale, Ariz. 85260

THORENS



A "Beautiful" Cassette Portable from Sony

The Equipment: Sony TC-152SD, a portable Dolby cassette deck in metal case with carrying strap, battery pack, and detachable AC line cord. Dimensions: 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ by 9 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches. Price: \$299.95. Warranty: two years parts and labor; shipping paid one way from service center. Manufacturer: Sony Corp., Japan; U.S. distributor: Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif. 91352.

Comment: To mince no words, this is one beautiful unit, the likes of which we've never tested before. Not only is it a superb portable, but it also can hold its own with typical Dolby home decks in most respects; if you want, you can leave it hooked into a component system until the need for a portable arises. Snap on the neck strap, pop in the battery pack (four D cells), and you're ready to go.

For home use, it sits flat on a table or shelf, with the meters and transport controls at the front and the cassette well at the top. Suspended from the neck strap, it hangs with the main controls and meters facing up toward you. For purposes of description, let's assume you have it slung over your left shoulder—the position we found most comfortable in portable use.

At the left end, back under your arm, are the mono phone jacks for right- and left-channel mike inputs (note that Sony has changed its thinking here; most of its portables use miniature phone jacks) and a stereo phone jack for headphone monitoring. For live work, a good headphone is recommended (you can really hear what you're getting, without danger of feedback). For off-line recording or when the unit is far from the mikes, you can monitor via the built-in (mono) speaker. Volume and tone controls for the speaker are next to the headphone jack.

The transport controls (eject, rewind, stop, play/record, fast forward, record interlock, and pause) are

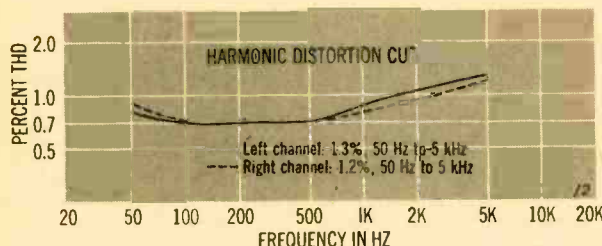
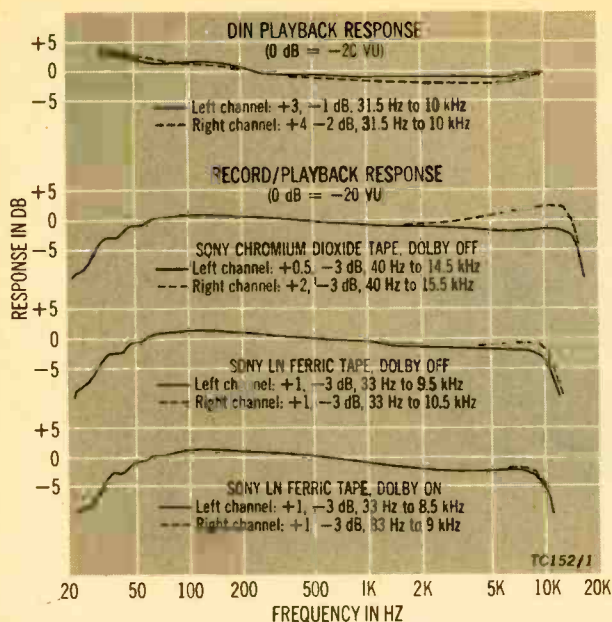
color-coded posts that project upward like oversize toggle switches. (When the unit is laid flat you find that the upper surface of the "toggles" is flattened; in this position their operation is very much like that of the familiar "piano keys.") The pause control is just that: It disengages the pinch roller and shuts off the take-up tension without shutting off the motor, whereas the pause on many portables and inexpensive decks simply cuts power to the motor without disengaging the pinch roller. At the end of play or recording, the transport will shut itself off automatically; at the end of fast wind, it must be done manually. (In our left-shoulder carrying position the transport controls fall a little awkwardly behind the left arm; if you must start and stop frequently, you can hang the unit around your neck with all the controls directly in front of you.) There is no on/off button; power comes on automatically when you press any of the tape motion controls and shuts off along with the transport.

Next, to the right, come the meters. Below them are two spring-loaded buttons. That under the left meter will illuminate the meters for as long as you press it and operates with the battery pack only; in AC operation the meters light automatically as long as the unit is turned on. Below the right meter is a battery-check button that registers on the right meter. Neither button will function with the unit itself turned off; even if something falls against them in storage, you will not run down the battery pack.

At the extreme right are separate sliders for right and left recording level. Just "around the corner" from the meters, on the outer surface of the case, are four toggle switches, one of which switches in a limiter. It is not the either/or type that takes over completely from the recording sliders when you turn it on; you can preset the levels wherever you want and then switch in this fea-

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.



Sony TC 152SD Additional Data

Speed accuracy	1.5% fast at 105, 120, and 127 VAC	
Wow and flutter	playback: 0.09% record/play: 0.11%	
Rewind time (C-60 cassette)	1 min., 12 sec.	
Fast-forward time (same cassette)	1 min., 12 sec.	
S/N ratio (re DIN 0 VU)		
playback	L ch: 53.5 dB	R ch: 54.5 dB
record/play	L ch: 52 dB	R ch: 52 dB
Erasure (333 Hz at normal level)	68 dB	
Crosstalk (at 333 Hz)		
record left, play right	33 dB	
record right, play left	33.5 dB	
Sensitivity (re DIN 0 VU)		
line	L ch: 62 mV	R ch: 61 mV
mike	L ch: 0.58 mV	R ch: 0.58 mV
Meter action (re DIN 0 VU)		
	L ch: 1.5 dB high	R ch: 2 dB high
IM distortion (record/play, -10 VU)		
	L ch: 4.5%	R ch: 4.0%
Maximum output (line, 0 VU)		
	L ch: 0.96 V	R ch: 0.99 V

ture to limit only peaks that rise above safe levels. Limiting action is well-nigh inaudible with almost all normal types of signal and is altogether inaudible if you set your levels judiciously beforehand.

The other toggle switches in this group are for Dolby (on/off), tape selector ("normal"/CrO₂—the latter using standard ferric equalization so that the switch has no effect on playback equalization), and input selector (line/mike/"att"). This last position is included to accommodate relatively high levels at the mike inputs; it attenuates the signals by some 20 dB.

There are two recessed panels at the left end of the unit. The uppermost has the usual pin-jack pairs for line inputs and outputs, plus a speaker-mode switch (left channel only, left-plus-right, and right only). The other panel has power input jacks: a receptacle for the detachable AC line cord, and a connector for the optional 12-volt car-battery cord (DCC-128, \$22.95). A rechargeable battery pack also is available. Minimum life expectancy for the standard battery pack—based on continuous recording—is about three hours.

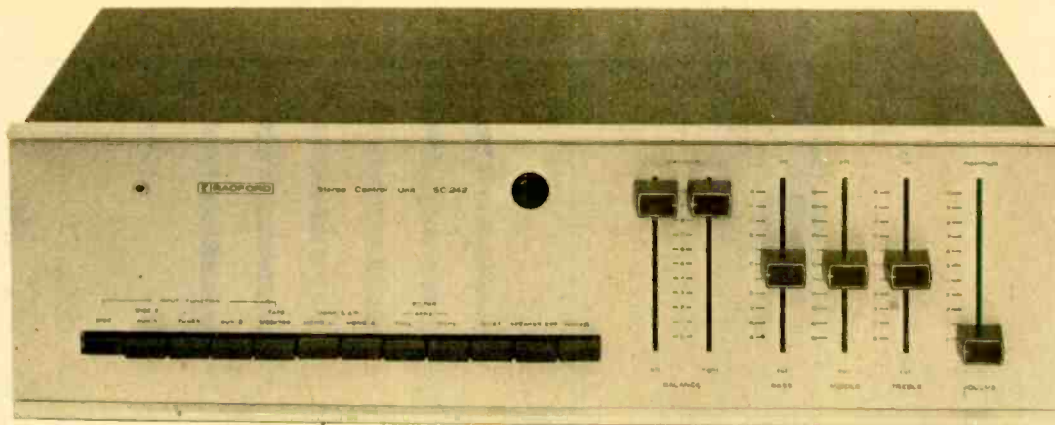
With a pair of good-quality mikes, chromium dioxide tape, and the Dolby circuit we got superb stereo on the TC-152. (One editor's dog confirmed the quality by out-Nippering Nipper, barking in confusion and searching for his—actually her—master inside a speaker.) Playing back even mundane noises becomes an exciting experience if you're used to the mono sound and relatively poor response of typical portables. And the crisp im-

mediacy of the sound in live musical recordings reminded us once again how much enjoyment all the mixing, equalization, and other manipulation of commercial recordings may be depriving us of.

Hooked into a good component system, the TC-152 sounded the equal of other good-quality cassette gear. The TC-152's response curves are certainly very good—that for chromium dioxide particularly so. Harmonic distortion—which typically runs 1 per cent or more over most of the frequency range in home decks—is unusually low in the bass and midrange. Wow and flutter is low, and speed stability with varying AC power is excellent—thanks, presumably, to the voltage regulation system and the servo-controlled DC motor—though with AC power the speed is a little on the high side and less accurate than that of most home decks. And certainly neither this figure nor any of the others disqualifies the TC-152 as good home equipment.

If you've read this far, you know that we found the TC-152 to be exceptionally exciting. To be sure, it does not have built-in microphones (an admitted convenience in portable recording, though hardly conducive to great sound), mike-line mixing, or similar features that can be found in some equipment designed specifically for one or the other of the two environments (at home or on-the-go) that the TC-152 takes so comfortably in its stride. But we have tested no unit that will do nearly as well in *both*. A real gem.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Radford's Deluxe Front End

The Equipment: Radford SC-242, a stereo preamplifier-control unit. Dimensions: 16 3/4 by 4 1/2 by 8 11/16 inches. Price: \$429.95. Warranty: three years, parts and labor (U.S. only); shipping paid one way. Manufacturer: Radford Audio Ltd., England; U.S. distributor: Audionics, Inc., 8600 N.E. Sandy Blvd., Portland, Ore. 97220.

Comment: The Radford SC-242 is a separate preamplifier-control unit that is, in terms of size and style, a perfect mate for the Radford power amplifier (model SPA-60 reported on in our March issue), but of course it may be used with any other make of power amp. An excellently built unit, it offers high performance and boasts useful features.

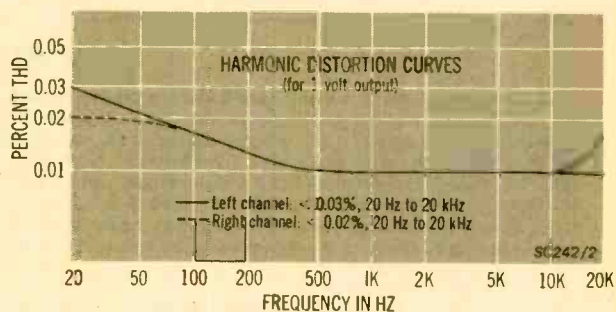
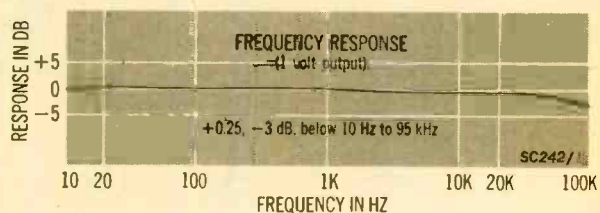
The front panel presents a neat, logical appearance. A long row of pushbuttons handles all the "either/or" functions, while a series of sliders controls the "more/less" functions. The former group includes input signal selectors, mono or stereo mode, filters, a "quiet" switch, speakers off/on, and power off/on. The latter group regulates channel balance, tone, and volume.

There are two RIAA-equalized disc input positions, and one of them may double as an "auxiliary" input if you change a circuit link on the plug-in circuit module. Input level controls (at the rear) for phono, aux 1, and tape monitoring may be adjusted to suit relative signal levels from different program sources. The "mono" switches allow you to run left-only, right-only, or left-plus-right signals through both stereo channels. The filter switches provide three treble rolloff frequencies. There actually are two switches—one marked 7 kHz, the other 10 kHz—that may be used individually; but when you press both at once you get 4 kHz. The "quiet" control lowers the over-all volume and introduces a gradual bass lift, somewhat like a "loudness contour," although its action is not affected by the setting of the main volume control. The speaker switch cuts the signal to the power amplifier but does not affect the headphone output (a standard stereo phone jack), which may be adjusted with the preamp's controls.

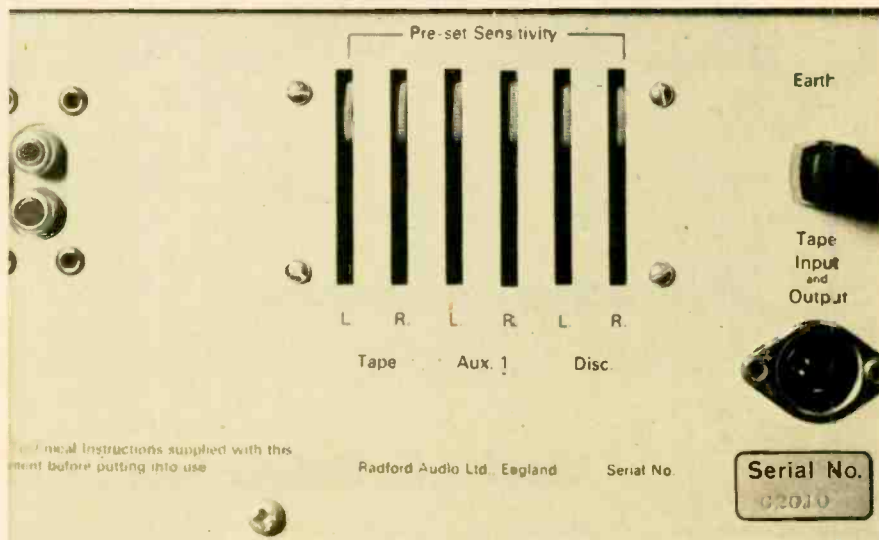
The channel-balance sliders actually are individual-channel gain controls. For tone adjustment there are three sliders that handle bass, middle, and treble ranges. The master volume control regulates both channels, of course, once you have adjusted relative balance on the first two sliders.

In addition to the input level adjustments mentioned, the rear panel contains all the inputs relating to the front-panel signal selectors, as well as "standard" tape-feed and tape-monitor jacks and a separate DIN tape in/out receptacle. (Note that to copy a tape from one deck to another the playback machine is connected to the "aux 2" inputs, while the copying recorder may be hooked in via the tape input and output jacks or, if applicable, the DIN socket.) There's also a system grounding post, the normal output signal jacks, and four AC convenience outlets, two of which are controlled by the front-panel power switch. The unit has two fuses. A voltage selector allows for 50- or 60-Hz AC supply lines rated for 110, 120, 130, 220, and 240 volts.

CBS Lab measurements, made with the rear sensitivity controls set to maximum, indicate that the SC-242 can provide as high as 7 volts output at less than 0.05 per cent THD before clipping, which is excellent for a preamp. At the rated output of 1 volt (per channel), THD remains below 0.03 per cent and IM below 0.02 per cent. Frequency response is virtually a ruler-flat line



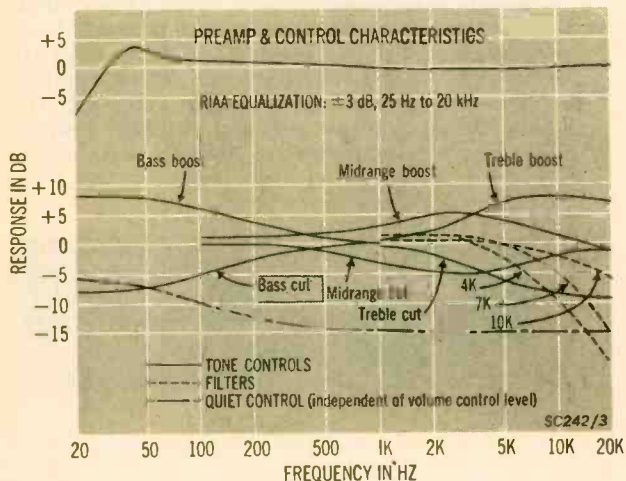
An unusual (though not unique) feature of the Radford preamp is this group of input level controls on the back panel. "Earth," at upper right, is of course British for "ground."



across the audio band, being down only 2 dB at 70,000 Hz. Input sensitivities related to signal-to-noise figures all are "within the ball park" and confirm (within a few dB) the published specs on the unit.

True, we have seen better-looking RIAA curves and squarer square waves, but careful listening tests could not discern that the specific characteristics shown here in any way marred the audio presentation.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Radford SC-252 Preamp Additional Data

Output at clipping, channels individually
 L ch 7.0 V for 0.046% THD
 R ch 7.0 V for 0.035% THD

Output at clipping, channels simultaneously
 L ch 7.0 V for 0.050% THD
 R ch 7.0 V for 0.025% THD

Input characteristics (for 1 V output)		
	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
disc*	1.5 mV	65 dB
disc 2 (aux 1)*	1.5 mV	65 dB
aux 2	72 mV	78 dB
tuner	72 mV	78 dB
tape*	72 mV	78 dB

(*input level controls set at max.)

IM distortion (at 1 V) 0.02%

RIAA equalization accuracy: +3.5, -3 dB, 26 Hz to 20 kHz



Square-wave response

Ace Audio Update

After our report on the Ace Audio Zero Distortion preamp/control unit (March 1974) had gone to press we received notification of a price change. The wired Zero Distortion, as reviewed, now costs \$99.95, including the cherry end caps. The kit version (from which either the Zero Distortion model or the Basic model can be built) now costs \$74.95; the wired Basic costs \$122.50. Ace Audio continues its policy of altering the Zero Distortion to the Basic for the difference in price between the two wired models, should you buy the Zero Distortion and only then decide you want the extra amplification (20 dB) of the Basic.

Ace says it has had few takers for this unusually liberal offer; ap-

parently most purchasers of the Zero Distortion find they don't need the extra gain.

We originally had understood that the output stage of the Basic—which, of course, we have not tested—was an emitter follower; Ace now tells us it is not. They also say that the bass rolloff in the phono preamp section of our Zero Distortion test sample is due to their having substituted a 1-microfarad coupling capacitor for an unavailable 2-microfarad capacitor called for in the original design. The company says the 2-microfarad value is available again and is being used in current production, improving the -3 dB at 20 Hz of our test sample to -1.5.

Magitran Adds Glamor to the Poly-Planar Speaker

The Equipment: The Poly-Planar DS-60 Sound Panel speaker system. Dimensions: 23½ by 30¾ by 2 inches. Price: \$79.95. Warranty: lifetime, on driver only. Manufacturer: Magitran Co., Division of ERA Acoustics Corp., 311 E. Park St., Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

Comment: When we first saw the Poly-Planar a few years ago it was a white foam plastic panel a little more than one square foot in area and about an inch thick. It could be mounted on—or in—a wall; it could be played under water; it could be gussied up with any sort of grille cloth or framing the owner wanted. The sound was not really high fidelity, but the price was right: about \$11 per panel. And its basic idea seemed intriguing: a conventional coil-and-magnet driver element built right into the center of a driven membrane whose concentric grooves acted as mechanical decouplers so that high frequencies were reproduced only by the central portion and lows by the full panel. A built-in mechanical crossover system, so to speak.

Magitran has refined the idea and, in the present Sound Panel, adopted another that was demonstrated with the original driver. To our ears, the best sound in that demonstration resulted when two panels were mounted side by side with one facing outward and the other reversed. Also reversed was the polarity of the leads to the two panels, so that both membranes moved in the same direction at any given moment. The idea of reversing one panel was to produce a sort of push-pull acoustic circuit.

The fact that two 8-ohm panels are thus driven in parallel results in a 4-ohm rating for the combination. Actually the lab measurement is a little lower, though the impedance curve averages approximately 4 ohms across the frequency spectrum. It rises only to about 6 ohms at bass resonance (70 Hz), then drops to 3.7 ohms (the rating point) at around 100 to 200 Hz. At higher frequencies it hovers around 4 ohms to about 4 kHz, rising beyond 8 ohms only above 15 kHz. Obviously this is not a model one would want to parallel with other speakers from most solid-state amplifiers.

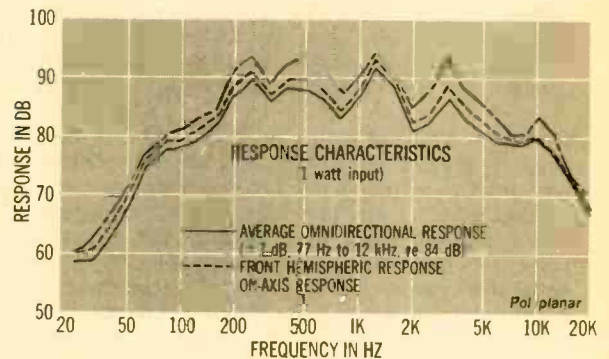
Nor, frankly, is it a model that most component owners would choose for their main speakers. By contrast to typical, inexpensive bookshelf systems, its efficiency is high—requiring only 2.8 watts for a 94-dB output—but its dynamic range is fairly restricted and its response peakier in the midrange and weaker at the frequency extremes than we had hoped. In the lab it reproduced 10 watts of continuous power (for an output of 100 dB) before exhibiting excessive distortion and it reproduced pulses to 337.8 watts (average power, for an output of 118 dB). Therefore it is well suited to modest amplifiers; the combination of 4-ohm impedance and high efficiency generally will make the most of the available power.

Since we would hesitate to recommend them as extension speakers unless they are to be used as an either/or option with the main speakers, they seem most appropriate for a second music system, perhaps in a recreation room, particularly if it is used for background music as opposed to rock. For such use they can be hung on a wall or stood on the floor wherever you want. Magitran provides wooden brackets that slip onto the base for the latter purpose, making them free-standing



and readily movable. The instructions also cover wall mounting. The speakers may be hung like pictures (in which case they require supports to keep them at least three inches from the wall for purposes of bass propagation) or built in (so that they become, in effect, an infinite-baffle system).

We preferred to use them freestanding and well out from the wall. In that position the deep bass is dramatically better than when a wall is the bare minimum of three inches behind the system. But don't expect strong, clean deep bass in any position. By high fidelity standards, there is a good deal of doubling in the lower tones and, though fundamentals can be heard down to



Magitran DS-60 Speaker System
Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency			
	80 Hz		300 Hz	
	% 2nd	% 3rd	% 2nd	% 3rd
70	0.45	0.65	1.1	0.62
75	0.40	0.65	0.70	0.58
80	0.50	1.0	0.95	0.58
85	0.85	1.7	1.5	0.58
90	1.0	2.6	2.8	0.58
95			5.8	0.90
100			11.0	1.90

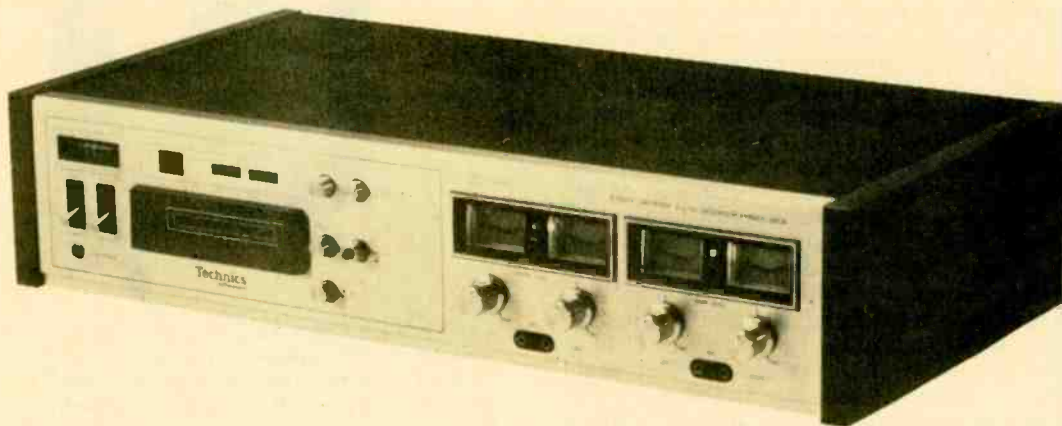
*Distortion data are taken on all testec speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

about 40 or 50 Hz, the bass does roll off appreciably. So does the top end. In listening tests, and using pure tones, we found 14 kHz or so to be the upper limit of useful response. Within the speakers' operating range (77 Hz to 12 kHz, to use figures based on the lab data) the sound is fairly well balanced, though not very smooth.

The model's primary charm lies, in fact, in its not *looking* like a speaker. At first you may not even localize the

source of the music when it is playing through the Poly-Planars; one hears stereo and sees two thin, stylish decorative panels without necessarily associating the two. And the ease with which the panels can be moved about the room, depending on where the listeners are seated, is certainly a plus. Thirteen grille designs are available, and the wood frame around the grille sets it off nicely.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

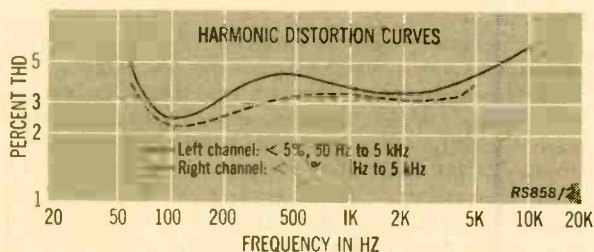


Technics' 2/4-Channel Record/Play Cartridge Deck

The Equipment: Technics RS-858US, an 8-track tape cartridge deck with recording and playback modes in both two-channel stereo and quadraphonics, in metal case with wood ends. Dimensions: 21 by 4¼ by 10¼ inches. Price: \$299.95. Warranty: one year parts, ninety days labor. Manufacturer: Matsushita Electric, Japan; U.S. distributor: Matsushita Electric Corp. of America (Panasonic), 200 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Comment: This unit is the first deck we have seen that not only plays quad cartridges, but records them as well. It also includes some important features that you will not find in many cartridge decks, particularly the less expensive ones: fast forward, running at about twice the normal 3¼-ips transport speed (slow by cassette and open-reel standards, but a big boon to the cartridge recordist); a timer that reads in minutes and seconds—unlike the arbitrarily calibrated "counter" in other tape formats—and keeps track of the tape even in fast wind; and switching for either continuous play or automatic cartridge ejection after the last "program" has been played.

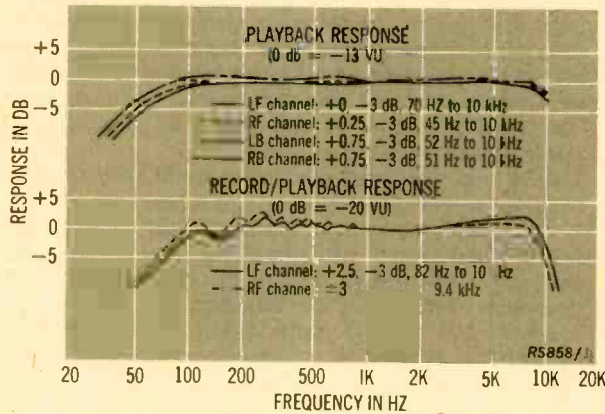
The counter is at the extreme left, above switches for the continuous-play/automatic-eject feature and the headphone output: a stereo phone jack—which, for quadraphonic cartridges, reproduces either the front or the back channels, depending on the switch position. Next comes the cartridge slot. Inserting a cartridge automatically turns on the power and lights up the indicators above the slot. One window displays the program number (1 or 2 in quadraphonics; 1, 2, 3, or 4 in stereo); two others show mode, either two-channel or four-channel. There is no automatic mode switching, even in playing prerecorded quad cartridges with the special indexing slot.



Technics RS-858US Additional Data

Speed accuracy (3¼ ips)	1.0% fast at 105, 120, 127 VAC	
Wow and flutter	playback: 0.10% record/play: 0.15%	
Fast forward time, 40-min. cartridge (10 min. per "program")	5 min., 15 sec.	
S/N ratio		
playback	L ch: 46.5 dB	R ch: 44 dB
record/play	L ch: 40.5 dB	R ch: 39 dB
Erase (400 Hz at normal level)	54 dB	
Crosstalk (at 400 Hz)	57 dB between all adjacent-track pairs	
Sensitivity (for 0-VU recording level)		
aux (line) input	L ch: 54 mV	R ch: 54 mV
mike input	L ch: 0.20 mV	R ch: 0.20 mV
Meter Action (for 0 VU recording level)	L ch: -4 dB R ch: -4 dB	
IM distortion (-10 VU)	L ch: 12%	R ch: 12.5%
Maximum output (at 0 VU)	L ch: 0.57 V	R ch: 0.55 V

Pushbuttons to the right of the cartridge slot include the program selector, a manual eject button, the recording interlock (which must be pressed as you insert the cartridge when you want to record), and the fast-forward on/off switch. At the right are four meters with red recording indicator lights between them. For stereo recording, only that between the two left-hand



meters (representing the front channels in quad) lights up. Underneath each meter is a level control, which operates in both recording and in playback. At the bottom of this section are the four mike inputs—miniature phone jacks. On the back panel are pin jacks for inputs and outputs to each of the four channels.

This description of the features suggests how the unit operates. Technics' thinking obviously is keyed to the convenience that is so much a part of the 8-track cartridge format. Operation is kept simple and straightforward, without technical frills.

Lab measurements compare favorably with those for other top-of-the-line cartridge gear we have tested. With the RS-858US you can obtain cartridges that are as good in sound as any we have been able to record on competing home equipment, although not the equal of, say, a good Dolby cassette deck.

And of course this unit will record quad, which puts it one-up on most other eight-track decks. Most are stereo-only units; some quad record/play decks will play Q-8 cartridges but record in stereo only. Though we still have basic reservations about the tape cartridge as a serious recording medium, we must applaud Technics on behalf of the many readers who use and enjoy it.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Shure's 78-rpm Elliptical—At Last

The Equipment: Shure VN-78E, an elliptical diamond accessory stylus for the Shure V-15 Type III pickup. Price: \$28.00. Warranty: one year parts and labor (excluding wear). Manufacturer: Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60204.

Comment: When we reviewed the V-15 Type III cartridge (HF, July 1973), we said that an elliptical diamond stylus for playing 78-rpm discs was expected shortly. The wait has been longer than we anticipated, but it has been worth it.

Why an elliptical stylus for 78s? For the same reason an elliptical is desirable in playing LPs: It will follow the "sharp curves" in the groove representing high frequencies—particularly toward the center of the record—better than its spherical counterpart simply because the radius of curvature presented to the groove wall is smaller. The elliptical is, in fact, specifically designed to get every ounce of signal quality out of the groove.

This one also is designed to track at a VTF of up to 3 grams, whereas the V-15's LP elliptical tracks at about 1 gram. Shure has built a 1-gram weight into the VN-78E stylus mount so that when you change styli you may not need to change the VTF adjustment on your arm. If you've been playing LPs at 1 gram, you'll be playing 78s at 2 grams. Actually we had some problems with warps at 2 grams and often tracked at 3, where only very severe warps caused problems. And, particularly on the warped discs, we found it advisable to readjust the antiskating accordingly.

We were prepared for some improvement in sound over our "standard" 78 cartridge—a Shure M-44 fitted with the special IOI truncated stylus (see "How To Play Old Records on New Equipment," HF, April 1973)—but not for the degree of improvement we encountered. The VN-78E literally revealed details we had never heard before: for example, breathing on the part of some wind players in Columbia's Alec Wilder Octet album (C-60). This album and many other domestic Columbias came

out with so little surface noise and so much high-frequency detail that we found ourselves playing them with no filtering whatever—and loving what we heard. The familiar crackle of many domestic Columbia 78s was almost gone.

Notoriously noisy brands like Cetra and Musicraft sound just as noisy as ever with the new stylus, but more detail can be heard. And some late Victors are as astonishing as their Columbia counterparts. Of course the quality must be in the groove before it can be reproduced; don't expect a classic performance of the late Twenties to develop silken highs just because the stylus can reproduce them.

Even in later 78-rpm recordings it is possible to demand too much of the V-15 Type III with the new stylus. At moments of extremely heavy modulation the sound suggests that cutting velocities are out of trackability range. The groove usually has been subject to abuse at these points because of previous playings, and it's hard to pin down just how much of what we're hearing is due to previous wear. We noticed instances of this sort on a few (though very few) HMVs; the worst offenders were discs in the "World's Greatest" series (recorded anonymously by such stars-to-be as Eleanor Steber and Leonard Warren), which peak at extremely high levels. But it is a tribute to the VN-78E that we should express disappointment with it in this respect. No other modern stylus/cartridge combination we've tried will do as well with these discs.

Unless you're playing very early discs (World War I era or earlier)—or the discs for which an altogether different stylus is required (vertically cut Pathés, for example)—we would say that the VN-78E is at least the equal of anything you're likely to find for playing them. And the fact that it is an accessory to one of the best stereo cartridges on the market makes it all the more attractive.

Bravo, Shure!

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Our Second—and Third—Tests of CD-4

Last month we announced in these pages that we thought we might have found the source of the grossly sub-spec separation figures for right-front information appearing in the right-back output during our January-issue ("RCA vs. CBS") tests on CD-4—figures that we had called "suspect" at the time. We promised to keep you posted on our continuing investigation of the subject. We have gone two steps further since then. You may remember that our January issue included results of a project in which we asked RCA and CBS to provide us with discs, in their own four-channel systems, made from the same tape.

Originally we had used JVC's 4DE-202 alignment disc—by all odds the standard consumer reference for the purpose—to set up two demodulators for the tests. This CD-4 is a 7-inch pressing that contains test tones used for aural optimization of the demodulator's left and right separation controls and its difference-signal (carrier-level) sensitivity control or controls. JVC had found that while the left-channel information on this disc produced accurate demodulator settings, the right-channel information was less reliable. JVC remastered it (4DE-205) and gave use samples suggesting that use of the old one might have been responsible for the anomalous behavior of the right channels in our initial tests.

A retest of the JVC 4DD-5 demodulator showed that using the new alignment disc did indeed decrease the level of right-front information in the right-back output; but although separation was improved in that measurement, it was degraded noticeably in some of the others. Over-all performance was not significantly better and was still below JVC's specifications.

The new alignment disc does appear to be better than the old one. If you have been able to obtain a copy, note that although it looks like a 7-inch LP it is cut at 45 rpm. JVC states the fact less prominently than it did on the 4DE-202. If you play it at the wrong speed, you may be unable to set up the system because the frequency of the supersonic carrier will be reproduced far below normal. If you have the JVC demodulator and the old disc, JVC's recommendation is that you use the disc to align the left channels and then turn the right-channel separation control to the same setting as that for the left channels.

But that didn't solve the mystery of the missing separation. In further checks with the JVC demodulator and cartridge (a 4MD-20X, which we use to test all demodulators) but using a JVC test disc instead of our own, we discovered that we could duplicate within very close tolerances JVC's own measurements on another sample of the same cartridge. Discrepancies between this test and the results with our own disc led us to suspect the disc itself. One striking difference between it and the JVC test record was the warp visible in every available sample of ours while JVC's was virtually mirror-flat. Could tracing problems occasioned by the warp be compromising separation?

We asked RCA for more pressings. (The original run was made by RCA from masters cut in Los Angeles by JVC.) It was apparent that they had not been made from the same master as the original run: The grooves run almost two inches closer to the label though the content is the same. At press time, we have so far been unable to find out where this new master came from.

The results with the new test disc and the new alignment disc are encouraging. For one thing, the test disc

is less warped than the previous pressings (though not totally unwarped); for another, signal levels are closer to ideal values. The earlier disc had required corrections of up to 5 dB to get all four outputs (from the 1-kHz, 0-VU test tones) to the same level; the new disc shows no variation between three of the tones and requires an adjustment of only 0.5 dB in the fourth. (Part, but not all, of this difference probably can be chalked up to the change in alignment, which alters relative output levels somewhat.) And the reduced warp means greater ease—and therefore somewhat greater accuracy—in making measurements from it.

More important from the home user's point of view, separation figures are improved. All of the back-to-front and front-to-back measurements on each side are between 15 and 20 dB with the exception (again) of the right-front signal appearing at the right back, which measures 13 dB—a considerable improvement over the 4 dB of our original tests. Side-to-side separation ranges from 20 to 40 dB, a narrower spread than before but averaging about the same.

The curves taken from the test tones at -10 VU provide similar results in the midband. Separation between front-back pairs still dwindles at the frequency extremes; but as we have commented before, the mid-band frequencies are the important ones in terms of localization clues and therefore of quadriphonic imaging—or what might be called "subjective separation." In the new test we also get better results with our simultaneous-tone measurements, where the average figure (about 15 dB) is a little better than before and the spread smaller. The worst figure in this test last time out was 8 dB; now it is 13.5 dB.

Harmonic distortion figures are better too. The range in the first test was from 2.0 to 3.4 per cent; now it is from 1.5 to 2.2 per cent. Noise measurements (through the demodulator only) are different but only to the extent that the reference levels taken from the respective discs are different.

One difference that can't be called an improvement is in the frequency response curves. Generally speaking they are flatter throughout the midrange, but they are down by 5 to 10 dB at the top end (15 kHz in our curves) and all but one are down by that much even at 10 kHz. Two of the curves are about on a par in this respect with their predecessors, the other two notably inferior. And at the extreme bottom end (40 Hz), response suddenly shoots up to about +5 dB. (All these figures are, with respect to the 0 dB of our response curves, made at -10 VU; the 1-kHz tests are at 0 VU.)

Though we have yet to determine where and when the master for the new pressings was cut—and therefore how and on what equipment it was cut—we do note that the new pressings provide output levels 2 dB higher than those from the old ones. Perhaps we will find that, particularly at this higher level, high-frequency limiting (or *more* high-frequency limiting) was used in cutting the master for this second disc and that this limiting is impairing high-frequency response. We will of course keep you informed.

But the farther we delve into this matter the more we are convinced that, while the CD-4 system has generally better separation than the SQ system, good quadriphonic reproduction from Quadradiscs and CD-4 equipment is a more fragile affair in their present stage of development.



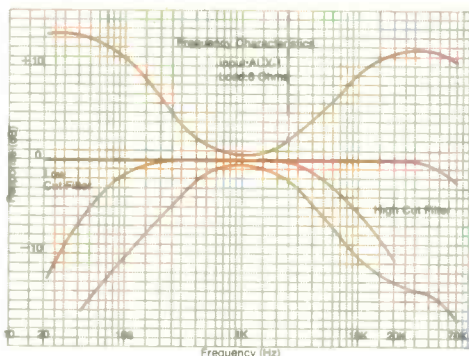
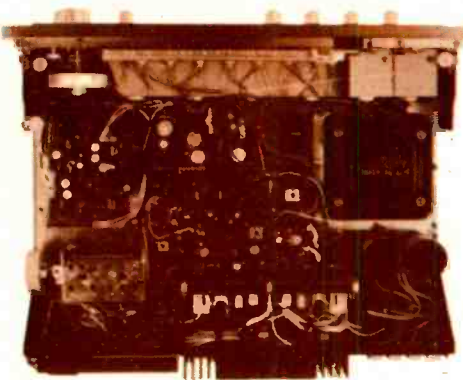
ONKYO TX-666

Engineered Better. Built Better. Performs Better.

That difference is in Transient Response... and more! Onkyo engineers, through exhaustive research, determined that a receiver's Pre & Main Amplifier sections are of major importance to overall sound quality. They found that most fine receivers will "pass" a sine wave efficiently. But, it is in Transient Response — the ability to handle complex waveforms (musical sound signals) where others fall short of Onkyo's high standards. Onkyo achieves this ideal Transient Response through the use of its superbly engineered pre-amplifier circuits and direct coupled/differential amplifier circuitry. This combination further assures minimal Total Harmonic Distortion for dramatically realistic sound reproduction.

But, what about performance in the "phono" mode? And in FM reception? How does the TX-666 measure up? Here again the Onkyo difference is apparent. An unusually large 200mV (at 1KHz) Phono Overload capacity is built into the Pre-amplifier circuit. This provides the TX-666 with an extraordinary capacity to handle the extremely pulsed, highly dynamic input signals from today's fine quality phono cartridges & discs... for clean, clear, lifelike response.

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broad bandwidth... in extra-strong or in weak signal zones. Dial calibration is accurate, precise... and there is no drift. Capture Ratio and Selectivity are decidedly superior. FM Muting is "pop-less".

For power, Onkyo employs the more definitive RMS ratings — with the TX-666 delivering 53W (per chan.) RMS at 1KHz, both chan's. driven. This power capability is guarded by a superbly responsive, detection type (ASO) electronic circuit for output power transistors; a sophisticated Transient Killer Circuit; fused speaker protection and automatic, shut-off thermal protection.

The experts more than praise the TX-666. Hirsch-Houck (Stereo Review, March '73) calls it "A high performance receiver". High Fidelity (May '73) says it "Behaves well above average". Radio Electronics (Feb. '73) is "Highly impressed". And FM Guide (Jan. '73) calls it a "Winner"!

Prove it to yourself. Listen to the TX-666 and all the other outstanding Onkyo audio products — tuners, amplifiers, receivers, speaker systems and speaker components in every price range. You'll discover why Onkyo is audio with an important difference.



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Now, there are two Sennheiser "open-aire" headphones for you to choose from. The HD 414, rated best for sound and comfort. And a new model offering something more. That's why.

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Nostalgia for the Big Bad Thirties

THE REAL THIRTIES seem somehow buried beyond the spade of any archaeologist. How reconstruct anything that exerts this much strain upon the imagination? For who now alive can be asked to believe in a time when the Honorable John Connally was so poor and friendless as to have little resource beyond the bounty of the National Youth Administration, when Governor Ronald Reagan's father was on the WPA along with Jackson Pollack, John Cheever, and Orson Welles, and when Joseph P. Kennedy sat on a pinnacle separated from all who suffered and struggled beneath him because he had a mere nine million dollars?

And the Thirties were never more American than in their stubborn persistence, against every discouragement, in clinging to that moral code. The Thirties did not want to be shabby. They wanted to be elegant. Most people were broke. Almost as many were ashamed to admit they were broke. That is why so many of their appurtenances turn out, upon inspection, to be quite comically pretentious.

Historians tell us the Thirties were shabby and desperate; and yet there is this curious elegance about some of their most cherished artifacts—so many silks, such glistening satins—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, the black and silver of the Rainbow Room.

One of the great charms of the Thirties was that part of them that wanted to be remembered as elegant. Generations of critics of our culture have arraigned America for thinking that success is the only virtue and failure the only final sin.

"The Thirties, from the point of view of the arts and of fashion," Cecil Beaton has written, "strikes one as being perhaps the least interesting in recent decades: heavily wrought-iron doors; Knole sofas, backs bounded with bandages of metal galloon and adjustable ends held insecurely by tasseled knobs; cigarettes were kept in disemboweled books; lampshades were made of old music parchment; almost anything could be given a pseudo-antique look by the simple expedient of applying a coat of varnish. Much unrestrained activity was afoot in the field of entertainment—nightclubs were done up as bird cages, baroque excesses in plasterwork were allied to the plush luxuries of late Victorianism. Magenta and pinks together with bright yellows were the favorite colors."

For we remained a country with a high quotient of social climbers. The egalitarian spirit looked up-

Murray Kempton is a fellow of the Adlai Stevenson Institute, a commentator for CBS, and the author of Part of Our Time—Some Ruins and Monuments of the Thirties and the current The Briar Patch.

"There come moments in the national history, as in life, when everything in the present looks so pinched and ungenerous that the most banal sentiments suddenly shine like diamonds."

by Murray Kempton

ward as often as downward. In his anthology *The Thirties*, Don Congdon records just one major social change: "There was a shift in the material used in women's undergarments from cotton to silk to rayon."

And so most of our homesickness for the Thirties perhaps has less to do with the dread at their core than the gaiety that was so much their surface. Cole Porter was their most admired, if never quite their most popular composer; and not the remotest reference to the reality of the streets about him can be found in his songs, unless we are ready to admit *Love for Sale* to the canon of social protest. Our minstrels did, if only in mockery, afford us some intimations of disaster when the Depression first set in. Bing Crosby sang *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* and Eddie Cantor croaked that "potatoes are cheaper, tomatoes are cheaper/Now's the time to fall in love." But then President Roosevelt arrived to the tune of *Happy Days Are Here Again*, and the tone would be henceforth determinedly cheerful.

Jazz in the Thirties was jive and swing. For the origins of the darker blues we have to go back to times that tend to be dismissed as less than serious: The hedonistic and careless Twenties produced Bessie Smith's *Young Woman's Blues*, and the stark and engaged Thirties ended with Slam Stewart's *Flat Foot Floogie*.

But then a comic spirit all else but mordant was one of the most memorable and not least attractive things about the Thirties. If disasters have any use at all, it is their sovereign virtue of doing great damage to national pieties. I cannot, for example, find



The Waltons—evoking our real lost Camelot, but . . .

the name of a single evangelist who was anything except a joke in those days; and businessmen were taken no more seriously than so many penguins would be now. Nothing sold in the Thirties except comedy, unless it were sentimentality, which always sells. The late William Benton built the fortune that was to take him to the United States Senate and a slightly ambiguous station as cosmic thinker because his advertising agency discovered Amos and Andy, a parody of tycoons like the one he was himself to become.

Even Hollywood's gingerly approach to the dreadful facts of deprivation in those days was, as Arthur Knight reminds us, more often than not in the comic strain:

"In *My Man Godfrey*, for example, William Powell plays one of the *nouveau* poor, a man ruined by the crash and reduced to living in the city dumps. Some scatterbrained socialites find him on a scavenger hunt and make him their butler. Because of his own experience with poverty, Godfrey is able to enlighten his employers and transform them into useful, social-minded citizens. In *Easy Living*, Jean Arthur, an unemployed secretary, suddenly finds herself in possession of a priceless mink coat flung out the window by a millionaire in a moment of pique; her scathing denunciation of his thoughtlessness while others were starving is the high point of the picture. And yet both these were presented—and taken—as comedies."

The high-minded could, of course, detect beneath the laughter a theme quite consonant with one of the most pleasant illusions surviving through the Thirties: the working girl who instructs the rich and selfish young man and is rewarded not just with the sight of a reclaimed sinner, but also the promise of his fortune in marriage. Cinderella persisted as the appointed heroine of those days and now and again even as the anointed hero. In *It Happened One Night*, Clark Gable redeems the

transiently spoiled and then marries her. The poor, after all, dream more frequently of privilege than of equality.

Even the radio serials did their duty towards this commonsensical vision, and they would not plunge their protagonists into the pit of absolutely hopeless struggle until the Forties. Our Gal Sunday never had much to show for it, but she did marry a lord.

Even so, what beat strongly beneath these popular glosses upon reality was the democratic notion derided in the Twenties and soon enough to be entombed in the Fifties. The classes mixed as they never had before; the minority of the children of the comfortable who rebel in any time turned their revolt from art to politics in this one. The young Alfred Kazin, then seeking a path to the world outside the beloved but constricted enclave of the Jewish poor, found on the way that "all the cleverest and most dynamic people I met now gave authority to Marxist opinions—especially if they were from the upper echelons."

He was pleased at the discovery. ("When the iron laws of history were pronounced in upper-class accents, it was hard not to be impressed.") He was also a little resentful. ("They were the harbingers of the new society, but meanwhile they were bosses to the old.")

Still he cherished, however ambivalently, a particular feeling for the remembered spirit of those days:

"[Malcolm] Cowley [the literary editor of *The New Republic*], not knowing what to do for the hungry faces waiting to see him, would sell the books there was no space to review and dole out the proceeds among the more desperate cases haunting him for review assignments. This conscious kindness was also a symbol of those times."

So those were times when men were conscious of a duty to be kind. And, thinking back upon any such time, we commence to recognize another Thirties, with a truer claim on the imagination. How else explain why more young people turned to listen to Woody Guthrie dead in the Sixties than had ever heard him when he was alive but that it was some homesickness for the spirit of a time they had never known and that they felt deprived of a spirit they sensed as being in existence no longer. There was the assurance that every man was as good as another and even the temporary suspicion that the rich, who had managed to get us into this mess, might very well be worse than the rest of us.

Elegance and equality even melted together in the country's most extraordinary symbols. Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt were as close to a life-tenured king and queen as this country would ever come. Only the radicals—and those not for long—could hate this President who smiled while his country suffered; if the King was amusing himself, he was doing it by affronting the gentry.

When President Roosevelt died, a separate presi-

dential library had to be built for him, and thus there started, most unfortunately, the train of such pyramids that has now left us with the blessing of being able to find a reproduction of the Oval Office in Austin, Texas, and with the promise of the same in Whittier, California. But these vanities, curiously enough, began in the very nature of Roosevelt's presidency as a concession not to anything grand, but to something quite plaintively humble: There wasn't enough room for his papers in the national archives because they were swollen outside by all the letters from common persons who had come to take it for granted, as few Americans had before them, that their President was their natural refuge in their private troubles.

For this was, more than any time since, a time of sympathy. The country was hardly so pure as we might now like to think it by contrast, but, given time, it had the saving grace of surprising itself with decent and sensible responses. Having been if anything rather gratified when Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis, it then turned about and almost warmly cheered when Louis took his vengeance three years later. We had come to notice that there was this side of freedom and this side of tyranny; and, with all our conditioning, we had arrived at the sense that Joe Louis, the product of the caste we scorned, was at bottom ourselves, and that Max Schmeling, a man otherwise so much in our chosen form, came from Hitler and was an enemy alien.

We were becoming aware of Europe and the rest of the world. It seems, looking back, to have been a rudimentary and all else but exquisite awareness; we knew very few painters except Van Gogh and very little Beethoven except the Ninth. What we wanted were statements in the highest colors and preferably in chorus: Lester Young was not someone to be overlooked, but the truly heartfelt response to the Basie orchestra was to all fourteen of its members, recognizable only as a collective, riding home to the end together.

Energy meant more than reflection. Crowds were best. Crowds, to be sure, of comrades—not the lonely strangers who distract and threaten our conscious thoughts these days. Something in the vagrant air around us tells us now to look at the crowd with a diffident eye, while the air of the Thirties instructed the beholder to look with a confident one. When Blanche DuBois summons the last of her dignity with the ridiculous consolation that she has always been able to depend on the kindness of strangers, she is saying good-bye to the Thirties. Mutual trust, not all that often feigned and contrived, was the note of those days. And it can seem to us now both touching and unique when we come upon, as across some Essene scroll, these stage directions of William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*:

"The atmosphere is now one of warm, natural American ease; every man innocent and good;



Ellington's elegance was more typical of the Thirties' ambitions.

each doing what he believes he should do or must do. . . . No one is competing with anyone else. Every man is living and letting live."

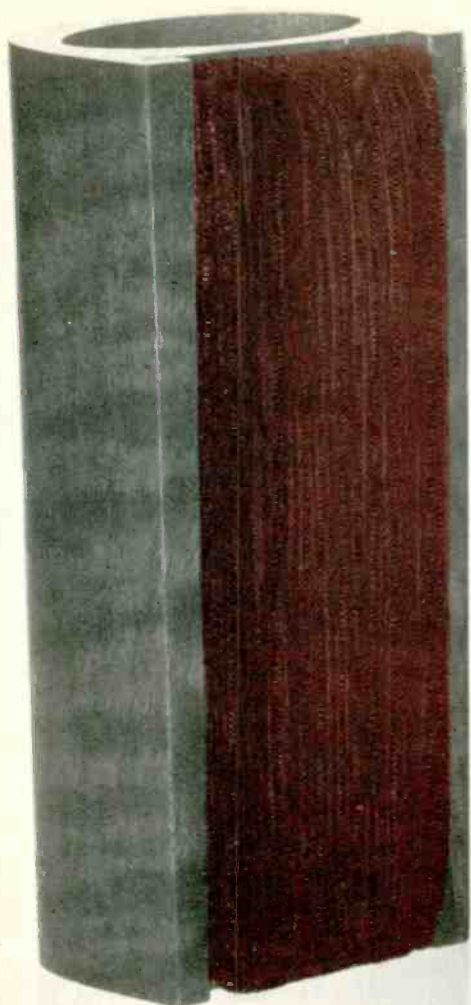
The note is too simple and yet somehow true; and the impulse it arouses is not to laugh at Saroyan but suddenly and quite aching to miss him.

For there come moments in the national history, as in life, when everything in the present looks so pinched and ungenerous that the most banal sentiments suddenly shine like diamonds; Bob Hope makes jokes about faggots in an empty theater, and we watch the Waltons—rather as though we were entranced spectators at a historical drama—and look upon the magic casements of our real lost Camelot, the family that not only prays but struggles together. But that, for the best of the Thirties, would be quite enough for that sort of rhetoric; just because they had sentiment grants us no leave to be soggy about them. The appeal of the Waltons is their dignity.

We cannot truly love and miss the Thirties if we forget that the white tie had an honorable and unashamed place in their style too. Being a little childlike, they dressed for parties and even their inconsequentialities had about them a kind of class that can no longer be felt as existing, for what real gaiety can there be unaccompanied by the knowledge that tomorrow your coach is more likely than not to be a pumpkin?

Here is this great sunken Arcady where Franklin Roosevelt will always be President of the United States and Fiorello La Guardia always mayor of New York, and Mrs. Roosevelt is talking to the coal miners, and Scarlett O'Hara is dancing with Rhett Butler, and the NAACP is outside the box office and one pickets awhile and then sneaks into the theater. For we are all in this memory children of the same exuberant quarrelsome family. Give us a reefer and a gang of gin; slay us 'cause we are in our sin; those were the *baa-aa-ad* times. ●

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The superior record care system is now improved with two standards of scientific excellence:

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Old-Time Radio

Is Alive AND Well IN A CROTON-ON-HUDSON GARAGE

by Robert Angus

TUCKED AWAY in a wooded glen in Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., is a neat, comfortable ranch house. From the outside it looks like any other suburban dwelling, complete with an outdoor barbecue pit and a garage tucked neatly under the bedroom. But in this house, old-time radio reigns supreme. On racks lining the garage walls are thousands of 16-inch transcriptions carrying everything from War-Bond hucksterings to an eyewitness report on the fall of Bataan. Where the fruit cellar used to be, there's a tape storage library containing thousands more radio shows, neatly arranged on shelves.

This ranch house is the home of a man named J. David Goldin and the company he started, Radio Yesteryear. The collection he's put together—big band remotes from the 1940s, soap operas and children's adventure serials, prime-time drama, adventure and comedy—dwarfs such "official" gleanings as those in the Rodgers & Hammerstein Collection at Lincoln Center, the Library of Congress in Washington, or the University of Michigan's famed sound archive. In fact the Goldin collection has several times the radio holdings of all three combined.

The story of J. David Goldin is the story of the survival and renaissance of Golden-Age Radio. Goldin, now in his late thirties, grew up in radio's closing days. While studying to become an engineer, he dreamed of a career in radio. So instead of cracking books at night, he spent much of his time at the college radio station. Upon graduation in the early 1960s he took a job as a combination disc jockey-program engineer with a small radio station in Alaska. ("What other kind is there?" he asks. "Anyway, it was a chance to get started.")

By that time, network radio drama and comedy had been dead in the United States for several years, as Goldin recalls. However, he says, "It took longer for those programs to die in Alaska because they were supplied mainly not by telephone land lines, but by transcriptions mailed to the station,

and broadcast weeks or months after they'd been heard in New York." Besides, television came slowly to Alaska, allowing radio to retain much of its audience—particularly that part of it living too far from the towns to be connected to local cable-TV systems.

"I realized I was really living on the frontier when I discovered that everybody at the station packed a gun," Goldin relates. "The salesman carried a gun when he made calls on clients. The kid who brought us coffee carried a gun. It was as much a part of getting dressed in the morning to put on your holster and gun as it was to pull on your socks. I was a kid fresh from the big city, so I decided to go out and buy a gun, too.

"Well, once you've got a gun you get a yen to use it. So when things got slow around the station, they'd take me out back for target practice. Somebody would throw some promotional 45-rpm records in the air, and I'd try to hit them. I was such a lousy shot that somebody suggested we switch from the 7-inch pop records to the 16-inch transcriptions that were stored in the basement. They figured that I couldn't miss a target like that.

"After a couple of days of popping holes in those aluminum-and-acetate discs, I stopped to look at what I was shooting at. When I did, I was appalled. There were all the great radio artists—Fibber McGee, Bing Crosby, Bergen & McCarthy, and others."

When Goldin left Alaska, so did a trunkload of discarded transcriptions. Today, they form the nucleus of a collection that includes more than 15,000 programs—everything from the first FM network broadcast on November 30, 1940, through the 50th anniversary broadcasts of stations in Pittsburgh, Rochester, Hartford, and elsewhere.

Goldin next went to work for WOR in New York, just after it split from the Mutual network. "There were tons of transcriptions lying around that nobody seemed interested in," he recalls. "Mu-

tual had no interest in paying storage charges on news broadcasts from the 1930s and 1940s, and most of the programs broadcast by the network actually belonged to the sponsors."

WOR didn't seem to know what to do with material that technically didn't belong to it any longer, so it locked up the recordings in a storage room. "For weeks, I'd steal in there and borrow transcriptions to take home and put on tape, bringing them back the next morning," Goldin says.

Many of WOR's wartime transcriptions—16-inch discs that turned at 33½ rpm and were capable of holding about 15 minutes' worth of programming on one side—were cut into the lacquer coating on discs made of glass to save precious metal. Since they hadn't been stored too carefully, some had become cracked or broken. With the dedication of a craftsman restoring an old master, Goldin gathered up the shards and took them home. Today, he's still carefully fitting some of them together so that he can make a tape copy of the opening of the 1939 World's Fair or Uncle Stan reading the funnies from a long-ago issue of the *New York Journal's* Comic Weekly.

"Usually I'm lucky enough to have all the pieces from a particular disc in one place," Goldin says. "I may or may not know what's on the record until I'm finished putting it together. The labels sometimes flake off and get lost."

His first step is to fit the pieces together like a jigsaw puzzle, hoping that all of the acetate coating is there. Using a magnifying glass, he aligns the segments so that the grooves match. If there's a gap, he builds in a bridge by rubbing a wax grease pencil into the crack.

When the puzzle is neatly put together, Goldin transfers the disc to an RCA 70D studio turntable with a Gray arm and General Electric VR-II magnetic pickup for a one-time taping on his Ampex studio recorder. The stylus he uses is a 2.5-mil NAB standard type. For hill-and-dale recordings—a process long championed for transcription use by Muzak—there's an RCA universal arm with its own cartridge and stylus.

At first it was nothing more than a hobby. Goldin unearthed transcriptions from the unlikelyst places—a chicken coop in Red Wing, Minnesota, for instance.

"I answered an ad placed by a retired Navy doctor who was selling off his personal effects," he explains. "The ad mentioned a number of things, including a 1940 Packard and Navy dress uniforms. But it was the mention of old radio transcriptions that caught my eye." With no guarantee of what he'd find, Goldin and his bride piled into the family car—a Checker designed originally for use as a taxicab—for a trip from New York to Minnesota on what must be one of the more bizarre honeymoons on record.



J. David Goldin puts together the pieces of a glass-base transcription of an old radio show so that he can add another gem to his carefully restored golden-era collection.

"When we got there," he says, "we found literally hundreds of transcriptions made for the Armed Forces Radio Service, featuring all of the major programs broadcast during World War II."

The transcriptions, he noticed, were covered with dust and chicken droppings. They had been stored in the coop with the chickens ever since the doctor brought them home at the end of the war. "He didn't tell me how he got them in the first place, but I made him an offer and began loading the car," Goldin says. "When we were done, the entire rear of the car was piled high with transcriptions."

The Goldins still find themselves cleaning chicken droppings out of grooves before making master tape copies.

To fall in love with old-time radio, you have to be a bit strange. Goldin concedes. But from his hobby he has built a business that employs three people full time, keeps the Croton-on-Hudson post office busy with thousands of pieces of mail each month, and not incidentally, helps to pay off the mortgage on the ranch house. Goldin is only one (though probably the most successful) of a band of collectors numbering 100,000 or more—nobody knows for sure. He puts the number of hard-core addicts—those with at least 1,000 hours of material or a significant stack of transcriptions—at about 10,000. The total number of radio cultists could easily be ten to twenty times this amount and includes everything from children not yet out of grade school to gray-haired grandmothers.

Old-time radio enthusiasts find their hobby highly addictive. The forty-year-old business executive who samples an episode or two of "Vic & Sade" is likely to find himself hooked. The grandmother in Oregon who hears "One Man's Family" again can't wait to find out how Chapter 47, Book



Among the treasures in Goldin's collection are shows by such old-time radio greats as Amos (Freeman Gosden, left above) 'n' Andy (Charles Correll), and Jack Benny and Fred Allen—here squaring off for a round in their famous "feud" if their wives, Mary and Portland, can't stop it.



62 comes out. The teenager too young to remember "I Love a Mystery" from the first time around can't wait to find out what *The Thing That Cries in the Night* really is. And there in his wooded glen, like the friendly neighborhood pusher, waits J. David Goldin, ready to keep supplying their habit.

While transcriptions have played a necessary part in the rebirth of old-time radio, it's tape that has made it into a hobby anyone can enjoy. There simply aren't enough transcriptions to go around for all the collectors who want to savor their contents—and even if there were, some radio gems have survived not on transcriptions, but on spools of recording wire or on paper discs cut on Wilcox-Gay recorders in the 1940s. Many of these scraps and pieces have been lovingly transferred to tape and exchanged with owners of this kind of material.

Radio Yesteryear's tape duplication facilities are small potatoes compared to the master tape duplicating operation maintained by Ampex or Columbia or Longines. In fact, most of the tapes Goldin makes are one-of-a-kind custom orders—which may explain why they cost \$10 per hour for open-reel tape or \$12 per hour for cartridges or cassettes.

He isn't the only old radio buff who has developed his hobby into a business. Altogether there are perhaps 30 individuals and companies offering tapes and records for sale, ranging from King Karol Record Stores in New York and Olson Electronics in Ohio to one-man outfits in Florida, Washington, and elsewhere. Prices charged by these suppliers range widely, too—from \$25 for a one-hour LP cut to order by an outfit in Greenwich Vil-

lage to \$3.50 for 1,800 feet of tape holding up to six hours' worth of programs. While most of these companies duplicate to order as Goldin does, those offering the best values are outfits like Olson or Longines Symphonette, which carry a limited number of titles on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Olson's seven-cassette catalogue, for example, retails for \$4.29.

In order to survive in the face of what he considers cut-throat competition, Goldin has come up with Special Features, a series of twenty-two two-hour programs he has preselected. These go for half price (\$5 per hour), making him directly competitive. In addition, a Radio Yesteryear subsidiary, the Radiola Company, offers thirty-two long-playing records, most of which hold two full half-hour shows, for \$5.95 each.

Collectors generally concede that fidelity is more important than price in buying old radio shows. While many of the smaller companies offer copies of tapes they've received in trades, Goldin observes that most of the copies he sells are only two generations away from the original transcriptions.

Until recently, Radio Yesteryear's cassette duplication facilities consisted of two Norelco 150 cassette recorders connected to a Tapesonic 70TRS open-reel master playback deck. These were replaced by a Telex 235 modular cassette duplicator capable of making three copies at a time. "The system is modular and expandable," Goldin points out. His cartridge duplicators are four Panasonic recorders, also linked to the master playback deck.

But the pride of the system is the open-reel equipment. "I make cartridges and cassettes be-

Radios, Too, Are Collectible

Our audio-video editor—who admits to having spent his spare time puttering with a scheme to make old radios tune in old radio programs—adds some notes on antique equipment.

Who is to say when the private preoccupation of a few possibly eccentric souls turns into the socially acceptable (if not entirely rational) passion of many? The collecting of old radio programs, discussed in the accompanying article, began picking up about five or ten years ago. The collecting of radios themselves has been gathering steam over a longer period.

Twenty and thirty years ago, proprietors of radio junk stores in some of America's larger cities found that front panels, tuning capacitors, discontinued tubes, and other parts for radios of the Twenties might move much faster than most reclaimed parts in their display bins. Customers—often ham radio operators used to building and repairing their own gear—would consistently ask about certain makes and models. Slowly the word got out that some people were treating junk like antiques.

I personally encountered the syndrome for the first time in the mid-Fifties on a parts-buying sortie in a dingy shop just off New York's then-famous "radio row"—Cortlandt Street. I had been picking up odds and ends to use in customizing an Eico amplifier kit when I happened on a large and superbly detailed knob of elegant shape. When I brought my gleanings to the counter I found that the knob cost twice what all my other parts did put together. Why? "Atwater Kent . . . hard to find in that condition," mumbled the proprietor, handling my find like a dodo egg. I paid him for the other things and left, still marveling.

By the mid-Fifties the collecting and rehabilitation of old radios had already become a recognized if hardly popular hobby, and a number of extensive collections devoted to the subject had sprung up. Pride of place went to early crystal sets and "superhets" from the Twenties, but designs of the Thirties in all their Grand Rapids art-deco splendor—neo-Gothic fantasies for table use and megalithic floor-standing jobs with elec-

trodynamic speakers—usually could be found crouching in remote corners. With the Thirties had come one-knob (ganged-capacitor) tuning and illuminated dials—a far cry from the knob-studded black faceplates of the Twenties and the endless "touching up" of separate RF and IF tuning capacitors. The convenience models didn't grab the ham operators who dominated radio collecting.

Now that every junk-store operator has pretensions of being an antiques dealer, the trend is quite different. Even the cheapest of table models—and even from the early Fifties (our next era for collectibles?)—can command at least its original selling price if it's in working condition and the vendor is wily enough. I recently was delighted to spend \$30 for a Stromberg-Carlson behemoth of the late Thirties with the original New York call letters on the pushbuttons (WEAF for WRCA, WJZ for WABC, and WABC for WCBS), though I surely could have picked it up for less only a few years ago. It works like a dream, has all the original knobs, and only needs a little repair on the finish.

Tubes can be a problem, of course. Some types haven't been in production since before World War II, and sooner or later they will burn out. Re-enter the junk-parts dealers. Ads in electronics magazines and in specialist publications like *The Horn Speaker* may, after a patient search, provide the specific type the collector needs. If he knows a little about electronics, he may be able to get by with a later type, perhaps changing the socket and a filament resistor to match its requirements; but this is not really considered kosher among true collectors. (The simple solution of putting, say, a 1973 Panasonic solid-state chassis into a 1933 RCA cabinet is almost lewd to their way of thinking.)

If the radios are working, you can get surprisingly good sound on many of the older models. But their real charm is not their sonics, but their precise evocation of period—just as it is with "Vic and Sade," "I Love a Mystery," and the Fred Allen show. So far I haven't gotten my Stromberg-Carlson to tune in the voices of its (and my) youth. But I'm working on it.—Robert Long

cause my customers want them," Goldin says, "but we're able to turn out a quality open-reel product with the Tapesonic system. It was custom-made to my specifications by Premier Electronics and is capable of duplicating six open-reel tapes simultaneously."

The matter of selecting the right tape for his customers can be time-consuming. "I'm not particularly interested in high-frequency response, since most of my material doesn't go above 5,000 cycles," he declares. "But intelligibility within the 100-to-5,000-cycle range is very important, particularly with some of the items I've gotten by exchanging tapes with other collectors. And, of course, cost is a factor."

Auditioning a tape or cassette means making test recordings on it, measuring the results, and—in cartridges and cassettes—taking them apart to check the interior construction. "I used to have a lot of trouble with cartridges and cassettes when I first started using them. I was trying to buy cheap, without regard to how they'd hold up," Goldin says ruefully. "Now I take them apart to check the quality of the molding and to see that all of the necessary parts (such as cassette rollers) are there."

The result is a custom-made C-64 containing three hundred feet of Scotch tape in a shell made by Audio Magnetics and cartridges from Audiotape. "They seem the best combination of economy, low noise, and reliability I've found so far," he states.

Why a C-64? "So I can record station breaks, promotional announcements or anything else that happens to be on a tape with a radio broadcast. I have some customers who buy radio shows only when the original commercials are present or only when there's an original station break," he explains. "If you're going to have that kind of completeness, you need more than 30 minutes' worth of tape to record a half-hour show." Customers who want blank C-64s for their own purposes can buy them from Radio Yesteryear.

Some collectors still aren't satisfied with the quality of Radio Yesteryear's tape and send in their own reels, cartridges, or cassettes. "I've got one customer who insists that everything be on Memorex tape. He sends me the blank cassettes, and I charge him \$1 extra for the handling. My equipment is biased for Scotch, and we're all set up to handle our own tape. It costs me at least \$1 in labor to change over for this customer—even though he's a very good one," Goldin says.

What sorts of tapes do Radio Yesteryear customers buy? Fred Allen, "Amos & Andy," "Suspense," and the big bands are favorites. But Goldin points out that old-radio addicts are individualists. One customer is working on acquiring every episode of "One Man's Family," while another wants every show on which Bing Crosby ever appeared.

"The most common division is that between the generations," he observes. "The kids generally go in for science fiction or horror shows like 'X-1,' 'Inner Sanctum,' and 'Lights Out,' or camp items like 'The Shadow' and 'The Green Hornet.' On the other hand, customers my age are more likely to be interested in the big bands and radio comedy." Goldin admits that it's those remotes from the Glen Island Casino, the Savoy in Harlem, and Cafe Rouge that really turn him on.

Is it legal to sell old radio shows? The problems of who has rights to what and of getting clearance from actors, writers, and unions have scared off many entrepreneurs.

"I don't license my material for broadcast," Goldin says, "only for noncommercial use in homes. I did have one customer in Chicago who put some of the programs on the air, and I stopped selling to him as soon as I found out."

He says he's been threatened with lawsuits only four times in the six-year history of Radio Yesteryear. "In only one case did they say I couldn't do what I was doing," he notes. "In the other three, they didn't object at all to my making money from the shows. They were all people with some connection with one or another of the programs, and all they wanted was a cut." All four cases were settled out of court.

In the only case to affect his catalogue, Goldin agreed to stop selling "The Shadow" and "Nick Carter," programs to which radio syndicator Charles Michelson has the rights. Since Michelson had gone to the trouble of reaching his own agreement with performers and of recording the music in the shows, Goldin readily agreed to stop selling recordings of them to collectors.

As if to underline the legitimacy of his business, Columbia Records asked Goldin to help them prepare an album of W. C. Fields on radio—despite the fact that Columbia's parent, the CBS network, originally had broadcast some of the material. The reason: Goldin had the tapes and CBS didn't.

"Nobody knew whether the network, the advertiser or his agency, or the Fields estate actually owned the rights," a Columbia spokesman says. "All we knew was that Dave Goldin had the tapes and that if we didn't buy from him, we didn't have a record."

When Warner Brothers needed ninety program openings for its two-record "Themes Like Old Times" package, it too came to Goldin for the material.

So the next time you wonder what ever became of Troman Harper, the Rumor Detective, or Tommy Riggs with his imaginary companion Betty Lou, or Leonidas Witherall, the armchair sleuth who looks like Shakespeare, console yourself with the thought that they're all in comfortable semi-retirement in Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. ●

VIVA-TONAL COLUMBIA
COLUMBIA ELECTRIC VIVA-TONAL
AND
KOLSTER RADIO COMBINATION

"like life itself"



MODEL #60 OPEN

A radio one second! A phonograph the next! Dimensions: Height, 40 inches. Width, 33 inches. Depth, 27 inches. Cabinet: Artistic in design, walnut veneer. Instrument is equipped, and high fidelity Radio Set: The Kolster radio frequency and one detector. Single tuning control. Audio amplification for the radio set is in the 2-CX-381. Electric P. pickup. Reproduction is through the cone speaker by means of a 12-inch turntable operated by electric motor, very latest pattern, operating on Alternating Current 110 to 120 volts, 50 to 60 cycles. For use on Direct Current, it is necessary to use a converter 25 Cycle Equipment: Instruments can be furnished to operate on 110-120 volts, 25 cycles.

List Price: \$600.00

NOW from "RADIO HEADQUARTERS"
amazing Radio-Phonograph that plays the
New 30-Minute Records



New State De Luxe radio, combined with automatic record-changing phonograph, provides complete home entertainment in one moderately priced instrument.

LISTEN with this new instrument — Victor's new 12-disc records that play for 30 minutes! It's the longest playing proportionally as long! — change the sides to 10-inch records — reproduce and without touching the instrument.

Listen to the new De Luxe with the automatic, no mechanical effort, no a mechanical new Spokenword Transcription — with 15 minutes of music on each side! And at the same time, see all the new RCA Victor records have high sound quality, 33 1/3 rpm, 10-inch records — RCA and Victor famous instrumental — RCA and Victor.

RCA Victor

Phonograph Combinations
Victor Records



The Thirties weren't the best of times for anyone, and that included the record industry. The successive punches from rising radio and falling stocks had caused the industry many nervous moments, but ads from the period show that it was in there trying.

The basic compatibility of radio and records suggested in Columbia's Viva-Tonal ad of 1929 proved out as the Thirties progressed. By 1936 Pilot was offering combination radio/phonograph models in several price ranges, featuring a "special acoustic system" to get the most out of "the new high fidelity records." Pilot's Phoromatic even had a "two-speed turntable." Why two speeds? Note the RCA ad from 1931. The "new 30-minute records" were actually the first long-playing 33 1/3-rpm discs available in this country. This idea was ahead of its time, for the industry had neither the equipment nor the programming imagination to sustain the development. For use on old equipment, a speed adapter was offered, but it wasn't satisfactory. Only one recording was made specifically for the medium (a reading of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra); the rest were dubbings from 78s and consisted of a string of short works.

Though "long-playing," the discs were limited to 15 minutes per side by the groove, comparable to that on a 78, making them transcriptions rather than microgroove LPs, technically speaking. The mass of the tone arms and the uncompliant styli (usually changeable steel needles) of the period mitigated against the development of a true LP.

This state of affairs had improved somewhat by 1937 as can be seen from that year's Allied Radio Spring-Summer catalogue (opposite), but the blunderbuss arms were still around—note the Webster models. On the same page Allied offered two Packard record changers that accommodated the long-playing records, but the cheaper model could change only 10-inch records; 12-inch discs had to be played manually.

Another page of the same Allied catalogue offered the latest equipment for the home recordist—to whom we owe preservation of many radio shows in the Goldin collection described in the article on page 59. Note that the Allied listings offer no frequency response specifications—even of the "professional" recording head—beyond 8,000 cps (8 kHz in today's terminology).

A 1936 PILOT All-Wave Radio
GLASS TUBES THROUGHOUT

Radio-Phonograph Combination

THE finest instrument for home musical entertainment is the Pilot all-wave radio-phonograph combination. At half what you paid for an old-fashioned mechanical phonograph, you can buy this complete Pilot instrument. The six tubes provide full volume for dancing from the Class A power pentode. . . . Special pilot tone control. . . . Automatic volume control. . . . receptacle for extra receiver. . . . All latest features in radio receiver. . . . Cabinet of matched veneers.



Model PK-43 150⁰⁰ for A.C.
Model PK-48 165⁰⁰ for D.C.
Equipped with 12.5 Studio type dynamic speaker
Tuning Range: 16-550 meters (18,000-545 kc.)

Power Pentode: Pilot engineers have designed the power pentode circuit to provide extra volume without permitting the speaker to be overloaded. Notice how clear and true Pilot sets sound when you turn up the volume for dancing.

A 1936 PILOT All-Wave Radio
GLASS TUBES THROUGHOUT

Model PK-114 395⁰⁰ for A.C.
Equipped with double, Resonance speakers
Tuning Range: 13-550 meters (12,000-545 kc.)



The Pilot Phoromatic

IN performance and appearance, this automatic phonograph and all-wave radio stands preeminent among all models. The special acoustic system, with the new high-fidelity records, actually re-creates the original orchestra and artists. . . . Changes 10 records automatically, either ten or twelve-in size. . . . Two-speed turn table, with reflector and Dragon type. . . . Radio is all-wave Super speaker type, with double, bi-acoustic speakers. . . . Cabinet of matched walnut veneers with marquetry inlay.

Pre-Selection: Many sets have pre-selection on one tuning band, but Pilot engineers have designed pre-selection for both broadcast and short-wave bands to increase amplification, reduce static, and to sharpen the tuning.

EXTRAVAGANT! SPECTACULAR! COLOSSAL!

Movie Musicals in the Thirties

by Miles Kreuger

WITH THE ELECTION of President Roosevelt in 1932, a wave of optimism spread across the Depression-weary country and, naturally, was reflected in Hollywood. As if a spell had been broken, the grimness and harsh, shadowy appearance of many of the 1931-32 pictures was replaced by a happier image of life. In this new mood the screen musical, which had temporarily lost public favor, was reborn. And Warner Bros., always the first studio to react to public sentiment, was the first to give birth.

The proud new baby was *42nd Street*, a backstage saga detailing with almost clinical accuracy how a Broadway musical comedy was produced during the Depression years: the financial backing by a gangster or a "sugar daddy" who is "interested in the career" of his little girl; the heart-of-gold dames of the chorus, tough little wisecracking hoofers from Tenth Avenue who are cast by the shapeliness of their limbs alone and not their ability to dance; and the naive plots of the stage shows themselves.

The enormous success of *42nd Street* convinced all the studios that the musical moratorium was over, and a flood of musicals struck America's screens in 1933. Because the studios used so many staff people, each began to evolve a certain sameness of style in its output. An astute moviegoer could quickly identify which studio had made a picture by its contract performers, production style, lighting, and other more intangible features that develop when a group of artists works together for some time. Thus the story of the musical after 1933 is not the story of directors, as current fashionable criticism dictates, but rather the individual style of

the studio, as determined by its stars, staff, choice of subject matter, and to a certain degree, its image of itself.



At Warners the image was strongly proletarian. This was the studio that aimed its films directly at the Depression audience. Stories about gangsters, political and economic injustice, riots, juvenile delinquency, and the dignity of hard

work were staples of production. The studio took its cue from the NRA and its inspiration from FDR.

It was Darryl F. Zanuck, then production head of Warners, who waived dance director Busby Berkeley away from Sam Goldwyn; and it was Berkeley whose distinctive musical numbers provided the Warners musicals with a flavor all their own.

Berkeley was less interested in pure choreography than in spinning little self-contained vignettes in song, dance, and abstract design. A typical number begins with the rising of a theater curtain on an elaborate but usually conventional stage setting. The singer (perhaps Dick Powell) introduces the motif of the entire production number with his opening song. *By a Waterfall* sets the stage for a giant aquacade; *Dames* leads into the daily routine of a chorus girl; *Remember My Forgotten Man* dramatizes how yesterday's war hero has become today's Depression victim; and *Honeymoon Hotel* is a saucy depiction of the nocturnal goings-on at a resort for newlyweds.

Upon completion of the vocal, the setting begins

to break away from the confines of a proscenium stage, and the viewer is guided through an expanding series of designs and forms often involving overhead shots of chorus girls positioned as so many wedges in a huge pie or as the decorative frosting on living Dresden china tableaux. The girls are treated as dehumanized forms that rarely dance in the conventional sense but amble anonymously up and down stairs or spread and close their legs while lying on their backs and smiling, all to the meter of Leo F. Forbstein's driving, no-nonsense Vitaphone orchestra. Berkeley's attempt to imbue his mannequins with a certain individuality by sweeping the camera past their makeup-caked faces only heightens their automaton character.

His numbers, often cyclic in construction, build to a vast climax and then return to an intimate, whimsical closing: the mechanical lovebirds in a tree (*By a Waterfall*), a snoring railroad porter who has fallen asleep while shining shoes (*Shuffle Off to Buffalo*), or the animated cartoon of a battleship sailing away (*Shanghai Lil*). These are delicate touches that somehow restore a sense of proportion to the viewer, as he is led from fantasy back to the main story line of the film.

These routines are often vulgar (the midget, Billy Barty, who slurps his tongue lasciviously as he leers up the skirts of chorus girls), hopelessly naive (the unintentionally obvious legs of stagehands scurrying around beneath the shells of white pianos in an intended dreamlike sequence), and marred by clumsy camera work, due to Berkeley's insistence

upon shooting his numbers in one take wherever possible. But these spectacles offered the developing musical film its very first purely cinematic style of dance. The routines, with their ever-changing angle and distance of vision, their variety of settings, trick photography, and quantity of performers can exist only in the medium of motion pictures.

The Warners stock company became the most familiar of any studio, with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler as the favored romantic team, Joan Blondell, Ginger Rogers, Una Merkel, Aline MacMahon, and Glenda Farrell as the tough-as-nails gold diggers, and Ned Sparks, Guy Kibbee, Louise Fazenda, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert, and Joseph Cawthorn as favorite clowns-in-residence. Although directed by Lloyd Bacon, Mervyn LeRoy, Ray Enright, Frank Borzage, Archie Mayo, and others, the Warners musicals got their identity from the stories-within-a-story by Berkeley and his colleague Bobby Connolly.

Berkeley's finest moment on film occurs in *Gold Diggers of 1935*. It is the cynical *Lullaby of Broadway* number, a model of orderly, cyclic construction. The vignette opens with the face of sultry Wini Shaw appearing in the distance as a tiny white dot against a black screen. As the camera dollies toward her, she sings the lullaby, her masklike face increasing in size until it fills the screen.

The camera swerves to look down at Wini's upturned face, which suddenly dissolves into an aerial view of midtown Manhattan. The camera descends on a street of tenements where everyone is rushing



Of the many fantastic vignettes created by Busby Berkeley for Warner Bros. musicals, the finest was the *Lullaby of Broadway* number in *Gold Diggers of 1935*. At the central point of the scene, Wini Shaw and Dick Powell (upper right on the balcony) watch the mounting frenzy in a surreal Manhattan nightclub before joining the dancing themselves.

off to work. Dick Powell and Wini drive up, dressed formally from the night before. She wearily climbs the stairs of her brownstone as neighbors tenderly wish her a "Good night, baby." In front of her door, a kitten tries to reach the milk in a bottle that has been left. Wini pours a little into a waiting dish and goes inside and to bed.

The clock on the neon sign outside her window indicates the passage of the day; soon it is dark and time to begin carousing again. She dresses and is picked up by Powell.

Next, they are seen in a vast ultramoderne nightclub, designed in tiers of platforms. As the only two patrons, they sit on the highest level, drinking and looking down on a battalion of dancers who swirl and cavort to the blare of muted brass. A pair of Latin adagio dancers enters, and the frenzy increases, catching Dick and Wini up in its passion. They are drawn hypnotically down from their perch and are swallowed up in the violent current of the dancers. Wini and Dick are separated, and she is forced farther and farther away from him, finally being hurled through tall French doors and over the high balcony beyond. She falls with a scream.

As the chorus continues to chant the lullaby in an eerie, hushed voice, we see the girl's empty room. Morning comes, but there is no one to pour milk for the kitten. Manhattan and its life continue. Once more we see the tenement street from above with people streaming to work. The camera pulls back until we see the original aerial view of Manhattan, which dissolves back into Wini's upturned face, lighted like a mask against the black screen. As she sings the last lines of the song, the mask grows smaller and smaller, until it is merely a white dot in a sea of black. The curtain falls.

The tawdry domestic world of Wini's walkup room with neon signs glaring outside her window contrasted with the glistening glamor of the nightclub, the cacophony of the street traffic contrasted with the relentless tap dancing of the giant chorus, the bluesy orchestra, and the spirit of revelry capture flawlessly the mood of New York in the mid-1930s. It is a glimpse of the urban Depression world; it is the quintessential vision of the Warner Bros. musical.

Berkeley's most creative period spanned only three years, during which time he staged the numbers for *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Gold Diggers of 1935*, *Footlight Parade*, *Wonder Bar*, *Dames*, and *In Caliente*. After this, his style became increasingly repetitious, dated, and curiously primitive in light of the continuing evolution of screen dance. In retrospect, however, his platoons of anonymous chorus girls with their pasted-on smiles and their geometric patterns seem an almost archetypal vision of the dehumanized, machine-obsessed world of the time.



Unlike Warners, when RKO returned to musicals in 1933, it chose to transport its audience into a make-believe world of smartness and sophistication, of white, glistening, spacious hotel rooms, mirrored dance floors in vast nightclubs, and sumptuous music. It was in the 1933 Christmas release of *Flying Down to Rio* that the studio first blended the talents of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. [See feature review, page 85].

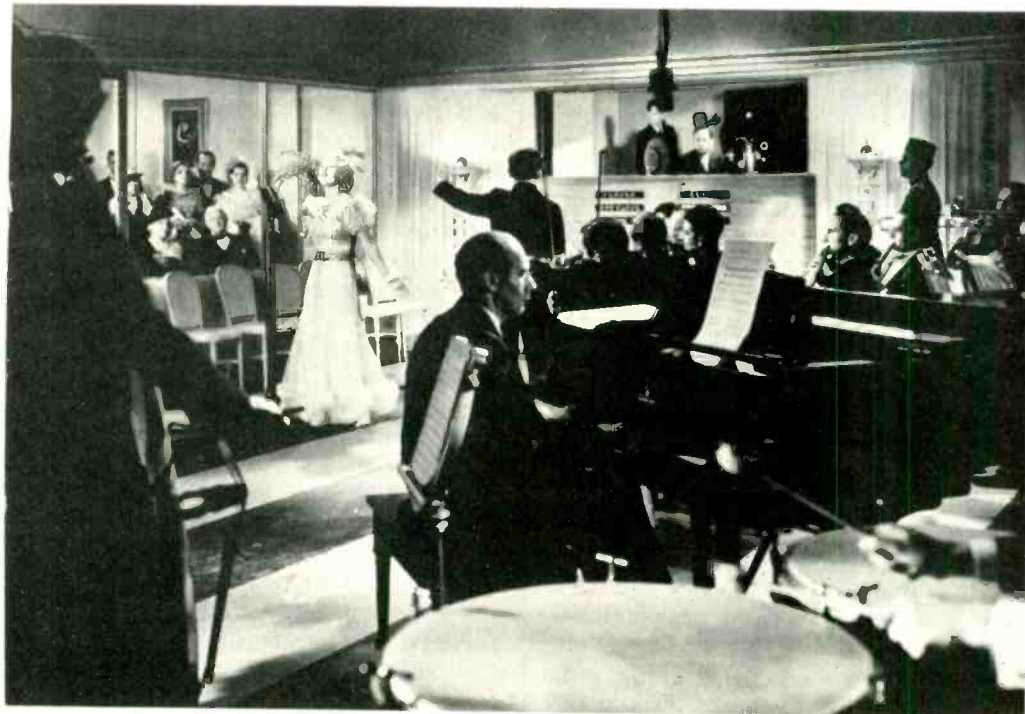
Lacking conventional Hollywood good looks, Astaire had seemed an unlikely candidate for screen stardom; and in her nineteen earlier films for Paramount, Warners, and other studios, Miss Rogers had failed to create the impact that marks a performer as unique. Together, however, they were more than a pair of good dancers: They became a unified whole, a flowing, graceful, stylish form that whirled and dipped and spun and tapped to the civilized music of Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, and others.

Eschewing the mammoth production numbers and overhead shots favored by Berkeley, Astaire and his frequent choreographer Hermes Pan kept the camera at eye level and concentrated increasingly on the beauty of the human body in motion.

In *Flying Down to Rio*, the team performs the intricate Latin rhythms of *Carioca*, the first of many Astaire-Rogers "exhibition" dances, routines performed in public for the entertainment of onlookers. Similarly staged numbers in later films include *The Continental*, *The Piccolino*, and *The Yam*. The title song of *Flying Down to Rio* is the first of a long string of brilliant Astaire tap solos.

Cole Porter's *Night and Day*, the only song retained from the stage version of *The Gay Divorcee*, is the earliest of the team's slow, romantic ballroom dances and perhaps the most important type of dance it would ever perform. There had been exhibition and tap dances in films before Astaire and Rogers, but in their romantic routines they demonstrated how through gesture and the interaction of bodies two lovers may express intense emotion at least as effectively as in dialogue, singing, or other dramatic devices. There had been some precedent in the silent dance films of Valentino and Mae Murray, but the blending of sight and sound heightened the emotions far beyond anything of its kind seen before.

In *Roberta*, *Top Hat*, *Follow the Fleet*, *Swing Time*, *Shall We Dance*, *Carefree*, and *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, the team continued till the end of the 1930s to serve a struggling nation as models of civility, good taste, and casual charm, while offering some of the most inventive and attractive dances ever preserved on film.



In 1934, Columbia Pictures found itself with an unexpected hit on its hands—*One Night of Love* starring the operatic soprano Grace Moore. It spurred a craze for movies featuring opera singers that lured some of the greatest names of the day to the silver screen.



In 1934, Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, invited opera star Grace Moore to return to motion pictures after her first unsuccessful try four years earlier at MGM. The studio fashioned a modest little programmer called *One Night*

of Love, in which the leading lady wins a radio contest and is sent to study opera in Europe, where she is swathed in luxury and marries her dashing impresario, Tullio Carminati.

Because grand opera has never had mass appeal in the United States, it is difficult to assess precisely why a film with an operatic theme should have suddenly captivated American audiences, but *One Night of Love* surprised even its producers by turning out to be one of the biggest hits of the year, perhaps as the embodiment of wish fulfillment.

Suddenly the craze for operatic movies was on. RKO signed Lily Pons; Paramount hired Gladys Swarthout, Kirsten Flagstad, Jan Kiepura, and Mary Ellis; Fox brought back Lawrence Tibbett and Nino Martini, who had made pictures earlier, and introduced Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink; and Goldwyn gave us brief glimpses of Helen Jepson and Charles Kullman. After a flurry of guest appearances and of vacuous stories about fishermen or scullery maids who curiously have been harboring voices that can shatter glass, the trend died out in 1938 almost as abruptly as it had begun a mere four years earlier.



Two studios, Fox and Universal, entirely altered the look and feel of their musical output in the middle of the decade because of changes in administration. In 1929, a group of bankers had taken control of the William Fox studios,

ousted its founder, and allowed production supervisor Winfield Sheehan to continue in that capacity. The Sheehan musicals defy easy categorizing, for they embrace a wide scope of themes and production styles. Quite astoundingly, of the nearly twenty Fox musicals produced until mid-1935, all but two were directed by different directors.

There were maudlin romances-with-song starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell like *High Society Blues* and *Delicious*; wildly fantastic science fiction pictures like *Just Imagine* and *It's Great To Be Alive*; European-style operettas like *Music in the Air* and *Adorable*; a gossamer tale of puppets starring Lilian Harvey, *I Am Suzanne*; a Depression caricature, *Stand Up and Cheer*, which served to showcase the gifted six-year-old Shirley Temple; and the studio's sole conventional backstager, *George White's Scandals*, which introduced Alice Faye and featured Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, and Cliff Edwards.

Late in 1935, production at Fox was taken over by Zanuck, who immediately made over the image of the musical. After leaving Warners in 1933, Zanuck had formed his own studio, Twentieth Cen-



Gracious Alice Faye (here with Tony Martin in *You Can't Have Everything*) was the queen of song in Fox musicals.

tury, which released through United Artists. The amalgamation formed Twentieth Century-Fox.

Under Zanuck, the Fox musical became a crisply paced vision of the modern world, brightly lighted, with optimistic, up-tempo songs and graceful ballads, minimal plot conflict, and a haven for guest specialists like the dancing Nicholas and Condos brothers, bespectacled singing tots the Brian Sisters, the hefty, swinging Peters Sisters, Louis Prima and his trumpet, and the Raymond Scott Quintette.

The studio's queen of song was the gracious blonde Alice Faye, who melted hearts when she warbled *There's a Lull in My Life*, *You Turned the Tables on Me*, *You Can't Have Everything*, *This Year's Kisses*, *Goodnight, My Love*, *I'm Shooting High*, and *Wake Up and Live* from her repertoire of now-classic standards. Her leading men varied from Don Ameche to Jack Haley to John Payne, but Alice's films were always her own.

The biggest musical money-maker for Fox was the curly-headed moppet, Shirley Temple, who had made her screen debut in 1932 at the age of four in the one-reel *Baby Burlesk* series, later played bits at Paramount and Fox, and finally made a hit in a small role in *Stand Up and Cheer*, in which James Dunn sings as she dances *Baby, Take a Bow*.

Despite stiff competition from the Canadian Dionne quintuplets, Shirley became the child of the decade; and seen today, her superb tap dancing, emoting, and wise showmanship demonstrate that her success was not just the result of canny publicity. Fox shrewdly alternated her musicals with dramas in order to provide variety. Unfortunately, a pretentious Technicolor version of *The Bluebird*, Fox's hastily produced answer to MGM's *The Wizard of Oz*, and a few other second-rate films crippled her career in 1939, by which time she had reached the ripe old age of eleven.

Other Fox musical headliners in the late 1930s included the Ritz Brothers, Sonja Henie, Ethel Merman, George Murphy, Tony Martin, Ben Bernie and His Orchestra, Jack Oakie, and Al Jolson.



Under the production direction of Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal entered the sound era with a strong European flavor. Artistic and moody photography, bizarre settings, and intense romanticism had reached a peak in its horror cycle, beginning

with *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* in 1931.

On the surface, the studio's first postmortatorium musical, *Moonlight and Pretzels*, is a routine story of a songwriter whose sudden rise to fame swells his head. But under the direction of former German cameraman Karl Freund, Broadway is depicted as a shadowy, frayed underworld populated by self-seeking businessmen, seedy gamblers, and ego-maniacs. In Bobby Connolly's dance scenes, the camera lingers almost fetishistically on the lingerie of the chorus girls in their particularly suggestive poses.

While Freund's direction imparts an air of decadence that the story line alone hardly suggests, it is in the use of guest stars in musical numbers that Universal set a pattern it was to continue for two more years in *Gift of Gab*, *Myrt and Marge*, and *Sweet Surrender*. Universal also gave Russ Columbo his only leading role, in *Wake Up and Dream*, released in 1934 after the young crooner's death.

Although never noted for its musicals, the studio in 1936 produced one of the most elegant and sensitively photographed musicals of the decade, a remake of Kern and Hammerstein's *Show Boat* with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones. With Universal's master of horror James Whale as director, this second film version (the first, a part-talkie in 1929, starred Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut) preserves the legendary performances of Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan from the original 1927 stage cast and Paul Robeson of the 1928 London production.

When East Coast bankers foreclosed the mortgage that the Laemmles held on the studio and took control, the entire creative staff was reorga-



Though not noted for musicals, Universal made one of decade's best—Helen Morgan and Irene Dunne in *Show Boat*.

nized. The company's new, sunny, innocent product was aimed directly at a middle American audience with the kind of brainless, instant-identification one associates with today's television situation comedies. From the brooding brilliance and murky shadows of the horror films emerged the apple-pie soprano of youthful Deanna Durbin, whose homespun vehicles were fashioned by producer Joe Pasternak. Miss Durbin's amazing popularity sparked the brief screen careers of other singing children, including Bobby Breen, Betty Jaynes, Linda Ware, and Gloria Warren.



In 1929, Paramount's *The Love Parade*, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, had demonstrated that the new medium of the screen musical was capable of achieving unimagined heights of subtle, satiric wit, largely in pure cinematic terms. Although other studios had acceded to the public's growing hostility toward musicals during 1930 and stopped producing them altogether, Paramount used the moratorium years to raise the form to a level of artistry that has never been surpassed. Lubitsch's *Monte Carlo* (1930), *The Smiling Lieutenant* (1931), and *One Hour with You* (codirected by George Cukor) and Rouben Mamoulian's *Love Me Tonight* (both 1932) are easily among the most civilized, witty, and brilliant musicals ever made.

With the absence of competition, Paramount had been able to lavish unusual care in the preparation and execution of these pictures. But in 1933, with the industry beginning to grind out musicals on an assembly-line basis, Paramount's ideal of pure artistry was exchanged for an efficient, well-oiled production mechanism. From 1933 until the end of the decade, the company produced far more musicals than any other studio, and more than half of its features were either full-fledged musicals or dramas and comedies containing several songs.

The widely varied roster included rowdy campus capers (*College Humor*, *Collegiate*, *College Holiday*, *College Swing*), all-star potpourris (*The Broadcast of 1936*, *Artists and Models*, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*), frothy romances for continental stars (*A Bedtime Story*, *The Way To Love*, *Paris in Spring*), operettas (*All the King's Horses*, *Rose of the Rancho*, *Give Us This Night*, *High, Wide, and Handsome*, *The Great Victor Herbert*), farces (*International House*, *Duck Soup*, *Shoot the Works*, *Blossoms on Broadway*, *Artists and Models Abroad*), Broadway shows (*She Loves Me Not*, *Anything Goes*), backstageers (*Too Much Harmony*, *Murder at the Vanities*), and personality vehicles built around such contract headliners as Bing Crosby, Mae West, Maurice Chevalier, and Bob Hope. Paramount produced no fewer than a dozen musicals in 1933 alone, and even more the following year, a

feat that was accomplished with little apparent loss in quality.



Broadway shows like *Anything Goes* starring Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman were among Paramount's musical flood.

Arthur Johnston and Sam Coslow, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel (before they went to Fox), Lewis Gensler and Harlan Thompson, Frederick Hollander, and later Hoagy Carmichael and Frank Loesser, James Monaco and Johnny Burke, and Burton Lane and Ralph Freed formed a skillful stable of Paramount songwriters whose percentage of hits, considering their monumental output, remained impressively high.



Under the production supervision of Louis B. Mayer, MGM attained a justified reputation for glorification of stars, sumptuous settings and costumes, and an image as the royal studio of Hollywood. Basically, its musical output fell

into two categories: opulently mounted operettas usually set in the past, and briskly modern stories often with a show-business background. By and large, W. S. Van Dyke II and Robert Z. Leonard directed the former and Roy del Ruth the latter. Comedy was served up by the Marx Bros. and Laurel and Hardy.

With its return to musicals in 1933, the studio offered its own deluxe answer to *42nd Street* by producing the backstage *Dancing Lady* with a cast boasting Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Robert Benchley, Ted Healy and His Three Stooges, crooner Arthur Jarrett, Nelson Eddy, and, in his screen debut, Fred Astaire.

When Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald costarred in Ernst Lubitsch's *The Merry Widow* in 1934, the pattern of producing exquisitely appointed operettas was established. In 1935, MGM raised Eddy, its bit player and former concert singer, to star billing and teamed him with Miss MacDonald. Together they appear in eight oper-



MGM musicals gave America Judy Garland—here in *Broadway Melody of 1936* with Buddy Ebsen, better known today from television's "Beverly Hillbillies" and "Barnaby Jones"—and a string of eight operettas with Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald (this one is *Bitter Sweet*).

ettas that have remained among the most beloved films: Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta* (1935), Rudolf Friml's *Rose Marie* (1936), Sigmund Romberg's *Maytime* (1937) and *The Girl of the Golden West* (1938), Herbert's *Sweethearts* (1938—MGM's first feature shot entirely in three-strip Technicolor), Romberg's *New Moon* (1940), Noël Coward's *Bitter Sweet* (1940—also in color), and Rodgers and Hart's *I Married an Angel* (1942). MacDonald without Eddy is seen in *San Francisco*, *The Firefly* with Allan Jones, and *Broadway Serenade*. Eddy without MacDonald appears in *Rosalie* with Eleanor Powell, *Balalaika*, and *Let Freedom Ring*.

Other MGM operettas include Kern's *The Cat and the Fiddle* with Ramon Novarro and Miss MacDonald (her first for the studio), Romberg's *The Night Is Young* with Novarro and Evelyn Laye, and Strauss's *The Great Waltz*.

The best of the modern musicals star Eleanor Powell, and her best are her first MGM vehicles, Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown's *Broadway Melody of 1936* and Cole Porter's *Born To Dance*. Strong supporting casts, clever dialogue, and superior songs and production numbers helped to turn these films into two of the decade's most sparkling depictions of urban life, not the breadline-tenement vision of Warners, but the smart night spots, the penthouses, exciting opening nights, and clever conversation that were also very much a part of New York life for the privileged few.

In 1935, MGM signed a thirteen-year-old girl named Judy Garland, who had made her screen debut six years earlier in a spate of long-forgotten short subjects and spent the intervening years touring the country with her two older sisters. Except

for two shorts, Judy made no appearances for MGM for two years. In 1937, she was added to the all-star cast of *Broadway Melody of 1938*. Among her few songs in that picture was *Dear Mr. Gable*, which the little heartbreaker sings longingly to a photo of the studio's "king." Despite her obvious gifts and the popularity of that song and others she performed on radio, she was shunted about from one minor film to another until late 1938, when she was cast as Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* as a replacement for Shirley Temple, whom Fox refused to loan out.

It was this Technicolor spectacle that brought to a climax the art of the musical film in the decade. A superb blending of cast, score, physical mounting, characterization, and technical magic fuse flawlessly in a masterpiece of charm that has continued to delight audiences in its annual showings on television. Ray Bolger's Scarecrow, Jack Haley's Tin Woodsman, Bert Lahr's Cowardly Lion, Frank Morgan's Wizard, and Billie Burke and Margaret Hamilton as the good and evil witches are deeply etched into the sensibilities of all Americans with an affection rarely accorded film characterizations.

With the nation heading irreversibly toward the horror of war and the inevitable maturing and cynicism that war breeds, the innocent optimism and romantic escapism of the 1930s musicals was soon to become a thing of the past. The wildly improbable plots, gilded operetta settings and artificial situations, and extravagant stylization that are so appealing in musicals of the 1930s were soon to be replaced by logical stories with tightly integrated scores: Tap dancing was succeeded by ballet, and outrageous indulgence in style gave way to sober common sense. That is the price of growing up. ■

How Clear Is Your Nostalgia?

Here's a way to make all that trivia about the Thirties you've been carrying around in your head pay off. The first ten persons to answer correctly the following questions (all relating to music or audio in the decade before World War II) will win a free year's subscription to HIGH FIDELITY and MUSICAL AMERICA (or a free year's extension to current subscription). Send your answers to HIGH FIDELITY, Dept. PMM, State Road, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230. Answers next month.

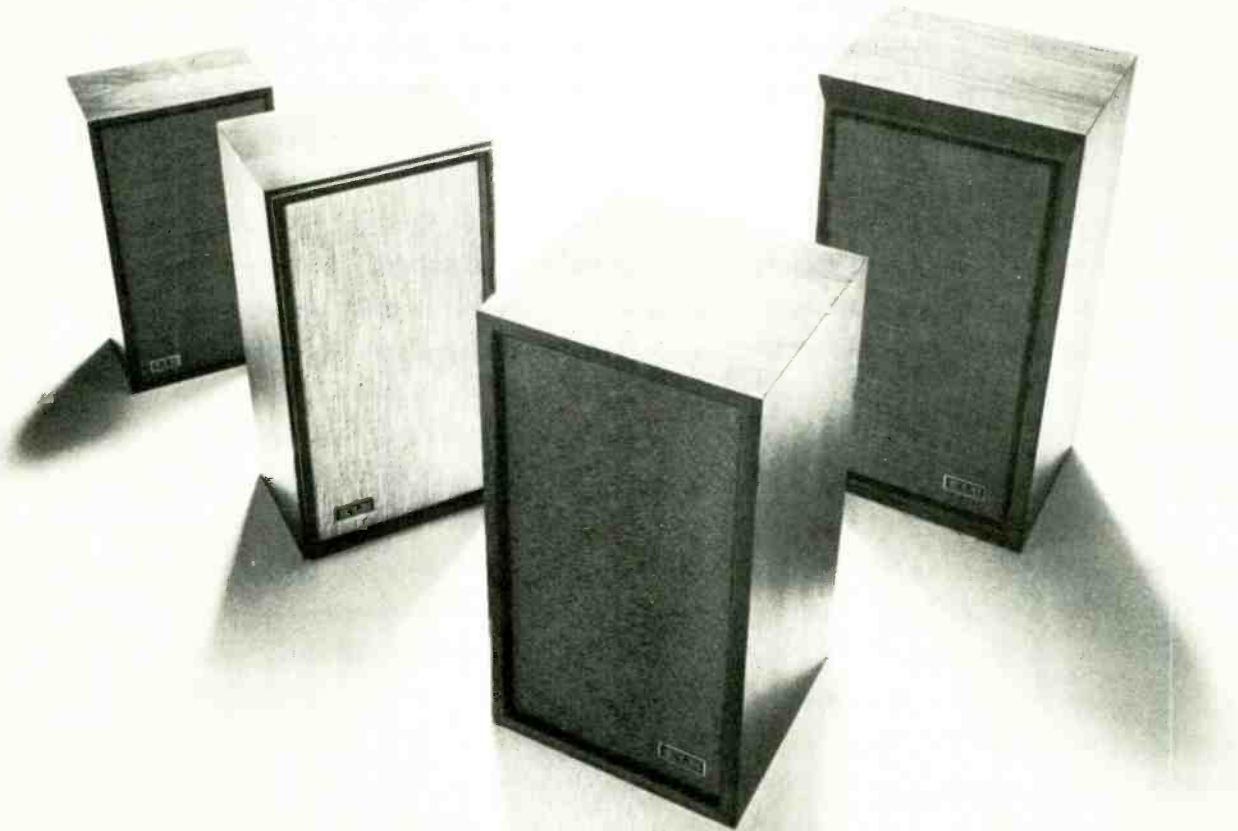
1. What was known as "the Ameche," and why?
2. Mickey Rooney played him as a boy, Spencer Tracy as a man. Name the movies.
3. What did Rubinoff and Evelyn have in common, besides being known by just one name, and where did they do their thing?
4. A nine-year-old boy conducted the NBC Symphony at the 1939-40 New York World's Fair. Who was he, and what is he doing now?
5. The tenor who introduced Gershwin's *Love Walked In* was a "regular" on a weekly radio show. Name the tenor, the star of the show, and the star's invariable opening line.
6. A World War II antitank weapon was named for this musical instrument. What was it, and who played it?
7. The female singer of the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street later gained greater national fame as a regular on the Eddie Cantor Show. Who was she?
8. Who were the two female leads in the original production of Gershwin's *Girl Crazy*?
9. Victor Mature and Gertrude Lawrence combined their talents in the show that brought Danny Kaye to Broadway. The book was by Moss Hart, the music by Kurt Weill, and the lyrics by Ira Gershwin. What was it?
10. Two show-stoppers in this Jerome Kern musical were *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* and the hitherto unknown Bob Hope. What show?
11. Match the following radio programs with the music associated with them:

"Lone Ranger"	<i>Rose of Tralee</i> (Glover)
"I Love a Mystery"	Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1
"Stella Dallas"	<i>Night on Bald Mountain</i> (Mussorgsky)
"Sgt. Preston of the Yukon"	<i>Scottish Fantasia</i> (Bruch)
"Green Hornet"	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> (Tchaikovsky)
"Bell Telephone Hour"	<i>Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life</i> (Herbert)
"Lux Radio Theater"	<i>Les Preludes</i> (Liszt)
"The Shadow"	<i>If I Could Tell You</i>
"Mercury Theater"	<i>Funiculi, Funiculà</i> (Denza)
"Longines Symphonette"	<i>Omphale's Spinning Wheel</i> (Saint-Saëns)
"Escape"	<i>Valse Bluettes</i> (Drigo)
"The Big Story"	<i>Ein Heldenleben</i> (Richard Strauss)
"Sherlock Holmes"	<i>Donna Diana: Overture</i> (Reznicek)
"Lorenzo Jones"	<i>Moonlight Sonata</i> (Beethoven)
"Bachelor's Children"	<i>Flight of the Bumblebee</i> (Rimsky-Korsakov)
"Big Sister"	<i>Valse Triste</i> (Sibelius)

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CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Record Reissues Is the Moving Force Nostalgia or Art?

The classics — The interpretations of great classical artists
(plus the economics of making new records) are timeless.

by Peter G. Davis

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1929, a small group of musicians, Dr. Eugene Ormandy's Salon Orchestra by name, entered the studios of Columbia Records. The fruits of their labors currently repose in Columbia's Pitman, New Jersey, warehouse, and we are unlikely to hear them again. This modest little band, after all, was hardly inscribing music for the ages. *Dance Away the Night, Go to Bed, The Verdict Is Life* are among the titles, and Columbia's files do not even bother to list the composers. Somehow the twilight, there's-no-tomorrow aura was a singularly appropriate harbinger of things to come in the record industry.

After October 29, 1929, the phonograph's fortunes spiraled downward in spectacular fashion, and in America at least, it did not take very long for records to hit rock bottom with a resounding thud. Statistics tell us that six million discs were sold in 1932 as opposed to one hundred million in 1927. In fact, the Thirties and Forties as a whole were trying times for the industry. No sooner had recorded music struggled out of the trough of the Depression to become a going concern again than World War II broke out, a setback compounded by the two-year ban on recording decreed in 1942 by James C. Petrillo, leader of the American Federation of Musicians.

Toward the end of the period the path to prosperity, sparked by the introduction of the LP in 1948 and boosted by stereo a decade later, rolled forward again. But back in 1930 classical recording had virtually ceased in the United States, and only popular dance bands performed in front of studio microphones. RCA and Columbia were pressing a few shellac albums from metal parts supplied by their European sister companies in order to satisfy the tiny classical market; the little group of collectors on this side of the Atlantic who could scrape together the necessary cash invested in costly imports. Caught between the Depression on one side

and the rise of radio broadcasting on the other, the phonograph gave every indication of heading for extinction.

Europe felt the pinch too, although the major companies didn't retreat to the degree that their American colleagues did; Europeans have never espoused the incredible new-world notion that art should be not only a self-sufficient commodity but a profit-making one as well. There are numerous important European recordings from the Thirties. Most of the era's significant names left a legacy of high artistic value, the recorded repertoire was expanded in all directions, and a big slice of this largesse is readily available on LP reissues.

Perhaps the most ingenious method devised to make prestigious classical records during these troubled times was the "Society" idea, the inspiration of a young producer at HMV in London named Walter Legge. His plan entailed a series of major recordings devoted to the music of individual composers utilizing artists of the front rank. Monetary pledges from subscribers would guarantee sufficient sales to offset the cost of making the discs. Legge's prescience paid off: Society records were a great success from the start and still stand as one of the phonograph's most distinguished contributions to music.

The first Society issue was devoted to the songs of Hugo Wolf. Between 1931 and 1936, 120 Wolf songs were recorded by such classic interpreters as Elena Gerhardt, Gerhard Hüsch, Alexander Kipnis, Elisabeth Rethberg, and Tiana Lemnitz. Next came Artur Schnabel's immortal tour through Beethoven's piano music and three complete Mozart operas from Glyndebourne conducted by Fritz Busch. By the end of the Thirties the Society principle had produced such cornerstones as the Bach performances by Casals, Fischer, Landowska, and Schweitzer, the Pro Arte's Haydn quartet series, and Beecham's Delius recordings; support was

even found to finance recordings of the songs of Finnish composer Yrjö Kilpinen. And although they were not strictly Society issues, such projects as the 1933 abridged *Rosenkavalier* with Lehmann and Schumann, Telefunken's 1936 Bayreuth recordings, and the Anthologie Sonore's exploration of music from the Middle Ages were undoubtedly encouraged by the success of the idea.

Back in the United States, the phonograph's prospects began to brighten a bit during the mid-Thirties. Radio, it seemed, had been a bogus threat, much as television was to films in the Fifties. The two media actually fulfilled quite different and, in a way, complementary purposes—radio became a source of transitory entertainment and information, while the phonograph was gradually being accepted as a permanent diary of artistic accomplishment to be experienced again and again. Radio even helped to advertise records, a function it still serves today.

Perhaps the single most important event to reactivate the classical disc was Arturo Toscanini's reappearance before RCA's microphones in 1936 to record Beethoven's Seventh, two Rossini overtures, some Wagner excerpts, and the Brahms *Haydn* Variations with the New York Philharmonic. Sales of these sets exceeded RCA's wildest dreams, and the Beethoven symphony is still to be had on Victrola 1502. Although Toscanini may not be said to have set an entire industry into motion as Caruso did a generation earlier, in terms of morale-building and market-indicating the effect of these exceptionally well-engineered and artistically incomparable discs was nothing short of miraculous.

Of course the classical record could never recapture the supremacy it held before World War I. The big sales were in the pop field, as has been the case right up to the present. The kingpin of the Thirties and Forties was the jukebox, which quickly became a standard accessory in every bar, candy store, and soda fountain throughout the country. For a nickel, any dating couple could top off an evening at the local bijou by hearing the latest hits of Bing Crosby, Deanna Durbin, the Ink Spots, the Mills Brothers, Benny Goodman, Frances Langford, Connie Boswell, and a host of other stars from this era. The jukebox (which may or may not be a corruption of the Nigerian Bambarra word *dzugu*, meaning wicked) was, along with the radio, a shot in the arm for recorded music. What people heard over a lime phosphate or on the airwaves at night, they went out and purchased the following morning.

By the time this country was brought into the war on December 7, 1941, the record industry was booming. Columbia was seriously challenging RCA's lead in the classical arena for the first time in forty years by signing up the New York Philharmonic, Cleveland Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, and Minneapolis Symphony; before the decade was over nearly all the major orchestras in the

country were making records. In the pop field Decca had become the number three company, giving RCA and Columbia a serious run for their money. Competition was keen, the climate healthy, but war was war—shellac became scarce and everything was thrown behind the war effort. And Petrillo added the *coup de grace*.

The recording ban was lifted in 1944 and, with the war nearly over, business picked up right where it had left off. Decca recorded *Oklahoma!* and made a fortune, Columbia began its long association with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphians, and RCA was busily building up its huge Toscanini collection. Columbia even decided it was high time to re-enter a field it had long avoided: opera. Thus began the Metropolitan Opera series, ten complete performances plus numerous recital discs from Met stars of the Forties, most of which is currently being reissued on Odyssey.

Naturally it took longer for Europe's recording activities to reach the pre-war peak, but the wheels were moving vigorously. English Decca introduced its "ffrr" (full frequency range recording) process in 1946, Deutsche Grammophon was taking full advantage of Germany's development of magnetic tape recording during the war, Cetra in Italy had started its extensive series of opera recordings, and the EMI combine based in London rapidly expanded throughout the world. The stage was set for the LP and general prosperity.

When one surveys the amount of music recorded during those two decades, it is astonishing to find how much of the cream has been issued for today's record buyers. Nostalgia plays a relatively small part in the revival. For one thing, the interpretations of great musicians are necessarily of a timeless nature and only peripherally concerned with the era in which they were made—we want to hear re-creative genius again precisely because it is not bound by time and place. On the record companies' part, one major reason for reissuing all of this material is economics: It's obviously cheaper to put an old recording back into circulation than to make a new one, especially if a new generation seems eager to savor a legendary performance. So in this respect the current high cost of recording has its bright side—we might not otherwise be witnessing such a flood of great recordings from the past.

The following selective survey can give only an indication of what is available, particularly in the proliferating area of historic vocal reissues.

Opera

Recording complete operas did not really become viable until the LP era, but there are a surprising number of full-length sets dating from the Thirties and Forties. Regrettably, most of them are not well cast and many of the decades' most distinguished

OPERA

THE MOZART SOCIETY.

- Le Nozze di Figaro. Mildmay, Helletsgrüber, Rautawaara, Domgraf-Fassbaender, Henderson; Busch, cond. Turnabout TV 4114/6 (1934).
 Così fan tutte. Souez, Helletsgrüber, Eisinger, Nash, Domgraf-Fassbaender, Brownlee; Busch, cond. Turnabout TV 4120/2 (1935).
 Don Giovanni. Souez, Helletsgrüber, Mildmay, Pataky, Brownlee, Baccaloni; Busch, cond. Turnabout TV 4117/9 (1936).
 Die Zauberflöte. Lemnitz, Berger, Roswaenge, Hüscher, Strienz; Beecham, cond. Turnabout TV 4113/5 (1937).

THE GIGLI OPERAS.

- Pagliacci. Pacetti, Basiola; Ghione, cond. Seraphim IB 6009 (1934).
 La Bohème. Albanese, Menotti, Poli; Berrettoni, cond. Seraphim IB 6038 (1938).
 Tosca. Caniglia, Borgioli; De Fabritiis, cond. Seraphim IB 6027 (1938).
 Madama Butterfly. Dal Monte, Basiola; De Fabritiis, cond. Seraphim IB 6059 (1939).
 Cavalleria rusticana. Bruna Rasa, Bechi; Mascagni, cond. Seraphim IB 6008 (1940).
 Andrea Chénier. Caniglia, Bechi; De Fabritiis, cond. Seraphim IB 6019 (1941).
 Un Ballo in maschera. Caniglia, Bechi; Serafin, cond. Seraphim IB 6026 (1943).
 Aida. Caniglia, Stignani, Bechi, Pasero; Serafin, cond. Seraphim IC 6016 (1946).

THE TOSCANINI OPERAS.

- Fidelio. Bampton, Steber, Pearce. RCA LM 6025 (1944). La Traviata. Albanese, Pearce, Merrill. RCA LM 6003 (1946).
 La Bohème. Albanese, Pearce, Victrola VICS 6019 (1946; rechanneled).
 Otello. Nelli, Vinay, Valdengo. RCA LM 6107 (1947).
 Aida. Nelli, Gustavson, Tucker. Victrola VICS 6113 (1949; rechanneled).
 Falstaff. Nelli, Stich-Randall, Valdengo. RCA LM 6111 (1950).
 Un Ballo in maschera. Nelli, Pearce, Merrill. RCA LM 6112 (1954).

THE METROPOLITAN OPERAS.

- Carmen: excerpts. Stevens, Jobin; Pelletier, cond. Odyssey Y 32102 (1945-46).
 La Bohème. Sayão, Benzell, Tucker; Antonicelli, cond. Odyssey Y2 32364 (1947).
 Hansel and Gretel. Conner, Stevens; Rudolf, cond. Odyssey Y2 32546 (1947).
 Madama Butterfly. Steber, Tucker; Rudolf, cond. Odyssey Y3 32107 (1949).
 Faust. Steber, Conley, Siepi; Cleva, cond. Odyssey Y3 32103 (1951).
 Lucia di Lammermoor. Pons, Tucker; Cleva, cond. Odyssey Y2 32361 (1954).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Der Rosenkavalier (abridged). Lehmann, Schumann, Olszewska, Mayr; Heger, cond. Seraphim IC 6041 (1933).
 Die Walküre: Act I. Lehmann, Melchior, List; Walter, cond. Seraphim 60190 (1935).
 Die Walküre: Act III. Traubel, Janssen; Rodzinski, cond. Odyssey 32 26 0018 (1945; rechanneled).



Beniamino Gigli (left) and the Metropolitan Opera Chorus in *Cavalleria Rusticana*—one of eight operas the tenor recorded that have been reissued on Seraphim.

singers were never invited to record a complete role. Opera buffs must turn to the pirate underground for Melchior's *Tristan*, Rethberg's *Aida*, Lehmann's *Fidelio*, Pinza's *Don Giovanni*, Martinelli's *Otello*, Kipnis' *Sarastro*—all these artists surely would record these parts in the studio were they active today.

The bulk of complete-opera recording was being done in Italy, where HMV and Columbia turned out full-length versions of the warhorses at an alarming rate, duplicating the popular Italian repertoire and often with execrable casts. Occasionally a great singer like Bruna Rasa, Stracciari, Granforte, Melis, Pampanini, Schipa, or De Angelis would show up in the cast, but on the whole such horrors as *Cavalleria* with Delia Sanzio and Giovanni Breviario were the all-too-typical norm. Italian Odeon has dubbed a few of the better complete operas on LP, but in fake stereo. Probably the best of the lot were the eight operas in which Beniamino Gigli participated—all of them are now on Seraphim. These were made between 1934 and 1946 when Gigli was not always in freshest vocal estate, but they give a good sampling of his honeyed tenor and generous temperament, and the supporting casts are at least adequate.

The Mozart Society operas (1934-37), already mentioned, proved to be England's principal contribution until after the war. Although they may lack the stylistic niceties that we now require in Mozart opera—appoggiaturas and the like—it is the conducting of Fritz Busch (and Sir Thomas Beecham in *Die Zauberflöte*) that provides the prime attraction. Busch's refined musicianship can often permit us to overlook such inferior Glyndebourne favorites as Audrey Mildmay and Roy Henderson—nor have I found much to enjoy in John Brownlee's paper-dry *Giovanni*. Still, there is plenty of good singing from Ina Souez, Kolomon von Pataky, Luise Helletsgrüber, and Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender. Perhaps more important, one experiences a sense of a real event, an ensemble effort by a group of artists giving an integrated performance, rather than the thrown together, ad hoc flavor that permeates too many of today's all-star opera recordings.

France managed to produce a handful of operas during these years, most notably the *Werther* and *Louise* (abridged) with Ninon Vallin and Georges Thill. These two recordings provide rare contacts with genuine French operatic style within the context of a complete performance. Another important set, not readily available, alas, is the exquisite Desormière *Pelleas*, which was recorded in wartime Paris with the Nazi army literally at the gates.

Germany, of course, had other things on its mind during the Thirties and Forties, although its radio stations taped a number of complete operas. Urania circulated a few of them here in the Fifties (*Martha* with Berger and Anders; *Der Corregidor* with Fuchs and Erb; *Macbeth* with Höngen and Ahlersmeyer; *The Taming of the Shrew* with Teschemacher and Frick), and BASF may well bring us others in due time. Preiser has already unveiled a 1942 Berlin *Lohengrin* with Müller and Völker (not really representative of their best work), a 1938 *Figaro* with Cebotari, Teschemacher, and Schoeffler, and a 1938 Verdi Requiem (Teschemacher, Willer, Roswaenge, and Hann).

Full-length opera recording in the United States had to wait until after the war—neither Columbia nor RCA felt moved to finance a costly complete performance in the depressing Thirties. When the ball began to roll it was, oddly enough, in Columbia's court rather than the traditionally operaminded RCA. Perhaps one had to be there to appreciate Columbia's Met operas—the late Forties and early Fifties were not the most glamorous for the company, and the ten operas are sometimes a painful reminder of the fact. Of the five sets reissued to date on Odyssey, the best is unquestionably *Madama Butterfly*, mainly because of the soaring, fresh soprano of Eleanor Steber. Here, however, is a case where nostalgia helps—one goes over the details of Eugene Conley's Faust in much the same spirit as one recalls an appendix operation.

Singers

By far the majority of today's reissues are of opera singers rather than instrumentalists, and the reason is not difficult to fathom. The immediate personality of the human voice has always exercised a more general appeal than the more subtle distinctions to be found among pianists, violinists, and conductors. And the choice, not only from the years considered here, is huge. When one takes into account the semi-legit labels specializing in this field (Preiser, OASI, Rubini, Rococo, Club 99) and adds them to the "approved" redubbings from EMI, RCA, and CBS, the total is staggering—the vocal collector cannot possibly keep up with it all.

Comparatively little of this bounty originated in this country, and very few Met singers were given the opportunity to record during the Thirties. The

SINGERS

Salvatore Baccaloni. Odyssey Y 31736.
 Jussi Bjoerling. Seraphim 60168.
 Richard Crooks. Victrola VIC 1464.
 Kirsten Flagstad. RCA LM 2618; RCA LM 2763; Seraphim 60003; Seraphim 60046; Seraphim 60082; Victrola VIC 1517.
 Beniamino Gigli. RCA LM 2826; Seraphim 60036; Seraphim 60054; Seraphim 60182.
 Alexander Kipnis. Columbia M 30405; Seraphim 60076; Seraphim 60124; Seraphim 60163; Victrola VIC 1396; Victrola VIC 1434.
 Dorothy Kirsten. Odyssey Y 31737; Victrola VIC 1552.
 Lotte Lehmann. Odyssey 32 16 0179; Odyssey 32 16 0315; Seraphim 60060; Victrola VIC 1320.
 Giovanni Martinelli. Victrola VIC 1365.
 Lauritz Melchior. Odyssey 32 16 0145; Odyssey Y 31740; RCA LM 2618; RCA LM 2763; Seraphim IB 6086; Victrola VIC 1316; Victrola VIC 1369; Victrola VIC 1500.
 Jan Peerce. Victrola VIC 1553.
 Ezio Pinza. Odyssey 32 16 0035; Odyssey Y 31148; Victrola VIC 1418; Victrola VIC 1470.
 Lily Pons. Odyssey 32 16 0270; Odyssey Y 31152; Victrola VIC 1473.
 Elisabeth Rethberg. Victrola VIC 1683.
 Bidú Sayão. Odyssey 32 16 0377; Odyssey Y 31151.
 Aksel Schiøtz. Seraphim 60112; Seraphim 60140.
 Risé Stevens. Odyssey Y 31738.
 Gladys Swarthout. Victrola VIC 1490.
 Lawrence Tibbett. Victrola VIC 1340; Victrola VIC 1365.
 Helen Traubel. Odyssey 32 16 0145; Odyssey Y 31735; Victrola VIC 1316; Victrola VIC 1369.
 Leonard Warren. RCA LM 1168; Victrola VIC 1595.

following decade, though, is well documented, and we have recital discs by most of the favorites: Warren, Peerce, Kirsten, Melchior, Swarthout, Pons, Pinza, Traubel, Sayão, Steber, Stevens, and Baccaloni. One interesting sidelight about these singers is that most of them appeared in films, bringing a touch of operatic glamor to many people who never heard an opera in the house or over the air. When Hollywood stopped grinding out those lavish Technicolor musical extravaganzas during the Fifties, opera singers were no longer needed in the fleshpots—or perhaps Rudolf Bing discouraged the trend by firing Robert Merrill when he went AWOL to make *Aaron Slick of Pumpkin Crick* in 1951.

For those of us who grew up in the late Johnson era at the Met these singers will always bring a twinge of nostalgia, even though it is hardly possible to speak of this period as a great age of vocalism. It certainly was not the "Fabulous Forties," as Odyssey labels its omnibus survey of operatic stars recorded by Columbia during the war years. In lieu of the great European singers who were prevented by the war from either continuing their American careers (Flagstad) or from appearing here at all (Lemnitz), these stalwarts did a job that needed doing and they performed with honor. One can still

derive pleasure from the early work of Stevens, Kirsten, Swarthout, et al., and from such old-timers as Pinza, even if they were no longer in prime condition. And, of course, there were some truly great voices (Traubel) and/or interpreters (Sayão) by any standards.

For Italian singers of the era, Odeon's Voci Illustri series provides a good sampling of the most popular names—Stignani, Lauri-Volpi, Pertile, Bechi, etc. Some of the lesser known but often more interesting personalities may be found on Club 99 or, particularly, OASI.

Probably the most thorough documentation of the Central European vocal scene—from 1900 to the war—is on the Austrian Preiser label. There are more than 150 discs currently available in this series, many of them introducing fine singers whose

78-rpm discs never reached this country. Preiser's transfers are superb, and the notes contain much relevant discographic information, complete with recording dates and matrix numbers: a model of its kind, often more carefully presented than reissues from the parent companies that originally produced these recordings.

Instrumentalists

A few great instrumentalists from this era have never lost their fascination to succeeding generations of record buyers. There has hardly been a time over the past thirty-five years when Schnabel's Beethoven has not been available, while such super-virtuosos as Heifetz and Horowitz and such

INSTRUMENTALISTS

PABLO CASALS.

Bach: Cello Suites. Angel 3786.
Collection. Columbia M5 30069.

ALFRED CORTOT.

Chopin: Piano Sonata No. 2. Seraphim 6045.
Chopin: Waltzes. Seraphim 60127.
Recital. Seraphim 60143.

EMANUEL FEUERMANN.

Beethoven: Cello Sonata No. 3. Schubert: Arpeggione Sonata. Seraphim 60117.
Mendelssohn: Cello Sonata No. 2. Beethoven: *Eye-glass Duo*. Victrola VIC 1476.

EDWIN FISCHER.

Bach/Handel recital. Seraphim 6045.
Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2. Turnabout TV 4342.
Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 24. Seraphim 6043.

JASCHA HEIFETZ.

Beethoven: Violin Concerto. RCA VCM 7067.
Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto. Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4. Seraphim 61062.

MYRA HESS.

Beethoven: Piano Sonata No. 30. Seraphim 6045.
Schumann: Piano Concerto; Etudes Symphoniques. Seraphim 60009.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

Chopin: Piano Sonata No. 3; miscellaneous works. Victrola VIC 1550.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ.

Liszt: Piano Sonata; miscellaneous works. Seraphim 60114.
Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3. Seraphim 60063.
Recital. Victrola VICS 1649 (rechanneled).
Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1. Victrola VIC 1554.
Twenty-fifth anniversary concert. RCA LM 6014.
Recital, "The Young Horowitz." RCA LM 2993.

WILLIAM KAPELL.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 2. Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 3. Victrola VIC 1520.

FRITZ KREISLER.

Beethoven: Violin Sonata No. 9. Seraphim 6044.
Kreisler Favorites. Victrola VIC 1372.
Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto. Seraphim 6043.

WANDA LANDOWSKA.

Bach: Goldberg Variations. Victrola VIC 1650.
Bach: Inventions. Victrola VIC 1639.
Bach recital. Victrola VIC 1594.
Bach: Well-Tempered Clavier. RCA VCM 6203/4.
Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 26. Haydn: Piano Concerto. Seraphim 60116.

JOSEF LHEVINNE.

Chopin recital. Victrola VIC 1544.

DINU LIPATTI.

Bach/Mozart recital. Odyssey 32 16 0320 (rechanneled).
Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1. Seraphim 60007.
Chopin: Piano Sonata No. 3. Odyssey 32 16 0369 (rechanneled).
Chopin: Waltzes. Odyssey 32 16 0057 (rechanneled).
Grieg: Piano Concerto. Schumann: Piano Concerto. Odyssey 32 16 0141.

ARTUR SCHNABEL.

Beethoven: Sonatas for Cello and Piano. Seraphim 6075 (rechanneled).
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 2. Seraphim 6043.
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 3. Victrola VIC 1511.
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 4. Victrola VIC 1505.
Beethoven: Piano works. Seraphim 6063/7.
Mozart: Piano Quartet, K. 478. Seraphim 6044.
Recital. Seraphim 60115.
Schubert: *Moments musicaux*. Seraphim 6045.

JOSEF SZIGETI.

Collection. Columbia M6X 31513.

unique musicians as Casals and Landowska have reached a plateau in our musical consciousness that guarantees them discographic immortality. Schnabel is fairly well represented, not only on the fifteen Seraphim discs preserving his solo Beethoven marathon but also on several additional LPs: a miscellaneous recital on Seraphim 60115, the complete Beethoven cello sonatas with Fournier on Seraphim 6075, and three Beethoven concertos (Victrola 1505 and 1511 for the Fourth and Third, Seraphim 6043 for the Second). There are many other worthwhile recordings by this great pianist—the Schubert sonatas in particular—and Seraphim might favor us one day.

Most of the Horowitz and Heifetz discs of the Forties are on RCA, including their classic collaborations with Toscanini—Heifetz's Beethoven Violin Concerto on 7067 and Horowitz's Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto on Victrola 1554. For a sampling of how Horowitz sounded when he burst on the American concert scene in 1928, there are three "Young Horowitz" releases dating from the early Thirties: a very heady Liszt Sonata on Seraphim 60114, a sizzling 1930 Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3 with Coates conducting the London Symphony (Seraphim 60063), and an RCA recital (2993) containing a compendium of shorter recital pieces.

For the late Pablo Casals, one turns first of all to Columbia's indispensable five-disc set of recordings that spans the cellist's entire career (M5 30069); an additional five-record anthology featuring Casals as soloist, chamber musician, and conductor has just been released. If one Casals recording were to be singled out as his most characteristic, it would have to be the complete Bach cello suites (Angel 3786). Modern cellists might object to the many romantic mannerisms, but if it hadn't been for Casals' pioneering, they might not be playing this music at all.

RCA has been good to Wanda Landowska of late. It has reissued (or repackaged—it has never been officially deleted), not only her intriguing Bach *Well-Tempered Clavier*, but the *Goldberg Variations*, the Two- and Three-Part Inventions, and a miscellaneous Bach program as well. Though most of these recordings originate from the Fifties, Landowska really belongs to the pre-war age—she single-handedly brought the harpsichord back into favor at a time when the instrument seemed hopelessly archaic. Seraphim might well give us some of her Scarlatti and Couperin recorded in Europe during the Thirties. The International Piano Library (215 West 91st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024) offers a marvelous Landowska two-record set of three Mozart piano concertos and Poulenc's *Concerto champêtre* recorded live during the Forties. This is only one of this organization's valuable reissues, by the way—two other prominent figures on IPL releases are Josef Hofmann (his complete 1937 Golden Jubilee Concert, the two Chopin

concertos, and the hitherto unissued 1935 EMI recordings) and Walter Gieseking (five concertos recorded between 1940 and 1955).

Seraphim has released a trio of three-disc sets devoted to instrumentalists of this period: IC 6043 includes six concertos, IC 6044 six chamber groups, and IC 6045 six solo works performed by Fischer, Gieseking, Hess, Schnabel, Casals, Thibaud, Cortot, Kreisler, and others. It is an indispensable collection vividly demonstrating the high musical standards that obtained in the Thirties and Forties and offering treasurable artistry from the musicians who set them.

Conductors

Only two conductors active during these two decades have shown real staying power in today's record catalogues: Furtwängler and Toscanini. RCA began reissuing many of the Maestro's performances with the NBC Symphony on Victrola several years ago, and coupled with those already on Red Seal there are now more than eighty Toscanini discs available. Some are in fake stereo, some are poorly transferred, some are in oddly assorted collections. RCA should really make an effort to sort out its massive Toscanini holdings, re-engineer the lot in mono, and reissue the records in an orderly fashion. It will probably never come to pass. There is too much material to cope with, and the market demand probably would not justify such an expensive project.

Furtwängler's Seraphim records were made in the Fifties during the years just before his death. They are better engineered than the Turnabout series taken from live performances during the war; these discs duplicate many of his studio performances and are more for the Furtwängler scholar than the general listener.

Other important conductors are pitifully under-represented. On the domestic scene, there are Bruno Walter's 1936 *Das Lied* on Seraphim, his Mahler Fourth and Fifth with the New York Philharmonic made in the Forties, and his first Beetho-



Toscanini's recordings have shown staying power even though they have been reissued in a helter-skelter way.

ven cycle with the same orchestra; Stokowski lollipops on a two-disc RCA set recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra between 1927 and 1940; Koussevitzky's Sibelius Second with the Boston Symphony made in 1950 for RCA; Strauss conducting his *Symphonia domestica* and *Alpine* Symphony on Turnabout and Seraphim respectively. DG's imported Heliodor line once offered more Strauss, Furtwängler, Busch, and De Sabata, but this historical series seems to have been discontinued.

Fortunately a number of semiprivate "societies" have been established to circulate studio and live recordings by the decades' great conductors: Beecham, Busch, Mengelberg, Weingartner, Walter. Even Toscanini and Furtwängler have their own societies to fill in gaps not covered by commercial issues, and more will undoubtedly be done in this area in the future. Like the Society issues of the Thirties, it is one effective means of satisfying the apparently insatiable appetites of classical collectors with a taste for history.

CONDUCTORS

WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3. Turnabout TV 4343.
 Beethoven: Symphonies: Nos. 3, 5, and 7. Seraphim 6018.
 Beethoven: Symphonies: Nos. 3, 5, and 9. Turnabout TV 4352/4.
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. Turnabout TV-S 34509.
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. Seraphim 6068.
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. Brahms: *Haydn* Variations. Turnabout TV 4346/7.
 Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2. Turnabout TV 4342.
 Schubert: Symphony No. 9. Turnabout TV 4364.
 Strauss: *Don Juan*; *Tod und Verklärung*; *Till Eulenspiegel*. Seraphim 60094.
 Wagner concert. Seraphim 6024.
 Wagner: Music from *Götterdämmerung*. Seraphim 60003.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. Victrola VIC 1510.

WILLEM MENDELBERG.

Brahms: Ein deutsches Requiem. Bach: *St. Matthew Passion*: excerpts. Turnabout TV-S 4445/6.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI.

Orchestral collection. RCA VCM 7101.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

Strauss: *Alpine* Symphony. Seraphim 60006.
 Strauss: *Symphonia domestica*. Turnabout TV 4363.

ARTURO TOSCANINI.

Ballet music by Berlioz, Brahms, Paganini, J. Strauss, Verdi, Waldteufel, and Weber. Victrola VIC 1321 (rechanneled).
 Ballet music by Bizet, Catalani, Ponchielli, and Tchaikovsky. Victrola VIC 1263.
 Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1; *Leonore* Overture No. 3. Victrola VIC 1521.
 Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 4. RCA LM 2797.
 Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis*. RCA LM 6013.
 Beethoven: Symphonies: Nos. 1, 4, and 6; Overtures. Seraphim 6015.
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. Victrola VIC 1502.
 Beethoven: Symphonies. Victrola VIC 8000.
 Beethoven: Violin Concerto. RCA LM 7067.
 Berlioz: *Romeo et Juliette*. RCA LM 7034.
 Boito: *Mefistofele*: Prologue. Victrola VIC 1398.
 Brahms: Symphonies. Victrola VIC 6400.
 Debussy: *La Mer*; *Iberia*. Franck: *Psyche*. Victrola VIC 1246.

Dvořák: Symphony No. 9. Victrola VICS 1249 (rechanneled).

Elgar: *Enigma* Variations. Respighi: *Feste Romane*. Victrola VICS 1344 (rechanneled).

Haydn: Symphonies: Nos. 94 and 101. Victrola VIC 1262.

Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Schumann: Symphony No. 3. Victrola VICS 1337 (rechanneled).

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4. Weber: Overtures. Victrola VICS 1341 (rechanneled).

Mozart: Symphonies: Nos. 39 and 40. Victrola VICS 1330 (rechanneled).

Music by Berlioz, Dukas, and Strauss. Victrola VIC 1267.

Music by Brahms, Haydn, L. Mozart, Shostakovich, and Sibelius. RCA LM 6711.

Music by Glinka, Sibelius, Smetana, and Tchaikovsky. Victrola VIC 1245.

Mussorsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Ravel: *Daphnis et Chloé*. Victrola VIC 1273.

Overtures. Seraphim 60150.

Respighi: *Pines and Fountains of Rome*. Victrola VIC 1244.

Rossini: Overtures. Victrola VIC 1274.

Schubert: Symphonies: Nos. 5 and 8. Victrola VIC 1311.

Tchaikovsky: *Manfred*. Victrola VIC 1315.

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1. Victrola VIC 1554.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Victrola VIC 1268.

Verdi: Overtures. Rossini: Overtures. Victrola VIC 1248.

Verdi: Requiem. RCA LM 6018.

Verdi: *Rigoletto*: Act IV. Victrola VICS 1314 (rechanneled).

Verdi: *Te Deum*; *Hymn of the Nations*. Victrola VICS 1331 (rechanneled).

Wagner: *Die Walküre*: Act I. Victrola VICS 1316 (rechanneled).

Wagner: Music from *Götterdämmerung*. Victrola VIC 1369.

Wagner: Music from *Tristan and Parsifal*. Victrola VIC 1278.

Wagner: Overtures; Preludes. Victrola VIC 1247.

BRUNO WALTER.

Beethoven: Symphonies. Odyssey 32 66 0001.

Mahler: *Das Lied von der Erde*. Seraphim 60191.

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Odyssey 32 16 0026 (rechanneled).

Mahler: Symphony No. 5; *Kindertotenlieder*. Odyssey 32 26 0016 (rechanneled).

Pops—You can find plenty of worthwhile listening from the Thirties' jazz, blues, and country scenes if you investigate the minor labels as well as the majors.

by John S. Wilson

By 1930, jazz, blues, popular music, and country music had each had a big introductory splurge on records. In 1917 the first jazz recordings ever made were also the first recordings by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. The blues arrived in two stages—first with Mamie Smith's *Crazy Blues* in 1920, significant because it showed that there was a large audience for a black singer; second with the start in 1923 of the career of Bessie Smith, one of the most phenomenally successful recording artists of the Twenties.

Country music made its breakthrough in 1927 with the first recordings of Jimmie Rodgers, an artist with much the same seminal qualities in his field that Louis Armstrong had in jazz. Popular music, which had been on records much longer than country music, blues or jazz, found one figure who dominated the entire decade of the Twenties in Paul Whiteman and another in 1927 when Gene Austin made his recording of *My Blue Heaven*.

The Depression effectively stopped everything except surefire pop material. Jazz musicians were involved in recordings from the early Thirties, but they were usually under wraps, playing pop songs.

Most of the pop music was played by dance bands that were essentially "sweet," although they often had a few hot touches. One of the oddities of the period is the fact that many of the leading bands started out being relatively lively before they sank into the sweet mold of success. When Guy Lombardo was playing in Chicago in the late Twenties, his Royal Canadians were sometimes nearly indistinguishable from Red Nichols' Five Pennies. Even Wayne King's orchestra often kicked up its heels before it slumbered off into its *Lady Esther Serenade*. The most startling progression from hot to sweet was that of the Casa Loma Orchestra, which made its initial reputation with its riff-filled jazz originals—*White Jazz*, *Black Jazz*, *Blue Jazz*, *Maniac's Ball*, *Buji*, *Wild Goose Chase*, *Casa Loma Stomp*—and then swung from swing to sweet on the wings of Kenny Sargent's crooning of *For You* and *Under a Blanket of Blue*.

This progression was all the more strange because, as the Thirties advanced, the movement was

away from sweet and toward jazz and swing—small-combo jazz in big-city nightclubs, swing bands in roadhouses, dance halls, hotel rooms, and theaters.

The Swing Era arrived in the mid-Thirties, its way paved by the inventive, suave style of Ray Noble's English records and carried to its logical conclusion by Benny Goodman and Count Basie. At the same time, the blues came back, but this was not the vaudeville blues of Bessie Smith in the Twenties. Blacks from the southern backwoods were moving north, and they wanted to hear the country blues that reminded them of home. So Leroy Carr and Big Bill Broonzy and Johnny Temple and Ollie Shepard became the blues stars of the Thirties.

The country music tradition of Jimmie Rodgers, who died in 1933, was carried on by such followers as Hank Snow and such contemporaries of Rodgers as the Carter Family. Bob Wills gave country music a semblance of the big-band sound and called the result western swing. And Bill Monroe, who had been working with his brother Charlie as the Monroe Brothers, went his own way, formed a group called the Bluegrass Boys and began to shape the music that became known as bluegrass.

In these areas of music, the Thirties and Forties in their entirety do not comprise a proper unit for consideration—a unit with a beginning and at least a climax, if not an end. The things that were starting in popular music, jazz, country music, and the blues in the Depression year of 1930 reached a conclusion in the years of World War II. By the latter half of the Forties, the emphasis in popular music had changed from big bands to individual singers; jazz had changed from Dixieland and swing to bebop; country music had moved from the natural and the naive to the slick Tin Pan Valley of Nashville; and the blues was becoming rhythm and blues.

Because James Caesar Petrillo's recording ban from 1942 to 1944 left a blank spot in recording history when these changeovers were occurring, it provides a convenient point of reference for consideration of the popular music, jazz, blues, and country

and folk recordings that began in 1930 in terms of what is available now.

The Depression killed off such small recording companies of the Twenties as Paramount and Genett, so for much of this period there were only three recording companies—RCA Victor and its subsidiary, Bluebird; Decca; and Brunswick-Columbia and its subsidiary, Vocalion. By the end of the Thirties, jazz specialist labels had begun to appear—Commodore in 1938, Blue Note in 1939. Varsity and Royale briefly challenged the three major companies. By and large, however, most of the recording was done by Victor, Decca, and Columbia, and it is on their contemporary labels that much of the music from those years can be found now.

RCA Vintage series of reissues, launched by Brad McCuen, carried on by Mike Lipskin until both he and it were dropped by RCA, and recently revived—but apparently only temporarily—under Don Schlitten, has been exemplary in its coverage of all aspects of nonclassical music. Big bands, small jazz groups, personalities, country music, folk music, blues, even Kurt Weill's one-act opera *Down in the Valley* have been kept alive in the series. RCA has also issued a rash of two-disc "This Is . . ." survey sets that cover big bands from Duke Ellington to Sammy Kaye.

Columbia has been less systematic but more persistent. Beginning with four-record reissue sets of Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, and Bessie Smith made twenty years ago, it has spasmodically put out handsome, multidisc sets of jazz, popular, and blues artists.

Decca's efforts have been generally unsystematic, with retrospective single discs thrown out at random, featuring the Mills Brothers, the Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Russ Morgan—almost anybody who stayed with the label long enough to have anything to be retrospective about. Its one organized effort—a series of jazz reissues—stopped after ten or twelve splendid collections of Jimmie Lunceford, Ellington, Earl Hines, Fletcher Henderson, Andy Kirk, and others.

However, there are many other current labels that are offering material from this period. Some have acquired rights to records by arrangement with the original recording company. Biograph, for example, has a deal with Columbia that has enabled it to put out collections by Ted Lewis, Bing Crosby, Ruth Etting, Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Leroy Carr, Big Bill Broonzy, and Blind Willie McTell. Milestone has rights to Paramount records by Louis Armstrong and others. Reader's Digest has issued several multidisc albums of pop and jazz material from the mid-Thirties to mid-Forties, mostly drawn from the RCA vaults, featuring a variety of sweet bands and swing bands and singers, as well as complete sets by Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, and Glenn Miller.

A great deal of material from the Thirties and Forties that has never been available before is now turning up. Some of this was recorded at live performances, such as Jerry Newman's classic after-hours Harlem recordings of the early Forties, which are now appearing on the Onyx label. But most of the newly available material is made up of radio broadcasts and is devoted to big bands. One label, Sunbeam, has an entire catalogue of Benny Goodman material, much of it broadcasts. Still other labels, most of which sell by mail, have catalogues that are a mixture of airchecks and of recordings that the major companies have not bothered to reissue.

There are also specialist labels such as Yazoo, which reissues blues, and Old Timey Records, which has put out a remarkable collection of Cajun recordings of the Thirties.

The following is a somewhat selective and definitely incomplete listing of records that are, theoretically, currently available. In addition to records devoted to individual artists, almost all the labels have miscellaneous collections in which many other artists of the period are represented. More detailed listings can be obtained from the record companies.

BIG BANDS (1930-1944)

Ambrose: Monmouth-Evergreen.
Charlie Barnet: First Time Records, RCA.
Count Basie: Columbia, Decca.
Bunny Berigan: Jazz Archives, RCA.
Boots and His Buddies: Tax.
Randy Brooks: First Time Records.
Cab Calloway: Jazz Archives, Tax.
Benny Carter: Tax.
Casa Loma: Extreme Rarities, The Old Masters.
Coon-Sanders: RCA Victor.
Bob Crosby: Decca, Jazum.
Bill Dodge (Benny Goodman): Melotone.
Jimmy Dorsey: Decca.
Tommy Dorsey: Camden, RCA, Reader's Digest.
Roy Eldridge: Jazz Archives.
Duke Ellington: Archives of Folklore, Camden, Columbia, CSP, Decca, Harmony, Jazz Archives, The Old Masters, Prestige, RCA, Tax, Uptown.
Benny Goodman: Columbia, First Time Records, Harmony, Jazum, RCA, Sunbeam.
Erskine Hawkins: RCA.
Fletcher Henderson: Biograph, Columbia, Decca, Prestige.
Horace Henderson: Tax.
Woody Herman: Decca.
Earl Hines: Decca, Jazz Archives, RCA.
Claude Hopkins: Jazz Archives.
Jack Hylton: Monmouth-Evergreen.
Harry James: Columbia, Harmony.
Spike Jones: RCA.
Gene Kardos: The Old Masters.

Sammy Kaye: RCA.
 Hal Kemp: The Old Masters.
 Stan Kenton: Creative World.
 Wayne King: RCA.
 Andy Kirk: Decca.
 Gene Krupa: Columbia, CSP.
 Harlan Leonard: RCA.
 Ted Lewis: Biograph, Decca, Sunbeam.
 Guy Lombardo: Camden.
 Bert Lown: The Old Masters.
 Jimmie Lunceford: Columbia, Decca, First Time Records, Tax.
 Clyde McCoy: The Old Masters.
 Hal McIntyre: First Time Records.
 Jay McShann: Decca.
 Glenn Miller: Camden, RCA, Reader's Digest.
 Mills Blue Rhythm Band: Jazz Archives, The Old Masters.
 Russ Morgan: Decca.
 Bennie Moten: Historical.
 Dave Nelson: Historical.
 Ray Noble: Monmouth-Evergreen.
 George Olsen: RCA.
 Walter Page: Historical.
 Teddy Powell: First Time Records.
 Don Redman: The Old Masters.
 Rueben Reeves: Tax.
 Jan Savitt: Decca, First Time Records.
 Ben Selvin: The Old Masters.
 Artie Shaw: First Time Records, Reader's Digest.
 Alphonse Trent: Historical.
 Chick Webb: First Time Records, Trip.
 Zack Whyte: Historical.
 Teddy Wilson: Tax.

JAZZ (1930-1944)

Louis Armstrong: Biograph, Columbia, Decca, Milestone, RCA.
 Sidney Bechet: Blue Note.
 Bix Beiderbecke: Columbia, Jazz Treasury.
 Chu Berry: Atlantic.
 Charlie Christian: Archives of Folk Music, Jazz Archives, Columbia.
 Eddie Condon: Atlantic.
 Johnny Dodds: Milestone.
 Roy Eldridge: Phoenix.
 Bud Freeman: Atlantic.
 Lionel Hampton: Decca, RCA.
 Coleman Hawkins: Phoenix.
 Johnny Hodges: RCA.
 James P. Johnson: Columbia, Folkways, Sounds.
 Meade Lux Lewis: Stinson.
 Wingy Manone: RCA.
 Jelly Roll Morton: Atlantic.
 Frankie Newton: Jazz Archives.
 Hot Lips Page: Onyx, RCA.
 King Oliver: RCA.
 Original Dixieland Jazz Band: RCA.
 Joe Sullivan: Folkways.
 Art Tatum: Onyx.
 Frank Trumbauer: The Old Masters.
 Fats Waller: Bob Kumm, Jazz Archives, Rarest Fats Waller, Trip.
 Ben Webster: Atlantic.
 Dickie Wells: Prestige.
 Cootie Williams: Tax.
 Lester Young: Atlantic, Jazz Archives, Tax.

POP SINGERS (1930-1944)

Andrews Sisters: Decca, MCA.
 Gene Austin: RCA.
 Mildred Bailey: Columbia.
 Boswell Sisters: Biograph.

Russ Columbo: Bob Kumm.
 Bing Crosby: Biograph, Bob Kumm, Harmony.
 Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald: RCA.
 Ruth Etting: Biograph.
 Judy Garland: Decca.
 Billie Holiday: Columbia, Harmony.
 Ink Spots: Decca, Vocalion.
 Mills Brothers: Decca, Vocalion.
 Harry Richman: Monmouth-Evergreen.
 Sophie Tucker: Monmouth-Evergreen.

BLUES (1930-1944)

Scrapper Blackwell: Yazoo.
 Blind Blake: Biograph.
 Lucille Bogan: Yazoo.
 Big Bill Broonzy: Biograph, Yazoo.
 Leroy Carr: Biograph, Columbia.
 Bo Carter: Yazoo.
 Rev. Gary Davis: Yazoo.
 Walter Davis: Yazoo.
 Sleepy John Estes: Folkways.
 Clifford Gibson: Yazoo.
 Lil Green: RCA.
 Buddy Boy Hawkins: Yazoo.
 Robert Johnson: Columbia.
 Leadbelly: Biograph, Folkways.
 Cripple Clarence Lofton: Yazoo.
 Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry: Folkways.
 Blind Willie McTell: Biograph, Yazoo.
 Walter Roland: Yazoo.
 Bessie Smith: Columbia.
 Funny Papa Smith: Yazoo.
 Roosevelt Sykes: Yazoo.
 Tampa Red: Yazoo.

COUNTRY AND FOLK (1930-1944)

Carter Family: Columbia.
 Woody Guthrie: Folkways, Stinson, Tradition.
 Uncle Dave Macon: Folkways, Vetco.
 J. E. Mainer Mountaineers: Rural Rhythm.
 Monroe Brothers: Camden.
 Jimmie Rodgers: RCA.
 Bob Wills: Decca, Vocalion.

Mail-order labels

Bandstand Records: Kirk deGrazia, P.O. Box 740, Artesia, Calif. 90701.
Big Band Archives, Swing Era and Sounds of Swing: Frank Donovan, P.O. Box 252, Hollywood, Calif.
Biograph Records, Historical Records, Melotone: P.O. Box 109, Canaan, N.Y. 12029.
Bob Kumm: 32 Bryson Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10302.
Extreme Rarities: Ken Crawford, Jr., 215 Steuben Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205.
First Time Records: P.O. Box 03202-P, Portland, Ore. 97203.
International Association of Jazz Record Collectors: Dick Raichelson, 7200 Cresheim Road, Apt. B-6, Philadelphia, Pa. 19119.
Jazum: William C. Love, 5808 Northumberland St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217.
Jazz Archives: P.O. Box 195, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.
The Old Masters: Max Abrams, Box 76082, Los Angeles, Calif. 90076.
Phoenix Records: P.O. Box 3, Kingston, N.J. 08528.
Rarest Fats Waller: (same as The Old Masters).
Sunbeam: Allan Roberts, 1746 Ventura Way, San Jose, Calif.
Tax: Zim Records, P.O. Box 158, Jericho, N.Y. 11753.

the new releases

Columbia's reissue of his 1935-38 recordings recalls the flowering of American popular song.



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance to *The Continental* in *The Gay Divorcée*—adding romance to a great dancer.

Fred Astaire: Incarnation of Youthfulness, Energy, and Optimism

by Dale Harris

THE LONG CAREER of Fred Astaire just about covers the entire history of American popular song—of song, that is, with a distinctively native character—from its rise in the era before World War I to its fall in the 1950s under the impact of rock. Astaire and his sister Adele toured the vaudeville circuits as child performers in the first decade of this century, during the very time that a genuinely idiomatic style was evolving in this country: first with ragtime, then with blues, rhythm, ballad, jazz, and theater song.

By the time Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Ragtime Band* appeared in 1911 the Astaires had already been before the public for six years; Fred at that date was twelve, Adele nearly fourteen. By 1917 they had made their way to Broadway as featured players. By 1922, in a piece called *For Goodness Sake*, they were stars. Later that same year they opened in Jerome Kern's *The Bunch and Judy*, their first show with a score entirely created by a great songwriter. From that point on they were never associated with any but first-rate composers.

Two years after *The Bunch and Judy* they created the leading roles in Gershwin's *Lady Be Good*. There followed, in succession, another Gershwin show, *Funny Face*; Vincent Youmans' *Smiles* (a failure, though the score contained *Time on My Hands*); and the Dietz and Schwarz *Band Wagon* (a great success, what with *Danc-*

ing in the Dark, *High and Low*, and *New Sun in the Sky*). Following Adele's retirement from the theater in 1932 upon her marriage to Lord Charles Cavendish, Fred appeared in only one more stage show. That was Cole Porter's *Gay Divorcée*. Thereafter he decamped to Hollywood. To begin with, he briefly played himself in Joan Crawford's *Dancing Lady*. Then he teamed up with Ginger Rogers in the Youmans-Kahn-Eliscu *Flying Down to Rio*, and nothing was ever quite the same again in films, dance, or popular music.

Ginger Rogers was the catalyst in Astaire's development. Without her he would probably never have become a movie star, would doubtless have remained a featured player. Astaire and Rogers were not the nominal stars of *Flying Down to Rio* (Dolores del Rio had top billing), but, as the public immediately recognized, they carried the entire movie. With Rogers, Astaire became more than a great dancer, he became a great romantic dancer. Rogers made him, as Adele seems never to have done, emotionally resonant.

In the six films that followed *Flying Down to Rio*—*The Gay Divorcée*, 1934; *Roberta* and *Top Hat*, 1935; *Follow the Fleet* and *Swingtime*, 1936; *Shall We Dance*, 1937—Astaire and Rogers created a screen relationship of mythic stature, one whose inevitable, invariable climax was fulfillment, self-realization, and grace. Arlene Croce

in *The Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers Book* (Dutton), one of the most illuminating dance books ever written, has put it thus: "The Astaire-Rogers dance films were romances, or, rather, chapters in a single epic romance. . . . From *The Gay Divorcee's* *Night and Day*, the true beginning of their partnership, to [*Swingtime's*] *Never Gonna Dance*, the last of the great romantic duets, it is only two years. But in those years dancing was transformed into a vehicle of serious emotion between a man and a woman. It never happened in movies again."

The music in this series of films did more than give voice to the Astaire-Rogers relationship. It created the atmosphere in which it could flourish: urbane, witty, sophisticated, yet charming, down to earth, and full of the nuances of ordinary life. In their songs there is a lot of easy conversational exchange: "I won't dance,/ Don't ask me,/ I won't dance,/ Don't ask me why" (*Roberta*); "Isn't this a lovely day/To be caught in the rain?" (*Top Hat*); "A fine romance, with no kisses,/A fine romance, my friend, this is" (*Swingtime*). At their most formal, Astaire and Rogers were always perfectly natural. They could handle even the rapt ecstasies of *Cheek to Cheek* (*Top Hat*) and *Let's Face the Music and Dance* (*Follow the Fleet*) without embarrassment because they were utterly devoid of pretentiousness. (It was only later, in numbers like *Limehouse Blues* from *Ziegfeld Follies* or *The Girl Hunt Ballet* from the movie version of *Band Wagon*, that Astaire lost touch with his essential nature as a dancer and choreographer.) Their film characters were always Fred and Ginger—in the intimate solemnity of *Never Gonna Dance* no less than in the knockabout fun of *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket* (*Follow the Fleet*). They were extraordinarily gifted representatives of ordinary folk. Their ambience was democratic; their music was within the reach of everyone.

Luckily, they coincided with the finest flowering of American popular song. The work they called forth from Irving Berlin (*Top Hat*, *Follow the Fleet*, and *Carefree*), Jerome Kern (*Swingtime*), and Gershwin (*Shall We Dance*) is superb in quality. The range, too, is very wide: rhythm numbers, situation numbers, specialty numbers, comedy numbers, ballads, songs of loss, puzzlement, happiness in all its guises, even an orchestral *Waltz in Swingtime*.

Without Rogers, the range would have been much narrower. On his own Astaire was, paradoxically, less himself. In *A Damsel in Distress* (1937), the one non-Ginger Rogers movie of this period, he is frustratingly incomplete. With Joan Fontaine, who could neither sing nor dance (nor, at this stage of her career, act), Astaire achieves little more than graciousness. Yet when he and Ginger were united again in *Carefree* (1938) and *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle* (1939), it was clear that the impetus had begun to run down. When, after a lapse of ten years, they teamed up again for one last film, *The Barkleys of Broadway* (1949), there was little left but nostalgia and effort. Their best song was Gershwin's *They Can't Take That Away from Me*, a number they had already performed twelve years before in *Shall We Dance*. Astaire and Rogers were of a specific time and place and also of a specific period in their own lives: They incarnated youthfulness, energy, and optimism.

Rogers has no part in this new Columbia album. Nevertheless, the numbers included here constitute a testimonial to the Fred and Ginger romance. The score for the non-Rogers *Damsel in Distress* is vintage Gershwin, but, alone of these films, it contains no ballad, no slow, moving statement of love on the order of *They Can't Take That Away from Me*. The very closeness of the

Astaire-Rogers relationship allows Fred to appropriate to himself several numbers that Rogers either sang alone or shared with him. Thus he takes over *The Piccolino*, *Let Yourself Go*, *They All Laughed*, and *The Yam*—all originally vocal solos for her—and *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*, *Pick Yourself Up*, *A Fine Romance*, and *Let's Call the Whole Thing Off*—all originally performed as duets.

Rogers did make 78s during the period covered by this album, but she was not a very gifted vocalist. On film she could put over a comedy number very effectively, but she is not gratifying simply to listen to. Astaire, on the other hand, was not only a great dancer, he was a fine singer. His voice was attractively light in timbre, and he had an ingratiatingly intimate style. He often sounded strained at the top, but that only added to his sincerity and naturalness. He could make any song sound consequential. He sang always as if he believed in his material, but he never overestimated it; he never inflated his songs or aimed higher than was fitting. His enunciation was as clear as John McCormack's, his rhythm as subtle as Ethel Merman's. He had, above all, an uncanny gift for seizing upon a song's individuality so that in the thirty numbers he sings here (the thirty-first is *Waltz in Swingtime*) there is not the slightest trace of monotony.

All of the present material originated in the recording, rather than in the film, studio. Only one song here, *I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown*, which Astaire wrote with Johnny Mercer, never found its way into a film score. The others are aural re-creations of what was originally meant to be seen as well as heard. As such, they are beautifully judged. They are not only shorter, a necessity imposed by the length of a ten-inch 78 side on such extended numbers as *Never Gonna Dance* or *Bojangles of Harlem*, they also concentrate the material, and they do so without falsifying it. Lyrics are shortened; tempos are regularized.

Apart from specialty rhythm numbers like *I'd Rather Lead a Band*, which features the sound of Astaire's tap dancing, these are essentially records of dance tunes. They invite some kind of participation, a kinetic response. The vocals, every one of them, imply dancing. Each of these tracks is a demonstration of what the big bands could achieve. There are three superb ones here: the smooth ensemble of Leo Reisman, the inventive backing (and solo piano work) of Johnny Green, and the powerful swing energy of Ray Noble.

Luckily, Astaire's records for Brunswick, made between 1935 and 1938 and here presented complete, caught a lot of what was essential about the performer, the age, the mode. Columbia's engineering is a model of fidelity: The originals are enhanced without being gimmicked up. There are good notes by Stanley Green and several helpful photographs. The album is a necessity for anyone who cares about a great creative period in our recent past. It is also a sheer delight.

B STARRING FRED ASTAIRE. Fred Astaire, vocals; Johnny Green, Ray Noble, and Leo Reisman orchestras. COLUMBIA SG 32472, \$6.98 (two discs, mono) [from BRUNSWICK originals, recorded 1935-38].

B BERLIN: *Top Hat*: No Strings; *Isn't This a Lovely Day*; *Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails*; *Cheek to Cheek*; *The Piccolino*. *Follow the Fleet*: *We Saw the Sea*; *Let Yourself Go*; *I'd Rather Lead a Band*; *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*; *Let's Face the Music and Dance*. *Carefree*: *I Used to Be Color Blind*; *Change Partners*; *The Yam*; *The Yam Step*. KERN: *Swingtime*: *Pick Yourself Up*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *Waltz in Swingtime*; *A Fine Romance*; *Bojangles of Harlem*; *Never Gonna Dance*. GERSHWIN: *Shall We Dance*; *Slap That Bass*; *Beginner's Luck*; *They All Laughed*; *Let's Call the Whole Thing Off*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *Shall We Dance?* *A Damsel in Distress*; *I Can't Be Bothered Now*; *Things Are Looking Up*; *A Foggy Day*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*. ASTAIRE: *I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown*.

by Howard Roller

The king
of unpretentious
movies-as-entertainment
celebrates with two
soundtrack-excerpt
anthologies.

50 Years of Warner Bros.



By a Waterfall from Warner Bros. *Footlight Parade* (1933).

WAY BACK IN the good old days before Art invaded the cinema, before a movie was called a Film, when you could see two pictures, a newsreel, and cartoons plus a stage show for the exorbitant sum of ten cents; in those amazing days when movies were still entertainment and television was probably undreamed of; in those days the undisputed king of the entertainment movie—the B film or programmer—had to be Warner Bros.

Film historians can cite Warners as the pioneer that originated the talking picture, experimented with early color, and established such trends as the Busby Berkeley musical and the gangster film. This is mainly true, but what for me has always been the hallmark of a Warner Bros. film is its fast pace, slick style, and an unwillingness to be pretentious or boring. There is a point at which the mere fact that a film runs no more than seventy minutes is a downright virtue. Warners continually taught this lesson.

In a formula style virtually unchanged for nearly twenty-five years, the studio treated such diverse genres as Shakespeare (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), costume epic (*Robin Hood*), socially conscious film (*I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*), historical biography (*Story of Louis Pasteur*), and—my personal favorite—the gangster cycle (fill in the name of your favorite gangster film) as though they were all alike. One could cite examples forever, but what more needs to be said about a film studio that embraced Al Jolson and Rin Tin Tin, John Barrymore and Bugs Bunny, Oscar Levant and Doris Day?

In short, Warner Bros. is as worthy an emblem of Hollywood as all the other studios put together. How fitting, then, that Warner Bros. Records should issue two companion sets, each containing three discs, entitled "Fifty Years of Film Music" and "Fifty Years of Film." These sets have something for everyone. The first contains excerpts from favorite scores as well as musical numbers and songs from many other films. "Fifty Years of Film" has dramatic scenes and dialogue excerpts. A note on both boxes stresses that no material is duplicated between them, and of course all cuts are from the original soundtracks—a must for the true aficionado.

Mr. Roller is an actor who in his spare time eats, drinks, and sleeps celluloid.

Do you wish to hear again Bette Davis' farewell to Paul Henreid in *Now, Voyager?* Or *Lullaby of Broadway* from *Gold Diggers of 1935*? Or the overwhelming music from *Kings Row*, Korngold's finest score? These and countless more are here, a treasure trove for the combined list price of just \$26. The sets are attractively packaged with booklets containing many well-chosen stills from Warners movies. In addition, there is a short history of the studio and brief biographies of the members of its music department.

All of which brings me to a word about a little-sung hero, Leo F. Forbstein. Avid film fans will recognize the name of Warners' musical director, the man who selected, trained, and rehearsed the orchestra, who hired men like Korngold, Max Steiner, and Franz Waxman, and whose name graced every WB picture for twenty-two years up to his death in 1948. Forbstein more than anyone else is responsible for the sound of music in Warners films, and it is to him that these records should be dedicated. (If you want proof of the sameness of the studio's music, listen to Korngold's *Robin Hood* score and Steiner's *Adventures of Don Juan*, written twelve years apart and presumably by different people. A theme in *Robin Hood* becomes the main theme of *Don Juan* with virtually no change!)

Two minor things prevent me from being unreserved in my praise of these albums. First, since the great John Barrymore is prominently mentioned in the "Fifty Years of Film" set, it seems a shame that not a single excerpt of dialogue featuring this eminent tragedian is included. (My personal choice would have been his *Richard III* soliloquy from *Show of Shows*, 1929.) Also, it would help if the records themselves were fully labeled, so you wouldn't have to consult the accompanying material continually to find out what you're listening to.



50 YEARS OF FILM MUSIC. Musical excerpts from Warner Bros. motion-picture soundtracks. [Stan Cornyn, Leslies Harsten, and James R. Silke, prod.] WARNER BROS. 3XX 2736, \$12.98 (three discs).



50 YEARS OF FILM. Dialogue excerpts from Warner Bros. motion-picture soundtracks. [Stan Cornyn, Leslies Harsten, and James R. Silke, prod.] WARNER BROS. 3XX 2737, \$12.98 (three discs).

by Harris Goldsmith

Guido Cantelli: A Small Tribute to a Tragically Forgotten Giant



Rococo's issue of his "staggeringly powerful"
Beethoven Fifth and works by Busoni and Pizzetti fills a chink in
the missing Cantelli discography.

HOW WELL I REMEMBER that Saturday! I finished my morning chores quickly because I was eager to buy my tickets for the forthcoming New York Philharmonic concerts. Guido Cantelli was to begin his first of two four-week guest stints for the season, and the young Italian conductor always brought revivifying flair, technical discipline, and a sense of occasion to an otherwise distinctly middle-aged orchestra. I turned on the radio for news and weather; in seconds, my keen anticipation was turned into shock and sorrow. I didn't go to the Carnegie Hall box office that day; instead, I went to a record shop and spent my allowance on several of Cantelli's imported recordings—he had been killed in an airplane crash November 23, 1956, en route to New York from his native Milan. He was only thirty-six.

Guido Cantelli was a great conductor. Had he lived longer, he would undoubtedly have been the pre-eminent conductor of the era. He began his tragically brief ascent in the Golden Age of the baton—the age of Toscanini, Walter, Klemperer, Monteux, and Furtwängler. He was born at the right time, but died too soon. His career, so brilliant and full of promise in the Fifties, was really meant for the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties. As he himself remarked to one of his orchestral colleagues, had his reign equaled Toscanini's it would have extended to the year 2007.

In many ways, Cantelli's position was like Dinu Lipatti's in pianistic annals. He was much the same sort of artist. He too had an uncompromising mania for perfection; and like Lipatti's keyboard work, Cantelli's music-making exhibited keen sensitivity, patrician intensity, and rhythmic incisiveness. Here, plainly, was a conductor with intelligence, fire, humanity, and, most important of all, taste. Lipatti's recorded legacy has been fondly cherished and periodically augmented with certain live

performances. Cantelli's star, on the other hand, has sadly faded. EMI recorded over thirty compositions under his direction, but only three discs—the Beethoven Seventh Symphony (Seraphim S 60038), Debussy *La Mer*, *Faune*, and *Nocturnes* (Seraphim 60077), and Mendelssohn *Italian*/Schubert *Unfinished* (Seraphim 60002)—remain available today. Indeed, certain important Cantelli recordings—the Brahms Third Symphony, Mozart's Symphony No. 29 and *Musical Joke*, Debussy's *Martyre de Saint Sébastien*, Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat Suite*, and Dukas' *L'Apprenti sorcier*—have never even been issued in America.

The real Cantelli treasure trove, however, lies buried in the archives of various radio stations. Cantelli was usually more exciting in front of an audience than in the recording studio. His New York Philharmonic broadcast of the Beethoven Seventh on March 8, 1953, is broader in the introduction, better controlled elsewhere than his 1956 recording with the Philharmonia Orchestra. On the other hand, the otherwise poised and beautiful Seraphim version of Mendelssohn's *Italian* is a bit *too* broad and studied, lacking the indescribable élan of the 1951 NBC Symphony performance. Then, too, there are among Cantelli's radio transcriptions many compositions he interpreted brilliantly but never recorded commercially. Posterity is vastly poorer without his re-creations of Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra* (January 1, 1951), Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony (February 14, 1954), Schubert's *Great C major* (December 27, 1953), and Ravel's *La Valse* (February 7, 1954). Chances of any of these items appearing is indeed slim, though RCA, Columbia, and EMI presumably have access to prime-sounding tapes and discs of all these performances.

Rococo's issue of three Cantelli performances represents the work of amateurs—or, rather, semi-

professionals—who, like this writer, feel that his art ought not to be permitted to vanish into oblivion. They would not appear to own the best available copies of these broadcast and concert performances. For vintage 1953–54, this is pretty substandard engineering: limited on top, bass-heavy and overloaded below, with generally noisy surfaces and tonal drabness. You will not hear me complain, however, for with proper playback (turn the level up) one can get a vivid impression of these remarkable performances.

The Beethoven, of course, is the most important musically. This is, simply, a staggeringly powerful interpretation. In many respects it reminds me of Toscanini's earlier, and superior, recording. The opening movement has both concentration and tremendous breadth. The slow movement combines a caressing lyricism with marching militancy (note the finely molded woodwind lines—supple and without a trace of haste or impatience; and note the razor-sharp precision of the string playing in the sixteenth-note passages). The third movement moves at precisely the right tempo; the phantomlike return, with its clucking winds and busy pizzicatos leads into a truly rapt transition; and the exultant finale blazes with awesome intensity. Cantelli, while always seeming to hold still more power in reserve, conjures from his men climaxes of torrential, shattering brilliance. Even with dull sound, the potency of this playing beggars description; with greater fidelity it would be overwhelming.

The Busoni is a strange work and may not appeal to all tastes. It is, according to the composer, a lugubrious transformation of a cradle song he heard sung to him as

an infant (Busoni wrote the piece in memory of his mother). A few details have a fierce, almost Mahlerian profile. Certainly Cantelli's severe, unpretentious interpretation lifts the elegy far above the merely sentimental and commonplace.

Pizzetti's *Preludio ad un altro giorno*, as its title suggests, is composed in pseudo-baroque idiom. One thinks of Barber's Adagio for Strings and of Giorgio Ghedini's early *Pezzo concertante* (another piece that has apparently died with Cantelli). The idiom, in other words, is pensive, lush, and mostly admirable in terms of pure orchestration. It may be ephemeral, but it is certainly no worse than the splashy, attractive tone painting of Respighi. Here Cantelli succeeds beyond expectation in combining the best of Stokowski with the best of Toscanini. The tone is rich and rhapsodic, but the cogency of the musical line moves ahead with taut directness.

Rococo is vague about the dates of these performances. The Beethoven, with the NBC Symphony, was played on February 21, 1954; the Busoni by the New York Philharmonic on either March 21, 1954, or January 27, 1952; and the Pizzetti at one of the Philharmonic's unbroadcast Thursday evening or Friday afternoon concerts, March 26 or 27, 1953. All took place in Carnegie Hall, New York.

H **BEETHOVEN:** Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67. **BUSONI:** Berceuse élégiaque, Op. 42. **PIZZETTI:** *Preludio ad un altro giorno*. NBC Symphony Orchestra (in the Beethoven), New York Philharmonic (in the Busoni and Pizzetti), Guido Cantelli, cond. Rococo 2042, \$6.95 [recorded 1952–54] (Rococo Records, Box 175, Station K, Toronto 12, Ont., Canada).

by Patrick J. Smith

I Puritani: a Triumph of Music over Text

Julius Rudel proves a sympathetic Bellinian in ABC's new recording with Sills and Gedda.

BELLINI'S LAST OPERA, *I Puritani*, is historically a Janus figure, facing backward to the long-lined melodies of *Norma* and the earlier Italian composers and yet, in its harmonic and coloristic richness and herky-jerky treatment of the subject matter, facing forward to the later *melodramma* and the middle-period operas of Verdi. Stylistic imitations and foreshadowings dot this work. To cite merely one of the latter: How much closer in spirit is Bellini's Act III storm to Verdi's in the last act of *Rigoletto* than to the contemporaneous storm music of Rossini—including that in *Guillaume Tell*—because the surface pictorial effect has been deepened through a more imaginative use of orchestral color?

Yet these echoes and pre-echoes are rendered secondary because of Bellini's profligacy of melodic inspiration and his inventive handling of the inferior material given him by his librettist. The opening of the opera it-

self—the postponing of the almost obligatory bland chorus in favor of a mood picture of dawn breaking over an armed fortress—is evocative both in terms of musicalizing a natural occurrence and instantly setting the martial aspect of the opera.

Much has been written, and correctly, about the deficiencies of Count Carlo Pepoli's libretto, but everywhere Bellini's operatic abilities interfere. The central character, Elvira, is thoroughly unbelievable either as a person or as a stage cardboard: She goes mad at the first small provocation and vacillates between looniness and manic joy throughout. (God preserve her marriage with Arturo; given both their characters, any sequel should have been written by Alban Berg!) But the magic of Bellini is such that he renders Elvira believable at every stage, musically if not in her totality.

Bellini rather than Pepoli must be faulted for another

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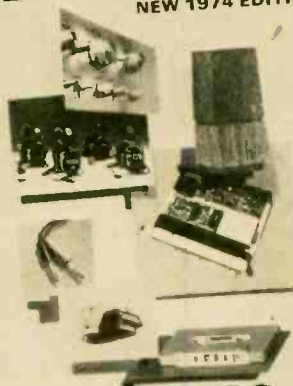
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Anthony Newman
Gurusome Haydn; better Bach.

ARNOLD: Concerto for Two Violins and String Orchestra—See Martin: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra.

BACH: Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra, No. 1, in D minor, S. 1052. **HAYDN:** Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra, in D. Anthony Newman, harpsichord, "and Friends." [Andrew Kazdin, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32300, \$5.98. Tape: MA 32300, \$6.98; MT 32300, \$6.98. Quadriphonic: MQ 32300 (SQ-encoded disc), \$6.98; MAQ 32300 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.

BACH: Well-Tempered Clavier, Book I, S. 846-869. Anthony Newman, harpsichord. [John Corigliano and Jay David Saks, prod.] COLUMBIA M2 32500, \$11.98 (two discs).

It is difficult not to be cynical about a performer such as Anthony Newman, who seems to be largely the creature of a carefully worked-out public-relations campaign. The album covers of both these releases, for instance, picture Newman as a kind of flower-child guru who might occasionally stoop to playing the harpsichord or leading a group of "friends" in some kind of musical bash.

Well, even self-conscious offspring pushed onto the stage by greedy parents can have their good moments, and I must admit that I was not as turned off by the rest of Newman's performances as I was by his butchering of the Haydn D major Concerto, which I listened to first. But his rendition of the latter would in itself suffice to bar him from the ranks of the exalted masters.

What Newman had in mind by presenting this concerto, one of Haydn's most light-hearted and ingratiating creations, as an "amateur night chez le Prince Esterházy" occasional piece is beyond my imagination. It seems obvious to me that Haydn intended the concerto to attain transparency through the use of fairly large forces in which the particularly beautiful harmonic progressions of this piece would blend subtly with the melodic material. In the hands of Newman and his so-called Friends, who reduce the orchestra to

one instrument per part (each of which is overrecorded), Haydn's delicate scoring and melodic finesse sound naked and gauche. Nor are matters helped at all by the fact that each of the soloists seems to be playing in a different micro-interval more or less near the home key, and this, combined with Newman's horribly ponderous and uneven playing, produces one of the most excruciatingly off-key and ploddingly unidiomatic approaches to Haydn I have ever heard. By all means, get the marvelous Veyron-Lacroix performance of this perfect Haydn gem (Seraphim S 60132) if you want it on the harpsichord.

Fortunately, Newman seems to identify much more closely with the vigor and dynamism of the Bach D minor Concerto than he does with the buoyancy of the Haydn, and for the Bach he at least got his group of chums to tune their instruments properly. Here, Newman and Friends give clear and incisive renditions of each movement, expertly maintaining the full Bachian momentum, while at the same time subtly contrasting the different sections within the movements. The more rhapsodic lyricism of the dark-hued, passacaglialike second movement is likewise captured with such sensitivity that one wonders all the more what went wrong with the Haydn.

Newman's approach to the First Book of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* has its moments, but none of them as good as those to be heard from Kirkpatrick (DG 2707 015) or Landowska (RCA VCM 6203). As in the Haydn concerto, Newman often turns his harpsichord into an oppressively ponderous instrument, a tendency that culminates in as unpleasantly loud a version of the A minor Fugue as I've ever heard. Granted, some of this is the fault of the engineering, which, although the harpsichord sound has been reproduced with remarkable clarity, sometimes makes it sound as if the microphones were placed inside the instrument. But Newman shows consistent bad judgment, in my opinion, in his choice of stops and couplings (a considerable variety of which is obtained through the alternate mobilization of three different harpsichords). For example, although he uses an appropriately simple stop

for the F minor Prelude, he decides on a coupling for the similar C sharp minor Prelude—one of the most beautiful single works to come from Bach's pen—that utterly destroys the prelude's plaintive but subtle lyricism. I must admit, on the other hand, to the effectiveness of the lute stop used for the F sharp minor Prelude.

Newman has also opted in his performances for a fair amount of free ornamentation. While this is certainly justifiable in light of what early performers did, and while extra ornamentation certainly works better on the harpsichord than on the piano, the effect of such a practice depends to a large extent on good taste, and Newman shows hair-raising lapses of same, particularly in the simple-minded doodling he throws in at the end of the C minor Fugue. And even the Swingle Singers don't jazz up the D major Fugue the way he does. Nor can I see any reasons for the amateurish unevenness that mars the tempo flow of certain pieces.

Basically, Newman seems consistently out of phase with the music; he seems to labor when the piece wants to breathe (note the A flat major Fugue) and literally to pull out all the stops when one would suffice. Against this bludgeon attack, the rapiers of Kirkpatrick and Landowska win out quite decisively.

R.S.B.

BARTÓK: Five Songs, Op. 15; Five Songs, Op. 16; Village Scenes. Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Konrad Richter, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 405, \$7.98.

Aside from some early student essays, the two sets of songs, Op. 15 and Op. 16 (both written in 1916), are the only original songs composed by Bartók. Both are settings of five poems by Hungarian poets: Béla Balázs in Op. 15 and Endre Ady in Op. 16. They are also similar in regard to musical considerations. Both are "chamber" pieces for piano and voice in which the keyboard is given a quasi-independent role, frequently creating a sort of musical dialogue rather than a mere melody-accompaniment texture. The voice part is largely constructed in a sort of modified parlando style in which the line is closely bound to the natural inflections of the text and is at times reminiscent of the composer's opera *Bluebeard's Castle* (1911).

These songs are strong works, successful in their evocation of the expressive, as well as formal, values of the text; and as the only mature examples of the composer's attitude toward song composition, they hold an honored position in the modern vocal repertory. (Although in comparison with Bartók's instrumental compositions of the same period—e.g., the Second String Quartet and the ballet *The*

Explanation of symbols

Classical:

	Budget
	Historical
	Reissue

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	Open Reel
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Wooden Prince—they do seem somewhat limited in scope and confined in technical resources.)

The *Village Scenes*, on the other hand, belong to one of Bartók's most representative and most effective compositional genres: the folksong. In these five pieces, which date from 1924, the composer provides a "free" accompaniment that, although closely related to certain musical characteristics in the folk tunes, is very much in his own, essentially nontriadic, style. Thus these works seem more like original compositions than mere arrangements of borrowed material. Bartók's ability to rethink the material in this way, while still remaining true to its basic character, is impressive and goes far toward explaining that remarkable synthesis of folk-derived elements and new



Josephine Veasey
A generous, sympathetic Marguérite

compositional techniques which helped to form his own distinctive musical language and gave rise to such masterpieces as the string quartets.

Of these three song sets, only Op. 15 was previously available on disc, so this new recording is one Bartók lovers will welcome. Unfortunately, mezzo-soprano Julia Hamari has a somewhat limited range of expression, and her performance of the two sets of original songs—which make great demands on the singer—is insufficiently characterized to allow the works to make their full effect. Each song is nicely done in itself, but taken together they become a bit monotonous. The folksongs, on the other hand, could not be better. Miss Hamari's excellent intonation, tightly controlled vibrato, and relaxed and unaffected rendering of the vocal lines properly serve to emphasize the straightforward character of Bartók's settings. Pianist Konrad Richter provides strong support for all the pieces. R.P.M.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 88.

BEETHOVEN: Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli—See Recitals and Miscellany: The Complete Diabelli Variations.

BELLINI: I Puritani. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 89.

BERLIOZ: La Damnation de Faust.

Marguérite	Josephine Veasey (ms)
Faust	Nicolai Gedda (t)
Méphistophélès	Jules Bastin (bs)
Brander	Richard Van Allan (bs)
Celestial Voice	Gillian Knight (ms)

Wandsworth School Boys' Choir; London Symphony Orchestra Chorus; Ambrosian Singers; London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. [Erik Smith, prod.] PHILIPS 6703 042, \$20.94 (three discs).

Comparisons:
Prêtre/Orch. de Paris Ang. SCL 3758

This new *Damnation* in Philips' Berlioz series is not filling a gap of quite the same order as did *Les Troyens* and *Cellini*. We have had earlier recordings of this score, even back into the 78 era, and the catalogues still show the mono Munch version, Markevitch's interesting but cut DG set, and the well sung but erratically directed Prêtre set on Angel—all with some good points but also with marked disabilities.

If not perfect, the Philips set starts out with one point greatly in its favor: Colin Davis' exceptional feeling for the Berlioz idiom, for the spinning and balancing of those long asymmetrical phrases, for coaxing ravishing soft playing and massive climaxes in whatever proportions and at whatever proximity the composer requires. He knows too the value of restraint; the Rákóczy March here is measured, not hectic, striding along with a fine swagger and built to a climax far more exciting than the usual noisy rush to the finish line. Throughout, the London Symphony plays well, and the execution is quite dazzling in passages such as Méphistophélès' evocation of the *feux-follets*.

A shade less good are the assembled choruses—not entirely homogeneous in sound and occasionally (in the peasant scene of Part I, for example) not clearly recorded. But they muster the necessary delicacy and polish by the banks of the Elbe, vigor and spirit in their various roles as students, soldiers, and demons.

More problematic are the soloists. Nicolai Gedda repeats his fervent, musically accurate Faust from the Angel set but in tangibly less free vocal estate. His sound here is somewhat desiccated, his singing often effortful. Josephine Veasey is a sympathetic, generous Marguérite, but after Janet Baker (Angel) her tone seems unfocused, at climaxes even spread; the lack of tonal refinement inevitably broadens the specificity of the character depiction.

It's a shame that none of the current crop of *Damnation* recordings has used the best Méphistophélès of the day, Roger Soyer, who took part in Solti's concert performances last season. Jules Bastin is, at best, a utility singer, short on genuine legato for "Voici des roses," unable to let loose with true vocal bravado for other aspects of the role. Mind you, he sings accurately and in tune, which is no small blessing; he may not greatly adorn the performance, but he does not deface it. Richard Van Allan makes a striking cameo out of Brander's brief part—a bit free but enormously vivid.

With still another recording imminent (Boston/Ozawa, from DG), a final judgment seems premature—but to me Colin Davis' grasp of the score, his command of its progress, makes this particular recording indispensable. *This* is how the piece should go, with

just this combination of drive, delicacy, lift, solemnity, enthusiasm, and brilliance—and no amount of superior singing would persuade me to do without these qualities.

As it often is, the Philips sound here is marginally overresonant. The libretto booklet is trilingual, with an admirable essay by David Cairns on the work's background. D.H.

BERLIOZ: Symphonie fantastique, Op. 14. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. [Thomas Mowrey, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 358, \$7.98.

H **BERLIOZ:** Symphonie fantastique, Op. 14. Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. ROCOCO 2016, \$6.95 (mono) [from CAMDEN CAL 281; recorded 1939] (Rococo Records, Box 175, Station K, Toronto 12, Ont., Canada).

Comparisons:
Davis/London Sym. Phi. 835 188
Ozawa/Toronto Sym. Olys. Y 31923

Bruno Walter's career in Central Europe ended with the Nazi annexation of Austria in 1938, but he was quickly welcomed in France, even to the extent of being offered French citizenship—an affiliation he gladly accepted and retained until he became a permanent resident of the U.S. His short, but for the day highly successful, series of recordings with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra dates from those months just before the outbreak of World War II.

For the collector of thirty years ago, Walter's account of the *Symphonie fantastique* was possibly the most elegant performance on records and it retains its interest (despite the limitations of its sound) not only for its refinement and high style, but also as an illustration of Walter's skill as a conductor of French music. I lack a set of 78s to provide comparison, but this LP transfer seems to be a very good one. As a historical disc, this is an item of prime value.

Ozawa's earlier recording of this symphony (with the Toronto Symphony for CBS) was contemporary with the release of the Colin Davis/LSO set that has become a classic of the 1960s. Davis delighted Berlioz scholars by playing the repeats in the first and fourth movements and giving us a chance to hear the cornet parts in the ballroom episode. Ozawa, then and now, stuck to the conventional text, offering instead a remarkably suave and flowing performance in which all his skill in dealing with color and texture came to the fore.

The Boston Symphony is an orchestra of greater polish and skill than the Toronto ensemble heard in the earlier recording, so all the things Ozawa did well before he can do even better the second time around. The results have to be placed among the half-dozen most successful of the some two dozen versions of the score available.

I can't see why anyone who has the Davis disc would want to replace it, and if I were buying a new recording of this work, the Davis would be my choice simply because it is not the sort of performance you are going to encounter in most concert halls. If, on the other hand, you want a *Symphonie fantastique* that represents the consensus of current performance practices in this music and that realizes the score with taste and sustained musicianship, the Ozawa is an excellent choice.

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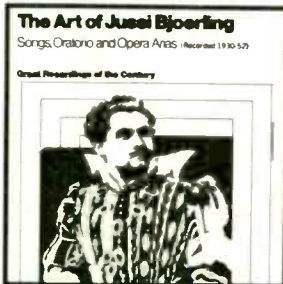
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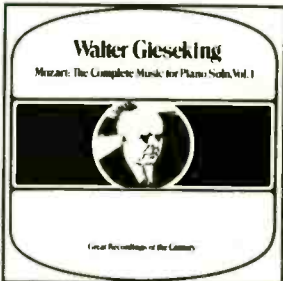
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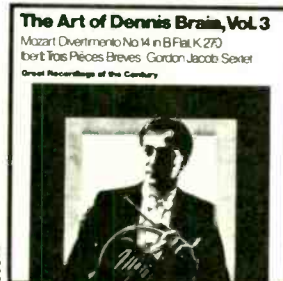
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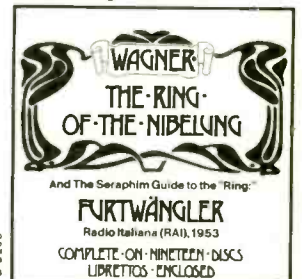
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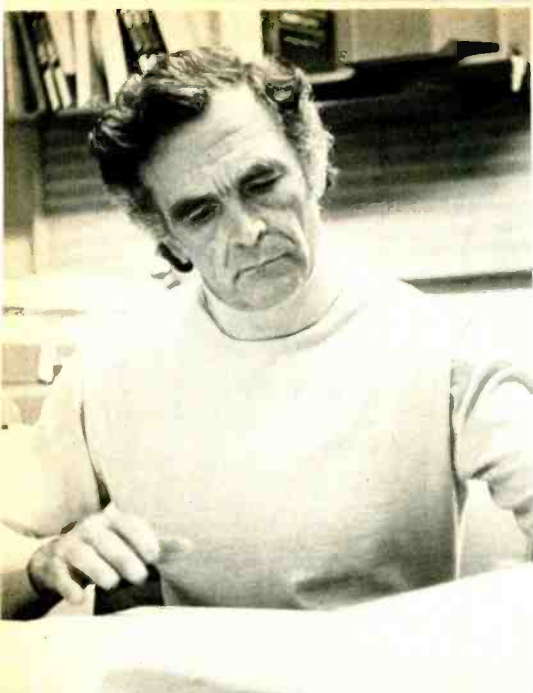
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BUSONI: Berceuse élégiaque. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 88.

B **DAVIES:** Eight Songs for a Mad King. Julius Eastman, voice; The Fires of London, Peter Maxwell Davies, cond. [David Harvey, prod.] NONESUCH H 71285, \$2.98.

The "Mad King" of Peter Maxwell Davies' 1969 songs is George III, the Bad Guy of the American Revolution, and this brilliant, disturbing score draws upon historical testimony about the musical aspects of his dementia. George kept birds and tried to teach them songs with the aid of a mechanical organ (still in existence). He greatly admired the late Mr. Handel and quoted him in his verbal wanderings, some of which were taken down and are used verbatim in the text that Randolph Stow assembled for Davies.

Eight Songs is really a theatrical work: the two wind and two string players sit in cages on the stage, like the king's birds. At a climactic point, the robed and crowned singer reaches into the violinist's cage, grabs the violin, strums it furiously, and eventually breaks it. This and similar happenings are noted in the composer's commentary, reprinted on the record liner, but it might have been still more useful to interpolate within the texts of the songs (also given on the liner) some of the stage directions for this and other happenings that appear in the score, thus clarifying the action further for the home listener.

The vocal writing for the protagonist is surely unprecedented in its requirements, calling for four octaves of range, a variety of "multiple-stop" chordal effects, falsetto shrieks, coloratura gasps, and some of the widest skips in musical history. Originally conceived in terms of the particular resources of Roy Hart, the part has since found other expo-

nents, most notably Julius Eastman, who performs it with great virtuosity on this record.

The instrumental fabric is equally hallucinatory in content and technique—sometimes free and cadenzalike as the soloists personify George's birds, sometimes in wild cross-rhythms, sometimes quoting Handel or popular idioms with Davies' characteristic mordancy, finally disintegrating as the king wanders off after reciting a eulogy on his own imagined death.

Hardly a conventional or "pretty" piece, *Eight Songs for a Mad King* makes an unequivocal effect, and a unique one. Madness and music have been linked together before, but this "mad scene" digs into its expressive task at quite a different level than any of its predecessors. The result is unsettling, convincing, and rather overwhelming, especially in this fine, authoritative, handsomely recorded performance. D.H.

DVOŘÁK: Quartets for Piano and Strings: No. 1, in D, Op. 23; No. 2, in E flat, Op. 87. Walter Trampler, viola; Beaux Arts Trio. PHILIPS 6500 452, \$6.98.

Comparisons:
Gerhart, Dumka Trio (Nos. 1 and 2) Vox SVBX 571
Rubinstein, Guarneri Quartet (No. 2) RCA LSC 3340

Dvořák wrote his two piano quartets fourteen years apart—Op. 23 in 1875 when he was thirty-four, Op. 87 in 1889. It would take a more devout Dvořákian than I to find the earlier work very interesting. The skeleton of the piece is all too obvious: You can hear the sequential modulations coming a mile away; much of the exchange between instruments is short-winded; a great deal of the music seems to have been written on the principle that what goes up must come down; and the work persists, to my ears, in sounding like a trio (where is that viola?). Still, I suppose we ought to remember that Dvořák wrote it in two and a half weeks in a burst of activity that produced, in about a year's time, five other chamber works and his opera *Vanda*, among other things.

The *Beaux Arts* puts everything it has into the work, and brings out everything that's there. The only competition in the catalogue is the version by the Dumka Trio, which doesn't produce so integrated a tone and doesn't seem to be aware of the fact that there should be some uniformity of phrasing when one instrument repeats something another has just played.

The release of the *Beaux Arts*'s version of Op. 87 comes hard on the heels of the Guarneri performance with Rubinstein, which Harris Goldsmith last August called "the finest of the Guarneri/Rubinstein collaborations to date—truly the performance of a lifetime." So it is. And it is a measure of the *Beaux Arts*'s achievement that the players almost match it. If one must weigh hairs, the Guarneri is a bit richer in string tone and a shade more thought-provoking because of a certain deliberation with which those gentlemen call your attention to something important when it is about to happen. The *Beaux Arts* works up powerful momentum and sails through, with a little less significance given to rests and a little less individuality in the piano part. But it is a beautifully persuasive performance nonetheless, and I am loath to make comparisons between the two.

The work itself is rich in every way—in themes, sheer electrical power, solidity of

structure, atmosphere (the serene, evening melancholy established by the cello theme in the slow movement is one of Dvořák's great, and typical, moments). The first two movements are much more Germanic than Czech-folk in spirit, almost Brahmsian. S.F.

FRANCK: Symphonic Variations—See Khachaturian: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in D flat.

HAYDN: Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra, in D—See Bach: Concerto No. 1.

B **HAYDN:** Symphonies, Vol. 7. Philharmonia Hungarica, Antal Dorati, cond. [James Mallinson, prod.] LONDON STEREO TREASURY STS 15257/62, \$17.88 (six discs).

Symphonies: No. 20, in C; No. 21, in A; No. 22, in E flat (*The Philosopher*); No. 23, in G; No. 24, in D; No. 25, in C; No. 26, in D minor (*Lamentation*); No. 27, in G; No. 28, in A; No. 29, in E; No. 30, in C (*Alleluja*); No. 31, in D (*Hornsignal*); No. 32, in C; No. 33, in C; No. 34, in D minor; No. 35, in B flat.

One of the most frequent calumnies against the Haydn symphonies is that they all sound alike. It's the sort of charge that cannot withstand careful inspection but may be supported by superficial inquiry. Haydn worked within a developing style. (He could hardly have written 107 symphonies any other way.) Thus there are indeed stylistic bonds between these works, and they are easily grasped. But each symphony is a distinct and imaginative product of a richly creative mind, and Dorati's performances make this evident.

Certainly there is no greater satisfaction in this album than the brilliance of the performances themselves—the lightness, the energy, the clarity of line, and most of all the unflinching comprehension of the composer's ideas. This is a tribute to Dorati, of course, but no less a tribute to his musicians, who have assimilated the style thoroughly in the course of making these recordings. In fact one wonders if, with changing direction in Cleveland, that ensemble—under George Szell the greatest Haydn-Mozart orchestra in the world—has now been surpassed by these players.

Special note must be made of the continuo playing. These early symphonies (the works in the present album date from 1759-68) require a keyboard player to support harmonies and fill in textures, but this music is to be improvised. The skill and taste with which this unnamed player realizes these serious artistic responsibilities has been a source of great satisfaction throughout this series. With this set my curiosity is finally piqued: Is it Dorati himself conducting from the keyboard in the authentic Haydn style? If not, who?

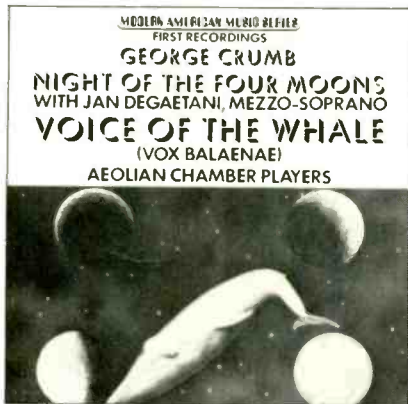
Symphonies of this period are really pre-classical music. They look forward to the great events of the final decades of the eighteenth century while still recalling the spirit of the baroque. In this album are three works of extraordinary merit which stand apart from other music (even Haydn's other music) of the period as being of exceptional imagination and vision. These are symphonies with names, works that from the decade of their first performance were recognized as possessing unusual qualities. They are the *Philosopher*, traditionally called No. 22; the *Lamentation*, traditionally known as 26; and the *Hornsignal*,

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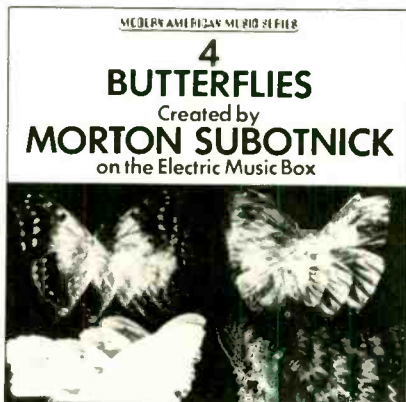
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usually designated as No. 31. (In fact, all three numbers are wrong: "No. 26" was written after "No. 31." as H. C. Robbins Landon makes clear in his unusually generous and informative notes.) These are the symphonies most people know best and are most likely to want from this period, and all three are available in perfectly adequate recorded editions that do not require the purchase of such a large group of unfamiliar scores.

It comes down to this: The dedicated Haydn collector will be satisfied with nothing less than Dorati's complete edition of the symphonies, since there simply is nothing to rival it in terms of being complete, scholarly, and effective musically. The adventurous collector, who enjoys classical, preclassical, and baroque music (the Vivaldi-lover looking for new worlds to conquer), ought to have this set because it contains a great deal of prime material for discovery, such as that marvelous trumpet-and-drum score called No. 20 or the deliciously inventive No. 24. If you have a love of exploration, here is an opportunity to run wild.

But the person who wants only Haydn's top twenty, or thirty, or whatever, may well choose to let this album of the Dorati series pass by. He already knows the best items it contains, and he'll settle for that. In doing so, he simply follows the practice of many American orchestras and conductors (which is, of course, sad). The alternatives are open, and the combination of fine engineering and inspired performances presented here makes as strong a case for the good Josef as he might ever desire.

R.C.M.



Nadine Conner
A Gretel for sentimentalists only.

Records OC 187/8, this would make a nice Christmas present from Seraphim in 1974.
D.H.

KHACHATURIAN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in D flat. **FRANCK:** Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra. Alicia de Larrocha, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, cond. LONDON CS 6818, \$5.98.

Khachaturian's lushly exotic, showy, neoinineteenth-century piano concerto of 1936 has—like its slightly younger sibling for violin—tenaciously clung to the fringe of the repertory despite a chorus of particularly vocal detractors. Something in the quasi-Oriental orchestration must appeal to the same young audiences who cringe in disgust at the similarly Muzak-like—but more westernized—products of the British Addinsell and the Hollywood crew. And frankly, I rather like these works myself: They are dreadfully shallow, of course, but rather tender in the lyrical sections, breezily energetic in the finales, and structurally cogent in the easy-to-follow first movements.

The gaudy orchestration cries out for superior reproduction, and that is exactly what London has supplied here. The entire orchestral canvas is captured with both horizontal clarity and massive vertical impact. The solo piano, for once not too near the microphone, comes through brilliantly with delicate clinging nuance and champagne sparkle. (Contrast the soft piano entrance in the Andante with Kapell's disastrous proximity on the old, but still serviceable, RCA LM 2588.) In one important respect, however, the new recording is *too* vivid. When reviewing the superb Katz/Boult version (an English Pye recording issued here on Vanguard Everyman, now deleted), I commented that the flexatone obbligato in the Andante sounded "like someone whistling along with a mouthful of pomegranate seeds"; London's ultra-clarity shatters that appropriate atmosphere, and the hybrid instrument comes through with an unmagical metallic twang.

In every other respect, though, Mme. de

Larrocha and her collaborators serve the music handsomely. Her pianism has magnificent grace and flexibility, iridescence of touch, and a certain aristocracy that lifts the frequently tawdry patterns to a level of real distinction. Were the Katz record still available, that slightly more massive, angular reading would offer formidable competition (especially with its budget price) but as of now Mme. de Larrocha has the field pretty much to herself (though Monitor MCS 2079 with the composer and dedicatee Lev Oborin—sans flexatone—is, of course, of historical interest).

Mme. de Larrocha's Franck is one of the most beautiful I have ever heard. Her *Symphonic Variations* is highly lyrical and introspective, warm-sounding and completely natural in its singing, expansive style. Perhaps the famous finale is a trifle comfortable and without the busy sparkle of the conventional reading, but the beauty of sound—so impressive in the earlier phases of the piece—remains to the bitter(sweet) end. Frühbeck de Burgos—whose forte is sonority, not rhythm—supports sympathetically, and the cellos—so crucial to this score—have never sounded creamier. H.G.

B **MACDOWELL:** Suite for Orchestra, No. 2, Op. 48 (*Indian*); Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in D minor, Op. 23. Eugene List, piano (in Op. 23); Westphalian Symphony Orchestra, Recklinghausen, Siegfried Landau, cond. TURNABOUT TV-S 34535, \$2.98.

Indians are very big nowadays; nevertheless one did not expect the contemporary fascination with the first Americans to bring back any of the music on Indian themes produced in response to the short-lived musical nationalism of the 1890s. MacDowell's *Indian Suite* is probably the best work that movement produced; it is also, in all probability, MacDowell's finest work for orchestra alone.

It is beautifully made, in a style that speaks of its era yet is beholden to none of the models of that era. If anything, it looks forward: The second slow movement, entitled *Dirge*, has something of the brooding, fragmentary, elliptical quality of Sibelius' Fourth Symphony. This magnificent movement, based on a Kiowa tune, is the high point of the suite, probably the high point in all of MacDowell; but the other four movements, with their melodies from many different tribes, unostentatiously but very skillfully manipulated, have their values, too. The performance is adequate, and so is the recording; neither compares at all well with the old Hanson/Eastman recording, but that's been out of print for years.

For a long time the Second Piano Concerto was the only work of MacDowell's to be listed in Schwann. So far no evidence has been presented to contradict the widely held opinion that, all things considered, this concerto is the best piece MacDowell ever produced. It lies somewhere between Grieg and Rachmaninoff, but has an elegant passion all its own, and it is a marvelous virtuosic vehicle, at least when it is played by someone who believes in it as powerfully as Eugene Lis, obviously does.

The jacket is adorned with a fine color print of one of the most impressive portraits of an Indian chief ever painted. Unfortunately, Turnabout has seen fit not to identify this pic-

B **HUMPERDINCK:** Hänsel und Gretel (sung in English).

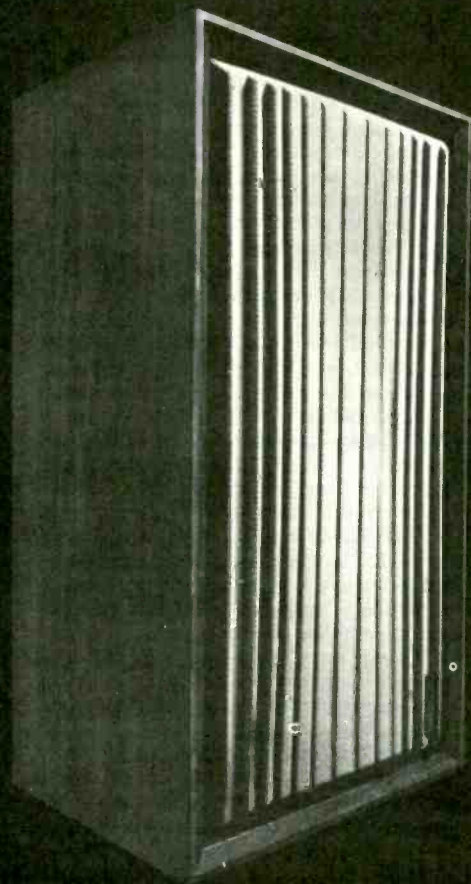
R	Hänsel	Rise Stevens (ms)
	Gretel	Nadine Conner (s)
	Witch, Sandman	Thelma Votipka (s)
	Father	John Brownlee (b)
	Mother	Claramae Turner (ms)
	Dew Fairy	Lillian Raymondi (s)

Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond. ODYSSEY Y2 32456, \$5.96 (two discs, mono), [from COLUMBIA SL 2, recorded June 5, 1947].

If you were brought up on Humperdinck's mini-Wagnerian confection in the Constance Bache translation or went (more likely, were taken) to the 1946-47 Met performances to which this recording relates, it may well have some sentimental attractions. (In fact, no other complete version of the opera in English is currently available.) But sentimental or historical considerations aside, there is only limited pleasure here: a rather hasty reading by Rudolf, fairly scrappy playing from the orchestra, generally neat but colorless singing, fair-to-middling diction (clear enough so that Brownlee's British wars audibly with the unashamed American of the others), a very mature-sounding chorus of children—all transmitted in a dry acoustic and plagued by a persistent hum.

Considering the potential of Humperdinck's score, with its elegant Wagnerian textures and sophisticated pastoral tone, this simply isn't good enough. Any of the current German-language sets comes much closer to the style. Best of all was the sable-and-diamonds Karajan treatment of twenty years ago with Schwarzkopf and Grümmer in the title roles; currently listed in England as World

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ture. The chief's name was Man Who Gives the War Whoop. He was a Crow, and the painting was made around 1847 by Paul Kane. It is in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, and Turnabout should be ashamed of itself for neglecting to provide any credit at all for this very unusual illustration. A.F.

MARTIN: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra.
ARNOLD: Concerto for Two Violins and String Orchestra, Op. 77. Stephen Kates, cello; Paul Kling and Peter McHugh, violins; Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester, cond. LOUISVILLE LS 731, \$5.95.

I have raved so strongly about recent Frank Martin releases that I find it difficult to come up with new superlatives. But the fact is that, if anything, the Swiss composer's recent cello concerto (composed between 1965 and 1966) deserves masterpiece status even more unequivocally than such fine works as the violin, harpsichord, and piano concertos made available by Candide. And the cello concerto benefits here from exceptionally good performances and engineering.

One of the constantly striking elements of all of Frank Martin's work is the manner in which the composer has been able to combine an artisan's attention to the details of his craft with a rare depth of emotional and dramatic communication. Certainly, for instance, the sharp and crystalline instrumental effects Martin attains in the cello concerto through such simple and yet ingenious devices as doubling a saxophone melody (in the first movement) with pizzicato strings—all this pitted against punctuation from the harp and winds—attest to the composer's uncanny skill in combining sounds. Yet none of this is mere gratuitous flash, for Martin's use of the orchestra represents an extremely important aspect in his over-all dynamic conception of the work; and while a wide variety of instruments is used, the concerto's basic effect is almost that of a chamber composition in which one of the main interests lies in the shifting and progression of the instrumental colors. The saxophone passage mentioned above, for instance, is all the more striking in that the theme involved was originally heard on the cello at the outset of the work, and its repetition in the new instrumentation—whose sonorities are not so very far removed from those of the cello—is felt as a development and evolution of the original theme.

In his performance of the cello solo, Stephen Kates turns out to be every bit the match of Pierre Fournier, for whom, I believe, the concerto was written and who is the only other cellist I have heard play it. Kates has both the tone and the expressive power to communicate beautifully the more lyrical passages, such as the pleading and elegiac cello melody set against the almost archaic chorale theme of the chaconnelike second movement. But he also brings out with perfect accuracy and energy the vigorous, typically Martin-esque rhythms of the giguelike sections of the first movement, and these same qualities pervade the even more complex, almost frenetic finale. If anything, Kates's pacing, which is somewhat faster in certain spots than Fournier's, tends to enhance the drama and tensions of this foreboding work that hardly even flirts with a major key until the final few bars.

Jorge Mester leads the Louisville Orchestra

in one of its best performances, never allowing any slack to destroy the taut interplays of theme, rhythm, and instrumental color so perfectly conceived by Martin. Furthermore, in an apparent attempt to maintain this delicate equilibrium in the recording, somebody involved decided to place all of the strings at the right and most of the winds to the left, with the cello at dead center and various other instruments—such as the harp, celesta, and piano—at diverse spots throughout the orchestra. Thus, besides the excellent sound quality, the stereo balance, thanks to this unorthodox but highly effective realization, could not be better suited to the work.

I must admit that upon first hearing of the Malcolm Arnold double concerto, a work new to me, I was tempted to call it a very bad, nay awful, work. But, although I would still not place it very high on my list of Arnold priorities (a modern recording of the Second Symphony would be nice), subsequent listenings have led me to the conclusion that the problem here is more the performance than the music. The flowing and somewhat nervous



Frank Martin
An uncanny skill in combining sounds.

lyricism of the first movement's opening theme, for instance, immediately identifies the work as Malcolm Arnold, and the second theme is harmonized in part by the near tone clusters that give many Arnold works their somewhat mysterious and melancholy ambience. But the shrill and strident playing of violinists Paul Kling and Peter McHugh simply overwhelms everything, and the sloppy accompaniment by the Louisville strings makes matters a good deal worse.

Granted, some of the blame must in fact be laid on Arnold, who here certainly does not show the total mastery of the concertante idiom one finds in Frank Martin. By far the most interesting passages in the Arnold concerto are to be found in the orchestral accompaniment, and perhaps not even the combined tones of two David Oistrakhs would suffice to tame the rude solo intrusions enough to balance them with the rest of the work. And I'm not sure whether I see the musical logic of following an overly long second movement, which nonetheless has some lovely moments, with an almost nonexistent finale.

In spite of all this, the Arnold double concerto deserved a good recording. Unfortunately, it still does. But don't let that stop you from getting the disc, for you're not likely to come across a better realization of the splendid Martin cello concerto for quite some time—if ever. R.S.B.

MOZART: Songs. Edith Mathis, soprano; Bernhard Klee, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 319, \$7.98.

Das Veilchen; Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte; Des kleinen Friedrichs Geburtstag; Sei du mein Trost; Der Frühling; Die Verschweigung; Der Zauberer; Abendempfindung; Ridente la calma; Un moto di gioia; Oiseaux, si tous les ans; Ah! spieglart, oh Dio; Das Kinderspiel; Die Alte; Die Zufriedenheit (with Takashi Ochi, mandolin); Die kleine Spinnerin; Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge.

Mozart's songs, while not among his most striking achievements, have a lot of charm. Few of them exploit the possibilities of verbal illumination. *Das Veilchen* and *Als Luise die Briefe* are exceptions, both of them tiny masterpieces of poetical insight, the first lyrical and the second more declamatory. Most, however, are simple strophic ditties with aptly simple accompaniments.

For all this, the songs aren't especially easy to perform. They require vocal virtues that are hard to come by these days. Apart from purity of tone (without which nothing is possible in this music), simplicity of style coupled with subtlety of expression is absolutely necessary. Coyness, archness, and sentimentality are as fatal as blandness—the inability to distinguish, in a musical way, the difference between one line of poetry and another, even when they are both set to the same music.

Edith Mathis handles these requirements very well. The voice, except for a little restriction at the top, is an attractively pure instrument. She is engagingly direct. Her enunciation is clear. She points up verbal meanings with a nice sense of discrimination. She also makes a few welcome moves in the direction of musicological fidelity: She uses appoggiaturas in *Ridente la calma*, for instance, and also employs a certain amount of decoration. I only wish there were more of it. At the end of the third verse of *Sei du mein Trost* she allows herself a delightful variation by singing a brief cadential flourish in the place of the grace note marked.

The piano accompaniments by Bernhard Klee, Mathis' husband, are good, and so is the mandolin playing of Takashi Ochi in *Die Zufriedenheit*. The recording is excellent. For once in a Lieder recital, there is ample space between the performers and the listener.

D.S.H.

MOZART: Works for Wind Instruments and Orchestra. Claude Monteux, flute; Jack Brymer, clarinet; Neil Black, oboe; Michael Chapman, bassoon; Alain Civil, horn; Osian Ellis, harp; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. [Erik Smith, prod.] PHILIPS 6500 378, 6500 379, and 6500 380, \$6.98 each.

Concertos: for Clarinet, in A, K. 622 for Bassoon, in B flat, K. 191. Andante for Flute, in C, K. 315 (6500 378). Concertos: for Flute, in G, K. 313; for Oboe, in C, K. 314 (6500 379). Concerto for Flute and Harp, in C, K. 299. Sinfonia Concertante for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, in E flat, K. 297b (6500 380).

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Van Cliburn—staggering performances of Rachmaninoff

four horn concertos, with Civil, are on Philips 6500 325). Each performance is a superior one: All the soloists blend smoothly into Marriner's interpretive framework without sacrificing their individuality; they all produce good, firm tone; Marriner provides buoyant underpinning, fleet and energetic, making up for occasional impersonality with invariable good taste; the Academy plays crisply. And Philips presents it all with its usual full-bodied sound and silken pressings.

If you are interested in these records as a complete entity, they easily surpass the two competitors. Herbert von Karajan's album (Angel SCL 3783, minus the horn concertos, which he recorded on DG 139 038, both with the Berlin Philharmonic) seems determined to give lavishness and legato a bad name. Every concerto is swamped with Karajanisms at their most hopelessly mannered, and the Berlin Philharmonic's principals—some of whom turn in more normal efforts under other conductors on rival discs—are forced into his mold. Turnabout's set, mostly by Jörg Faerber and the Württemberg Chamber Orchestra, has its budget price to recommend it but little else. These are small-scale, provincial performances that range from the pleasant but not really competitive to the pretty scrappy.

In individual recordings, a goodly number of famous wind players and conductors have recorded these works, and Marriner's new versions, however worthy, simply can't hope to wipe the slate clean. That said, it should be added that partisans of particular virtuosos will want their versions, irrespective of less than ideal accompaniments, antiquated sound, peculiar couplings, or whatever.

The first Philips disc has winning performances of the early Bassoon Concerto, K. 191, the late Clarinet Concerto, K. 622, and the brief Andante in C for flute. Michael Chapman is particularly winning in K. 191; Claude Monteux gives a typically chaste performance of the Andante. Jack Brymer's work in K. 622, however beautifully done, will strike some as a little too smooth and sweet. His earlier K. 622 with Beecham (Seraphim S 60193)—easily the

best budget version—is even suaver, but it fits so elegantly with Sir Thomas' view that one hardly objects. The K. 191 on the Beecham disc is again the best budget version. The Sharrow/Toscanini K. 191 (RCA LM 1030, with the *Jupiter* Symphony) is poorly recorded and idiosyncratic but inimitable. For K. 622, Robert Marcellus (with Szell and the Cleveland on Columbia MS 6968, with the *Divertimento*, K. 131) provides a more biting account of the solo part, and Gervase de Peyer (London CS 6178) fits neatly into Peter Maag's winningly vital statement of the orchestral part, but here the unfortunate coupling is the First and Third Horn Concertos with Barry Tuckwell, forcing the buyer to duplicate these if he wants either of Tuckwell's—or anybody else's—recordings of all four.

Marriner is the best choice for the Flute and Harp Concerto, K. 299, at least if you want a Mozart coupling. The Shaffer/Costello/Menuhin version (Angel S 36189), coupled with the Telemann Flute Suite in A minor, is a persuasive one, however, more vital and direct than the new Philips; and the Zoeller/Zabaleta/Maerzendorfer (DG 138 853) not only is appealing in itself but also offers your only chance to get Carl Reinecke's harp concerto, should you want it. I can't recommend any budget K. 299.

Marriner's coupling for K. 299 is the *Sinfonia Concertante*, K. 297b, and again his and his soloists' statement is an excellent one. The Barenboim/English Chamber Orchestra (Angel S 36582, with the Haydn *Sinfonia Concertante*) and Böhm/Berlin Philharmonic (DG 139 156, with the *Sinfonia Concertante*, K. 364) versions are equally convincing in their different ways—Barenboim pointed and a bit ponderous, Böhm Germanically elegant. And Ristenpart offers a reasonable low-priced alternative (Nonesuch H 71068, with the *Concertone*, K. 190), if you can accept the tone of his French soloists.

The Flute Concerto, K. 313, and K. 314—which exists in versions for both oboe (in C) and flute (in D), with no clear musicological grounds for preferring one over the other—

make an obvious pair. Claude Monteux takes care of K. 313 with his usual deftness (he recorded an attractive flute-version K. 314 with his father conducting on London CS 6400, with the Bach Second Suite), and Neil Black is the assured oboist in K. 314. There is an unusual Archiv disc (198 342) of K. 313 and the oboe version of K. 314—unusual because the capable conductor, Hans Stadlmair, uses a harpsichord continuo. Hans-Martin Linde is the effectively unobtrusive flutist in K. 313, and Heinz Holliger does a lively job with K. 314, if you don't mind the pinched tone. Holliger's more recent K. 314 with Edo de Waart (Philips 6500 174) sounds similarly pinched but even more full of polish and personality, and the coupling is the only available version of Richard Strauss's lovely oboe concerto.

There are two appealing budget recordings of K. 313 and the flute version of K. 314, each coupled with the *Andante in C*: Alain Marion and Karl Ristenpart (Nonesuch H 71126) and Elaine Shaffer and Efreim Kurtz (Seraphim S 60123). The Shaffer/Kurtz performances are superior, but the sound is a little dated. There is also a full, sweet-toned oboe account of K. 314 by André Lardrot (Vanguard 2074), with works by Mozart, Handel, and Albinoni. J.R.

PIZZETTI: *Preludio ad un altro giorno*. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 88.

RACHMANINOFF: Piano Works. Van Cliburn, piano. [John Pfeiffer, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0352, \$5.98. Tape: ● ARS 1-0352, \$6.95; ●● ARK 1-0352, \$6.95.

Sonata No. 2, in B flat minor, Op. 36. Etude Tableau in E flat minor, Op. 39, No. 5. Preludes: in D, Op. 23, No. 4; in G minor, Op. 23, No. 5; in E flat, Op. 23, No. 6; in C minor, Op. 23, No. 7; in G, Op. 32, No. 5.

Comparisons—Sonata No. 2:

Horowitz
Ogdon

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Rachmaninoff wrote his B flat minor Piano Sonata in 1913—obviously out of deference to Chopin's Second Sonata, in the same key. It is a very long, complex, and to be completely honest not altogether successful work. As in the Third Concerto, some absolutely brilliant, touching ideas lose their ultimate focus because so much else is either diffuse or prolix. Rachmaninoff himself realized that the composition had shortcomings and in 1931 fashioned a wholesale revision, with many parts rewritten or technically simplified. John Ogdon recorded the later version; Horowitz used his own synthesis of the two versions—for which he had Rachmaninoff's sanction. Cliburn's rendition, from a Moscow recital in June 1960, is billed as the "original version." But as Francis Crociata's informative notes tell us, "In several places, particularly in the closing of the first and second movements, [Cliburn] has utilized materials that were newly composed for the revised version but are consistent with Rachmaninoff's harmonic style in 1913." Perfectly clear?

The performance is quite staggering. Cliburn is basically a more lyrical sort of pianist than either the febrile Horowitz or the sober Ogdon, but in front of an obviously receptive (but very considerate and attentive) audience he summons tremendous reserves of bravura. A few details here and in the E flat minor Etude Tableau are a shade emotive and affectedly "sniffed at," but these are more than

counterbalanced by the masterful pianistic scope and genuine sincerity elsewhere.

The preludes, from recent recording sessions, document this fine American artist's development: Of late, his playing has become more delicate, more subtly contained. He spins out a ravishing filigree accompaniment in the G major Prelude, with the lightest, most shimmering pianissimo imaginable. The G minor Prelude is taken broadly, with excellently pointed rhythm and with a few personal dynamic gradations that nevertheless do not distract from the basic architectural design. The E flat Prelude reflects the perfection of voicing that has always been a mark of Cliburn's cultivated, natural pianism (as it was, indeed, of Rachmaninoff's). Here, however, I would prefer a view of this cantabile piece that pulls things together with more tautness. The same applies to the D major Prelude and, to a lesser degree, to the massive C minor.

Cliburn has a decided affinity for this repertory, and his *con amore* playing has been clearly, honestly reproduced. I also notice that RCA's pressing is a bit thicker than usual of late. H.G.

B ROSSINI: Péchés de vieillesse: excerpts. Aldo Ciccolini, piano. SERAPHIM S 60216, \$2.98.

Petit caprice (in the style of Offenbach); *Prélude inoffensif*; *L'innocence italienne—La candeur française*; *Ouï les petits pois*; *Une caresse à ma femme*; *Un petit train de plaisir*; *Specimen de l'ancien régime*.

The nearly forty years that elapsed between *Guillaume Tell* (1829) and Rossini's death (1868) were not at all devoid of creativity. In the period immediately following *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini still thought of himself as an operatic composer. Indeed, he signed a contract with the government of Charles X to compose exclusively for the French stage for ten years and to deliver four more works at two-year intervals. But even though the fall of the king (in the revolution of July 1830) put an end to this arrangement and Rossini became deeply and frustratingly involved in litigation, he did not by any means forswear composition altogether.

There were no new operas, but by 1832 he was already at work on his *Stabat Mater* and completed the first six numbers before being rendered incapable of further composition by lumbago and nervous exhaustion. (The *Stabat Mater* was completed by Giovanni Tadolini and performed in 1833.) During this time Rossini was writing the eight ariettas for soprano and piano and the four duets for two voices and piano that were published in 1835 under the title of *Les Soirées musicales*—exceptionally graceful music, all of which lies beautifully in the voice. *Les Soirées musicales* trace melodic arabesques over texts by Metastasio and Count Pepoli. Some of them, like the tarantella *La Danza*, are vivacious; some, like *La Gita in gondola*, are voluptuous; all are elegant. They have been well recorded on Musical Heritage MHS 1204, one of soprano Renata Scott's most attractive discs.

Rossini wrote little more until 1842, when he felt impelled to purge the *Stabat Mater* of Tadolini's four numbers and complete the composition himself. Then a long silence descended. Rossini, suffering from physical and psychological disorders—from a severe bladder infection and from cyclothymia—could write only fitfully. Around 1855, however, he

left Italy forever and settled permanently in Paris, where his physical and mental health began to improve rapidly. It was during this period, roughly the last ten years of his life, that he assumed the nearly full-time role of wit, epicure, and host.

The Rossini's Saturday-evening salon was the occasion for stimulating conversation and exquisite music-making. The guests included aristocrats, diplomats, politicians, ecclesiastics, writers, artists, musicians. Among the composers who at one time or another attended were Verdi, Wagner, Boito, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Sullivan, Meyerbeer, Gounod.

For these occasions Rossini would often supply new compositions, all of them songs and short instrumental pieces. What he provided was not so much chamber music as salon music. The ambience of its performance—a drawing room full of noisy and sophisticated people—brought forth the greatest of Rossini's qualities: wit and the ability both to charm and to dazzle by the use of intelligence. There are parodies of Meyerbeer, of Offenbach, of Halévy; there are satires; there are miscellaneous drolleries. There are also a few tender love songs, an *Ave Maria*, a theme and variations for solo cello, an elegy for solo violin. But there is nothing here that reaches beyond the scope of salon music, nothing that is not completely aware of its own modest nature. The virtues of these miniatures are harmonic and melodic ingenuity, verve, charm, unexpectedness, clarity of texture, and absolute knowledge of the capacities of voices and instruments.

In the fourteen volumes housed today in the Liceo Musicale, Pesaro, which contain the salon compositions of Rossini's last years, there are some 160 items, most of them marked by irrepressible gaiety of temperament, the same quality that led him to conclude a solemn *Hymn to Napoleon III* with a lively quick-step. The impulse that made Rossini call his long Mass of 1864 "petite" endowed his salon music with titles like *Oh! The Green Peas*, *A Caress for My Wife*, *Anodine Music*, *Tortured Waltz*, and *My Hygienic Prelude for the Morning*, and a whole volume of *Four Hours d'Oeuvres and Four Desserts*. Though the im-



Aldo Ciccolini
Miniature but consequential Rossini.

pulse is no doubt best thought of as whimsical, this music is among the first significant examples of the anti-Romanticism that in France produced Chabrier and Satie. Given the influence of the latter, that is no mean lineage for a major composer's by-products. A title like *Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear* serves to demonstrate Satie's Rossinian affinities.

Aldo Ciccolini, a celebrated exponent of Satie, also plays Rossini with exceptional success. In his hands the music is at all times clear and vivacious. Except for an occasional overuse of the pedal, there is no inflation, only spirited virtuosity.

Ciccolini's recital duplicates four of the titles on Luciano Sgrizzi's Nonesuch performance of nine *Sins of My Old Age* (H 71163), and though Sgrizzi is slightly less smooth than Ciccolini, he is on the whole very good too. Moreover, his disc gives us the only available recording of *Tarantelle pur sang* (avec traversée de la procession), *Prélude prétentieux*, *Memento Homo*, *Assez de memento: dansons*, and *Mon prélude hygienique du matin*.

Nonesuch H 71089 is indispensable, since it alone enables us to hear several of the late vocal pieces, most of which are both intriguing and enchanting. *L'amour à Pékin*, for example, makes use of the whole-tone scale. There also is the *Musique anodine*, which Rossini presented to his second wife in 1857 on her name day, and which marked his return to complete mental health and thus to creativity. The performances are more than adequate, though ideally one would like more vocal beauty.

Miniatures all this music may be. But none of what one hears on these records is inconsequential. For anyone susceptible to sensuousness and wit, there is in them a great deal of lasting pleasure. D.S.H.

B SCHUBERT: Songs. Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Gerald Moore, piano. [Ronald Kinloch Anderson, prod.] SERAPHIM SIB 6083, \$5.96 (two discs).

Gretchen am Spinnrade, Suleika I, Suleika II, Schwestergruss, Schlummerlied, An die untergehende Sonne, Heiss mich nicht reden, D. 877/2. So laßt mich scheinen, D. 877/3. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, D. 877/4. Kennst du das Land? Berthas Lied in der Nacht, Epistel an Herrn Josef von Spaun, Eliens Gesänge: Raste, Krieger, Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd; Ave Maria, Claudine von Villabella: Hin und wieder; Liebe schwärmt, An die Nachtigall, D. 497. Des Mädchens Klage, Delphine, Wiegenlied, D. 867. Wiegenlied, D. 498. Die Männer sind réchant, Iphigenia, Das Mädchen, D. 652. Die Junge Nonne.

SCHUBERT: Duets. Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. [Cord Garben, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 328, \$7.98.

Hermann und Thunelda, Antigone und Oedip, Cronnan, Singubungen, D. 619. Selma und Selmar, Licht und Liebe, Hektors Abschied, Mignon und der Hartner (Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt), D. 877/1. Szene aus Goethes Faust (with members of the RIAS Chamber Chorus).

For those of you who have by now fully digested the Schubert literature contained in Fischer-Dieskau's mammoth Deutsche Grammophon sets, here are two supplementary items. Although the duet disc is more unconventional in content—only one piece, the *Mignon* duet, is otherwise available on records—let me turn first to Janet Baker's solo recital, simply because it is so pleasurable.

Miss Baker's program is a varied one: several justly celebrated songs, a group of settings from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Ellen's songs from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, some relative rarities (notably the charming *Delphine* and

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the eloquent *Iphigenia*), and three first recordings (*Schwestergruss*, *Berthas Lied*, and the very early *Mädchens Klage*, apparently Schubert's second surviving song). The singing is almost unfailingly musical, the diction wondrously precise.

Naturally, some songs suit Miss Baker better than others. We start off with a rather withdrawn and restrained *Gretchen*, but the same restraint blossoms into a comforting warmth for the young nun of the final band. In between, the songs with more internal rhythmic activity seem to fare best: Ellen's songs, *Delphine*, Suleika's second number; the *Mignon* songs from D. 877 are also quite fine. *Berthas Lied an der Nacht* could use a warmer tone to match its harmonic richness, but it is good to have this gorgeous song on record at last. The late *Wiegenlied* ("Wie sich die Auglein . . .") is taken at a good clip: like Fischer-Dieskau, Baker omits the third stanza. Gerald Moore is typically stylish and accurate, although the piano tone here is less clear and solid than on the duet disc (and in Fischer-Dieskau's big packages). Unless you've been collecting Schubert assiduously for many years and from many sources, there are sure to be some finds for you in this set; relative newcomers will discover only four duplications with the Fischer-Dieskau sets.

Even though this is a low-price package, Seraphim has thoughtfully provided an admirable booklet with full texts, translations, and useful notes. I am less happy about the surfaces, which on my copy (a regular production pressing) were full of pockmarks, decidedly inferior to the European equivalents.

The DG disc is specifically a supplement to the Fischer-Dieskau volumes; another record, devoted to Schubert's trios, will be along shortly. Not all of these are explicitly conceived for two voices, but the operatic-style dialogues that Schubert composed so persistently in 1815 are certainly not harmed by such treatment. Truth to tell, most of them are on the dull side, although never without striking moments, such as the harmonic shadings of the piano part at the beginning and end of *Cronnan* (an Ossian setting, the sequel to *Shilrik und Vinvela*, which might well have been recorded too—there's plenty of room on the record). Except for the *Singübungen*—a lengthy imitative vocalise *a due* with figured bass, which Schubert can hardly have intended for such formal presentation—there are only two true duets here: *Licht und Liebe* and the very beautiful *Mignon* piece. The latter, sung in the original key, lies rather high for these singers; the De los Angeles/Fischer-Dieskau version (Angel S 35963) is not only smoother—the baritone more comfortable at such altitudes ten years ago—and better blended, but more urgent and coherent.

DG offers a text leaflet, but no further information, although background on the various mythical and literary characters involved in these texts would surely have been welcome. Good sound, good surfaces. D.H.

SLONIMSKY: Vocal and Instrumental Works. Delta Eamon, soprano; Laurindo Almeida, twin guitars; Nicolas Slonimsky, piano. ORION ORS 72100, \$5.98.

Silhouettes ibériennes; *Modinha russo-brasileira* (arr. Almeida) (Almeida). *Five Advertising Songs* (Eamon, Slonimsky). *Thesaurus* (Fifty Minutes) (Slonimsky).

The Iberian pieces are trivial, but the recording of them is something sensational. This is



Nicolas Slonimsky
Trivialities with some compensations.

the most lifelike recording of a guitar I have ever heard. The piece is scored for two guitars, but only one was used. Almeida superimposed one track on another.

The *Advertising Songs* are based on commercial slogans of fifty years ago, when the series was written. The idea was cute. Unfortunately, the songs are badly sung and badly recorded, and no text is provided.

Thesaurus is a set of fifty pieces ranging in length from five to forty-five seconds, based on Slonimsky's *Thesaurus of Scales and Melodic Patterns*. This book is described as "a sort of pandect of all potential progressions of tones and plausible musical phrases in all styles and idioms." Just what Slonimsky aimed to accomplish by this compendium is not quite clear, but it led to the composition of the fifty "minutes" that he records here. They are pianistic studies in every conceivable harmonic idiom, and they are at their best when themes and styles of well-known composers are involved. "In the manner of . . ." is an old but surefire device, and you haven't lived until you have heard Nicolas Slonimsky play the Bach C minor Fugue from *WTC I* in the manner of Claude Debussy. A.F.

STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du printemps*. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS 6500 482, \$6.98.

Stravinsky recorded this music three times: in Paris with an unnamed orchestra in 1928, in New York with the Philharmonic in 1940, and again in New York with a group identified for recording as the Columbia Symphony in 1960. The first two versions originally appeared as 78-rpm sets, although the 1940 edition remained a staple of the early LP catalogues. The 1960 performance, in stereo, uses the 1943 revisions of the *Danse sacrée*. It also documents one of the last times Stravinsky conducted this work.

Le Sacre is music that invites interpretation it should not receive. It can be made to sound exotic, voluptuous, and even impressionistic, but too many Gallicisms and too much extravagant sensuality are alien to the score, which after all is subtitled *Pictures from Pagan Russia*. It is not amiss if the work sounds Russian.

And the main difference between the Stravinsky recording of 1940 and that of twenty years later is that the Slavic element has been minimized, replaced by a rather cool, at times almost neoclassical, quality. Thus my favorite *Sacre* has remained the 1940 version. (The 1928 is too ancient to count, and in those days Stravinsky was not as skillful a conductor as he later became.)

What Haitink gives us here is a thoroughly up-to-date stereo account of this music that, for me, duplicates all the things I admire in that 1940 Stravinsky version. (Haitink, indeed, uses the 1943 revisions in the final pages, but if you compare his recording with the 1960 Stravinsky, you'll find some instances where Haitink and the composer take different approaches to the same passage. I am inclined to go along with the Dutch conductor's choices.)

We must appreciate that a conductor is perfectly justified in taking a point of view based on a composer's recording of his music (that is what gives such recordings lasting value), and when there are as many as three such recordings, no two of which are quite the same, there is a legitimate basis for choice. The last word is not always best (think of Bruckner), and indeed now that Stravinsky is dead there is a growing feeling among performers that the original versions of his three early ballets (of which this, of course, is the last) were preferable to the revisions of his later years. Just wait; we will get an urtext *Sacre* before long.

Meanwhile, this is a recording with a great sense of authority, a high level of orchestral performance, and first-class engineering that provides lots of warmth and presence, rather like a good main-floor seat in a fine hall.

Haitink gives the work a sense of unity that is desirable—and uncommon. His meters are precise without being rigid. The music flows beautifully, and the many changes in tempo and time are marked by unusually smooth and well-planned transitions. Balances and textures are equally well managed, obviously as the result of careful score reading.

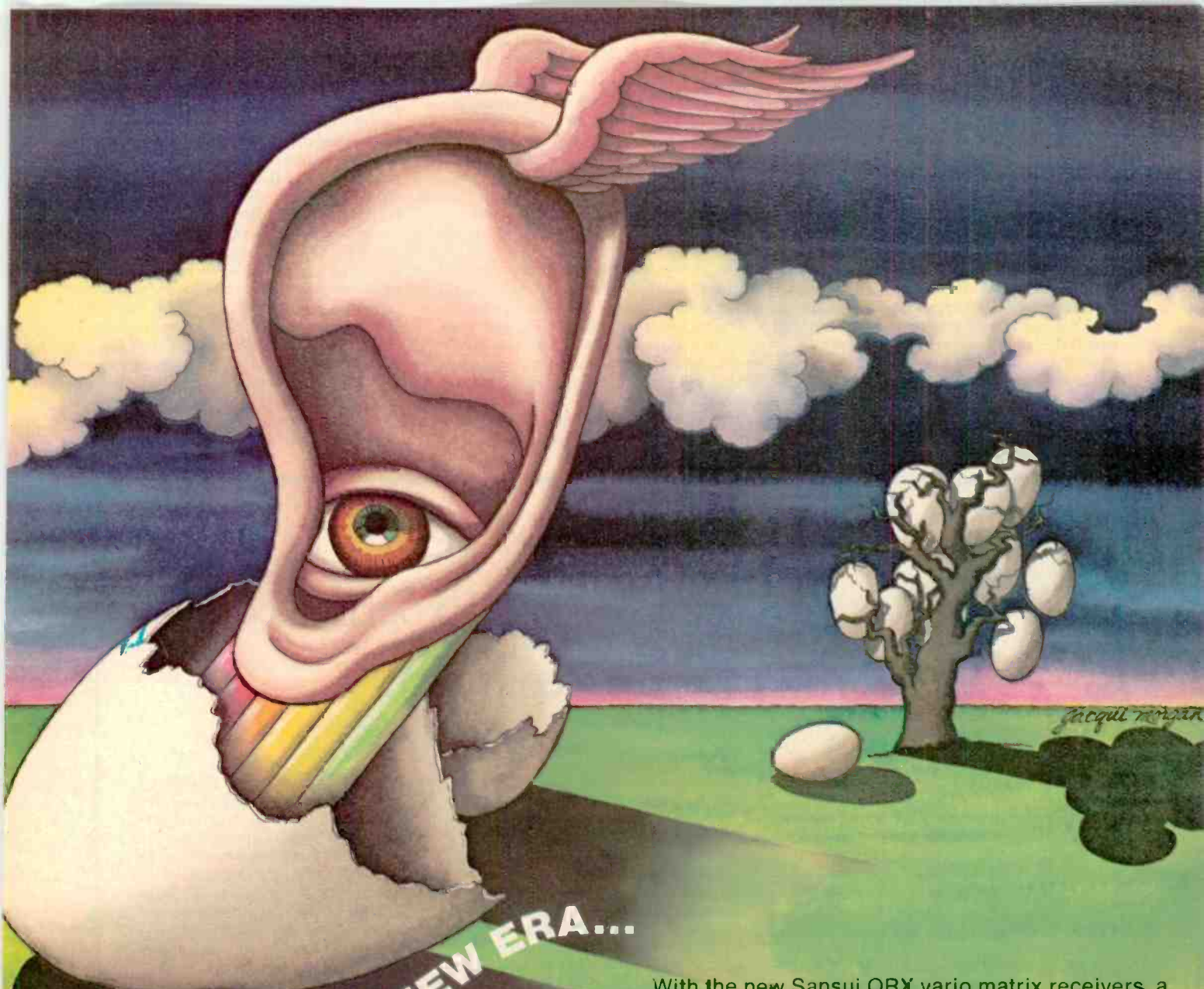
But none of this would count if the performance were not notable for its energy, its life, its pulse and drive, and the excitement with which the work progresses to the final sacrifice to the earth deities. The pagan passion is there.

R.C.M.

SULLIVAN: *The Tempest* (incidental music): Excerpts; *The Merchant of Venice Suite*: Excerpts; *In Memoriam Overture*, in C. Christopher Robinson, organ (in *In Memoriam*); City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Vivian Dunn, cond. [Harold L. Powell, prod.] KLAVER KS 521, \$5.98.

Sullivan's comic genius may have been only hinted in his graduation-exercise (1861) incidental music for Shakespeare's *Tempest*, but what a remarkable achievement for any nineteen-year-old composer! And the G & S operetta masterpieces are unmistakably foreshadowed in the *Merchant of Venice* music of a decade later—a work written earlier in the year (1871) of the first Gilbert and Sullivan collaboration. *Thespis*.

What a pleasure it is to hear (for the first time for most of us) these early essays by one of the few genuine musical humorists—a pleasure marred only by the failure to provide the Shakespearean scores in full: The *Tempest* performance omits Nos. 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, and parts of 12; that of the *Merchant of Venice Suite*



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omits Nos. 2, 4, and 6. And it's poor compensation to be given instead the overture written in 1866 as a memorial to the composer's father, for this other early work foreshadows only too well the serious side of Sullivan with its characteristically "Victorian" weakness for religiosity and bombast.

Nevertheless, we must still remain grateful to Sir Vivian not only for his programmatic ingenuity but also for the infectious zest with which he leads one of the best of Britain's provincial orchestras in highly satisfactory recordings made by English Columbia's Studio 2 engineers in the Great Hall of Birmingham University. A new name to American orchestral-record collectors, the conductor here will be well remembered by military-band aficionados as the Lt. Col. F. Vivian Dunn who has led many fine, uncommonly spirited performances by the band of the Royal Marines

School of Music. I presume he was knighted on, or soon after, his retirement in the late Sixties from that post, and I'm anticipating further felicitous sonic documentations of his new career.

R.D.D.

B **VECCHI:** *L'Amfiparnaso*. The Western Wind. NONESUCH H 71286, \$2.98.

The most popular form of music composition in sixteenth-century Italy was the madrigal and its country cousins, the villanella and the canzonetta. As is often the case at a time when short lyric forms abound, composers sought various ways to extend their compositions by linking self-contained pieces in a dramatic chain, the madrigal cycle, or by clustering a variety of forms under the umbrella of a loosely worked story. The nineteenth century

had its counterpart of the madrigal cycle in the song cycle; perhaps the modern-day equivalent of Vecchi's madrigal comedies would be the musical-comedy revue.

Orazio Vecchi, who was both a skillful composer and a very funny man, was probably responsible for both the "book" and the music of *L'Amfiparnaso*, the lower Parnassus that first entertained a courtly audience in Modena in 1594. The plot is virtually nonexistent; instead we are presented with a series of familiar characters, traditional from literature and the *commedia dell'arte*, who appear in skits and scenes appropriate to their personalities. Here is the old man Pantalone, a familiar figure of fun, trying to seduce an unimpressed courtesan while his bumpkin servant Pedrolino stuffs himself in the kitchen, for all the world like Leporello at Don Giovanni's dinner party. The pompous Dottor Graziano essays a

by Harris Goldsmith

Horowitz's Seasoned (i.e., Experienced and Spicy) Beethoven

COMPARING HOROWITZ'S NEW *Waldstein* and *Appassionata* with his late-Fifties RCA readings reveal that the Horowitz of today is just as "on top" of these difficult pieces technically and much more "into" them musically. While the changes are less extreme than those in Rubinstein's most recent *Appassionata* (one of the most startling metamorphoses in my reviewing experience), the modifications of detail, phrasing, and tempo are nevertheless substantial.

The *Appassionata* is particularly convincing here. When he taped the older version (still available as RCA LSC 2366), Horowitz had forsaken the concert platform and had just entered his purist phase. The result was a performance of undoubted pianistic expertise but one curiously static and cautious in over-all concept. I had the feeling that he was carrying out many markings in the spirit more of subservience than of confident belief. Although the Horowitz of today hasn't given a public recital since 1969, he projects a far more mobile, convincing "performer's profile" on the new recording. He is just as scrupulous about following the markings as on the older version (e.g., he plays a bass A flat instead of the usual F in the finale ten bars before the end), but the basic forward line flows much more freely than before. Various episodes are characterized without throwing the totality out of kilter. Mostly it is a question of adherence to a basic tempo—being strong enough to resist

the temptation of stretching this phrase for expressiveness or prolonging that fermata for added emphasis.

Horowitz's individuality does not suffer in the least from the added rigor and economy—in fact it emerges far more vividly than of yore. If you want a dramatic illustration of the valid freedom Beethoven allows the re-creative artist, listen to the *Appassionata* as recorded by Horowitz (the present version, of course), Rubinstein (again his current disc, RCA LSC 2812), Serkin (Columbia MS 6481), and Arrau (Philips 6599 308). All respect the printed page yet are as different from one another as can be imagined. There is no need to assert "personality" by flagrantly ignoring the composer's markings.

If Horowitz's new *Waldstein* is still not quite *echt* Beethoven, it is at least within an octave's reach. Octaves, in fact, are one of the minor problems literalists may object to: Horowitz persists in amplifying one or two driving passages in the rondo, even though the keyboard of Beethoven's day didn't descend that far. I also take exception, as a matter of personal taste, to his rather lyrical and sentimental way with the first movement's second theme. His voicing there is admittedly breathtaking (particularly in the embellished restatement, when the theme is embedded in the middle voice), but shouldn't that choralelike melody be prouder, more angular in feeling?

On the other hand, along with the

clarity of the finger work throughout there are many truly magnificent details not to be found in the earlier performance. I warmly approve, for example, Horowitz's belated decision to observe the *ff-p. ff-p* alternations at measure 321 *et seq.* in the rondo as indicated in the manuscript (the first printed edition smooths this out to a steady pianissimo). And I note appreciatively that he now places the sforzandos correctly in the passage immediately following. Such details might seem of interest only to pedants, but they give a far more authentic contour to the performance. Horowitz is understandably still a bit reticent about obeying Beethoven's long pedal indications, which repeatedly blur tonic and dominant harmonies together. Yet this time he has come far closer to the spirit of the original even in that respect.

These are, then, highly seasoned performances (in both senses of the word—spicy and experienced!) that have a natural flow and overwhelming personal force. Horowitz has seldom if ever fared so well in classical repertory. The sound is clean, finely chiseled, and fully representative of this unique artist's special sonority.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano: No. 21, in C, Op. 53 (*Waldstein*); No. 23, in F minor, Op. 57 (*Appassionata*). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. [Richard Kilough, prod.] COLUMBIA M 31371, \$5.98. Tape: ● MA 31371, \$6.98.

madrigal and, like a proto-Beckmesser, hopelessly misunderstands Rore's famous *Anchor che col partire*, producing hilarious parody. Francatrippa, another zany comic character speaking an atrocious dialect, insists on disrupting a synagogue to pawn a saber. As in a modern show, however, there are also some straight love songs and a boy-girl romance to set off the satire and comedy.

The musical setting for these numbers relies consistently on the five-voice vocal ensemble that was standard for the time, but within this apparently restrictive medium Vecchi finds plenty of variety. Madrigal, canzone, mascherata, giustiniana, villanella, canzonetta are all represented among the fifteen or so numbers.

The Western Wind, a relatively new group of singers from the New York area (sopranos Janet Steele and Janet Sullivan, countertenor William Zukof, tenor William Lyon Lee, and baritone Elliot Levine), performs with gusto and style. The soprano sound gets a bit pinched at times when it is not really appropriate, and I suspect Vecchi would find the howling of the Hebrews more genteel than he had intended, but by and large this is a thoroughly satisfactory performance. As usual Nonesuch stars with good notes and full texts and translations. S.T.S.

VERDI: I Vespri siciliani.

Guido di Monforte Sherrill Milnes (b)
 Lord of Bethune Terrance Sharpe (bs)
 Count Vaudemont Richard Van Allan (bs)
 Arrigo Placido Domingo (t)
 Giovanni da Procida Ruggero Raimondi (bs)
 Duchess Elena Martina Arroyo (s)
 Ninetta Maria Ewing (s)
 Danieli Leo Goeke (t)
 Tebaldo Kenneth Collins (t)
 Roberto James Morris (bs)
 Manfred Alan Byers (t)

John Alldis Choir; New Philharmonia Orchestra, James Levine, cond. [Richard Mohr, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 4-0370, \$23.98 (four discs)

VERDI: La Forza del destino.

Marquis of Calatrava Plinio Clabassi (bs)
 Donna Leonora Maria Callas (s)
 Don Carlo Carlo Tagliabue (b)
 Don Alvaro Richard Tucker (t)
 Preziosilla Elena Nicolai (ms)
 Padre Guardiano Nicola Rossi-Lemeni (bs)
 Fra Melitone Renato Capocci (b)
 Curra Rina Cavallari (ms)
 Trabuco Gino del Signore (t)
 Mayor Surgeon Dario Caselli (bs)

La Scala Chorus and Orchestra, Tullio Serafin, cond. SERAPHIM IC 6088, \$8.94 (three discs, mono) [from ANGEL CL 3531, 1954].

Welcome as the ongoing phonographic exploration of the pre-*Rigoletto* operas is, there is another soft spot in the Verdi discography. Of the five complex operas between *Traviata* (1852-53) and *Aida* (1870-71), only *Ballo in maschera* (1857-59) and *Forza del destino* (1861-62; 1869) have received adequate recorded coverage, and Lord knows there's more to be said about both of them. *Don Carlos* (1866-67; 1884) awaits its first recording in the vastly superior French text (Andrew Porter has argued eloquently that outside Italy the opera should never again be done in Italian) as well as a recording of the very different original Paris version. *Simon Boccanegra* (1856-57; 1881) has yet to be heard in stereo (though British RCA has just issued a new set); the two mono versions, apart from their musical defects, barely hint at the richness and subtlety of the orchestration.

But RCA has now plugged the worst gap, with the first truly complete *Vespri siciliani*.



James Levine

A towering Verdi conductor in the making?

Everything in the published score is here; the singing is at least competent, the orchestral work superlative. Finally we can begin to judge *Vespri* alongside the four later operas of this group, each of which has struggled to win gradual acceptance as the masterpiece it is. The verdict in this corner: While there are problems that may always keep it in the shadows, the score contains so many fine things and is executed with such consistent craftsmanship that it can't be ignored.

In 1853 Verdi had just completed that remarkable feat, the largely simultaneous composition of *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, masterworks of astonishingly different character. This most self-aware of composers plainly felt secure in his perfected ability to characterize dramatic interaction in music, yet the fiasco (at least in his own mind) of the Venice *Traviata* premiere lingered. For much of 1853 he toyed with his long-simmering *King Lear* project; then he left for Paris to fulfill his next commission.

What he found, besides awful working conditions, was an abysmal libretto from the great Scribe—or rather from the Scribe libretto factory (it was co-authored by an assistant, Charles Duveyrier). Not until years later did Verdi know that Scribe had merely taken his libretto for Donizetti's then unperformed *Il Duca d'Alba* and turned it into a travesty of the 1282 Sicilian massacre of the ruling French at Palermo.

Worse still, Scribe was an institution; Verdi, who by then had learned how to hammer out a usable libretto with his regular collaborators, could get only minimal revisions. For a composer eager to stretch his talent in new directions, the plodding five-act nondrama offered little to fire the imagination. Still, after a hellish year and a half the opera was given successfully in June 1855.

Elena (the heroine), a Sicilian duchess, craves nothing but vengeance for her brother, just executed (apparently for the fun of it) by the tyrannical French governor Monforte. She is even willing to give herself to Arrigo (the hero), a slow-witted local, if he'll do the avenging. But Arrigo learns that Monforte—who's not such a bad egg really, if he could only control his urge to execute people—is his father (Monforte isn't too thrilled initially ei-

ther), and he betrays a Sicilian assassination plot. When the imprisoned Elena learns why Arrigo betrayed them, she is so relieved that she more or less forgets about her late brother. All would thus end happily with the marriage of Elena and Arrigo, except for the Sicilian fanatic Procida, who has whipped up a little massacre for the end of Act V to be triggered by the wedding bells. (Historically it was the vesper bells that signaled the massacre. Scribe apparently didn't mind that his version makes the opera's title senseless.)

The problem is not the lack of dramatic subtlety or plausibility. As Alfred Hitchcock tells François Truffaut of his requirements for a film story: "[It] can be an improbable one, but it should never be banal. It must be dramatic and human." Surely the massive coincidences of *Forza* strain credibility, yet the characters are intensely human, their situations intensely dramatic. In *Vespri*, the only glimmers of humanity come from Monforte, whose efforts at self-humanization at least suggest internal struggle, and Procida, whose sincere political fanaticism is large and consistent enough to be compelling. You've got trouble when the climax of an act (Act IV, to be specific) is built around a man's obsessive, all-consuming desire to have his son call him "father." (When Arrigo finally does, as Elena is about to be dragged off for execution, you expect Groucho's duck to appear with fifty dollars for them to split.)

Verdi responded the only way he knew how: by focusing his genius on each successive encounter to extract the maximum dramatic potential. Except for the obligatory ballet—an extraordinarily pretty half-hour of tedium that can and should be dropped in live performance (RCA has happily put it all on one side, which can be skipped at will)—there is hardly a routine passage in the score. The melodic inspiration isn't consistently of the highest, but it becomes increasingly clear to me that what distinguishes Verdi from nearly everyone else is his subtle control of the rhythmic structure of a phrase—and that uncanny skill is apparent throughout *Vespri*. Typically all five acts have major ensembles of the most painstaking construction.

Fortunately rhythmic projection is the strong point of this recording. As in his *Giovanna d'Arco* (Angel SCL 3791) conductor James Levine displays an unerring feel for the articulation of a Verdian line. Listen for example to the opening of Act II, the introduction to Procida's familiar "*O tu, Palermo*." The opening weighted strings, the first tune with its jerky grace notes and staccato fracturing the regular 6/8 pattern, the grimly springing staccato wind tune with its cleverly misplaced accents all combine to create the mood of nostalgia and foreboding. (Compare Abbado's competent but far less characterized accompaniment for Nicolai Ghiaurov on London OS 26146.)

For all the taut precision, Levine's pulse is always buoyant, never manic—in short, reminiscent of Toscanini at his best. If he can temper his innate rhythmic sense with the kind of lyrical flexibility so evident in Tullio Serafin's newly reissued *Forza*, he will be one of the towering Verdi conductors. As it is, he already surpasses the dependable Lamberto Gardelli, whose work lacks precisely Levine's energy. The lesser Verdi operas sound like new works with this kind of precise articulation.

Continued on page 111



THE RUPERT FOUNDATION

Second Competition for Young Conductors in association with The London Symphony Orchestra.

The Rupert Foundation of Zürich in association with the London Symphony Orchestra is offering a scholarship of £2,500, which includes an allowance for travel, to a conductor aged between twenty-two and thirty years on November 4, 1974. The winner will also have the opportunity of working with the London Symphony Orchestra for one year and of conducting this great orchestra in

public. Candidates of either sex, and any nationality are eligible to compete, but must have had practical experience of conducting on a regular basis. The competition will be held in London on November 4 and 5, 1974 before a distinguished panel of judges. Enquiries are invited, and further information and application forms are available from:

The Rupert Foundation · Administration Office · 27 Baker Street · London W1M 1AE
Closing date for entries is June 30, 1974.

Maybe the singers could find more life in these cardboard characters if they could emulate Levine's rhythmic security. Domingo comes closest, paying considerable attention to phrase and dynamic markings. He does the fine aria "Giorno di pianto" beautifully, but elsewhere he could do with more urgency and tonal variety. The extended Arrigo/Monforte scenes in Acts I and III (the first before either knows of their relationship, the second when Monforte breaks the news)—which surely anticipate the Alvaro/Carlo scenes in *Forza* Acts III and IV—are not as intensely projected as they could be (Milnes isn't much help).

Arroyo is not an insensitive singer. But when the music must move, particularly in her weak bottom octave, technical problems leave her struggling to keep up with the beat. In the Act I ensemble, for example, her sixteenth runs just don't make it. She does a creditable job with the Act I cavatina "Deh! tu calma, o Dio possente," which begins as a simple song commanded by the French officers and mounts into a neurotic, frenzied exhortation to the Sicilians. The familiar Act V Bolero doesn't really take off (again it is tentative rhythmically), but the less taxing Act IV scene with Arrigo, as she learns his secret, is generally convincing. A competent job, but inevitably wanting in comparison with Callas and Cerquetti on the much-circulated pirate *Vespris*. Callas' unsurpassed sense of rhythm and accent is ideal for Verdi: Listen to her heart-stopping "Pace, pace" on the *Forza* set or to the later, bloodcurdling warning "Temerari, del ciel l'ira fuggite" when Leonora appears at Alvaro's urging.

Milnes too is conscientious, and unlike Arroyo he can negotiate his part in tempo. But the voice lacks sufficient body to make much of the character. Monforte's brooding Act III aria "In braccio alle dovizie" sounds feeble next to the vibrant 1910 Stracciari version. If you can find the one previous commercial *Vespris*—DG's drastically cut Hessian Radio mono recording in German, last available on German Heliodor—you'll hear the aged Heinrich Schlusnus suggest how the role can sound. (Except for Otto von Rohr's surprisingly effective Procida, that set has little else to recommend it.)

Raimondi does some of the most secure, animated singing in the set. He makes a strong effect in the zippy cabaletta to "O tu, Palermo." The voice is large and weighty, though it virtually ends around C below middle C, which should be within any baritone's compass. If only he would focus his tone production and clean up his musicianship (in the Act IV and V ensembles he shows that he can attack notes directly, without slurping into them from below).

The most important of the small roles is the Sicilian Danieli, whose odd function is to provide a tenor line for ensembles that the plot keeps Arrigo out of. Unfortunately in Act III Leo Goeke is inaudible between Arroyo and Raimondi. Elsewhere Maria Ewing and Richard Van Allan make some lovely sounds.

The sound is extremely fine. RCA has allotted a large amount of booklet space for notes; unfortunately Irving Kolodin fills it mostly with confusion. With so many outstanding writers on Verdi available (and RCA knows who some of them are, having engaged Andrew Porter for their last *Trovatore* and Charles Osborne for their last *Aida*), they

might at least have found someone familiar with the opera. Mr. Kolodin, for example, feels compelled to defend at length Verdi's lively interest in monetary matters, as if a Dedicated Artist should expect only spiritual reward. Yet he totally ignores the question of language. For that, you have to turn to Osborne's *The Complete Operas of Verdi* (Knopf; a revised edition has appeared in England): "A comparison of the French and Italian versions reveals no significant difference in detail. Verdi himself translated the libretto into Italian and made the necessary slight changes to the vocal line. If anything, the Italian text declares more naturally than the French." Incidentally Kalmus has now reprinted the Ricordi vocal scores of the less-circulated Verdi operas in well-bound paper editions—not inexpensive, but less than the hard-cover.

At the Seraphim price, the Callas/Seraphim *Forza* is immensely valuable, for the reasons already suggested. The supporting cast is seldom more than adequate, but never less. The cuts are substantial, including all of Act IV, Scene 1, up to Carlo's entrance (however, the usually cut Act III Alvaro/Carlo scene is included); therefore I would strongly recommend this as a supplement to one of the substantially complete versions.

As Osborne says in his *Forza* chapter: "La Forza del destino is not a flawed but a complex masterpiece. . . . On paper [it] looks both messy in shape and old-fashioned in content. But an adequate performance can reveal it as the valid work of music drama it really is." The numerous plot strands interwoven through the opera give it a unique richness, and the quality of the writing—albeit in a variety of styles—is so high that I wouldn't be without any of it. The Schippers/RCA version (LSC 6413) with Price, Verrett, Tucker, Merrill, Tozzi, and Flagello is note-complete and gorgeously sung but dramatically neutral; the highly idiomatic Seraphim set is a perfect complement. K.F.

recitals and miscellany

ANTHONY BURGESS READS "A CLOCKWORK ORANGE" (EXCERPTS). Anthony Burgess, speaker. CAEDMON TC 1417, \$6.98. Tape: CDL 51417, \$7.95.

In the midst of all the hoopla created over Stanley Kubrick's film vulgarization of *A Clockwork Orange*, Anthony Burgess, who wrote the novel on which the film was based, was more or less lost in the shuffle. Yet for me, by far the most interesting element in the film was the language that could be heard in Alex's voice-over narrations, and this language represents the unique creation of Anthony Burgess.

It has been said that the only "aesthetic interest" felt by Alex, the novel's . . . um . . . hero, is in classical music, a point of view fortified by the film (if you can call Walter Carlos' Beethoven pollutions aesthetic; in the novel, Alex listens to his Ludwig Van straight). Yet just for starters, Alex uses language itself at least as much for aesthetic effect as for verbal communication. In the incredible rhythmic and sonorous flow of his narration—supposedly a teenage slang spiced up with count-

less words mostly from Russian, along with a bit of Cockney slang—the general meaning of his sometimes apparently incomprehensible word concoctions can be felt—poetically—by the reader and/or listener. Thus his occasional Shakespearean outbursts ("Never fear. If fear thou hast in thy heart, o brother, pray banish it forthwith") seem perfectly in place. For Alex, the only meaning life has to offer lies in the unreal shimmer of an aesthetic façade made up of constant play-acting and the strongest sensations possible. And if, like a Baudelairian hero, Alex finds his strongest jolts in "evil," and if he is turned off when his slow-witted comrade Dim gets dirty in a fight, he is also capable of attaining strong stimulation by buying drinks and food for a group of indigent old ladies (even though the latter act is done to create an alibi).

All of this is extraordinarily brought out by the excerpts (the complete Chapters One, Two, and Four of Part One) read on this disc by Burgess, a Joyce scholar of sorts and a former composer. In his brilliantly robust reading, his energy never flags; he sweeps the listener, via the Joycean, Rabelaisian, Shakespearean music of the language, into the grotesque atmosphere of Alex's night world and into the headache, polished sterility of his day world.

In listening to this record, it is perhaps a good idea to have the book in hand; but, with book in hand, it is an even better idea to have the record playing, for it seems impossible that a silent, solitary reading will capture the dynamism and poetry of Burgess' prose. I cannot think of a better introduction to Burgess than this disc, and my only regret was that the voice stopped after the fourth chapter. R.S.B.

THE COMPLETE DIABELLI VARIATIONS. Variations by Beethoven, Czerny, Liszt, Hummel, Kreutzer, Mozart (*fils*), Moscheles, Archduke Rudolph, and others. Rudolf Buchbinder, piano. TELEFUNKEN SMA 25 081, \$17.94 (three discs).

Beethoven's *Diabelli* Variations is one of his great works; Hans von Bülow called it "a microcosmos of Beethovenian genius." Beethoven dissects an inconsequential little waltz to its irreducible components and then uses them as points of departure for his own ideas, ideas that are present in overwhelming abundance. Op. 120 is indeed Beethoven at the height of his creative powers and imagination. Invited to contribute one variation to an anthology, he delivered *thirty-three*, and thereupon hangs a tale.

Anton Diabelli, ten years Beethoven's junior, was a Salzburg-born musician, a well-trained pupil of Michael Haydn who became a much sought-after piano and guitar teacher and a popular composer. Astutely evaluating the prevailing taste, he composed conventional music and successful operettas. He also had exceptionally sound business sense and saved enough money to go into the publishing business.

Then came a nice gesture that Madison Avenue could appreciate: In 1819 Diabelli invited fifty composers to contribute one variation apiece to an anthology appearing under the auspices of a "Patriotic Association of Artists," a group that refuses to be traced in the annals. The publisher supplied the theme, a flimsy little waltz of his own composition, and since the anthology was to glorify "our patri-

otic Austrian artists." it was difficult to refuse the invitation. In compiling the list of contributors, Diabelli shrewdly picked what he considered winners. There were the big names—Beethoven, Hummel, Kreutzer, Czerny, Mozart's son, the Archduke Rudolph—and some others who were not yet big names, such as Schubert and the child prodigy Liszt. This was to serve prestige. But most of the others were facile salon composers who, as Diabelli well knew, would nicely satisfy the prevailing middle-class taste.

Beethoven at first indignantly refused to work on such a miserable "patchwork theme." nor was he eager to appear in an anthology. But for some reason he changed his mind: the idea began to take hold, and he went to work with gusto. In the sketchbooks, the studies for the *Diabelli Variations* intermingle with those for the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solemnis*, which goes to show—if it has to be shown—at what artistic level he dwelt when composing this work.

Diabelli was taken aback when, instead of a couple of pages, he received a bulky packet. But he was no fool. Realizing the importance of the work, he decided to publish it separately, as the "first part" of his patriotic medley. It was a good idea, because the artistic distance between the Beethoven set and the others is scarcely measurable. The newspaper advertisement announcing the publication of Op. 120 informed the public that "we are here offering to the world not an ordinary set of variations, but an important masterpiece which only a Beethoven could achieve," adding the surprising admission that the work was "composed on a theme which no one else could have considered suitable for such elaboration."

Diabelli's waltz is little more than a series of cadences, yet Beethoven managed to find in it hidden dimensions. The work is not simply a succession of imaginative variations: the gigantic set is minutely organized. Beethoven uses a multitude of genres: march and funeral march, ländler, minuet, scherzo, siciliano, fugue, fughetta, and so forth. Within the large frame there are distinct smaller groups of variations that form entities of their own, though always balanced among themselves and with regard to the whole.

Beethoven was also careful to vary dynamics and tempo, but perhaps the most interesting quality is the composer's gradual distancing of himself from his source. The great double fugue, which is the penultimate variation, is light-years away from Diabelli, yet the little fantasy that closes the work again permits the theme to show through. (Incidentally, the *Diabelli Variations* also furnishes an example of Beethoven's not infrequent skulduggery. He offered the work to Simrock, Peters, and at least two other publishers before delivering it to Diabelli. However, then as now a composer had to defend his interests in some way to avoid exploitation, and Beethoven was no slouch in hectoring publishers.)

And the other fifty (really fifty-two) variations? They range from the puerile to the sublime (the Schubert variation in C minor, No. 38), but many of them are pleasant and all of them remarkably idiomatic, showing that all of these composers were experienced pianists.

I might single out several: No. 8, by the oldest contributor, Aloys Förster (1748–1823), exhibits an interesting mixture of early Romanticism with baroque memories; in No. 16, Hummel displays his nicely flowing ornament-

tal style: in No. 18, Kalkbrenner, then a world-famous piano virtuoso, surprises with unexpected Schubertian delicacy before embarking on the fireworks; and Joseph May-seder (No. 25) presents some elegant Biedermeier schmalz. Mozart *fills* weighs in with two variations (Nos. 28 and 28a), and they are not at all bad, if in a conventional way. Johann Pixis' pleasantly fluffy scherzo (No. 31) is of Anton Webernesque proportions: thirty-nine seconds. The Archduke Rudolph contributes a very good piece (No. 40) having decidedly Beethovenian symphonic thrust, which shows that Beethoven's praise of the talents of his royal pupil was not just bootlicking. Czerny, whose earlier contribution (No. 4) is in his amiable finger-exercise style, hitched up his trousers and wrote an elaborate coda, full of vigorous dramatic surprises. Were he not such a sober pedant, I would suspect him of pulling our leg.

The performance of this vast and heterogeneous collection is superlative. Rudolf Buchbinder is a musician from tip to toe, with unerring taste and a fine sense of articulation. His technique is impeccable, his tone is delightful, and his dynamic scheme is sensitively scaled to suit the occasion. He is admirably seconded by the Telefunken sound, which is exceptionally clear and natural.

This is a rewarding album: half of it is great art, half a remarkable cross section of the musical world around Beethoven, and all of it presented so well that one's attention never slackens. P.H.L.

THE GREAT RACHMANINOFF PIANO TRANSCRIPTIONS. Jorge Bolet, piano. [John Pfeiffer, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0357, \$5.98. Tape: ● ARS 1-0357, \$6.95; ●● ARK 1-0357, \$6.95.

BACH: Partita for Violin, No. 3, in E. S. 1006; Preludio, **BIZET:** L'Arlesienne, Suite No. 2; Minuet. **KREISLER:** Liebes-freud; Liebeslied. **MENDELSSOHN:** A Midsummer Night's Dream; Scherzo. **MUSSORGSKY:** The Fair at Sorochinsk; Hopak. **RACHMANINOFF:** Polka de V.R. Preludes: in G flat, Op. 23, No. 10; in G sharp minor, Op. 32, No. 12. **RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:** The Tale of Tsar Saltan; Flight of the Bumblebee. **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Lullaby, Op. 16, No. 1. (All arr. Rachmaninoff.)

Not all of these Rachmaninoff transcriptions are "great," and indeed the three original Rachmaninoff works are not even "transcriptions" or, for that matter, "arrangements." (An erstwhile colleague in these pages once



Sergei Rachmaninoff
Arguable nomenclature; pure enjoyment.

pointed out at great length that a reworking is not legitimately a "transcription" unless every note appears exactly as in the original.) But why quibble? The idea was a pleasant one, and the resulting collection provides forty-five minutes or so of enjoyable listening.

It may seem unfair to compare Bolet's playing with that of Rachmaninoff himself, but such scrutiny is well-nigh inevitable. The composer/pianist devised these bonbons for his own use, and the master's own recordings were just reissued by the same company that offers this new disc. Bolet meets the challenge admirably. His pianism is fleet, assured, light-fingered, and tonally attractive. He does not command the tremendous sweep and heroic stature that Rachmaninoff brought to this material, favoring point rather than mass, piquant detail over brusque, overpowering rhythm. Without exception, his readings are gentler, often more intimate than Rachmaninoff's. In the Mendelssohn Scherzo, Bolet's fleet salon style recalls the 78-rpm recording by Rachmaninoff's friend Benno Moiseiwitsch—which is high enough praise! Indeed, this is distinguished playing.

The engineering is clean and resonant, a fine likeness of a grand piano in a fairly large room. H.G.

GREAT SCENES FROM ITALIAN OPERA. Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Wandsworth School Boys' Choir; Ambrosian Opera Chorus; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Silvio Varviso, cond. LONDON OS 26366, \$5.98.

ROSSINI: Il Barbiere di Siviglia: Largo al factotum. **BELLINI:** I Puritani: Or dove fuggo io mai... Ah, per sempre io ti perdo. **DONIZETTI:** La Favorita: Jardins d'Alcazar. **LÉONOR, viens.** **VERDI:** Ernani: Mi lascia... Oh, de' verd' anni miei; O sommo Carlo (with various singers). **DON CARLOS:** C'est moi, Carlos... Carlos, c'est mon jour suprême; Pour moi, la vengeance du roi... Carlos, écoute. **Otello:** Non ti cruciar... **Credo.** **PONCHIELLI:** La Gioconda: Pescator, affonda l'esca. **PUCCINI:** La Fanciulla del West: Minnie, dalla mia casa.

Admirers of Sherrill Milnes will doubtless be pleased to learn that the baritone sounds in far better condition on this recital than he has for some time. The top of his voice in particular is resplendent. High notes ring out mightily, both written and—like the spectacular A flats introduced into "Oh, de' verd' anni miei" and "Pescator, affonda l'esca"—unwritten. In the cadenza of "Léonor, viens" Milnes ascends with perfect assurance to a powerful A natural. As so often happens with voices of this kind, the lower end of his scale is correspondingly weak. However, since most of the music he sings on this occasion lies high, there are only a few places where the effect is damaging. Sad to say, the *Otello* "Credo" is one of them.

Apart from striking high notes, Milnes's virtues include a diligent trill (in itself enough to distinguish him from most contemporary baritones) and forward enunciation of the Italian texts. Though the title of this record suggests otherwise, Milnes enterprisingly discards the familiar Italian translations of arias from Donizetti's *Favorita* and Verdi's *Don Carlos* in favor of the original French. In the case of the latter the results are revelatory. Rodrigue's noble farewell to life—"Per me giunto," as most of us have hitherto known it—takes on even more nobility, even more expressiveness, when sung to the words Verdi originally set. Hearing the music thus transformed makes one impatient for a new and authentic recording of the whole opera.

Unfortunately, Milnes's virtues—which also



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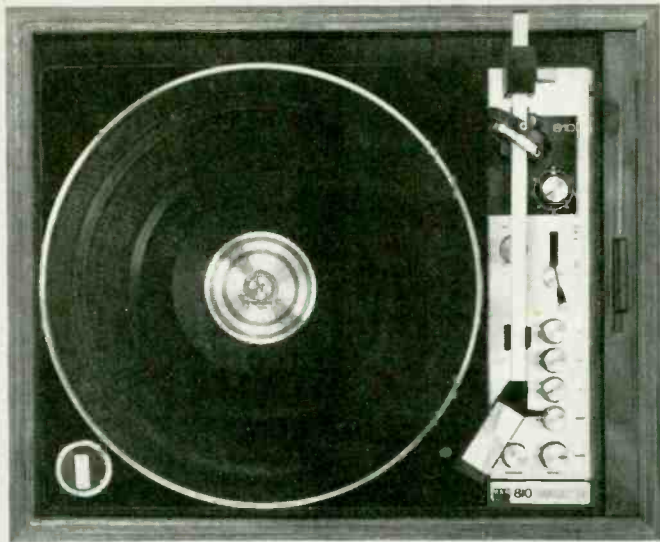
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include conscientious French pronunciation—do not serve this kind of music especially well. Powerful high notes (and even the refinement of a trill) cannot make up for lack of elegance. The Bellini, Donizetti, and early Verdi excerpts demand finesse, delicate shading, legato, and above all a smoothness of tonal emission that Milnes cannot provide. At anything below forte his tone is uneven and without real body. Intervals are not always certain, *fioriture* are often smudged. Even some of the loud singing is rough; some notes are sharp. Nevertheless, bravura pieces like "*Pescator, affonda l'esca*" and verismo pieces like "*Minnie, dalla mia casa*" come off very excitingly.

Silvio Varviso provides generally competent support, though "*O sommo Carlo*" plods. It is also underrehearsed. The balance falsifies the music, since what one hears is not an ensemble of principals but a baritone star with the other voices kept discreetly in the background.

London provides no texts, thus nullifying a lot of its enterprise in the choice of language. The titles of the selections, correctly listed above, are misleading. Most of the selections begin earlier than the jacket information suggests. D.S.H.

ARTHUR LOESSER: *Con Amore*, Arthur Loesser, piano. INTERNATIONAL PIANO LIBRARY IPL 5003/4, \$15.00 (two discs) (International Piano Library, 215 W. 91st St., New York, N.Y. 10024).

BEETHOVEN: Variations on "Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen," in F. **CHOPIN:** Mazurka No. 38, in F sharp minor, Op. 59, No. 3; Nocturne No. 3, in B, Op. 9, No. 3; Variations brillantes, on the rondo from Halévy's "Ludovic," Op. 12. **HAYDN:** Sonata No. 42, in D. **MOZART:** Adagio in B minor, K. 540; Gigue in G. K. 574. **PROKOFIEV:** Sonata No. 5, in C, Op. 38/135. **SCHUBERT:** Sonata in A minor, D. 845. **SCHUMANN:** Sonata in F minor, Op. 14 (*Concerto Without Orchestra*).

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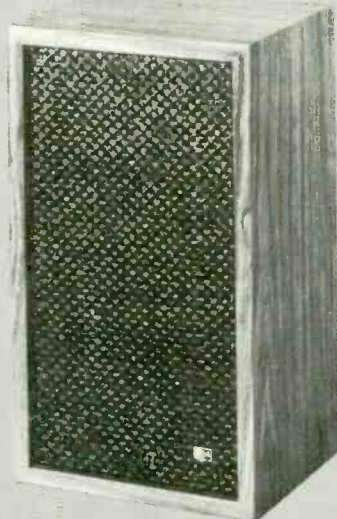
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When Arthur Loesser died early in 1969, the world of music lost a great pianist and the world at large one of its last true renaissance gentlemen. Loesser, originally a New Yorker but by adoption a Clevelander, apparently had the sort of mind that retained virtually everything forever. The narrative in the superb accompanying booklet to this memorial album mentions Loesser's wholehearted excursions into the realm of vertebrate zoology, and his wonderful book, *Men, Women, and Pianos*—still available in paperback form—covers so much more than its alleged subject. I cherish the memory of Loesser entertaining a small throng of admirers with corny turn-of-the-century operettas and vaudeville skits when he appeared unexpectedly at an after-concert reception. He remembered all the words, which he sang delightedly while accompanying himself at the piano, although it had obviously been years since he had been through these ditties. I also recall watching Loesser at close range and marveling at his thin, bony, awkward-looking hands performing the most uncanny technical feats imaginable. Although Loesser looked like anything but, he was one of the most natural, gifted, and virtuosic musicians ever to approach the keyboard.

He was also an erudite interpreter and a completely unpretentious one. The man simply loved to play and loved *all* music. He had a word for those who expressed contempt for so-called "unserious" works: snob. What Loesser's prodigious gifts could make out of less substantial fare is happily preserved for all time in his Halloween Concert ("*Sic Transit*

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Gloria Mundi," IPL 102), and now we have his sublimely great performances of some authentic masterpieces. The first three sides of this new album are a recital Loesser played at the Cleveland Institute of Music on January 11, 1967; the fourth side has the Schubert D. 845 Sonata from a later concert (February 21, 1968) at the same place.

The most attractive thing of all about Loesser's art was its complete spontaneity. Everything had proportion and flow as if the piece was being improvised on the spot. Mozart's great B minor Adagio often tempts performers to take a stance of dirgelike solemnity in a quest for "immortality." Not so with Loesser: He opts for a kind of swift flow, though his phrases have an organic flexibility, expanding when breadth is required. The work is all the more sublime for that ray of light and hope admitted into this performance.

The Schubert sonata—another extended piece often subjected to unalleviated seriousness—has energy and unflinching direction. A few tiny details are perhaps slightly smeared or otherwise unsettled (this is, after all, a live performance, not an edited tape), but in the main the pianistic level is formidably high. In every way, this is a master's reading fully worthy of being set alongside those by Kempff (DG), Lili Kraus (Vanguard Cardinal), Karl Ulrich Schnabel (MHS), and Richter (Monitor). This A minor Sonata is indeed lucky in its recordings!

So too is the Schumann *Concerto Without Orchestra* (ham-and-eggs without ham, Loesser called it). The version by Silverman (Orion) is highly commendable, and those by Kuerti (Stereo Treasury) and Jerome Rose (Turnabout) truly exceptional. But in many ways, I prefer Loesser: He has even more color and personal poetry than Kuerti, and somehow his more loosely knit approach to tempo and rhythm coheres as much as Rose's more metrically disciplined version does. Loesser had that peculiar gift—or, rather, that gift peculiar to the great Romantic pianists—of letting Schumann's patterns soar on their own volition.

All the composers represented in this collection are great, but not all these particular compositions are masterpieces. Loesser's way with the Chopin *Variations brillantes* is particularly striking. He invests the salonlike patterns with immense bravura and a much greater than usual dynamic range. The drama is intensified, sometimes almost overpowering, but the élan and grace are magnificently captured. The lightweight early Beethoven, a piece composed c. 1798, gets a statement of far greater spontaneity and life than Brendel's otherwise capable one (Vox). The charming little Mozart gigue—a study of chromaticism and not really in the key of G—literally dances off the tips of Loesser's inspired fingers. And the Prokofiev Fifth Sonata, probably the slightest (but not the least) of his nine, unfolds with almost childlike charm. The opening, so music-box-like, is like pure spring water in this performance. So, too, the Haydn.

Loesser's Chopin nocturne is absorbing for its agitated kind of rubato. Not for him the bass line that remains steady and inflexible. And what a contrapuntal acuity he shows in the absolutely delicious account of the little mazurka.

The reproduction is mostly clean and agreeable. It is not a massive tone, but it is faithful to this artist's clarion ring and vibrant thrust. The IPL ought certainly to release any other

Loesser they can get hold of. Yale University's School of Music has a tape, made in 1964, of the most winged and enchanting version of Beethoven's Op. 16 Piano Quartet I have ever heard (with members of the Yale String Quartet). In the meantime, readers are commended to the set under discussion, the aforementioned "Sic Transit" disc and to the several commercial sonata recordings Loesser made with violinist Sidney Harth for Dutch Iramac (released domestically by Musical Heritage Society). There are also the various semi-private Bach recordings issued by the Cleveland Institute of Music (which may, or may not, be still obtainable). Arthur Loesser was a "sleeper" among great pianists: it is a shame that he was so little known to the general public. H.G.

MUSIC FROM FRENCH OPERA. London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonyngue, cond. [John Mordler, prod.] LONDON CS 6744, \$5.98.

AUBER: La Neige: Overture. **BIZET:** Don Procopio: Entr'acte to Act II. **BOIELDIEU:** La Dame blanche: Overture. **DELIBES:** Le Roi l'a dit: Entr'acte to Act III. **GOUNOD:** La Reine de Saba: Grande valse; Le Tribut de Zamora: Danse grecque. **MASSENET:** Chérubin: Entr'acte to Act III. Don César de Bazan: Entr'acte to Act III (Séviliana). Les Erinnyes: Invocation (Élégie) (with Douglas Cummings, cello). La Navarraise: Nocturne. Le Roi de Lahore: Prelude to Act V. **MEYERBEER:** Le Prophète: Coronation March. **SAINT-SAËNS:** Henri VIII: Gypsy Dance.

Skip the opening selection, the Coronation March from *Le Prophète*, for it gives entirely false notions of both the (otherwise) stimulating freshness of repertorial choices and the attractiveness of playing and recording that elsewhere characterize this cornucopia of French-opera entr'actes and ballet music. Bonyngue evidently felt that he should provide one familiar warhorse and that he might belie his reputation for executant easygoingness by almost frantically banging out the Meyerbeer march. Thereafter, however, he pulls himself together—to the incalculable benefit of orchestral tonal qualities and of the music's mood and scene evocations.

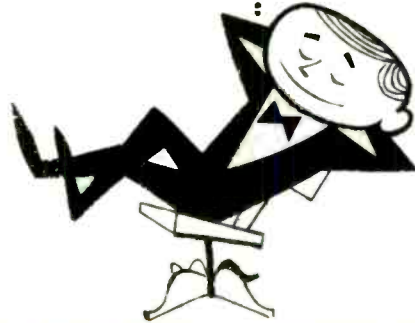
Yet even so, probably no more than an occasional hearing need be spent on the relatively familiar Boieldieu overture and Saint-Saëns Gypsy Dance (both of which have been done probably as well elsewhere), the scarcely-worth-reviving *Queen of Sheba* waltz, and the monumentally schmaltzy *Erinnyes* Invocation with Douglas Cummings' molto vibrato cello solo. (This last is of course the same apotheosis of Victorian-era sentimentality better known as the *Élégie*, originally a piano piece, later a song—a piece I've never been able to hear or think of seriously since an incorrigible punster friend diagnosed it as "Massenet's Allergy, an attack of which can be ameliorated only by the Medication from *Thaïs*.")

But everything else—and there's a lot—is fresh (much of it surely recorded for the first time in this country at least), and most of it is disarmingly engaging. Massenet himself appears to infinitely better effect in the evocative *Chérubin* entr'acte, bouncily vivacious *seviliana*, and quite eloquent *Roi de Lahore* excerpts. The Auber overture is one I've never had the good fortune to encounter before; there's irresistible tuneful appeal in the Delibes entr'acte; and the exquisitely floating Grecian Dance sharpens one's desire to hear the complete ballet from Gounod's last opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*. Best of all, however, is the excerpt from Bizet's student opera (written

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FESTIVALS, PART II

Our survey of summertime music continues, coast to coast

CALIFORNIA

HOLLYWOOD BOWL SUMMER FESTIVAL. Los Angeles, July 9-September 14. Ernest Fleischmann, executive director. Los Angeles Philharmonic will be conducted by Zubin Mehta, Andrew Davis, Lukas Foss, Arthur Fiedler, Lawrence Foster, Andre Kostelanetz, Yehudi Menuhin, Charles Mackerras, and Michael Tilson Thomas. Soloists will be Norman Treigle, Sheila Armstrong, Claudio Arrau, Alfred Brendel, Horacio Gutierrez, Jean-Pierre Rampal. Special events include three marathon evenings, a recital series, one week of the London Symphony with Andre Previn, and one of Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland.

COLORADO

CENTRAL CITY OPERA FESTIVAL. Central City, July 13-August. David Efron, artistic director. There will be nineteen performances in English of two major operas with guest artists from the Metropolitan and New York City operas. Scheduled are free vocal and instrumental concerts throughout the season, and a special apprentice production in August.

CONNECTICUT

BERKSHIRE QUARTET AT MUSIC MOUNTAIN. Falls Village, June 29-August 31. Urico Rossi, musical director. Celebrating their forty-fifth season at Music Mountain, the Berkshire Quartet will perform Saturday afternoon concerts every week with occasional Sunday concerts free to the children in the area. Urico Rossi is first violinist and Fritz Magg is cellist.

YALE CONCERTS IN NORFOLK. Norfolk, June 28-August 2. Keith Wilson, director. Artists appearing in the Faculty Series will be Syoko Aki, violinist; Robert Bloom, oboe; Harold

Coletta, violist; Donald Currier, pianist; Broadus Erle, violinist; Paul Ingraham, horn; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Aldo Parisot, cellist; John Swallow, trombone; Keith Wilson, clarinet. Arthur Weisburg will conduct a program of contemporary music, and the New Hungarian Quartet will make its first appearance at Norfolk.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

INTER-AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL OF WASHINGTON. Washington, April 30-May 4. Guillermo Espinosa, general music director. World premieres by composers of the U.S., Mexico, and South America will be performed by the National Symphony of Mexico, the Festival Orchestra, the Mexican String Quartet, and the Philadelphia Composers' Forum, Joel Thome, music director. Conductors will be Gerhard Samuel, Francisco Sabin, and Lukas Foss. Also appearing will be Ruth and Jaime Lardo.

FLORIDA

NEW COLLEGE SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL. Sarasota, June 3-22. Paul Wolfe, music director. Faculty artists including Walter Trampler, Julius Baker, Joseph Silverstein, Robert Bloom, and Leonid Hambro will perform and teach one hundred advanced participants, with an emphasis on chamber music. Student concerts are also scheduled.

ILLINOIS

MISSISSIPPI RIVER FESTIVAL. Edwardsville, July 1-August 23. Walter Susskind, music director. Schedule of events includes concerts by the Saint Louis Symphony with guest artists and guest conductors. Rock-pop-folk events will be held on weeknights throughout the festival.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE SUMMER MUSIC. Brunswick, July 4–August 8. A series of six Thursday evening chamber concerts will be presented by the Aeolian Chamber Players, pianist Martin Canin, and guest artists. Concerts will be presented by students in the Summer School of Music.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MUSIC AT DARTMOUTH. Hanover, June 25–August 17. Two series, "Two Hundred Years of Piano Music" and "The Concorde and the Concorde Plus," will present Claudio Arrau, Lydia Artymiw, Michel Beroff, Martin Best, David Burge, Gabriel Chodos, Gervase de Peyer, Richard Goode, Menahem Pressler, Russell Sherman, Earl Wild, and The Concord String Quartet-in-Residence.

NEW YORK

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL. Katonah, June 22–August 25. Julius Rudel, musical director; Michael Sweeley, executive director. Concerts will be held in the estate's outdoor Venetian Theater and Spanish courtyard. Scheduled are operas, symphonic and choral concerts, chamber music, and solo recitals. The first half of the festival will be devoted to the music from Vienna, ranging from Maximilian I to Alban Berg. Artists include the Guarneri Quartet, Rudolf Firkusny, Mary Costa, John Reardon, Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, the Waverly Consort, Francisco Aybar, Musica Reservata, and the New York Chamber Ensemble.

GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL CONCERTS. New York, June 19–August 11. Richard Franko Goldman, conductor. Concerts will be conducted by Mr. Goldman, Ainslee Cox, and guest conductors. There will be world, national, and local premieres performed by the Goldman Band in free concerts throughout the city. Special events include centennial salutes to Ives and Holst.

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL. New York, late July–August. William W. Lockwood, Jr., director. Four evening concerts a week will present the music of Mozart, Schubert, and Haydn, providing an opportunity for lesser-known conductors to perform.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADE CONCERTS. New York, May 22–June 8. Andre Kostelanetz, artistic director. This year's theme will be Salute To The Musical Theater. Guest artists will be pianists David Bar-Illan and John Browning, dancer John Clifford, violinist Jaime Laredo, and mezzo soprano Mignon Dunn.

SARATOGA FESTIVAL. Saratoga Springs, mid-June–mid-September. Craig Hankenson, general manager. Resident companies will be the New York City Ballet, the City Center Acting Company, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, appearing July 3–26, July 8–August 10, and July 30–August 24. The Philadelphia opens with an all-Russian program.

OHIO

BLOSSOM MUSIC CENTER. Cuyahoga Falls, June 25–September 1. Lorin Maazel, music director. Festival concerts (July 12–August 17) by the Cleveland Orchestra will be conducted by Lorin Maazel, Antal Dorati, Sixten Ehrling, Aldo Ceccato, Michael Tilson Thomas, Kazimierz Kor, with soloists Martina Arroyo, Michel Beroff, Lorin Hollander, Ilse von Alpenheim, and Janos Starker. Pops concerts (June 25–July 6, August 27–31) will be conducted by Arthur Fiedler, Andre Kostelanetz, Erich Kunzel, Matthias Bamert, John Green. Family concerts (August 4, 11, 18) will be conducted by Milton Katims, Matthias Bamert, and Everett Lee with soloists including Van Cliburn and Natalie Hinderas. The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, Blossom Festival Chorus, Pops Chorus, and the Pennsylvania Ballet will also perform.

CINCINNATI SUMMER OPERA FESTIVAL. Cincinnati, June 26–August 3. James de Blasis, general director. The season includes performances of *Roberto Devereux* with Beverly Sills, Julius Rudel conducting; *Offenbach's La Perichole* with Mary Costa, James de Blasis, director; *La Bohème* with Patricia Craig and Raymond Gibbs, Jonathan Dudley conducting; *Manon Lescaut* with Nancy Shade and Harry Theyard, Thomas Schippers conducting; *Boris Godunov* with Norman Treigle and Richard Kness; and Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* with Martina Arroyo and Julian Patrick.

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TEXAS

JAMES DICK FESTIVAL-INSTITUTE. Round Top, June 6–July 7. James Dick, artistic director. The schedule of performance and seminar includes Maureen Forrester, the Cleveland String Quartet, the Houston Symphony under Sixten Ehrling, 1973 Van Cliburn winner Vladimir Viardo, music critics Paul Hume and Robert Jacobson.

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GRAND TETON MUSIC FESTIVAL. Jackson Hole, July 16–August 24. Ling Tung, music director. There will be four weekly concerts of symphonic and chamber works with artists from this country, Canada, and Europe performing works by Stravinsky, Bartok, Tchaikovsky, Block, Ginastera, and Schoenberg.

CANADA

MUSIC AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL. Ontario, June 1–September 1. Raffi Armenian, music director; Jean Gascon, artistic director. The program will include Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*; Menotti's *Medium* with Maureen Forrester; *Everyman*, a new Canadian opera by Charles Wilson; Saturday morning chamber concerts by Canadian performers; Sunday concerts by international artists; works by Schoenberg; master classes in Lied by Maureen Forrester, and on the double bass by Stuart Knussen.

Coverage of '74 summer festivals will be continued in next month's issue.

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Maralin Niska (left) in the Café Momus: flamboyant, disciplined

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

La Bohème

The third seasonal *Bohème* at the Metropolitan, on New Year's night, brought elements that pleased a large audience; and brightest among them was Maralin Niska, who had made her Metropolitan debut in the part of Musetta three weeks previously. Miss Niska, already known from appearances at the New York City Opera as a singing-actress of class, maintained her reputation, injected fresh life into the performance as she entered the Café Momus. Her stage personality, flamboyant yet disciplined, struck sparks; and, with prevalently brilliant singing, she triumphed. Moreover this was the only Musetta within memory to carry off—and with success—the diminuendo called for on the high “B” of her waltz song. The voice may not be ultimately beautiful, but it is striking in quality and handled admirably. One or two dramatic excesses, such as the repeti-



*Gilda Cruz-Romo
as Manon:
some problems
both vocal
and histrionic*

tive rustling of the feather boa she wore so decoratively, will no doubt be eliminated in time.

The Spanish soprano, Enriqueta Tarrés, also making her debut with the company as Mimi (she had sung in the house six years earlier as a member of the Hamburg State Opera during a New York visit with Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*), contributed a well-routined performance geared to the provinces rather than the stage of a great opera house. The vocal timbre bore a reedy edge; the acting was lumpy; and yet this Mimi was not without a certain pathos which, in surroundings less demanding, might have made its point. Excellent, the Marcello of Matteo Manuguerra; adequate, the Schanard of Russell Christopher. Jerome Hines's Colline, somewhat untraditionally drawn, was convincing as theater, sonorously sung.

Ambivalent, Franco Corelli's Rodolfo. The celebrated tenor was making an effort to dispense with the old-fashioned posturing that has marred some of his work in other operas. He fitted neatly and thoughtfully within the picture, never overstepping, always a responsive part of the ensemble. But his singing was still of the self-indulgent school: deficient in rhythmic pulse, overburdened with lachrymose "effects." The first-act "*Racconto*," taken down a half-tone, was beamed at the more strident among his admirers. Much better the duo of the final act, "*O Mimi, tu più non torni*," sung so simply, directly and touchingly together with Manuguerra as to suggest an artist of consequence.

The stage direction of Patrick Tav-ernia, generally competent, suffered in the scene at Café Momus from the antics of a balletic waiter and super streetwalker: extras out of control. Leif Segerstam, director of the Finnish National Opera, chose tempos in his first Metropolitan assignment that were controversial. The orchestra sounded under-rehearsed. R.L.

Manon Lescaut

The Puccini version of Prévost's famous novel, as reflected in the opera *Manon Lescaut*, is a youthful, uneven, but brilliant work, its passing gau-cheries redeemed by unquenchable vitality, fiery directness. It is one of those pieces which, in performance,

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have to be helped, the high points boosted, less rewarding places thrown away. And to approximate the polish of Prévost's high-gloss ambiance, the singers must on their own infuse a degree of elegance not implicit in the score. One imagines that Caruso and Cavalieri, in the past, brought such compensatory quality. In our own time, Bjoerling and Albanese have convinced.

Not so with the performance (the Metropolitan's third this season) that I heard on the evening of January 5. Only Mario Sereni, as Lescaut, comported himself with distinction. Within the limits of a voice that is serviceable rather than outstanding, he sang with poise and—in the case of two high-flying F-sharps marked as optional in the score—a degree of virtuosity. His acting opened no new vistas, but it proved deft and appropriate.

Gilda Cruz-Romo and Carlos Montané as the lovers (Montané in his debut role at the Metropolitan) failed to create an aura. The good-looking soprano, stout and tightly laced, wearing an unbecoming blonde wig, suggested Mae West rather than Prévost's teen-age heroine. Montané, short and plain, worked against a more basic handicap. Their combined acting was heave-ho. Miss Cruz-Romo, with the more formidable vocal equipment, sang well in the lyrical "*In quelle trine morbide*"; scored with the agile "*L'ora, O Tirsi*"; but depended too often, in dramatic moments, on old-fashioned chest voice. Her top tones, under pressure, were apt to be glassy. Montané, with less affectation and a certain endearing modesty, did justice to a good deal of his music—but, unfortunately, not on a Metropolitan level. In supporting parts, Douglas Ahlstedt (also a seasonal debutant) offered an acceptable, light-voiced Edmondo; and Fernando Corena a surprisingly obscure Geronte.

Leif Segerstam, the conductor, making a better impression in this *Manon Lescaut* than with his previous *Bohème*, led with authority. The production, attributed to the late Herbert Graf, was weak; and the pusillanimous cannon-shot from the fortress in Act III betrayed the composer. Is there anyone around who heard it rock the house when Toscanini conducted this act in concert form at La Scala?

R.L.

Tristan und Isolde

On January 11 the Metropolitan Opera revived Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* with an all-American cast. It was a bracing and successful performance and there was special applause for a new Met Isolde; but for the management, getting there was a lot less than half the fun.

The original opening-night leads had been billed as Catarina Ligendza (her house debut) and Jon Vickers (his first New York go at this forbidding role, which he had sung previously in Buenos Aires and Salzburg). Birgit Nilsson and Jess Thomas were scheduled to sing in later performances.

The trouble began around Christmas, when Miss Ligendza cabled to say she was sick and wouldn't be coming to New York this time around. Miss Nilsson was not available for the opener, so the "cover" was tapped for opening night: a blonde from Brooklyn, Klara Barlow, who had previously sung Donna Anna and Fidelio at the Met, Isolde at Spoleto. Jon Vickers, thus deprived of the company of an experienced soprano on the perilous Wagnerian slopes, suddenly grew very tired, withdrew from the opening group of performances and flew off to Bermuda to charge his batteries; so Jess Thomas was called in to plug the gap. Conductor Erich Leinsdorf, now suffering vertigo from a rapid spinning of singers before the eyes, demanded the intervention of the Music Director—to what end it is not clear. But Rafael Kubelik, reached by phone and telex in Munich (where the Music Director is apparently to be found at this meaty part of the season) had little to suggest. At that, he was of more help than his deputy, Chief Conductor James Levine, who advised General Manager Schuyler Chapin to dump *Tristan* entirely for this season and to go on with *Tosca* instead. This course was declined. In the privacy of the front office, tempers flared and teeth were bared. Dominoes were falling down on every hand, and the rumbling could be heard some distance away, even by those reviewers who generally prefer to skip the gossip and write about the performances. *The New York Times* carried a play-by-play.

Even without such tantrums, it is hard enough to put on a halfway de-



Klara Barlow: one heck of a performer

cent performance of *Tristan und Isolde*; in all of the opera's 109 years no company has ever "gone gentle" into its presentation. Wagner's love story tests and strains all the elements of any opera house, no matter how well endowed, and especially when the work is staged as it is currently at the Metropolitan. This version, new in December 1971, is directed by August Everding with designs by Gunther Schneider-Siemssen and makes profound technical demands on every department. Of course no branch sweats more copiously than the casting office, for in all the world there are never at one time more than a handful of singers capable of succeeding at either title role in a house with four thousand seats. (You can't get by with just *one* Tristan and one Isolde: there must be a cover for each, a major artist on tap in case of trouble.)

So what with one thing and another, there was quite a build-up to the events of January 11 and the audience assembled that night was quite prepared to help in the creation of an operatic legend. It is on such nights that stars are born. (Bruno Walter falls sick, young Lennie gets the nod, a new comet is launched, etc.) Sure enough, before the first act curtain came down the audience was shouting its acceptance of the slim, blonde Brooklyn lass who, against all the odds, had come to bat and had hit safely. "Soprano from Brooklyn Triumphs at Met" was the *Times* headline next day.

That may be fair enough for a snap

overnight verdict; but a monthly review, to be read in the cold light of some distant day, has to be more cautious. Miss Barlow is one heck of a performer and, whether she was driven from within or goaded by external circumstance, she put on one heck of a performance that night. She possesses a clear, fairly powerful dramatic soprano voice somewhat short of weight at the low end, and with a tendency to sing occasionally a shade under the note in the high register. She can manage long phrases, has a clear grounding in the Wagner style, and should be doing Elisabeth or Sieglinde at this stage of her career, not Isolde. She has a good figure and moves well on stage, though some gestures are superfluous and distracting. In short, she has all of the temperament, all of the physique, and most of the voice to be a successful Isolde; and her success at the Met is well deserved. Particularly memorable was her concluding *Liebestod*, given with ecstatic quality and total sureness of pitch.

If Miss Barlow seemed hell-bent on success this night, so did Erich Leinsdorf evince a determination to show both audience and management what he was made of. His control was total, and the orchestra rewarded him with razor-sharp response as he revealed piercingly the content of this score. It was a unified, pulsing, and thoroughly convincing account of the opera, tending to transparency of texture rather than romantic impasto, but consummately organized from the first bar to the last. Solti and Karajan apart, the Met has had no Wagner conductor to touch him in the last two decades and one doubts that (again, with the same two exceptions) a better one could be found today. He is reported not to be an easy man with managements, and he cannot have been pleased at his separation from the *Ring* project for the greater majesty of the Music Director; but it behooves the Met administration to make sure that he is continued in great employment here, for musicianship of such authority is truly rare.

Jess Thomas has refined and smoothed out his approach to Tristan. It was always a commendable portrayal and is now something more: a securely sung, deeply felt account of the role with maximum power applied where it is truly

needed and not elsewhere. The voice itself is not uniquely beautiful, but all that he does with it is planned and executed with good sense and keen artistry.

A sure comfort to all her companions onstage, and an audible benison in her own right, proved Mignon Dunn, whose Brangaene was firmly moulded and bravely sung. Her great moment is of course the long-lined warning song during the love scene of Act II, and Miss Dunn, who at this moment is suddenly seen high above the stage, did not disappoint the growing legion of those who believe her to be among the best mezzo-sopranos around.

John Macurdy was in his topmost form as King Mark, sending the generous and full-voiced cadences rolling firmly through the auditorium. Mark's big scene in Act II (after the lovers are taken *in flagrante delicto*) can sometimes seem flat and anticlimactic; but not on this occasion.

As Kurwenal, William Dooley was appropriately rough and faithful dramatically, but musically one could have taken a little less roughness and a touch more fidelity to the printed notes. Raymond Gibbs (Steersman) and William Lewis (Melot) were both just fine.

How agreeable it was to be able to look again at the superb stage pictures created by Everding and Schneider-Siemssen for this production, which a colleague has rightly described as "achingly beautiful." There are the bold and claustrophobic sails of the first act ship, then the enchanting woodland of Cornwall and finally the austere curve of the castle wall at Kareol; and above all there is the "instant-night" transformation which comes in each act, when reality is blotted out (for the audience as for the lovers) and we are moved in a second to such a plane of night and love as Wagner might have visualized if he had lived in an age of electrical sophistication. I have not always had kind words for the Met's lighting staff, but this time my hat is off to Rudolph Kuntner and his colleagues.

And a final bow must go to Richard Nass, who plays the shepherd's cor anglais solo with such haunting beauty. He does it in costume, on stage, deftly yielding to Nico Castel before the shepherd is required to sing.

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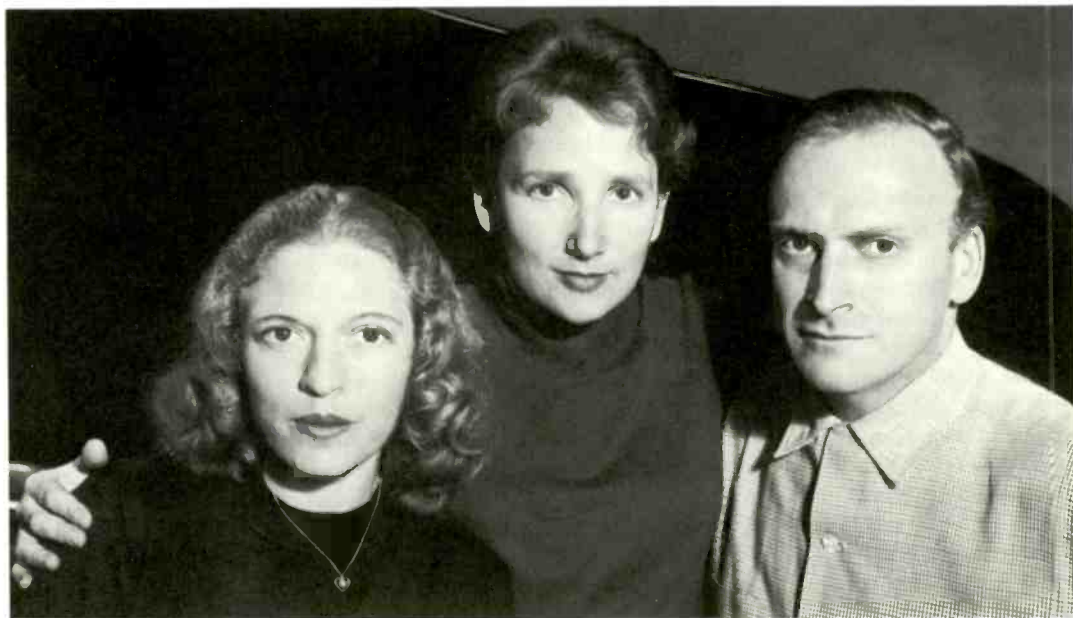
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The Menuhins—Yalta, Hephzibah, and Yehudi—some years ago: a sentimental journey

LINCOLN

Menuhins: remembering Cather

In an extraordinary pre-holiday pilgrimage, the three Menuhins—Yehudi, Yaltah, Hephzibah—trekked from London to Lincoln to pay a musical tribute to an old friend who once let them store their sled in the hallway of her Park Avenue apartment, who read Shakespeare with them, who took them to art galleries and talked as their equal.

As children, the Menuhins made fast friends with Willa Cather, that literary lady from Red Cloud, Nebraska (approximately 145 miles southwest of Lincoln, which is site of the state capitol and of the University of Nebraska's home campus, where Cather studied from 1890 to 1895). As adults, more than forty years after their first meeting with the novelist in Paris in the early Thirties, the fifty-seven-year-old violinist and his two younger sisters still speak of their friendship with "Aunt Willa" with warm nostalgia and respect, mixed with equal parts of reverence and gaiety.

On Friday evening, December 7, the three Menuhins performed "A Willa Cather Centennial Birthday Concert" with University of Ne-

braska's student symphony orchestra conducted by Emanuel Wishnow. The sisters Menuhin played the Mozart Double Piano Concerto in E flat with vitalized rhythmic discipline and resplendant sound. Yehudi Menuhin chose the Beethoven Violin Concerto, the same vehicle with which he bedazzled critic and layman alike when he made his 1926 debut at the age of eleven with conductor Fritz Busch and the New York Symphony in Carnegie Hall. His performance in Lincoln's 850-seat Kimball Hall favored interpretive profundity—a kind of musical "philosophizing" that a more recent school of violinists tends to sidestep for technical accuracy and pyrotechnics for their own sakes. Menuhin's occasional unfocused intonation must be glossed over for the sake of his pervasively relaxed phrasing, his gorgeous legato, a vibrato like a human voice, his tendency (in the Rondo) to assume the broad-tempo dance stance of a true patrician.

The Menuhin family (including Yehudi's wife and son, a student at Stanford University) and some university officials had planned to spend the following day in Red Cloud, visiting the Cather Museum and girlhood home there. But a last-minute change to accommodate an Amsterdam rehearsal for Yehudi forestalled

plans for the sentimental journey. So the most stirring moments of the entire homage came during a revelatory television interview on the subject of "Aunt Willa." (Pre-taped with UN professor Robert Knoll, the interview was seen throughout the state during intermission of the live, two-hour concert. Nebraska Educational Television officials were reviewing the tape at this writing, but PBS representatives had not yet sanctioned release of it for national telecast.)

Yalta (Mrs. Joel Ryce, wife and partner of the duo-pianist) recollected Aunt Willa's passion for orange flowers and her taking the children to see Gielgud as Hamlet. She said, "I felt awfully loved, awfully safe in her presence." Hephzibah spoke of her integrity, of how Cather lived and wrote "in a state of well-balanced tension." Yehudi (clad in orange shirt) described middle-aged, unmarried Aunt Willa as a "woman . . . chained to her mission, her role in life." Later, "She must have influenced me enormously," both through her gifts of books (Heine, Goethe, etc.), and the "honest, straightforward . . . true things" she spoke about to all three children "with affection."

Certainly the most magnanimous gesture from the family came from Yehudi Menuhin at the end of the

"birthday concert." He told the Kimball Hall and television audiences that he felt "like an intermediary between Aunt Willa and these people onstage." Then he spoke in heartfelt terms to the young student musicians about her "fierce attachment to quality and the . . . search for perfection" that separate mere onlooker from musicmaking participant. "This, then," Yehudi Menuhin said with generosity, "was our joint tribute to Willa Cather." THEODORE PRICE

MIAMI

Opera Guild: "Daisy"

Frankly, I never expected to get mixed up with the Girl Scouts, except perhaps to buy a box of cookies. But how was I to know that notable organization would end up commissioning an opera from the Opera Guild of Greater Miami, no less? Yet there was *Daisy* in its world premiere, superbly decked out as Miami's first

indigenous production, from the glittering sets up. Happily it turned out to be a charmer, with music by Julia Smith and a libretto by the late Bertita Harding based on the life of Girl Scout founder Juliette Gordon Low.

Why "Daisy" Gordon? Why the Girl Scouts at all? Well, for many a season the Scouts worked closely with Miami's opera guild, planning educational programs, especially for the company's federally aided Florida Family Opera. How better to reciprocate than to honor the Girl Scouts' sixtieth anniversary by commissioning a work to lure the uncaptured young to opera? So thought Arturo di Filippi, Miami's late director. So it was belatedly carried out, one year after the anniversary.

No matter. Operatic quality is what counts, anniversaries notwithstanding, and *Daisy* plainly had that. For one thing, it had the right composer—a lady with fairy-tale and Christmas operas to her credit (*The Gooseherd and the Goblin*, 1949, *The Shepherd and the Chimney Sweep*, 1966), among others. Yet Julia Smith is an

American composer to conjure with, and she insists this is her "lightest" score yet. Call it what you want, *Daisy* was a colorful, spirited show, part opera, part Broadway musical, and pure pleasure, for most of the distance. And that's no small achievement considering the threadbare drama of Juliette Low's life.

After all, what can you say about this lady that makes for two hours of engrossing stage play? That married to an Englishman, she was disappointed in love? That divorced, she befriended Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the English Boy Scouts, who inspired her to launch the Girl Scouts? Those are the nutshell facts. Yet with mellifluous tunes, some lively dances, and a libretto to match, the audience was held in the music's thrall.

At the beginning, the stage has sparkling promise with an elegant ball-room scene, plus a morning-after-the-party episode as Daisy's husband breaks the divorce news, soap opera style. From that point it is all high aims and firm resolve, with



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quick shifts of scenes from Scotland to Savannah, Ga., to Washington, D.C. and New York, as Daisy touts her plans for the Scouts to her friends and ultimately, the world. On the whole, the score steps back into that bygone age of musicals where just about every line is a song cue, and where there are "renunciation" scenes and "affirmation" scenes as a strong-willed woman tries to figure out how to fulfill her lonely life. There is at least a baker's dozen of lyric tunes streaked with everything from *Maple Leaf Rag* to Civil War songs and Girl Scout songs, plus the glint of Sousa marches. But they are merged with the composer's own tapestry of song in transparent orchestration.

There were good voices, too. High on the credit side was soprano Elizabeth Volkman as Daisy, and Robert Guy proved an able baritone who made theater sense and could sing a song called "Responsibility" for what it was—one of the richest tunes in the score, with catchy verse to boot. Good support came from Joey Evans, Jennifer D'Aprix, and The Smallest Girl Scout, Melissa Jurist.

Designer David Trimble surpassed himself with the sketched panel backdrops for the nine brief episodes—the finest sets Miami has seen in opera of any kind. Stage director Jack Nagle matched the Trimble aura of excellence, and Warren Broome's orchestra supported the singers silkily.

Curiously, it was the ending of the opera that turned cornily coy, with an amateurish and poorly prepared ballet for the young, and with Daisy's death in her wheel chair and her sudden resurrection in song. But this is opera aimed at the school trade, and the response gave indication that it was squarely on target. JAMES ROOS

NEW YORK

Judith Blegen, soprano

Say the name Judith Blegen and one thinks quickly of such words as innocence, charm, vitality, pertness, apple-cheeked freshness. This young and extremely fetching American lyric soprano radiates these qualities whether she performs at the Metropolitan Opera or at Hunter College Assembly Hall where, on January 12, she gave her first formal New York

recital.

Miss Blegen's light-textured voice, clear focus, technical facility, and interpretive flair were perhaps most profitably expended on Milhaud's *Chansons de Ronsard*, another jewel from this composer's mammoth output. She had lots of fun acting out its capricious changes of mood and negotiating its tricky sections of pattern and coloratura chirping.

Miss Blegen made a mistake, however, in choosing such overworked material to fill out the rest of her program. Three Handel arias ("O, had I Jubal's lyre," etc.), a Brahms group, Schubert's *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*, and Debussy's *Ariettes oubliées* are all respected masterpieces individually,

Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix*, although she did not convince the listener that she had sufficient stamina to do the entire role satisfactorily.

ANDREW DERHEN

BSO.: Brahms-Schoenberg

Many of the earliest of Brahms's great works, whatever their final format, started gestation as symphonies. The G minor Piano Quartet is something of a milestone in that the twenty-five-year-old master began and finished it as a quartet. That fact didn't deter Arnold Schoenberg from orchestrating the piece in 1937. Schoenberg's arrangement respects most of Brahms's original contrasts



Julliard's *Bartered Bride*: only partly revealed

but put them together and they make a typical, humdrum senior recital at the music conservatory. Miss Blegen's performances did give everything a fresh sheen, however, and were especially effective whenever a show of her cheery personality was in order as in the Handel arias and Brahms's *Ständchen*. Also a delight was Schubert's pastoral cantata, where Miss Blegen and her exemplary accompanist Martin Katz were joined by clarinetist Paul Green. Some of the other Brahms songs such as *Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer* needed a voice of sufficiently greater weight to sustain their deeper reflections. Miss Blegen had obviously worked hard to refine the Debussy cycle, but her voice is a bit too bright to evoke the proper mood of muted impressionism. She concluded with a chaste and spirited account of "*O luce di quest'anima*" from

by keeping the string parts as such and assigning the usurped piano role to bright, glittery woodwinds (the opening octaves, for instance, are played by three clarinets). But as the plot (literally) thickens, thwacks on the timpani, bits of snarling brass, even some can-can effects creep in, and the final result sounds less like Brahms than a dispeptic calliope. Could it be that the father of twelve-tone composition was also the father of modern Muzak? Michael Tilson Thomas conducted the Boston Symphony in an appropriately flashy performance at the orchestra's December 15th Carnegie Hall concert.

The second half of the program offered the *echt*-Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2 but once again, some of the authentic touch was missing. Malcolm Frager handled most of the notes with considerable aplomb but his

phrasing was distinctly of the stop-go variety. Moreover, the instrument he used was unpleasantly brittle in *forte*, pallid in *piano*. Thomas set some sensibly brisk tempos but repeatedly lost them by way of too much *allergando*. This was a static, sectionalized rendering and some of the orchestral response (e.g., in the *piu Adagio* of the third movement) was sluggish. H. G.

Chelsea Theater: "Candide"

One is always wary when a director such as Hal Prince tries to improve on a work such as Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*, which is recognized by many as one of the wittiest, most original musical comedies ever written. For the Chelsea Theater Center's revival of *Candide*, which opened the week of December 17 on the fourth floor of Brooklyn's Academy of Music, Prince discarded the original Lillian Hellman book and had a new one written by High Wheeler (recently of *A Little Night Music* fame). This also necessitated the occasional replacement of Richard Wilbur's delightful original lyrics by revised ones done by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche.

At the outset, however, the change seemed all for the better: setting the musical in a framework narrated by Voltaire himself, Wheeler managed to capture much more of the risqué cynicism of Voltaire's "philosophical tale" than Hellman's rather anodyne version. But as the comedy progressed, Wheeler decided to introduce his own changes into the Voltaire text, the most regrettable of which was having the Governor fall in love with a transvestite Maxmilian (Cunégonde's brother) instead of Cunégonde. Not only did this seem aimed at a cheap belly laugh, it forced the elimination of one of the best songs ("Quiet").

But all of this and much more was made easy to overlook by the sheer dynamism and utter originality of the staging. The audience, seated on stools, was surrounded by all sorts of elevated ramps, platforms, mini-stages and drawbridges that came perilously close to decapitating an occasional spectator. On these, and with a reduced orchestra (revised instrumentation by Hershy Kay) split up around the four corners of this microcosm, the players sang, acted, and danced in a dizzying perpetual motion that made the intermissionless

action seem to pass by in an instant. Musically, both the singing and playing lacked polish; but dramatically there were some marvelous performances, especially by June Gable as the Old Lady. Lewis J. Stadler also excelled in his multiple roles (including Voltaire, Pangloss, and the Governor), although I found him a bit too hammy on occasion. And Maureen Brennan, in spite of a merely adequate coloratura voice, gave an appropriately "Perils of a Jaded Pauline" performance as Cunégonde. Mark Baker, although somewhat *too* innocent for my taste, was also convincing as Candide. ROYAL S. BROWN

Juilliard: "The Bartered Bride"

Whenever Smetana's *Bartered Bride* is performed, you can bet that critical reaction will almost invariably be extremely positive—at least as to the work—and you can also bet that, somewhere in the review, the critic will ask: Why isn't this lovely opera in the repertory of our major companies? Indeed, the question is well asked, because the tuneful *brio* of the work is irresistible, and overcomes the somewhat faded charm of the simple story. There are too few genuinely joyous comic works in the repertory to sacrifice this one.

But instead of focusing on the melodic delights of the score (which are many, although they wear pretty

thin in the long last act), I would like to call attention to its professionalism, for although its plot is only a short step from operetta, its musical construction is miles removed. From the great overture on, Smetana's handling of the orchestra is masterly, particularly in the way he has brought woodwind color to the fore. The use of winds in solo and in combination, the way in which the themes weave through strings to woods and back, is a constant marvel, and the series of mediant modulations in the Marinka/Vasek duet is nothing short of magical. We consider this music-making particularly Czech because of its similarities with Dvořák's style, but we don't hear that type of music in the opera house, which makes it all the more welcome.

Unfortunately, the performance of *The Bartered Bride* by the Juilliard forces on December 14 only partially revealed the beauties inherent in the opera. The orchestra was not up to the demands of the score (I have heard the Juilliard opera orchestra play much better in the past), and much of the woodwind color was missing. Conductor Peter Herman Adler's rather sober approach undercut a good deal of the rhythmic vitality that is a trademark of this opera. Precise attacks and precise off-beat rhythms are an essential. The single set (by Michael Fish) was charming, as were the costumes (by Jan Ska-

Larry Biedes,



**Pianist, accompanist,
writer, conductor,
arranger**

- M.Mus., U.S.C.
- B.A., American Conservatory of Music
- Former accompanist, Lauritz Melchior
- Former ass't. director, Lake George Opera House

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licky) imported from a recent Boston production.

The cast acquitted itself well, although the vocal demands of the roles are a bit beyond their capabilities (despite its tunefulness, this is not easy music to sing well). Judith Haddon as the heroine Marenka and David Hall as the stuttering country simpleton Vasek were the most successful, and if Michael Li-Paz could not encompass the range of the fine comic role of Kecal, the match-maker, he at least acted it very well. The chorus (as expected) was very good, and the antics of the circus troupe in the last act had the charm of quasi-amateur insouciance (after all, this traveling circus is not meant to be on Ringling Brothers level). The dances were simply choreographed by Todd Bolender. The direction (Peter Herman Adler, assisted by Rhoda Levine) harked back to the mannered folksiness that I remember from my early Met-going (how far we have come from those days!).

PATRICK J. SMITH

Vladimir Viardo, piano

Forgive my cynicism, but I must draw the analogy between the typical competition winner and the pebble skipped into a pond: both make a small splash, create a few rings of interest, and then are gone forever. Today there are so many contests that winning one is no longer any guarantee of a career: rather it is a more formalized way for a conservatory student to celebrate his graduation. . . .

Happily, Vladimir Viardo, the young Soviet pianist who won the 1973 Van Cliburn Competition and made his Carnegie debut last December 3, proved himself well above the norm. To be sure, he exhibited certain blandness and immaturities (especially in Bach's C major Fugue from the *Well-Tempered Clavier* Book I and Mozart's early Sonata in B flat, K. 281), but much of his playing was so naturally musical, keenly felt, and magisterially presented that it seems safe to assume that he will—somehow—keep afloat. Viardo is a superb technician and seemed born to the manner of Chopin, Liszt, and Prokofiev. He played the big B minor Mazurka of Chopin with care and proportion, reaching an excellent climax without wrenching the rest of the piece out of shape. The A minor



Bruce Brewer and Frederica von Stade in *Washington Barber*

Mazurka of Opus 68 was a bit faster than the prescribed Lento (Viardo evidently conceives of the piece as slow dance rather than merely "slow"), but his conception had wit, finesse, deliciously fluent trills, and a welcome ability to expand. The only disappointment in the Chopin group was his Barcarolle, which suffered from sundry faults such as weak bass emphasis, imperfectly voiced chords and a stop-go fragmentization that turned the tautly constructed piece into a series of perfumed vignettes. But in the noble C minor Nocturne, Op. 48, Viardo showed a secure rhythmic pulse and the rare capacity to distinguish what is really important: in the chorale middle section he kept the octave cascades in absolute (e.g., subordinate) relationship to the marching melodic outline. This same remarkable gift for timing and accent was even more brilliantly applied to a very personal account of Liszt's *Funeral*. H.G.

PHILADELPHIA

Philharmonia Orch.: "Abduction"

The appearance of Mattiwilda Dobbs in Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio* on the Academy of Music stage here on November 30 drew an intent and frankly curious audience, eager to sample her vocal wares once again. The Atlanta-born coloratura

soprano, the first black woman to sing a romantic lead role at the Metropolitan Opera, left these shores to live abroad with her Swedish husband almost a dozen years ago. Met buffs were on hand, therefore, to hear Miss Dobbs sing the florid role of Constance in Mozart's youthful *Singspiel*, presented in concert version by the excellent Philharmonia Orchestra. All spoken dialogue was concentrated in a running narrative delivered by basso-buffo Herbert Beattie, who also sang the role of harem-keeper Osmin, ably negotiating the famous sustained low D in his aria, "*Ha! wie will ich triumphieren*." (Arias were sung in the original German, while the narration was in English.)

Much was left to the imagination. Instead of the Pasha's palace along with some exotic costumes and a touch of Oriental scenery, the five soloists appeared in concert dress. The large free-lance professional orchestra, led splendidly by Philharmonia founder and director Ling Tung, played on stage behind them. The one bit of color to support the opera's setting was the amusing drum-and-cymbal "Turkish" music, so much the rage in Vienna's Berghofer in 1782, where the opera was first mounted. And Mozart's sunny tunes and comic twists shone through the music itself, though there were traces of the clumsy, abridged effect almost unavoidable in a concert-narration format of this kind.

As for Miss Dobbs, veteran observers agreed that she has not changed much, if at all, since her days at the Met. Her solid musicianship took its unshowy measure of Mozart's long, ornate, and often cruel melodic line. If she didn't sparkle at the peaks of her coloratura range she did bring refinement to her part. Despite the thinness and slight blurring of her highest notes, her singing was almost uniformly pleasant.

Tenor John Stewart brought a rich voice and much prowess to the arias of Belmont, and his demanding last-act aria was delivered roundly with all the flourish called for. As so often happens in comedy, the secondary roles attracted much attention. Jan Redlich negotiated the soubrette part of Blonda prettily, and she alone of the cast suggested the character assigned her through coquettish gestures and posturings, all in good fun. Pedrillo's range wasn't always within Robert Schmorr's range, but he made of the lovely Serenade a minor triumph of sorts.

With his back to the soloists, Tung concentrated on accompanying them with the Philharmonia, which played much better than the free-lance ensembles that perform in the Academy's pit for the two local opera companies. The net result was less a feast of star voices than a satisfying piece of ensemble work all around, doing justice to the opera's real core.

JAMES FELTON

WASHINGTON

Washington Opera: "Barber"

The Opera Society of Washington, D.C., tried to freshen *The Barber of Seville* in at least three ways when it presented the Rossini masterpiece at the Kennedy Center during the month of December. First of all, it went back to the original score: Rosina was a mezzo, not a soprano, there was no interpolated aria during the lesson scene, and the Count's longish denunciation of Dr. Bartolo at the end of the opera was taken out of the traditional deep freeze. Secondly, the work was set and costumed in Rossini's later period, 1840 or thereabouts, although it came out in 1816. Finally, there were two casts, one that sang the opera in English, one that did it in Italian.

I did not hear the English-singing cast, but the work of the Italian cast was only partially successful because only one of the singers could cope with the music in a thoroughly professional way. That was Frederica von Stade, the enchanting Rosina, who was on top of the coloratura requirements of the role at every point, and who, in addition to vocal brilliance, turned in as expert and knowing a dramatic interpretation as one has seen since Bidu Sayão was in her heyday. But Miss von Stade had one advantage over Miss Sayão: the width of her range and the richness of her lower register. In short, she proved that Rossini knew what he was doing when he wrote Rosina's music for such a voice as hers.

On the other hand, Bruce Brewer made no case at all for the restoration of Almaviva's final aria, although the fault may not have lain with the score at that point. Let's face it: among the men of the cast, only David Holloway, the Figaro, came near achieving the vocal standards one expects of a professional opera company, and even he strained and struggled repeatedly. Except for Miss von Stade, the opera was given the kind of performance one expects of promising conservatory students, and that goes for the orchestra and for James Conlon, the conductor, as well as for the work of the solo singers.

The staging had some amusing new business, such as Figaro's selling cosmetics to all and sundry during the course of his "*Largo al Factotum*"; this kind of thing is especially useful when the stage director can't rely on the baritone's holding the attention of the audience solely with his vocal ability. While fresh approaches in staging opera are generally to be encouraged, something is lost when Figaro gives up his *majo* costume, and much more is lost when Dr. Bartolo in shirtsleeves (Andrew Foldi) looks and acts like the proprietor of a corner delicatessen. Worst of all, to deprive Don Basilio of his shovel hat is almost as bad as depriving him of his "*La Calunnia*"; however, in view of the manner in which Michael Devlin sang Basilio's famous aria, that might not have been such a bad idea. Monica Ortiz, as a young Berta with hay fever, was an amusing foil to Miss von Stade. John Cheek, John Burr, and Carlos Gueits had the bit parts.

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

After the Roth Quartet disbanded Janos Scholz embarked on a career of his own. He was a member of the pioneer New York City Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski and the young Bernstein. His concert career continues to this day. "I still play. The rest of my generation is gone or retired." He says: "I was reared in chamber music playing at home and I feel most at home sitting in a quartet concert and playing the bass for one of the great quartets." Among his cherished memories was playing with Bruno Walter (as pianist) in the *Archduke* Trio and playing trios at home with Szigeti and Bartók. "Szigeti was a rather shy man and Bartók hardly opened his mouth. It took them ten minutes before they were able to select a piece of music. They finally settled on the Mozart C major."

There is very little you can't do, we commented. He corrected us. "I have so many negative qualities. I can't draw a straight line. I have no sense for poetry. I am not much of a dancer. I can't make a fortune. My former father-in-law, a banker, said 'You would never make a good banker because you don't love money.' And this, ruefully: "I can't be a conductor and that was the thing I would have liked best to be. I play six instruments but not the piano. I never learned—there were too many pianists in the family. If you can't play the piano you can never be a conductor," he said with finality.

Does he have pangs to see his price-less collections go? "No, I don't regret giving anything away. I never thought of things as my own. I always considered that I had them in trust."

Another thing Janos Scholz likes to share is his wine cellar, the red wines he loves and, admittedly, understands. He also, without modesty, admits he is a good cook. A recipe for red cabbage, in his family almost two centuries, is included in the *Culinary Collection* published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art and comes with specialist Scholz's warning "To be served with pheasant, venison, ham and pork but never with partridge or grouse." We have been told that his Prague ham in milk even won the approval of George Szell, a man with standards as high as those of the Morgan Library. △

CHICAGO LYRIC, GROWING UP

"La Scala West" is solidly sold out

CHICAGO'S LYRIC OPERA isn't old enough to take its birthdays for granted. The company moved out of its teens this fall, weathering not only the inevitable perils of producing grand opera, but also a July backstage fire that destroyed the curtain and fearsomely damaged lighting equipment. General director Carol Fox deserves at least cake and ice cream to mark season Number 19 before she looks ahead to Number 20, which will bring a fund drive pushing \$2.5 million and contract negotiations across the boards. Miss Fox revived opera in Chicago and in two short, tumultuous decades, she has established it as something of a cultural necessity.

Again in 1973, the most predictable aspect of any evening in the 3,500-seat Opera House was the audience. Though artists and producers sometimes seemed to be trying to

keep people away, Lyric's forty-nine performances of eight operas between September 21 and December 15 were gloriously, almost unbelievably sold out. Miss Fox naturally wants to keep it that way, and probably will. If a 1973 season without Verdi could sell, one more year (1974) without Mozart won't make a difference. By raising the temporary curtain to a sold-out house, instead of one that's only ninety percent full, Lyric loses only \$46,000 per performance. The sad thing is that losses and audience stay ever the same, even when artistic quality varies tremendously. I wish Lyric could have won a load on such triumphs as *Tosca* and *Bohème*, and lost its shirt on *Carmen* and *Manon*.

The nineteenth autumn of Lyric brought brand new productions of *Manon* and *Siegfried*, neither of which was worthy of a company that claims world stature. New-to-Chicago imports fared slightly better—the Metropolitan's *Fille du régiment*, as everybody knows by now, is a charmer;

while a made-in-Italy *Maria Stuarda*, though illogical, was certainly a professional effort. Revivals were *Carmen*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Tosca*, and Lyric's favorite *Bohème* (forty performances of the work in nineteen seasons!).

Miss Fox has nothing against references to her Lyric as "La Scala West"; she evidently feels she should have it so good. So it comes as no surprise when her ticket-selling stars are chosen from the international firmament while the lesser roles are filled from the Italian countryside. Similarly, it was hardly shocking when only the two most Italianate of 1973's operas, Puccini's *Tosca* and *Bohème*, received essentially pleasing treatments.

"Tosca" & "Bohème"

Tosca, the older of the two productions, brought back Tito Gobbi as both director and Scarpia. If Gobbi's baritone is showing signs of the years, his acting and imagination emphatically aren't. Gobbi's sharp-witted expressivity seemed to inspire the *Tosca*, Teresa Kubiak, and to a lesser degree the Cavarodossi, Franco Tagliavini. *Tosca* and the year-old *Bohème* shared the team of conductor and designer. For both productions, Pier Luigi Pizzi provided conservatively intelligent sets that gave singers room to play and audiences something to ooh and aah about. Also for both, company co-artistic director Bruno Bartoletti presided in the pit methodically and passionlessly.

The *Bohème* finally brought Luciano Pavarotti to show Chicago what a tenor can sound like. This Rodolfo ended up overwhelming his Mimi, American debutante Ileana Cotrubus, who can count among her assets brains, taste, and stylishness, but not a luscious romantic soprano. The secondary characters sounded as if they were invited in off Wacker Drive, and Bartoletti fell to napping now and then. But *Bohème*'s style was preserved.

"Maria Stuarda"

So, though not as consistently, was that of the third Italian work of '73, Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*. This season-opener, realized by the *Bohème* team of director Giorgio De Lullo and Pizzi, was long on curtainy heaviness and short on queenly elegance.

Karen Monson is the music critic of the Chicago Daily News.

But it found Montserrat Caballé singing the title role superbly before ill health forced her to abdicate to a promising understudy, Yasuko Hayashi. And it provided an auspicious debut vehicle for mezzo Viorica Cortez (Elisabetta), who unfortunately was to meet her downfall a few weeks later in *Carmen*.

"Siegfried" & "Rosenkavalier"

Of the non-Italian productions, Lyric did slightly better in German than in French. The new *Siegfried*, chapter three in the *Ring* that will be completed in 1974, heard Jean Cox's tenorial wallop fly off with the Forest Bird. But it also heard distinguished voices belonging to Theo Adam, Klaus Hirte, Otokar Schoefer, the marvelous Gernard Unger and, of course, Birgit Nilsson. With a neo-Bayreuth dull production by Hans-Peter Lehmann and Ebbehard Gruebler and with Ferdinand Leitner's Kappelmeister conducting, *Siegfried* could have seemed like a provincial gesture. But it turned out to be more.

Maestro Leitner also took charge of the *Rosenkavalier*, which was staged with what once might have been class by Hans Neugebauer, and designed for Cologne by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, evidently before he became Günther Schneider-Siemssen. The conductor added no distinction; neither did American debutante Charlotte Berthold, an Octavian with a wavering mezzo. But Lyric alternated a pair of first-string Marschallins, Christa Ludwig (still not up to physical par) and newcomer Helga Dernesch, who was an utter delight. Hans Sotin was the young, tastefully amusing Ochs, and Judith Blegen came in for a debut as the charming Sophie. The unevenness among the principals was reflected in the staging's outer corners, where a director's strong will was desperately needed.

The "Manon" debacle

But if Lyric has this trouble with Germany and Austria, imagine what happens with France. . . . *Fille du régiment* succeeded, with Bonyngue conducting and Joan Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, Spiro Malas, Regina Resnick, and Jennie Tourel in her final appearances (as the Duchess of



Judith Blegen fends off Hans Sotin, in *Rosenkavalier*

Crackenthorp) before her death. But the traveling *Fille* had nothing to do with Lyric; *Manon* did.

Director Paul-Emile Deiber and designer Jacques Dupont gave Chicago a pastel, pretty production of Massenet's opera which might have worked had it been better populated. Conductor Jean Fournet tried and failed. It took debutante Teresa Zylis-Gara about five minutes to prove she's not a Manon. And neither singers nor instrumentalists seemed to know or care one soupçon about Gallic style.

Lyric could someday recoup its *Manon*, but there's not a prayer for the old *Carmen*. Luciana Novaro's version of the Bizet opera, with cluttered sets by Piero Zuffi which are evidently supposed to convince one that the curtains are made of stone (or vice versa), had one strong point: James King. The tenor tried nobly to save the day, but given the way things were going both musically and dramatically, and considering the fact that Lyric still sticks by the old-fashioned dialogue-less version, he couldn't.

So memories were left of Miss Cortez's heavy-footed bullying in the title role, of Jesus Lopez-Cobos' conducting minus spark and gumption, of an

Escamillo, Lorenzo Saccòmani, so short on poise and sex appeal that he seemed to sneak onstage, and of minor characters bellowing forth.

This is the kind of thing Lyric shouldn't let happen, and mistakes like *Carmen* and *Manon* keep the company on its current also-ran plateau. An honest error during a season is inevitable, especially when it concerns a debut. But two operatic horrors and four near-hits/near-misses out of eight offerings make the devoted listener wonder who's calling the shots.

Next season

In the fall of 1974 Lyric will present another selection which, in preview, seems to have been chosen for its practicality, not for its musico-dramatic organization: new *Simon Boccanegra*, the *Peter Grimes* and *Favorita* from San Francisco, *Butterfly*, *Don Pasquale*, *Don Quichotte* with Ghiaurov, and *Falstaff* with Gobbi. The only safe bet is that the twentieth season, like its predecessor, will be dreadfully uneven. Chicago's is that kind of operatic effort, where gremlins appear in the most unlikely places. The bloom of Lyric's youth is fading, and it's time for maturity, consistency, and more adult-level adventure. △

THE "VILLON-POUND TESTAMENT"

A curious new work perverts fact and truth

EVER SINCE the Vietnam war, younger European intellectuals in ever-increasing numbers have avenged themselves for Europe's post-1945 dependency upon American aid by declaring open season on virtually everything of American nationality or origin. It comes as something of a surprise to find the latest production of the Hamburg State Opera adding its voice to that chorus. The world premiere of a curious, collective effort with the unwieldy title *Villon-Pound Testament* somehow manages the neat trick of taking an American fascist and turning him, by implication, not only into a latter-day Villon but even into an anti-war victim of a war-bent Roosevelt administration.

The fascist in question bore the illustrious name Ezra Pound. He played a major part in the expatriate literary life in Paris during the 1920s, not only as a poet but also as an editor and general catalyst, but twenty years later he enthusiastically provided aid and comfort to this country's enemies by making virulently pro-fascist and anti-Semitic broadcasts from wartime Italy. He opposed American entry into the war only because it better suited his political purpose to have America nonbelligerent rather than fighting with the Allies.

Incoherence resolved

The new work given its world premiere in a workshop production in Hamburg first found performance as a suite of pieces based on Villon poems to which Ezra Pound, drawing on the musical idiom of Villon's time, provided rather amateurish music. At the first performance, in Paris, Pound's companion Olga Rudge played the melodies on the fiddle with George Antheil at the piano. The score, notated in a new and soon-

discarded system invented by Antheil, remained incoherent to conventional musicians. At one point the BBC deciphered and revived it for a concert performance, and another arrangement of the music turned up several years ago at Spoleto.

The Hamburg version has multiple parentage. Eva Hesse, Pound's German translator and chief enthusiast, collaborated with the Hamburg Opera's new chief stage director Götz Friedrich on weaving in excerpts from Ezra Pound's poems with those of Villon, with some rather fancy asides in the advance press about "two *poètes maudits*," whom the new work counterposes on stage. Hans Ludwig Hirsch, who also conducted the performance, composed supplementary music, most of it employing electronic techniques. The cast, except for the speaking role of Pound, came from Hamburg's excellent operatic ensemble, and Toni Businger, a regular Hamburg Opera designer, provided the décor. The production took place in The Factory, a converted building in the proletarian Altona section of town and usually the scene of ear-splitting rock presentations.

The music, whether by Pound or Hirsch, merits little attention. The cast performed well, and they looked jolly in Mr. Businger's raffish costumes, but their French, when they occasionally attacked Villon in the original, caused aural pain ranging from moderate to severe. Hirsch did not help matters by conducting much of the time at a pace which had the singers straining desperately to move forward.

The cage and Ezra Pound

One sees Pound only in that infamous cage where his American military captors in Pisa, once they had

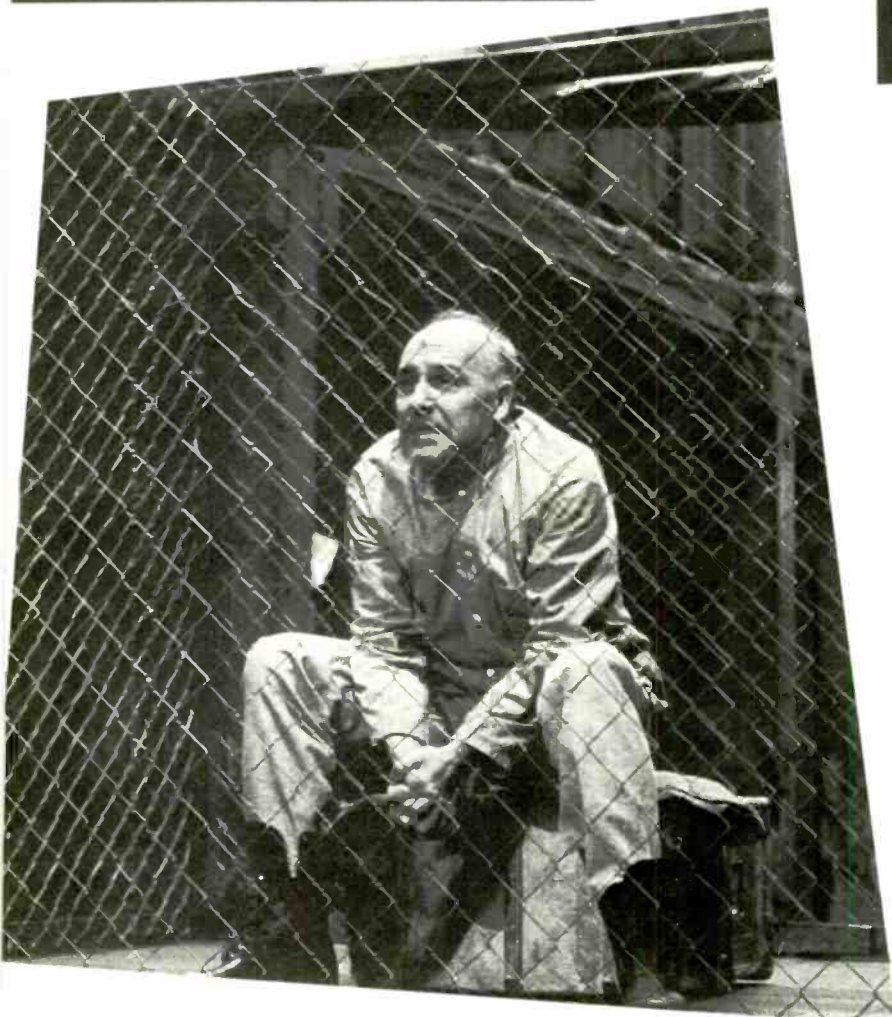
caught him, sadistically confined him. Neither the performed text nor the printed program once even mentions the vociferous fascist and anti-Semitic activities which landed Pound in that cage. At one point and one alone does the evening's narrator refer in passing to the accusation that Pound "collaborated with the fascist government of Italy." Most of the premiere's audience, born later than 1945, had ample reason to go away thinking complacently, "Just look at how the American war-mongers persecuted a great anti-war poet."

The blame for this perversion of fact and truth must rest squarely on Christoph Albrecht, author of an article—unsigned—in the program. Blithely ignoring Pearl Harbor, the article leaves the reader with the impression the United States "intervened" in the Second World War, and strongly implies that Pound's homeland denied him re-entry after war broke out, although American law of course provides for no such denial under any circumstance.

Götz Friedrich, whom Bayreuth's opening-night audience wanted to stone as a Red in 1972, has poked at a smaller hornet's nest of a different kind this time. As usual, he has provided a production of the highest order. Now that he had this out of his system, Hamburg looked forward to a new *Falstaff* from him in February, with a new *La Bohème* to follow in Stuttgart, *Figaro* in Amsterdam, and the first half of the *Ring* at Covent Garden next winter. One hears reliably that the Metropolitan had its eye on Mr. Friedrich but lacked the money with which to commit him before losing him to Covent Garden. The effect he might have had on the New York company's antiquated aesthetic boggles the mind. [For more on, and from, Götz Friedrich, see page MA-38—ED.] △



Scenes from Testament: good costumes, bad French, distorted view. Lower right: Götz Friedrich.



Götz Friedrich:

“... One must also
know what
Freud meant”

DR. WALTER FELSENSTEIN founded East Berlin's famed Komische Oper in 1947. During the past twenty years, he has been assisted by one of the more talented younger men working in the field of music-theater. That man is the ingenious stage-director Götz Friedrich. In his two decades as a disciple of Dr. Felsenstein's demanding and rewarding discipline, he has been student, dramaturg, directorial assistant, régisseur, scientific collaborator and, finally, Oberspielleiter. This honor, the artistic responsibility just below the Master himself, came in 1968.

But in the autumn of 1972 he left the almost ideal working conditions of Komische Oper, where his position was somewhat in the shadow of Dr. Felsenstein, to become Oberspielleiter at the Hamburg Opera, under Intendant August Everding. In the normal course of events there would be nothing particularly notable about this, other than that East Berlin's loss was Hamburg's gain.

Friedrich says rather matter-of-factly, "At last the time came when one of the oldest of Felsenstein's stu-

dents simply had to emancipate himself from the immediate vicinity of the Master. I consider this a normal artistic choice, which has nothing at all to do with desertion of the Comic Opera or the German Democratic Republic." Before this move, Friedrich had already enjoyed a certain celebrity in the West, staging innovative productions in Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. But, as he says, his departure for Hamburg unfortunately did not go through ordinary police channels. As a result he has been branded by some East Germans as a traitor, a deserter. And in the West, some sympathetically regard him as a refugee. He still feels a strong bond with the Komische Oper, with the Democratic Republic on the other side of the Wall, and with the principles of Marxism. Or so he says.

There are those cynics in the West who describe him as an opportunist. There are others, not so competent, who see him as a kind of Communist Carpetbagger, come to take away directing jobs they might have had. Then there are those wealthy patrons of opera, naturally distrustful of ardent socialists, who dislike what he does with their favorite operas. They may be unsure just how revolutionary Friedrich is in politics, but they have already discovered his revolutionary bent in opera staging. And a number of them don't like it.

When his unusual conception of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* premiered at the Bayreuth Festival in the summer of 1972 [see *MUSICAL AMERICA*, November 1972], some imperfect Wagnerites were outraged. The noble Minnesingers, those knights who had gathered in the fortress of the Wartburg for the Battle of Singers, it was angrily charged, had been transformed into medieval Nazis. In 1973 things had been toned down a bit, thanks to Wolfgang Wagner's influence, but the idea of having singers pantomime act overtures, among other novelties, was still too much. During a *Tannhäuser* intermission on the opening night of the second edition, a gracious, cultivated, and obviously prosperous English lady cautioned against any hasty admiration or eager endorsement of Friedrich—who is personally very charming and a fascinating talker. Her word of warning: "Look into his eyes! You'll see what I mean. They're cold. All Communists have cold and calcu-

lating eyes."

Throwing caution to the proverbial wind, I looked into Götz Friedrich's eyes. They are not cold, alas for proponents of that theory. They frequently gleam with amusement, and they can look serious, when serious themes are being discussed. An expert had further advice about this: "Don't be fooled by a pleasant, open manner. That's when Communists are most dangerous!"

Friedrich protests, "I've always maintained that I don't concern myself in the least with political things, or with political decisions. I retain the same opinions I had before about Marxism, opera performance, and art. It could be that this time I have been a little like Don Quixote, thinking that things could be different from the way they are. That everything could be arranged reasonably. Perhaps I was a bit utopian. But I can't complain. I have enough to do. And now I have to try in another opera center, which Hamburg definitely is, to make music-theater as we did in East Berlin."

Whether traitor or refugee, Friedrich certainly has enough to do. At the present time, he cannot go to the Democratic Republic, and so he holds a West German passport. This helps him get around to such other opera centers as Bremen, Vienna, Oslo, and even Covent Garden. For the Vienna Festival Weeks in 1973 he staged Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* with a flair. His *Aida*, for the Holland Festival in Amsterdam, was such a success that it was sold out performance after performance in a large circus, the Theatre Carre. Naturally enough, there was animated, even acrid, discussion of the Friedrich interpretation, but no one fell asleep, either watching or arguing. And it's been a long time since *that* has happened in most opera houses.

Clearly, Friedrich feels the need for self-realization—or self-aggrandizement, as the case may be. Life and pay scales in the West do not seem to disagree with him. But more than any personal fulfillment, he insists, he seeks to transplant the ideas and work of Dr. Felsenstein and the Comic Opera into other opera houses. "I'm convinced it's a good idea to work with other ensembles, confronting them with our ideas of *Musik-Theater*. Whether it will be possible to train an ensemble in such ideas from the

ground up is a question. That takes years. Dr. Felsenstein founded the Komische Oper in 1947, but even today he says it is only very seldom and only for a very few minutes that one sees on the stage what he would call *Musik-Theater*. I think it must not be an ideal, a utopia, or a final goal. It ought to be a work-program—the method of working which is so widely used on the other side. But there is a difference between an idealistic and a realistic application of the method.”

Which is Dr. Felsenstein? Idealist or Realist?

Friedrich grins. “He’s both. . . . But it’s unbelievably difficult to train performers to be both good singers and good actors. There is, however, a great misunderstanding involved: that if opera is to be Music-theater, it must be like legitimate theater. It’s also a misunderstanding to think that if singers are to act, they have to act like dramatic actors. That is really impossible. Theater with music has a different structure, different rules, from theater without music.

“A performer whose main talent is singing must conduct himself differently—from the physical, psychological, and psychic standpoints—from an actor playing Lear or Hamlet. Saying that, however, doesn’t mean one ignores what is most important, what Music-theater is all about: making music scenically. That is different, in fact, from singing and also acting. Those are dualisms which do not comprehend the new quality of Music-theater. If opera or Music-theater has any special quality about it—I mean as a specific phenomenon—then it has to have a different method or set of rules from the theater of Stravinsky or the theater of Brecht.

“So, we must try to make music scenically. Look, we’re in Bayreuth now, and here it’s possible, even necessary, owing to Wagner’s scores, that a singer may have to sing a long monologue—for five or ten minutes. He cannot play around on the stage. He can’t run to the right, and then to the left. But *how* he sings; *why* he sings; how he holds himself when he doesn’t sing and the orchestra is playing, so that there is no gap or break, no inner pause in the concentration—all this contributes to a totality of music-making. This is scenic music-making. And it is, I maintain, something different from acting in the legitimate theater.



Götz Friedrich with Gwyneth Jones: theater music has different rules

“I learned from Dr. Felsenstein—but not only from him—that an opera is first an aesthetic structure which contains certain aesthetic rules. But the structure and the rules still represent a certain reflection of reality. A human, animal, social, biological reality.

“Now, if a work is reflecting reality, then you have to go back to that reality in order to produce it. How does one do that? With human stories. I can’t sit in a theater and only admire its structure, its culinary elements. I want to know why the aesthetic and culinary elements have been employed. In most operas, they are used to tell human stories. Tales of human beings in certain inner and outer situations.

“Take *Carmen*, for example. *Carmen* deals with the rebellion of an outsider, a member of a minority race in Spain. Based on her race and class situation, she has no freedom, and so has become an anarchist. The opera deals with a great feminist principle, even though it’s set in the nineteenth century. If one thinks about how it can be accurately presented, he must ask: ‘What is this cigarette-worker chorus, which sounds so wonderfully seductive?’ ‘Who are these cigarette girls? These lovely ladies who saunter out of the cigarette factory. . . .’

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"When I do some historical research, I find out that these veritable children had to work from six in the morning to nine at night. The girls' wages are very small. So small that when they are finished at night, they *have* to sell themselves as prostitutes in order to take care of their bastard children, their sick husbands, or themselves. Knowing that, it's impossible to present them as operetta people. They are hard working, hardened females who come out of this disgusting factory. But that they do come out in this beautiful chorus, that's what's exciting about the opera. That so suddenly a sweaty mass of desperate creatures can begin to sing so beautifully.

"But we have to find out why they sing, and why so marvelously. And that has personal, social, commercial, financial considerations involved. So when people ask: 'What does politics have to do with opera?', then I don't mean politics as such. My *Tannhäuser* also has nothing to do with politics!

"Between the pseudo-psychological theater and the so-called political theater, there is also a theater which can be called poetic, mystic, comparative, parable-like. This is a theater that doesn't misunderstand the principles and processes of human life which are socially determined. The socially and historically determined aspects of a stage figure or a stage plot—putting these on stage is quite different from making political or ideological theater.

"I believe that if I don't know about the historical and social situation involved in the plot and affecting the characters I cannot find the key to the tragedy of the individual's existence. Today, one of the major themes of our times is the alienation of man from man. The break in communications. I cannot, for example, stage the isolation of Beckett's characters unless I see that as a result of social processes.

"There are two great rules about producing opera: one has to know something about social science—one must know something about historical dialectical materialism—but at the same time, one must know what Freud meant. Marx and Freud! Opera is just as much a socio-analytical as a psycho-analytical art form. Or most operas are."

We brought up the subject of *Tannhäuser* again. What had Friedrich

intended in the Bayreuth production?

"I wanted to show what Wagner has so accurately described: how this society in the Wartburg functions. These knights, these Minnesingers, come to the Wartburg to experience and share Art and Peace. But the moment one of them, Tannhäuser, breaks a taboo, they are immediately ready to kill him with their swords. That is what I tried to show, as Wagner wished it.

"At the end, it's now impossible to believe in this miracle of the dry staff putting forth leaves. So we only want to show that this great rebel, this great Truth-seeker, in the moment of his death, experiences a grace that is given him by no instruction, no religion, no society, no pope, no *Landgraf*. The grace he experiences is a result of his own deep belief. And then, that step from life into night, or into the eternal which is death, this remains for us the most fascinating, most unimaginable theme of all.

"The greatest operas of all deal with what is most incomprehensible in human life—death. There is no other art form in which people die so often. So, when Tannhäuser takes this step from life into death, he experiences grace—or the power to believe that which cannot be, that this staff can turn green. That is the final reconciliation. But it is his own inner act of belief.

"He who lived his life in such doubt and confusion at least does not die in doubt. That's what I see in the opera.

"*Tannhäuser*, simply told, is the story of a man who tries, between art and life, to find what binds them together. He doesn't say, like Wolfram von Eschenbach: 'Here is art. There is life.' He also doesn't say: 'We're coming together here in a festive gathering, but we'll knock dead anyone who disagrees with us!' Tannhäuser seeks to create a unity between art and life. That's what Wagner himself wished. Wagner's greatest dream was that art could change society, and that society, in turn, could affect art. *Tannhäuser* may be a milestone in Wagner's own philosophy, but it has meaning for anyone who wants to use art for a civilized humanity. But art for civilizing, not for manipulating society, as it is used in the Wartburg.

"Art shouldn't be used to maintain a social system, but contribute to it by

raising questions about that system which are never raised politically. In this way, art can contribute by helping us to know human truth more deeply. In the extremes of his existence, that's what Tannhäuser wanted to do. He takes the most extreme troubles—from life and fantasy—on himself. He wavers between Heaven and Hell, between natural society and the phantasmagoria of the Venusberg, which is all in his own imagination. It is Traum and Trauma. And he comes back from Rome, a crazy, sick, broken pilgrim. He is *kaput*.

"When he dies, in that moment when he realizes that Elisabeth is dead, he is at the end of his destination. He has had a rich and extreme life, and he experiences grace. He does not, finally, die in night and darkness, and that's very beautiful. But it's a dimension inside Tannhäuser. So we leave out the angels and the pilgrims with blooming staffs. For the spectators, at the end, it is an appeal for tolerance. If all that comes across, then we aren't far from what Wagner wanted.

"We've done away with the old, harmless stage-pictures. We want to make human understanding a bit restless, a bit uneasy. . . ."

But what about the customary division between the earthly sensuality of Venus and the heavenly saintliness of Elisabeth? Even Wieland Wagner underscored that!

"Well, the Holy Elisabeth is not, *a priori*, holy. She is a loving woman, who, with unheard of courage, stands against all these swordsmen who want to murder Tannhäuser. She does it in the name of Him who died on the Cross, just as they are prepared to do murder, also in His name. But I'm not about to show Elisabeth as some little angel. She is, above all, a great humane fighter."

In the hallowed old Bayreuth Festspielhaus auditorium, the curtain calls seemed endless. There were some noisy boos every time Götz Friedrich appeared. He smiled genially, possibly because he could hear the bravos getting steadily stronger. By the end of the evening, it seemed that the ayes had it for the Friedrich vision of *Tannhäuser*. And one critic, surveying the cheering, formally clad Wagner worshipers, said: "Well, it seems that Bayreuth is getting used to its Götz!"

GLENN LONEY

in his Prix de Rome days) *Don Procopio*. Episodic and imitative as it obviously is, this entr'acte is brimming over with musical ideas that are delectable in themselves as well as fascinating in their anticipations of *Carmen*. More, please, of this kind of thing. Mr. Bonyngé—but next time spare us the likes of that Coronation March! R.D.D.

B TIBETAN BUDDHISM: Tantras of Gyütö: Mahakala. Buddhist monks chanting, recorded at Gyütö Tantric College, Dalhousie, Himachal Pradesh, India. [David Lewiston, prod.] NONESUCH H 72055, \$2.98.

Since the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1959, Tibetan Buddhism has been forced to carry on away from the Tibetan people. The principal monasteries have re-established themselves in the Himalayan foothills of India and sought to continue their work. Actually, a number of them appear to be in reasonably good health. But the unnaturalness of the situation makes one worry for the future. And thus records like this, which document an ancient religious rite and musical style, become all the more valuable.

The Mahakala ritual takes some twelve hours in its fullest form, but the excerpts presented here would seem to give a fine idea of it. Naturally the extreme length—some Buddhist ceremonies go on for days—affects participants and spectators alike, and ultimately the timelessness of the music only makes sense when the span actually seems timeless: any record chops up that time, and further deprives one of the crucial visual splendors of the occasion.

To unsympathetic ears, this disc may sound like an extreme case of gastric indisposition with tin-can obbligato. The monks groan away, continually reiterating a note that by Western methods of vocal production would be too low for them, like an Osmin or an Ochs struggling over and over and failing to hit his low notes. The cymbal clashes and drum flurries produce the tin-can effect.

Yet with the slightest sympathy for the mysticism behind the music, and the slightest openness to the hypnotic beauties of oriental chanting, this will seem a wonderful record indeed. The monks of the Gyütö monastery have perfected a style of chanting that emphasizes harmonics to such an extent that the effect is that of a chord: the fundamental wavers between B and C, two octaves below middle C, with varying overtones predominating two octaves higher at the intervals (roughly speaking) of the third, fifth, sixth, seventh, and ninth. By any standard—musical or mystical, this is a superb record—one of the most fascinating in the whole fascinating Explorer series catalogue. J.R.

LA VOCE D'ORO. Placido Domingo, tenor; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Nello Santi, cond. [Richard Mohr, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0048, \$5.98. Tape: ● ARS 1-0048, \$6.95; ●● ARK 1-0048, \$6.95.

BIZET: Les Pêcheurs de perles: A cette voix quel trouble... Je crois entendre encore. **CILEA:** Adriana Lecouvreur: L'anima ho stanca. **GOUNOD:** Faust: Quel trouble inconnu... Salut! demeure. Roméo et Juliette: L'amour! L'amour! Ah, lève-toi, soleil! **MASCAGNI:** Cavalleria rusticana: Brindisi (with Georgetta Psaros, mezzo-soprano; John Alldis Choir). **PUCCINI:** La Fanciulla del West: Una parola sola... Or son sei mesi. Gianni Schicchi: Avete torto! Turandot: Non piangere. Liù. **VERDI:** Rigoletto: Questa o

quella. Un Ballo in maschera: Di' tu se fedele. La Forza del destino: La vita è inferno... O tu che in sena.

Placido Domingo's Hoffmann at the Met this season has once again affirmed his outstanding qualities as a tenor and a musician: Not only did the beautiful voice sound huge, warm, and vibrant, it also was deployed with intelligence and charm. Unfortunately, Domingo's recordings do not always catch him at his peak. It is saddening to realize that his reputation will eventually be based partly on efforts like the album under review.

In "La Voce d'Oro," Domingo's luster is dimmed by what sounds like tiredness: a sense of strain is discernible throughout most of these selections. The voice blazes out gloriously at the top on occasion (though with less freedom than one knows it to be capable of), but the middle and bottom are less dependable. Certainly the low notes are extremely weak. The wide intervals of "O tu che in seno agli angeli" (there is an octave drop on "angeli") find him distinctly ill at ease, as do the frequent low passages in Nadir's aria from *Pêcheurs de perles*.

Distressingly enough, vocal tiredness affects Domingo's style: Difficult joins are aspirated; so, even, are difficult attacks. In "Non piangere, Liù," he addresses the poor girl as "dolce mia fanciulla" (it should, of course, be "dolce"), and at the end of Roméo's apostrophe to the sun, he bids it rise, not with "pahaist!" but with "pahais!" Domingo also has persistent recourse to the incipient sob, a tedious mannerism at best, but one that he applies here without the slightest interpretive justification. In Rinuccio's aria from *Gianni Schicchi* it is hard, for example, to see why the

tenor needs to sob on "Firenze," unless the reason is to be found in a general sense of vocal insecurity.

The slow arias do not come off very well in this recital. Nello Santi provides deadeningly lethargic accompaniments for the arias from *Forza*, *Faust*, and *Pêcheurs de perles*, none of which Domingo succeeds in holding together. The difficulty he has with the latter two leaves one wondering if his voice is not now too dark and unwieldy for such lyrical music. There is precious little sweetness or ease to be heard in them and not much evidence of *mezza voce* anywhere.

The best things here are the three Puccini excerpts superb music performed with much fervor and tonal beauty, despite the stylistic drawbacks previously mentioned. The Verdi pieces sound strained.

In both Puccini and Verdi, Domingo's Italian is excellent. His French, however, is maddening. It is so close to being very good that his mistakes obtrude glaringly. For instance, sometimes he gets the mute *e*'s right ("être" in the third line of Roméo's aria) and sometimes he doesn't ("être" in the second line of Nadir's aria). His most egregious fault, however, is the inability to distinguish between the nasals "en" and "in," so that instead of singing "présence," "dans," or "firmament," he sings, unnervingly, "présince," "dins," and "firmamint."

Texts and translations. The notes, by Alan Rich, contain not a single word about the music. Am I right in thinking that listeners would find some information helpful about, say, the section of the tenor-mezzo duet from Act II of *Adriana Lecouvreur* beginning "L'anima ho stanca"? D.S.H.

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Natural Essence—approaching jazz in their own way.



DIANA ROSS: Last Time I Saw Him. Diana Ross, vocals; orchestral accompaniment. *Last Time I Saw Him*; *No One's Gonna Be a Fool Forever*; *Love Me*; seven more. [Michael Masser, Tom Baird, and Ron Miller, prod.] MOTOWN M 812V1, \$5.98. Tape: ● M 81812, \$6.98; ●● M 75812, \$6.98-

Trot out the superlatives: Diana Ross's new album release is her best in years. Most albums by major vocalists produce one or two superior cuts—the bouncy, bubbling title-tune single release from this disc is no exception—and rely upon musical filler to pad the rest. On "Last Time I Saw Him," however, every cut cooks.

Once again, Ms. Ross proves that she is a superior interpreter. Whether she is purring a ballad or gospel-shouting her way through an up-tune, Diana demonstrates the kind of finesse and power that are a perfect complement to her dazzling versatility; that versatility is given a generous workout on this disc.

Diana provides a melting vocal on *Turn Around*, that folk standard written by Malvina Reynolds in conjunction with Allan Greene and Harry Belafonte. She delivers a pulsating *I Heard a Love Sing (but You Never Made a Sound)*, accompanied by a throbbing musical treatment that never descends to melodramatics. She also performs a powerful gospel blues called *Stone Liberty*, which is sure to satisfy all of her r&b fans.

Credit for this sparkling album should go to Ms. Ross's producers, Michael Masser, Tom Baird, and Ron Miller. The fourteen songwriters who contributed to it should also be noted. Most of all, however, congratulations to Diana Ross, who has never been afraid of growth and change and who has made her audiences the beneficiaries of her fearlessness.

H.E.



NATURAL ESSENCE: In Search of Happiness. Nat Adderley Jr., keyboards and vocals; Earl McIntyre, various brasses; Rene Rivera and Eddie Martin, reeds; Francisco Centena, bass; Ramon Rivera, percussion; Buddy Williams, vocal and drums; Yvonne Fletcher, vocals. *Killin' Time*; *Variation on Last Night*; *Little Dahoud's Dance*; five more. [Cannonball Adderley and Nat Adderley Sr., prod.] FANTASY 9440, \$4.98.

sinks, but it just plain feels good. Among other things, it is a family affair, with distinguished father and uncle producing the work of the son and his group.

One hardly expects the son of Nat Adderley and nephew of Cannonball to grow up into a country or calypso artist. The jazz elements in young Adderley's work are strong. But equally strong is a sense of "what it is," i.e., the present, and experiment and openness, as in the title song.

The lead singer is a girl named Yvonne Fletcher. She sings with great warmth and ease. Nat Adderley Jr. turns out to be a sweet and romantic singer himself, as on his composition *Live My Life for You*.

The group members are young and play exceedingly well, from the warm trombone of Earl McIntyre to the flutes of Rene Rivera and Eddie Martin.

Natural Essence must deal with the complexities of jazz in the marketplace. People tell me that jazz is making yet another emergence into popularity, but all I hear are its influences (and they are considerable) in groups such as Chicago. It is hard to say what the word jazz means right now. But like other jazz-oriented young groups, Natural Essence includes in its album a few tracks that are not jazz, but rather the children of slowed down r&b, harmonic and romantic and adventurous. We hear it here with *Killin' Time*, sung by Yvonne Fletcher, the duet *Live My Life for You*, and *The Other Side of Town*. Pure jazz is not a vocal idiom. Thus, adding voices is breaking away from jazz. This group does it emotionally and well.

Who knows? Maybe one of these days Natural Essence will sneak into the market through the accessibility of its vocal tracks. I hope so and wish them all well.

The album is carefully produced by some proudly interested bystanders. M.A.

FRANK ZAPPA & THE MOTHERS: Over-nite Sensation. Frank Zappa, guitar and vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *I'm the Slime*; *Camarillo Brillo*; *Montana*; *Dinah*;

Moe Humm; *Fifty-Fifty*; *Dirty Love*; *Zomby Woof*. [Frank Zappa, prod.] DISCREET MS 2149, \$5.98.

Zappa and his Mothers have been producing satirical rock with jazz touches for nearly a decade, and continue to come up with new ideas. The trouble is, this time the ideas are new but they're not funny. Zappa's biting lyrics are toothless. Sure, the ideas behind them are absurd: a man retiring to Montana to grow dental floss; slime emerging from the TV set; a woman betting a man he can't induce in her an orgasm.

But the execution of these lyrical ideas is poor, so poor one wishes that Zappa and his supporting vocalists had sung less audibly, so that one could ignore the words and enjoy the music. As usual, Zappa supplies a panoply of exciting, ever-varying jazz rock ably assisted by, among others, Jean-Luc Ponty on violin. But the lyrics do ruin the experience. Unless, of course, one gets off on crude satire and sophomoric sexual stories. M.J.

BONNIE RAITT: *Takin' My Time*. Bonnie Raitt, vocals and acoustic guitar; strings, keyboards, rhythm, horns, and vocal accompaniment. *You've Been in Love Too Long*; *I Gave My Love a Candle*; *Let Me In*; seven more. [John Hall, prod.] WARNER BROS. BS 2729, \$5.98. Tape: ● M 82729, \$6.97; ●● M 52729, \$6.97.

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"Takin' My Time." She sings songs by Mose Allison, Eric Kaz, Chris Smither, Jackson Browne, and Randy Newman, among others. It's a good, solid, and interesting pop assortment that pays tribute to the best our contemporary songwriters have to offer. Simplicity is the keynote of this disc, and the result is a pleasant, low-key, controlled musical experience. "Takin' My Time" at moments could pass as the contemporary female vocalist's version of a Samuel Beckett play.

As I said, fans will adore it; others just might be overcome by an attack of restlessness. H.E.

*** THE INCOMPLETE WORKS OF CARL REINER & MEL BROOKS.** Conceived and performed by Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks. [Nikolas Venet, prod.] WARNER BROS. 3XX 2744, \$12.98 (three discs) [from "2,000 Years with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks," CAPITOL SW 1529, 1961; "2,000 and One Years with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks," SW 1618, 1961; and "Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks at the Cannes Film Festival," SW 1815, 1963].

Ah. Delightful as the Reiner-Brooks "2,000 and Thirteen" (Warner Bros. BS 2741, reviewed in February) was and is—it remains one of my most-played discs—"The Incomplete Works..." is even better. Mostly because it's three records' worth, but also because these discs, long unfindable and happily reissued in this box, are more varied. The brilliant new album is all 2,000-year-old-man interview, whereas the original ones had only one such segment apiece. For the rest, there is a visit to a coffeehouse (whose patrons include a chap who looks like a cross between Marlon Brando and Joanne Woodward and who "hopes" he's an actor), interviews with several improbable geniuses at the Cannes Film Festival, a multinational psychiatrists' colloquy....



Carl Perkins
A fine start for a new career.

I have already had my say on the indescribably brilliant Mel Brooks. One question I ducked last time is whether you have to be Jewish to appreciate him fully. Certainly all his characters—whether they hail from India, Texas, or Greece—seem to have spent time on the Grand Concourse or in Flatbush. But I don't think the humor is particularly parochial. Best decide for yourself. K.F.

*** CARL PERKINS:** My Kind of Country. Carl Perkins, vocals and guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. (Let's Get) Dixiefried; You Tore My Heaven All to Hell; Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town; eight more. [Jerry Kennedy, prod.] MERCURY SRM 1-691, \$5.98. Tape: MCB 1-691, \$6.95; MCR4 1-691, \$6.95.

Mercury now has both Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, two of the "Million Dollar Quartet" (with Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash) that recorded for Sun during the 1950s. Perkins has worked recently as lead guitarist for Cash but will be best remembered as the author and original recorder of that classic rock-and-roll tune, *Blue Suede Shoes*.

Now Perkins is trying a career as a country recording artist, and he deserves success in this field as well. His "My Kind of Country" is a perfect country album. It moves easily from country standards like *Ruby* to up-tempo rock-a-billy songs like *Dixiefried*, which is reminiscent of a classic Perkins, *All God's Children*. He also has proved a superb country composer. Two ballads in particular deserve praise: *You Tore My Heaven All to Hell* and *One More Loser Going Home*. M.J.

GENESIS: Selling England by the Pound. Phil Collins, percussion and vocals; Michael Rutherford, twelve-string guitar, bass, and electric sitar; Stephen Hackett, electric and nylon guitar; Tony Banks, keyboards and twelve-string guitar; Peter Gabriel, vocals, flute, oboe, and percussion. *Dancing with the Moonlit Knight*; *I Know What I Like (in Your Wardrobe)*; *Firth of Fifth*; five more. [John Burns and Genesis, prod.] CHARISMA FC 6060, \$5.98.

Genesis is a thoroughly sober English band that brings a bit of theatrics to its on-stage performance. Its lead singer, Peter Gabriel, costumes himself differently for each of the numbers. He may appear as a nun or a flower or a human bat, depending on the mood he wishes to project. The band performs under a white muslin shell, which adds to the sensation of unreality that it wishes to create.

Genesis' music attempts to be as theatrical as its on-stage shenanigans. The band sets up a throbbing, racing rock rhythm and utilizes this musical energy to punctuate a series of narrative lyrics/stories that Gabriel and bandsman Phil Collins act out.

These stories are not easily decipherable, which I assume is Genesis' way of adding another dimension of otherworldliness to its performance. If this assumption is correct, "Selling England by the Pound" must be considered the perfect example of Genesis satisfying its own intentions.

And *Dancing with the Moonlit Knight* must

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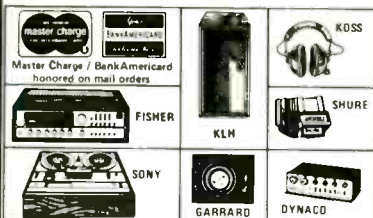
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be an ideal sample of the group in action. The song deals with an "unfaun" and the "Queen of Maybe." In this number people have "Whimpy dreams"; they also dance with "Knights of the Green Shield." The feyness and whimsy are matched by the conviction of the performance. The song, much like most of Genesis' music, is also precious and underdeveloped. The group gives the outline of a myth but does not provide anything substantial enough to be truly meaningful or memorable.

Ultimately the Genesis experience is exasperating. I can't deny, however, that this band has invented for itself one of the most unusual sets of gimmicks currently available on the pop scene. H.E.

JONATHAN EDWARDS: Have a Good Time for Me. Jonathan Edwards, vocals, acoustic guitar, harmonica, and percussion; rhythm accompaniment; strings arranged and conducted by Keith Spring. *I'm Alone; Travelin' Blues; Angelina*; eight more. [Peter Casperson, prod.] ATCO SD 7036, \$5.98. Tape: TP 7036, \$6.97; CS 7036, \$6.97.

I first heard Jonathan Edwards a couple of years ago on his successful single. *Sunshine*. His voice had the purity of a running brook, clear and high and full of pleasure. His simple style had elements of country, folk, and rock. I've often thought I've heard him since on well-sung TV commercials, but I could be wrong.

At any rate, Jon Edwards' new album is a departure from his promise. It was recorded in New York and features songs by Eric Lilliquist, Joe Dolce, and Malcolm McKinney. I don't know who these writers are, but they are published by a company that appears to be owned by Edwards or Aico Records or both—which makes it a pretty businesslike package. None of the songs are by Edwards, although he wrote the fine poem inside the jacket.

I don't know, Edwards sings as beautifully as ever here, but where is the statement? In fact, where is Edwards? They may as well have used a studio voice. The only time his special personality shows is on the beginning of *When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder*, a public-domain song—which means the company can pick it up even though it was written outside the stable. Even this track is slicked up.

The players are all competent and impersonal. Chances are they were given little direction, playing the same old money licks. The songs, like the rest, are suitable. In this setting I can't care about them. No one else seems to.

Albums built this way rarely succeed. When they do, since the spirit of music is not fed, they end up giving artists ulcers and ill will. In the end, misrepresentation is bad business. I still love Jonathan Edwards and wish him a better family circle next time out. M.A.



THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS: Unbonded. Lester Chambers, Willie Chambers, Joseph Chambers, and George Chambers, vocals; instrumental accompaniment. *Reflections; Let's Go, Let's Go, Let's Go; The Weight; 1-2-3; If Loving You Is Wrong, I Don't Want to Be Right; Good Vibrations; Gypsy Woman; I Who Have Nothing; Do You Believe in Magic; Looking*

Back. [Jimmy Ienner, prod.] AVCO AV 11013, \$5.98.

The Chambers Brothers were a hot item on Columbia during the late 1960s, but something happened and they laid low for a few years. Now the group is recording once again, for Avco, sounding more akin to its gospel roots than it ever did on Columbia.

The material on "Unbonded" is excellently chosen. The ensemble singing of the Brothers is perfect for such varied material as the Motown *Reflections*, the old r&b *Let's Go, Let's Go, Let's Go*, and the Beach Boys' *Good Vibrations*. The Chamberses render the Band's *The Weight* with grace and dignity and even do well by John Sebastian's *Do You Believe in Magic*, which would seem a very difficult piece of material for a group known essentially for gospel and soul music. In all, "Unbonded" is the group's best album yet, despite the existence of much more aggressively sung albums on Columbia. M.J.

STU NUNNERY. Stu Nunnery, piano, guitar, and vocals; strings and rhythm accompaniment. *The Isle of Debris; And That's Fine with Me; Sally from Syracuse*; six more. [Al Gorgoni, prod.] EVOLUTION 3023, \$5.98.

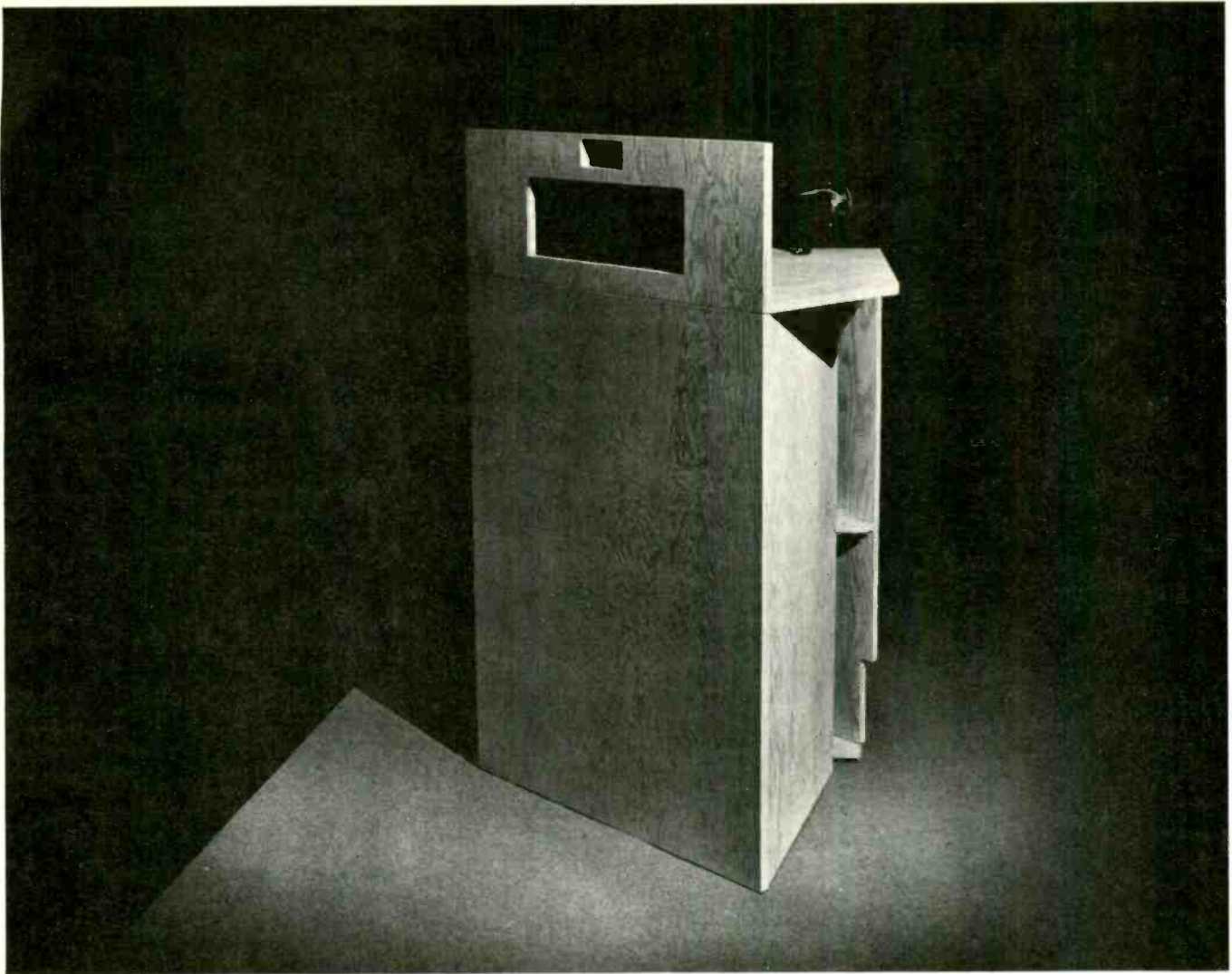
Word is out that Stu Nunnery is America's next singer/songwriter of note. Nunnery's debut album backs up that assumption. He sings in a flavorsome voice that combines nasality and charm in equal proportions; he can write an intelligent lyric and an apt melody; his backup musicians provide tastefully restrained accompaniment.

Unfortunately the album's opening cut, *The Isle of Debris*, is Nunnery's weakest number, an overwrought tune filled with an unnecessary dose of significance. *Sally from Syracuse*, the third selection, is a honky-tonk number that restores the disc to a jovial keel. *Lady It's Time to Go* is a thoroughly attractive ballad, and *Diminished Love* possesses an emotional depth that proves Nunnery is not necessarily a superficial writer. I was advised to keep my eye on this young man: It was good advice. H.E.

GRAHAM NASH: *Wild Tales*. Graham Nash, vocals, songs, guitars, and keyboards; David Crosby and Joni Mitchell, background vocals; rhythm accompaniment. *Grave Concern; Another Sleep Song; Prison Song*; seven more. [Graham Nash, prod.] ATLANTIC SD 7288, \$5.98. Tape: TP 7288, \$6.97; CS 7288, \$6.97.

This review is being written after the Jonathan Edwards review, which concerned a slick and slippery package. Graham Nash's album is a whole other ball game. I'm not saying it is my favorite Nash, but at least it is the real goods. While Edwards got lost in his album, Nash is in control. He has been around long enough and done well enough to be a knowing producer. Among the things he understands is the value of honesty. This is an honorable attempt, and at this moment I am particularly grateful for it.

There is a magic about all the ex-members of Crosby, Stills, Nash, and later Young. They always represented a brilliantly musical corner of pop music, and each in his individual



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way continues to be a strong force. Apparently they still get on, because one member tends to show up on another's album. David Crosby does some background vocals here, as does Joni Mitchell, another old friend.

Graham Nash has a strong, bare voice. There is a mournfulness in its sound, an underplaying that adds effectiveness.

But quite clearly, Nash's new album is about Nash's new songs. The content of some is light to the point of nonexistence (*I Miss You*). His singing approach pulls them out of the fire by not making them anything but what they are. If songs were merely lyrics, then albums would be books. Nash understands this and lets the marriage work for him—words, melody, background, voice. Thus he weaves his special spell.

And So It Goes is more philosophical and bears earthy lyrical beauty: "You're the lips that make the laughter, you're the sunshine in the snow, shining out on everything you feel. You're the bird that dropped the berry on the island far below, finding out that everything is real."

Another Sleep Song comes out of a hated sense of withdrawal that one is unable to break out of: "Fear of other people is a thing I hate. I travel in a bubble, and I can't relate. Something is happening to my head. I don't want to hurt you, but I never heard a word you said."

Nash's charm lies in not trying to be charming. His importance is in not trying for it. It is a quiet, durable album. It is no accident that the artists in this particular pocket of rock have lasted longer than most others. They work brutally hard, they don't burn themselves out on peripheral b.s., and they have a decent and realistic sense of audience. It was earned the hard way and is maintained as much on muscle as on art. Many could learn from it.

M.A.

BURT REYNOLDS: Ask Me What I Am. Burt Reynolds, vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Childhood 1949; Slow John Fairburn; The First One That I Lay With; Till I Get It Right; She's Taken a Gentle Lover; You Can't Always Sing a Happy Song; Ask Me What I Am; A Room for a Boy Never Used; I Didn't Shake the World Today; There's a Slight Misunderstanding Between God and Man; I Like Having You Around.* [Bobby Goldsboro and Buddy Killen, prod.] MERCURY SRM 1-693, \$5.98. Tape: ● MC8 1-693, \$6.95; ●● MCR4 1-693, \$6.95.

When movie and TV actors make albums, they inevitably do old standards. You know the routine: *How High the Moon. More. Misty*; perhaps there will be an obeisance to modernity—say a Randy Newman tune. But Burt Reynolds has fooled them all by turning his recording debut into a country-music tour de force.

"Ask Me What I Am" is a well-done album of talky country music reminiscent of the ballads of Tom T. Hall. It's sentimental without being sloppy; in all, quite enjoyable.

M.J.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: The Wild, The Innocent & The Street Shuffle. Bruce Springsteen, guitars, harmonica, mandolin, recorder, and lead vocals; rhythm, horns, keyboards, and vocal accompaniment. *The E Street Shuffle; 4th of July, Asbury Park*

(Sandy); *Kitty's Back*; four more. [Mike Appel and Jim Cretecos, prod.] COLUMBIA KC 32432, \$5.98.

Bruce Springsteen's debut was greeted with the hysteria I usually label "the next coming of Dylan." Springsteen proved to be no Dylan, however. He seemed to be a young man who loved words and loved to scribble them in a notebook. His album seemed an unedited version of that notebook, and it cried out for discipline more than anything else.

This second disc is a vast improvement. There is still Bruce's rasping voice, which occasionally takes on the tone of a black blues singer. There is also a dose of humor, edited-down collections of Springsteen's peculiar images, and a wailing, daring backup band that tosses around both feedback and pounding conga drums with gleeful abandon. I liked "The Wild, The Innocent & The Street Shuffle." Springsteen is still a puzzle, but now he seems to be one that just might be worth solving.

H.E.

PAUL MCCARTNEY: Band on the Run. Paul McCartney, vocals, keyboards, and bass; Linda McCartney, vocals; Denny Laine, guitar. *Band on the Run; Je!; Bluebird; Mrs. Vanderbilt; Let Me Roll It; Mamunia; No Words; Helen Wheels; Picasso's Last Words; Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-Five.* APPLE SO 3415, \$6.98. Tape: ● 8XO 3415, \$7.98; ●● 4XO 3415, \$7.98.

Paul McCartney's solo career since departing the Beatles in 1970 has produced a lot of happy, fairly mindless music, and "Band on the Run" is more of the same. It's multi-colored, with smooth continuity between the up-tempo songs and the ballads. *Band on the Run*, the title tune, is the best rocker, while *Let Me Roll It* is a fine ballad.

McCartney's words are a pastiche of cute phrases and rhythmic chants and pretend to no literary significance. Not everyone need be a poet, however, and the music's lack of lyrical import diminishes the product not at all. "Band on the Run" is McCartney's best since "Ram." Had its one or two top tunes been a little more memorable, "Band" would have exceeded that earlier triumph.

M.J.

DAVID BUSKIN: He Used to Treat Her. David Buskin, vocals and guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Another Time; Trails; He Used to Treat Her*; seven more. [Glen Spreen and Norbert Putnam, prod.] EPIC KE 31955, \$5.98. Tape: ● EA 31955, \$6.98.

David Buskin, the favorite songwriter of popular balladeer Mary Travers, has one thing in common with John Denver: They both produce music so pleasant that it's hard to dislike it. Unfortunately, it's also hard to rave about. It's like a beautiful spring day. Everyone enjoys it, but who expects to record it in the history books?

This second LP shows Buskin as a likable folksinger who is approaching rock cautiously. The best tunes are the quiet, folksy ones, such as the title *He Used to Treat Her*.

M.J.

ROOSEVELT SYKES: Dirty Double Mother. Roosevelt Sykes, vocals and piano; Justin

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Adams, guitar; George French, bass; Alonzo Stewart, drums; Clarence Ford, saxophone. *Dirty Double Mother*; *Persimmon Pie*; *Double Breasted Woman*; *Naich'I Go-Getter*; seven more. [Al Smith, prod.] BLUESWAY BLS 6077, \$4.98.

At age sixty-seven, Sykes remains one of the most vital forces in blues. This piano master's happy, aggressive style influenced many others, most of whom became better known than Sykes. Yet he still is active, and still doing well. This newly recorded album is a fine one, retaining the happy unpredictability that has always marked his playing. *Double Breasted Woman*, for example, contains as nutty a lyric as I've heard in a blues song, yet still is exciting to hear. M.J.

theater and film

STARRING FRED ASTAIRE. For a feature review of this recording, see page 85.

50 YEARS OF FILM MUSIC. Musical excerpts from Warner Bros. motion-picture soundtracks.

50 YEARS OF FILM. Dialogue excerpts from Warner Bros. motion-picture soundtracks. For a feature review of these recordings, see page 87.

*** PAPILLON.** Original motion-picture soundtrack recording. Composed and conducted by Jerry Goldsmith. [Jerry Goldsmith, prod.] CAPITOL ST 11260, \$5.98.

Nothing could be more indicative of changing attitudes toward film music than the album cover for this release, on which the words "Music by Jerry Goldsmith" are printed in letters big enough to catch the attention of even the most myopic discophile. I can remember albums on which I had to search for five minutes through the names of everybody from the film's stars to the producer's grandmother before finding the composer's name (if it was there at all) in letters small enough to satisfy the most exacting contract printer.

Goldsmith deserves the billing. Few recent composers have been able to carry on in the best tradition of the Hollywood symphonic film score in as totally original a fashion as Goldsmith has. From the jagged, relentless primitivism of *Planet of the Apes* to the dramatic openness and breadth of *The Blue Max*, he has proven to be both versatile and extremely in tune with the films—many of them large-scale affairs—he has scored.

For Franklin J. Schaffner's *Papillon*, Goldsmith has written, as the title theme, a beautiful, nostalgic near-waltz whose appropriately French character is due to much more than the accordion in the instrumentation. Indeed, one is reminded of his theme for *The Last Run*, in which the composer moved in directions quite similar to those followed by the likes of Francis Lai (at his best), Philippe Sarde, and Gilbert Bécaud (whose remarkable music for René Clément's *House Under the*

Trees should have been released on these shores), to name only three.

Unlike certain soundtrack recordings, however, *Papillon* is not inundated with the title theme, and over the ten cuts (two of them lasting more than five minutes) on this disc, the music runs through a wide variety of moods and ambiances, all of them absorbing even if you have not seen the film. Typical of Goldsmith's style are the passages in which blocks of soaring, sustained unisons in the strings are contrapuntally pitted against different material coming from the depths of the orchestra. Also characteristic are the highly inventive ostinatos—a standard film-score item these days—which benefit from excellent and sometimes rather eerie instrumentation (note the harp effects in the *New Friend* cut).

The album, produced by Goldsmith himself, has been very well recorded, and the orchestral playing is exceptionally good. As the first soundtrack release to come my way in 1974, *Papillon* represents an extremely encouraging beginning. R.S.B.

MARILYN HORNE SINGS CARMEN JONES. Music from the motion-picture soundtrack. Music by Georges Bizet; lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II.

Carmen Joe	Marilyn Horne
Cindy Lou Husky Miller	LeVern Hutcherson
	Olga James
	Marvin Hayes

Orchestra and chorus, Herschel Burke Gilbert, cond. RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0046(e), \$5.98 (rechanneled) [from LM 1881, 1954]. Tape: ● ARS 1-0046, \$6.95; ●● ARK 1-0046, \$6.95.

Maybe you can *too* have your cake and eat it. The front of the jacket of this reissue, which comes from RCA's Red Seal (i.e., classical) division, is a massive profile shot of Ms. Horne—and note the disc's new title. But flip the jacket and on the back you'll find the following disclaimer from the star: "It is important to know that I was only 20 years old when I made this recording. Even though I was at that time a very light lyric soprano, I did everything I possibly could to imitate the voice of Dorothy Dandridge. . . ."

Message: If you think this disc might be an interesting supplement to the Horne *Carmen* discography—her first encounter with the part—forget it.

If it's Horne as Carmen you want, stick to the complete Metropolitan Opera production (DG 2709 043) or the earlier Phase 4 disc of excerpts (London SPC 21055).

If you have fond memories of *Carmen Jones* (we all have our little quirks), you might want this record. But divorced from the film, it's just a mediocre disc of *Carmen*-in-English excerpts. Even that might be of some interest, since there isn't any other now and the music is surprisingly faithful to Bizet. Except for the English used. It's hard to imagine a lyricist less suitable for the job than Hammerstein. His inability to preserve any of the bite of the original is matched only by his ineptitude in translating the milieu into blackface (his idea of black speech patterns was apparently limited to fracturing syntax and saying "dis" and "dat" and "dem" a lot).

The only other singers RCA mentions on the jacket front are Pearl Bailey and Brock Peters. Wonderful performers both, but they have practically nothing to do here. There is a

rather nice Flower Song ("Dis flower...") by LeVern Hutcherson, who dubbed for Harry Belafonte.

A colleague who knows more about these things than I reports that the actual soundtrack of *Carmen Jones* must have been stereo. But RCA has merely rechanneled the version that was issued originally. It sounds perfectly good. K.F.

jazz

* **DAVE FRISHBERG:** Solo and Trio. Dave Frishberg, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Donald Bailey, drums. *Saratoga Hunch*; *Squeeze Me*; *Drop Me Off in Harlem*; seven more. SEEDS 4, \$5.50 (Seeds, R.F.D., Vineyard Haven, Mass. 02568).

Dave Frishberg has been around long enough and has done enough interesting things to make one think he would be well-known by now. But he is still one of those private pleasures people keep discovering. You might run into him playing piano unobtrusively in some jazz star's rhythm section—unobtrusively. That is, until he takes a few solos and begins to gnaw at your reactions. Or he might be serving as accompanist to a singer without taking any solos that would call attention to himself. Or he might be playing intermission piano behind the conversation only to break into your frame of reference by singing one of his songs, such as *Van Lingle Mungo*, which was almost a hit a few years ago even though the lyric consists of nothing but the names of professional baseball players. If you happen to hear Blossom Dearie, who is very careful about announcing the writers of the songs she sings, you would find that Frishberg has created some very witty gems, including *I'm Hip* and *Peel Me a Grape*.

This record, which has no lyrics but puts Frishberg's piano in a constant spotlight, is enough evidence of why he should be known. It is not just his capability and imagination as a pianist that make the disc so attractive. It also is his wide-ranging, adventurous choice of material, which extends from Jelly Roll Morton (*The Crane*) to Sonny Rollins (*Pent Up House*). Waller and Ellington, with appropriate suggestions of stride, are also present, along with pure Frishberg, which involves wit and a hip sense of swing. For those who know or have discovered Dick Wellstood, Frishberg is out of much the same bag. J.S.W.

JAZZ PARTY AT THE PLAZA, VOL. 2. Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, with Jimmy Rushing and Billie Holiday. *Jazz Festival Suite*; *Hello, Little Girl*; *Don't Explain*; seven more. COLUMBIA C 32471, \$4.98.

So it shouldn't be a total loss, the performances at a party hosted by Columbia Records at the Plaza Hotel in New York in 1958 and filed away on tape have finally been released, a decade and a half later. Vol. 1 of "Jazz Party at the Plaza" (C 32470) was by the Miles Davis sextet of 1958, which included John Coltrane,

Cannonball Adderley, Bill Evans, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones, a group that is well represented on records. This second volume centers on Duke Ellington's orchestra, which at that time was on the rising side of a renaissance that had started two years earlier at the Newport Jazz Festival and, like the Davis sextet, was being recorded frequently.

Most of the material played by the band at this party is already on records: the extended *Jazz Festival Suite*, one of the Duke's most relaxed and consistent longer works; Cat Anderson's high-note exercises on *El Gato*; and Johnny Hodges' suave *All of Me*. But this disc offers several unusual performances by Jimmy Rushing and Billie Holiday, who were rarely heard with the Ellington band. Rushing does a pair of the Duke's blues and one of his own. With the Ellington saxes booting him along and Clark Terry dancing around on trumpet, Rushing is in unusually fine form. Miss Holiday, just a year before her death, seemed in happy spirits. Her *When Your Lover Has Gone* has much of the bright, easy swing of her early records with Teddy Wilson's combos, while *Don't Explain* has a glowing tenderness, sensitively supported by Buck Clayton's muted trumpet.

The recording balance for the band is not always optimum, but it is quite acceptable except on *Jones*, on which the Duke's patter is almost completely off-mike. J.S.W.

* **TERJE RYPDAL:** What Comes After. Terje Rypdal, guitar; Barre Phillips, bass; Jon Christensen, drums; Erik Niord Larsen, oboe; Sveinung Hivensjo, electric bass. *Bend It: Yearning*; *Sejours*; three more. ECM/POLYDOR ECM 1031, \$6.98.

The West German label ECM, whose jazz releases have won it international renown, has begun an American distribution arrangement with Polydor with six discs, five by musicians well-known to American listeners: Gary Burton (ECM 1030), with a new quartet that, in the long run, is an extension of earlier quartets; Chick Corea (ECM 1014), playing piano solos that are pleasant but have no relationship to jazz by any definition; Robin Kenyatta (ECM 1008); Keith Jarrett (ECM 1021); and Dave Holland (ECM 1027), whose generally discordant avant-garde performances, with a group that includes Sam Rivers and Anthony Braxton, develop one superb piece, *Conference of the Birds*, on which Rivers and Braxton play flutes over a charming bass line by Holland.

The one gem of the first ECM/Polydor batch is by a group ostensibly led by Norwegian guitarist Terje Rypdal but which, aside from the general ensemble emphasis of the performances, features the bowed and plucked bass of Barre Phillips more than anything else. This is the perfect jazz antidote to the avoidance of jazz in the Corea set and the pretentious self-indulgence of most of the Holland set, to pick the two extremes of this series of records. The Rypdal recordings, made in Oslo, are adventurous, imaginative, brilliantly disciplined and developed, yet distinctively "jazz" in their nature. J.S.W.

JIM CULLUM'S HAPPY JAZZ: Listen Some More. Jim Cullum Jr., cornet; Gene McKinney and Mark Hess, trombones; Bobby

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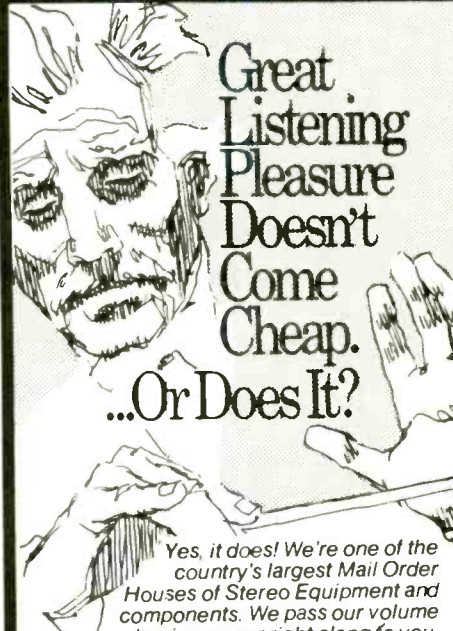
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Gordon, clarinet; Cliff Gillette, piano; Jim Newell, banjo and guitar; Buddy Apfel, tuba; Harvey Kindervater and Kevin Hess, drums. *Kansas City Stomps; Savoy Blues; All My Love*; six more. AUDIOPHILE 120, \$5.95.

With the death of Jim Cullum in 1973, a period in the history of a unique jazz band came to an end. Cullum, a saxophonist and clarinetist who had had a fling as a professional jazz musician in the 1940s climaxed by a spell in Jack Teagarden's big band, started the Happy Jazz Band in 1962. In the years between his Teagarden period and the Happy Jazz Band, he left music to run his family's wholesale grocery business in San Antonio. By 1962, his son, Jim Jr., had become a Beiderbecke-and-Armstrong-influenced cornetist, so Jim Sr. got his horns out, redeveloped his chops, and found a few other San Antonio business and professional men who liked to play jazz on the side.

The Happy Jazz Band started out as a group that played in the Cullums' living room on Sunday afternoons. By 1963, they found a club, The Landing, on the San Antonio River, where they could play every Saturday night. And in 1963 they also made their first record, which they put out on their own label—Happy Jazz Records. As the years went by, the Happy Jazz Band grew in capabilities and reputation. It held an annual World Series of Jazz in San Antonio with the World's Greatest Jazz Band and others. It traveled to the West Coast and to Mexico. It became so successful that Jim Cullum Sr. re-retired from the grocery business to be a full-time musician again. Cullum bought E. D. Nunn's Audiophile record label and transferred his Happy Jazz Records to Audiophile.

When Cullum died in 1973, the band and the label were going full blast, leaving it problematical if and how either the band or the label would carry on. However, Jim Cullum Jr. has taken over leadership of the band, and the gap left by the death of Jim Sr. has been filled by Bobby Gordon, a clarinetist who was originally a protégé of Joe Marsala and who had been playing with New Jersey traditional jazz groups for many years.

Bobby has moved to San Antonio, and this disc is the first indication of what the new Happy Jazz Band is like. It is a most promising beginning. Although Jim Cullum Sr. had been the band's most accomplished soloist, Bobby Gordon not only fills that role very capably but brings to the group the added attraction of his own specialties. One of these, included on this disc, is his clarinet version of Bud Freeman's famous saxophone classic, *The Eel*, a fascinating variation on an established jazz standard.

The band also shows an unwontedly loose, swinging feeling on *Westmoreland Weave*, a piece that gets it away from the customary limitations of the very early jazz groups to which it had previously seemed to be devoted. There is some of that here, too—Jelly Roll Morton tunes and *High Society*—along with a pair of contemporary ballads that may be all right for a local dance but do not really need to be recorded for posterity. J.S.W.

COOTIE WILLIAMS SEXTET AND ORCHESTRA: Original Hit Recordings (1944). PHOENIX 1.
DIZZY GILLESPIE: The Small Groups (1945-46). PHOENIX 2.
COLEMAN HAWKINS WITH THE VARSITY

SEVEN/ROY ELDRIDGE BIG BAND: Hawk and Roy, 1939. PHOENIX 3.

Each disc \$5.98, available from Phoenix Records, Box 3, Kingston, N.J. 08528.

When a couple of jazz-record collectors decide to form their own company to reissue discs they think ought to be available—and they want to do it legitimately—where can they find records? Russ Chase and Bob Porter discovered that Pickwick Special Products of Long Island owned the rights to the Eli Oberstein labels of the late Thirties and early Forties—Hit, Varsity, and Royale, along with Guild, Musicraft, and Black and White, among others—and that one-shot rights could be obtained (meaning they could issue a record from Pickwick's files, but anybody else could get the same right). So they formed Phoenix Records and put out a Cootie Williams set (from Hit), a Dizzy Gillespie set (from Musicraft, Guild, and Black and White), and a Coleman Hawkins-Roy Eldridge set (from Varsity).

The primary interest of the Williams set—aside from Cootie's trumpet playing—lies in the notable sidemen and vocalists in his big band and sextet. Bud Powell on piano and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis on tenor saxophone make very creditable recording debuts here. Pearl Bailey, one of the singers in the band, shows her distinctive vocal style even as far back as 1944 on a couple of forgettable songs, while Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson was already a polished blues singer by then.

The Hawk and Roy disc includes some superb blues singing by Joe Turner (1939 vintage) with the Varsity Seven, led by Benny Carter and with Hawkins on tenor and Joe Sullivan on piano. The Eldridge selections (by a big band) are highlighted by his crackling trumpet and very provocative singing by Laurel Watson. The Eldridge-Watson team reaches a peak on *I'm Getting Sentimental over You* which Roy turns into an equivalent of Bunny Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*, while Miss Watson not only reshapes the song brilliantly but shows a reflection of Billie Holiday that—instead of the usual imitation—is a creative blend of absorption and projection.

The Gillespie set will appeal to collectors because of three rare 1945 Joe Marsala sides with Dizzy from Black and White, including a previously unissued *On the Alamo*. The bulk of the disc is classic Gillespie-Parker material that, unfortunately for Phoenix, has also been obtained by Prestige Records and is part of a recent two-disc Gillespie set called "In the Beginning" (Prestige 24030), along with some early big-band Gillespie. J.S.W.

* **JOE WILLIAMS:** Live. Joe Williams, vocals; Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; George Duke, piano; Walter Booker and Carol Kaye, bass; Roy McCurdy and King Erisson, drums. *Who She Do; Sad Song; Goin' to Chicago*; five more. FANTASY 9441, \$4.98.

Joe Williams has made remarkable progress from his years as a decidedly one-dimensional blues singer with Count Basie (a considerable comedown to those who could remember Jimmy Rushing with Basie) and later, on his own, as a one-dimensional ballad singer. Then, seemingly all of a sudden, Williams

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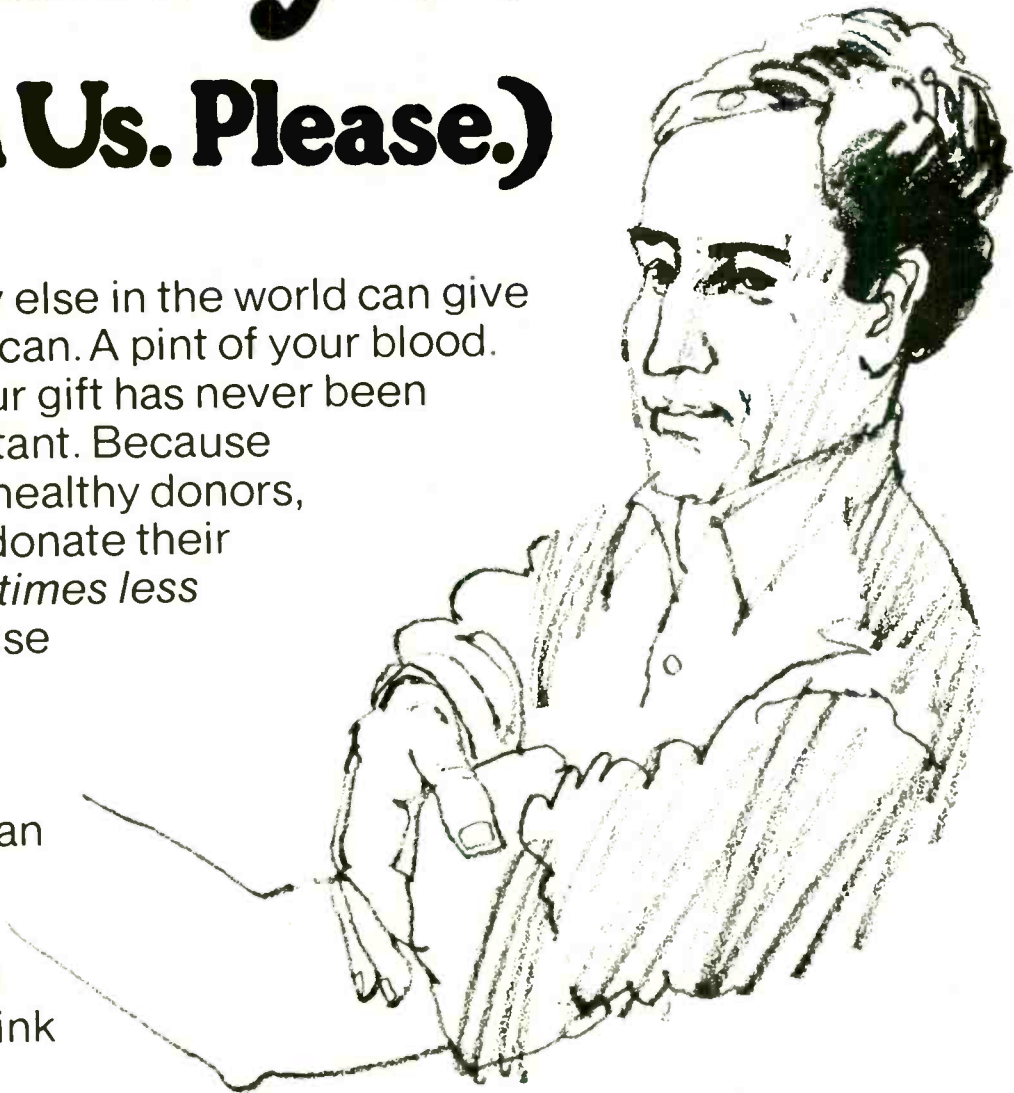
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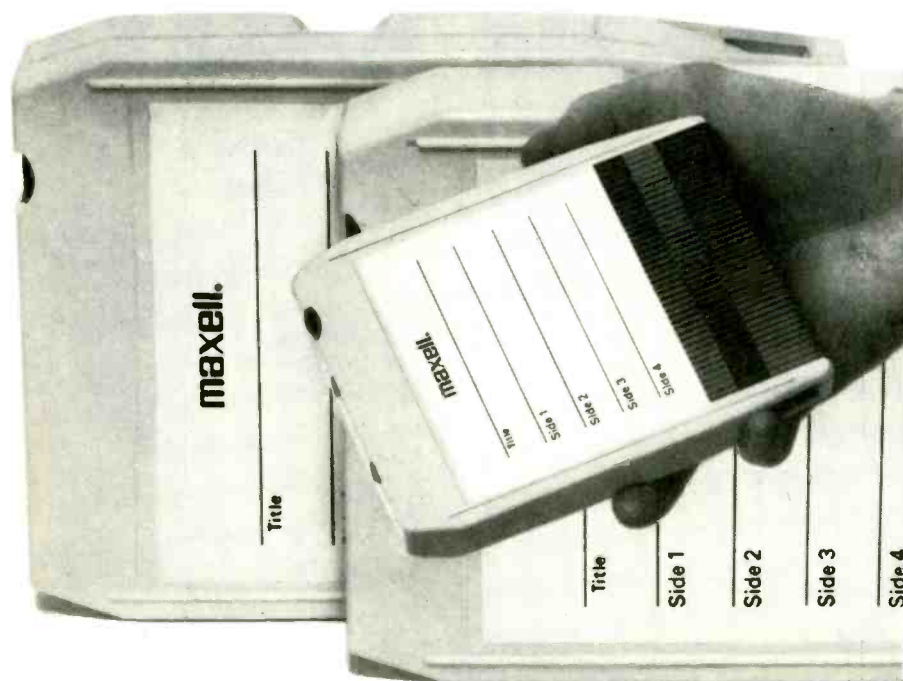


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opened up and became himself—a most unusual performer who is part blues, part jazz, part sophisticate, and part highly inventive creator.

Today he functions on a level and in an area in which he is completely by himself. He is, in the best sense, incomparable, because there is no one with whom to compare him. He brings *himself* to everything he does and there is no one else who thinks or reacts like Joe Williams, much less sings like him. It's all here on this disc—the blues, the ballads, the narrative elements, the asides, and the kind of jazz backing that is the most appropriate (but far from the only possible) setting for Williams.

In an entertainer, as in all other aspects of life, there is nothing as useful as seasoned, perceptive intelligence, and that is what Williams has learned to project. J.S.W.

KEITH JARRETT: *Fort Yawuh*. Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone and Chinese musette; Keith Jarrett, piano and soprano saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums; Danny Johnson, percussion. *De Drums; Still Life, Still Life; Fort Yawuh; (If the) Misfits (Wear It)*. IMPULSE 9240, \$5.98.

The main problem for Keith Jarrett in recent years has been the one that constantly crops up in the work of broadly talented people—channeling their creative drive. Jarrett, moving from piano to soprano saxophone and vocalizing, has tended to sprawl all over the landscape, diluting what might be a powerful, vitalizing impact if his performances were focused in a more concentrated fashion.

The four long performances that make up this record are, by Jarrett's recent standards, unusually well-disciplined, developed efforts that give him the opportunity to concentrate on his piano (which is his only real claim to attention) in a setting in which he has the powerful and propulsive support of Charlie Haden on bass. The guts of this collection center on these parts in which Jarrett, Haden, and drummer Paul Motian cut loose. But even though Dewey Redman is not a particularly interesting saxophonist, it is helpful to have him appear from time to time simply to provide a change of sound texture. J.S.W.

in brief

SHA-NA-NA: *Rock and Roll Is Here to Stay*. KAMA SUTRA KSBS 2077, \$5.98. Tape: ● M 82077, \$6.97; ● M 52077, \$6.97.

The rock-and-roll revival band's first and best album, reissued by Kama Sutra. Originally KSBS 2010. M.J.

THE EDWIN HAWKINS SINGERS: *New World*. (Paul Anka and Johnny Harris, prod.) BUDAHA BDS 5131, \$5.98. Tape: ● M85131, \$6.95; ● M55131, \$6.95.

This gospelly r & b set is pleasant enough, but it never really catches fire. H.E.

MICHAEL NESMITH: *Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Trash*. RCA APL 1-0164, \$5.98. Tape: ● APS 1-0164, \$6.95; ● APK 1-0164, \$6.95.

Michael Nesmith has hung in all these years



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GOUNOD. James Harding.

The public and private life of this somewhat underrated composer reveals the contradictions of a complex personality. Faust and other works examined briefly. **No. 411 . . . \$10.00**

THE GLORY OF THE VIOLIN. Joseph Wechsberg. Illus.

Famed New Yorker author Wechsberg writes of his great love, the violin, and touches many bases. The great makers, the secrets of wood and varnish, the business of buying, selling (and cheating), the mysterious matter of tone, the noted virtuosos—all are dealt with in lively style. A fiddle fancier's delight. **No. 341 . . . \$8.95**

RECORDS IN REVIEW. 1973 EDITION.

The 18th annual edition of this "bible for record collectors." Hundreds of the authoritative, detailed reviews which appeared in *High Fidelity* in 1972 are arranged alphabetically by composer, sub-divided by category of music when releases of his music were considerable. A section on Recitals and Miscellany too, and an Artists' Index to all performers reviewed during the year, as well as those mentioned only in the text. **No. 442 . . . \$9.95**

CHOPIN. Collected Letters.

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CARUSO. Stanley Jackson, Illus. Index. Bibl.

A popular biography of the legendary singer revealing episodes and relationships in his life, romanticized or almost completely ignored in previous biographies. Jackson separates the man from the camouflage which he encouraged. The great artist is here, also the many faceted character and personality. **No. 2114 . . . \$7.95**

DIVAS. Winthrop Sargeant, Illus.

The veteran music critic writes with liveliness and often intimate knowledge about six great singers: Sutherland, Horne, Sills, Nilsson, Price, and Farrell. The profiles, five of which appeared in *The New Yorker*, are part interview, part career-sketch, part canny observation. An assortment of photographs with each subject. **No. 352 . . . \$7.95**

THE CARMEN CHRONICLE: THE MAKING OF AN OPERA. Harvey E. Phillips.

Leonard Bernstein, James McCracken, Marilyn Horne were the all-star team that opened the Met with *Carmen* in 1972 and went on to record the performance for DGG. The wear, tear, and exhilaration of these taping sessions are captured here humor and a fine eye for detail. Many photographs. **No. 412 . . . \$8.95**

FACING THE MUSIC: An Irreverent Close-up of the Real Concert World. Henri Temianka. Introduction by Yehudi Menuhin. Illus.

The American-based violinist and conductor, founder of the California Chamber Symphony, casts an experienced and sometimes caustic eye on famous colleagues in the music world. A lighthearted autobiography rich in anecdotes. **No. 361 . . . \$6.95**

ENCOUNTERS WITH STRAVINSKY. A Personal Record. Paul Horgan. Illus. Photos. Index

For anyone who has felt the impact of Stravinsky's music on his own aesthetic responses, this is a book to treasure. As Horgan writes in his foreword, it is an "act of homage to a transcendent artist who for almost four decades indirectly and impersonally brought aesthetic fulfillment to my life and learning—an experience which then for another decade and a half was crowned by personal friendship with him and his wife." It is not intended as a work of musicology or complete biography, rather a sketchbook, rich in detail and anecdote, by a loving friend with the novelist's eye and ear for character and scene. **No. 2910 . . . \$7.95**

BRAHMS: A CRITICAL STUDY. Burnett James.

Burnett James, moreover, has not written the usual dates-and-places biography, but rather a loosely biographical exegesis on Brahms's life and music. . . . The book is highly discursive, for James likes to make analogies and to conjure up ideas: we range from the composer to such figures as Freud, Hemingway, Sibelius, and back. —Patrick Smith. **HIGH FIDELITY/MUSICAL AMERICA** **No. 333 . . . \$10.00**

STOCKHAUSEN: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE COMPOSER. Jonathan Cott.

One of today's most provocative and articulate composers is explored in Cott's wide-ranging book, which brings into focus the unity among the arts, philosophy and science as Stockhausen sees it. There is, too, some hard, detailed musical analysis, and an occasional catty story as well. A good introduction to an extraordinary mind. **No. 441 . . . \$9.95**

THE DANCE BAND ERA: The Dancing Decades from Ragtime to Swing, 1910-1950. Albert McCarthy.

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ing every available recording of the composer's works. At the end of the year these separate discographies were completely revised and updated and are here collected into one convenient book. It is hard to imagine any record collection without it on an adjacent shelf. Index to performers. Paperback only. **No. 2616 . . . \$2.95**

THIS BUSINESS OF MUSIC. Revised & Enlarged Edition, Dec. '71. Sidney Shemel & M. William Krasilovsky. Edited by Paul Ackerman.

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MAHLER. Henry-Louis de La Grange. Illus. Index.

A major and exhaustive study of Gustav Mahler, this volume covers the first forty years of his life, up to the date of his marriage to Alma. One of the author's important contributions is the use of extensive quotations from contemporary critics; another is the publication for the first time of diaries and letters of Mahler's intimate friends. The first 700 pages deal with the composer's life on an almost week-to-week basis; the final 200 consist of excellent essays on the music and extensive notes on sources and related matters. A milestone in Mahler study. **No. 443 . . . \$17.50.**

SCHUBERT: THE FINAL YEARS. John Reed.

For the more-than-casual Schubert fancier, this book explores, in readable manner, the stylistic development of the composer's work during the last three years of his life. The author's startling case for dating the Great C Major Symphony in 1826 rather than in the last year of Schubert's life is provocative and convincing. **No. 351 . . . \$15.00**

THE GERSHWINS. Robert Kimball and Alfred E. Simon.

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since the demise of the Monkees, where he got his first and least real attention. This is about his sixth album. Many of them have a note from the author; I always enjoy these more than the albums. This note is the best yet, explaining beautifully and courageously how Nesmith feels about himself and music. He's a nice singer/writer like many others. I wish he'd go write a book or something. He admits using music as therapy, which is limiting for the audience. M.A.

THE CARPENTERS: The Singles, 1969-1973. A&M SP 3601, \$6.98. Tape: 8T 3601, \$7.98; CS 3601, \$7.98.

This California duo has produced a number of hits, some of them rather enjoyable. Included are *Superstar*, *Yesterday Once More*, and *Sing*. M.J.

DAVE MASON: It's Like You Never Left. COLUMBIA KC 31721, \$5.98. Tape: CA 31721, \$6.98; CT 31721, \$6.98

This disc, a pleasant enough, lightly rocked LP, is bound to please superstar Dave Mason's fans, if only because Mason has not been heard from in quite some time. The album, however, lacks the intensity one would have expected this distinguished composer/vocalist/guitarist/arranger/producer would create. H.E.

DELBERT AND GLEN: Subject to Change. CLEAN 602, \$5.98.

For one thing, this is one of my favorite album titles, with equally beautiful photography and album design by Barry Feinstein. The duo falls somewhere between city country and country city with a taste of rock-and-roll. Very friendly and musical. The group has a nice comfortable sense of fun and ease. I wish them a hit to get things rolling. M.A.

JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS. RCA CPL 1-0374, \$6.98. Tape: CPS 1-0374, \$7.95; CPK 1-0374, \$7.95.

As it says. Includes *Take Me Home*, *Country Roads*, *Leaving on a Jet Plane*, and nine others. M.J.

MARTIN MULL: And His Fabulous Furniture In Your Living Room. CAPRICORN CP 0117, \$5.98.

These parodies of contemporary musical forms will appeal to those who like a dose of intelligence with their comedy. Mull is well on his way toward becoming an authentic comic stylist. H.E.

BARNABY BYE: Room to Grow. ATLANTIC SD 7273, \$5.98.

The group is a spinoff of musician members of the original cast of *Hair* and includes the only identical twins in rock. They are excellent: light and clean-singing and musical. If the group and label figure out the marketing problem, there's no reason why they can't make hits. M.A.

BLONDEL: Amazing Blondel. ISLAND SMAS 9339, \$5.98. Tape: 8XW 9339, \$6.98.

This English duo, replete with harpsichords, recorders, krummhorns, and strings, is thoroughly versed in Elizabethan music, and uses this knowledge to create albums of rare beauty. Nothing would be more pleasant than the ascendance of Blondel as American superstars. I hope I'm not asking for too much. H.E.

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the tape deck

BY R.D. DARRELL

At Last! DG Musicassettes Go Dolby. As the Dolby-B anti-noise-pollution bandwagon rolls triumphantly on, it bears prospects of Dolbyized Philips musicassettes coming from Europe before long, promises of some (classical and easy-listening) Dolbyized 8-track cartridges from Ampex, and—best of all—the actual first examples of Dolbyized musicassettes from Deutsche Grammophon. Yet never has so significant an audio advance been made in such *sotto voce* or even surreptitious fashion. (Never, anyway, since the first electrical recordings were sneaked out in 1925.) This good news reached me only when I happened to notice the double-D Dolby symbol on the title spine, and the fine-print notes-leaflet Dolby-B credits, of four of the latest DG musiccassette releases.

By an odd coincidence it was exactly six years ago that I reviewed in this column the first DG cassettes to reach this country. Since then they probably have made more—and more musically substantial—contributions to the classical repertory than those of any other recording company. Technically, too, they have been generally excellent in almost every respect save that of surface noise (“hiss”), which was unfortunately worse than average in the early years and only more recently improved to meet the best, still none too good, standards of other non-Dolbyized cassette production. Hence the assurance of the marked further silencing that only Dolby-B can provide must rank among the best news today’s cassette-music realm could be given.

The forerunners of the quieter treasures to come represent both relatively old and brand-new recordings. From 1962 comes the fine Kempff/Leitner Beethoven First Piano Concerto, and from 1968–69 come the even finer Böhm/Berlin Philharmonic early Mozart Symphonies Nos. 25, 26, and 27 (DG 3300 227 and 3300 337). The latter is of particular interest for comparisons of its No. 26 with the non-Dolbyized version, coupled with Nos. 31 and 34 in the 923 006 cassette of 1968.

The actual noise reduction is of course still more notable in the much more recent and technologically advanced 1973 recordings of two tonally exceptional and beautiful Boston Symphony performances: Ozawa’s Berlioz *Symphonie fantastique* and Jochum’s coupling of the Mozart *Jupiter* and Schubert *Unfinished* Symphonies (DG 3300 316 and 3300

318). The list price for each of these is the standard \$6.98, as it is for the corresponding (but I presume non-Dolbyized) cartridge editions. 89 465, 89 470, 89 467, 89 468 respectively. The last three programs also are available in Ampex-processed Dolbyized 7½-ips open-reel editions at \$7.95 each: L 43120 (Mozart), L 43358 (Berlioz), L 43357 (Mozart/Schubert).

It’s Now “Stereotape” and with Quadriphonic as Well as Stereo Reels. It was just eleven months ago that I greeted the return of RCA recordings in 7½-ips open-reel editions processed and distributed by Magtec. Now that West-Coast firm’s Stereotape division name is being featured above that of the parent company in impressively extensive new reel release lists. These represent a considerable number of pop-program labels, but the classical repertory primarily comprises RCA originals in both stereo and quadriphonic versions and Nonesuch and Audio Spectrum originals in Q-reels only.

Unfortunately, like most reel-tape collectors, I haven’t yet acquired four-channel open-reel playback facilities. Until Stereotape’s Q-reel debut, the available classical tapes have been confined to a handful of releases under the pioneering Vanguard label. (Ampex’s Q-reel production has been limited so far to pop and light-music programs.) Now, however, Stereotape’s substantial Q-reel activity (plus expanded Ampex quadriphonic production) promises significant repertory growth, and I hope to start catching up with it myself before too long. Meanwhile, I can only note that all five of the first Nonesuch/Stereotape Q-reels (\$7.95 each)—along with two of the ten RCA classical Q-reels (\$11.95 each)—were reviewed in their Quadradisc editions by my colleague Robert Long in his Four-Channel Discs/Tapes report of last January.

Of more immediate interest to most reel-tape collectors are the regular 7½-ips stereo tapings of RCA programs, some of which are already well known in other tape formats—e.g., the Ormandy “Fantastic Philadelphians” 1 and 2, Shostakovich’s Fourteenth Symphony, Sibelius’ Second, Rimsky-Korsakov’s *Scheherazade*, Rachmaninoff’s Second Piano Concerto with Rubinstein, etc. Among the more recent programs, I’ve listened to Vol. 3 of Rubinstein’s “The Chopin I Love” series (RCA/Stereotape ERPA 3339, \$7.95) and the first taping of all three Brahms string quartets played in a recording debut by the Cleveland Quartet (ERPB 7102, double-play reel, \$11.95).

There are no musical surprises in Rubinstein’s Chopin reissues (featuring the Op. 22 *Andante spianato* and *Grande polonaise* and Op. 37 Scherzo), unless

one can still be surprised at how well both readings and playing stand up to repeated hearings. But it’s technically surprising that the piano sound itself remains so remarkably bright, solid, and natural despite the fact that the original recordings were made at four different locations and in seven sessions ranging from 1959 to 1965.

The young Clevelanders’ Brahms may not please all, especially older, connoisseurs’ tastes, for they are perhaps not conservatively restrained enough for Brahmsian specialists nor emotionally unrestrained enough for Romantic susceptibilities. But their brusque let’s-get-and-stick-to-the-point earnestness is by no means lacking in genuine eloquence, and their prominence of viola and cello over the violins makes for impressively powerful as well as dark sonorities that dramatically enhance—at least when as effectively recorded as they are here—the music itself. Involuted, “ascetic,” or “intellectual” as this music may seem on first encounter, it can be no less rewarding than challenging to serious listeners. And since its very nature makes it particularly suitable for home listening, it’s particularly welcome in this first integral taping.

Music for Waiting in Gas-Pump Lines.

The much ballyhooed “energy crisis” points up the usefulness of a double-standard approach to certain tapes that one can’t recommend without qualifications for serious home listening but that can be relished for other than aesthetic reasons in overcoming the boredom of throughway travel and of impatiently awaiting one’s turn to get at least a gallon or two of gasoline. What could help more than movie music, with its arresting fanfares, picaresque adventure evocations, schmaltzy sing-along tunes, and technicolor sonorities, in giving one a momentary sense of exalted escape from reality?

Start with Angel’s 8-track cartridge (8XS 36063, \$7.98) of “Miklós Rózsa Conducts His Great Film Music” (from his epic-spectacular scores for *Ben-Hur*, *Quo Vadis*, *El Cid*, and *King of Kings* originally released in a 1967 Capitol disc edition). Be sure to go on to the musically more admirable and technically far superior RCA cartridge (ARK 1-0185, \$6.95) of the Charles Gerhardt/National Philharmonic “Elizabeth and Essex” program of “classic” film scores of Erich Korngold. It includes excerpts from the music for *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Sea Wolf*, *Another Dawn*, *Of Human Bondage*, and—perhaps most interesting of all—a cello concerto expanded from the score for *Deception*. Both Angel and RCA programs are also available in cassette editions, but it’s in one’s car—en route or waiting—that they work best.

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