Supertuners
Five Top Models Compared
The reason Pioneer's tuners and amplifiers keep getting better.

To achieve improved linearity and transient response, plus absolute stability, each amplifier has a 3-stage, direct-coupled equalizer-amplifier section, as well as a first stage differential amplifier. By using low noise transistors in the critical first stage of the equalizer (an FET, in the SA-9900), an exceptional level of phono performance, heretofore unattainable in integrated amplifiers, is attained. See Table 1 for Preamplifier section highlights.

**Tape-to-tape duplicating and monitoring**

Two tape monitor circuits are incorporated in each model and include tape copying switch positions for dubbing from one deck to another while listening to another program source.

**Advanced chassis layouts for improved performance and increased reliability**

Input and output terminals on the SA-9900 and SA-9500 are segregated from each other by being located at opposite sides of the chassis. More important, the full rear of the chassis serves as a heat radiating surface and reduces the length of internal shielded wires. The result: less attenuation of high frequency audio signals.

Pioneer's new amplifiers provide power output for every audio requirement and a maximum number of inputs and outputs to go with it. See Tables 2 and 3.

**The Tuners: TX-9500, TX-7500**

Totally new in styling and appearance, these Pioneer tuners are loaded with circuit refinements that finally allow you to realize the full static-free, high fidelity potential of FM and stereo FM. They even improve AM reception.

**The FM front end — key to sensitivity and noise-free reception**

In the TX-9500 three dual-gate MOS FETs combined with a linear 5-section variable capacitor reject all forms of interference by an incredible 110dB. Desired signals of as little strength as 1.5 microvolts are received with noise and distortion sufficiently suppressed to make them listenable.

**Phase Lock Loop (PLL) circuitry for stable stereo FM separation**

The Phase Lock Loop circuit used in both new tuners insures optimum separation of all audio frequencies. Completely drift-free, this PLL circuit requires no alignment — ever. A sharp low-pass filter lets you tape FM programs without interference from audible "beats".

**8-stage limiters**

High selectivity and good capture ratio are vital with today's crowded FM radio band. Pioneer's TX-9500 IF section, with its seven ICs, four ceramic filters and 8-stage limiter provides outstanding capture ratio and selectivity. You hear the station you want — and nothing else.

**Unique muting controls**

The two-position variable muting control on the TX-9500, as well as the muting switch on the TX-7500, employ electronic switching. Both utilize a silent, reed-relay which eliminates noises of turn-on popping and interstation tuning.
And it's the kind of dedication that gives you the opportunity to own high fidelity components that offer more power, sensitivity and features at better values. Components that not only meet, but exceed the challenges posed by changes and improvements in current broadcasting and recording technology.

Pioneer recognizes that high fidelity enthusiasts are also a dedicated group. That's why we invite you to examine the new Pioneer tuners and amplifiers now.

The Amplifiers: SA-9900, SA-9500, SA-8500, SA-7500

The power amplifier section
Each model is direct-coupled in all stages for lower distortion and wider frequency response. The SA-9900 uses a 2-stage differential amplifier and optimized negative feedback from output to input for improved stability and transient response. A newly developed bias system compensates for any temperature drift; while an automatic electronic protection circuit prevents current overload and guards against speaker shorts. A thermal detector circuit protects power output transistors in each model.

The control amplifier section: twin stepped tone controls and selectable turnover for precise tonal tailoring
With Pioneer's exclusive twin tone control system (SA-9900, SA-8500), you can make the most critical and precise bass and treble adjustments with ease. 5,929 tonal variations are possible on the SA-9900.

Twin stepped tone controls. (SA-9900, SA-8500)

Selectable turnover tone controls. (SA-9500, SA-7500)

You can select thousands of individual tone settings on the SA-9500, SA-8500 and SA-7500, too. A tone defeat switch on all models instantly restores wideband flat frequency response.

Tone control settings are calibrated for precise repeatability in discrete 1.5dB steps on the SA-9900. All four models feature low and high frequency filters (with multiple settings for each) on the SA-9900 and SA-8500). The master volume control on the SA-9900 and SA-9500 is a 22-step professional attenuator. It is complemented by a selectable muting switch for lowering sound levels without altering master volume settings. This feature also permits easy settings of the master volume control regardless of program source levels.

High phono overload capability for unprecedented dynamic range
Good phono sensitivity in a phono equalizer is not enough to insure distortion-free reproduction of high transient musical peaks. Until now, a 150 millivolt overload capability was considered to be quite good for a phono preamplifier-equalizer circuit. Pioneer's SA-9900 remarkable equalizer-ampifier can handle peak signals as high as 500 mV. That's 46 dB greater than its nominal 2.5 mV input sensitivity.
Why would Pioneer change the world's best-selling tuners and amplifiers?

The entire world of high fidelity acknowledged that Pioneer's SA-9100 integrated amplifier and TX-9100 stereo tuner were the best products of their type and value ever built. They established new standards for high fidelity performance. In fact, people recognized their greatness by buying more of them than any other tuners and amps in the world. Why then would Pioneer want to change these top-performing, top-selling components? There can only be one answer:
State-of-the-art features

Of course, both new Pioneer tuners have selectable deemphasis (25uS or 75uS), a must for listening to the newer Dolby FM and stereo FM broadcasts. Both have separate fixed and variable output terminals, too, for adjusting listening level to match other program sources. In addition to the signal-strength and center-of-channel meters, both tuners feature separate output terminals which can be connected to an oscilloscope. This permits visual tuning for best reception and lowest multipath interference.

The TX-9500 has a built-in recording signal level check. Use it to set recording levels on your tape deck for best results before you start recording.

For the great specs that make great performance, see Table 4.

This new series of tuners and amplifiers is unquestionably the most technically advanced ever developed. It represents the high fidelity industry's most outstanding value in performance, features, precision and versatility. And visually, it carries Pioneer's traditional hard-done styling.

Hear these magnificent components at your local Pioneer dealer.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074
West: 5300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248
Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007/Canada: S.H. Parker Co.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(1) Amplifiers: Preamp section</th>
<th>SA-9900</th>
<th>SA-9500</th>
<th>SA-8500</th>
<th>SA-7500</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Photo Overload</td>
<td>500/1000 mV</td>
<td>250/500 mV</td>
<td>290/400 mV</td>
<td>20 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N Ratio</td>
<td>70dB</td>
<td>70dB</td>
<td>70dB</td>
<td>70dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dynamic Margin</td>
<td>46dB</td>
<td>40dB</td>
<td>38dB</td>
<td>38dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>RIAA Accuracy</td>
<td>±0.2dB</td>
<td>±0.2dB</td>
<td>±0.3dB</td>
<td>±0.3dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Input Impedance</td>
<td>35K, 50K, 70K, 100K</td>
<td>35K, 50K, 70K, 100K</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(2) Amplifiers: Inputs and outputs</th>
<th>No. of Inputs/S/N Ratio</th>
<th>SA-9900</th>
<th>SA-9500</th>
<th>SA-8500</th>
<th>SA-7500</th>
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<tr>
<td>Microphone</td>
<td>2-75dB</td>
<td>1-65dB</td>
<td>1-65dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tuner</td>
<td>1-95dB</td>
<td>1-90dB</td>
<td>1-90dB</td>
<td>1-90dB</td>
<td>1-90dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Outputs</td>
<td>Speakers, Headsets</td>
<td>2+1</td>
<td>2+1</td>
<td>2+1</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Tape Decks</td>
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<tr>
<th>(3) Amplifiers: Power output specifications</th>
<th>SA-9900</th>
<th>SA-9500</th>
<th>SA-8500</th>
<th>SA-7500</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Min. RMS power/channel, both channels driven, 8 ohms</td>
<td>110 watts</td>
<td>75 watts</td>
<td>45 watts</td>
<td>20 Hz-20 kHz</td>
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<td>Max. tctal harmonic distortion</td>
<td>0.1%</td>
<td>0.3%</td>
<td>0.3%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Power band</td>
<td>-40dB</td>
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<td>-40dB</td>
<td>-40dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dynamic Range</td>
<td>±0.2%</td>
<td>±0.2%</td>
<td>±0.2%</td>
<td>±0.2%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stereo</td>
<td>20 Hz-20 kHz</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(4) Tuners: Specification</th>
<th>SA-9900</th>
<th>SA-9500</th>
<th>SA-8500</th>
<th>SA-7500</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FM Sensitivity (IHF), mono</td>
<td>1.4uV</td>
<td>1.2uV</td>
<td>1.2uV</td>
<td>1.2uV</td>
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<tr>
<td>S/N Ratio mono, stereo</td>
<td>20 dB</td>
<td>20 dB</td>
<td>20 dB</td>
<td>20 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Image, IF &amp; Spurious Rejection</td>
<td>-56dB</td>
<td>-56dB</td>
<td>-56dB</td>
<td>-56dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stereo Separation 1 kHz</td>
<td>45dB</td>
<td>45dB</td>
<td>45dB</td>
<td>45dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Distortion, mono 1 kHz</td>
<td>0%</td>
<td>0%</td>
<td>0%</td>
<td>0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stereo</td>
<td>0%</td>
<td>0%</td>
<td>0%</td>
<td>0%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The right Pickering cartridge for your equipment is the best cartridge money can buy!

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

Pickering's 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.

So, whether stereo or discrete (or both) is your preference, choose the Pickering cartridge exactly right for your equipment.

For further information write to Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. HF, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, N. Y. 11803

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| Manual Transcription | UV-15/2400Q | XV-15/1200E  
| Manual/Automatic     | UV-15/2400Q | XV-15/1200E  
| Automatic Transcription| UV-15/2400Q | XV-15/1200E  
| Automatic Turntables | UV-15/2000Q | XV-15/400E  
| Manual               | XUV/4500Q   | XV-15/350   
| Changer              | UV-15/2000Q | XV-15/100   

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We begin the new year by doubling our usual equipment report effort, offering laboratory tests on ten new models including two cassette decks, two receivers, a speaker system, a turntable, a headphone set, a power amplifier, and a phono cartridge. For twenty years Americans have heard rumors of a mystery Soviet pianist, Lazar Berman, and HF presents an exclusive interview with this musician in conjunction with his first American tour. And finally, the world of music has its eccentric moments as Nicolas Slonimsky reveals in *Masks and Bergamasks*, excerpts from his forthcoming *Lectionary of Musical Information, Instruction, and Entertainment*.

**SOLUTION TO HIFI-CROSTIC NO. 6**

**[HELEN] TRAUEEL: [The] Metropolitan Opera Murders**

Certain extremists consider the Metropolitan as one of our last bastions of culture, though some boxholders celebrate each performance as a social event. But the vast majority of listeners attend with regularity and devotion.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

That's a tough question to answer. In our television commercials you saw that even a professional musician couldn't tell if the music he heard was live or on a Memorex cassette. Could be because only Memorex cassette recording tape has the MRX₂ Oxide formulation.

And if you record your own music, that could make all the difference in the world.

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?
With an Empire wide response cartridge.

A lot of people have started "trackin" with Empire cartridges for more or less the same reasons.

**More separation:** "Separation, measured between right and left channels at a frequency of 1 kHz, did indeed measure 35 dB (rather remarkable for any cartridge)." *FM Guide, The Feldman Lab Report.

**Less distortion:** "...the Empire 4000D/III produced the flattest overall response yet measured from a CD-4 cartridge—within ±2 dB from 1,000 to 50,000 Hz." *Stereo Review.

**More versatile:** "Not only does the 4000D/III provide excellent sound in both stereo and quadrophonic reproduction, but we had no difficulty whatever getting satisfactory quad playback through any demodulator or with any turntable of appropriate quality at our disposal." *High Fidelity.

**Less tracking force:** "The Empire 4000D/III has a surprisingly low tracking force in the ¼ gram to 1¼ gram region. This is surprising because other cartridges, and I mean 4 channel types, seem to hover around the 2 gram class." *Modern Hi Fi & Stereo Guide.

For the complete test reviews from these major audio magazines and a free catalogue, write:

Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Mfd. U.S.A.

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### Choose the Cartridge Designed to Play Best in Your System

Plays 4 Channel Discrete (CD4)  
and Super Stereo  
Plays All 4 Channel Matrix Systems (SQ, QS, RM)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Frequency Response in Hz</th>
<th>Output Voltage per Channel at 3.54 cm/sec groove velocity</th>
<th>Channel Separation</th>
<th>Tracking Force in Grams</th>
<th>Stylus Tip</th>
<th>For Use In</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4000D/II</td>
<td>5-50,000</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35dB</td>
<td>⅛ to ⅜</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius 4 Dimensional</td>
<td>turntable only</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4000D/I</td>
<td>5-45,000</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35dB</td>
<td>⅛ to ⅜</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius 4 Dimensional</td>
<td>turntable only</td>
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<tr>
<td>4000D/IV</td>
<td>10-40,000</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>⅛ to ⅜</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius 4 Dimensional</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4000D/V</td>
<td>10-35,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>⅛ to Ⅲ</td>
<td>nude elliptical diamond 2 x 7 mil</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4000D/VB</td>
<td>6-33,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>⅛ to Ⅲ</td>
<td>nude elliptical diamond 2 x 7 mil</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
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<tr>
<td>2000D/II</td>
<td>8-32,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>⅛ to Ⅲ</td>
<td>elliptical diamond 3 x 7 mil</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000D/I</td>
<td>10-30,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>30dB</td>
<td>⅛ to Ⅲ</td>
<td>spherical diamond 7 mil</td>
<td>changer only</td>
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<tr>
<td>2000D</td>
<td>10-28,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>30dB</td>
<td>⅛ to Ⅲ</td>
<td>elliptical diamond 3 x 7 mil</td>
<td>changer only</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Letters

Jack Benny (in 1939)—would listening to his radio programs be more fun?

The Great American Wasteland

I was delighted to read Gene Lees’s piece on “The Great American Radio Wasteland” (September), although it was depressing to discover that our local situation is apparently no worse than that in the rest of the country. Television may be a “wasteland,” as Newton Minnow described it in the early Sixties, but it is a cultural treasure house compared to radio. What most of us had taken to be the product of small-mindedness is also the result. Lees now tells us, to our horror, that corruption. That comes as no surprise.

But radio should also include talk of music, or what passes under the name, and of corruption. That comes as no surprise.

Sixties, but it is a cultural treasure house compared to radio. What most of us had taken to be the product of small-mindedness is also the result. Lees now reveals to us as Newton Minnow described it in the early Sixties, that corruption. That comes as no surprise.

The Morning Wrapup of Canadian Sports Reporting

I read with interest Gene Lees’s article on radio broadcasting. His point is well taken regarding the musical construction and rampant “me-too-ism” to be found on the air across the country. One has only to tune across AM in his own locality to prove this out.

Mr. Lees started to uncover part of a multi-faceted problem by pointing out how most AM stations have their music “directed” by unqualified, and in many instances uninterested, individuals. That these people are also underpaid is of second interest, as those who are responsible for our music to prove this out.

But the article did not progress to point out that radio is only responding to the pressures of commercial competition. In our New York area, for instance, stations have been scrambling for ratings, and formats have changed overnight—along with entire staffs. Parent companies are demanding that their stations make good as commercial ventures. Nothing basically wrong with the concept, except that it just doesn’t lead to progressive programming. To radio management, broadcast is big business whose success is measured by the ratings game. Higher numbers translate directly into higher income dollars—and as we all know the dollar is almighty.

The Top 15 policy is rugged on the hopefuls who are qualified and don’t have any effect on our musical playlists—only the desire of the people who are responsible for our music to program that would we like to hear as listeners.

We also make it a point to try to pass on all kinds of audience-oriented public-service material and to get involved in what’s going on in the whole community. As announcers, we’re not afraid to open our mouths and air our thoughts on anything and everything—sometimes resulting in a flurry of very spirited mail and phone calls. We are a cultural treasure house compared to radio.

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Gene Lees has missed the concept of commercial radio in America. It has always been an entertainment medium and with the homogenization of American society commercial radio only reflects that homogeneity.

Commercial radio is based on a very simple formula: The most popular songs
To honor the 200th birthday of all time" TIME-LIFE RECORDS

BEETHOVEN BICENTEN

Start your collection with the first six symphonies, recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. All six symphonies are yours to audition for 10 days free.

Over the years there have been many record albums devoted to various works of the immortal Ludwig van Beethoven. But there has never been a truly comprehensive collection of his works. That is why TIME-LIFE RECORDS assembled this magnificent collection that contains every important work the master ever wrote—even some rare vocal pieces never before available! It's the BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION, recorded by the famous Deutsche Grammophon Company of Germany.

10-day free audition: To introduce you to this incomparable collection we invite you to audition Volume I, the first six symphonies plus the popular LEONORE OVERTURE NO. 3 for 10 days FREE. These selections were performed by the renowned Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. Highlighted in Volume I are:

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN E FLAT MAJOR—the "Eroica." This was Beethoven's first symphony on the "new" road—a decisive break from the eighteenth century school.

SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR—The opening is probably Beethoven's most well-known theme. It is merely four notes but those four notes color and characterize the entire work, a work filled with violence and muscle, struggle, anger—and triumph.

SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN F MAJOR—the "Pastoral," a musical evocation of nature's changing moods—from serene to tempestuous, from lush green to black stormy skies.

Only the beginning: If you decide to keep Volume I for just $19.95 plus shipping and handling, you become a subscriber, entitled to audition approximately every other month, other albums in the collection for the same low price. Some of the magnificent works contained here are:

THE 9TH SYMPHONY—the first choral symphony composed is a resplendent setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," a celebration of the brotherhood of man.

MISSA SOLEMNIS—a synthesis of symphony, opera, church music—ending with a prayer for inner and outer peace.

5 PIANO CONCERTOS—including The Emperor, one of the most original, imaginative, effective of all.

CELEBRATED PIANO SONATAS—like the famous Moonlight, the turbulent Appassionata and the vast and difficult Hammerklavier.

VIOLIN CONCERTO and KREUTZER SONATA—two of the mainstays of every great violinist's repertory.

THE 16 QUARTETS—reflecting Beethoven's evolution from the elegant 18th century style to prophetic genius of the future.

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means the most listeners; the most listeners means the most advertising dollars. Whether we like it or not, economics is a fact of life. To think otherwise is being dangerously one-sided. The American broadcasting system is geared for the people. If we are a bland people, we deserve bland music. Would Muzak be doing so well otherwise? Broadcasters have a responsibility to attempt to uplift the standard of music. They have failed. But the alternative of being force-fed "taste" is more repulsive.

Mr. Lees's points on commercial radio are valid, unfortunately. However, he does not take into consideration the concept of radio for radio's sake. WABC-AM, WGN-AM, KMPC-AM have evolved into a form of popular art. One does not view a part of a painting. One does not watch only part of a ballet. In commercial radio, the message that is broadcast is not as important as the way that message is broadcast. I am as upset with the current state of commercial radio as Mr. Lees, but I would be much more upset with federal intervention with broadcast freedom. An experiment in commercial radio will only succeed when the American people care about what they hear. This calls for effort by the people. That we are certainly not about to receive.

I would prefer a Donny Osmond-controlled media to a Richard Nixon-controlled media.

T. A. J. Pollack
Chief Engineer, WEW-FM
Elmira, N.Y.

C.L.O., Da and Nyet

Concerning "Story of a Real Rewrite" in your September issue: If I had been ABC, I would have done more than just a rewrite—I would have done a rewrite. The notes by Conrad L. Osborne were so poorly written and inadequate in the first place and should have been given to someone capable of writing on Prokofiev's opera and not the uninteresting dribble Mr. Osborne wrote. I suppose he was hired for the job on the basis of his long and uninteresting articles on Russian opera that appeared earlier in High Fidelity. Please do not waste so much space in future issues on such unimportant and boring topics written by such pseudo-intellectuals.

Robert F. D'Antuono
New York, N.Y.

I read with horror the reply of Mr. Justin and Mr. Luber of Celebrity Concert Corporation to "Story of a Real Rewrite." I can see eliminating politics from music. But if politics has greatly affected a work (as in this case) then it is vital to know these facts in order to understand the work. Maybe we should drop all references to Napoleon from liner notes on Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, since that is "politics."

What horrified me, though, is not merely that Mr. Justin and Mr. Luber accept Soviet censorship, but that they recite it like Soviet government officials dictating party line. By hiding the truth, Messrs. Justin and Luber, you not only lie, but do a great disservice to the memory of a great composer. Sergei Prokofiev. The fact that the story of this travesty comes out at the time of the death of Dmitri Shostakovich makes it even more poignant. In the CCC-approved version, it will no doubt turn out that Shostakovich's life was all peaches and cream under Soviet censorship.

Richard Fill
Bronx, N.Y.

May I, from bitter experiences, disagree strongly with Conrad L. Osborne's response to censorship?

"Incomplete truth," he writes, "is untruth." Why then did Osborne permit the "incomplete truth" of his censored liner notes to be published in multitalented fashion? Excuses such as he offered—he didn't care to rewrite, didn't want to jeopardize licensing arrangements or withdraw his notes—are feebly, innocent reminders of Nuremberg and Watergate.

I lost a major publisher because I refused to eliminate criticism of certain fashionable authors, and I lost two lesser contracts because I refused censorship at the hands of New Left and orthodox academic elements. Their loss was my moral gain. Osborne should have rejected the assignment under the conditions he describes. Any agreement with censorship is an agreement for censorship. Mr. Osborne was, I realize, being pragmatic. But that's the American rationale for making a few bucks.

Leslie Woolf Hedley
San Francisco, Calif.

The Jazz-Rock Phenomenon

In his informative and comprehensive "Jazz-Rock: Musical Artistry or Lucrative Copout?" Robert Hurwitz limits himself to the crossovers of jazz musicians into "jazz-rock," omitting the other side of the coin—the rock musician who moves from traditional rock to jazz-rock.

The most notable example is also the most ironic. Carlos Santana began his career as a super acid rocker in the late Sixties with jazz to rock in the early Seventies, and collaborated with John McLaughlin and other jazz musicians on masterful albums such as "Caravanserai" and "Welcome." It is ironic that he has now been forced to switch back to traditional rock in an effort to revive the group's slumping record sales. Thus it seems that this celebrated fusion of genres is indeed a one-way route on the Avenue of Lucrative Copouts. It is okay for jazz musicians to foray into rock, because it widens their market, but don't let a successful rocker tamper with his appeal by experimenting with jazz. The crossover of jazz musicians into "jazz-rock" is a copout? Robert Hurwitz limits himself to a Richard Nixon-controlled media.

Robert F. D'Antuono
New York, N.Y.

I disagree wholeheartedly with the opinion, which Robert Hurwitz seems to share, that today's "spatial jazz" or "jazz-rock" artists are motivated solely by money, or that they have no love or feeling for their music.

In the past six months, Santa Barbara—which I consider a jazz-oriented city—has been visited by many of the performers Mr. Hurwitz discusses, including Chick Corea (twice), Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, Billy Cobham, and Keith Jarrett. I attended...
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Toscanini, Busch, and Bayreuth

I was very interested in the correspondence (April and August) regarding Toscanini's departure from Bayreuth. Whatever the specific reasons for his quarrel in 1931, it is quite clear that his political conscience caused the final break.

Fritz Busch, in his book Pages from a Musician's Life, relates how he was approached in 1933 by Heinz Tietjen (intendant of the Prussian state theaters and chief artistic manager of the Bayreuth Festival) to return to Bayreuth if Toscanini should refuse to conduct there that year. Busch had already had his artistic quarrel with Bayreuth in 1925, but Tietjen promised this would be forgotten.

Busch had just been ousted from Dresden by Nazi pressure, and the Bayreuth offer was his chance to rehabilitate himself in Germany. He went to see Toscanini, who showed him a letter from Hitler in which he said how happy he would be "to welcome the great Maestro of the friendly Italian nation to Bayreuth for more long." Busch replied to Toscanini that he had already been approached and added, "Of course I will refuse, like you." Both men duly refused, and Busch writes, with typical generosity, "Richard Strauss sprung into the breach at Bayreuth." It always seems ironic to me that Fritz and Adolf Busch, who left Germany because of Hitler, are less well remembered today than many musicians who collaborated with the Nazis. Now, when even Mendelsohn is suddenly being whitewashed, we need to remember that at least a few great musicians managed to combine musical honesty with public and private honesty.

Tully Potter
Billerica, Essex, England

Toscanini

I want to thank you for James Brinton's excellent "Tone-Arm Damping: The Overlooked Feature" in the July issue. The do-it-yourself installation proved a very simple one on my AR turntable. I found a brown plastic bottle of the right dimension and faced the clamp and paddle toward the outside—a good-looking job. The results were dramatic—a kind of gentle control. And the price? In my case, less than ten cents since I had the oil and glue on hand.

Archie L. Brown
Buckeye, Ariz.

Relative to James Brinton's July article and reader Eric Van Beiner's subsequent remarks ("Too Hot to Handle," September) about STP's use as a material for viscous tone-arm damping, may I express your contention that there is scant cause for alarm. I have no knowledge of any "fumes" coming from STP, which is a polymer material dissolved in different motor-oil stock. It is flammable, as is the case with all petroleum-based products, but is highly resistant to heat. And I think that you'll find that most viscous fluids are flammable to some extent.

While we obviously don't produce STP Oil Treatment for this purpose, we do find it has a wide variety of similar applications, including its use as a damping material in automotive shock absorbers. It may interest you to learn that we are preparing to market STP in a plastic easy-use tube for such household uses as may be found for it.

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William C. Dredge
Vice President, Public Relations
STP Corp.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

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The Eighth Annual High Fidelity/Montreux International Record Awards

The Other Nominated Recordings

BACH: The Art of Fugue. Marie-Claire Alain. ERATO (not released in the U.S.)

BRITTEN: Death in Venice. Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, Steuart Bedford. LONDON OSA 13109 (three discs)

HAYDN-MOZART: Vocal Works. Janet Baker, Raymond Leppard. PHILIPS 6500 660

LASSUS: The Tears of St. Peter. Raphael Passaquet Vocal Ensemble. HARMONIA MUNDI (not released in the U.S.)


MENDELSSOHN: String Quartets (complete). Bartholdy Quartet. BASF (not released in the U.S.)
MONTEVERDI: L'Incoronazione di Poppea. Helen Donath, Elisabeth Soderstrom, Nikolaus Harnoncourt. TELEFUNKEN HS 635247 (five discs).


NINO: Como una ola de fuerza y luz, Y entonces comprendo. Maurizio Pollini, Claudio Abbado. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 436.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Concertos (complete). Claudio Abbado. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2709 053 (three discs).

RACHMANINOFF:指名された。ハルゲルマール・シュタインマウスワークス. ヘルベルト・フォン・カラヤン。DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 473.


RAVEL: Ma Mere I'Oye; La Valse. Pierre Boulez available on Angel S 37084.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Concertos (complete). Claudio Abbado. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2709 053 (three discs).


SHUMANN: Das Paradies und die Peri. Henryk Czyz. EMI ODEON 1C 193 30187/88 (two discs).

STRAUSS: Four Last Songs; Death and Transfiguration. Gundula Janowitz, Herbert von Karajan. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 368.

VERDI: Aida. Montserrat Caballe, Placido Domingo, Ricardo Muti. ANGEL SCLX 3815 (three discs).

VIVALDI: Psalm 126; Two Motets. Teresa Berganza, Antonio Ros-Marba. ENSAYO (not available in the U.S.; Concertos Nos. 3 and 5 available on Angel S 37084).

่อน: Como una ola de fuerza y luz, Y entonces comprendo. Maurizio Pollini, Claudio Abbado. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 436.

Jury

Karl Breb, Hi-Fi Stereophonic, Germany.
Georges Cheriére, Diapason, France.
Ingo Harder, Fono Forum, Germany.
Irving Lowens, Washington Star, U.S.A.
Leonard Marcus, High Fidelity, U.S.A.
Jose-Luis Perez de Arteaga, Revista Musical Ritmo, Spain.
Dorde Saula, Radio Zagreb, Yugoslavia.
Nuna Tetaz, 24 heures Lausanne, Switzerland.

How the Voting Went

This year, for the first time, our international jury met via a complicated system of mailed ballots and international telephone calls, rather than face-to-face. Fortunately, the complications were somewhat abated by the fact that two of the recordings won a majority of votes on the first ballot: Schoenberg's Moses und Aaron and Janet Baker's Handel disc, both truly exceptional productions. (Each juror votes for three recordings on the first ballot.) Then after transatlantic telephone deliberations finally settled down on the subject of Antal Dorati's Haydn symphony series, completed this year, another ballot was sent that included a question regarding its possible inclusion for an award.

While only two jurors voted to award this year's Haydn release a regular prize, nearly all cast ballots in favor of giving the complete set a special prize for extraordinary achievement. No other recording received a majority, although three came close: Solti's recording of Mozart's Così fan tutte, Harnoncourt's of Monteverdi's L'Incoronazione di Poppea, and Karajan's of the music of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern.

I was particularly pleased with the Dorati award since it gave me enormous gratification to present my old mentor with a prix mondial. As I mentioned in my article on Jascha Heifetz last August, twenty years ago I was Dorati's apprentice in Minneapolis. We had hardly seen each other during the intervening years, and I must say it was a pleasant way to meet again.

This year's diplomes d'honneur went to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who was unable to be present for the ceremonies at the Chateau Chillon in Montreux, Switzerland, because he was-as usual—recording, and Michel Garcin, artistic director of Erato, the French record company whose products are released here by both RCA and the Musical Heritage Society. LEONARD MARCUS

Preselection Committee

Claude Bolling: Dauphine libere, France.
Laure Bellingardi, Nuova Rivista Musicale Italiana, Italy.
Jacques Bourgeois, Harmonie, France.
Jay Carr, Detroit News, U.S.A.
Irving Lowens, Washington Star, U.S.A.
Ingo Harder, Fono Forum, Germany.
Jose-Luis Perez de Arteaga, Revista Musical Ritmo, Spain.
Dorde Saula, Radio Zagreb, Yugoslavia.
Nuna Tetaz, 24 heures Lausanne, Switzerland.

The Best of the Pops

Selected by HF reviewers

CLAUDE BOLLING: Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano. COLUMBIA M 32938.

GARY BURTON AND RALPH TOWNER: Matchbook. ECM 71056.

A CHORUS LINE. Original cast album. COLUMBIA PS 33581.

BERNARD HERRMANN: Sisters. ENTR'ACTE.

JANIS JANE: Between the Lines. COLUMBIA PC 33934.

BRAHMS: Night on Bald Mountain. MANHATTAN TRANSFER. ATLANTIC SD 18133.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: Last Concert. ATLANTIC SD 2-909.

QUEEN: Sheer Heart Attack. ELEKTRA 7E 1026.

ROLLING STONES: It's Only Rock 'n' Roll. ROLLING STONES COC 79101.

STAVISKY: Original soundtrack album. RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0952.

ART TATUM: The Tatum Solo Masterpieces. PABLO 2625 703.
Antal Dorati beams as his old apprentice, High Fidelity's Leonard Marcus, presents him with a prix mondial du disque for the complete set of Haydn symphonies. With them is Decca/London producer James Mallinson.

W.L. Zalsman (left), senior vice president of Phonogram International, BZ, accepts a prix from juror José-Luis Perez de Arteaga for the Philips recording of Janet Baker's Handel recital.

René Klopfenstein (right), director of the Montreux Music Festival, hands the award for Schoenberg's Moses und Aron to Dr. Otto Sertl, director of music for Austrian Radio, the orchestra and chorus of which are featured in the recording, also by Philips.

Michel Garcin (left), recipient of a 1975 diplôme d'honneur, discusses possible recording projects with flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, one of the guests.
Juror Georges Chérière (right), editor of the French magazine Diapason, questions the chef about the length of time it will take the heater to melt the cheese for raclette, a local specialty, as Nicole Hirsch-Klopfenstein, general secretary of the awards, chats with Jean-Pierre Rampal.

In honor of Michel Garčin, several Erato artists presented an impromptu serenade. I Solisti Veneti dispensed with its usual baroque and avant-garde specialties to perform some Johann Strauss, and Michel Corboz led a few of his singers in a madrigal parody.

Each with his own gastronomic preference, Claudio Scimone, conductor of I Solisti Veneti, confers with French composer Marius Constant.

A Party for the Winners in Montreux
Harry Warren—
Movie Songwriter Supreme
by Gene Lees

What composer has had the most songs in the most movies lately? Henry Mancini? Marvin Hamlisch? It’s probably Harry Warren, eighty-one years old. Day of the Locust contains “Jeepers, Creepers.” Harry and Tonto has “Boulevard of Broken Dreams;” Alice Doesn’t Live Here Any More has “You’ll Never Know,” and Funny Lady has “You’re My Everything”—all from the ‘30s and ’40s.

As America looks back at itself in this bicentennial year, it is taking notice of Warren in other ways as well. A charming little revue touring the country, titled Four on the Floor, contains a long medley of his songs. And Citadel Press has published Harry Warren and the Hollywood Musical by film and music historian Tony Thomas. At $17.95, it is one of those big cocktail-table books. It is unusual and useful in that it is a biography of the composer and a study of the films for which he wrote most of his songs, with a liberal number of illustrations and some sheet music.

Most of the great songwriters produced their work for the stage. Warren was the movie songwriter par excellence. “Harry’s primary claim to fame,” Thomas says in his book, “is his importance in the history of the motion-picture musical. No other composer can match his record for the twenty-five-year period between 1932 and 1957, when he was consistently employed by four major studios when they were specializing in musicals.”


When Thomas gave me a copy of his book, he assumed I knew Warren. I said I’d never met him. “We’ll have to do something about that,” Tony said, and arranged a luncheon.

Utterly unimpeded by time, octogenarian Harry Warren turned out to be one of the most witty, energetic, and irreverent people I’ve ever met. “You
The SCX³
A significantly better way to listen to music.

The KLH Research Ten SCX³ is an awesome performer. Its uncanny ability to recreate the timbre and texture of every instrument in an orchestra will absolutely astound you. All too often, loudspeakers that can successfully reproduce the bite of brass unfortunately bring the same brittleness to the sound of violins. Or if they can capture the sizzle of the cymbal, they fizzle when it comes to the picking of a string. Clearly this is due to the severe limitations of the single-ended tweeter—cone or dome. Too much mass has to be started, accelerated and stopped too quickly. The structure just doesn’t allow for it. Consequently there’s a lack of air between instruments, a kind of a blur and overlapping that squashes the music together.

Not so with our new DVR Tweeter. The DVR combines the best attributes of dynamic and electrostatic tweeters. It has an ultra thin membrane with an etched printed circuit “voice coil”—plus an array of many rare-earth samarium-cobalt magnets on either side of the membrane to create a push-pull effect. Because the membrane mass is so low and the magnets have such extraordinary force, the initial qualities are exceptional. The membrane can be accelerated and stopped with extreme accuracy. The result is very extended frequency response with truly low distortion. Overlapping completely disappears. Fuzziness is gone. The inner voices of the orchestra come alive. There’s the kind of airiness and transparency you find only in the concert hall. And all of this is achieved without the traditional drawbacks of the electrostatic tweeter—no capacitive load to drive your amplifier crazy and no need for a power supply.

But a tweeter, even a great tweeter, doesn’t make a loudspeaker. Actually, though, there isn’t much we can say about the SCX³’s mid-range. It’s just the best mid-range made. Period.

As for the 12” Megalux™ Woofer, it is probably the most unique magnetic structure available today. It uses many specialized strips of magnetic material, housed in its large, box-like structure, to create and focus magnetic energy (flux) into the voice coil gap with essentially no external stray field. Since all of the energy is directed to an exact and predetermined area of the voice coil, very large woofer excursions are possible. Also the magnetic field produced is so uniform that many non-linear types of distortion found in conventional designs simply are no factor in this configuration. But perhaps even more important is the staggering power handling capacity of this woofer—over 200 watts RMS at 30 Hertz. In short, the SCX³ has an exceptional woofer. And exceptional metalized Mylar® capacitors. And exceptional air core inductors (as opposed to iron core inductors which saturate at high listening levels and cause major distortion).

What we’re obviously trying to say is that the SCX³ is an exceptional loudspeaker—a significantly better way to listen to music.

At $400, it damn well better be better.

For more technical information, write to KLH Research & Development, 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. (Distributed in Canada by A. Allen Pringle Ltd., 30 Scarsdale Road, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.)
guys wrote the first dope song." I kidded him, referring to "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me."

"That's right," Harry said. "I'll tell you how that was written. Al Dubin was in the commissary at the studio, and he noticed that this same guy kept coming in to see one of the girls who worked there. Al mentioned it to her, and she said, 'Yeah, he's gettin' to be a habit with me.' Al came back and told me about it, and we wrote it right away."

Harry was born Salvatore Guaragna on Christmas Eve, 1893, in Brooklyn. His father was a skilled bootmaker from Calabria. (The Calabrese are noted among Italians for being hardheadedly stubborn. Harry says it's true.) His father went first to South America, then came to the U.S.

"A lot of people died in steerage," Harry says. "But he came to this country and sent for his family."

He recalls that the family lived well in Brooklyn Heights. His father had a fierce desire to be American, and by the time Harry got to school the family's name had been legally changed to Warren. Only when he grew older did Harry begin to feel and enjoy his Italian heritage.

Our GG-2 preamp was both simple and superlative. Our new CC-2A is simply better.

At C/M, we've always known that the simpler the design of audio equipment, the better it performs. A perfect example of this philosophy is our CC-2A preamp. Its design includes everything you need for maximum performance but nothing extra to add distortion. You get features like a phono input level control, individually defeatable tone controls and space age OptoIsolators (which eliminate "turn-on" thumps).

In short, at under $260, the CC-2A is the logical choice for the discerning audiophile.

Praise for its predecessor.
Our new preamp is the second-generation version of our simplified and budget-priced CC-2. And when High Fidelity reviewed that earlier model, they praised it for its "superlative audio performance."

Noting that it was "conceived as a no-frills but high-performing nerve center for a stereo system," they added that it achieved its design aims "hands down."

Specifications of the CC-2A
- Phono signal-to-noise ratio better than 74 dB (ref. 10mV)
- High-level signal-to-noise ratio better than 100 dB (the "A" weighted)
- Total harmonic distortion less than 0.1% at rated output (2V)
- Output at clipping greater than 8V
- Tone control range ± 15 dB

He broke into the business as a song-plugger, as so many composers of his generation did. His real interest was the musical stage, and when he first went to Southern California on a film assignment he hated the place.

"It was awful in those days," he says. "There wasn't a good restaurant in town. Warner Bros. was out there in the [San Fernando] Valley, and there was nothing around it. Nothing. You could see all the way to the mountains. And whenever it rained, rocks would start falling in the canyons and you couldn't get through."

He not only hated Hollywood, but harbored an ill-concealed dislike for some of the producers he worked for.

"There was this one guy," he says, "who didn't know anything about songs. All he was interested in was the horses. Johnny Mercer and I had just written a song for his picture, and we went into his office to do it for him. He told us to go ahead, but he kept right on talking to his bookmaker. He said to Johnny, 'You're the worst singer I ever heard.' Then he said to me, 'And you're a terrible piano player.'"

"So I said, 'Look, if I were a good piano player, do you think I'd waste my time writing songs?'

"That really confused him."

As for the singers Warren worked with—and they included Bing Crosby and Dick Powell—he found most to be easy and pleasant to deal with. "You'd hand them a song," he says, "and they'd never question a thing, just go ahead and do it." But one singer who irked him was Al Jolson, who had ambitions to be a songwriter himself. He was always trying to get his name on songs that others had written for him, according to Harry. And, when asked who had written a given song, Jolson would become vague, leaving the impression that he had composed it.

For a few years, Warren kept returning to New York, but eventually he became so successful as a film composer that he surrendered to the lure of soft climate and swimming pools. Now he lives in a handsome home, hidden among trees, in Beverly Hills with his wife, Jo, a small, trim woman with blonde hair and a taste for slacks, sweaters, and high fashion. She has the same vigorous health and youthful energy that Harry has. He offers no explanation for their longevity and health. He likes food and good liquor, and he quit smoking ("fifteen cigars a day and cigarettes in between") only a few years ago.

Like so many former New Yorkers in Southern California, Harry has become a convert. He says nothing in the world would make him go back to New York.
LUX offers three good reasons for the growing movement toward separate amplifiers and tuners.

Possibly the highest acclaim a receiver can be awarded is to have one or more of its elements compared favorably with its equivalent in a separate tuner, preamplifier, or power amplifier. Nevertheless, for most music lovers, a good receiver more than fulfills their requirements. But for a growing number of dedicated audiophiles, who are seeking the ultimate in music reproduction, nothing but separates will do.

They know what kind of power it takes to reproduce music's original wide dynamic range and high levels without peak clipping or distortion. (A barely detectable 3-dB increase in output level requires double the amplifier power.) A very powerful amplifier must have massive power-supply components to be able to deliver the large amounts of current demanded by high-level output circuits. The size and weight of the power transformers alone means receivers must leave off well below where really high power begins.

For those who want to hear their music at realistic sound levels, LUX audiophile/engineers have designed products such as the M-4000 power amplifier. This unit is capable of 180 watts per channel, and even with both channels driven simultaneously to full output into 8-ohm loads, each channel has no more than 0.05% harmonic and intermodulation distortion at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz.

Sophisticated protection circuits react to the electronically-subtle differences between normal high-level audio signals and abnormal voltage/current conditions. Hence, the M-4000 won't be fooled into producing unpredictable and audible distortions when operating with certain reactive loudspeaker loads. Each of the stages—Class-B output and Class-A drive—has independent power-supply sections to minimize intermodulation effects. And fully independent power-supplies for each channel maintain full wattage potential under large-signal drive conditions.

Similar considerations went into the design of the C-1000 preamplifier. Every parameter that contributes to sonic differences, subtle as well as obvious, was examined anew. Among them: phase linearity, rise time and small-signal overload. One result: the magnetic-phono input circuits are virtually overload-proof—accepting almost half a volt at 1000 Hz! Another: the phono-preamplifier circuits have astonishingly low distortion of 0.006%, and the rest of the preamplifier circuits add only 0.001% more.

The Luxman T-310 AM/FM stereo tuner has everything from calibrated Dolby circuits for decoding Dolbyized FM broadcast and tapes to variable AM muting. Among its typical specifications: an IHF-ratio sensitivity of 1.7 microvolts and an exceptional 2.2 microvolts for 50 dB of quieting. And special five-pole phase-compensating filters in the IF section contribute to a 1.5-dB capture ratio and exceptionally low distortion levels (0.1% mono, 0.12% in stereo).

Of course, it takes some technical knowledge to fully appreciate the design approaches described above. But only your ears are required to hear the end result. In either case, you may soon be among those who own one or more of the thirteen LUX power amplifiers, preamplifiers, integrated amplifiers or tuners. You'll find them at a select number of dealers who are dedicated audiophiles themselves.

Luxman M-4000
Power Amplifier, $1,495.

Luxman T-310
AM/FM Tuner, $595.

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THE REALITY PREAMP FOR $500
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Simple.
Modest in size.
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Touch reality through your audio system with the Stax SRA-12S preamp. And note that the SRA-12S also drives Stax headphones directly.

At franchised American Audioport dealers.

Philips' "standard rep." Nearly every month has brought word of a new off-the-beaten-path operatic project from Philips (early Verdi, Haydn, Rossini), so it's a bit of a switch to report some "standard" fare in the offing. Well, relatively standard: Meistersinger and Rosenkavalier aren't exactly Bohème and Traviata.

The Meistersinger, tentatively scheduled for February, is a live performance from the 1974 Bayreuth Festival, with a cast largely the same as the one Silvio Varviso had conducted the previous summer: Karl Ridderbusch (Sachs), Hannelore Bode (Eva), Jean Cox (Walther, his scheduled Met debut role), Hans Sohn (Pogner), Frieder Stricker (David), Anna Reynolds (Magdalene), Klaus Hirtz (Beckmesser), Gerd Nienstedt (Kothner), and Bernd Weikl (Nightwatchman). Ridderbusch, alert readers will recall, was originally announced as the Sachs of Georg Solti's Decca/London Meistersinger; when he withdrew, the part went to Norman Bailey, best known for his English National Opera performances as Sachs and Wotan under Reginald Goodall, but increasingly in demand internationally in these roles. (Yet another Meistersinger is in the offing: DG expects to record the opera next year in Berlin, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Sachs and Eugen Jochum conducting.)

The Rosenkavalier, to be made in conjunction with this spring's Holleland Festival production, marks the operatic recording debut of Edo de Waart. At last word, the cast was to include Evelyn Lear (Marschallin), Frederica von Stade (Octavian), Evelyn Mandac (Sophie), and Jules Bastin (Ochs).

Bayreuth boxes. The Meistersinger will turn up in another form in Europe next year, when Philips celebrates the Bayreuth centenary with two boxes containing Bayreuth performances of all the standard Wagner operas. Philips' previously issued Sawallisch Dutchman and Tannhauser (the former never released domestically), Bohm Ring, and Knappertsbusch Parsifal will be joined by the new Meistersinger, the Bohm Tristan issued on DG, and a previously unreleased Lohengrin that apparently dates back more than a decade (no further details available yet).

U.S. collectors' yield from this will likely be confined to individual issues of the Meistersinger and Lohengrin, for the usual reason where imported boxes are concerned: Even sets issued at reduced price in Europe must normally be released by the U.S. affiliates at full price or not at all.

Philips in Boston, San Francisco. For the rapidly rising Edo de Waart, the Rosenkavalier recording will be only one current discographic landmark. For he has made his first recordings with the San Francisco Symphony, of which he is principal guest conductor. The repertory: the Eroica and New World Symphonies. The young Dutch conductor, of course, has already recorded with major orchestras from London to Dresden, including his own Rotterdam Philharmonic.

Suddenly Philips looms as a factor on the American recording scene. The most noteworthy project to date is Colin Davis' complete recording of the Sibelius symphonies with the Boston Symphony, of which he is principal guest conductor. For more on that story, see this month's review of the first disc, Symphonies Nos. 5 and 7.

Desmar, Unicorn. The gutsy small labels continue to survive, and even proliferate, in the U.S. classical market. Most begin as one- or two-person operations, and recently we chatted with two such persons: Marcos Klorman of the new Desmar label and John Goldsmith of England's Unicorn. The gutsy small labels continue to survive, and even proliferate, in the U.S. classical market. Most begin as one- or two-person operations, and recently we chatted with two such persons: Marcos Klorman of the new Desmar label and John Goldsmith of England's Unicorn, one of the bravest of the brave. Perhaps most striking was that this all happened at one lunch; Klorman and Goldsmith are friends and apparently can't manage to think of each other as competitors.

As one might guess from Desmar's ambitious list in HF's September recordings preview, Klorman's basic formula will be out-of-the-way but substantial repertory performed by younger artists who have been overlooked by the major companies. Performance, recording, and presentation will be of the highest quality Klorman can obtain. There will be some recordings by well-established artists: The preview list included a...
A gift of the Shure V-15 Type III stereo phono cartridge will earn you the eternal endearment of the discriminating audiophile who receives it. What makes the V-15 such a predictable Yuletime success, of course, is its ability to extract the real sound of pipers piping, drummers drumming, rings ringing, et cetera, et cetera. In test reports that express more superlatives than a Christmas dinner, the performance of the V-15 Type III has been described as “...a virtually flat frequency response... Its sound is as neutral and uncolored as can be desired.” All of which means that if you're the giver, you can make a hi-fi enthusiast deliriously happy. (If you'd like to receive it yourself, keep your fingers crossed!)
Who's #1 in audio equipment?

Three famous national component brands, each with fine equipment at all the traditional price points, each with fine magazine ratings and lots of customers. Naturally we at Radio Shack like to think Realistic* is top dog. Our reasoning goes like this:

Realistic has over 4000 stores - the entire worldwide Radio Shack system - and 21 years of manufacturing experience. Realistic has exclusive Glide-Path* and Auto-Magic* controls. An audio consultant named Arthur Fiedler. Service like no tomorrow. And prices like yesterday. Maybe a better question is who's #2?

Radio Shack Great sound since 1923
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Our new cartridges will turn your good record player into a great record player.

Perhaps you've tried to track your records at the lowest advertised setting for your elliptical stylus. In the hopes of optimizing performance and reducing record wear. But every footstep threatens to bounce the stylus out of the groove. And big crescendos are simply fuzzy. Should you get a better player? No. Get a better stylus.

We have a sensible new approach. A stylus shape that contacts more of the groove wall, to spread tracking force over a greater vertical area. The Shibata* stylus. It safely tracks your records at up to 2 grams while maintaining response to 45,000 Hz, offering great stereo separation, and reducing record wear...even compared with an elliptical stylus at less than a gram.

Put an Audio-Technica Dual Magnet UNIVERSAL cartridge with genuine Shibata stylus in your good old record player today. It's a great combination for better sound today and tomorrow, and tomorrow.

High Fidelity Magazine
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There is a new cassette on the market. The FUJI FX, a Pure Ferrix cassette that soon will be the standard of excellence for top quality, truly high fidelity reproduction. It already is in many parts of the world.

FUJI FX gives you the music you want, the way you want your music. Clear, crisp sound over the entire audio frequency range without perceptible distortion. A signal-to-noise ratio of better than 58 db. No hiss. Virtually failure-proof. The finest music at your fingertips without the need for any special bias. Drop in at your FUJI dealer today; then drop in a FUJI and hear music as you have never heard it before.

FUJI FX cassettes come in lengths of 46, 60 and 90. Also available, a full line of FUJI FL Low Noise cassettes in lengths of 30, 60, 90 and 120 minutes. FUJI Photo Film U.S.A., Inc. The Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001.
RCA has reassumed its stranglehold on the Super-Great Pianists market. Not content with the recent five-year renewal of Arthur Rubinstein's contract, RCA Records President Ken Glancy took special pleasure in announcing the return to the Red Seal fold of Vladimir Horowitz, one of the mainstays of the Victor roster from 1928 to 1962, when he switched to Columbia.

The new agreement is described only as "long-term." No specific repertoire has been announced, but RCA promises that Horowitz "will include repertoire he has not previously recorded." Everyone at the press conference at Horowitz' apartment wanted to know about the possibility of recordings with orchestra; the pianist indicated that he "hopes" to do some concertos, and apparently RCA hopes so too. (It should be noted that the current RCA roster includes Horowitz' old friends Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. And if rumor is true, concerto recordings might not be limited to remakes, for the pianist is reported to have added some new pieces to his repertoire.)

Satanic Stravinsky. DG has a new recording of the complete L'Histoire du Soldat in the offing. The musical portions are attended to by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. For the English-speaking world DG has assembled a formidable cast including John Gielgud as the Narrator, Tom Courtenay as the Soldier, Ron Moody as the Devil.

Violinists' delight. German News Company has taken over U.S. distribution of the Canadian Discopaedia label's "Masters of the Bow" series. (List price: $7.98 per disc.) Nine of the initial ten releases are devoted to a single major violinist of the past (in each case marked "Vol. 1"): Kubelik, Vecsey, Piriok, Maud Powell, Elman, Seidel, Zimbalist, Spalding, and Heifetz. The tenth disc contains recordings of Willi Burmester, Leopold Auer, and Pablo de Sarasate.

German News' release notes: "Discs and cylinders (published and unpublished), broadcasts, film soundtracks, video tapes, and studio recordings of unusual or unknown repertoire will ultimately be featured. Even private and pirated material will be issued, pending artists' approval."

Listed for the future are Ysaye, Menuhin, Joachim, Kreisler, Szigeti, Milstein, Renardy, Marie Hall, Sammons, Parlow, Eddy Brown, Hubay, Musin, Huberman, Quiroga, and Manén.

RCA Gold Seal. That's the name of RCA's new all-stereo midprice ($4.98) classical label, which falls between the $6.98 Red Seal and $3.98 Victrola lines. The twenty-disc initial release consists of former Red Seal releases by familiar RCA artists: Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony (a Beethoven Fifth-Schubert Unfinished coupling, the complete Ravel Daphnis, Berlioz overtures, Götterdämmerung and Tristan excerpts with Eileen Farrell), Pierre Monteux and the BSO (Tchaikovsky Fifth and Peteriskaja), Erich Leinsdorf and the BSO (Prokofiev Romeo and Juliet excerpts), Tchaikovsky violin concerto with Itzhak Perlman, Fritz Reiner (Brahms Third, Wagner excerpts, and "Vienna" with the Chicago Symphony; Haydn 95 and 101 with "his orchestra"), Sviatoslav Richter (Brahms Second Concerto with Leinsdorf and the Chicago Symphony, and a recital disc), Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Don Juan and Pastorale), André Previn and the London Symphony (Tchaikovsky Second Symphony), Montserrat Caballé ("Verdi Rarities"), plus collections by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Symphony, Peter Pears and Julian Bream, and Jussi Bjørling.

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For complete information and the name of your nearest dealer write: Nakamichi Research (U.S.A.) Inc., 220 Westbury Avenue, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514. In California: 1101 Colorado Avenue, Santa Monica 90404.

Could you explain the difference between the Pioneer SA-9100 amplifier and the amplifier section of the Pioneer SX-1010 receiver? They appear to be essentially the same except for the power output. At $450, the SA-9100 seems very expensive for 60 watts per channel.—John Conklin, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

The SA-9100 has operating features—for example, more sophisticated "extra" tone controls—not found in the SX-1010. But more fundamentally, a difference in output power between the two amplifiers is not an incidental specification. Such a difference normally implies different power supply voltages and output devices, and often differences in the driver stages to accommodate the different output devices.

As far as the price goes, when we tested the SA-9100 for our July 1973 issue we thought it well worth its price. (It was $399.95 then.) Allowing for inflation, it still looks pretty good—if you can find one. Pioneer tells us it has been discontinued but still may be for sale in some stores.

In 1966, I purchased and built a Heath-Magnecord 1020 tape recorder. After years of superb service, it developed wow. I tried replacing the capstan drive belt. I had three belts as spares, but none seemed to help. Finally, I replaced the capstan motor. No change. I replaced drive and takeup motors, capstan flywheel, belt pulley, and other parts in the drive system. No change. Finally, I put the original drive belt on once again. The flutter disappeared! The problem was the capstan hysteresis motor. The new belts I purchased as spares all cause flutter.

Heath has referred me to a projector-recorder belt manufacturer, which sent me two belts. Same problem. I wrote to Telex which sympathized and sent me a new belt, free. Same problem. I have six "new" belts that are worthless—both a little thicker and a little less consistent in thickness than the original one—and enough spare parts to build another tape deck (almost). Must I junk my Magnecord deck for want of a $2.50 drive belt?—Edward H. Proodian Jr., Stoneham, Mass.

The problem probably is not just the belt. It is likely that bearings and other such parts have become worn to the point where they are sensitive to the tension of the belt, which is greater, of course, in the newer, thicker belts than in an old one. Generally speaking, once problems of mechanical reliability arise in a tape-transport system, you are fighting a losing battle in trying to fix them. It seems, therefore, that the time has come to retire your Magnecord 1020 and replace it with a newer machine.

I own an open-reel tape deck, which I use very frequently. I have found it necessary to clean my heads almost daily. I have been using a commercial head cleaner, which works very well but is very expensive. I heard that fluids such as carbon tetrachloride or isopropyl alcohol may be used, but I am afraid of damaging the heads. I use alcohol to clean the capstan and tape guides, and a mild soap with water to clean the pinch roller. What do you suggest?—Ken Greene, Branford, Conn.

Because of its high toxicity, the sale of carbon tetrachloride is illegal in the U.S. Furthermore, it is a solvent for some head-gap materials as well as soil and can seriously damage heads. Don't use it, even if you can find it. Isopropyl alcohol is considered reasonably safe for most tape heads, but your best bet is to use a commercial solvent from a reputable manufacturer. Since the one you are using works well, why not stay with it? The expense can be good insurance in the long run. The rest of your cleaning procedures would seem to be safe if carefully carried out.

I am a musician and vocalist. I have tried all the cheap reverbs but have never been able to achieve the pure, realistic echo or reverb such as you hear in the recording studios on records and tapes. With reverbs that utilize springs, I get a cheap, ringing sound and distortion. I've had better results with tape echo units, but then I run into slippage problems. Is there a device that will do better? What do the studios use?—David Elsey, Wildwood Crest, N.J.

From what you say, we doubt that any of the units on the consumer market would satisfy you. Highly regarded in professional circles today is the EMT (sold in this country by Gotham Audio Corp. in New York), which produces a very close approximation of acoustic reverb but takes up far less space. Most modern recording studios have several so that they can add reverb individually and simultaneously to a number of tracks. Unfortunately, they are prohibitively expensive from the consumer point of view. You could do what Les Paul used to: Set up a speaker and a mike in your bathroom and use it as an echo chamber to add reverb to your recordings.

I own a Stanton 681EE phono pickup, and when I attempted to buy a replacement stylus (D-6800EE) the dealer informed me that, since Stanton had recently discontinued the pickup, replacement styli were no longer available. What kind of games is Stanton playing, forcing me to replace a perfectly good cartridge?—Robert Armstrong, Burbank, Ill.

If anybody is playing games, it appears to be your dealer. The D-6800EE is very much available. Stanton's policy is to supply replacement styli for at least seven years after the discontinuance of a cartridge.
How to guarantee a speaker's performance for five years

At Acoustic Research we make our own drivers. And we test them to unusually high standards. Woofers and tweeters that don't meet these standards don't belong in AR speaker systems. They belong in the 'reject' pile.

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Cry Interference! And Unleash the FCC

If planned schedules mean anything (which they seldom do), the House of Representatives' Subcommittee on Communications should, by the time you read this, have begun consideration of H.R. 7052, authored by Representative Charles Vanik of Ohio. The bill would empower the FCC to set and enforce standards for radio-frequency interference susceptibility in home-entertainment products.

RFI is a nagging problem. When an RF source impinges on the signals within a home stereo system, the path by which it enters—and therefore the means for excluding it—often is elusive. We receive many letters bearing such tales of woe: Broadcast station polemics, airport control-tower jargon, ham-radio chatter, or the like may spin an unwelcome and ineluctable ripieno to the music our correspondent wants to hear. It can happen with any or all signal sources, with even the most expensive of equipment, with the most expert installation.

Some organized groups are firmly behind the bill. The American Radio Relay League, which represents the ham-radio operators, is one. Since amateur-radio transmitters are often located in residential areas (as are those in the Citizens Band, which has no strong organization comparable to the ARRL), theirs often are the signals picked up by equipment with high susceptibility to RFI. As a result, the unwilling recipient of their transmissions tends to complain of the amateur (or the CB operator). The amateurs thus see the bill, which would put a good deal of the onus on the recipient's equipment, as a hedge against unwarranted accusations of wrongdoing.

Also backing the bill, we note, are officers of the Boston Audio Society, one of the nation's most active (and best-suspected) high fidelity clubs. A spokesman notes, "The methods of suppression are difficult and nebulous at best, and most consumers are powerless to alter their equipment to eliminate RFI. But some equipment is far less prone to this interference, and the fact that it is price-competitive with equipment [that] is not RFI-suppressed indicates that solutions...are not prohibitively expensive." He therefore urges support for the bill and concludes that, if it is passed and the FCC is given power to attack the problem, "it is our job to see to it that the actual laws are reasonable—not the disaster that the FTC made of amplifier power specifications."

Just so. Having watched the horrors that the FTC, the FCC, and other federal agencies have visited on American consumers in the name of consumer protection, we must beg leave of the bill's supporters to harbor our misgivings. Better, in our estimation, would be the development of an RFI-susceptibility testing method to yield a relative scale against which performance can be specified and checked. Not only would it encourage competition in this respect, it would allow far more leeway for legitimate design tradeoffs than an ex-cathedra approach is likely to do and therefore more leeway to the purchaser in buying what he really needs. If he lives in an RF-plagued area, he can look for the best possible RFI specs, if not, he can ignore this factor where a competing model gives him better value in the specs that are important to him.

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Strike Up the Band?

Some citizens have only recently discovered their band—so-called Citizens Band radio, originally conceived of as a reasonably sober communications medium falling somewhere between the totally workaday purposes of business and police services, and the totally hobbyist uses of ham radio. Its might might include everything from supply/safety communications for alpinists to TV-antenna orientation by two-way radio between roof and living room.

It has turned out to be a lot more. Truckers use it to warn each other of speed traps. Teenagers use it for clandestine and often scatological expressions of contempt for the establishment; a great many users "collect" contacts with others just the way ham-radio operators do; many CB clubs are devoted to unofficial public-service purposes, from helping stranded motorists to searching for lost children.

While these uses have contributed to CB's popularity—both in the past and during the current boom for the service (several New York department stores, for example, have begun stocking CB transceivers)—all are contrary to the rules originally laid down by the FCC for CB operation. The intent had been to provide private point-to-point (car-to-home, hiker-to-base-camp, etc.) service with neither the technical licensing requirements nor the opportunities for ad-lib chitchat of amateur radio. The theoretical ease of obtaining a license remains but not the limitations on use. (On a practical level, it's not so easy to get a license, however. The rate at which applications are received by the FCC has tripled in the last year, producing a big backlog.) The FCC, faced with the extremely heavy use of CB and the mounting clamor for more frequency space for the service, admits that it simply can't police "abuses" and hence has recently relaxed some of the rules to which licensees generally have been paying little if any attention.

As a result, hobbyist uses of CB can be pursued as they have been for years but with fewer twinges of conscience. CB is, more than ever, the "poor man's amateur radio."
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WEDNESDAY 3 The San Francisco Symphony under Seiji Ozawa plays the premiere of a work by Loren Rush called Song and Dance.


SUNDAY 7 In celebration of his 75th birthday, Aaron Copland conducts a program of his music with the American Symphony. Included are the Clarinet Concerto and the Suite from The Tender Land.

THURSDAY 11 Ruggiero Ricci is soloist in the Ginastera Violin Concerto with the San Diego Symphony under the direction of Charles Ketcham.

WEDNESDAY 17 Newell Jenkins' Clarion Concerts presents the first performance since the eighteenth century of various works by G.V. Sammartini.

FRIDAY 19 The Metropolitan Opera unveils its new production of Trittico, with Teresa Kubiak and Lili Chookasian in the female leads. Sixten Ehrling conducts.
editorial

THEORETICALLY SOMEONE always wins when someone else loses, but there are times when everybody loses, and the Elayne Jones case is a prize example of that fact. Miss Jones, as you will remember, is the black timpanist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra who was denied tenure by a jury of her peers. Ryoei Nakagawa, first bassoonist of the orchestra, was likewise denied tenure, and by the same committee. Miss Jones was the only black in the orchestra and the only woman in a solo chair. She is fighting back on grounds of racial and sexual discrimination. Nakagawa has gracefully faded away.

The real villain is the San Francisco Symphony Association, whose officers, in their pursuit of box-office success above every other consideration, have permitted the orchestra's conductor to become an occasional guest in his own musical house. Seiji Ozawa would have been more than human not to accept the opportunity to become musical director of the Boston Symphony as well as the orchestra in San Francisco, but this left San Francisco with no one properly to mind the store. It is no accident that the auditioning committee of the San Francisco Symphony has no counterpart in any other American orchestra. It was brought into being to protect the jobs of the players against an absentee musical director. The blame must lie squarely with those who acceded to and even encouraged that absenteeism.

In the opinion of many good judges, the committee has made serious mistakes. Kurt Herbert Adler, for example, has engaged Miss Jones for the orchestra of the San Francisco Opera, which uses virtually the same personnel as the San Francisco Symphony but is not bound by the same contracts. So the San Francisco Symphony loses some good people, Ozawa sustains a blow to his prestige, and racism and sexism beset the orchestra's relations with its public. The lesson to be learned from all this is that the 747 is not a musical instrument, that conductors would do well to stay home once in a while, and that those who pay their handsome salaries would do well to insist that they do.


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Signed Warren B. Syer, Publisher

We like to lighten the sun-short days of December by remembering the long golden days of June and July which we passed last summer in Paris and then in Italy, from Capri to Cortina. It was a holiday which, by choice, was spent largely apart from the gossip and goings-on of the opera and concert and festival circuit. But there were some happy musical encounters.

Contraband in Capri

A few years ago Cesare Valletti—suddenly, inexplicably—gave up his career. The sweet-voiced tenor who had charmed Metropolitan and Scala audiences in Elixir d'amore, Don Pasquale, and Don Giovanni, in Manon, Werther, and Falstaff, abandoned the stage and became a highly successful manufacturer of spaghetti-making machines. We have always been good friends (since he recorded for Cetra-Soria) and we were glad to find him in Capri with his wife Nicoletta, who is the granddaughter of Pizzetti. They have a villa high up on Ana-capri with a stupendous view and, rare for Capri, a swimming pool. One evening, invited for dinner, we were sitting over drinks on the terrace with other guests who included Antonio Leonardi, grandson of Puccini, and his Capri-born wife Bianchina. It was dark, the moon had come up on another rare eat before ten in Capri. Talk was of everything but music—who had arrived on what yacht, the newest sandbox shop and the best ice cream (a specialty of the island), the bad weather the day before which had prevented the alise, the hydrofoil, from making the crossing from Naples. Suddenly, down below in the shining sea, we saw a fleet of six dark blue speedboats, like dragon flies, swiftly heading towards shore. They were followed, but slowly and at a discreet distance, by a boat of the guardia di finanza, the customs police.

"Who are they?" we asked. "Just the Continued on page MA-8
The ASCAP Awards

SIR:

I was quite interested, but not surprised, to see that Musical America has lent its editorial support [page MA-2, September] to ASCAP's series of awards to orchestras that play new music. I say I am interested, because the whole idea seems to me to be a bit of empty fashionableness, put forth by the American musical establishment, of the same sort that Tom Wolfe recently confronted and skewered in the field of American art.

Why should an orchestra receive an award for performing any particular sort of music? ASCAP and Musical America accept the notion that to play and like new music is trendy and chic; and that to play some unmelodic, bizarre, atonal piece by a professor from a local academy is intrinsically preferable to playing Beethoven's Fifth.

Unfortunately, the musical intelligentsia, which has a powerful influence over what ordinary music lovers ought to think is worthwhile and fashionable, continues to prevail. Many orchestras apparently prefer to perform that which will persuade the gentlemen at ASCAP to reward them for paying heed to fashion rather than perform what would be regarded as "reactionary" or "old" by the minions of musical taste. This is done at the expense of playing to nearly empty houses, the audience not having been able to persevere through any more of the appalling concatenations of noise that pass for much of new music.

In this regard, my purpose, to paraphrase Wm. Buckley, is to stand athwart of the Zeitgeist and yell "stop!" One can discuss the value of playing new music on both the aesthetic and practical levels. I am reluctant to argue at the aesthetic level, because it is hard to construct abstract criteria to determine the value of a new composition. Americans tend to believe in the rule de gustibus non disputandum est in matters cultural. Everyone has his own view of aesthetic merit. That I might think a piece of new music is an awful racket does not mean it has no musical value. Conversely, just because a piece of music is new its newness should not make it more deserving of performance than some piece of standard repertoire. Musical worth cannot be determined by a majority vote.

On the practical level, audiences tend to know what they do and do not like. I am not in the least bit impressed by the ASCAP awards. The exultation of the musical intelligentsia over nearly every piece of new music is not going to make me wish I liked what I don't like. I think this is true for others as well. For example, one is constantly told that Schoenberg is good. That opinion has never really caught on, and I have to think the audiences that have sullenly endured a Schoenberg piece before the intermission have taste superior to the trendy elitists who have forced Schoenberg down their throats for years. Liking Schoenberg's music, however, remains chic; detesting it makes one a reactionary idiot. ASCAP has awards for orchestras that play new music, and contumely for those who do not.

One gets the impression that the exponents of new music are concerned more with being fashionable than with anything else, certainly more than whether anyone comes to hear or likes what he hears. Hence, the balance between abstract, aesthetic goals and a consideration of what sort of music an audience wants to hear and enjoys becomes weighted greatly in favor of the former. The ASCAP prize winners appear to select what they play for the abstract sake of being innovative—because some contemporary composer has a work to offer—squeezing out any thought of whether an audience would prefer something distinctly not new. (By the way, I would have sided with the rioters at the premiere of Le Sacre du Printemps. I find it to this day an immensely cloying coming together of noise.) In fine, I humbly offer the following suggestion: ASCAP should give awards to orchestras for not playing new music. Rewarding musicians who reject fashionable for its own sake and who refrain from imposing some idiosyncratic aesthetic on the concertgoer would really be doing something different. Some people might even come to listen.

Roger A. Cunningham
Vallejo, Ca.

Walter Wager, director of public relations for ASCAP, replies. Mr. Cunningham's letter concerning the ASCAP awards that recognize performance of contemporary music refers to William Buckley, and I note that Mr. Cunningham pitches just as good a curve as his favorite conservative, but he certainly lacks Bill Buckley's fastball. Mr. Cunningham criticizes the ASCAP awards on the grounds that he and many others detest atonal and other non-traditional forms of symphonic and concert music. He equates all contemporary music with these forms, a value judgment that many will question.

Contemporary is a time reference, not a form. There are many contemporary composers who are writing in traditional 19th and early 20th century forms—with substantial success and public acceptance. There are also many composers who prefer to write in newer musical styles and forms. In addition, there are a number of musical creators who exercise their freedom to write in various forms—sometimes traditional melodic structures and sometimes in the more modern forms that Mr. Cunningham finds repugnant.

The ASCAP awards are not for atonal music or electronic music or—to use Mr. Cunningham's phrase—"unmelodic, bizarre" music. ASCAP believes that living composers will be encouraged by having their music heard by living audiences during the composer's lifetime. This applies to

Continued on page MA-40
When the Chicago Lyric Opera announced a couple of years ago that it had awarded its commission for a bicentennial opera to Krzysztof Penderecki, there was grumbling around the country that so important an assignment—which, many people felt, ought at least to show that we could stand on our own musical feet—should go to a composer neither born nor trained here, nor aligned in any permanent way with the musical affairs of this nation. Penderecki, a Pole, was—and to a certain extent still is—a bird of passage, whose reputation here rested mainly on three works: the frequently performed Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima (1960), the St. Luke Passion (an immediate hit when it was given its first U.S. performances in 1969), and his first opera, The Devils of Loudun, much discussed on the occasion of two European productions in 1969 and its U.S. premiere at Santa Fe in August of the same year.

When, after the initial announcement of the Chicago commission, word got around as to Penderecki's chosen subject for his bicentennial opera, eyebrows went up even higher. Paradise Lost? For America's two-hundredth birthday? Skeptics suspected irony, patriots resented the hint of criticism of our national destiny.

It is impossible, however, to give much weight to these suspicions when you sit down for a drink on a rainy afternoon with the composer himself, a stocky, bearded, bespectacled man of forty-two, low-keyed and grave, decidedly unironic in temperament. Penderecki is not pulling anybody's leg; Milton is no joking matter.

"I looked for a long time," he told me, "until I found something I think is fascinating. Paradise Lost is so important from a standpoint of American and English literature and so important because of its Biblical origin. This was what I wanted—I wasn't interested in writing something that would never be played after its opening. I am living now with Milton, and I have a feeling how great he is. That is the problem—be is so big. It is easy to write when the text is not so big. I know now why other composers have not touched him. But for me, writing for an English text is like writing for Latin: I have a distance from the language. This helps. Because you can't write background music, the music must be the most important element. With Milton this is almost impossible. Three hours of music! But this is the most important thing I have done in my career."

The text for the opera is the work of no less a literary personage than Christopher Fry, the British poet and dramatist whose plays include The Lady’s Not For Burning and Venus Observed. Fry and Penderecki worked together closely on the adaptation (portions of Milton will remain intact), and the composer says it is a "very good" libretto. The collaboration itself represents a change of course for Penderecki, who wrote his own libretto, drawn from Aldous Huxley and John Whiting, for Devils.

How adaptable is Paradise Lost to the demands of opera? Penderecki raised an interesting point. "I will not call this an opera—it is more a rappresentazione, something between an opera and an oratorio. Because the subject is really a static one. With the experience I have had in writing for chorus, I will try to find a new way to write for the theater. I would like to find a new form—beginning with seventeenth and eighteenth century practices and evolving something that has meaning today." The composer went on to confirm that his Chicago work will be as vivid and as
dramatic in aural terms as anything he has written up to now; the orchestra will include such operatic newcomers as a musical saw and ocharinas, and Penderecki's characteristically expressive—not to say bizarre—orchestral and vocal effects will undoubtedly rivet the ear and nerves as acutely as those in Devils.

Penderecki's absorption in sound—which for many listeners signifies a return to communicativeness in music after decades of intellectualized and calculated coldness—goes back to his youthful days in Cracow as a violin student. "I worked very hard to become a virtuoso, and then I started to compose for the violin. At first I wrote in the style of whatever I was studying—Paganini, for instance—and later I began to experiment with stringed instruments and tried to find some new possibilities, some new effects. It is a problem for composers, after all, to use instruments built in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries."

In due course, as Poland emerged from Stalinist repression and western influences began to be felt, Penderecki's search for fresh possibilities led him to the electronic studio, where he worked for four or five years. "It opened my ear," he says, "but it was not enough for me. I can do more using the human voice. It is the most fascinating instrument of all. Still, I am looking always for ways of using sound. A composer can never stop the search."

Acoustics are important to Penderecki, and he makes a point of his affinity for churches. Each section of the large choral work Utrenja (The Enlombment of Christ and The Resurrection of Christ) received its premiere performance in a cathedral, and the composer obviously feels that that is where his religious works belong, not because of spiritual content alone. "I'm fascinated with church acoustics. My music sounds much better there—not because of religious significance but because of the sound. The St. Luke Passion has empty bars for acoustical reasons, and I wrote the Magnificat with the Salzburg Cathedral in mind—there is an eight-second reverberation there." The composer's attention continues to be directed toward large works involving orchestra and voices, and he gives every sign of pursuing this path for some time to come. He plans eventually to write a Christmas Oratorio—"I have to do it once"—and possibly a Requiem, a pair of projects which he estimates may not be completed for ten years. And while religious music exerts a strong hold on his imagination, it will not crowd out other endeavors altogether. He has finished the first act of an opera buffa commissioned by the Munich Opera, and he says he is still very much attracted to chamber music (the Second String Quartet dates from 1968). One major job coming up, however, is a violin concerto for Isaac Stern, "a very large piece," to be given its premiere in Basel in 1977. "I like Stern very much," says the composer warmly. "He is a man of great spirit, a wonderful man."

Meanwhile, the United States is seeing more of this sought-after Pole and he no longer seems quite the outsider of even two years ago, when Lyric Opera made its controversial announcement. Though he retains his title of Rector of the Cracow Conservatory and keeps close ties with Poland, he is spending an increasing amount of time here. He taught at Yale a couple of years ago and returns there in January for the spring semester; last spring he was in residence at Florida State University in Tallahassee, where he taught a course in orchestration and conducted the student orchestra in some of his own works. While he has appeared all over the world directing performances of his own compositions, and conducted the Polish Radio Orchestra at the Kennedy Center (he started conducting only in 1972), he has not yet led a major American orchestra. His first such engagement will be with the Cincinnati Symphony in 1977-78. But Paradise Lost looms much closer: it will receive its premiere late in Chicago's 1976 season, probably in December.
them all the time," said Nicoletta. "They're bound for a grotto to spend the night." We asked naively: "But don't the police catch them?" "No. They are involved, too," she explained cynically. At this point Cesare rose to the defense of the outlaws. "Smuggling is one of the oldest and noblest professions," he affirmed. It was clear that his operatic blood had been stirred. He was remembering Carmen, the smugglers who sing: "Notre métier est bon." We looked down on the waters and wished the little boats a safe hiding-place.

**Lunch with the Waltons**

While at Capri we took a boat to Ischia to lunch with Sir William and Lady Walton. We had not seen the composer since 1969 when he was in New York to conduct concerts of his music with the American Symphony. We had not visited his Ischia home in over a dozen years.

At the port we found Ischia changed and not for the better—messy crowds, pushy taxi drivers, leach-like souvenir peddlers. Driving along the coastline to Forio on the west side of the island where the Waltons live, we saw swarms of people on once-deserted beaches and disfiguring new buildings on former green hillsides. The driver did not need directions—everybody knows the villa of "the Maestro," La Mortella, which means myrtle. You enter through a long tree-shaded road and arrive at a huge, cryptically decorated door. You announce yourself on a telephone next to it. The door swings open. You enter and you are in an enchanted enclave. The house is built against a steep cliff. It looks out on a series of gardens which are Argentine-born Susana Walton's creation, pride, and concern. There is a white garden, a yellow one, a blue one. There are enormous lotus blossoms with pods like shower heads, large-leaved Chinese trees from whose sap rice paper is made, a tall delicate fern tree which the composer brought back from New Zealand where his sister lives and where he had toured. There are pools with artfully placed rocks which look like Henry Moors. Susana has also built, and rents furnished, several guest houses which formerly were used by such friends as Vaughan Williams and playwright Terence Rattigan, but which are now restricted to strangers. "All Germans. They keep the houses in perfect order, they pay on time, we never see them."

Eventually, Susana Walton said, she hopes that La Mortella will become a music center and repository for her husband's works. A Walton Trust is being set up for this purpose.

The composer, though he had just returned from London where he had been for a medical checkup (it is now almost a decade since he was successfully operated on for lung cancer), looked well and fit as he came to greet us. He wore sandals, pale blue shorts and shirt, and his fair English skin was very pink next to the dark suntan of his handsome brunette wife. A small cage-like open funicular carried us, two at a time, to the top of the house where they had built a swimming pool and, under cover, a room to change, a shower, and small kitchen. Next to the pool a table was set for lunch. We had a lazy dip, Susana raising her head like a Rhine Maiden over the edge of the pool to talk with her husband who sat at the table, looking down at us.

We had heard that a music critic of London's Financial Times, Gillian Widdicombe, was writing the Walton biography. Sir William looked amused. "Yes, she comes every month or so—an attractive girl. She brings along a tape recorder and preserves whatever I say. There must be enough by now to fill volumes—if it ever gets done."

We asked about his work. He said he was revising his opera Troilus and Cressida, which had originally been written in Ischia. In its new form it will be done at Covent Garden in 1976 with Janet Baker. It will be staged by Colin Graham, who directed the British production of Death in Venice which was brought to the Met last year. Walton hopes that Troilus and Cressida may also be recreated there. He has tightened the libretto and lowered some of the voice parts for Janet Baker. E.M.I. will record the opera. This reminded us that when Troilus had its premiere in December 1954 we were to publish a recording for E.M.I.'s Angel label of scenes from the opera with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Richard Lewis; Walter Legge was recording director. Dario, who was then in Paris, flew over to London to catch the second performance. The weather was bad, he was very much delayed, and when he finally stole into the darkened box at Covent Garden the last act had begun. The end came. The public applauded. Then, from the back of the box, a voice started calling: "Author! Author!" The cry was taken up by the audience and the applause took on new momentum. A figure had slipped out of the box and had emerged onstage. Sir William Walton bowed, modestly acknowledging the ovation he had mischievously inspired.

The composer is also writing a piece for the twenty-fifth anniversary of Festival Hall. Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic had wanted to present it, he said, "but Previn and the London Symphony have first rights." He is attached to the LSO. When the orchestra went on a Russian tour in April 1971, with the Walton First Symphony on its programs, it invited the composer and his wife to come as its guests. Harold Lawrence, now president and general manager of the Buffalo Philharmonic, then manager of the London Symphony, told us that the orchestra had "adored them both" and that, after the ovation which followed the Leningrad performance of the symphony, "the celebration continued backstage in André Previn's dressing room with Lady Walton handing out tins of beer, English beer, from the British Embassy." Recalling the tour, Susana Walton said she had not been impressed. She did not like Soviet
food or Soviet “democracy.” “We were invited by the orchestra. We traveled with them, we ate with them, we went sight-seeing with them. At first the Soviet officials seemed unaware that we were there. When they found out who we were and where we were they were bewildered. A great composer—why was he not an official guest? Why was he not staying at his Embassy? What was he doing in a bus with the workers of the orchestra? They sent a private car to rescue us.”

We asked Sir William if he ever came to Capri. No. He did not leave the seclusion of his Ischia home if he could help it. But once, the year before, he had gone there to do a TV interview show with Gracie Fields who has lived in Capri since she retired from the stage and whose bar-swimming pool, La Canzone del Mar, has become a Capri landmark. Someone at BBC had discovered that both William Walton and Gracie Fields were from Lancashire. In fact they were born only a few miles apart, in towns northeast of Manchester, he in the steel and cotton town of Oldham, she in Rochdale. “We had never met in our lives,” said Sir William. “She is remarkable—in her late seventies and she still sings. It was quite amusing.” We asked: “What did you have in common, besides Lancashire?” “Mutual admiration,” said Walton drily.

What could Sir William have been if he hadn’t been a composer? “A bank clerk, I suppose.” Susana rejected the idea. “Why, you can’t even write—except music.” Walton insisted. “I could have been a good bank clerk. Anyway, I was not fit for much else. It was like with Edith Sitwell.” He explained. “Once her mother went to prison because her husband refused to pay her debts. Poor Edith, for a time she had to earn a living. She went into the post office. She found she could stamp letters.”

Time to go. We descended in the funicular. Our taxi was waiting to take us to the port. Last question: “Will you ever come back to New York?” “For Troilus,” said Sir William Walton. “Spread the word.”

Rolf Liebermann in Paris

Paris in June was rainy and expensive but beautiful. Les Halles where we used to eat onion soup is now a great hole in the ground. Out of the crater a giant steel and glass structure is rising, a future cultural center which will house L’ Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique/Musique where Pierre Boulez and his court of initiated composers, instrumentalists, musicologists, acousticians, and scientists will penetrate unexplored musical paths.

The Paris Opéra, too, has been modernized and revolutionized, thanks to its new administrateur, Rolf Liebermann. Years ago the Opéra was like a not-well-attended museum. One went for the spectacle, not for the music. The huge, glittering chandelier hanging from the ceiling always reminded us of The Phantom of the Opera, that sinister masked figure (one of Lon Chaney’s immortal roles) who lived in the dank underground cellars of the house, hopelessly loved a beautiful soprano Christine and who, to further her career, poisoned her rivals and finally cut down the chandelier and dropped it on the audience when the management did not give Christine a star part.

It was fun once more to ascend the Grand Staircase, to see again the marble columns and frescos and all the cherubs and nymphs and statuary. The Chagall ceiling was disappointing. It doesn’t seem to belong. And it was a letdown, during the intermissions, to see the beautiful people sucking ice cream cones instead of sipping champagne. Musically, however, we had no quibble.

We heard Faust and Così fan tutte. Both, splendidly sung and acted, were given without scenery. There was a stagehands’ strike at the time. Even so, the houses were sold out. In fact, in the Liebermann Era, they are sold out all the time. If we hadn’t known Liebermann we wouldn’t have been there at all. Faust started twenty minutes late. (Liebermann afterwards told us it was because he had to persuade the orchestra to go on. He can be most persuasive, we know.) Strung across the top of the empty stage were hand-lettered banners with such slogans as “Support pour les Revendications.” Onstage, lying on a bench covered with newspapers, Faust was seen reading. When he pronounced the opening word of the libretto, “Rien”—nothing—the audience could not help laughing. The mot was too good a bon mot. The production, even without sets, was absorbing. As conceived by the inven-
Dr. Kaplan, professor of music, St. Leo College, St. Leo, Florida, recently spent four months in Budapest studying, firsthand, the system of music education invented by Zoltan Kodály. Education Editor Charles B. Fowler invited her to discuss the system and its adaptability to American needs.

The life, work, and philosophy of the composer Zoltan Kodály (1882-1967), which provided the impetus for the reform of music education in Hungary, continues to form the basis of a remarkable system of music education. Hungary has opened its musical heart to the world. Music teachers from many countries are fast wearing down the cobblestones to the Franz Liszt Academy of Music and the various music primary schools of Budapest, where they observe faculty members of the Academy and a contingent of other devoted and capable musician-teachers in action.

The results of the Kodály approach can be startling. The general Hungarian populace has acquired a degree of musical skill and understanding unique among nations of the world. It soon becomes evident to any visitor that the Kodály system of music education, which is practiced in the schools of Hungary, has produced an enlightened musical public and an abundantly rich musical culture.

The avid public response to folk heritage and art music in Hungary has grown significantly since Kodály's music education reforms of the 1940s—reforms which grew out of the composer's concern over the musical fare available to children and adults, often consisting of romanticized gypsy music and imported Germanic folk idioms that were falsely termed "Hungarian" folk music. Foreign educators who attend the Liszt Academy in Budapest to learn about the Kodály approach are introduced immediately to its three principal concepts: (1) To offer a unified basic music education to every student throughout the primary and secondary school years, which encompasses

At Saint Anthony School, Kodály method is adapted to "Rattlesnake" game

In Miskolc, Hungary, a young duo performs for music teachers' conference

MA-10

HIGH FIDELITY / musical america
training based on singing; worthy material for study (Hungarian music and universal art music), and the method of relative solmisation. (2) Conscious use of the pedagogical possibilities of music education in the formation of a many-sided, balanced personality. (3) The creation of a correct balance between training professional musicians and educating the public.

The mother tongue

American music educators have long shared these ideals, though some of them have been so enamored of the effective teaching techniques that they tend to overlook other important aspects of the multi-faceted Kodály concept. The immediate music-reading ability that results from the use of solmisation and the Curwen hand signs, for example, can overshadow aspects of personality development intrinsic to the system. Some American educators have wholeheartedly adopted Hungarian practice, including games, songs and musical organization, thus negating Kodály’s belief in the “musical mother tongue.” To follow his precepts in America, the musical language should be based first on American music, and only later on music of the larger world.

The music used in Hungarian schools is the result of years of folk song collecting and analysis by Kodály and Béla Bartók and by their students, and also the significant contributions of László Vikár and other contemporary musicologists in the Academy of Sciences and of earlier collectors like Aron Kiss. About half of the 120,000 variants of 550 melodies have been transcribed in a series of seven giant volumes, the Corpus Musicae Popularis Hungaricae, and classified textually and musically. Selections from these volumes have been arranged in pedagogical order according to the frequency of melodic and rhythmic motives, considerations of range, and complications within the songs. From such careful musicological research, materials in the verbal and musical mother tongue have been assembled. These materials encourage precision in speaking the language and provide thorough schooling in the native musical idiom before foreign folk musics and art music are introduced into the child’s conscious musical experience.

One reason, then, for the success of the Hungarian method is the wealth of available folk literature already analyzed. A second reason, of equal importance, is the centralized planning of musical goals and preparation of musical materials. In America, such centralization has been anathema to the free enterprise system. There is no assurance, for example, if a child moves from California to Alabama, that he will have comparable objectives in both states. The Hungarian textbooks are meticulously sequenced, and books are the same throughout the state. The teacher who wishes to use other materials, however, has that prerogative as long as the basic objectives of the year are accomplished and the standard repertoire is taught.

Humanity and intellect

At the first International Kodály Symposium held in Oakland in 1973 it became clear that the dozen Hungarian delegates, under the leadership of Erzsébet Szőnyi, represented not only the finest of musical skills but also the personal magnetism that often comes from a deep humanity. This is perhaps the least discussed of Kodály’s goals. Yet the desire to experience more fully this kind of musicality and humanity in education has led numbers of Americans to Hungary to see for themselves. Within the first few days of walking in the parks and riding the subways, the visitor senses a special gentleness of adults
Four-year-olds in Hungary dramatize a song, part of creative emphasis of Kodály method with young children, of children in games and conversations with other children, of policemen with passers-by; an attitude also seen in the schools between teacher and child. When the ground is prepared with kindness, a teacher may take children intellectually as far as the teacher is capable of going himself, and perhaps beyond, because both teacher and child are secure in their personal relationships.

It is easy to believe in the ultimate effectiveness of this humanistic approach when one sees Anna Hamvas' third-grade class taking thirty-two measures of rhythmic dictation, repeating these measures perfectly after one hearing, and then after hearing variations, detecting the variations while simultaneously retaining in memory the original. There is success in the areas of relative pitch recognition through melodic writing, always within the framework of the literature of music. The Hungarian position maintains that everyone should learn to read and to write music—the most direct road to the most complete musical experience.

The problems of incorporating Kodály method into American schools have been delineated by Lois Choksy in her definitive volume, The Kodály Method: Comprehensive Music Education from Infant to Adult, as related basically to:

- The concentration of music education at the upper school levels in traditional school systems.
- Innovative educational practices, such as open-space classrooms, which may not always make sufficient provision for music instruction.
- The use of music as a means to teaching other subjects rather than as a subject in itself.
- The changing function of the music specialist.

The concepts may be used in the most vital way in the open-space classrooms, when teachers have been alerted to available possibilities, the Hungarian teachers, too, are seeking ways of using innovative ideas within the structure developed so far, rather than being content with a static situation. The use of music as an important contingent to the teaching of other subjects is recognized in Hungary as in America; while music is a unique idiom, it is also one part of a larger society, not a phenomenon that exists in isolation. The tendency to relegate the major part of music teaching to the specialist has not proven a hindrance in the Hungarian system, although the team function can lead to even finer accomplishment, as Choksy indicates.

The need to classify

One immediate need in America is the analysis and classification of the large body of existing musical literature; Choksy, Denise Bacon, Katalin Komlos, Peter Erdei, and others have begun work in the pedagogical arrangement of literature, but these efforts are only a beginning. America has had many fine folk song collectors—John Jacob Niles, Pete and Ruth Seeger, John and Alan Lomax, William Newell, Frances Densmore, among others—who have amassed a vast body of folk song materials that could serve as basic materials for music education in the U.S. Currently an American folk song collection is being assembled at Duquesne University, and there are the extensive resources at the Library of Congress. Another collection of four-hundred North American children's songs has been gathered and analyzed by Richard Johnston of Calgary, Canada, and is now being prepared for publication. The Juilliard Repertory Library represents still another source of historical and contemporary art music too often neglected by teachers and by researchers for textbook or class materials.
materials. These examples represent only a portion of the initial materials which should be thoroughly explored and understood pedagogically before the American teacher can truly work with the thoroughness that is the essential ingredient of the Kodály concept.

The Organization of American Kodály Educators, discussed first at the Oakland conference and organized during the 1974 Anaheim meeting of the Music Educators National Conference, will meet other pressing needs in encouraging the musical growth of students through the promotion of the Kodály concept in the United States. The organization's goals include the provision of a forum for exchange of ideas, the stimulation of a cooperative spirit among Kodály educators, and the application of a concept which was originally homogeneous in nature to a multi-cultural heritage. The 1975 Founding Conference in Milwaukee elected as its first president Stephen Jay, co-author of Sight and Sound with Árpád Darázs, who first introduced the Hungarian concept into the United States in 1959. OAKE's official publication, The Kodály Envoy, is based at the Duquesne University School of Music in Pittsburgh.

The right to explore

The criticism that the Kodály concept is "locked into" reading and the attendant argument that the electronic world, with its varied recording media, precludes the need to read and to notate music have no validity if one supports the right of each individual to explore the entire world of music. The Kodály concept presents not only an approach to reading but also to the disciplined aural training and inner hearing that must precede the comprehension of any symbolic system. At the moment, with a few notable exceptions, American schools are far from achieving such comprehension and would profit from further serious consideration of unified goals. The Kodály system, which has already had amazing results in a variety of cultures, has demonstrated its transferability. The continuing transfer to American practice should take place through transformation and adaptation, the result of study, analysis, and careful, cooperative planning, not be merely a "lifting" of teaching techniques. Ongoing programs at Holy Names College in Oakland, Duquesne University, the Kodály Music Training Institute in Wellesley, Massachusetts, the University of South Carolina and other colleges are attempting to meet these criteria for transfer into American life. Study in Hungary is incorporated into some of these programs as a revealing and stimulating essential of understanding "Kodály" in all its implications.

American musicians, facing a large, complex task in producing a musically literate generation, do have serious problems: the necessity for widespread recognition of the social benefits arising from the existence of a musically educated public; the need for committed personal and financial support for such achievement; the training of numbers of intelligent and musical teachers; the need for a musician-spokesman of Kodály's stature, with comparable human involvement. The task is great, but the ultimate achievement is worth the effort.

PENDERECKI

A CAPPELLA

*ECLOGA VIII (1964) - BSS - 15 min.
*IN PULVEREM MORTIS from PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE (1965) - M - 6 min.
*MISERERE from PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE (1965) - M - 4 min.

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRA

*CANTATA IN HONOREM ALMAE MATRIS UNIVERSITATIS IAGELLONICAE (1964) - BMPC - 6 min.
*CANTICUM CANTICORUM SALOMONIS (1973) - BSS - 17 min. (chamber orchestra)
*DIES IRAE (Oratorio in Memory of Victims of Auschwitz) (1967) - M - 25 min. (soli)

DIMENSIONS OF TIME AND SILENCE (1960) - M - 10 min.
FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID (1959) - M - 10 min. (instrumental ensemble)

KOSMOGONIA (1970) - BSS - 20 min. (soli)
MAGNIFICAT (1974) - BSS - 37 min. (soli)

PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE (1965) - M - 80 min. (soli)
UTRENJA (1969/70) - BSS

Part I - THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST - 50 min. (soli)
Part II - RESURRECTION - 36 min. (soli)

* indicates full score and/or study score on sale.

BMPC = Belwin-Mills Publishing Corporation
BSS = B. Schott Sohne, Mainz
M = Moeck Verlag, Celle

Performance information and complete catalogue of works by PENDERECKI on request.

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December 1975
THE NEW YORK Dance Festival—the free, open-air performances at the Delacorte Theater which over the years have come to signal the start of the New York dance season—seemed less interesting this year than usual. Like the camel—a horse, says the old saw, designed by a committee—the week-long event was assembled by a selection committee, apparently eager to ensure as much variety as possible—ethnically, regionally, and stylistically. While this eclectic formula has worked more often than not in the past, the performances which I saw (the first and last)—were in the “not” category. Except for the Eliot Feld Ballet, there were few attractions of really top quality on the roster of participating companies. Nor was I a witness to the kind of triumph enjoyed not so many autumns ago by the then little-known company of Twyla Tharp.

Mixed bag

The August 30th program featured the Jeff Duncan Dance Repertory Company in excerpts from his often-performed *Winesburg Portraits* and Movement Projects director Art Baum's familiar *Dialog*. Tina Ramirez's Ballet Hispanico of New York presented *Echoes of Spain* and *La Boda de Luis Alonso*, neither of which had much to offer other than pretty girls and energetic boys. The Louis Johnson Dance Theater performed *When Malindy Sings*—Johnson's tribute to four of his favorite female black pop vocalists (with the classy inclusion of Leontyne Price)—backed by tapes of the ladies and punctuated by Skipper Driscoll's reading of the title poem by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Wise in the ways of showbiz, Johnson almost managed to conceal the technical deficiencies of his dancers with flamboyant costumes (by Quay Truitte) and the tear-in-the-eye sentiment inherent in his salute. The most baffling event of the evening was the appearance of Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, principals of the New York City Ballet, who danced—badly—a version of *Le Corsaire pas de deux*.

Luckily the program was sparked by *Face of Violence*, a tensely erotic version of Wilde's *Salome* by Lester Horton, adapted by James Truite for the Cincinnati Ballet Company. The familiar story line was draped with some interesting touches, not the least of which was the conception of a foolish, giggling Herod, linked homosexually with his grotesque eunuch-jester. Mercifully, the choreographer resisted the temptation of having Salome indulge in erotic play with an all-too-fake plaster head; instead, in the work's chilling climax, the depraved princess dances in sexually explicit fashion with John the Baptist's bloody robe. The performances of David Blackburn as Herod and Michael Rozow as the Eunuch were expert, and that of Colleen Giesting as Salome was outstanding. A slip of a girl, slender and supple as a wand, Miss Giesting danced with a snake-like sinuosity which was mesmerizing.

The highlight of the September 7th program was Maria Benitez (accompanied by guitarist Carlos Sanchez and singer El Pelete) whose flamenco work, if rather small in scale, was robust and technically skillful. Surrounding Benitez were Buzz Miller (still a very sharp jazz dancer) and Ethel Martin in an unsatisfactory scrap called *Secret Agent* from one of Jack Cole's 1940's night club routines; the Laura Foreman Dance Theatre in *city of angels* [sic] showing the choreographer more adept in the arrangement of her dancers than in inventing imaginative movement for them, but the dancers themselves were lean, strong, and professional; the Sounds in Motion company in Dianne McIntyre's sentimental but moving vignette of an old black woman's reminiscences called *Memories*. The remainder of the program found Paul Russell and Lydia Abarca of the Dance Theatre of Harlem enmeshed in Gabriella Taub-Darvash's mediocre *pas de deux* from *Romeo and Juliet* and a group called the 2nd Century Dance Theatre—the latter offering a mindless mixture of jazz and musical comedy dancing.
Dennis Wayne Dancers

Dennis Wayne's new company Dancers made its debut in what is called, I guess, City Center Downstairs, a basement space which normally houses that organization's Children Theater. No one has as yet come up with any really wizard ideas about how to adapt what is essentially an enormous room to the needs of both dancers and audience. Even the generous amount of leg-room between ascending rows of chairs left one bobbing about hopefully between intervening heads for an unobstructed view of the dancing floor.

With the exception of Elaine Kudo and Avind Harum, Wayne's dancers, including himself, are all members of American Ballet Theater: Buddy Balough, Kenneth Hughes, Bonnie Mathis, Janet Popeleski, Martine Van Hamel. And, as was to be expected from such a contingent, the dancing in the two different programs which the company presented during its week's residency (Sept. 2-7) was highly polished and professional. On the other hand, the repertoire, both old and new, was disappointing: reruns of Butler's After Eden and Bolander's The Still Point; revivals of Norman Walker's solo Lazarus (Lutoslawski) and The Prussian Officer (Bartók), a treatment of D.H. Lawrence's story of sexual aberration and violence for two male dancers; Cliff Keuter's The Murder of George Keuter and Musete de Taverni (Couperin). Among the new works there was little of permanent value: Buddy Balough's quartet Caught in the Quiet (Satie), essentially trifling but with a pretty figure decorating the choreography here and there; Keuter's Of Us Two (Lutoslawski), a neatly made but long duet of emotional interdependence for Mathis and Van Hamel. The new solos for Van Hamel—Walker's Pavane for a Solo Dancer (Fauré) and Jorge Samaniego's Solo: Van Hamel—and Elina Mooney's Quickening for Bonnie Mathis were, after their opening measures, unengaging.

Erick Hawkins at Carnegie Hall

The Erick Hawkins Dance Company in partnership with the Hudson Valley Philharmonic and its conductor Joel Thome, presented two evening programs at Carnegie Hall (Sept. 11, 13), opening with Classic Kite Tails, a popular work in the Hawkins repertoire since the premiere in 1972. Hawkins' handsome, groomed-to-the-hilt company is one which can give pleasure simply by the act of walking on stage: the girls direct, smiling and statuesque in white, the men—Hawkins and Robert Yohn—severe and simple in well-tailored black. The swooping and wheeling, the easy starts and gentle stops—the sheer good nature of Classic Kite Tails, set to David Diamond's lambent Rounds for String Orchestra, is irresistible and acts as a beguiling introduction to Hawkins' particularly smooth and fluid dance style.

Unfortunately, nothing the company subsequently danced during the evening—and it introduced three new pieces—approached the level of dance interest sustained in Kite. Death is the Hunter to Wallingford Riegger's string Study in Sonorities was a slow, stylized Noh-like episode in which Death (Hawkins) dispensed the long sleep to a group of youths and maidens; Meditation on Orpheus (Alan Hovhaness), a recollection from Hades by the poet-musician of the melancholy events of his life, enacted and commented upon by a group of supple maenads; Hurrah! (Virgil Thomson's Symphony No. 2 in C Major), a nostalgic and sentimental piece of unabashed Americana with a picnic-party atmosphere.

There is much to approve in Hawkins: his excellent taste—his must be the most beautifully dressed and decorated modern dance company now extant—his championship of American composers, his intellectual adventurousness, his insistence on live music for himself and his dancers. But he seems at present too much occupied in swooning to his own poetry, instead of taking a hard look at his diminishing vocabulary and its stultifying effect on his dances. Hawkins has a voice of his own, but it is rapidly dwindling into a low and undifferentiated murmur.
CHRISTIAN WOLFF writes indeterminate music. This way of working began about twenty-five years ago with Wolff, John Cage, Morton Feldman, and Earle Brown, but it is still grossly misunderstood and frequently confused with improvisation. Improvisation involves the performer’s self-expression. Play it the way you feel it. Indeterminate music, on the other hand, involves elaborate rules and directions to the performer, thereby limiting his ability to make emotional decisions. Some still feel that, since indeterminate pieces sound different with each performance, the composers have not made distinct statements. To the contrary, almost all of this music is quite well defined. Feldman’s The King of Denmark or Cage’s Winter Music may sound different from performance to performance, but they will never sound like any other pieces—even other pieces by the same composers. The goals of indeterminate music are often misunderstood too. The motivation behind the genre is not Dadaism, not noisemaking, and not anti-art, but simply a matter of human freedom. Humans should be treated with freedom and dignity. Demanding that a musician play a certain note at a certain time in a certain way is simply not making use of his creative potential. So the argument goes, and from it a whole generation of new music has spun out, quite unimpeded by a lack of public support in America, where it originated. And much of the music, including some of Wolff’s works, has proved quite influential.

Game rules

Born in France in 1934, Wolff was largely self-taught as a musician, though he learned much from Cage, Feldman, and David Tudor, with whom he became associated in the 1950s. Wolff was concerned with performer freedom and evolving new forms of notation. In his case, the instrumentalist’s instructions are similar to the rules of a game, which, of course, is also indeterminate. For example, there is a piece for piano four hands called Duet I (1961), in which one pianist whistles a note at random and the other tries to find the note on the keyboard. (If you fail, you can take a second try.) In Pairs, In Between Pieces for Three Players, and Lines, the players must respond immediately to cues taken from the other players. In Burdocks, which Wolff wrote for the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, there is a whole network of possible sequences which the music may take, depending on how the musicians interact and take cues from one another.

Wolff’s music can be extremely challenging. Performers have to find their way through a labyrinth of intricate cues, often while translating abstract symbols, and must concentrate in ways which no other music demands. In a sensitive well-rehearsed performance, musicians sometimes seem tuned in on the music and on each other at almost a psychic level. But how much of this performance excitement is conveyed to the audience?

It has always seemed to me that Wolff, like Eric Satie, addresses himself primarily to performers. This can be discomfiting, although even the most unaware listener can sense something of what is going on. Many disagree with my judgment, including the composer, who feels that the basic sounds of the music make a statement, even though a listener may not understand the process behind them. Wolff feels so strongly about this that he rarely provides program notes for his works in concert. Perhaps he is right. But if one has a general idea of the cueing rules involved in a particular piece, one can begin to feel the tension of the pauses, the significance of little repetitions, and the meaning of the musicians’ concentration. I don’t think Wolff’s works can be fully appreciated without the experience of actually trying to play one. Whether it be in the case of Christian Wolff, the symphonies of Mozart, or a Buddhist chant, an understanding of the structure behind a piece of music will, more often than not, add to one’s appreciation of that music.

CHRISTIAN WOLFF
The notation in Wolff's For Pianist (above) is reduced to abstract symbols which the performer must decode according to the key. Here “2a” means play two notes from pitch group “a.” The “x” relates to octave transposition. The fractions indicate elapsed time. In Lines (below) each note must be cued in by another player following the routes indicated by the lines. The difficulty of keeping one's place and avoiding misunderstandings are obvious.

In 1926 Walter Wehle Naumburg, banker, chamber music cellist, and firm believer in the potential of music in America, incorporated the foundation bearing his name, its stated purpose to give support to young, talented musicians at the crucial juncture between their student and professional lives. In the fifty lively years following, American composers, teachers, and performers have established themselves as one of the major influences in the mainstream of today’s musical art. No little credit must be given to the man who was so sympathetic toward the need of young musicians to give debut recitals in New York City, where reviewers and managers would attend. From this modest premise the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation, constantly benefitting from the advice and unstinting efforts of some of the finest musicians in America, has steered a true course that has never strayed from its founder’s vision of deepening the musical involvement of this nation. (Today’s first-prize winner receives $1,500, two recitals in Tully Hall, and, if not under management, a contract with Judd Concert Bureau.)

Not only have the public musical puberty rites of over 120 young artists been observed under the foundation’s auspices, but as the musical needs and functions of this country grew, so did the enterprises of the Naumburg Foundation. Just as there were few organizations in 1926 to lend a helping hand to the performer, there was even less support for the American composer. The Naumburg Foundation initiated and still continues a recording series to make important, unperformed American compositions available. As the interest in chamber music became firmly rooted in American musical culture, the Naumburg Foundation has played a vital role in nurturing and promoting new talent, thereby ensuring the continued growth and vitality of American music.
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portant question, can a competition create the ambience
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why competitions?

It is insufficient to answer "because they are there," but
their existence in such numbers does lead to a reasonable

*Leon Kirchner's Quartet No. 3, commissioned by the Beaux
Arts Quartet; Donald Martino's Nattorno, commissioned by
Speculum Musicae.

There is a great deal of agonizing today, privately and
publicly, over the importance of musical competitions.
They are almost under as much fire as beauty contests.
For one thing, there are so many of them and for another,
the value of the prizes, whether cash, concerts, manage-
ment, recording or just prestige, has diminished before the
ever-present inflation of both money and activity. Some
successful artists performing in public today have won
competitions, others have not. Often a contest winner
does not continue to the promised land of a prestigious ca-

ter. What happens to the majority of competitors who
possess talent but who just don't cut it with jurors and still
must continue to practice their art and profession? As is
the case in some socialist countries, should certain persons
be informed that they cannot pursue a musical career?
Obviously, any repressive measures would be abhorrent
to a free society. And obviously in an open market, all tal-
ent is not equally sellable. Therefore, many young artists
must of necessity find their place in the professional struc-
ture throughout the land, whether it be in an orchestra,
chorus, on a music faculty, or as a private teacher.

The reality of existence of hundreds of musical compe-
titions receiving thousands of applications for their events
cannot be ignored. Another reality must be accepted. As
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"Competitions have been an
integral component of my life..."

I like to think that this community competition spirit
traveled across the water with the English language to
America. Certainly some of the most joyful memories of
my early musical life were the all-state high school music
contests held every year in a different town in Oregon.
Not only was the social experience of being away from
home exciting, but our particular high school had better
musical forces than football teams. We had won the all-
state cup two times in a row when tragedy struck. Our
only cellist graduated, and to retire the cup for the third
year we had to enter every category of competition. For
some benighted reason, string quartets were included. I
was elected to take up the cello, and in one month's time
we did field a quartet with one wobbly cellist that cap-
tured second prize at the contest. This was proper, as there
were only two string quartets entered in the whole state of
Oregon. (Incidentally, we did retire the cup.)

Actually as I look back on my own struggles involved in
becoming a musician I realize that auditions and compe-
titions—whether to enter a school, win a scholarship, ob-
tain a position in an orchestra, or join a string quartet—
have been an integral component of my or any musician's
life. In this sense the metaphor of a competition "gaunt-
let" is correct. The mistake the young, ambitious aspirant
and the older cynical skeptic make is to assign too impor-
tant a role to any specific competition. In a way, the ad-
mnistrators of contests and commercial managements
make the same error. The best function of a single contest
is that it provides a sifting and testing process and com-
bined with other events helps to keep the talent pot boil-
ing. Everyone by now must know that a contest won does
not a solo career make (the exception probably being Van
Cliburn winning the Tchaikovsky Competition). Each

December 1975

MA-19
time a young performer enters a competition it should be with a sense of perspective about the conditions of audition, the make-up of that particular jury, the long-run perseverance necessary whether one wins or not, and a sense of humor about the large element of luck involved in the whole affair. I would like to relate my own true experience with the Naumburg Competitions of 1941.

My teacher allowed that the experience would be good for me (like vitamins or physical education), so with a confidence grounded in naiveté I submitted a program including the Prokofiev G minor Violin Concerto, which at the moment I was engrossed in studying. By the time of the preliminary hearings I knew and could play by heart only the first movement of this concerto. But I also knew that the judges kindly permitted the contestant to choose the first work to be played in a fifteen-minute audition. It followed that if I chose the first movement of the Prokofiev, the jury would turn to other works for the remaining time.

The plan succeeded perfectly and I happily moved into the semifinal round scheduled two days later. By now all the "big" violin talents were zeroing in on this round. With two more days of unending practice under my belt I could if called upon play two movements of my albatross (unpublished) concerto from memory, but if the fates decreed that I must play the last and very difficult movement, alas, I could manage the first three pages of about eleven and that was it. At this point in the movement a wildly manic preparatory run is repeated four times in the accompaniment before the solo violin must set off on another round of Rondo, a high G string passage of which I was agonizingly ignorant. As luck would have it, a totally new jury appeared and very hopefully I repeated my preliminary ploy. The jurors seemed quite content to hear only the first movement and I thought to myself, "home free."

Then, to my astonishment, a gentleman in the jury box stood up and said with precise diction, "I would like to hear the last movement, please." I turned to my accompanist, my heart beating prestissimo, and whispered, "Willy, what do I do now?" Being older and brasher practical, he said, "Well, kid, either you confess and get kicked out of this contest or you play the hell out of the three pages you know and stop." Such situations are supposed to occur only in fiction or nightmares, but the truth is that after plunging into the third movement and playing hell for leather up to the fatal point of no departure, I listened, a condemned man, as Willy repeated his wild florries to nowhere for the third of four times when an angelic voice called out from the jury box, "Thank you and may we hear some of the Poème by Chausson?" From all the trembling aftermath, my bow hardly remained on the strings during the Poème but I had made it incredibly into the finals. When I reported the incident to my beloved teacher he said rather cryptically, "God is kind to fools and drunkards. I wonder which . . ."

The tale does not end here because my point about luck is not quite so foolishly. I am not urging contestants to ill-prepare auditions. Most contestants today are over-prepared and you can be sure that by the time I entered Naumburg's finals I knew the whole last movement of that Russian roulette concerto. But still another element of lady luck was to take part in the finals. I solemnly attest that there were at least two other finalists who were far better violinists than I. It just so happened that on that
The tuner that restates the state of the art.
GAF to the Rescue

In our January issue editor Leonard Marcus explored the plight of the classical-music FM stations and the degree to which listeners, generally in the guise of citizens committees, can stem the tide of change as the classics are replaced by the sort of pap that station managers prescribe to fatten fainting budgets. The prime case in point, and a very hot issue in New York City at the time the piece was written, was WNCN—or WQIV as it came to be known at the moment (11:00 a.m., November 7, 1974) its owners (Starr Broadcasting) dumped the classics in favor of rock.

In the meantime, GAF Corporation (the film manufacturer—Henry Fonda and all that—among other things) had been looking for an FM station in the New York area. On August 19, 1975, it announced that it had come to an agreement with Starr Broadcasting to purchase WQIV for $2.2 million (slightly above the $2-million price when Starr acquired the station) and reconvert it to WNCN “as primarily a classical music station for 24 hours daily.” And, says a GAF spokesman, the corporation believes it can operate the station at a profit.

The sale is, of course, subject to FCC approval—which at this writing is hoped for by the beginning of 1976. One factor that the FCC surely cannot ignore in making its decision is the formation of a listeners’ advisory committee by GAF as a concomitant to its application. Committee members are drawn from two groups—the WNCN Listener’s Guild and Classical Radio for Connecticut—that tried to head off the change from WNCN to WQIV.

Already their efforts have borne fruit. Shortly after reaching the agreement with GAF, Starr turned WQIV back to classical programming and reinstated some of the old WNCN personnel. Starr board chairman William F. Buckley Jr. (whose personal tastes in music run to the classics) is said to have estimated that the company will have lost some $1 million on the station by the time the sale goes through. The old-timers tend to think that the losses may be of Starr’s own making in its attempt to prove to the FCC the “necessity” of going rock. Apparently the GAF president and board chairman, Dr. Jesse Werner (also a lover of the classics), the moving force behind the acquisition, sees a brighter future. From the sidelines, we can only applaud him and his company.

Equipment in the News

Something new on JBL’s Horizon

The Model L-166 Horizon bookshelf speaker by JBL employs a new 1-inch large-coil dome tweeter, Model 066. A vapor-deposition process is used to bond a thin aluminum film onto a phenolic dome substrate. The tweeter’s integral baffle is designed to suppress radiation from the surround and thus increase dispersion. The enclosure also houses a 5-inch midrange driver and a new 12-inch woofer. Nominal impedance is 8 ohms. JBL rates the speaker for 78 watts continuous power and instantaneous transients ten times the average power level. Amplifiers rated at from 10 to 150 watts per channel are recommended for the L-166. It also features a new grille material, APP, and costs $375.

Dunlap Clarke’s Dreadnaught arrives

The Dreadnaught 1000, which first appeared in prototype about two years ago, is specifically designed to drive 4-ohm loudspeaker systems, parallel arrays, electrostatic systems, and others that may present difficulties to super amps designed primarily for 8-ohm loads. This amplifier is rated at 500 watts per channel with less than 0.25% distortion into 4-ohm loads. Protection circuitry becomes sensitive below 2 ohms. A pair of two-speed fans are included for commercial or industrial use, though Dunlap Clarke says forced-air cooling is not required in normal use. Output levels can be read on the built-in meters, with the 0 VU indication switchable for full, half, one-tenth, or one-hundredth power. Slew rate is said to be more than 25 volts per microsecond, signal-to-noise ratio 100 dB. The Dreadnaught 1000 costs $1,299. An accessory walnut case is available for $80.
Introducing the cassette deck that loads in the front so you can stay on your back.

Stretched out on your back has to be one of the nicest ways we can think of to listen to music. Except for one thing. Everytime you change cassettes you have to maneuver yourself into a sitting position and lean over to do it because just about all cassette decks load on top.

Well, we’ve been thinking about that. And we’ve been working on that. And now we’ve got some that load in front.

Akai’s new 700 series* stereo cassette decks.

The controls are in front, the Dolby** noise reduction circuit, the vertical head block assembly, the memory rewind button, pause control switch, peak level lights—everything.

After all, when you’re listening to music you’re supposed to be relaxing.

*Akai 700 series suggested retail from $395 to $575. **Trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. For further information, write Akai America Ltd., 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., Compton, Ca. 90220.
Stark introduces its first speakers

Stark Designs of California has announced that its first series of loudspeakers is on the market. The SR-2, pictured here, is a three-way system with a 1-inch dome tweeter that makes use of what Stark calls the directed-dispersion concept. The tweeter is mounted in a concave module that can be rotated 360 degrees to adjust the dispersion of high frequencies. This model has a 5-inch midrange and a 12-inch long-throw woofer. It can handle 50 watts continuously. The complete line, which also includes the SR-1 and SR-3, is warranted for three years and has sculptured foam grilles available in a variety of colors. The SR-2 is priced at $195; the SR-1 and SR-3 cost $165 and $240, respectively.

An 8-track deck joins Channel Master line

New from Channel Master is an 8-track stereo play/record deck designed as an add-on for existing home stereo systems. Model HD-6075 is equipped with pushbutton controls for FAST FORWARD and PAUSE and can be programmed to stop the tape automatically at the end of the fourth track whether playing or recording. It includes illuminated recording-level meters for both stereo channels, with slide controls for recording level, automatic track changing, and a manual track selector. Microphone and auxiliary inputs are provided for both channels, as is a stereo headphone output. Model HD-6075 comes in a cabinet 15 inches wide, 4 3/4 inches high, and 9 inches deep, finished in wood-grained vinyl. The $99.95 price includes patch cords and microphones.

Nortonics’ new splicer—it slices

A new product designed as a convenience for those who splice magnetic recording tape has been announced by Nortonics. Appropriately named The Splicer, the device is claimed to be unique in that it slices—rather than chopping or shearing—for minimum deformation of the tape along the edge of the cut. The unit is designed for use with precut splicing tape “tabs.” A popout tape guide permits use with both ¼-inch (open-reel or 8-track) and cassette tapes. The cutting edge is a readily available, inexpensive, and easily replaced stainless-steel, single-edged razor blade. The suggested retail price of The Splicer is $14.95.

Panasonic joins the rush to CB

Panasonic Auto Products has entered the burgeoning Citizens Band market with the CR-B1717, which—in one in-dash assembly—features AM/FM stereo reception capabilities in addition to being a CB transceiver. The unit, soon to become available, covers all 23 CB channels and has an RF power output of 3.5 watts. Among its operating conveniences are a meter that indicates output power when transmitting and signal strength when receiving, a variable squelch control, tuning that corrects off-frequency incoming signals, a monitor that allows CB calls to be received during AM or FM listening, an automatic noise limiter, and a detachable microphone. The CR-B1717 will cost under $300.

New particle in EX-II cassette tape

Nakamichi’s Ferricobalt tape, the EX-II, is the outcome of a newly developed process in which a crystal of cobalt ferrite is grown onto the surface of a gamma ferric oxide crystal. Nakamichi says that the most desirable properties of both compounds are found in the resulting particle, which is more elongated and uniform in size. The manufacturer claims at least 1 dB lower noise levels and 5 dB greater dynamic range in comparison with other quality high-output, low-noise tapes. Biasing requirements are the same as for Nakamichi’s EX tape. EX-II is available in C-60 and C-90 lengths, priced at $4.39 and $5.79, respectively.
Introducing the stackable, pushbutton C-box. Now with our Scotch® Classic Cassette.

This unique C-box from 3M is more than just a better package. It's the handiest cassette storage system yet.

Touch the pushbutton and the cassette drawer pops open. Push the drawer back and it snaps shut.

C-box tops and bottoms interlock. Just slide them together to form a single, solid storage stack as tall as you like. An accessory carrying handle makes the stack completely portable; and a wall bracket mounts anywhere you want it.

Great as the C-box is, what's inside is even better. Our Classic cassette with ferri-chrome is a truly superior cassette.

Advanced 3M technology gives this cassette tape two distinct layers of oxide. A special iron oxide for rich low and middle frequencies. And a chromium dioxide for brilliant high frequencies. Together, they deliver full-range sound fidelity truer than any single-oxide cassette tape.

Best of all, Classic cassettes are fully compatible. You'll get optimum performance on any good cassette machine.

You can still buy the Classic cassette in conventional album boxes. But we think you'll prefer it in the C-box. Whatever your choice in packaging, Classic is still the best cassette we've ever made for you.

Soon other Scotch cassettes will be available in the new C-box. Watch for them in the months ahead.

Scotch® and "C-box" are registered trademarks.
**HiFi-Crostic No. 7  (Xmas Xtic)**

by William Petersen

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INPUT</th>
<th>OUTPUT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T 15</td>
<td>186 75 55 145 42 57 110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N 27</td>
<td>29 24 141 65 167 103 178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 41</td>
<td>16 66 152 116 97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 53</td>
<td>188 163 23 6 126 54 33 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W 106</td>
<td>29 95 135 183 17 151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G 130</td>
<td>173 89 120 60</td>
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<tr>
<td>Q 132</td>
<td>105 22 83 133 189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A 145</td>
<td>114 148 107 114 165</td>
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<tr>
<td>X 158</td>
<td>38 166 169 55 122 136 155 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y 184</td>
<td>125 40 144 58 85 49 75 29</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**DIRECTIONS**

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

Transfer each letter to the square in the diagram that bears the corresponding number. After only a few correct guesses you should begin to see words and phrases emerging in the diagram which when filled in will contain a quotation related to music recordings or audio. The words in the quotation are separated by darkened squares and do not necessarily end at the end of a row.

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

A final clue: The source of the quotation — the author and his work— will be spelled out by the first letters inputting each newly decoded letter into the Output, reading down.

The answer to HiFi-Crostic No. 7 will appear in next month’s issue of High Fidelity.

Solution to last month’s HiFi-Crostic appears on page 4.
AH! DEFINITION—That elusive quality of clearness and accuracy never quite attainable before. (If you can’t extract it at the point of contact with the record, the rest of your equipment won’t deliver it to you.)

The design philosophy of the SONUS cartridge is to use the latest refinements in material and techniques to convert the motion of the record groove into a precise electrical replica, thus assuring the highest possible sonic accuracy and definition.

The electromagnetic structure of the cartridge is exceptionally efficient and has been arranged in such a way that the point of transduction is placed as close as possible to the record surface. This enables the distance from the stylus tip to the energized armature to be kept extremely short, thereby minimizing the chances of the motion being significantly changed, and/or extraneous resonances introduced. It further enables the moving element to be kept exceedingly light and rigid. Indeed, we believe the total moving structure to be lighter than that of any other magnetic cartridge of which we are aware.

Great care has been taken with the cartridge geometry, not only to minimize vertical tracking error but also to ensure accurate transmission of the stylus motion to the generating armature. This has been achieved by (among other things) positioning the stylus tip on the same axis as the armature so that none of the stylus motion is lost in rotation or affected by any possible rotational resonances.

The stylus pivot is located at the dynamic center of rotation of the moving system and is fabricated from material having optimum elastomeric properties, providing an extremely linear and highly compliant suspension.

In sum, we have a transducer system characterized by reproduction of exceptional accuracy, clarity and definition, and capable of perfect tracking and tracing at very low stylus forces.

Write to SONUS customer service for full line catalog and the name of the franchised dealer nearest you.

Your franchised dealer will be happy to demonstrate the superior qualities of this cartridge.

SONIC RESEARCH INC.
27 Sugar Hollow Rd., Danbury, Ct. 06810
Represented in Canada by PACO Ltd. Quebec
Introducing the BSR
Silent Performer

The only rumble from this belt-drive turntable comes from our competitors.

For years most expensive manual record-playing devices have used belt-drive as a smooth, trouble-free—and most important—silent method for transmission of power. Now, our engineers have succeeded in integrating a highly-refined belt-drive system into more affordably-priced turntables. They offer a combination of features and performance not yet available in even more expensive competitive models. We call them the Silent Performers.

Our Model 20 BPX is a fully automated single-play turntable with a precision machined platter, high-torque multi-pole synchronous motor, tubular "S" shaped adjustable counterweighted tone arm in gimbal mount, viscous cueing, quiet Delrin cam gear, automatic arm lock, dual-range anti-skate and much more. It is packaged with base, hinged tinted dust cover, and ADC K6E cartridge. See your audio dealer for more information, or write to us.
Accuphase T-100: A Superb Tuner

The Equipment: Accuphase T-100, a stereo FM/AM tuner in metal case. Dimensions: 17½ by 6 inches (front panel), 14 inches deep plus allowance for controls and connections. Price: $700. Warranty: five years parts and labor; specifications guaranteed; includes free yearly performance check and one-way shipping costs. Manufacturer: Kensonic Laboratory, Inc., Japan; U.S. distributor: Teac Corp. of America, P.O. Box 750, Montebello, Calif. 90640.

Comment: Behind its Clark-Kentish exterior, the T-100 is a super tuner. It was preceded by some advertising and performance claims that seemed extravagant, but it appears that for once the adman speaketh with unforked tongue. The T-100 meets or exceeds all of its specifications and, in some areas, may be setting records; the channel separation is the best we have ever tested.

Nobody will accuse Kensonic of having overdesigned the front panel. It is a simple combination of a black-background slide-rule dial, brushed-chrome faceplate, and a flat, black lower panel running the width of the tuner. There are two meters, both large for a tuner, below and toward the left end of the tuning dial, one for signal strength, and the other for channel center indication. Centered below the tuning dial are four small but easily seen indicator lights showing whether a stereo station is being received, which of two muting thresholds is selected, and whether the unit's multiplex filter is engaged. Below the right end of the dial are four rectangular black pushbuttons for local or distant AM reception and for mono or automatic-stereo FM operation.

Behind the hinged lower front panel are a separate multipath meter, a pushbutton light switch for it, AM and FM level controls, a three-level muting switch (off, 5 microvolts, and 20 microvolts), a multiplex filter switch, and a high/low panel light switch. In all, the T-100 is an attractive, conservative-looking tuner.

The back panel includes both fixed- and variable-output pin jacks, oscilloscope outputs, the now-familiar detector output (for future four-channel conversion), a four-voltage power selector (as long as you will have access to AC power, you can safely take this model overseas with you), binding posts for AM and FM antenna leads, and a 75-ohm coaxial jack for the latter as well.

As for performance, this is a very good tuner indeed. Monophonic IHF sensitivity is between 1.7 and 1.8 microvolts across the FM band, according to CBS test data. In stereo, the unit switches to mono operation before quieting as poor as 30 dB can be reached. The threshold is at 8 to 9 microvolts of input, for 35 to 36 dB of quieting. The 50-dB quieting point on the curves is more indicative of listenability, and the tuner reaches the 50-dB quieting point at between 4 and 5 microvolts in mono and at about 30 microvolts in stereo. These data are either exactly as Accuphase specifies or slightly better.

Interestingly, and unusually, the signal-strength meter is calibrated for both signal strength and quieting. By referring to a graph in the instruction manual a user can determine that, when the needle swings to 4 on the meter, for example, the tuner has about 450 microvolts of signal at its inputs and is capable of almost 70-dB signal-to-noise ratio at that point in stereo and nearly 80 dB in mono.

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

As the graph shows, CBS found that total hum, noise, and distortion reaches -65.5 dB at only 1,000 microvolts' input in mono. In stereo, the unit reaches -64 dB at 1,000 microvolts. Even the best tuners often profit from the use of RF attenuators in strong-signal urban areas, and the T-100 (at least in stereo) appears to be no exception; above 1,000 microvolts of input the quieting is not quite as good, measuring -61 dB for 50,000 microvolts' input.

It should be obvious that this is a very quiet tuner, and distortion is low as well. All the figures measured at CBS Technology Center (and shown in the Additional Data table) are excellent—and are lower than specified. IM distortion is very low at 0.08%. Thus tuner noise and distortion will be just about inaudible with any run-of-the-mill signal. Much of this excellence is due to the fine suppression of 19-kHz pilot and 38-kHz subcarrier frequencies. (Note that the latter is suppressed by something more than 75 dB.) Until the availability of phase-locked-loop technology, which the Accuphase puts to good use, tuners were plagued by "high-frequency garbage" as the 19-kHz pilot beat against audio frequencies. This could lend a raspy quality to violin sound, for example, or a generally overbright quality to music. At its worst, it might add a cloud of hisslike noise to the high end. There are no such problems with the T-100, as the very low 10-kHz THD figures document.

Frequency response is just about ruler flat in both mono and stereo. Separation is unqualifiedly excellent. The left-channel separation ran off the lab's strip recorder, which is calibrated to -50 dB, until it reached the tiny peak (-49½ dB) at 10 kHz; a spot check at 1 kHz confirmed the -50-dB reading, however, and we have arbitrarily drawn the curve at that level. But values at other frequencies may be even better.

Not only are the separation figures excellent, but unlike many other tuners the T-100 essentially has as much separation at low frequencies as it does in the midband. And high-frequency separation is almost as good. Separation curves normally have a drooping profile with best-case figures (often at about 1 kHz) commonly approaching those for this model; toward the frequency extremes, however, precious few tuners come even within hailing distance of this superb separation performance.

Finally a word about the multipath meter. A separate meter may seem like an extravagance, but here it is not. This multipath meter is very sensitive and extremely useful in rotating an antenna for minimum multipath—even challenging oscilloscopes for utility in this respect. And in a tuner with such fine sensitivity, quieting, and distortion characteristics, multipath may well be the limiting performance factor, particularly in urban areas. A good idea, well executed. Kensonic has done itself proud with the Accuphase T-100.

**Accuphase T-100 Additional Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Parameter</th>
<th>Mono</th>
<th>Stereo</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alternate-channel selectivity</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD</td>
<td>Mono</td>
<td>R ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80 Hz</td>
<td>0.05%</td>
<td>0.16%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 kHz</td>
<td>0.05%</td>
<td>0.05%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 kHz</td>
<td>0.15%</td>
<td>0.23%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.08%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot</td>
<td>-73½</td>
<td>dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
<td>-75</td>
<td>dB or better</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Equipment: Marantz Model 150, a stereo FM/AM tuner with Dolby de-emphasis switching, in metal case with wood-grain vinyl finish. Dimensions: 15 3/4 by 5 3/4 inches (front); 11 3/8 inches deep plus allowance for controls and connections. Price: $599.95; optional WC-1 wood case, $32.50; RA-2 rack-mount adapter, $29.95. Warranty: three years parts and labor, shipping paid one way. Manufacturer: Marantz Co., Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif. 91352.

Comment: When Marantz announced the Model 150 as the successor to the Model 10B it was setting high standards for itself, considering the predecessor's sometime pre-eminence in the tuner field. The oscilloscope built into the dial area affirms the family resemblance at first glance. (The 10B was the first model to use it.) And two faceplate features establish the 150 as belonging to a new generation: the separate front and back level adjustments for scope display of external quadriphonic inputs, and the Dolby de-emphasis switch.

The group of front-panel controls at the left is for the scope display. In addition to the knobs for external-signal level, there are two to adjust the centering of the display on the CRT. Below them are six buttons for display on, 2 CH and 4 CH external audio inputs, AUDIO from the tuner itself, TUNING, and MULTIPATH. The various signal-display modes should be familiar enough to most readers; simply put, the audio vector display allows assessment of such factors as stereo phasing, channel separation, and stereo-image "spread." The FM-tuning mode is a little unconventional.

A Footnote to the Allison One

Some readers have wondered about the apparent disagreement between our assessment of the Allison One loudspeaker (HF test reports, October 1975) and the lab-derived data presented in the report.

Since the Allison is specifically and uniquely designed to utilize properties of room-boundary coupling that increase output at some frequencies, there is an unusual disparity between performance in a listening room and that in an anechoic chamber—which, of course, intentionally suppresses boundary effects. The manufacturer's published data show, for example, that correct positioning in front of a wall increases 80-Hz output by some 6 dB, and by even more at 50 Hz and below. And the extra input power needed to drive the woofer to a given output level in the anechoic chamber drives up harmonic distortion measurements as well.

Our data are shown as measured. But listening confirms what theory predicts—that performance in a normal room is much better than the raw anechoic-chamber data would indicate to the layman.
put of the Dolby B circuit itself normally is via a variable-gain stage: a recording-level adjustment or something similar. Hence you presumably will need to align the Dolby-processor's gain control from a test signal broadcast by a Dolby-encoded station with all but Marantz processors.

At the right are buttons for AM, FM, MUTING, HI-BLEND, MONO, and AC POWER. The dial itself is reasonably large and well calibrated and has lighting indicators for DOLBY, AM, FM, MUTING, HI-BLEND, and STEREO. Marantz's now-standard Gyro-Touch tuning wheel serves as the tuning knob.

The back panel has the usual ferrite-rod AM antenna plus spring-loaded connections for external antennas: AM and either 300- or 75-ohm FM lead-ins. There is an antenna-attenuator switch for use in areas with very high signal strengths to prevent front-end overload, a QUADRADIAL OUTPUT pin jack (for a quadriphonic adapter), and a muting sensitivity adjustment. The outputs (pin jacks for left and right signals) have separate screwdriver level adjustments that, as noted above, affect output only when the Dolby FM switch is off. Four pin jacks are provided for quadriphonic (or stereo) audio signals, from the system's control center, for evaluation on the front-panel scope; screwdriver adjustments for scope brightness and focus are nearby. There also are two back-panel AC convenience outlets, one of them switched by the front-panel POWER button.

Though an oscilloscope display is by no means a standard feature of today's audio systems, we find it extremely useful in many situations, both for achieving optimum FM reception and in analyzing the properties of audio signals. This alone, then, is a valuable feature of the tuner and one whose importance is frequently underestimated, in our opinion.

And just as the added scope modes increase the 150's utility and bring it up to date by comparison to the 10B, so its performance matches or surpasses that of the older model. Mono sensitivity has been slightly improved; mono quieting is much more rapid for low signal strengths and notably greater for higher signal strengths. Harmonic distortion measures comparably low. Stereo performance of the 150 is excellent in these respects. (We added these stereo tests long after reporting on the 10B.) Capture ratio, suppression of subcarrier and pilot frequencies, and channel separation are far better. IM distortion and ultimate signal-to-noise ratio are not quite as good, and frequency response is a hair less flat.

This is an excellent tuner that materially outperforms its predecessor. In the context of today's best tuner performance, it doesn't achieve the pre-eminence of the 10B but offers much better value. When we tested it ten years ago the 10B was, at $600, extremely expensive; at the same price (well, a nickel less) the 150 costs about $2,000 less than the most expensive of today's tuners—despite its added features and performance. That has to be reckoned a significant achievement.

Comment: The Scott T-33S, the successor to the 433 (HF test reports, October 1971), makes a striking first impression, largely because of its unusual front panel. The brushed aluminum surface is broken only by a pair of meters (one for signal strength, one for multipath indication), a numeric readout window (no slide-rule dial here), and a window through which lighting indicators for MEMORY, STEREO, and STATION appear, either singly or in combination. Below these are arranged a stereo tape output jack, nine labeled pushbuttons (also of brushed aluminum) controlling scan mode and audio mode, and a horizontal MEMORY CARD READER slot. The rectangular shapes of the windows and pushbuttons give a feeling of functionality coupled with a certain starkness, particularly because the tape jack and slot are placed on raised, square-cornered surrounds.

The front panel does, however, accurately reflect the character of the T-33S. Tuning is accomplished by means of a digitally controlled frequency synthesizer that can be adjusted in precise 0.1 MHz steps and by no smaller amount. The user is informed of the frequency to which the unit is tuned by the digital display, which reads from 87.5 to 107.9 MHz. Steps of 0.1 MHz, rather than the 0.2 MHz separating U.S. FM channels, were chosen to make the tuner compatible with European frequency assignments. In practice, this is somewhat of a nuisance, particularly because the tape jack and slot are placed on raised, square-cornered surrounds.

Several additional user conveniences are offered by the Scott. Audio output is available both from a pair of pin-type jacks and a DIN socket on the back panel. The level controls, also at the back, affect these outputs but not the tape output at the front. Antenna input connections accepting both 300- and 75-ohm impedances are provided. A back-panel switch (nicely accident-proof) chooses between nominal 115- and 230-volt AC power, while a second switch chooses between 75-microsecond de-emphasis for the U.S. and 50 microseconds for Europe. It would be even nicer if this list of conveniences included provisions for 25-microsecond de-emphasis—for Dolby-encoded broadcasts—and a really readable instruction manual.

Listening tests, backed up by tests at the CBS labs, show that the T-33S has some highly creditable features. Mono quieting is excellent, reaching 50 dB at only 5 microvolts' input. Stereo quieting reaches a promising 43 dB at 50 microvolts but is only 1/2 dB better at 500 microvolts. While this is not bad, one might hope for more quieting at that level in a tuner of this sophistication. The filter (engaged by one of the front-panel buttons) is quite effective at reducing high-frequency stereo noise, but it also reduces high-frequency program content and channel separation quite noticeably.

Total harmonic distortion remains low right up to 10 kHz, where it can be a problem for some tuners. The claim
of 40 dB of channel separation at 1 kHz is met and exceeded in one channel and barely missed in the other. This measurement falls to less than 30 dB in both channels by 10 kHz but remains quite acceptable. The mute function (another of those buttons) is nonadjustable, and it suppresses very weak stations quite well, becoming erratic only when there is severe signal fluctuation. The stereo threshold, also nonadjustable, is 7.0 microvolts, a level low enough to ensure that no acceptable stereo will be switched to mono. The least attractive measurement in our test sample—and the only respect in which it fell significantly short of its specs—was capture ratio, at 3 dB. A second sample, however, checked out exactly on spec at 1.2 dB.

The T-33S, which Scott calls its second-generation digital tuner, can be called a product of the second-generation (or at least, newly reorganized) H. H. Scott, Inc. As such, it easily beats all the true digital tuners we have tested for convenience of operation. Not incidentally, it is also capable of providing good listening.

Scott T-33S Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Parameter</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>3 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alternate-channel selectivity</td>
<td>70 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>68 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mono THD</td>
<td>0.20%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch THD</td>
<td>0.84%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch THD</td>
<td>0.53%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 kHz THD</td>
<td>0.21%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch THD</td>
<td>0.37%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch THD</td>
<td>0.29%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 kHz THD</td>
<td>0.25%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L ch THD</td>
<td>0.90%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R ch THD</td>
<td>0.70%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.27%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot</td>
<td>69 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
<td>better than 72 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COMING NEXT MONTH

The January test report section will be expanded to include ten products—twice our normal coverage.
Fons's First Turntable:

Belt and Servo Drive


Comment: The Fons CQ-30 comes without tone arm. Our sample unit was drilled for use with the SME arm, and that's the way we tested it.

This turntable is driven by a DC motor with electronic speed regulation, coupled to the platter via a belt. (Most belt-drive models have AC motors; DC servo motors are most frequently used in direct-drive systems.) Because of its nonremovable nature, the platter could not be weighed, but the inherent speed stability and low flutter make this specification moot. Speed deviation is unmeasurably low at 33, 45, and 78 rpm with power-line voltages from 105 to 127. CBS measured the average flutter at an excellent 0.04% (using ANSI/IEEE weighting), with a peak value of 0.1%. Rumble was found to be highly respectable at -62 dB (ARRL weighting), although not in the champion class suggested by the manufacturer's specs (presumably using different weighting).

The feature of this turntable that most commands attention is its extraordinary range of speed variation: -13.6% to +12.6% at 33 rpm, -13% to +33% at 45, -30% to +47% at 78, amounting to an over-all nominal range of 25 to 105 rpm, all with negligible drift. To the average audiophile this is a far greater adjustment range than will ever be needed, but we can think of several uses for which it will be a critical consideration. First, there is a growing number of collectors of antique records; a really catholic collector needs everything from below 70 rpm to 100 rpm or above if he is to play, at correct speed, all types of early so-called 78s. Second, there is the "tape-composition" crew whose numbers and ingenuity we underestimated until we ran a tape-composition contest a few years ago. In order to convert existing recordings through speed manipulation, the widest possible range of mutations is desirable, and the range available with this turntable is exceptional. Third, there continues to be a market in variable-speed turntables for sports, dance classes, and similar applications requiring the ability to change the tempo of some synchronized activity. But why use such an expensive turntable for these purposes? Simply because when you want to use it for playing modern stereo discs it is appropriate to that use as well.

A more conveniently operated turntable would be difficult to imagine. Each speed is selected by pushing a button (lighted when that speed is engaged); a fourth button turns the unit off. Each speed, furthermore, is independently adjustable via one of the three small knobs near the pushbuttons. The rosewood base is particularly handsome, though we wonder about the long-term durability of the pebbled-vinyl finish on its top surface.

While the specifications for flutter and rumble set no new standards, the Fons CQ-30 stands alone when compared with others having wide speed-variation latitude. It performs its functions well and becomes, in our estimation, the turntable of choice for serious audiophiles who also are serious collectors of antique records.
XUV/4500Q: Pickering's Entry

in the Feather-Touch Race


Comment: The Quadrahedral characterization of the stylus tip of this cartridge will probably remind many readers of the earlier UV-15/2400Q and may even invite comparison between the two. The XUV/4500Q, which Pickering calls its second-generation discrete cartridge, has been designed for extra light tracking (1 gram or less, compared with 1 to 3 for its forerunner), improved separation and frequency response in the audio range (to 20 kHz), and separation to 50 kHz and beyond. The manufacturer's literature suggests that the pickup is optimized for stereo and discrete four-channel discs, and this claim is not unreasonable. Superior high-frequency tracing was shown when the unit played with astonishingly low distortion a well-worn Quadradisc that had defied acceptable reproduction with another cartridge.

Stereo reproduction is very good indeed, though we have yet to find a CD-4 cartridge that equals the best stereo-only models in this respect. There is a response peak, similar to that in other CD-4 pickups CBS has measured for us, at the upper end of the audible range and some visible ringing in the squarewave response photo. These tests were made with normal loading (100,000 ohms, shunted by 100 picofarads) for a CD-4 cartridge. The usual stereo loading (47,000 ohms and 200 to 500 picofarads) tends to reduce this peak somewhat. And when the XUV is used to play Quadradiscs, the inherent high-frequency filtering (above 10 kHz) of CD-4 demodulators also will suppress the peak.

Other lab tests show harmonic distortion to be acceptably, though not exceptionally, low. (The correlation between harmonic distortion and listening quality in pickups is not very direct.) Intermodulation distortion is close to the lowest we have measured and is not very different whether it is measured vertically or horizontally; this does seem to contribute to clarity of sound.

The Quadrahedral stylus—which resembles the Shibata—has excellent geometry with good orientation and polish. Tracking ability is surprisingly good for a CD-4 cartridge, as a force of 1 gram was sufficient to prevent mistracking in any test. Low-frequency resonance in the SME arm measures 8 Hz, and the vertical tracking angle is 18 degrees, acceptably close to the nominal 15-degree standard. Output voltage is 3.8 millivolts left channel, 3.6 millivolts right channel—well within the range of available CD-4 demodulators.

As is now customary with all Pickering's, the XUV/4500Q is equipped with a record cleaning brush that necessitates a VTF 1 gram higher than that actually desired. Styli for mono LPs and 78s are available—another traditional Pickering feature, and a welcome one. The CD-4 listening provided by this cartridge ranks with the best we have heard to date. The hard, glassy sheen so often in evidence is absent here, replaced by smooth clarity in the higher audio frequencies. And, with stereo capabilities rivaling the state of the art of just a few years ago, the XUV/4500Q promises to be a highly enjoyable product for the discrete-minded audiophile.

---

Pickering XUV/4500Q Additional Data

Maximum tracking level (1 gram VTF; re RIAA 0 VU)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frequency (Hz)</th>
<th>Left channel</th>
<th>Right channel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>300</td>
<td>&gt; +12 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 kHz</td>
<td>+15 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10-20 kHz</td>
<td>&gt; -5 dB</td>
<td>+10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td>+5</td>
<td>+5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Channel separation

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frequency (Hz)</th>
<th>Left channel</th>
<th>Right channel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td>&gt;20 dB</td>
<td>20 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td>20 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>&gt;20 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Square-wave response

1 kHz

---

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Even if you are one of those lucky folks who can afford one of the more luxurious FM tuners, you may still find it tough to rationalize your choice. By the time you have passed the $200-$300 level, you have reached the point of diminishing returns. Not that further outlays don’t buy increases in performance, refinements in functional styling or particular operating features; they do. But in general the units for sale at $500 and more are so good and their differences so much less obvious than in the lower price brackets that it strains the ears and critical faculties to choose between them.

That’s why High Fidelity tried this less conventional review of five expensive tuners—to help you with that process. Other tuners in the high-price category were also candidates for this discussion, but we had to set a limit somewhere and finally selected five as representative. Some either were about to be superseded (e.g., the Pioneer TX-9100) or were as yet unavailable (e.g., the McIntosh MR-80 and the Luxman T-110).

Here is the list we wound up with: the Sequerra Model 1 [HF test reports, January 1975] at $2,650 (with the optional “panoramic display”); the Yahama CT-7000 [test reports, March 1975] at $1,200; and the Scott T-335 for $999.95, the Accuphase T-100 at $700, and the Marantz Model 150, priced at $599.95 [test reports, this issue]. To be confronted by five such tuners at once invites an orgy of superlatives. It also is a little intimidating when one considers the combined engineering talent that they represent. But I anticipate.

Since this is not the usual test report, based on data from the labs at CBS Technology Center, two things should be made clear early. First, all of these tuners did an excellent job of receiving stereo FM; some excelled in particular areas, but picking a winner is a job for a medieval scholastic. Though we occasionally will point to minor annoyances, nobody will be profoundly dissatisfied with any of these units. Second, these tests and reflections are largely subjective; the numbers and their evaluation are left to the official test-reports section of this magazine. Not everyone will agree with our judgments, but we hope to expose our bias and give enough raw data to help you make judgments of your own.

What We Did

High Fidelity was looking beyond data searched out in lab tests. Thus I relied mainly on common sense and careful listening in comparing these tuners. Initially, and with the help of a number of colleagues, the tuners were tried out in turn, connected to the same antenna in a suburban-Boston location, then in A/B tests using a splitter, and then in similar tests with rabbit-ear antennas. Next, the first two tests were rerun at a rural location over 100 miles from Boston. Finally, the tuners were taken to a high-multipath location, where the tests were repeated. Afterward, a few bench tests were run on selected parameters to see whether we had been deluding ourselves or not.

As one might have expected, all of the tuners worked very well. There were some audible differences, but they were very elusive. Certainly there were no strikeouts. Some of the tuners were slightly more sensitive than others, some were more selective, some were slightly noisier on weak stations, some better at rejecting SCA noise—although all were extremely good at this, compared with “supertuners” of a few years past. Each in its own way offered an experience of luxurious FM listening.

How Use Influences Choice

To the average urban FM listener, with thousands of microvolts at his antenna terminals for most stations, sensitivity isn’t very meaningful, but it is important to the far-suburban or rural user. Selectivity may be of equal interest to all, but not necessarily in the same way: the suburbanite may want to separate stations on alternate channels (400 kHz apart) in an area dense with transmitters, while the rural listener may wish to separate weak adjacent stations (200 kHz apart) transmitting from different locations.

Almost all users should be interested in capture
ratio—the ability of a tuner to discriminate between two stations or signals that show up at nearly the same received power on the same channel—the urbanite because a good capture ratio indicates good performance in the presence of multipath, and the rural user because (if he has a super antenna or is hooked into a good cable system) he may be trying to receive two stations that transmit on the same frequency. Good capture ratio also will help image rejection (the suppression of signals that appear at the wrong spot on the dial, usually from very strong local stations). All five tuners have good capture ratios, but the Sequerra beats the best with something approaching 0.75 dB (lower is better) so far as it is measurable. One dB is fair state-of-the-art performance here and near the limit for most test gear.

All users should care about SCA rejection since many stations operate with subsidiary carrier authorizations—selling "music [Muzak] service" to supermarkets and the like and simultaneously damaging their stereo sound as received on any but the best tuners. SCA interference is perceived as a high-frequency haze overlaying broadcast music.

Stereo pilot suppression also is important, as the 19-kHz stereo pilot can cross-modulate with audio signals to increase distortion at frequencies above 7.5 kHz or so; this adds artificial crispness or edginess to sound. Before the advent of today's demodulators, many tuners had as much as 20%, and some had more than 40% distortion at frequencies from 7.5 to 12 kHz, almost all of it "beat products" with the 19-kHz pilot.

Beyond this are measurements like image rejection, spurious-response rejection, IF and AM rejection. Today's specifications in these areas are so good as almost to defy belief; they do sometimes defy verification. The Yamaha's image, spurious, and IF rejection are specified at 120 dB each. This is one tuner that's not going to receive air-to-ground communications even if you live in an airport approach path, nor are you about to hear anything from stations other than the one you're tuned to. Equally obviously, to me anyway, Yamaha must have superb test gear, since we couldn't begin to verify these figures with our equipment. [CBS had the same problem when we sent the CT-7000 to the lab for evaluation and spent more time in evaluating test gear than it did in measuring the unit itself.—Ed.] In fact, the Scott's more modest 85- and 95-dB specs proved "uncheckable" too, and in practice there was little if anything we could identify as image-frequency, IF, or spurious response interference occurring with any of these tuners.

**Five “Bests” Compared**

All that aside, how do these tuners stack up? What do they have in common besides high prices? What features should be praised, what omissions noted, what design decisions criticized? For a quick look at the features offered by each of the five tuners, see the separate table above. Individual evaluations follow.

**Sequerra Model I.** There's little to be picky about (and, again, any complaints one might have with all five tuners are largely a question of pickiness) with the Sequerra; almost all of the notes are positive. Among my earthshaking gripes: The front-panel light dimmer is of questionable utility (but some folks might want one); the tuning knob feels as though it is being rotated backward relative to the panoramic display during tuning (this simply takes getting used to); the output-level and muting-
sensitivity controls are located on the back panel (but in fairness, these are usually onetime adjustments); there is no headphone jack. So much for the bad news.

Surprisingly, the Sequerra does not use a phase-locked-loop integrated-circuit demodulator. This is used in almost all new tuners and accounts for their generally better channel separation and lower distortion. But, presumably thanks to careful design with discrete components (as opposed to ICs), this tuner equals or exceeds almost all PLL-equipped tuners in both these parameters.

Channel separation brings up the blend feature. This sort of feature is used to cut distortion and noise in weak stereo signals by blending (and, in some tuners, rolling off) high-frequency information. Not only does the Sequerra not roll off the highs, but its demodulator yields so much channel separation that the Model 1 can blend away a lot and still leave more than is in most stations' signals to begin with, as well as more than many other tuners operating without blend.

A cathode-ray-tube (CRT) display is used as a tuning aid, making multipath extremely easy to spot and defeat. With a tuner as sensitive as this one signal strength is far less important than multipath where fidelity is concerned. The tuning indicator gives a nicely calibrated reading of the RF level at the antenna terminals too and shows whether the station under inspection is overmodulating.

Then there is Sequerra's panoramic display, available only in the more costly version of the tuner. It has been written about at length in other places; briefly, it shows signal strength on its vertical axis, and frequency plus type of modulation (mono, stereo, stereo with SCA, etc., since each bears a specific spectral relationship to carrier frequency) along its horizontal axis. With the instructions in the operating manual, this display is edifying, and its presence prompts station managers and chief engineers to exemplary operation.

With this display we were able to see why two Boston-area stations pose reception problems. One occasionally overmodulates; the other pushes SCA modulation limits and thus degrades its stereo signal. But the Sequerra itself takes both of these conditions in stride, yielding clean audio from these stations where less sophisticated tuners cannot.

The CRT also shows audio, in a two- or four-channel vector mode—either that received via FM or that derived from the system's preamplifier signals. Thus, a four-channel scope is unnecessary if you have a Sequerra in your system, and that makes this tuner seem a bit less costly.

Other nice touches include complete Dolby-B decoding capability with appropriate de-emphasis, excellent no-noise muting, and extremely heavy-duty, modular construction. This means not only that the tuner will last (Sequerra warrants it for five years), but that it probably will never be superseded in performance as long as the company exists. New modules are to be sold to customers in exchange for old ones as the state of the art improves, making the unit just about obsolescence-proof.

Yamaha CT-7000. The Yamaha, too, avoids the usual variety of PLL stereo demodulator. It substitutes an original design using feedback stabilization in addition to phase locking. The upshot is the lowest distortion specified for an FM tuner, routinely less than 0.5% THD from 50 to 10,000 Hz, and normally less than 0.2%. Separation is in the same ballpark as the Sequerra's—i.e., far more than is really needed for adequate reconstruction of the original "stereo-stage" in the home. This performance is typical of the Yamaha—and in large part of other models used in preparing this article. Each is so good that comparison with its peers is largely a numbers game. The little audible performance differences (for example, in tuning to "problem" stations) that show up in comparing tuners a rung or two down the ladder generally disappear when you try to compare the best.

Unlike the Sequerra, which wears its technology on its sleeve, the CT-7000 is bred to sophisticated domesticity. The brushed-stainless look is a model of restraint. The only controls and displays visible are the tuning knob, power switch, tuning meters, and slide-rule dial. Other controls...
are hidden behind a hinged front panel: switches for panel lighting, audio mode, meter mode, and IF bandwidth; headphone and output level controls; and muting controls (both an on/off switch and a threshold adjustment).

Yamaha has a lot to crow about in this unit. Its distortion and separation performance are praiseworthy, as are its rejection of image frequencies, IF energy, and spurious signals generally—all immeasurably low with locally available instrumentation. But in addition to these specifications, there are such niceties as a really usable signal-strength meter calibrated in decibels. Unlike those on many other tuners, this one has enough range to indicate powerful signals while at the same time retaining enough sensitivity for pinpoint antenna rotation on weak ones.

The slide-rule dial is perfectly calibrated, making it possible to tune to nearly the exact center of a channel without the aid of meters, AFC, or acoustic clues. The headphone jack, with its own level control, will be a real aid to many and, although it seems unable to drive some phones to ear-shattering levels, high-impedance phones work fine.

The IF-bandwidth switch is a refinement that many companies are beginning to use. (Yamaha didn't originate it.) And, although we found the reception conditions that could unequivocally demonstrate its value to be relatively rare, it is good to have. It gives you the option of either a wide IF "window" for (theoretically, at least) maximum possible high-frequency response and lowest distortion or the conventional narrow bandpass for minimum adjacent-channel interference. SCA rejection is an excellent 70 dB plus; sensitivity is more than adequate, if not hyperthyroid; selectivity is good, and capture ratio fine.

The transient-free variable muting—with thresholds from 3 to about 30 microvolts—also is a significant convenience to the person who lives in the real world of many stations with varying signal strengths. Preset, unalterable muting can be an irritation; and to my mind Yamaha's solution is the correct one, especially as the muting circuit can be completely disabled for ultra-weak signal conditions.

The unique dynamic blend circuitry is worth a note of its own. With the auto-blend button in, blend is applied only as stations drop below certain signal-strength thresholds. Thus, the blend is applied only when needed—when the signals are too weak to mask the noise. This pays off particularly when signal strength is fluctuating. And channel separation is good enough that, when the blend cuts in, it is rarely noticeable except as an improvement in signal-to-noise ratio. There is no audible high-frequency rolloff.

Withal, some problems can be found in the Yamaha. The unit uses a nondefeatable AFC system that is turned on or off by the touch of your hand on the tuning dial. With my particular sample I found that the already-low distortion could be made even lower by detuning slightly—something the AFC prevents as soon as your hand leaves the tuning knob. As in cheaper units (with, generally, far higher distortion) the AFC therefore appears to inhibit best-possible distortion performance. This simply is too good a tuner for standard AFC, and I understand that Yamaha is adding an AFC-defeat switch to later CT-7000s.

Pressing one of the front-panel pushbuttons induces the signal-strength meter to give a reading of signal strength minus any multipath. The user may therefore make a direct comparison (via the S/S-M switch) between received signal strength and signal-minus-multipath; the farther the needle drops when the meter is switched to the latter, the greater the multipath. We weren't able to get much action from the S-M function. Some other tuners—notably those with single-purpose multipath meters—are far more sensitive to multipath conditions. And scope displays not only are sensitive indicators, but also are capable of giving more raw data about the nature of the multipath signal. Conclusion: Yamaha's signal-minus-multipath metering is better than no multipath metering at all but not as useful as it might have been.

Finally, Yamaha may have carried its clean look a bit far. The brushed-metal appearance of the front panel is repeated in the meters. The minimal

Meter calibrations light up in green. Left-hand meter shows signal strength, or signal minus multipath; antenna is tuned for minimum difference between these two readings.
contrast makes them somewhat hard to read in average illumination. When the panel illumination is turned on, the meters' scales are back-lit, and I find the needles even harder to see. Your thoughts on this point presumably will vary with your room's illumination.

Scott T-33S. The T-33S is a digital tuner. That is, it makes use of a frequency synthesizer and digital counter circuitry to "tune" to an FM channel and display its frequency on a four-digit readout. This is Scott's second digital tuner and includes low-distortion phase-locked-loop demodulation and other features not developed in time for its predecessor (Model 433).

Thus, there are no tuning knobs or dials, no channel-center meter or display, as they would be redundant. The synthesizer/counter tunes to within a tighter tolerance than the FCC imposes on broadcasters (± 100 Hz). There are simple pushbuttons for all functions, a meter for signal strength and one for multipath indication, and illuminated tuning-mode annunciators. The "memory mode" works with a card-tuning feature similar to those in the older Scott and the Heath AF-1510A.

The easiest and fastest way to tune the T-33S is to thrust one of the supplied tuning cards into the slot in the front panel. Click; you're on the station. Check the multipath meter, align the antenna, and that's all. No doubt or ambiguity.

If you are new in town and haven't prepared a set of station cards yet, you can set the tuner to seek stations, or only stereo stations, automatically. There will be a moment of silence followed by a clean transition to sound and the lighting of the appropriate indicators. If you are trying for long-distance reception, you may want to move channel by channel; the Scott allows that too.

Perhaps because of its extremely accurate tuning, the Scott repeatedly logged one or two more stations than any of the others tested (though the weakest were noisy), and, in one case of atmospheric cooperation, it logged a station 320 miles away—in stereo! With other tuners, such a weak station might slip past you.

Viewed head-on, the front panel is all brushed aluminum and black, with rectangular, thumb-sized pushbuttons: cleanest of the clean-lookers. The T-33S's appearance, its easy, accurate tuning, and its high sensitivity are complemented by an excellent multipath meter that is almost as much help as a CRT.

But the digital design exacts a price. For example, the time required to scan up and down the FM band (the scan is, mercifully, bidirectional) can be lengthy at the rate of five channels per second—especially as the Scott is wired to stop on both European and U.S. channels—every 100 kHz, instead of every 200 kHz. This, of course, is no problem in scanning for stations or for stereo stations only; and with the instant-tuning, memory-card feature, this can hardly be called a serious fault.

Incidentally, the instruction manual seems to have been written more to conceal than to reveal this tuner's features—and in three languages at that.
Accuphase T-100. In contrast, the manual for the Accuphase T-100 includes a calibration chart for the signal-strength meter. The millenium is come! The chart tells not only how much meter deflection corresponds to a given RF input, but also how much quieting to expect for that input. It is possible to achieve the same result with the Yamaha's meter, which uses a decibel scale, but no mention is made of this in the CT-7000's instruction manual, and you must compute the data for yourself from the manufacturer's graphs.

The T-100's styling is anything but exotic. It has a straightforward slide-rule dial, tuning knob, and meters for signal strength and channel center on a brushed-chrome faceplate together with annunciator lights for a few key functions. Pushbuttons set the tuner for local or distant AM and for FM mode (automatic stereo switching or mono only).

Running the width of the faceplate is a black anodized panel concealing a multipath meter, AM and FM level controls, muting controls (both on/off and threshold-adjust), a multiplex-filter switch, and a dial-light dimmer. Adjustable dial lights seem to be the "in" feature this year.

The multipath meter is one of the best. It is very, very sensitive and is the only such meter in my experience that comes close to beating an oscilloscope for tuning out multipath.

The T-100 is quiet—perhaps the quietest of the five—and has the excellent SCA rejection and low distortion that one expects in this class of equipment. Easily in the Sequerra or Yamaha class, it uses a PLL demodulator and achieves excellent distortion and separation figures. Separation often exceeds 50 dB, even at the extremes of the audio band.

Obviously, though the Accuphase is closer to the bottom than the top of the five models' price scale, it is among the best in performance. There are some cavils, however. The muting circuit works, but—as in most of today's phase-locked-loop FM tuners—there is a lag between the moment the tuner is set to a channel and the time the audio appears at the output jacks. There is less of this lag, perhaps, with the Accuphase; if you tune rapidly from one end of the dial to the other, you may hear chirps as you pass stations. Their level isn't high enough to endanger your speakers, but they do seem inelegant in a unit of such quality whose competitors generally are chirp-free.

The operation of the front-panel "multiplex-filter" switch isn't made clear in the manual. It does reduce distortion, but it would be interesting to know whether—as in some tuners—high-frequency response really is filtered a bit at the same time. The filtering, if it is there, is inaudible.

All in all, the Accuphase T-100 is a deceptively simple-looking tuner. It is capable of very high performance. If you need front-panel headphone jacks, digital readouts, silky-quiet muting, and Dolby reception, you won't find them here. On the other hand, if you want quieting and distortion figures in a class with units costing much more, and a signal-to-noise ratio equal to or better than more costly tuners, the T-100 may be your choice.

Marantz Model 150. So far as the word applies in this price class, the Marantz Model 150 may be considered a "bargain." It offers very good performance coupled with a list of features that are a welcome surprise even at $600.

The front panel is formula-Marantz brushed gold. At opposite ends of a slide-rule dial for FM and AM are an oscilloscope screen and the company's Gyro-Touch tuning wheel. Below are clusters of pushbuttons controlling scope functions (the left-hand six), receiving mode (the right-hand six), and Dolby-FM de-emphasis and stereo-only reception (the middle two).

Signal-to-noise figures and distortion are just a shade poorer than those of the Sequerra, Yamaha, and Accuphase. The differences run only to about
able letter to Dr. Jenkins. A translation was printed in 1931 in The New York Times. However, the original—together with other documents related to Wagner’s emigration plans—disappeared mysteriously from the apartment of the grandson of Dr. Jenkins, the well-known musicologist and conductor, Newell Jenkins.

Fortunately, a reproduction of the letter was included in Reminiscences, which Dr. Jenkins wrote for his children and grandchildren and had privately printed. Although the plates were destroyed, a single copy of the book remained in the possession of Newell Jenkins. Because of his kind cooperation, we can offer here—for the first time—proof of the authenticity of the letter in a reproduction of Wagner’s handwriting.
And here is a translation:

Dear and much esteemed friend:

It seems to me as if, in my hopes regarding Germany and her future, my patience would very soon be exhausted and that I might then regret not having long ago confided the seeds of my artistic ideas to a more fruitful and promising soil.

I do not regard it as impossible that I decide to emigrate forever to America with my latest work and my entire family. For this, since I am no longer young, considerable advances from across the ocean would be necessary. An association would have to be formed that would offer me, upon condition of my permanent settlement there and as a onetime payment for all my exertions, a sum of one million dollars, of which half would be placed at my disposal upon taking up my residence in some state of the Union with favorable climate, the other half being invested as capital in a government bank at 5%. Thus would America have bought me from Europe for all time. Furthermore, the association would have to furnish funds for the annual Festival performances, in which I should gradually bring all my works in model form upon the stage. These would begin immediately with the first performance of my most recent work, Parsifal, which up to that time I should allow to be given nowhere else. All results of future labors on my part, whether in directing of performances or as creative artist, would, by reason of the sum made over to me, belong for all time and without further compensation to the American nation.

Now I remember that on your last visit here, in friendly enthusiasm, you offered to assist me in case I should ever wish to make a so-called artist's tour in America. You will therefore find it natural that I should turn to you and to no one else to explain my very much more far-reaching plan. A mere artist's tour, to make so-and-so much money by giving concerts and then return to Germany, would never be a thing for me. Only a permanent emigration could have any significance for me!

Kindly take a little counsel with yourself in regard to this matter and, if it impresses you favorably, give me your opinion!

In greatest friendship,
yours faithfully,
Richard Wagner
February 8, 1880
Naples, Villa Angri, Posilipo

In order to get an expert opinion on "whether the soil was ready" for such a massive transplant project, Dr. Jenkins sent a translation of the letter to John Sullivan Dwight, the musical sage of Boston and founder and editor of Dwight's Musical Journal. Dwight, who was anything but a Wagnerite, nevertheless acted discreetly and correctly. He answered Jenkins, "I find that it affects almost everyone who has read it, even those most inclined to Wagnerism, as an extraordinary and almost insane proposal."

Dwight suggested that he consult Theodore Thomas, who knew the musical situation in the U.S. and was a proponent of Wagner's music. Dr. Jenkins tried in vain to get in touch with Thomas. He consulted instead the American ambassador in Berlin and other friends. The consensus was that the plan was not feasible, for both artistic and financial reasons. Besides, rumors of the letter had spread, and Dwight was asked to return Jenkins' translation to the sender. (This document has disappeared as well.)

Dr. Jenkins tactfully and gradually dissuaded Wagner from his plan. He wrote in Reminiscences, "We went to Constantinople by way of Naples expressly to talk with him [Wagner] and Cosima and found they were so full of illusions as to the conditions in America that arguments against this plan

had no force. During the next year, however, it was possible, through the aid of a few of the great "Meister's" friends and enemies in America, to make it plain that the place for his great triumph was in his own country and among his own people, and I rejoice that that end was attained without a cloud resting upon our friendship."

By October 1880, Wagner's situation in Bayreuth had improved. On October 1, he wrote to Friedrich Feustel, "Something—so I believe—will come of our Bayreuth after all. To be brief: 1) I shall keep Parsifal wholly and exclusively for Bayreuth; 2) There are to be annual performances, with entrance allowed to anybody (but at high prices!); 3) The patronage fund will serve as capital for the undertaking. I shall be obliged to relinquish all profits for myself, as I shall not even publish the score of Parsifal. I must therefore look elsewhere for my own needs. Five months in North America (September 1881 to April 1882) ought to give me an independent livelihood."

Parsifal had its first performance in Bayreuth on July 26, 1882, and on February 13, 1883, Wagner died in Venice.

One fascinating and unanswered question remains: Who had such an abiding interest in the Wagner-Jenkins letters that he got hold of them and made them disappear?
Other Composers’ Plans to Come to the U.S.

The American Dream attracted many noted European musicians, but it remained only a dream.

by Irving Lowens

You might say that the Curtis Institute could have been “the Mannheim School.” The time was the late 1770s, the place was Paris. Benjamin Franklin received a visit from Carl Philipp Stamitz, son and pupil of the great Johann Stamitz of Mannheim and himself a noted virtuoso on the viola and viola d’amore, although he was still in his early twenties. Should he seek his fortune in the New World, Stamitz asked? We do not know Dr. Franklin’s answer, but, if he urged the musician to emigrate, he wasn’t eloquent enough. Instead, Carl toured the Continent, traveling widely in Germany, Russia, and Austria, living for a while in Nuremberg and Kassel, and ending his career in Jena in 1801 with some eighty symphonies and assorted other works to his credit. Who knows what would have happened had he settled in Philadelphia?

Stamitz was by no means the only prominent European composer who considered moving to this hemisphere. In 1816, one of Haydn’s favorite pupils, Sigismund Neukomm, actually landed in Rio de Janeiro as Emperor Dom Pedro’s court music director. Undoubtedly he would have stayed in Brazil all his life had not the Revolution of 1821 chased both him and his royal master back to Portugal.

It is not quite so well known that Chopin too at one time was determined to abandon the Old World for the New. The idea seems to have blossomed in his mind in 1832, shortly after his arrival in Paris. The twenty-two-year-old Polish exile was penniless, pessimistic about future prospects, and depressed by the political situation in his homeland. He wrote to his family for advice, causing a near panic in the household, and then refused to accept the advice that he got. His father thought the contemplated trip was sheer madness, but Chopin nevertheless made preparations to leave Europe and even drafted a farewell letter. Then, at the last moment, he changed his mind. He had revealed his decision to a friend, Prince Valentin Radziwill, and the astounded nobleman concocted a plan to keep Chopin in Paris, persuading him to attend a fashionable soirée at the Rothschild mansion. In the congenial atmosphere of the salon, among compatriots and acquaintances, Chopin’s spirits rose and he gave an exceptionally good account of himself at the piano. A few tactful words from Radziwill to certain powerful figures present did the trick. Chopin was overwhelmed by requests for lessons (the Baroness de Rothschild herself was the first applicant), and from that moment on his future was assured. America was forgotten—unless, along with Professor John H. Baron of Tulane University, you consider Chopin’s dedication of the Op. 7 Mazurkas in 1832 to “M. Johns de Nouvelle-Orléans” an indirect reference to that curious incident.

Altogether, America seems to have been very popular among early nineteenth-century composers, thanks in large part to the writings of James Fenimore Cooper, whose celebrity rivaled that of Sir Walter Scott. The very last letter that Franz Schubert wrote, exactly a week before his death on November 19, 1828, was to his friend Franz von Schober. “I am ill,” Schubert scribbled. “I have eaten nothing for eleven days and drunk nothing, and I totter feebly and shakily from my chair to bed and back again.... Be so kind, then, as to assist me in this desperate situation by means of literature. Of Cooper’s I have read The Last of the Mohicans, The Spy, The Pilot, and The Pioneers. If by any chance you have anything else of his, I implore you to deposit it with Frau von Bogner at the coffeehouse for me. My brother, who is conscientiousness itself, will most faithfully pass it on to me. Or anything else.” Poor Schubert—he read no more Cooper.

Berlioz and Mendelssohn were also Cooper fans. When Hector arrived in Leipzig on February 1, 1843, he found Felix hard at work in the Ge-
wandhaus rehearsing his newly revised Waldhursnight for its premiere the following day. The story goes that he was enormously impressed by what he heard and that, after the rehearsal was over, he asked Mendelssohn if he would make him a gift of the baton with which he had been conducting. Mendelssohn said he'd be happy to—if Berlioz would give him his in return. The next day, he received Berlioz' "heavy oak cudgel" with the following note:

To Big Chief Mendelssohn:
Great chief! We have promised to exchange tomahawks. Here is mine; it is roughhewn, yours too is plain. Only squaws and palefaces like ornate weapons. Be my brother; and when the Great Spirit sends us to hunt in the Land of Souls, may our warriors hang our tomahawks side by side at the door of the Council Chamber.

Exactly what Felix thought of this odd communication has not been recorded, but his sister Fanny left the clear impression that her brother thought the French composer was slightly dotty.

A few years later, Mendelssohn was asked to cross the Atlantic to conduct the then three-year-old New York Philharmonic in several performances for the sum of $5,000, an enormous fee in those days. He was greatly tempted. "I recently received an invitation to a music festival which flattered me so much that I even look flattered since then.... To New York, it is.... What a pity that for me it is as impossible as a trip to the moon," he wrote to his brother Paul early in 1845.

At the moment, his son Felix was seriously ill. And, as he wrote to Ureli Corelli Hill on January 30, 1845, in reply to the Philharmonic's offer, "my health has seriously suffered during the last year, and a journey like that to your country which I would have been most happy to undertake some three or four years ago is at present beyond my reach. Even the shorter trips which I used to make to England or the South of Germany have become too fatiguing to me, and it will require a few years' perfect rest before I shall again be able to undertake the direction of a musical festival even in my own country. I need not tell you how much I regret to find it utterly impossible to come and to thank you in person for all the kindness and friendship which your letter contains."

I cannot help wondering how Mendelssohn would have felt about the matter had he known that he was not the Philharmonic's first choice to lead the New York festival. Louis Spohr was the big prize that Hill was gunning for. According to Spohr's Autobiography (a section completed by his wife and other members of his family after his death, it is true), the great man had "received an invitation to a grand musical festival at New York—the first from that side of the ocean, to the direction of which he had been unanimously selected at a general meeting of the society of music of that city, 'as the first of all living composers and directors of music.' There were to be two performances of sacred and two of secular music, and above all his oratorio of the Fall of Babylon—'the fame of which had spread from England to the New World'—was to take precedence. Although such a proposal might have had great attractions for Spohr, and have yet more incited his constant love of travel, and although in New York he would have moreover the pleasure of seeing again his daughter Emily, who with her husband and child had emigrated there some years before, yet he soon made up his mind to decline it." Instead he opted to conduct at Bonn.

Of course, Johann Strauss, Offenbach, Tchaikovsky, and Dvořák all spent some time in this country, and Rimsky-Korsakov paid a visit when he was a midshipman in the Russian navy. But as a particularly piquant example of American hospitality spurned, one might cite Edvard Grieg's answer (in quaint and charming English) to Edward MacDowell's request for permission to dedicate his Norse Sonata to the Norwegian composer. In that letter, on October 26, 1899, Grieg wrote, "Of course it will be a great honor and pleasure for me to accept your dedication. Some years ago I thought it possible to shake hands with you in your own country. But unfortunately my delicate health does not seem to agree. At all events, if we are not to meet, I am glad to read in the papers of your artistical success in Amerika."

Grieg was always being pestered by American impresarios to cross the ocean, and it is not at all sure that it was entirely his "delicate health" that was the main stumbling block. One such invitation came from R.E. Johnston of New York in the spring of 1907, and the composer's reply, dated May 16 of that year, was published for all to read in Musical America. He began in characteristic fashion: "I have been obliged to refuse all invitations to visit America because of my delicate health, and now I am growing old. I am afraid it will be too late." Then came the clincher: "Still, if you are able to make me the following proposal: 30 concerts within about three months at $2,500 per concert. Deposition delivered to C.F. Peters, editor of music in Leipzig, before my leaving Europe. Accompaniment by your manager. All expenses for three persons from Europe and back again paid. Then I will consider the matter."

Johnston did not consider this a sound business proposition.

To another American who begged Grieg to come to the U.S., he said he would do so if he could get a guarantee that the Atlantic would behave itself. "But it must be a written guarantee," he added, thus going his distant countryman, King Canute, one better. After all, Canute merely commanded the waves to stand still!
What's Next for Goddard Lieberson?

The recently retired head of Columbia Records has plenty of memories and plans.

IT IS NOT TRUE that Goddard Lieberson invented the phonograph record. Even laterally cut grooves were already standard when he signed on as an assistant producer in the Masterworks Department of Columbia Records in 1939 at $50 a week. But he came pretty close to inventing the Columbia Records label as we know it—the eclectic mix of classical, contemporary, and kitsch, authentic and reconstructed folk, Broadway, jazz, and youth-oriented pop. The list of works Lieberson was the first to record runs from Mahler’s Second Symphony, Debussy’s Sonata for Flute, Harp, and Viola, Schoenberg’s Pierrot lunaire, and Berg’s Wozzeck to “The Yellow Rose of Texas” and Kiss Me Kate, the first Broadway show to be purchased from score, long before the opening, for an “original cast recording.”

Commercially, the decision to make the record company a co-venturer with the producers of Kiss Me Kate was probably the most important in his career. From here it was only a short haul to making Columbia the sole investor in a Broadway musical, a proposition Lieberson sold to William S. Paley of CBS for a property ultimately entitled My Fair Lady. “At that time,” he recalled recently, “it was known as London Bridge. Nobody liked the title My Fair Lady, either—titles get good with usage. We weren’t all that confident about any of it. I remember saying to Paley, ‘If worst comes to worst, let’s get a commitment from Rex Harrison to do Pygmalion on television, as a backup.’ ”

The LP of the original cast of My Fair Lady has sold more than six million copies; the total profits from the record, the multiyear Broadway run, the foreign rights, and the movie rights have yielded CBS a sum in the tens of millions of dollars. The rewards to Lieberson from this and other decisions included the presidency not just of the record company, but of a CBS division, a seat on the CBS board of directors, and—last June—a cheerful retirement at age sixty-four.

Some years ago, I stupidly asked Igor Stravinsky how it felt to have outlived all his enemies, to have progressed from the status of an enfant terrible who could scarcely draw a breath without causing outrage to the status of a universally acknowledged master of musical composition. “You don’t understand,” Stravinsky said with remarkable patience. “Many of my contemporaries do seem to have aged; I can see that. But I am still twenty years old.” Not only is Lieberson twenty years old, but he almost looks it—there are some gray hairs but no wrinkles, and he is still very much the lean, elegant, graceful figure of a quarter of a century ago. He seems to have lost none of his capacity for enjoying himself and none of his irreverence.

Asked about his project that recorded dozens of pieces of contemporary American chamber music back in the 1950s, Lieberson responded enthusiastically that he still thinks it was one of the most valuable things he did at Columbia: “It cleared the air. A lot of people... had been known as composers, but nobody had ever heard their music—the project revealed that they weren’t.”
As a young recording director, Lieberson ran sessions for Bela Bartok and Egon Petri and Ezio Pinza. He made records with the Chicago Symphony under Stock, the Cleveland under Rodzinski, the Pittsburgh under Reiner, the Minneapolis under Mitropoulos—as well as the Philadelphia with Ormandy, the American Youth Symphony ("a very good orchestra") with Stokowski, the New York Philharmonic with Walter, and several different groups with Beecham. He made recordings on-stage at the old Metropolitan Opera, where he learned, among other things, about theatrical unionism: "I caused a horror. I brought over a chair on-stage so Bidu Sayão could sit down, and the stagehands' union made an outcry." With the leverage a record company has, he persuaded a reluctant Edward Johnson to sign a young cantor named Richard Tucker to sing at the Met, and Tucker became a Columbia artist for life.

A recording director in those days needed skills rather different from those required now. The first of them was to find logical "breaks" between the sections of a long piece, because each twelve-inch 78-rpm disc could hold only about four and a half minutes of music. Each four-and-a-half minute section would have to be recorded in a separate take. Artists did not necessarily think of their performances in pieces of that length, and planning the takes in sections with which they were comfortable could be time-consuming.

Lieberson remembers Reiner conducting Strauss's Don Quixote, the two men sitting silently in a living room, so that Lieberson could mark the times on his score. When they went into the studio, the stopwatch for the performance exactly matched the figures for the dry run. "Reiner," he says, "was on the button." By contrast, Mitropoulos would go over the score with Lieberson, tell him what the timings would be, and "miss by a mile—if he said it was going to be four minutes and twenty seconds, it might be five minutes." Ormandy and Stokowski were almost in Reiner's class, the others somewhere in the middle.

Recording onto discs rather than tapes meant also that mistakes could not be corrected: If anybody dropped a note, the take had to be started again from the beginning. Later, when tape had made it possible for brief sections to be re-recorded and inserted (provided the conductor was capable of sustaining exactly the same tempo), a number of the veterans found it hard to use the new freedom and retained the habit of stopping the orchestra immediately when they heard something wrong. Lieberson remembers as one of his most startling moments in the booth a Budapest Quartet session, when one of the players made an obvious mistake and without pause all four segued into a Jewish folksong.

By no means did all the horseplay of those days come from the artists: Lieberson himself has the instincts of a prankster. On one occasion, shortly before Robert Casadesus was to come to approve a Debussy recording, he sat at the piano and had an engineer record his performance of the first bars of one of the preludes, ending the phrase with an A flat rather than an A, just to make sure. When he put the disc on the turntable for Casadesus, the Frenchman frowned, then looked frightened, and when the A flat arrived shouted "No, no, no, NO!"

On another occasion, Lily Pons came in to check the test pressing of a disc of one of the Queen of the Night arias, and for her listening pleasure Lieberson substituted the voice of Florence Foster Jenkins.

He recalls with some distaste the stop-and-start aspect of those early recording sessions, and with even more distaste the train trips to places like Minneapolis. But on balance he is prepared to argue that things were better than then: "It's been downhill all the way. The old acoustic piano recordings have never been bettered. When I came to Columbia, we had Liederkranz Hall, which was marvelous. My favorite orchestral recordings are still the ones we made with the single mike in Liederkranz Hall.

"I hate the multiple-mike, multiple-channel recordings we get these days: It takes the performance out of the hands of the conductor and gives it to the engineer. In my time, the conductor would hear the playback, and he'd say, 'I need more violins here,' and he'd go back into the studio and get the balance the way he wanted it. Now he comes to hear the playback, and he says to the recording director, 'Give me more flute here'—and the recording director does that after it's all over.

"Tape introduced superediting, which robs per-
Classical music and Broadway shows formed the twin pillars of Lieberson’s career with Columbia Records. Above, Lieberson and his wife, Vera Zorina, greeted Igor Stravinsky after a performance of some of the latter’s works in New York in 1957. At right, Irving Berlin joined Lieberson and cast members including Nanette Fabray and Robert Ryan (rear left and right) in the control booth during the original cast album recording of Berlin’s show, Mr. President, in 1962.

The artists whose work Lieberson seems to remember most affectionately are Bruno Walter and Dmitri Mitropoulos. “Walter was in love with music,” he says, “and with himself vis-à-vis music. I remember a playback when he suddenly turned around to me and said, ‘That’s Beethoven!’ He was always dwelling on his peculiar relationship with Mahler. I got deeply involved in his life, which was a terrible thing at the end. I got him a lawyer because he was so worried about what would happen after he died. Then his daughter Lotte died, and Lotte’s husband died, and there was nothing left. Walter’s records still sell enormously in Germany and Japan, while Toscanini doesn’t sell anywhere. Nobody knows why.

‘Mitropoulos is a greatly underestimated man today. He was the most courageous in his time in twelve-tone music—he played Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern with the New York Philharmonic when that still took a lot of courage. He was a pioneer in a tremendous way. He also did romantic things wonderfully, like Glazunov or the Polovtsian Dances.’

Lieberson’s initiative and courage put Pierrot lunaire on record in his first year with Columbia, but he would rather see the credit to go to Moses Smith, then the director of the Masterworks Division, who gave him the go-ahead. (“I don’t think [Edward] Wallerstein [then the president of Columbia Records] even knew about it.”) Smith, who had been a Boston newspaperman before becoming a record company executive, was willing to take Lieberson’s word for the transcendent importance of the music this new assistant wanted to record and could see the publicity value for a label that was still much less respected than RCA’s Victor. What Smith and Wallerstein required in return was that Lieberson “pay for” his more exotic output with the “bread and butter” repertoire recorded by Nelson Eddy, Risé Stevens, Lily Pons, and André Kostelanetz. Lieberson recalls, “Kostelanetz made album after album of Victor Herbert, who has practically disappeared—huge sellers, fifty or sixty thousand each. Now the pop best sellers go over three million.”

From the beginning, his strength was a business judgment so acute that his employers were willing to take him as he was rather than force him to maximize profits. If the man who pioneered the one-label record club as a way to distribute Columbia’s product wished to record the complete Stravinsky corpus with the composer conducting, well, the company was going to wind up ahead on the exchange. And a number of the ideas that the sales force considered nutty also proved out as big
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Evaluations of monitoring functions.
In the more than twenty test reports
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is devoted to the Sequerra's monitoring
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thing else around.” High Fidelity: “...so
superlative that (it) can, with justice, be
called ‘best.”’ Stereo Review: “...may be a
godsend...if it won't do the job, nothing
else will...” Radio-Electronics: “$2500:
it's worth the price! ...masterpiece.” Abso-
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money-makers—Hear It Now, The Confederacy, The Union, etc. It was understandable that a man who was a composer himself (and a novelist too, for one book) would “take the position that it’s easier to make a businessman out of a musician than a musician out of a businessman” and would hire the crazy oboist Mitch Miller rather than some veteran of the music publishing business to be the artists and repertory director of the pops division. “I wanted the whole company to concern itself with a&k,” Lieberson says. “That’s what the business was.”

One of the few things Columbia did not do under Lieberson’s administration was standard opera. “In the early days, if you really wanted opera, you had to have a large stable of people, because singers signed exclusive contracts,” he explains. “Opera has—not to make a pun—a very vocal audience, but not a very large one. To get off the hook, you need international sales. The operas we recorded we did for musical reasons: Wozzeck, the Dreigroschenoper and some other early Weill, The Rake’s Progress, the main parts of Boris with Pinza, in Italian, of course.” And there were the early Noah Greenberg recordings, starting with Ebreo of Mantua, Monteverdi’s Jewish friend, the quarter-tone Gesualdo (at Stravinsky’s urging), Robert Craft conducting a vocal group that included the young Marilyn Horne.

Even after his exaltation to the executive level, Lieberson says, “I always looked over the repertory. To me, the essential thing in the record was the product, not whether it was laminated or 33½ or any of that stuff. And when you talk about the product, you’re talking about the music, not about the performance. The important thing in the world is the creation. One page of Beethoven is worth twenty performances, and any performer who’s worth anything believes that, too.” Hence the complete Stravinsky and the complete Copland, each supervised by the composer, the dozens of discs in the American Chamber Music Series, the recent series presenting music by black composers, the very early series of composers playing their own works. For perhaps the most important function of the recording medium is the establishment of the performing tradition of a piece, as heard by its creator.

After his successor Clive Davis caught the attention of various law-enforcement agencies, Lieberson took over the presidency once again and assumed direct relations with the world of rock music. He got along there, too. He says, “It’s a funny combination of black music, and English influence. Chuck Berry exported black music to England, and when they brought it back to us as rock they even sang with American accents. I haven’t had any trouble. I’ve always liked popular music, and a lot of the rock musicians I meet I find really want to be cultured.”

Through the years of his corporate responsibility, Lieberson had continued to produce personally one kind of album: the Broadway show. His first official act on reassuming control of the record company was the purchase and production of Stephen Sondheim’s A Little Night Music (“which had gone begging,” he says disapprovingly). And almost his last service for Columbia was the recording of A Chorus Line, which he did, as always, with gusto and thoroughness: “I saw the show four times. I sat in the pit with the orchestra while they played it. These things take preparation.”

On the long wall of the magnificent corner office Lieberson gave up when he retired, he kept a collection of several dozen autographed photographs, ranging from Albert Schweitzer to Groucho Marx. Among them were the young Stravinsky (Lieberson made his first U.S. recordings in 1940 and was the first American ever to pay copyright royalties on the three great ballets that had fallen into public domain for failure of either the Czarist or Soviet government to ratify the copyright treaties); Edith Sitwell, who spoke her poems for a Lieberson recording of her and William Walton’s Façade a generation ago; Paul Hindemith, Francis Poulenc, Virgil Thomson, and Aaron Copland; Noel Coward; Gertrude Schoenberg on the day of her wedding to the composer (“I became very good friends with all these women who were supposed to be such dragons”).

Then in June he packed away his effects and rented an office for his personal use a block away, in a penthouse on East Fifty-third Street. On his desk he still has his old sign reading “Scrooge & Marley, Bankers” pour encourager les autres plus a silver plate presented at a lunch in London this year by the British publication Music Week to: “Goddard Lieberson, in recognition of all he has done for all kinds of music on and off records, in and out of the industry, in every country in the world.”

Nobody has ever left the record business with more friends or more admirers—or more curiosity about what will catch his fancy next. He is unlikely to be inactive. He is chairman of the Hopkins Center at Dartmouth. There remains a single strand of the umbilical cord to CBS through membership on the board of the CBS Foundation. Half a dozen publishers are begging him for his memoirs. And he is preparing a TV special commemorating the centenary of recordings in 1977.

But as Lieberson retired, what he was looking forward to most was an unbroken summer in Santa Fe with his wife, Brigitta, the former dancer and actress Vera Zorina. As always, he was putting first things first, which means he will get the second things done too.

DECEMBER 1975
Philips’ I Masnadieri with Caballé and Bergonzi provides further proof that proper evaluation depends on an adequate performance.

A New Standard for “Verdi Revival” Recordings

by Andrew Porter

It took me a long time to get through Philips’ recording of I Masnadieri, for—like the audience at Her Majesty’s where, in 1847, the opera had its first performance—I kept wanting encores. The Victorians were not given quite all the encores they asked for; for example, Jenny Lind, knowing how much was still to come, did not repeat her entrance cavatina, “Lo sguardo avea degli angeli,” although (according to an account of the evening by Emanuele Muzio, Verdi’s young companion and assistant) the house clamored to hear the piece again.

On this first commercial recording of the opera, Montserrat Caballé sings “Lo sguardo” so exquisitely that any lover of fine vocalism is likely to feel impelled, after a burst of mental applause, to put the needle back and enjoy a bis before proceeding with the opera. I found that I was “calling for”—and awarding myself—bis after bis before getting to the end: sometimes because the singing is so good, sometimes because Verdi’s inventions are so interesting that a second and then on occasion a third hearing...
I Masnadieri continued

become imperative (as Muzio remarked of Francesco’s dream in Act IV, “the number needs to be heard several times to reveal all its beauties”), sometimes for both reasons.

Any Verdiian knows that the nicest judgments, reached after studying the score and hearing such productions as have come the writer’s way, can be disturbed and even overturned by a particular performance. And although all commentators agree that I Masnadieri is an uneven piece (“a noble and sincere work with moments of genuine greatness” is Julian Budden’s summing-up, in the essay that accompanies the set), few of them agree about which passages to praise and which to damn. One soprano can suddenly make eloquent an air that has hitherto seemed mechanical and cold.

And much depends on theatrical context. When I heard Riccardo Muti conduct I Masnadieri in Florence five years ago, those brigands’ choruses that Charles Osborne dismisses as “worthless” and Budden deems “undistinguished” made a great effect. So did Francesco’s sogno—a vision of the Last Judgment—a number that Osborne praises for its “brilliance and dramatic power” but Francis Toye finds “decidedly conventional and effective only in a mechanical way”.

The moral—it can bear frequent stating in these days when Verdi studies sweep the campuses of the country but first-rate, uncut, stylistically pure stagings of the operas studied remain rare—is that value judgments on a Verdi score made without much experience of the work in the theater, and of its music brought to life by the voice and the acting of talented interpreters, can be at best but tentative and of limited application.

The moral is pointed by this Philips performance. Although the stage element is missing, and although not everything is ideal, the musical level attained by the singers, by the instrumental playing, and by Lamberto Gardelli’s direction is such as to prompt upward revision of previous judgments on the opera. My own were formed at the first modern revival of the piece, at the St. Pancras Festival in 1962, with Pauline Tinsley as its heroine; at the Florence Maggio Musicale the next year, a cruelly cut performance conducted by Gavazzeni, unmusically directed by Erwin Piscator; its revival under Muti; and Eve Queler’s concert version in Carnegie Hall earlier this year. This new version surpasses them all.

Of course, by Rigoletto standards there are things in I Masnadieri that can be regretted. It is a pity, for example, that when the soprano and tenor meet at last they break into a C-major circus tune. (Yet even this could be given, if not distinction, at any rate singularity by observing the sudden drop to p after the first measure of ff, con entusiasmo outburst.) It is a pity that, in his reduction of Schiller’s extravagantly romantic play Die Räuber, Maffei should on occasion have brought extravagant romanticism so close to absurdity. But the regrets are outweighed by the rewards.

I Masnadieri, Verdi’s eleventh opera, was his first to a non-Italian commission. For London he considered a King Lear, then an Il Corsaro after Byron. Then he began work on I Masnadieri and Macbeth, interested in those subjects by Maffei, the translator of Schiller and of the Shakespeare-Schiller Macbeth. I Masnadieri was begun first but then set aside while Macbeth was completed for Florence. (In Florence, there was no leading tenor, but an excellent baritone; in London, there was Jenny Lind, hardly a Lady Macbeth in temperament.) We are told—in fact, Verdi himself said—that much of I Masnadieri was composed before the opera was definitely assigned to London. On the other hand everyone has noted how carefully the heroine’s music is, from the start, tailored to Lind’s special talents. The last two acts certainly reflect the “Macbeth experience.” There are no more arias, but a long recitativo, a racconto, and that sogno, which is Verdi’s longest monologue; and in general there is a new boldness in the handling of forms.

By all accounts, the first performance was received with exceptional enthusiasm; however, when Queen Victoria got back to Buckingham Palace that night (it was a command performance), she wrote in her diary that:

the music is very inferior & commonplace. Lablache acted the part of Maximilian Moor, in which he looked fine, but too fat for the starved old man. Gordon acted the part of Carlo Moor & was beautifully dressed. Lind sang & acted most exquisitely as Amalia & looked very well & attractive in her several dresses. She was immensely applauded.

That I Masnadieri did not become a popular success is a matter of history. Budden suggests that “its various assets tended to work against each other.” The plot is strong, but Maffei’s dramaturgy is gauche. (The more pliant, biddable, and experienced Piave did a better job adapting Macbeth for the lyric stage.) The parts are carefully written to display the abilities of the singers, but each of them has a series of striking numbers to interpret rather than a memorable role to create.

Nevertheless, I Masnadieri is a milestone along Verdi’s dramatic progress: more accurately, perhaps, an alternative route, less direct than that taken by Macbeth, leading from Alzira and Attila to the middle-period masterpieces—a route with attractive backward glimpses as well as exciting prospects of the peaks ahead. The Philips performance under Lamberto Gardelli stresses the adventurous elements of dramatic declamation, sometimes forceful and sometimes lyrical; of form molded by, even determined by, narrative content and emotional progression; and of instrumental timbre as a dramatic force. In other words, it is a thoroughly “Verdian” performance.
The first soloist encountered is the cellist Norman Jones, enjoying that solo in the prelude which Verdi composed for his friend Alfredo Piatti, who led the cello section at Her Majesty’s; in the nineteenth century it would probably have been played with a richer use of portamento. Then the three principal singers are introduced in three arias.

The first Carlo Moor, Italo Gardoni, was twenty-six (so was Jenny Lind at the time). Almost the only thing that might be thought missing from Carlo Bergonzi’s performance is the dash of wildness, of reckless romanticism, that Carlo should possess (not so much a matter of maturity as of vocal temperament; Martinelli could show the quality, when it was needed, right to the end of his career). Bergonzi sings throughout with unfailing aplomb, in a ductile, effortlessly handled tenor of excellent and attractive quality. One enjoys his handling of the phrases and the movements of his voice. He is observant of the composer’s markings (except in that circus tune mentioned above). One of Verdi’s special devices in this opera is to mark swift, excitable music to be sung softly, to suggest agitation in an “inner” rather than an obvious way—a repeated pp in the stretta of the soprano/tenor duet, for example. And, more than most tenors who sing the role, Bergonzi has noticed that the rousing cabaletta of his entrance aria carries the indications sotto voce and pp.

There is, however, a certain lack of ardor in the interpretation: a certain amount of what might be called good singing in a generalized way rather than specific, imaginative utterance of the phrases. In the romanza “Di ladroni!” Bergonzi’s tone scarcely varies; one thinks of what a Martinelli would do in the matter of timbre at the characteristically Verdian change to the major at “ah cara vergine.” In the subsequent dialogue with Amalia, no tonal distinction is made between an “aside” that Amalia should certainly not hear (“May she never know to what monsters of the abyss I have bound myself!”) and the remarks addressed directly to her. Launching the giuramento of the Act III finale, Bergonzi is not really grandioso; here again one wants a Martinelli—or a Vickers. (Verdi’s first choice for the role had been Gaetano Fraschini, the tenore della maledizione famed for his forceful declamation in the Act II finale of Lucia.) But, all in all, Bergonzi gives an admirable and thoroughly enjoyable performance.

The wicked baritone, Francesco Moor, is the next to appear, with an introductory recitative that points to Iago, a broad andante that explodes into malice, and a Donizettian cabaletta in which Francesco looks forward to his triumph. All this Piero Cappuccilli handles superbly well—the finest, most vividly imagined piece of singing. I think, he has put on record. The sognu of Act IV is a shade less impressive; although the sound of the voice is as good as ever, he does not utter the words with much intensity.

Then comes Amalia’s “Lo sguardo,” already mentioned. Budden talks, in his book on Verdi, of “the frigid, jerky arabesques of the vocal line. . . . Only a few tiny motivic links save it from formlessness”—and Caballé makes of it something shapely and exquisite. Similarly, in the Act II duet with Francesco which Budden finds “disappointing” largely because “Verdi was not prepared to entrust to the Swedish nightingale the kind of idea that needs forceful delivery.” Caballé does deliver her first phrase very forcefully (nightingale or no, the passage is marked declamato)—and then (again as marked) adopts a dolce tone at the words “il mio diletto.”

Throughout the opera, she gives a model demonstration of the contrast and variety implied in—and more than implied in, specifically demanded by—Verdi’s dramatic writing. She displays the full Verdian eloquence of a large, strong, and beautiful soprano whose possessor fully appreciates the affecting powers of gentleness, sweetness, and purity. This is possibly the recording in which she is most completely in command of all her manifold vocal resources—the large, swelling phrase, fine-spun pianissimos, the soft, smoky timbre of pathos, spot-on coloratura—and most certain in her dramatic deployment of them. She knows about line. (On the single occasion when she omits an expressive slur, in the stretta of the duet with Francesco, the listener has a distinct sense of shock.)

In the first aria, Verdi simply wrote cadenza a più celer, leaving it for Lind to devise her own, and merely indicated the “parameters,” D above middle C and C above the staff. Caballé sings a very smooth, pure, delicate chromatic scale between them—an exquisite piece of vocalism.

Ruggiero Raimondi as Old Moor displays his excellent bass to some effect—to very impressive effect, I should say, in the broad phrases of his racconto (again marked declamato), though one wishes he would make more of the words. William Elvin, as the brigand Rolla, is the best of the comprimarii. As Pastor Moser, the most important of them, Maurizio Mazzieri produces too hooded a tone in music that needs to be delivered with the authoritative force of a Balthasar in La Favorite. Excellent, lively chorus. Clean, bright recording—the music seems to leap free of the speakers and fill the room with brilliant, fiery sound or with floating, exquisite vocal melody. The orchestral detail is clear; balance between voices and “pit” is first-rate. All in all, this Masnadieri sets a new standard for the “Verdi revival” recordings.

**VERDI: I Masnadieri.**

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<td>Ambrosian Singers, New Philharmonia Orchestra, Lamberto Gardelli, cond. [Erik Smith, prod.] PHILIPS 6703 064, $23.94 (three discs, manual sequence).</td>
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by Jim Gosa

Who Is Jim Hall?

His stunning new CTI disc with Chet Baker and Paul Desmond makes this impeccable guitarist's obscurity ever more astonishing.

Jim Hall is something of an underground legend. Admired by the jazz community, largely ignored by the public, the guitarist has quietly and determinedly pursued the perfection of his art for thirty-five years. Leonard Feather and Whitney Balliett have compared him to Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian in stature and influence. Paul Desmond compares him to Pablo Casals. Hall is an absolutely impeccable musician who combines enormous inventiveness and skill with ineffable grace and taste.

My first hearing of Jim Hall was in a tiny joint in Long Beach, California, playing in a group led by Chico Hamilton in the mid-'50s. Then, as now, he seemed incapable of playing anything other than the precisely right note at any given moment. Since Hamilton, he has worked with such diverse musical personalities as Jimmy Giuffre, Art Farmer, Sonny Rollins, and Ella Fitzgerald, as well as with the studio band for the Merv Griffin Show.

He is a quiet, self-deprecating, witty, warm, gentle man with a dedication and discipline bordering on genius. In an age in which the guitar is the prime instrument of musical expression, it amazes me that Hall has gone mostly unheralded in the world. But for that matter, I feel the same about Tal Farlow, George Van Eps, Johnny Smith, and Howard Roberts.

Flatly stated, "Concierto" is a superb album. The front line of Hall, Baker, and Desmond creates the kind of subtle intensity and stunning interplay of those Mulligan/Baker collaborations of a generation ago. Meanwhile, the rhythm section of Hanna, Carter, and Gadd provides every harmonic and rhythmic accent and nuance that could be coaxed from a munificent Providence.

The album title comes from Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo's Concierto de Aranjuez, one of the most popular pieces in contemporary classical literature. First introduced to jazz in the Miles Davis-Gil Evans masterpiece, "Sketches of Spain," it has been heard in several jazz interpretations since. This performance, nearly twenty minutes long, is magnificent from start to finish. Desmond's entrance in the first statement of the melody is in itself worth the price of the recording.

I urge you to cancel all appointments and rush to your nearest record store for this album. It is, as Feather states in the liner notes, a thing of "unalloyed beauty."

To producer Creed Taylor, my heartiest thanks. To Jim Hall and his cohorts, my absolute admiration.

**JIM HALL**: Concierto. Jim Hall, guitar; Chet Baker, trumpet; Paul Desmond, saxophone; Roland Hanna, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Steve Gadd, drums. You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; Two's Blues; The Answer Is Yes; Concierto de Aranjuez. [Creed Taylor, prod.] CTI 6060, $6.98. Tape: CTC 6060, CT8 6060, $7.98.
Musical Life in Old Hungary

Hungaroton's anthology uncovers a rich treasure of pre-Haydn works.

ROMANTIC MUSICAL HISTORIOGRAPHY, as well as our popular musical literature today, concentrates on the heroes of the past, and countries outside the Italian-German-French mainline are usually treated in appendixlike afterthoughts. It stands to reason that music in Poland and Hungary and Yugoslavia did not start with Chopin and Liszt, and indeed all of these countries have not only their rich treasure of folksong, but a remarkable history of art music.

Hungaroton's interesting and informative new three-disc anthology of music in Hungary from the Middle Ages to Haydn demonstrates that the Eastern marches of Europe were not isolated from the West, that the kings of Hungary, the princes of Transylvania, and the high clergy and aristocracy maintained brilliant courts in which many of the famous musicians of the West mingled with native artists. A representative list of the foreign masters active at these courts has been selected, beginning with the famous troubadour Peire Vidal and the mastersinger Oswald von Wolkenstein. The scintillating court of King Matthias I (1440-90) counted such celebrities as Jacob Barbireau and perhaps Willaert, while Louis II entertained Thomas Stoltzer, who probably perished with his king when Hungary was overrun by the Turks in 1526. Among the later residents we find Sigismund Kusser, Gregorius Werner, Albrechtsberger (Haydn's predecessor at Esterhaz), and of course the Haydn brothers.

The Hungarian composers of the Renaissance and baroque eras are not in this prestigious class, but they are nevertheless interesting. At least one of them, the lutenist Valentin Bakfark (1507-78), acquired European fame, and his highly regarded and influential works (two of which are recorded here) were published in sumptuous editions. I should like to mention also the haunting beauty of a lute song by Sebastian Tinodi (1505-56), which shows the roots of Bartók's art.

If much of this anthology has primarily historical interest, none of the pieces is without value. Some are made known for the first time, and some are genuine masterpieces. Thomas Stoltzer's two psalm settings are substantial works by a great master of the Josquin/Senfl era. There is a fine piece lamenting the fate of Hungary under Turkish yoke by an unknown Polish composer (c. 1558), and Goudimel's noble Fifty-second Psalm is handsomely performed. A very good piece comes from Andreas Hammerschmidt (1641). The many dances variously called ungarosca, all'ongarese, Heyducken Tanz, etc., which intrigued musicians from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, are well represented. Of the harpsichord works, I might single out Poglietti's Toccat on the Hungarian Rebellion (c. 1670), an imaginative piece extremely well played by Zsuzsa Pertis. A real sleeper is Matteo Simonelli (1618-96). You will look for him in vain in Grove's—or any other dictionary—but he must have been a good composer, because the Kyrie from his Mass, Buda expurgata (the relief of Buda from the Turks, 1686), is an impressive piece in the stile gravis. Kusser, of Hamburg fame, a native of Hungary, was an important intermediary between Lully and the rest of Europe. His orchestral suite (1682) performed here is a well-made example of this Gallicized European style. Gregorius Werner appears with excerpts from his cantata Hiftenlied. More a sort of genial potpourri than a cantata, it offers the typical Austrian mixture of the popular with the learned, folksong with counterpoint, that reaches its apogee in The Magic Flute and The Seasons. A recitative and aria from Michael Haydn's cantata The Merry Reunion also shares this character but is better organized. The final number shows Joseph Haydn in the role of Sousa, but his Hungarian National March is neither martial nor particularly Hungarian; it breathes the spirit of the divertimento.

The performances are without exception admirable. The members of the Musica Antiqua Ensemble handle the old instruments flawlessly and in tune; the organist, Gábor Lehotka, plays on a fine eighteenth-century instrument tastefully; the two harpsichordists, Pertis and János Sebestyén, are virtuosos of the first water; and lutenist Andreas Kecskés is a master of his instrument. Soprano Eva Lehoczky, tenor József Réti, baritone Zsolt Bendé, and bass József Gregor are the excellent vocal soloists. The Schola Hungarica (male choir) and the chamber choir of the Ferenc Liszt Academy of Music furnish impeccable choral music, while the latter institution's orchestra and the Budapest Philharmonic take good care of the instrumental end. The conductors—there are half a dozen of them—are all competent.

It is comforting to see that, in Hungary at least, there are sizable cultural chinks in the iron curtain. Playing techniques, musicological awareness, taste, and engineering are all of the highest Western standards; moreover, the present preoccupation with "historical accuracy" is no less ardent with Hungaroton than it is with Telefunken. It even has a countertenor, and it double-dots and "inegalizes" in the most up-to-date fashion. The accompanying booklet is handsomely illustrated and contains first-class commentaries by Gábor Darvas.

**Classical**

reviewed by
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ABRAM CHIPMAN
R. D. DARRELL
PETER G. DAVIS
SHIRLEY FLEMING
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
KENNETH PURIE
CLIFFORD P. GILMORE
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Jorge Mester's apparent penchant for a certain type of musical Expressionism has brought about—after an outstanding recording of the Dan Welcher flute concerto (LS 742, August 1973)—the disc premiere of another little-known gem, the 1973 cello concerto by former Juilliard Quartet cellist Claus Adam. As often happens in works of this genre, the solo instrument has been established by the composer principally as the key vehicle for important thematic lines that, in the case of this concerto, are long (especially in the first two movements of this three-movement work), nontonal, and marvelously plant creations, which perhaps only the creative imagination of a cellist could have invented. Behind these lines, Adam elaborates terse orchestral statements almost always opposing the solo instrument in one way or the other and providing evocative, shifting fragments of harmonic and instrumental color. On an emotional level, the concerto often creates the effect of a brooding, intense, occasionally even anguished, meditation, which instead of leading toward a climax seems to be postulated on the memory of brief clairmotic outbursts that establish the affective atmosphere for what follows.

The entire concerto communicates in an exceptionally profound fashion both on a purely musical level and on an emotional one, and both levels have been further enh-

hanced by what appears to me to be superlative performances by the soloist and the orchestra. Louisville is indeed extremely fortunate to have obtained the services of Tchaikovsky Competition award winner Stephen Kates, both for this release and for their incomparable recording of the late Frank Martin's cello concerto (LS 731, April 1974). Beyond the technical mastery, there is the vitality he imparts to every musical and affective structure. I will be amazed if the record companies (and the concert halls) do not take full advantage of this young soloist's resources.

Samuel Barber's warm and charming Die Natali (Christmas Day), subtitled "Chorale Preludes for Christmas" and premiered in 1960, represents another extremely welcome recording first. A musical montage employing a number of well-known Christmas carols presented in kaleidoscopically shifting contrapuntal and instrumental textures. Die Natali causes the colors of Christmas to swirl within the mind of any listener who has been brought up on these hauntingly evocative tunes. Needless to say, the Barber work makes this disc all the more attractive for this particular season.

As in the Adam cello concerto, Jorge Mester has honed the Louisville Orchestra into a particularly sensitive instrument, with individual sonorities shaped (and recorded) with impressive distinctness. I would certainly like to see Mester continue to examine the Expressionist vein, including perhaps works of Leon Kirchner, whose Second Piano Concerto and Sinfonia (the complete version, please) should have been recorded long ago.

**Barber:** Die Natali—See Adam: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra.

**Beach, H.H.A.:** Piano Works. Virginia Eskin, piano. [Robert F. Commagere, prod.] GENESIS GS 1054, $6.98.

This record evokes a mood that is growing increasingly rare nowadays. It is late on a Sunday afternoon. You have been to a recital by a great pianist, a Rubinstein or a Serkin or somebody such. You have had all the Bach and Beethoven and Schumann of which the program is composed. You feel replete with the goodness of it all, but you are loath to leave. And then the great man comes back and plays graceful, tuneful, sometimes technically brilliant encore pieces that top it all off and send you home, regretful that the delicious experience had to stop but grateful that it ended in that way.

Mrs. Beach had a real genius for composing just such pieces, and Mrs. Eskin has a genius for playing them. There are sixteen of them—far too many to discuss in detail. One of the pieces, the Barcarolle, is by no means unfamiliar to recital goers. With one or two exceptions, all sixteen are strongly influenced by Chopin. The Improvisation No. 2 is strongly Brahmsian. But the indebtedness of these works is not to be held against them; they are superbly brought off, and Mrs. Beach's making real music out of birdcalls in her Hermit Thrush of Eve is a masterstroke. Only one piece in the set is a bore—the Prelude and Fugue, Op. 81. You no more expect a prelude and fugue out of Mrs. Beach than you do out of Grieg; in fact, this work may give you an idea of what a prelude and fugue by Grieg would be like.

And what beautiful playing! A.F.

**Beethoven:** Middle Quartets—See Fauré: Piano Quartet No. 1.

**Beethoven:** Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 5—See Brahms: Sonatas.

**BIZET:** Carmen.

*Regine Crespin (s) Jeanette Pilou (4) Maria Rosa Carminati (s) Nadine Denize (ms) Gilbert Pry (t) José van Dam (b-b) Rémy Corazza (t) Jacques Tréguier (b) Paul Galgué (b) Pierre Thau (t)*

Chorus of the Opéra du Rhin, Children's Chorus of Saint-Maurice; Strasbourg Philharmonic Orchestra, Alain Lombard, cond. [Pierre La vox and Pierre Willemoës, prod.] ERATO STU 70900/2, $20.98 (three discs, manual sequence; distributed by RCA Records).

The chief points of interest that would be

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**Explanation of symbols**

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**Recorded tape:**

- [O] Open Reel
- [8] 8-Track Cartridge
- [C] Cassette

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**December 1975**
presumed of this recording rest with the presence of a native cast, of Régine Crespin, and of a vital, individualistic young conductor. In realization, the first of these items does carry its expressive weight; the other two turn out as mixed blessings, and the most satisfying individual performances come from the Escamillio and Mercedes.

Most latter-day Carmen recordings impose a group of international principals on a background of French support elements. In the case of the two older Angel versions (Prêtre/Callas/Gedda, SCLX 3650, and Beecham/De los Angeles/Gedda, SCL 3613) the back-up acts well; the foreign principals have an unusual empathy for the musical and linguistic style. In all the other cases, there is a more or less severe wound inflicted on the identity of the work, though in some instances (most notably the Karajan performance, RCA LSC 6198) the trade-off for singing of first caliber may be more than fair. The consistent competence and ease of the current set in this regard is a pleasure; how important a pleasure will depend on the listener’s priorities.

The Carmen of Crespin leaves an equivocal impression. She is one of the two great French female grand-opera singers of the post-1920s generation (the other, though her work over the past few years has been uneven, she can still muster tone of considerable amplitude and beauty, and still performs with an interesting and likable blend of attributes: a genuine authority of manner and softness of temperament. The voice has not been seriously reduced.

What has suffered, though, is the solidity and security of the voice in the lower-middle range, and in a role that lies so consistently in that tessitura and depends so much on the ability to play off registral colors against each other, she is operating under a real handicap. As we might expect, she handles the problem with taste and care, but the resultant effect is too often timid. After generations of Carmens who shone, voice too high, Crespin becomes the first to carry head voice too low—too low, indeed, where it is necessary—gentle and tenuous in sound. Important lines in the Act II and IV confrontations are sacrificed, and the solo in the Card Trio cannot build with the logic of the writing. Elsewhere there is much good sound, always thoughtfully and musically phrased, but I cannot say that there is enough individual insight to make up for the vocal imprecisions. In the theater (she is to sing Carmen at the Met this season), I suspect her sheer vocal presence will count for more. Here, she is an acceptable Carmen, rather than an outstanding one.

Her José, Gilbert Py, simply is not a more than moderately accomplished vocalist. The vocal material is good, the technique is not. His middle range has substance, and sometimes an attractive dark timbre; depending on the vowel and the lie of the phrase, his top can take on some healthy ring. He does his best to render a legato line and to observe the dynamics, but the voice’s integration is too confused to permit him much success. Intonation is approximate a good 50% of the time, the lower dynamics do not retain resonance, and the tone is frequently constricted around the break. It just doesn’t add up.

The secondary principals are strong. There are some tremulous moments, and even a touch or two of wobble, in the generally round and pretty tone of Jeannette Pilou, but this always pleasing artist sings with such a welcome clarity of musical intent, simplicity, and firmness of line that I think she must be considered one of the two or three most successful Micaelas on records. José Van Dam, the Escamillio, is even better. There is no vocal problem between him and Mercedes, his love interest, except with his velvety high bass, and one could wish only for a touch more elegance in his treatment of the couplets, where the dynamics are unobtrusive and the grace notes roughly treated. But the sound is really fine, with the top Fs ringing out excitingly. He would seem to have both the suavity and the thrust to be the long-awaited great exponent of the French basse chantant repertoire. (If you decide to pass up this Carmen, you needn’t necessarily forgo Van Dam’s Escamillio, since he has also recorded it with Solti for Angel/BBC (London).)

The supporting soloists balance out rather well: a solid coupling of Frasquita and Mercedes, an impressive Zuniga but a dry Morâles, an excellent Dancaire but an ordinary Remendado.

Lombard’s reading is erratic. He is given to extremes of tempo and of dynamic underlining, some of which seem persuasive and some not. Some of them actually fly in the face of the score, but more often they represent an extreme interpretation of something indicated rather more soberly by Bizet. One typical example is the heavy, most violent pushing of the two bars (marked f and deciso after the p and allegretto of the preceding pages) at “Consentes-vous? Répondez, camarade;” the smugglers to Zuniga, in the Act II finale—this is out of any defensible proportion. Or, for another, there is the Gypsy Song at the beginning of the act, started slower than Bernstein’s (DG 2700 043) and finished faster than Frühbeck’s (Angel SCL 3576). I can discover no consistent pattern behind these decisions, but there are moments of great vitality and quite a lovely lyricism to some of the genre numbers, and in any event the reading is not a bore.

The Strasbourg orchestra seems quite solid, if not the grade of the top international houses at their best. The chorus is ordinary, however, and in some of the more challenging passages more than a bit vague—an impression reinforced by the engineering, which presents a sound that is full and rather dark; I like it, but it doesn’t do a great deal for the lucidity of the more complex pages. The surfaces on my pressings were flawless.

I cannot bring myself to an all-round recommendation among so many available versions of this work (I list my count, fourteen complete editions that have been marketed in this country during the LP era, with Solti already on tape). It should be noted that this one contains none of the spoken dialogue—it is the straight grand-opera text, with the Guiard recitatives. The accompanying booklet includes some recording-session photos, the complete libretto of this version with a functional translation, and a truculent, clumsily translated essay by An-
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C.L.O.


Wilkomirska and Barbosa have by now developed a well-integrated partnership, here dominated from the keyboard—no bad thing in Brahms. Attention is often attracted and held by Barbosa’s energetic, forthright pianism. The many inner voices are clarified with conviction and romantic freedom.

Wilkomirska’s contribution is more controversial, and I expect that many string players will object on technical grounds—her tone does tend to winnow and even thin out. For all that, she phrases with urgency and direction; I like her fervor very much, especially in music that can sound syrupy; the slow movement of the Brahms D minor, for example, is projected without a trace of sentimentality. The opening of the G major has a brooding, contemplative calm that signifies interpretation on a sophisticated level. The gentle A major and the Beethoven Spring are somewhat smoother and more tentative than their companions.

Though neither of these players is long on tonal richness or color, the reproduction is kind to both instruments, and the balance, allowing for the already noted assertiveness of the piano, is excellent. If Connoisseur Society’s pressings are as quiet as the performance, this will be a fine set of the Brahms violin sonatas indeed.

H.G.

Catalog brochure presenting the complete series is now available at your local record dealer, or write Angel Records, 1750 N. Vine Street, Los Angeles, California 90028.

Catalog brochure presenting the complete series is now available at your local record dealer, or write Angel Records, 1750 N. Vine Street, Los Angeles, California 90028.


By coincidence, these records turn out to exemplify an Apollonian/Dionysian anti-thesis in Brahms conducting.

Bernard Haitink, a musician of the modern school, values fidelity to the text, clean execution, and respect for tradition as much as he abhors hysteria, larmoyance, and over stressing what is inherent in the music. This Brahms Second, which completes his symphony cycle, is a study in moderation. Tempos are never propelled forward, so one will listen in vain for the crusty swagger of Heinneman’s mono Concertgebouw classic; the heady drive in the finale of Walter’s New York Philharmonic version, or the offhand breeze of Boett (Angel S 37032, December 1974). Nor does he get very expansive in his pacing, so the

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Stokowski’s Academic Festival is as surprising as his Fourth Symphony; in this case, the shocker is that he does very little to shock. It’s a relatively brisk and straightforward reading, less individual than those of Klemperer (Angel S 35545, with the Third Symphony), Païta (London Phase-4 SPC 21085, with Berlioz, Beethoven, and Wagner overtures), and Mengelberg (Decca Poly 203 01453, with the Third Symphony). A.C.


The Grumiaux/Wallberg coupling of the Bruch G minor Concerto and the Scottish Fantasia presents a really distinctive viewpoint that no doubt has much to do with the conductor. Wallberg’s recordings (which include the Beethoven Egmont music and the Bruckner Fourth and Ninth Symphonies for the European Concert Hall label) suggest a Klemperer-like structural integrity; he draws an angular, bass-oriented sonority with slightly fibrous brass and string tone and with every woodwind imitation scrupulously to the fore.

Grumiaux’s bow arm is steady, his phrasing artistic, his intonation absolutely faultless—this is patrician fiddling. If Wallberg’s intellectualization of Bruch's Romanticism cools some of its ardor, this remains a valid approach, perfectly realized, and Philip’s magnificent engineering preserves an unusually wide dynamic range. My own preference for this coupling remains the more freewheeling Chung/Kempe (London CS 6795). For the concerto alone, I would incline toward the second Heifetz/Sargent (RCA LSC 2652, LSC 4011, or CRC 6 0729), and in the Fantasia, in addition to Chung, I would call attention to the darkly sonorous Oistrakh/Horenstein (London CS 6337).

The never-before-released Kreisler/Goossens G minor Concerto, recorded in the dying gasp of the acoustical era, is of press-shy importance. With the advent of electrical recording in 1925, many companies were reluctant to issue new acoustical recordings. HMV presumably expected that Kreisler would remake the Bruch electrically, yet somehow he never did. Thus the great violinist’s only recording of the work, made when he was fifty and in the Fantasia, in addition to Chung, I would call attention to the darkly sonorous Oistrakh/Horenstein (London CS 6337).

The sound is of course primitive, but by acoustical standards it is very good indeed. There is ample detail, judicious balance, and even a certain naturalness of timbre superior to many early electrical recordings. Obviously the impact is limited and the solo line doesn’t project enough—one has to work hard to discern subtleties. But for playing of such rare distinction one would gladly work much harder still. This is an astonishingly beautiful recording, every bit comparable to the Kreisler/Blech Mendelssohn and Beethoven concertos made two years later, and even better than the Brahms from that same series. Kreisler used more portamento than is fashionable today, but he used it to aristocratic, never maudlin effect. The second movement is beautiful to the point of tears. Goossens and the orchestra give attentive and gracious support.

The overside restores the Kreisler String Quartet’s 1935 recording of Kreisler’s own A minor Quartet, complete with the charming filler from its original 78 issue: the Scherzo in the style of Dittersdorf, Kreisler and his associates—violinist Thomas Petrie, violist William Primrose, and cellist Laurie Kennedy—play the genial quartet with histrionic tone and welcome flexibility. The little Scherzo is even more delightful, and both sound fine in this robust transfer. No violin-fancier should be without this disc.

H.G.


Cherubini’s D minor Requiem Mass for male choir and orchestra is a very late work, written by the seventy-six-year-old composer in 1836, one year before Berlioz’ famous Mass for the Dead. It is perhaps not so great a work as Cherubini’s C minor Requiem, composed twenty years before, which is undoubtedly the noblest creation in this genre ever to come out of France and one of the greatest in the literature of the orchestral Mass, but an impressive masterpiece it is.

This is a somber work, permeated by the spirit of mourning and beseching prayer. The Introit and the Kyrie are dark: Nothing but low instruments accompany the men’s voices—divided cellos, bassoons, horns, and timpani. The latter are always pianissimo, creating an atmosphere of sorrow and supplication. Despite the modern technique of setting, there is a Palestreli quality in the admirably smooth part-writing. In the Gradual this quality is much more explicit, for the grave movement is sung unaccompanied. Then suddenly the Dies Irae is upon us, now with the full orchestra, its beginning is harsh and dramatic, even menacing, curiously reminding one of the opening scene of Verdi’s Otello. But after a climactic "Judex ergo" the harshness gives way to less commanding strains, for Cherubini through-composes the text, faithfully following the changing feelings and metaphors of the great medie- val poem. After several earlier attempts, in the Contrafactum the music remains securely for the first time. "Quam olim Abruhoe" begins like the vigorous fugue that is traditional at this spot, but Cherubini breaks the tension by turning to a tender romantic vein. The Sanctus is surprisingly ef- fusive and festive, but the returning "Pie Jesu" calls us to the softer, more hushed and to the Gregorian-inspired melodies. The Agnis Dei, reverent and devout, seems to end on a hopeful tone and in the major.

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December 1975
but the remarkable orchestral postlude slowly but inexorably forces back the tragic D minor.

This affecting work is given not only an impressively accomplished performance, but one of sympathy and warm musicianship. The choral singing is outstanding, with many shades of color and unfailingly clear intonation, and the euphony is something to hear. Riccardo Muti, the conductor, leads the singers and the excellent orchestra with skill, empathy, and a fine ear for balance. There is a poise, a wisdom, a "taking of time" in this performance that matches Cherubini's.

Special praise is reserved for the engineering, and I nominate Neville Boyling, who is responsible for it, for a gold medal. One seldom hears such wonderfully faith

ful choral sound, and just listen to the ethereal yet crystal clear sounds—even of the timpani! This is a memorable recording and a disc to treasure. Messers. Moldier and Boyling are petitioned to use the same approach for the recording of the C minor Requiem. P.H.L.


Four Spanish Pieces; Fantasía bética; The Three-Cornered Hat (excerpts); El Amor brujo (excerpts).

Much of Falla's original keyboard music has been eclipsed by his adaptations of orchestral works. This collection offers a comprehensive view of both genres.

Mme. de Larrocha's scrupulous style manages to combine consummate pianism with symphonic clarity. She is particularly admirable in "The Neighbors" from The Three-Cornered Hat, which resourcefully recreates all the instrumental lines and native color of the orchestral version in terms of virtuoso keyboard writing. In this superb rendition, all the lines leap to life with liltting grace and crisp rhythm, so much so that one almost doesn't miss the orchestral forces at all. The "Miller's Dance," similarly captures the sound of the English horn in the introduction but, despite the artist's resourcefulness, inevitably sounds a bit one-dimensional later on. Instead of the finale of the orchestral suite, De Larrocha uses the quieter "Dance of the Miller's Wife," which lends itself more readily to the piano. De Larrocha is at her best in the mystical passages of El Amor brujo, where her ability to color and hold interest by minute displacements of phrase and accent produces rapt poetry. When the chimes strike twelve in the prelude to the familiar "Ritual Fire Dance," she nearly succeeds in making you forget that you are hearing a piano. The dance itself is beautifully colored, though I find it a wee bit genteel.

The works written originally for piano, the Four Spanish Pieces and Fantasía bética, are rendered with incisive accents, native aroma, and supple rhythm. It is particularly good to hear the latter, a highly complex piece of writing in Andalusian style.

As is often the case with London's piano sound, the reproduction is colorful and pleasant to the ear but not quite real; bass and treble separate as they never would in the concert hall. H.G.

Faure: Quartet for Piano and Strings, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 15. François: Quartet for Piano and Strings, in F minor "Jesús María Sanromán" and Clifford Curzon, pianist; Budapest Quartet. Odyssey Y 33315, $5.98 (mono) [recorded in concert October 31, 1956] and December 18, 1956, not previously released].


For some thirty years prior to its disbandment in 1906, the Budapest was the most celebrated of all string quartets, and for drama, vitality, and stylistic authority the reputation was well deserved. (To be sure, there were always quartets that could challenge and even surpass it for sheer virtuosity—most notably the sadly short-lived New Music Quartet, whose magnificent recordings are long overdue in Odyssey's Legendary Performances series.) Yet the Budapest discography provides a very limited representation of its greatness. Many of its finest interpretations either went unrecorded or were "superseded" by inferior remakes.

The three sets newly reissued by Odyssey suffer from yet another common flaw: the emaciated and echo-ridden acoustics of Columbia's Library of Congress recordings. But even apart from sonics, I am afraid that all three of these sets are musically subpar for the Budapest—their deep, stodgy and shapeless, with a surprising amount of sloppy ensemble and out-of-tune playing.

The Haydn Op. 76 set gave me the most satisfaction. The playing is a trifle bland, lacking the masculinity of either the contemporaneous Schneider Quartet recordings for Haydn Society or the Budapest's later Haydn performances after Alexander Schneider returned to the fold in 1954. But at least there is finesse in the execution and, in the Emperor variations, a degree of communicativeness.

Of the Beethoven performances, only the wonderfully lithe Op. 59, No. 1, slightly tauter and faster than the 1960 remake, deserves reissue. Op. 59, No. 2, is almost disastrous; it is tragic that the far better played and recorded 1936 HMV version has never appeared on LP. (Seraphim, please note.) The halfhearted Op. 59, No. 3, is decidedly inferior to the 1960 version. This Op. 74 is preferable to the wretchedly out-of-tune stereo version, but the sound here is decidedly worse than in the original issue; the 1960 version remains the pick, and it would...
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Electro-Voice INC a gulton company
Dear Reader,

I am so pleased that you have decided to continue your musical adventures with me. This month, I have selected two of my favorite concerto performances to share with you. The first is an extraordinary Schumann concerto, while the second is a captivating Grieg concerto.

**Schumann: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A minor**, Op. 54. The performance by Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Monte Carlo Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by E. Wolfgang Korngold, is a genuine musical insight. Richter's sonority in these works recalls the RCM's 78 recording with Rosbaud, but with an even greater concern for structure. There is a genuine musical insight throughout, with a minimum of rubato-worlds removed from the soggy, pulsed-about, pretentious Columbia LP recording with Karajan. The accompaniment is not by Furtwangler and the Berlin Philharmonic, the jacket implication notwithstanding; it is most likely by the Maastricht Municipal Orchestra under Henri Haimen.

**Grieg: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra**, in A minor, Op. 16. The performance by Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Monte Carlo National Opera Orchestra, conducted by Yaron von Mattivi, is a genuine musical insight. Richter's sonority in these works recalls the RCM's 78 recording with Rosbaud, but with an even greater concern for structure. There is a genuine musical insight throughout, with a minimum of rubato-worlds removed from the soggy, pulsed-about, pretentious Columbia LP recording with Karajan. The accompaniment is not by Furtwangler and the Berlin Philharmonic, the jacket implication notwithstanding; it is most likely by the Maastricht Municipal Orchestra under Henri Haimen.

Marie-Aimee Varro, who died of cancer in 1971, studied with the celebrated Emil Sauer and appears to have been a fine pianist, with a pearly, assured technique and genuine musical insight. While this Grieg concerto sounds better than her Liszt A flat, with the same orchestra and conductor (Orion ORS 73112), the sound is still superb—the piano metallic and overclose, the orchestra dim and out of focus. Moreover, the conductor is decidedly inept, missing nearly every ritornello entrance by an unnoticed maestro.

The Clementi Op. 36 sonatinas, recorded under studio conditions, have a rousing, altogether more ingratiating sonority. Varro's performances of these teaching pieces are just a degree too self-consciously pointed to wear. The Entriement performance (Columbia MG 33202, October 1975) are a bit straighter and thus more valuable as models for student pianists.

H.C. HARRIS: Symphony No. 4 (Folksong Symphony). Utah Chorale, Utah Symphony Or-

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**Note:** The text provided is a transcription of the content visible in the image. The context and the nature of the content suggest it is a review of musical performances, possibly from a music magazine or a music-related publication.
General News

Minna Lederman has donated the archives of Modern Music to the Library of Congress. The journal, published between the years of 1924 and 1946, was devoted to contemporary music. The American Music Center—an organization dedicated to promoting contemporary music—has published a catalog of the 4,000 published and unpublished American works for voice and chorus in its library. For information, address the Center at 250 West 57th Street, Suite 626-7, New York, N.Y. 10019.

The Center of the Creative and Performing Arts—a contemporary music center at the State University of New York, Buffalo—has received a $15,000 grant from the National Endowment for composer and performer fellowships. A Composer Appreciation Project has been initiated by the Washington-Idaho Symphony. For the first half-hour of the Orchestra's rehearsals, new compositions will be given a reading session. Interested composers should address inquiries to the Symphony, 861 Harold Avenue, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

C.F. Peters Corporation celebrates its 175th year in publishing this month. The National Opera Association held its annual convention in Minneapolis October 28–November 1; the emphasis was on American opera and featured the works of Dominic Argento as performed by the Minnesota Opera.

Sarah Caldwell, artistic director of the Boston Opera Company, will conduct the Pittsburgh Symphony and University chorus in the world premiere of John La Montaine's Be Glad Then America, scheduled for premiere February 6 at Pennsylvania State University. The Van Cliburn Foundation has commissioned Samuel Barber to write a piano work to be part of the repertoire for their fifth International Piano Competition in 1977.

The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center will make its first tour in February under the auspices of Columbia Artists Management. Seattle Symphony music director Milton Katims recently recorded with the Oslo Radio Symphony in Norway.

Appointments

Conductor Sixten Ehrling, Head of Juilliard's conducting program, joins the Miami Philharmonic as music consultant. Lofti Mansouri succeeds retiring Herman Geiger-Torel as General Director of the Canadian Opera.

Awards

The Serge Kousseritzky Music Foundation has awarded commissions to composers Tison Street, Ira Taxin, and Morton Feldman for a symphonic work and two chamber works, respectively. The Institute of International Education has awarded a $4,000 Cifras Fellowship (for artists of Cuban lineage) to Massachusetts composer Maritza Leal Banchz.

Iain Hamilton, Duke University composer, has received the Ralph Vaughan Williams Composer of the Year Award, 1974, presented annually by the Composer's Guild of Great Britain. In 1975 Musical America Young Artist, twenty-four-year-old pianist Diane Walsh, has won the International Piano Competition in Munich. The award consists of $2,500 and concert engagements in Germany and Austria. Cellist Mark Shuman won the first string competition sponsored by the Augusta (Georgia) Symphony. He receives $1,000 and a concert appearance. Runner-up was cellist Perry Scott.

San Francisco Opera's summer Merola Opera Program awarded prizes to three participants on the basis of ability: tenor Barry L. McCauley of Arizona ($1,000), baritone Samuel Byrd of Texas ($750), and soprano Suzanne Blum of California ($500). Mezzo-soprano Daisy Newman has won the 1975 Berkshire Music Center High Fidelity/MUSICAL AMERICA Prize.

Competitions

Deadline for application to the Pueblo Symphony’s Young Artists Competition for string players is December 1. For information, write Mrs. Robert Miller, Pueblo Symphony, 1117 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Colorado 81004. The Oklahoma City Symphony is sponsoring young artist auditions for pianos, strings, and voice. For information, write to Mrs. Robertson, 3233 Whippoorwill Road, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73120. Deadline is February 1. For information concerning the Washington International Competition for String Quartet Composition, write to Mrs. R.C. Hall, 9324 Lynmont Drive, Adelphi, Md., 20783. Deadline is March 1.

The eleventh Montreal International Competition for pianists will be held in June. Entry deadline is March 1. Write to the International Music Institute of Canada, 106 Dulwich Avenue, St. Lambert P.Q., Canada. March 15 is the final entry date for the Stowe (Vermont) Institute Competition for Composers. Write to Samuel Flor, 1049 Holly Tree Lane, Abington, Pennsylvania 19001.

Pianists eighteen and younger are eligible to enter the Golden West College Young Pianists Competition to be held in April. For application, write to the Competition, Golden West College, Huntington Beach, California 92647. The second Arthur Rubinstein International Piano Master Competition will be held in Israel in April of 1977. For information, write to J. Bistritzky, Shalom Tower, Tel Aviv, Israel, P.O. Box 29404.

Obituaries

Ima Hogg, philanthropist and Houston Symphony board member, died on August 9. Fink was sixty-nine.
Ms. magazine sponsored the New York Philharmonic Pension Fund concert last month in which Sarah Caldwell made her Philharmonic debut conducting a program of compositions by women. Gathering to discuss the event were Carlos Moseley, president of the Philharmonic, Miss Caldwell, composer Thea Musgrave, Ms. publisher Patricia Carbine, Ms. editor Gloria Steinem, composer Pozzi Escot, and Ms. editor Donna Handly. Polish pianist Bronisława Kawalla won this year’s Johann Sebastian Bach International Competition; the award was announced by founder-president Raissa Tselentis Chadwell. Kenneth Klein, music director of the Guadalajara Symphony presented a series of Pablo Casals Memorial Concerts this fall; here he meets with Marta Casals Istomin, the cellist’s widow, and her husband, the pianist Eugene Istomin.
Augusta Opera: "Lucia"

Most Georgians are not even aware that Augusta, a community of some 250,000 on Georgia’s eastern border, boasts its own opera company. Budget limitations allow only a one-shot season in early September, plus a several-week tour each spring; yet the productions, largely of standard repertoire and in English, are often uncommonly good and well supported. The intelligent formula of choosing leading singers and directors with superior talent but still busy launching their careers, and therefore not astronomically expensive, seems to work. To its understandable chagrin, booming Atlanta, six times larger, has nothing comparable to offer in local opera.

This year’s three performances of Lucia di Lammermoor marked Augusta’s ninth season. Although not one of the company’s best, the production nevertheless had its pluses. Catherine Malfitano sang the difficult title role commendably, with only a few moments of vocal insecurity and many more of enthralling beauty. As an actress, particularly in the Mad Scene, she was electrifying. Brent Ellis was the forceful Enrico, and Neil Shicoff etched his way through the role of Edgardo like powerful acid. Both men were given to lots of musical snarling, and Shicoff, who clearly opts for power over beauty in his singing, consequently sang sharp most of the time. Joseph McKee sang Raimondo with winning expressivity, but Michael Harrison, in the small part of Arturo, provided the most beautiful sound of all the men on stage.

David Alden is a talented stage director, but he can go as wrong as he can go right. The Mad Scene was brilliant, with the deranged Lucia half wearing, half dragging her wedding dress while making physical advances to her horrified brother, believing him to be her lover. Elsewhere, Alden set a tiresome mood of relentless anger, with everyone manhandling everyone else. Even one of Lucia’s maidservants was required to force a goblet of wine down her mistress’ throat, like a woman jailer. Paul Steinberg’s modular sets were simple but believable, although the huge cross suspended askant in Act II, like a jet on takeoff, seemed anachronistic. Conductor Michael Palmer kept a clean sound coming from his orchestra, but a more authoritative stance would have averted occasional ensemble shakiness.

Carmel Bach Fest.: Pergolesi

Good, old-fashioned musical canards are a rare species, but the Carmel Bach Festival came up with a fine one on July 17 in the opera-intermezzo Il Maestro di Musica by Pergolesi. The first performance dates to a Paris production in 1753 (seventeen years after the composer’s death). But the work is an adulterated version of Onazio (1737) by composer Pietro Auletta (1698-1771), about whom virtually no biographical details are known, beyond scores and performance dates.

In any event, Auletta deserves more than an asterisk for this charming musical love story, even if he only created four of the twelve numbers with certainty. The story deals with an eligible student soprano who frustrates the highly volatile music master by aping the fashionable Venetian excesses while mocking his sterile Neapolitan bel canto. Enter the lecherous impresario, who knows a non-talent when he sees one. He promises her a grand career in opera, provoking the jealousy-torn teacher to propose (successfully).

Along the way are the inevitable music-lesson showpieces which, perhaps, inspired Rossini’s “Lesson Scene” in the following century. The best of these is the teacher’s outrageously hammy exhibition of his excessive trills, overwrought cadenzas, wide leaps, sol-fa, and so on. On the whole, the music is simply tuneful, eminently singable, and crying for a recording. Accompaniment is by string orchestra and harpsichord, and there is also a chorus (which Carmel eliminated).

The deftly-staged, forty-minute production was much to the audience’s liking. John Guarneri and Michael Gallup, who sang the male
roles opposite soubrette Jacqueline Benson, were responsible for the lively and effective English translation, which used spoken recitatives. Cheers for festival conductor Sandor Salgo.

CLEVELAND

Cleveland Inst.: Gounod premiere

The Cleveland Institute of Music put its best foot—or hands—forward during its recent Ravel Festival (August 25–31) when it presented a recital of piano and chamber music called “Ravel: A Mirror of Influence.” The program included music by Ravel’s musical forebears, contemporaries, and followers. The most eye-catching work was the world premiere of Gounod’s Andante for Piano, Four Hands. It was played from a manuscript by Institute director Grant Johannesen and Gabrielle Casadesus, with students of Robert Casadesus for whom the Ravel/Casadesus International Piano Competition was named [see page MA-29].

Eye-catching, perhaps, but not necessarily ear-ditto. It is thought to be a student work (perhaps a graduation requirement for the Paris Conservatory) dating from the early 1840s. Pleasant, tuneful, gentle, and above all correct, it was a piece of so little personality that one could scarcely recall it within a few minutes of performance. Far more exciting were the “forgotten” works by Ravel—the Frontispice for Five Hands (1918) and the Sites Auriculaires of 1895. These were exquisitely played by Johannesen and Mme. Casadesus, with Bruce Norris providing the fifth hand. Middle or late, apparently Ravel’s penchant for detail, disciplined perfection, and bright, clean music never deserted him.

Johannesen did two pieces by Fauré (one of Ravel’s teachers)—the Nocturne in B minor Op. 119 and the Impromptu in F sharp Op. 102, two needlessly neglected works. He also played the Ravel Serenade Grotesque of 1893, a delightful, youthful work clearly foretelling the quality and spirit of things to come. Post-Ravel works were the Sonatina for Flute and Piano by Henri Dutilleux (current president of L’Ecole Normale in Paris) and R. Casadesus’ Sextet for Winds and Piano. The former is a brilliant tour de force in the latter-day French tradition, brilliantly played by student flutist Susan Waller and pianist Donald Payne. Whatever the present state of the flute repertoire, this 1945 work is an excellent addition to it. The Casadesus Sextet, played by Institute students, is of logical form and easy to assimilate, though not always of the greatest interest.

DETROIT

Detroit Sym.: Paray returns

Seven and a half years ago, Detroit Symphony Orchestra conductor Emeritus Paul Paray delivered a passionate farewell address to his Detroit public at a Ford Auditorium concert. Although Paray, as DSO music director from 1952 to 1963, had been promised yearly guest engagements following his retirement, former DSO manager Howard Harrington abruptly canceled this agreement in 1968. Detoritians had all but given up hope of ever seeing again the maestro who had brought their orchestra to international prominence through an impressive catalogue of Mercury recordings. Then last summer the DSO announced Paray’s return for a pair of concerts on August 14 and 16 at its Meadow Brook Music Festival—the Gallic conductor’s first U.S. appearances since the beginning of the decade. The two concerts amounted to an emotion-packed reunion which prompted the eighty-nine-year-old conductor to comment, “It was absolutely beyond expectation. . . . These two concerts are for me among the best souvenirs of my career.”

And, indeed, it was as if the orchestra and Paray had never parted company—this although only forty percent of the current DSO had played under Paray when he was music director. In familiar Paray specialties such as the Franck D minor Symphony, Ravel’s Bolero and Second Suite from Daphnis et Chloé, and Chabrier’s España, the ensemble assumed an aura of luminosity, refinement, lightness, and transparency unknown since Paray left Detroit. Within the acoustical excellence of Meadow Brook’s Baldwin Memorial Pavilion balances were ideal, with Paray and the DSO making of the Franck Symphony a showcase of elegantly burnished sonorities, the work’s bold outlines sheathed in silk. The Ravel Suite displayed a logical progression of orchestral colorings with the DSO string section shimmering and glistering as never before in recent years, and the brass blending with the other choirs instead of swamping them. At eighty-nine Paray looked every inch the taskmaster of old, drawing out marvels of orchestral shading and nuance while showing off his profile to the audience and employing graceful podium choreography to suggest everything from a sensuous fandango to an echo effect. All of which provoked a demonstration such as this observer has seldom witnessed at a DSO concert, with shouts, whistles, wild hand-clapping, and an applauding orchestra which time and again refused to acknowledge the audience’s reception in deference to its former chef d’orchestre.

J.H.
For three weeks this summer the Rostropovich family were the dominant figures at Tanglewood. Galina Vishnevskaya sang three times; Elena Rostropovich, a daughter, played a Prokofiev piano concerto with the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra (her sister, Olga, had rehearsed the Saint-Saëns Cello Concerto but canceled her date because of illness); Mstislav Rostropovich played the cello and the piano, taught a master class, and conducted three concerts.

Interest in all of this centered initially on Rostropovich the conductor—particularly because of his recent appointment as music director of the National Symphony in Washington. His recording of Eugen Onegin, lovely but logy, was inconclusive; the Tanglewood concerts were additional evidence.

One hears in Rostropovich’s conducting the same kind of musicianship, intensity, and rhapsodic musical insight that one hears in his pianism and in his cello playing. The difference is that in his conducting the technique on which he can rely to implement his instincts and his ideas is incomplete. On the podium Rostropovich makes jerky and expansive gestures; he looks a little like Emil Jannings in maddened pursuit of Lola-Lola. This communicates an immense physical excitement to the players, and in music that just sweeps along Rostropovich is fine. In music that demands any finesse of detail—even a rickety piece like Tchaikovsky’s Francesca da Rimini—the sound is blowsy and the effect overbearing. The best thing he did was probably the Tchaikovsky Romeo and Juliet which the orchestra played rapturously; the worst was the Prokofiev concerto that followed—Rostropovich completely swamped the neat playing of his seventeen-year-old daughter.

The most heavily publicized event was the Verdi Requiem; Rostropovich enveloped it in a huge, intense, exuberant embrace. The conductor responded to the extreme emotions of the piece with uncomplicated but extreme musical decisions—with, say,
the startling slow tempo and soft dynamic at the beginning, with numerous punctuating ritards; with a big accelerating moving into the Tibum mirum. All of these altered the way we usually hear this music.

The Tanglewood Festival Chorus (prepared by John Oliver) responded superbly even when the demands were curious, and the orchestra really put out. The solo quartet was a mix ’n’ match affair—fortunately only Ezio Flagello offered routine. Lili Chookasian has sung her part with more voice, and more beauty of voice, on other occasions, but seldom with such commitment. Seth McCoy’s beautifully regulated singing had the fervency and the devotion of the best pulpit oratory. Vishnevskaya took some getting used to; she meshes up the text and the meshing of her Russian vocal method with quintessentially Italian requirements is very loose; her plaintive keening sound doesn’t blend with anything—it pierces musical textures rather than riding over them. But there were places where this voice was startlingly appropriate, and across the great stretch of the Libera me Vishnevskaya was thrilling in the emotional urgency she imparted to the diverse demands of the music, from the despairing and hopeful parlando, almost hoarse, through the serene molding of the pianissimo line over the a cappella chorus, and the final march up to a vibrant high C.

“You don’t mean to justify such proceedings, do you?” a friend, disaffected by the old-fashioned license of it all, asked afterwards. “No,” came the response, “they did—this once.”

Only at the last concert of the series (conducted by Seiji Ozawa) did Rostropovich play the cello, in one of the infrequent performances of Shostakovich’s Second Cello Concerto. There is something almost desperate about this piece, about the incompatible roles of cello and orchestra, about the way the end simply lists all the disparate things that have happened before, rather than gathering them all up into coherency and reconciliation. But played the day after Shostakovich’s death, and in a performance of such noble advocacy and beauty, even that had a poignancy—curiously similar, in fact, to the effect of the end of Keats’s Hyperion where he, too, desperately tries to resolve issues that he was wise and human enough to perceive, frail enough to retreat before. Fortunately Shostakovich wrote his Greater Odes too.

One of them was the Fifth Symphony which Rostropovich had conducted the night before, shortly after learning of the death of his friend and colleague. Understandably neither the conductor or his soloist, Mme. Vishnevskaya, had been in good form—the Letter Scene from Eugene Onegin had been particularly rough-sounding and posey-looking, and the playing was slurred and sloppy. But the emotional passages of the symphony took on great urgency, and the flute solo in the first movement, gorgeously intoned by Doriot Anthony Dwyer over the pulsing strings, sounded as high requiem.

Afterwards, before acknowledging the applause of the audience, Rostropovich impulsively bent to kiss the pages of the score he had just conducted. Someone seated in front handed up a small spray of roses which the conductor gently placed on the music stand. Despite the continuing ovation, Rostropovich did not mount the podium again; he remained standing amid the members of the orchestra.

**R.D.**

**Lenox Arts Center: “Ives”**

Meeting Mr. Ives, a theater piece built around the music of Charles Ives, received its premiere at the Lenox Arts Center, August 20-24. The Richard Dufallo-Brendan Gill work goes its title one better: we meet not one Mr. Ives, but two—George (1845-1894), and his more illustrious son Charles (1874-1954) who is, of course, the principal subject. The work, a sort of pageant, consists of a set of musical scenes, each of which relates to a specific Ives score. The scenes are interspersed with dialogue which explains the music and views it in perspective (often humorously), amounting almost to a mini music appreciation course. At times, speech and shouting run right over the music—but it has all been done with great care. Anyway, when did Ives ever care about musical propriety?

The choreography and stage direction of Dennis Nahat were in the main effective if somewhat rough in execution, ranging from cheerful uptempo Broadway clichés to grotesquery in General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and The Unanswered Question. Baritone Wayne Turnage, excellent in all his tasks, nearly stole the show in the Booth number. Donald Symington and Davis Westfall were effective as George and Charles Ives, respectively, while soprano Catherine Rowe was most memorable singing Like a Sick Eagle and The Children’s Hour with touching sensitivity. Meeting Mr. Ives is an enjoyable...
evening, and serves to remind us not to take the music of Ives too seriously, or too lightly.

LOS ANGELES

Phil. Serenades: Hindemith, et al.

Concerts alfresco are a way of life for the Los Angeles Philharmonic in its summer setting at the capacious (17,000) Hollywood Bowl. Now, as a result of a new series called Philharmonic Serenades, the orchestra’s chamber players will enjoy a more intimate (1,300) outdoor setting when they perform at the nearby Pilgrimage Theater. The concert of August 18, like the remainder of the series of four (all directed by Philharmonic associate conductor and concertmaster, Sidney Harth), offered enticing instrumental and stylistic diversity.

Although pale in these circumstances, Hindemith’s Sonata for Bassoon and Piano (1938) was suitably pastoral and, as performed by David Breidenthal and George Calusdian, a poignant program entry. Chausson’s Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Quartet, Op. 21 added unrelieved sweetness to the occasion, its sweeping piano part and ceaselessly passionate violin melodies fervently commanded by Calusdian and Harth (and, inevitably, intermittently swallowed by the buzz of aircraft and drone of traffic).

Trombonists Herbert Ausman, Byron Peebles, Jeffrey Reynolds, and Ralph Sauer provided understandably more audible moments in a selection of Baroque and Renaissance works including Schein’s mercurial Intrada in D and Sauer’s tasteful arrangement of Bach’s Fugue in G Minor. Humorous refreshment came in the form of Poulenc’s Sonata for Horn, Trumpet and Trombone (1922), spiritedly if not always cleanly articulated by Ralph Pyle, Irving Bush, and Byron Peebles. All of the works were enthusiastically received by Pilgrimage listeners.

MILWAUKEE

Milwaukee Sym.: Caldwell debut

At the September 6 and 7 concerts of the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Sarah Caldwell made a memorable debut as a symphonic conductor. Partially hidden behind a screen and seated on the podium, she attempted to make working in front of a symphony orchestra on stage as close as possible to operating from a familiar opera pit. Her musical perceptions are intact, wherever she sits. The sure sense of the dramatic and the skill to make that sense work, which she has polished with her Opera Company of Boston, were brilliantly evident in her interpretation of Berlioz’s Symphonie fantastique, and her fabled penchant for detail rendered the mathematical intricacies of Mozart’s Notturno in D for Four Orchestras a pure joy.

She shared her symphonic debut with Thea Musgrave, a British composer recently immigrated to California. Mrs. Musgrave’s part of the program was the United States premiere of her Memento Vitae: A Concerto in Homage to Beethoven which she wrote in 1970 on a BBC commission for the Beethoven bicentennial. She contends the work is an exposition of the conflict between the old and the new. For the old she used a clutch of quotations and references from Beethoven’s œuvre. The main nod to newness consisted of extended segments of agitated orchestral improvisation. What resulted was a one-movement piece of neo-Romantic program music during which the conflict of ideas swirled into a battle of the elements and resolved itself into an elemental battle in which the timpani fired the last shot. Under Miss Caldwell’s leadership the work generated palpable tension as she measured the aleatory segments precisely and balanced the often roiling mass of sound to uncover delicate shadings hidden among the strings or voiced by a solo string quartet.

NEW YORK

MOMA: Women Composers

1975 is International Women’s Year. Now is the time to test the male chauvinist notion that music composition is strictly a man’s chore. A resolute effort to that end is being made by the League of Women Composers [see page MA-19, June issue]. This newly-formed national organization hopes to make more commissions available to women composers, and to promote performances and recordings of their works. A sampling of League member wares, performed mainly by female musicians, was offered in the Summergarden of the Museum of Modern Art on August 15. Despite poor amplification and the distractions of big city traffic, the evidence heard suggested that composing admits no sex barriers: women can compose just as well—or just as poorly—as men.

The proudest achievement of the evening was Conversation Piece by Victoria Bond. Don’t be misled by its decorous title. This piece is a highly League of Women Composers concert presents Loretta Jankowski’s Flute Sextet

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charged dialogue for an unlikely duo of viola and vibraphone, and Miss Bond takes ample advantage of the opportunities afforded for tonal contrast. Violist Karen Phillips and vibes player Martin Kluger displayed splendid virtuosity in this work.

More academically inclined were Cuattro for flute and piano and Three Pieces for clarinet and piano by Darla Semegen. Both stress post-Webern pointillism almost to the verge of parody. Yet there is a certain appeal in the frenzy with which these works fulfill their quota of disjointed phrases and wide-leaping intervals. Psychogram for piano by Ruth Shaw Wylie has one fascinating moment suggestive of a coiled spring that has suddenly burst. But most of the piece is too episodic to hold interest, and at its end it about conks out completely.

The most experimental work was by Clair Polin entitled 0, Aderyn Pur—which, for those who don't read Welsh, means O, Sweet Bird. There is little sweetness, however, in this well-meaning but bewildered attempt to superimpose a flute (played in live performance by the composer) over recorded saxophone sounds and bird-calls.

Within its rather limited expressive range, Daysongs (1974) by Nancy Laird Chance is an attractive blend of introspection and neo-impressionism. This suite of three short tone poems is certainly a vast improvement over the drab chromaticism of the same composer's Three Rilke Songs composed eight years earlier. Among the large number of proficient performers, pianist Rebecca La Brecque ought to be remembered for displaying the kind of fearless temperament to which twentieth-century music responds so well.

New York City Opera: "Daughter of the Regiment"

There were two major stars in The Daughter of the Regiment as given by the New York City Opera on September 7. One was Beverly Sills in what might be called the name part. The other was Lotfi Mansouri, the stage director, whose work was seen by City Center audiences for the first time. Together they turned a musically thin coloratura vehicle into one of the great comedies of the repertoire.

Mansouri achieved his objective by several means: a delightful set by Beni Montresor in the manner of a watercolor drawing, perfect timing in action and gesture, and the use of the English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin which, miraculously, every singer in the cast projected well. Miss Sills achieved her objective by being Miss Sills, possessor of one of the great coloratura voices of the day, possessor likewise of a grand sense of humor, endless energy, and equally endless stores of what the Germans call Theaterblut. It was her show, of course, but it would not have been so splendidly her show if she had not been supported by so finely musical a tenor as Enrico di Giuseppe and such excellent singing comedians as Spiro Malas and Muriel Costa-Greenspon. Charles Wendelken-Wilson did what conducting the light and happy score demands.

A. Der.

The New Orchestra

There's a new orchestra in town, and it's a mighty good one. On September 16 at Carnegie Hall, the New Orchestra—under its two artistic directors—conductors Arthur Weisberg and Charles Wuorinen—made its debut, postponed from last May. The aim of the group, backed by recognized Big Names of contemporary music, is to "develop and maintain the highest possible standard of performance" of twentieth century orchestral music, and to encourage "continued attention to the large orchestra as a compositional medium."

Well, both aims were achieved (at least after a rather under-rehearsed performance of Copland's Short Symphony) in the concert, which was devoted to two difficult New York premières, Wuorinen's Contrafactum and Stefan Wolpe in 1955.
THE RAVEL/CASADESUS INTERNATIONAL PIANO COMPETITION

Madame Gaby Casadesus and winner John Owings

Cleveland’s first big-league piano contest, the Ravel/Casadesus International Piano Competition, was won by a man in our own back yard, so to speak, when John Owings walked off with the $2,000 first prize and the invitation to appear with Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra. Owings is on the Oberlin Conservatory faculty. The contest, held at the Cleveland Institute of Music August 25-31, honored the one-hundredth anniversary of Ravel’s birth and was established by Mme. Gaby Casadesus and the Robert Casadesus Society, in memory of the late French pianist, composer, and teacher.

Owings already has a host of awards and prizes in his portfolio: the G.B. Dealy Award (Dallas), the Anda-Buehrle Award (Lucerne), the Liszt Society Competition (London), and the Dannreuther Prize of the Royal College of Music (also London). The thirty-two-year-old pianist was born in San Antonio and received his bachelor’s degree in music from the University of Texas at Austin, after which he received a Fulbright Scholarship to the Royal College of Music. He studied further with Martin Canin and Rosina Lhevinne at the Juilliard School, and in 1970 joined the Oberlin faculty where he is now an assistant professor.

The second prize of $1,000, given by the Franco-American Cultural Foundation in memory of George Szell, late conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, was won by Julian Martin, twenty-four, of Meridian, Mississippi. Martin received his musical education at Peabody Conservatory where he studied with Leon Fleisher. He was the holder of two full-tuition scholarships to L’Ecole d’Art Americaine at Fontainebleau where he also studied with Nadia Boulanger and Jean Casadesus.

The third prize of $500, presented by Vitya Vronsky-Babin in memory of her husband Victor Babin, former director of the Cleveland Institute of Music, was won by John-Patrick Millow of Neuilly-St.-Seine, France, now teaching at the Paris Conservatory.

The requirements

The final round of the competition, in honor of the men for whom it was named, required the performers to play one of three Ravel solo works—Miroirs, Gaspard de la nuit or Tombeau de Couperin; one of three sonatas by Robert Casadesus, and either the Ravel Concerto in G or the Concerto for the Left Hand. Of the many contests Owings had entered (and won), he considered the Ravel/Casadesus the most challenging, principally because of the highly specialized repertoire. Rameau, Chopin, Debussy were among the requirements in addition to Ravel and Casadesus works. Of the Germanic school there was only a choice of sonatas by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (through Op. 81).

Asked how he was going to use his prize money, Owings answered, “I don’t know—I’m still up in the clouds.” The date for his performance with the Cleveland Orchestra has not as yet been set.

Judges for the competition were Henri Dutilleux, presiding, Mme. Gaby Casadesus, Grant Johannesen, José Iturbi, Vitya Vronsky-Babin, Eunice Podis, Lorin Maazel, and Emma Kountz.
Brevard is a small North Carolina community of five thousand, located about thirty-five miles to the southwest of Asheville, and tucked deeply into the Smoky Mountains and the Pisgah National Forest. It is a town where what used to be still is—where the citizens know one another; where eggs, grits, and country ham are the common fare at the town's single cafeteria; where for many, Wednesday afternoon is still a business holiday reserved for fishing, doing chores, and spending time with the family.

For forty-five weeks of the year Brevard is rural and slow-moving, warm and good to its citizens, and scenically peaceful for its increasing number of tourists, summer residents, and retirees. For seven weeks, however (this year from July 4 to August 17), Brevard wears an additional mantle: “The Summer Cultural Center of the South.” At the heart of this rightfully-claimed billing is the Brevard Music Center, now completing its thirty-ninth season.

Education the goal

Originally conceived and founded by Dr. James Christian Pfohl, the predecessor of today’s Center was created in 1936 at Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina. Known then as the Davidson College Music Camp for Boys, the idea has since evolved to its present location, name, and status as a non-profit, state chartered educational institution.

According to Dr. Henry Janiec, the Center’s genial and energetic artistic director, the historical emphasis on education will continue into the future. “The education and advancement of our students is our primary task and goal: it is what we are all about.”

Dr. Janiec and his faculty have divided the Music Center into three teaching divisions: The Transylvania Music Camp for boys and girls ages twelve to eighteen, the Advanced Division for college students, and the Division of Special Students for students seeking advanced private or special class instruction. Complementing these divisions are the Center’s ten major performing organizations, which include an opera workshop, chamber groups, a concert band, a wind ensemble, a chorus, and several orchestras—including the official Brevard Music Center Orchestra, which is composed of faculty and the best of the students.

Every student receives at least one private lesson a week. Every student likewise is required to participate in at least one major performing organization, thereby performing at least once a week. And for students in the Transylvania Music Camp, there is an additionally required music theory class. Both structure and curriculum reflect what Dr. Janiec and the Center’s Board of Trustees have long perceived as the necessary ingredients for the best musical training—a good education in both theory and technique as well as the opportunity to perform. The Center further provides special master classes and faculty and guest artist recitals, subscribing to the thesis that students learn most quickly and profitably by maximum exposure to professionals.

It is an intense and strenuous program. As Dr. Janiec says, “It is a lot of music in six weeks.” But the intensity pays off. Almost every student improves substantially during the six-
week program. Also, the demanded intensity will help the student decide how much he is willing to put into his music and what he expects from it—a particularly significant lesson for the younger members of the program. This academic formula—cushioned by superb facilities for swimming, boating, hiking, and tennis, and by the clean mountain air—works, and apparently to everyone’s delight.

Success indicators

The Center boasts an estimated 10,000 alumni, whose membership includes representatives in almost every major symphony orchestra, opera company, and university and conservatory faculty throughout the United States. Its membership also includes countless members of community arts associations. And at least one alumnus has founded a music center for his community patterned after Brevard. This year over twenty-five states are represented in the Center’s student body. Moreover, inquiries and applications are up—over seven hundred for the three hundred student spots. And perhaps more informing, once the students come, they like it: over forty percent return for a second year.

The faculty and staff situation is the same. Its 120 members are recruited and subsequently come from all over the country, representing such institutions as the Center’s affiliate Converse College, the North Carolina School of the Arts, the Juilliard School, and the Atlanta Symphony. Despite the downturn in the economy, the Center has managed to reduce substantial v a large debt, to add twenty-five structures—including the 1,650-seat Whittington-Pfohl Auditorium—to its physical plant of 130 buildings, and to raise enough funding to provide over 60% of the student body with some scholarship assistance.

Perhaps the clearest indicator of the program’s success is simply the attitude and spirit of the participants. Everyone at the Brevard Music Center seems happy to be there and enthusiastic about the work of the Center. This includes faculty and students, groundskeepers, switchboard operators, and ticket-takers. The Center is for everyone, as Dr. Janiec says, a “vacation with a purpose,” and at the same time, a splendid cultural asset for Brevard and for the whole of the Southeast.

The Brevard Music Festival

During this summer’s six-week session, the Center and its special weekend series (the Brevard Music Festival), have presented over forty different productions ranging from operas like The Magic Flute and Rigoletto to chamber music; from the musical Fiddler on the Roof; pops concerts featuring American composers; from orchestra performances to recitals by students, faculty and guest artists such as Carlos Montoya and Leonard Pennario; from band concerts to a night devoted to the barber-shop quartet. With the exception of the several guest artists, the whole schedule is organized, produced, and performed by faculty and students. Testament to the popularity and quality of the schedule is the increasing number of people from all over the Southeast who continue to fill Whittington-Pfohl Auditorium almost every weekend. Indeed, for many who drive from Atlanta or Winston-Salem every Friday, attending the Center’s productions is all but a religious rite. Increasingly when one asks in the South the question: “What is the South’s summer cultural center?”, more than likely the response will be: “Why, Brevard, North Carolina.”

December 1975
IF DENNIS RUSSELL DAVIES' musical discrimination had matched his ideas, the Cabrillo Music Festival might have been an exemplary affair. It was in fact, more promising on paper than in realization. For his second year as director, Davies offered an adventurous-looking program, emphasizing new and unfamiliar music, with three American composers in residence and heavily featured. Only one, however—Keith Jarrett, noted jazz pianist and composer—proved worthy of the spotlight. The first weekend's programs, August 15 and 17, offered his smoothly constructed and rhapsodic *In the Cave, In the Light* (strings, percussion and piano), and *Metamorphosis* (flute and orchestra).

Nothing so positive could be found in the works of the other guest composers, Louis Ballard and Garrett List, featured on the second weekend. Ballard, a Cherokee who has taught and lectured widely on American Indian music, also composes it into the concert idiom. On any grounds—atmospheric, pictorial, evocation of an ethos, or purely musical—Ballard's pieces don't hold up. *Devil's Promenade* was that old Indian concert suite again, still prettied up in white man's clothes. On one all-Ballard program, the composer lectured glibly, using every teacher-training, audience-involving technique in the catalog. The result was wholly disarming and equally misleading. Stressing surface similarities rather than the far more significant differences, Ballard gives the impression that all the countless tribal cultures are somehow linked by some undefined Indian universalism. He demonstrated numerous instruments, taught songs and dances to an audience only too happy to be so painlessly and entertainingly involved while dipping its toe into the blood of the lamb.

Ballard's *Caecega Ayuwipi* was an avowedly descriptive percussion meander naively trying to depict the Indian migration from the Bering Strait to Florida. *Ritmo Indio*, for woodwind quintet, followed European idioms—particularly Stravinsky. *Desert Trilogy* ("Sagebrush," "Yucca" and "Saguaro") was an amorphous rhapsody for instrumental sextet and three percussionists.

Garrett List's music was a bit more up to date, based on the open form, improvisatory approaches of the Sixties. In *9 Sets of 7*, List himself conducted, unwisely guiding the players in too long a rendition of the available material. *Sets* included a waltzy variation recalling Satie, "Elevator Music," and a pop vocal duo, "That Funny Feeling," leaning on early Kurt Weill. More to the musical point was *Songs for chamber orchestra*, conducted by Davies and thereby shaped appropriately to the small scale of List's musical ideas. It was a pleasingly soft play on trills, percussion effects, scales, and modal melodies, very restricted in harmonic and rhythmic aspects.

A pair of exciting pieces turned up on a program called "Music as Theater." In contrast to Ballard's vain efforts at synthesis of diverse traditions, Nguyen Thien Dao convincingly achieved an infusion of Vietnamese music into a striking, intense piece, *Tuyn Lua* (1968). Scored for flute, string quartet, piano, and percussion, the work unleashes energy at a tense dissonance level, with slidings, quintertones, and evocative percussion. The deeply serious drama was heightened by a few eloquent acting gestures, the performers holding a frozen, stop-action position once, later making a deep, slow ensemble bow while playing the closing of the third movement.

Gary Smart's *Del Diario de un Papagayo*, a musical dialogue between chamber orchestra and the doctored tape of Smart's loquacious pet parrot, was more than a whimsical novelty. It was inventive, amusing, and lively. Among the Festival's minority of standards were fine performances of Haydn's Symphony No. 7, Debussy's *Le mrid*, and Mendelssohn's *Scotch* Symphony. But the overall impression was of festival as open laboratory, and most of the new music did not stand up to the test.
Rostropovich flops with “Fledermaus”

Johann Strauss was the focus of this year’s Vienna Festwochen. The 150th birthday of the Waltz King was commemorated by a sumptuous exhibition in the Rathaus and a smaller one in the Albertina. By bureaucratic edict, each orchestral concert had to include at least one work by Johann Strauss. Ormandy, Leinsdorf, Maazel, Giulini, Rudel and all the other conductors must have wracked their brains to build programs of any coherence, but to no avail. Imagine a combination of the Overture to A Night in Venice and Mahler’s Sixth Symphony. No wonder that Maazel could not muster the concentration for the tragic Mahler, after having dispatched a humorless Strauss. Only Karl Boehm faced the program squarely: Mozart’s Jupiter Symphony in the first half of the program, a bouquet of six Strauss pieces in the second. When he raised the baton to conduct The Blue Danube, he turned to the public and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem!” And it may well have been; no national anthem ever aroused such uninhibited enthusiasm. Despite the enforced Strauss diet, two Vienna-born conductors—now active in the United States—were singularly successful: Erich Leinsdorf and Julius Rudel. The Viennese critics (usually a vitriolic lot) called for Leinsdorf’s return to Vienna as musical director of the Vienna Symphony—an orchestra just made leaderless by the resignation of Giulini. Rudel’s elegant conducting also produced a clamor to tie him closer to his native Vienna.

The new “Fledermaus”

But the centerpiece of this year’s celebration was the new production of Die Fledermaus, the most ur-Viennese piece ever written. There is a continuous tradition for Fledermaus ever since its premiere in 1874 at the Theater- an-der-Wien. To tamper with this tradition is considered blasphemy, and it is hard to understand why Intendant Ulrich Baumgartner permitted this misguided attempt at “reinterpretation.” In fact, the fiasco was such that it threatened not only Baumgartner’s job but the entire future of the Festwochen. To begin with, the casting was done with a staggering lack of common sense. The conductor assigned to this task was Mstislav Rostropovich, a superb cellist but a fledgling conductor. The principal roles were entrusted to various Anglo-Saxons: Elizabeth Harwood as Rosalinde (transformed into an English lady to explain her accented dialogue), Reri Grist as Adele (by far the best performance of the evening), and Thomas Tipton as foot-dragging Dr. Falke. Grotesquely inept as Prince Orlofsky was the Hungarian actress Blanche Aubry. A humorless Alfred was sung by the Polish tenor Wieslaw Ochman. The indigenous Viennese element was represented by Walter Kmnett as a spirited Eisenstein, Karl Donch as Frank, and the inimitable Attila Hörbiger in the non-singing role of Froch. The director, Michael Kehlmann, was unable to fuse this heterogeneous ensemble into a unified style, and the result was a spiritless, pedestrian performance which the true Viennese aptly condemned as a caricature.

Before the premiere, Rostropovich was asked how he felt about conducting Strauss and he answered, half in jest, “Just the way Karajan feels about conducting Tchaikovsky.” He rejected the notion (somewhat naive) that only a native relationship between composer and interpreter could produce the ultimate affinity. Yet he was unable to dispel the old prejudice. He tried to reinterpret the score, to free it from encrusted tradition, to lift it into the realm of operatic masterpiece. But good old Strauss refused to be reborn on the banks of the Volga River. Rostropovich’s ideas about tempos were mostly on the slow side; his rubatos were heavy, his sentiment slavic and juicy. Yet he took the critical rebuff quite philosophically and said, “I’m not bitter.” In fact, there was no reason for him to be bitter. He was the...
DALE HARRIS
Paris

The Opéra Ballet revitalized, in a Sleeping Beauty of energy and grace

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Dukas' "Ariane" reaffirms French tradition

NOTHING, to my mind, reaffirms Rolf Liebermann's transformation of the Paris Opéra into an international house quite so much as this season's final production, Dukas' Ariane et Barbe-Bleue. Last season's Don Quichotte was an attempt to do justice to the French repertoire that lies beyond the confines of Faust, Carmen, and Hoffmann. It was a failure, not because the opera proved inadequate, but because its presentation, both musical and dramatic, was poor.

The success of Ariane in effect reaffirms the validity of the French operatic tradition. It means that Liebermann has now gone beyond the stage of keeping up with the Joneses and begun to create his own standards. Ariane is an utterly individual achievement.

"Ariane": feeling and form

Why the opera should not have been heard in Paris since 1932, however, is a mystery. The score is both beautiful and dramatically gripping. The ambiguities inherent in Maeterlinck's fable are converted by Dukas into powerful and convincing emotions. Dukas floods his music with feeling, yet unlike Debussy (whose setting of the same writer's Pelléas preceded Ariane by five years) constructs it with formal rigor. For example, the prelude to Act 3, gorgeously colored and decked out in lush sonorities, is actually the first sequence in a four-part symphonic structure that comprises the entire act. At every turn during the evening we sense a controlling intelligence that reassures us
of our bearings in the midst of even the cloudiest Maeterlinkian symbolism.

Actually, the libretto is a fascinating conception. The entire action takes place in a gloomy castle, where Ariane, Bluebeard's latest wife, discovers her five predecessors alive, though imprisoned. She releases them and urges them to escape from their oppressor. But they refuse to do, preferring to continue in servitude rather than face up to responsibility. At the end, Ariane, the embodiment of liberty and self-realization, departs sadly for what we are to believe is her next encounter with a humanity that does not wish to accept the burden of freedom.

The role of Ariane dominates the evening. Bluebeard, though he appears in Act 3, only sings in Act 1, and then briefly. Grace Bumbry, on whom much depended, was an intelligent Ariane, a little lacking in sensuousness perhaps, but vibrant and wholehearted. The role, which lies low, suits her vocally. The Bolshoi's Irina Arkhipova sang stoutly as Ariane's nurse, the only other major role, and, as the representative of ordinary humanity, a necessary foil for the emblematic heroine. Best of all were the orchestra, which sounded like a group of virtuosi, and Gary Bertini, the conductor, who found exactly the right blend of color and sinew in the music. Sets, costumes and production were all by Jacques Dupont, less imaginative than the occasion demanded, but not damagingly so. Given the evening's musical success it is good to learn that the Opéra proposes to revive Ariane next spring with exactly the same cast. This is a performance that deserves to be brought to America when the company makes its promised bicentennial visit in the fall of '76.

The Ballet blossoms

Liebermann's reforming hand has also made itself decisively felt at that old haunt of mediocrity, the Opéra Ballet, which is now a very good troupe indeed. In Coppélia and Sleeping Beauty the corps de ballet danced with energy and grace, and there is a great deal of promise discernible among the younger soloists. If none of the stars in these two productions was entirely satisfactory that was clearly the luck of the draw. In Coppélia, for example, Wilfride Piollet and Jean Guiserix seemed miscast. Neither had the right kind of temperament for the high jinks of Acts 1 and 2, and neither had the elegance and line for the grand pas de deux of Act 3. Yet, as they demonstrated last year in Merce Cunningham's Un jour ou Deux, both are excellent dancers. Florence Clerc, one of the company's youngest étoiles, was a radiant Aurora in Act 1 of Sleeping Beauty. Acts 2 and 3 are not yet within her grasp, but the potential is there.

What remains problematical at the Opéra Ballet, however, is the lack of creative direction. Pierre Lacotte's choreography for Act 3 of Coppélia (Acts 1 and 2 were traditional) and Alicia Alonso's version of Sleeping Beauty were no worse than one usually sees these days. But an evening of Carolyn Carlson suggests that, after last year's Cunningham venture, there has been a serious retrogression. Miss Carlson, from Oakland, California and a former Nikolais dancer is, astonishingly, the first étoile chorégraphe in the Opéra's history, and the head of a special modern dance division, Le Groupe de Recherches Théâtrales de l'Opéra. To eyes familiar with contemporary dance in America her work in Paris looks puerile and dreadfully stale. She and her dancers postured rather than danced, delivered portentous lines like "Who am I?" and even sang. It all seemed irminable. The balletic tradition survives in Paris, but, clearly, they have still to come to terms with modern dance.
WOLFGANG WAGNER'S NEW "PARSIFAL"

In a pale production, René Kollo triumphs

Wieland Wagner's 1951 conception of Parsifal held the stage in Bayreuth until 1973, seven years after his death. His brother Wolfgang, now fifty-five, finally took his turn at staging the "stage consecrating festival play" this year, but the results, on July 25, left one without that transcendental magic that Bayreuth, with its ninety-nine-year history, should evoke. It was no better, no worse, than any good state-supported theater could have produced.

Splotchy leaf projections on gauze were atmospherically autumnal for Act I. But spring green in Act III, with no increase of intensity for the Good Friday Spell, made the Grail's domain a very dark one. For the first time since 1882 we were given

Mr. Sutcliffe is an American critic and journalist living in Berlin.

[Image of Parsifal performance]
a transformation scene with the curtain open, an effective combination of blending abstract rock projections while gauze and forest floorcloth were withdrawn to reveal a silver-columned Grail Temple curved inward like the inside of a pumpkin surrounding a thrice-recessed circular sanctuary.

The “concept”

With the scenically weak Act II the “concept,” beloved of German stage directors, hove into view. For the concave pillars were reversed to curve outwards and the concentric levels of the temple floor broken up to form a pendant shape, naive symbol for Klingsor’s evil as the reverse side of Grail-good. The trouble was that this was only murkily perceivable through the all-prevading darkness that prevented Reinhard Heinrich’s marvelous magenta poisoned-flower costume for the magician, and his flower maidens in body stockings draped in translucent veils, from making the effects they should have. Front lighting turned the latter into very nineteenth-century harem girls and betrayed Wolfgang Wagner’s basic conservatism, the only “revolutionary” touch being a contradiction of his grandfather’s explicit stage directions in the final tableau. Here Amfortas reached out to stroke the expired Kundry’s hair, a pale echo of the eroticism that had drawn him to her in the first place and brought ruin on the community of Montsalvat.

As Kundry, Eva Randova’s beautiful mezzo voice struggled unduly with the music on opening night, for the role lies right in her register break and forces her to make some trying vocal shifting of gears. As a result not much of the character’s demonic/servile ambivalence came across. Young Bernd Weikl (Amfortas) gave one of his finest performances to date. The roundly resonant Gurnemanz of Hans Sotin pleased, as did Franz Mazura’s malevolent Klingsor, but the real triumph of the evening belonged to the Parsifal, René Kollo. Looking for all the world like a fifteen-year-old, he traversed the transition from naive youth to sufferingly aware adult both physically and vocally with a voice that has gained in weight without losing freshness.

If Horst Stein’s conducting sounded routinely competent rather than inspired (he started the Prelude out mezzo-forte and then had nowhere to go), there were still cherishable details like the premonition of the flower-maiden music during Gurnemanz’s Act I narrative, and the extraordinarily expressive prelude to Act III.

One wag suggested that the festival had really opened one night later with Carlos Kleiber’s magnetic conducting and the breathtaking intensity of August Everding’s stage direction in Tristan und Isolde. If that judgment sounds a little harsh, there was no denying the fact that few from among the opening days’ audiences stayed for one of the dullest Meistersingers and loudest Rings on record.△
THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL TRIMS ITS WINGS

Penderecki concert a success, despite doubts

THE MIDDLE EAST’S fulminating political situation, combined with worldwide economizing, made itself felt this summer in the cultural field as well. In Lebanon, the Baalbek Festival had to cancel most of its plans outright, and at relatively short notice. The Israel Festival did run its scheduled five weeks, but under difficulties and only after obviously tightening its budgetary belt a couple of notches. As always, this festival’s outstanding events could hold their own against those anywhere. Due to cancellations and other bad luck, though, such events figured less profusely this year than they usually do.

Zubin Mehta, virtually an adopted son of this country, dominated matters for a grueling twelve days in July, conducting the Israel Philharmonic in six concert performances of Aida (with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Herman Malamud, Robert Merrill, Raffaele Arie, and Iser Bushkin) in Tel-Aviv, Jerusalem, and in Caesarea’s superb Roman amphitheater; in between, he led two performances of Mahler’s Second Symphony in Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem. Mahler also figured importantly on Lukas Foss’s festival concert with his own orchestra, the Jerusalem Symphony (the orchestra, incidentally, of the Israeli radio), although Foss’s performance of The Song of the Earth left much, perhaps most, of his auditors disgruntled and disappointed.

Penderecki’s “Jacob”

But let us talk of happier events. One pleasant surprise came when Krzysztof Penderecki conducted the Jerusalem Symphony in three of his works, none more than three years old: Then Jacob Awoke from his Sleep (Genesis 28:16 continues: “and said, ‘Surely the Lord is in this place; and I did not know it’”), followed by the Partita for harpsichord and orchestra and the First Symphony. Much boded ill for this pair of concerts, given in Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv. Israel has a notoriously conservative audience with negligible interest in the avant-garde. The orchestra employed contains many new immigrants from the Soviet Union, totally unaccustomed not only to Penderecki’s kind of music but also to his kind of notation. (Penderecki’s gorgeous wife Elzbieta said that after the first rehearsal she feared they’d have to cancel the concerts altogether.) The politically minded also mused just how come Penderecki, a citizen and resident of pro-Arab, anti-Israel Poland, had come to appear at the Israel Festival. (If Israel has its way, it will also get him back, to conduct his works at a new festival of liturgical music it hopes to start in Nazareth. Penderecki went as far as to visit the proposed site, and felt sufficiently re-
laxed to pose waggishly in the Arab headdress of Nazareth's majority population.) Nevertheless, far from making cancellation necessary, the orchestra set to work with a will and the concerts not only attracted good-sized audiences but had them on their feet at the end, cheering.

One wonders whether this man's sonic imagination and sorcery has no limits. The Jacob work calls for ghostly blocks of sonority which Penderecki accomplishes by employing four common ocarinas—yes sirree, the humble old “sweet potato”—in one of its very rare employments ever by a serious composer.

Israel's dance companies

This year's festival presented all three of Israel's resident dance companies, the Batsheva, the Bat-Dor, and the Israel Classical Ballet. The Governor of Canada and the Canadian Ambassador to Israel sponsored six performances by the Winnipeg Ballet, three of them featuring those celebrated recent Soviet immigrants to Israel, Galina and Valery Panov. The Italian Embassy sponsored the Fersen Studio, and also the Italian Vocal Sextette in a program which included works by Monteverdi, Du Fay, Lasso, and other of their contemporaries. An ambassador of a slightly different sort introduced himself from the stage as “Mister Isidore Gillespie—Issy Gillespie! Didn't know I was Jewish, didja?” The audiences awarded Dizzy and his jazz quartet ovations, particularly his extraordinary guitarist Al Gaffa.

Leonard Bernstein, still Israel's musical golden boy, caused vast disappointment by cancelling two concerts, leaving the festival to present only a single performance of his chamber and choral music. Except for Mehta, the “Barenboim mafia”—Daniel Barenboim, Itzhak Perlman, and Pinchas Zukerman—stayed away. In the theatrical field, New York's Paper Bag Players, a captivating theater for children, and Zurich's Mummenschanz, an uncannily effective mask-and-mime trio, presented brilliant programs.

Compared with its past record, the Israel Festival had a bit of an off-year. Under the political and economic circumstances, though, it probably deserves commendation for having presented a festival this year at all. ▲

DEBUTS & REAPPEARANCES

Continued from page MA-28

(Conducted by the composer) and Stefan Wolpe's Symphony No. 1. In the bargain, the orchestra performed two works that were well worth hearing—and hearing again. Contrafactum, written in 1969, is one of Wuorinen's best pieces. In two sections, it can be described as an extended gallery of musical pictures, separated not by the famous “walking theme” of Mussorgsky but by forte vertical bloc punctuations of the timpani. Each of the snapshots deals with an aspect of musical sonority or color, and each is relatively short and self-contained. The result is both a kaleidoscope mosaic of music-making and a refreshing approach, in its frequent breaking up of the orchestra into sections, to the time-honored “concerto for orchestra” theme. Wuorinen's fertility of invention in his construction of the sections is amazing.

The Wolpe symphony has long been an underground classic, particularly after its difficulties led to the abortive performance of two of its movements by the New York Philharmonic a few years back. In three movements, it is a rigorously organized piece, in the Schoenberg mold, stemming from transformations of a two-bar melody stated at the beginning. Although this rigorousness necessarily gives the piece a certain straight-jacketed quality, what saves it from monotony is the handling of the materials and what Bayan Northcott has called Wolpe's “refined and aerated manner.” The perky rhythms and the transparency of the scoring transform what could be sludge into champagne bubbles. If I feel the second movement's reach exceeds its grasp, and that the third is over-elaborated (in a style that points toward the repetitiousness of the Steve Reich school), the symphony is that oddity today, a philosophical affirmation of musical life. Like Wuorinen's work, it is a new look at an old bottle (the symphonic form), and a refutation of the canard that all such music should sound gray.

These two works were played with immense expertise by the mostly-young ensemble: On the basis of their first concert, I hope that our newest orchestra will be around for a long, long time.

P.J.S.

VIENNA

Continued from page MA 33

declared darling of the Viennese public. His two all-Bach programs, encompassing the Six Solo Suites for cello, were completely sold out, and the final ovation kept him in the hall for a half hour. The enthusiasm was deserved: his combination of pure line and controlled freedom was entirely in the tradition of Pablo Casals. Rostropovich also accompanied his wife, soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, at the piano in a program of Russian songs and Arias, and the pair received much praise. Rostropovich plans to settle in Washington, D.C. where he will conduct the National Symphony. His two daughters will attend the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, one as a pianist, the other as a cellist.

"Cosi" captures the public

The remainder of the Festwochen brought one particular highlight: Mozart's Così fan tutte at the Staatsoper, conducted by Karl Boehm. It was Boehm's evening, and the adoring public refused to let him go. Quite successful were the productions of the English National Opera of London (Gloriana by Britten and Patience by Gilbert and Sullivan). Nathan Milstein's appearance with the Violin Concerto of Goldmark was overly driven, and his nervous intensity made the work appear even more faded than usual. The debut of the Soviet violinist Vladimir Spivakov (who was heard in New York earlier this year) was received with critical praise.

The entire future of the Vienna Festwochen is now under review and discussion. A crisis is in the making. After twelve years as over-all director, Professor Baumgartner is under attack, and a restructuring of the festival is under consideration. It is felt that the high infusion of subsidies is not producing the desired artistic results. Changes are also anticipated at the Staatsoper when a new Intendant, Seefehler, is taking over next year. After years of estrangement, Karajan is scheduled to play an increasingly important role as opera conductor. There will be new glamour and higher ticket prices (up to one thousand Schilling per seat—almost $60). It will be interesting to observe the new development. ▲
ARTIST LIFE
Continued from page MA-9

through which we safely passed and, taking an elevator, found Mirella Freni in a large, windowed dressing room, removing makeup from her still pretty, childlike face. She was alone except for the maid. We had expected a line of fans waiting. Perhaps it is not the custom in Paris.

Rolf Liebermann took us to his club where, in a quiet garden, we had an excellent and interesting lunch. He recalled the beginnings of his regime. The completely reorganized Opéra had reopened under his management in April 1973. "When I entered the house for the first time there were signs on all the doors: 'Méfiez-vous de l'étranger!' Beware of the stranger! I was under continuous attack by the press. The critic Gavoty wrote with heavy sarcasm: 'Does he know Bizet wrote Carmen?'" Liebermann smiled. "Now all that has ceased. You can't fight the public. You can't fight the box-office. We are 103% sold-out!"

He spoke of "the paradox of the French." He said: "The French are very chauvinistic. Yet they have no respect for the French. They resent the foreign and they applaud the foreign. The French are Cartesian, followers of Descartes, rationalists. When Karajan wanted to get permission in advance from the union to film-record with a system which had yet to be fully developed, the union refused. They would not agree to what was not real, to what did not exist."

He mentioned a musical problem, unique to the French—the droit morale as it applied to copyright. "This moral right exists only in France. It means that heirs of composers, even after a work has gone into the public domain, can insist on their moral right to supervise or approve productions of their uncopyrighted and often barely related ancestors. For instance, when we announced that we were giving Jerome Robbins' ballet, Afternoon of a Faun, at the Opéra, the niece of Debussy tried to prevent it."

He mentioned some disadvantages of the house he heads. "We have no rehearsal stage. Before each premiere we lose three days rehearsing in the house. And the orchestra musicians have no dressing rooms. They change clothes in the hall." An asset was "that France is the only country where people are not ashamed to display their wealth. They are not guilt ridden. And so the first night of each new production is a great show. Society dresses for the occasion and the fashion and jewel houses use it to display their wares."

"Paris," mused Rolf Liebermann, "is so beautiful." He talked of his house in the country "where the postman and his wife watch over me" and of his flat on the Ile St. Louis "where I can see the back of Notre Dame when I shave." And yet, talking with him, one had a feeling that Paris may not be the last stop in the career of this restless, remarkable, dynamic, talented man. New York.

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continued from page MA-5

A correction from Miami

SIR:
I was considerably distressed to find that an extraneous paragraph had been added to my article, "The Maurice Gusman Concert Hall," in the August issue, without any prior mention to me. Considerable damage has thereby been done to my journalistic reputation. For everyone with the slightest knowledge of the situation is aware that—contrary to the statement appearing under my byline—all the controversy and resignations occurred well before the opening of the University of Miami's new concert hall.

Gusman broke with Lombard publicly in mid-December 1974, resigning his presidency of the Philharmonic during Christmas week. Lombard quit the second week of January. And by mid-January the board of directors of the orchestra had reached agreement with the musicians union on the contractual arrangements for finishing out the season as scheduled. The statement to the contrary in my article makes it appear that I have tried to rewrite history, for many people in Miami know that I was a close observer of all these events.

F. Warren O'Reilly
Miami Beach, Fla.

The Editor replies: Our apologies to Mr. O'Reilly for the paragraph in question, which was indeed inserted by us. We were obviously mistaken as to the chronology of events, and retract our "revisionist" version of history herewith.
British composers can write extended works for chorus and orchestra, call them symphonies, and get away with it, but I sense that this Roy Harris score has been needlessly put down over the years because of the presence of "symphony" in its title. In the classical sense it is not a symphony at all. Folksongs do not invite thematic development and variation, and Harris is more interested in preserving the identity of his material than in treating it the way Beethoven treated that waltz by Diabelli. The idiom is the American nationalist style of the '30s and '40s, and you might mistake this for a Copland score of that period, since both men were working in this spirit. The songs are all familiar, and the settings are craftsmanlike, sensitive to the texts, tasteful, and well-scored.

Abravanel and the Utah Symphony, making their EMI/Angel debut, give the music a simple, straightforward performance. The fine Utah Chorale projects the words forcefully, and the SQ recording provides antiphonal effects, front and back, that add greatly to the attraction of the record.

With the bicentennial approaching, we are going to hear a great deal of American music. I hope we are going to hear the overdue revivals of older works such as this, which deserve reviving just as much as the lesser efforts of some German Romantic. This is not great music, but it is thoroughly respectable music in terms of its limited artistic goals, and in a performance and recording of this quality it should see you through '76 and beyond with some pleasant moments.

R.C.M.

Haydn: Quartets, Op. 76—See Fauré: Piano Quartet No. 1


The Oxford Symphony really belongs to the group (Nos. 82-87) composed in 1785-86 for Paris, but it is closer to Haydn's great London symphonies. The masterful construction, the inexhaustible imagination in manipulating the thematic material, and the effortless use of involved counterpoint characterize the final phase of Haydn's style.

Where the Oxford differs from the "big" London symphonies is in its more intimate and elegiac character. The slow introduction is deeply felt, and the Allegro, with its deceptively simple theme, promises a quiet—even unadventurous—movement until Haydn begins to "go to work" on it. Simple as the theme is, he still reduces it to the first five notes, which he elaborates with such virtuosity that there is no room for a second subject. At the very end of the exposition a delicious Rossinian opera buffa tune appears as a quasi-afterthought. The slow movement sings warmly, but the minuet plays all sorts of tricks—then in the second half of the trio the listener is really

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December 1975
Sonata refers to the legend of King Arthur, and the Third Sonata reflects its Norse subtitle in its dedication to Grieg and in being preceded by a myth-inspired poem by the composer. Though quite distinct in mood and expression, both of these sonatas are characterized by relatively brief thematic ideas built up with considerable ingenuity in development and structured in a rather free cyclic version of sonata form. The piano texture is rich, as one might expect from a composer who was himself a virtuoso and admirer of Liszt. In fact, both sonatas owe much to Liszt's B minor, though with a more folksong drive.

As we approach the American bicentennial and its flood of historical narcissism, MacDowell deserves serious attention—at the very least, enough performances, on record and in concert, to provide reassessment of his talent. Vonk Takahashi's superb performance of the Second and Third Sonatas are an admirable start; now we should certainly have the other two sonatas (hopefully by Ms. Takahashi), as well as some of the later piano collections and songs. Meanwhile, this record is in every respect a major contribution to the American repertory.

**Massenet: La Navarraise**

Anita

Marilyn Horne

Anita

Placido Domingo

Ramon

Ryland Davis

Gabriel Bascouer

Nicola Zaccaria

Ambrosian Opera Chorus; London Symphony Orchestra, Henry Lewis, cond. [Richard Mohr, prod.] RCA Red Seal ARS 1-1114, $6.98. Tape: ARK 1-1114, $7.95; ARS 1-1114, $7.95. Quadriphonic: ARD 1-1114 (Quadradisc), $7.98; ART 1-1114 (Q-8 cartridge), $7.95.

Comparison: Popp, Vanzo, Almida/London Sym. Col. M 33506

Anyone who hasn't yet made the acquaintance of La Navarraise, Massenet's little two-act thriller, should waste no further time. A second recording might seem redundant so soon after Columbia's superb disc premiere (August 1975), but surely a second recording might seem redundant so soon after Columbia's superb display.

...La Navarraise is quite nice, and the fateful scene with Anita has sought out the Carlist chief Zaccaria for amorous purposes, Columbia's tenors provide more vocal contrast. But the Ramons are a virtual standoff, and Zaccaria for amorous purposes, Columbia's tenors provide more vocal contrast.

*Note: The text continues with detailed comparisons and reviews of various performances.*
Fifties, when he was a mainstay of EMI's Italian-opera recordings, but I imagine he could still be a valuable recording artist in less-than-principal roles like this one.

Finally, there is La Navarristse herself, traditionally the province of dramatic sopranos or even mezzos, which certainly describes RCA's Marilyn Horne better than Columbia's Lucia Popp. However, Massenet's role often provides as high as well as low as options, which generally keeps Popp's high lyric soprano in friendly terrain, and Horne was below par for these scenes. Her voice is often tremulous, particularly in the upper register, quite spouting such moments as the impassioned duet, "Murray done son coeur avee mon coeur." In purely vocal terms, Popp's Anita seems to me decidedly superior: the bottom of her voice, once only or twice overlaid, is far more secure than the top of Horne's.

As a piece of operatic characterization, there is no comparison. Popp communicates with shattering intensity the terrifying vulnerability andaloneness of this particular and social misfit, clinging tenaciously to Arquai, her only human comfort. Her prayer to the Virgin for Arquai's safe return is riveting, Horne's positively cavalier. In such a crucial situation, a sweetheart's resolve to murder Zucaraga the effect is overwhelming, for her emotional and physical resources are clearly drawn from a reserve of caged desperation. This detail of personal involvement ought to be the sine qua non of operatic recordings, in fact it is encountered rarely enough that such a performance becomes all the more cherishable.

To a large extent, the comparative qualities of the heroines apply to the performances as a whole. Except perhaps for the title role, the two casts are so closely matched that the difference in impact must trace back to the conductors. Henry Lewis (RCA) does an honorable job, but his response to the score—broader, lusher, weightier—is quite different from Antonio de Almeida's, and the latter is clearly the superior of the two casts. The Orchestre des Concerts de France, conducted by Jean-Pierre Rode, with H. Fink, basset horn, is fairly close, but Horne's voice is less than principal roles like this one. RCA's big and bass-oriented interpretation of the Mass, with a number of slightly quicker tempi where I can say that Lewis is intrinsically superior; the bottom of her voice, less than ideal, texts and translations, but less than perfect. Texts and translations, but less than perfect. RCA's supposed literal translation is often less accurate than Columbia's singing translation, for the RCA translator has a habit of telling us what the characters mean, not just what they actually say. Just give us the facts, ma am. K.F.


Mozart's C minor Mass, K. 139, is one of those cases that make the critic just throw up his hands and wonder whether the musical world is round or flat. For a long time it was believed that this work was composed in 1772, hence the Kochel number 139, but today it is pretty conclusively proved that this is the Mass Mozart composed for the consecration of the Orphanage Church in 1788. As a consequence the Kochel number was changed to 47a, and the title Weihnachts Messer was restored to this work. This leaves the historical and critical statistics, but it does not help the critic. It was nearly unbelievably that the Mass could have been composed by a sixteen-year-old from a twelve-year-old child the fest is simply incomprehensible. Leopold could not have helped his son as he did with earlier compositions, for by this time he had been left hopelessly behind by the young Wolfgang. Not that the Mass is the masterpiece some claim it to be; it is uneven and does not coalesce into a homogeneous whole, but portions of it are beautiful and incredibly mature.

Mozart was a traditionalist who did not question established musical precepts: he only made everything better than anyone in his time could even approach. Thus he followed the Salzburg tradition in composing Masses, but even more so with this tradition. The work is full of bold departures from the norm, but shows an indescribable tension between the "galant" and the "learned" styles, a dichotomy in which his sacred works Mozart did not manage to come until the Requiem. This Mass is not even in C minor: after a solemn invocation of a few measures it turns to C major, and with a couple of exceptions everything that follows is in the major mode. Following the invocation, the rest of the Kyrie is composed like an Italian overture, in a sonata form with the "Chrestus" as the slow section. It then goes on to something like an homophonic orchestral style with a number of slightly picturesque ritornelloes.

With the Gloria there begins a curious combination of brief little pieces: almost every sentence is set differently, evidence of the future gregorian style of setting a profundely expressive text. The "Gloria in excelsis" and the "Gratias" are splendid choral numbers, but in between the choralus the "Laudamus" and the "Domine Deus" are melting Italianate solos. Here Mozart is close to Italian opera, even shockingly, even shockingly, even shockingly, with plentiful cadences. Then comes the somber and starkly dramatic "Qui tollis" in F mi-

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EXP 21 C.P.E. BACH - Flute Concerto in D minor from the LSO, with especially ravishing performances. The engineering matches the intricate orchestral style with a number of slightly quicker tempi. As a piece of operatic characterization, there is no comparison. Popp communicates with shattering intensity the terrifying vulnerability and aloneness of this po-
nor, and one must ask with bewilderment how a twelve-year-old could compose something like this, full of bold dramatic strokes. But Mozart soon turns completely around. The “Quoniam” is a bravura aria for soprano, with scintillating coloratura that seems to make the piece, though good enough, out of context.

The Sanctus, also an elaborate movement, begins broadly and festively, soon turning into an almost madrigalesque vein, while the Benedictus, attractively antiphonal between soprano solo and chorus, once more exudes the charm of the Neapolitan cantilena that was so close to Mozart’s heart. The Agnus Dei begins with the dark bugling of the trombones (this Mass has a large orchestra), over which the tenor’s solo rises impressively; this solo is serious and without the confections Mozart lavishes on the soprano’s music. The chorus enters magnificently—the timing is marvelously right—and now the figurations in the violins are anything but perfunctory. The solo quartet that follows is equally well composed and, for the first time in a nonfugal context, with a modicum of polyphony. The end must of course be jubilant, and the “Dono nobis pacem” brings in all four trumpets and the drums.

The performance is good, mainly because conductor Herbert Kegel, fully aware of the loose construction, is successful in holding things together. Of the soloists, soprano Celestina Casapietra and especially tenor Peter Schmier are excellent; the others are adequate. The chorus is very good and the orchestra fair, but the sound is not quite up to Philips’ usual high standards: the ubiquitous timpani are dull and the violins a hit below par, somewhat as Philips usually presents Mozart’s music. The “Crucifixus” with its muted trumpets is once more high drama and is unbelievably accomplished and mature. The final piece in the Credo, “Et vitam venturi,” is of course a fugue, not very complicated but very singable.

This is a fascinating recording—at times almost frightening, it is so close to sorcery.

P.I.L.

**MOZART:** Sonatas, K. 10-15. Thomas Brandis, violin (in K. 10-12); Karlheinz Zoller, flute (in K. 13-15); Waldemar Dbling, harpsichord; Wolfgang Boettcher, cello. [Andreas Holschneider and Werner Mayer, prod.] Archiv 25533 135, $7.98.


Mozart was a genius from the moment of his birth, but in the spring of 1764, when the first of this music was written, he was an eight-year-old genius, and what we hear on this record is the work of an amazing child who sat at the harpsichord in the lap of John Christian, the lad Bach who left the Lutheran church of father Johann Sebastian to become a Roman Catholic and ended up in London, delighting the British with frolicsome secular music. John Bach was Mozart’s friend and model, and for a long time he surpassed papa Leopold.
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Prior to Collard's recording of the Rachmaninoff Second Sonata, Cliburn's apparently came closest to the untouched original 1913 score, but even he acknowledged some interpolations from the supposedly pruned-down, thinned-out 1931 text. Ogdon gave us straight 1931, while Horowitz synthesized the two editions into a version similar to that he played for the composer in 1940.

With that said, I must add that the sonata sounds much the same to me in whatever edition. It is an uneven work full of sundry inspirations. Even more than the Third Concerto and the Second Symphony, it tends to ramble, structurally and thematically, and cutting does little to clarify what cannot be made clear. For all that, it is a challenging and terrifying work to play, with all that swirling chromaticism and kaleidoscopic detail that Rachmaninoff so loved.

Ogdon's recording, while admirable and strong, is relatively cut and dried: his disc is the only available account of the First Sonata. Horowitz, spiky and bristling, with that breathtakingly solid, bronzelike sonority that only he can achieve, is uniquely exciting—although his encore performance of the finale last spring eclipsed even his own recording. Collard's broad, sumptuously lyrical, yet still dramatic reading preserves one of his most notable efforts. Even though Collard uses the ostensibly more opaque 1913 scoring, he manages somehow to trim the writing down to slim, mercurial proportions. He cultivates pianos in the way that Horowitz
does fortissimos; the result may not be as
demonic as Horowitz or even Cliburn, but
it is superb from a coloristic standpoint and
rhythmically alert.

The La Folio Variations (Rachmaninoff
erroneously attributed the tune to Corelli)
is delicately re-created. Collard has won-
derful color at his disposal, and his nimble,
front fingers are up to every cruelty meted
out by the composer. Again, this is a merce-
rial statement. (Far removed from Ashken-
azy's more massive, grandly inflected sec-
ond recording (London CS 6822).) I sus-
pect that Rachmaninoff's own performance,
unfortunately not preserved on records,
must have been closer in spirit to Ashken-
azy's, but the Collard disc is valid in its own right
and should appeal to all devotees of aris-
tocratic pianism.

The sound of the test pressing was ex-
cellent.

H.G.

RACHMANINOFF: Symphony No. 1, in D mi-
nor, Op. 13. London Symphony Orchestra,
André Previn, cond. [Christopher Bishop.
prod.] ANGEL S 37120, $6.98 (SQ-encoded
disc)

RACHMANINOFF: Symphony No. 2, in E mi-
nor, Op. 27. Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene
Ormandy, cond. [Max Wilcox, prod.] RCA
RED SEAL ARL 1-1150, $6.96. Tape: ARK
1-1150, $7.95; ARS 1-1150, $7.95.

With this First, André Previn becomes the
second non-Russian to record all three
Rachmaninoff symphonies. (His old RCA
Third will in time be replaced by an EMI
version, as part of his current Rachmanin-
off orchestral series.) The other, of course,
is Eugene Ormandy, who is newly repre-
sented by his Fourth Second Symphony,
one of those works that have been ides
fixes throughout his career, dating back to
his Minneapolis Symphony version in the
78 era.

Nobody seems to have told Previn that
the D minor Symphony is a conservatory
work; he treats it as if convinced from day
one that the score is a masterpiece, with
out hard-selling (as do the stormy and driven
Ormandy and Svetlanov performances) on
the one hand or keeping a tight rein (as does
Well) as if to apologize for structural
weaknesses, on the other. Thus, in a read-
ing that breathes absolutely naturally and
with no sense of striving for effect, he
bodily well convinced me that this is a
masterpiece. The LSO's playing seethes
with poetic license superimposed on rock-
solid discipline. In places, the oboes and
with their wide vibrato, problematic to be sure
in German literature but right in place here.

There are some curious deviations in
scoring from the other recordings I have on
hand and from the score I consult (pub-
lished by Rare Music Editions of London).
In the first movement's maestoso passage
(beginning between rehearsal Nos. 8 and 9)
there is a generous ringing of small bells
throughout, and timpani and other percus-
sion are also introduced under the con
anima passage ten bars before No. 41 in the
fina. Since the score was destroyed by its
composer and put together after his death
from surviving parts in the Leningrad Con-
servatory, these discrepancies puzzle me.

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In any case, if Rachmaninoff could hear how the piece sounds here, with full-blooded and spacious engineering, he would surely have second thoughts about his decision to renounce this youthful effort.

Ormandy's latest E minor does bring something new: the first time that he has recorded the symphony uncut (though it is only fair to recall that the composer himself sanctioned numerous omissions, which practice remained more or less standard well into the Sixties). Unfortunately Ormandy otherwise fails to duplicate the musical grasp of his other current rendition (Columbia MS 6110) or that of his domestic rivals in the mono-score arena (Previn [Angel S 36064] and Klefksi [London CS 6586]). The lyrical passages lack real smoothness and flow, and the martial and sardonic elements want the dynamism that is a consistent feature of Klefksi. In his striving for pointed grotesquerie (the huge slowdown for the scherzo, the measured march tread near the beginning of the finale), Ormandy sounds merely stodgy, almost like a piece of machinery running down. The "fabulous Philadelphia sound" has been turned into some kind of a nightmarish jukebox, with glossy and dry violins and woodwinds (e.g., the clarinet in the opening of the slow movement) that are miked larger than life.

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At this point, my conception of the ideal Daphnis would be a performance combining the warmth of the Fruehbeck version (Angel S 36471) with the clarity and sharpness, both interpretative and sonic, of the new Boulez recording. I wish I could recommend the Boulez Daphnis without qualification; it is no doubt the version I will turn to when I want to hear the ballet. Unsurprisingly, with Boulez there is simply much more to hear than with anyone else, and his vision of the work has some splendid touches, ranging from the exhausting chorale finale to the amazingly subtle expansiveness of the opening—compare this to the glibness of the Ozawa introduction.

But the ballet is, after all, based on a pastoral romance, and Boulez' Daphnis is occasionally just too relentless, too deliberately planned out. I am not otherwise surprised that, given his less than Romantic inclinations, he finds it necessary here and there to bloat certain melodic lines, such as Chloe's theme following the pirates' dance or her certain melodic lines, such as Chloe's theme following the pirates' dance or her

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dance after "Daybreak" in the ballet's third section.

Ozawa will certainly never be accused of overinterpretation, at least not in his Daphnis. And while I tend to prefer this sort of sin to its opposite—the excessive imposi-
not by accentuating certain beats, but by freeing the rhythmic line from tonal clutter.

Of the many other attributes I could single out in Argerich's playing, her thorough understanding of Ravel's thematic motivation deserves note. This involves not simply the highlighting of the often well-buried motives and melodies, which she brings out with beautiful tone control, but also the complete rhythmic and dynamic shaping of the many lyrical fragments. It is remarkable how, for instance, the extra microsecond she applies to the end of a phrase enriches the shape and expressive content of the music.

Even without the comparison of Argerich, Rög's Ravel Vol. 2 strikes me, like Vol. 1 (CS 6873, April 1975), as almost perfectly executed but basically unidiomatic—not glaringly so, but with so much attention paid to sonority and effect that the basic dynamism of Ravel's writing is considerably dulled. In spite of his virtuosity, Rög often leaves an impression of ponderousness because he simply does not allow all the gears to get into full motion.

But Argerich gives us a milestone recording, one that should be in every collection.

R.S.B.

ROSS: Prelude, Fugue, and Big Apple; Concerto for Trombone and Orchestra—See Recitals and Miscellany: Contemporary American Works.

SCHUBERT: Quartets Nos. 13–15—See Faure. Piano Quartet No. 1

SCHUBERT: Sonata for Piano, in G, D. 894 (Fantasy); Fantasy in C, D. 760 (Wanderer); Impromptu in E flat minor, D. 946, No. 1. Dezsö Ránki, piano. [Dora Antal, prod.] HUNGAROTON SLPX 11664, $6.98.

This record provides further reason for regarding Dezsö Ránki as one of the outstanding pianists of his generation (he was born in 1951). His account of the difficult-to-sustain Schubert Fantasy Sonata is particularly impressive for its elegant proportion, its pointed rhythm, and its intense purity of expression. This is an alert performance rather than a dreamily introspective one, but it nonetheless has a degree of involvement and poetry.

Also impressive is the E flat minor Impromptu from the posthumous D. 946 group, which for once is presented with forthright, steady rhythm. A whole generation of players have turned this piece into a parody by caricaturing the typical rushing and holding back once practiced by the late, great Arthur Schnabel.

The Wanderer Fantasy, though cleanly and musically rendered, nevertheless lacks slightly, both in its projection of epic power and in certain textual details—e.g., Ránki erroneously retains the D sharp throughout the final measure of the second movement instead of changing it to D natural in accord with the urtext. Still, this performance too is outstandingly clear pianistically, and all three works benefit from the rich, plangent instrument used.

Reproduction and processing are superior: The microphone placement is close without being claustrophobic; the surfaces are virtually noiseless. H.C.
The engineering, however, captures Schumann: translations, however. The songs here seem to be first recordings: the Young pieces are equally disconcerting. In "Nähe des Gebieters," the line "ich bin bei dir," ("I am with you"), with its special little push on the last word, seems to be addressed to a specific person, embodies a tangible commitment rather than just a generalized declaration.

Though the timbre of the sound is predominantly dark, there is no monotony in the recital. Good programming is in part responsible, but still more, the rhythmic vivacity and coloristic variety that Fassbender brings to her interpretations. There is quiet humor in "Der Einsame," sparkles in "Die Sterne" (slightly dimmed by some sticky piano playing), and real intensity in "Grethchen." I find "An Sylvia" a shade brassy and "Standchen" too restless (here Ludwig has the further advantage of a better chorus). Still, a few mis-calculations can be forgiven in the face of so much musicianship and imagination. (I can also recommend Fassbender's record of "gypsy songs" by Brahms, Dvořák, Liszt, and others on Erato 3 CO 50308, including a dazzling turn on Liszt's "Die drei Zigeuner.")

After this, Ludwig is a shade disappointing. Not that she does anything unmusical—it just seems very generalized, almost stereotyped singing by comparison. Three songs here seem to be first recordings: the relatively early "Lila an die Morgenröte" and "Klärchen's Lied," and the interesting late Walter Scott setting, "Lied der Anna Lyle." Several others are not common, although the Mignon songs (plus one more that Ludwig omits) and the eloquent "Berthold's Lied in der Nachtigall" will be found in Baker's Seraphim set (SIB 6083, two discs for the same price as this one).

Both discs are well recorded. Only Deutsche Grammophon gives English translations, however. D.H.


I am not an exponent of the stopwatch school of criticism, but Michelangeli's 35:36 timing tells a lot about his Carnaval, a piece that even with all repeats normally runs 26–27 minutes. This perverse master pianist seems to have pondered every note, phrase, and accent, and in the process laid the music to rest. Quite apart from the oppressive deliberation, the prevailing italization and lack of vibrant color expunge every vestige of animation from these intrinsically dancelike vignettes; they are drained of romance with a mortician's finality.

The painfully introverted, utterly charmless renditions of the three little Album for the Young pieces are equally disconcerting. The engineering, however, captures Michelangeli's distinctive marblelike sonority well.

H.G.

SCHUMANN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra—See Grieg: Concerto.


With this disc, Elly Ameling once again demonstrates that in the performing of Lieder she has today few peers. There is no doubt that she is limited by nature to the more intimate aspects of song literature. Her small, clear soprano lends itself neither to large-scale tragic utterance nor to impetuous emotionality. But material that calls for these qualities she is usually wise enough, as in the present recital, to eschew, preferring instead to exercise her considerable gifts on subtlety of feeling, charm, and intimate psychological truths.

Frauenliebe und Leben, music that can easily sound stocky or sentimental, is utterly convincing. In Ameling's performance the progress of a woman from the first, youthful awakening of love to the shock of bereavement at her husband's death is touchingly conveyed: there is a real sense here of human development, of a personality being shaped by events. The means she employs are not spectacular—a broadening of the tone on "treter mir empor," a perfectly judged legato to convey the rapt wonder of "Es hat ein Traum mich berückt," various subtleties of rhythm and tempo in "Du Ring an meinem Finger," a dark coloration imparted to the first stanza of the final song—yet every detail tells. Ameling never tries to inflate her material in order to convince or to subvert his musicianship, but not on this occasion, when from beginning to end he sounds particularly inspired.

A comparison of this new performance of the Op. 24 Liederkreis (to Heine poems, much the more intimate aspects of song literature) with that issued some nine years ago and still happily available on DG 139 109 shows a gain in musical refinement and a growth in artistic conviction that are very exciting. In the intervening years Fischer-Dieskau's voice has aged only minimally, but his understanding of these songs has deepened a great deal. Nowhere is this fact more apparent than in his refusal to overdramatize them. In "Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herz mein" the pause before "Totensang" is so masterfully managed that what is conveyed is merely an intuition of mortality, a sudden stab of fear, rather than a dramatic confrontation with destiny. But then, the entire cycle is brilliantly performed.

So, all in all, are the fifteen selections from Mythen (except for one omission, the same group he recorded with Demus, scat-
interpreters of that literature had had a go at
DECEMBER
that will be on sale in toto by sometime in
a cycle of the seven Sibelius symphonies
Philips' crew was rolling into town to begin
would go unrecorded because of conflicting
left the hall elated but also depressed at the
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obligation of the ensuing largamente. And
the vehemence of the six tutti chords that close
the symphony has never been more
decisive.
In the Seventh Symphony, Davis opts for
dark textures, deliberation, and a huge dy-
namic scale. Sometimes such an approach
has resulted in bathos and a feeling of
pseudo-religiosity—cf. Karajan. Here the

Orchestra. Colin Davis, cond. [Vittorio Negri,
prod.] PHILIPS 6500 959, $7.98.

Only twice before has the Boston Sym-
phony crossed contractual lines in its
recording activity. Four decades ago, Co-
lumbia rather than Victor plunked down
mikes and cutters in Carnegie Hall for a
Koussevitzky performance of Roy Harris' Sym-
phony 1933; since the BSO switched its
affiliation to DG, only Leonard Bernstein
has produced an exception, when he re-
corded Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex three
years ago, again for Columbia. It would
take some pretty special circumstances to
allow a shift of loyalties in such a tradi-
 tion-conscious institution (the Oedipus was a
tradeoff for Bernstein's participation in the
DG Coven), even granting that higher-
level corporate links between DG and Phil-
ips might ease the negotiating problems.

One very special circumstance has been
the mutual ador between Colin Davis,
BSO principal guest conductor since 1973
(the orchestra had been courting him as a
potential music director since the late Six-
ties), and his Boston constituency—players,
management, critics, and audiences alike.
The English conductor and New England
orchestra wanted badly to record together,
but Davis of course was an exclusive Phil-
ips superstar.
In the early Seventies, Davis began bring-
ing a Sibelius symphony or so to Boston
each season, to cautiously dawning respect
and then frenzied excitement from his au-
diences. One evening I approached him
backstage at Symphony Hall and asked
whether he was considering recording
some symphonies of Sibelius (or even of
Vaughan Williams and Elgar, by whom he
also did marvelously). He rather jovially
demurred, stating that so many qualified
interpreters of that literature had had a go at
it lately he didn't think his views would add
much to the catalogue at this point! A year
or so later, I induced a horrid sore throat
bravo-ing from the top balcony after a sub-
scription concert of the Sibelius Fifth and
left the hall elated but also depressed at the
thought that such a riveting conception
would go unre corded because of conflicting
contracts and misplaced modesty.
Little did I know that at that moment
Philips' crew was rolling into town to begin
a cycle of the seven Sibelius symphonies
that will be on sale in toto by sometime in
1977. (Nos. 1, 3, and 4 were programmed in
Boston before recording plans were set-
tled—they will be rescheduled to allow for
sessions—while Nos. 2 and 6 are on the
boards for this season.) And Sibelius isn't
all we'll have from Davis and the BSO; a
coupling of the Mendelssohn Italian Sym-
phony and Midsummer Night's Dream ex-
certs is soon to be completed.

Surveying the available recordings of the
Sibelius Fifth last September, I declared no
clear winner and suggested "it might pay to
wait" for the forthcoming Davis. The wait
proved not terribly long, the reward consid-
erable.
To begin with, Davis manages a defini-
tive projection of the score's time span. The
two-in-one opening movement proceeds in
brooding stasis; the strettos near the end
accelerate rather quickly, yet with
gnarled rhythmic tension sustained at ev-
every moment. The slow movement is gen-
unely re poseful, its quick middle section
offering a playful, but fortunately un-
scrambled, contrast. The urgency of the fi-
nale's initial tempo is just right, both in it-
self and for contrast with the massive
nobility of the ensuing largamente. And
the vehemence of the six tutti chords that close
the symphony has never been more
decisive.

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namic scale. Sometimes such an approach
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granitic but sensuous strength of this one- 
movement monolith emerges with incan-
descent power: for comparable effect, one 
would have to turn to EHRLING's early Mer-
cury LP or to Stravinsky's Melodiya version 
(issued in England as HMV/Melodiya ASD 
2805). The sustained fortissimo climaxes 
under Davis' baton call to mind the surging 
torrents of orchestral energy that Furt- 
wängler brought to the Wagnerian school.

In both symphonies, Davis' rhythmic cer-
tainty, his generously sweeping but faultly 
controlled feel for Romantic phrasing, suf-
fuse the music with adrenalin. The BSO is 
at its inspired best. String attacks are fierce 
and emphatic, releases blunt and incisive— 
proper phrase endings are no minor matter 
good Sibelius conducting. It seems unfair 
to single out individual wind players; when 
the whole choir is so fine, but Sherman 
Walt's bassoon solos in the Fifth are truly 
"lugubrious" and "pathetic"—no putdown, 
that's what Sibelius asks for. The oboes are 
simply perfect. The brasses have the crisps- 
ness and full thrust one wants for this Nor- 
dic storm music, and timpanist Everett 
Firth pounds away like a raging giant.

In contrast to DG's engineering ap-
proach, Philips has evoked a close-up, en-
volving sound, with no obvious spotlight-
ing of individual lines. Particularly in the 
Seventh, the bass energy contained in these 
grooves is so immense that a mere urban 
living room seems claustrophobic. This 
record wants to be belted through a 100-
watt-per-channel amplifier into monster 
speakers in a barn surrounded by miles and 
miles of woods and mountains. Heard thus, 
late at night, it would so doubt strike sheer 
primordial terror in one's heart—as well as 
those of passing bears, deer, and forest 
runners!

I will simply add that Davis appears to 
have been as carried away by the proceed-
ings as I was. His humming, exhortatory 
grunts to the orchestra are occasionally de-
tectable through the rich and blazing 
panoply of symphonic texture. It's nice to 
know that even in the cynical Seventies, 
people can "get involved."

ALEXANDER COHN

STRAVINSKY: The Firebird. Igor 
Stravinsky, piano. KLAVER KS 126; 
$6.98 [from Duo-ART piano rolls, c. 1920].

Having often urged the reissue of Stra-
vinsky's player-piano-roll recordings, I am 
oblige to report that this particular one, at 
least, is neither very interesting nor very en-
joyable. With a few brief omissions, the 
total ballet is here, though often the textures 
are radically skeletonized. Given the dy-
amic limitations of the medium, it's dry 
listening at best, pointless at worst; the 
"Magic Carillon" episode doesn't work at 
all, for example.

The playing is less than ideally polished, 
although one is inclined to attribute some 
grotesque accenting (notably in the hasty 
"Khovorod") to flaws in the rolls rather 
than in Stravinsky's technique. There is no 
way of knowing whether the rolls have 
been played back at the proper speed; most 
of the tempos do come out reasonably close 
to the original metronome markings, how-
ever. The piano is cleanly recorded, and so 
are what sound like pedal noises, frequent 
and annoying.

Despite this disappointment, I'd still like 
to hear more of the Stravinsky piano rolls— 
especially those made for Pleyel, for which 
the composer claimed to have "virtually re-
composed" some of his vocal works (in-
cluding, among others, still another version 
of Les Noces to add to those recently re-
recorded by Robert Craft!).

D.H.

VERDI: I Masnadieri. For a feature review, 
see page 80.

WAGNER: Orchestral Excerpts, Album 1. 
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von 
Karajan, cond. [Michel Glotz, prod.] ANGEL S 
37097, $6.98 (SO-encoded disc).

I take this record to exemplify the current 
Karajan aesthetic: an unbroken line of sen-
suous melody, shaped and colored to pro-
duce the most voluptuous effect, in which 
one phrase flows directly into another in 
the manner of the Philadelphia Orchestra 
when Stokowski abolished the office of 
concertmaster. Rhetorical pauses between 
phrases are out. In fact phrasing, in the con-
ventional sense, is out. Movement is every-
thing.

This effect is enhanced electronically by 
recording that has the sound shimmering in 
the resonance of a large hall and that de-

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parts from the usual modern practice of using a couple dozen section microphones on the stage to return to a seemingly small number of panorama microphones above the performers. With SQ decoding (this is one of Angel’s “underground SQs” described in August’s “News and Views”), a quite spectacular surround effect is provided from a point above the orchestra.

Karajan’s vision of the Grail could just as easily be a vision of Venus, to which the sensual element of his Lobengrin prelude would really be more appropriate; the Tristan music sounds like a soundtrack for the Joy of Sex: the Tannhäuser, once its pious moments are past, is a parody of carnal enticements. Karajan is not inserting anything that isn’t in the music, but you may prefer performances—Klemperer’s, for a start—that make the eroticism less obvious. Or this may be your choice. But don’t give the record to your maiden Aunt Minnie unless you know the old girl is equal to it. R.C.M.

But Ross obviously has a genuine feeling for the, um, ins and outs of the instrument, and in his more conventional 1971 trombone concerto he consistently avoids the heaviness that can sometimes plague a brass concerto, stressing—often with exciting vigor—rhythmic and instrumental color and not forgetting the jazz role the trombone has played in this century. (The atonal-blues atmosphere of the second movement is handled with particular sensitivity.)

Ross could not have a better proponent for his musical ideas than Norwegian-born trombonist Per Brevig. It escapes me how Brevig can manage such agility and smoothness when a slide has to be maneuvered, but he does, all the while keeping vigorous, broad music in perfect balance with the other musical goings-on.

If Ross’s immensely welcome twinkle in the eye is nowhere to be found in the overside works by Joseph Schwantner (born in 1943 and a pupil of Alan Stout) and William Penn (also born in 1943), both works nonetheless represent brilliantly well crafted applications of more avant-garde devices. Schwantner’s 1972 Modus Coelestis seems a sort of polar opposite to Prelude, Fugue, and Big Apple. In the latter, one feels a sense of identity between the electronic sounds and the microcosmic universe from which they are produced. Schwantner reaches toward an awe-inspiring macrocosm, combining a rather Boulezian instrumental delineation with a Ligetian sense of ever-expanding musical space, created in part by the moody deployment of twelve flutes combined with strings and diverse percussion.

In yet another completely different vein, Penn uses a highly pointillistic approach, the complexities of which are suggested by the Beyond Notation implied by the title of this 1971 work. Through a surprisingly varied use of directionality across the stage and the use of almost every device to their full humorous potential in the Prelude. What really rounds out the musical humor here is the kingly way in which little electronic glissandos creep in and do their best to imitate the trombone’s antics.

To balance things out, Ross follows the Prelude with a slow, rather lugubrious Fugue, whose subject is introduced—in an unusual but highly effective move for this medium—in the tape. And in the concluding “Big Apple,” based on a popular dance number of other devices to their full humorous potential in the Prelude. What really rounds out the musical humor here is the kingly way in which little electronic glissandos creep in and do their best to imitate the trombone’s antics.

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To balance things out, Ross follows the Prelude with a slow, rather lugubrious Fugue, whose subject is introduced—in an unusual but highly effective move for this medium—in the tape. And in the concluding “Big Apple,” based on a popular dance number of other devices to their full humorous potential in the Prelude. What really rounds out the musical humor here is the kingly way in which little electronic glissandos creep in and do their best to imitate the trombone’s antics.
Itzhak Perlman not only has the phenomenal technique to play virtually anything in the repertory, but also an intellectual curiosity and human warmth to illuminate anything he tackles.

Though the two Saint-Saëns pieces are in the 'warhorse' category, they provide pleasant curtain-raising to fine performances of major, though relatively brief, French masterpieces for the violin. Perlman plays the Saint-Saëns pieces straight, neither descending nor misusing their slight content, and with a trace of real wit.

The Chausson Poème, one of the most fragile works in the repertory, is all too easy to oversentimentalize, but underplaying it is equally dangerous. There are currently fine performances available by Francescatti and Grumiaux. The former is somewhat extroverted, and his approach is intensified by Bernstein's rather overblown orchestral direction. Perlman's reading has a deeper intensity than Francescatti's and still much of the inner emotion of Grumiaux's more contained performance.

Perlman is equally persuasive in the exoticism of Ravel's Tzigane, evoking its varied color and rhythm in a way that completes the contrast with the Chausson. Again I feel that he has more fully captured the essence of this work than either Grumiaux or Francescatti.

To top off this already impressive recording, the collaboration of Jean Martinon and the Orchestre de Paris is miles ahead of those accorded the other violinists, especially in the conductor's grasp of the very special styles of the Chausson and Ravel pieces.

P.H.

GEORG SOLTI: "Russian Showcase." Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. LONDON CS 6944, $6.98.


This is, I believe, the first time that Sir Georg has recorded with the Berlin Philharmonic, and it is a somewhat improbable combination. As honed by Karajan, the orchestra has an extraordinary polish, a mellow and transparent sound quite unlike that which Solti has drawn from the Chicago, London, Vienna, and Paris orchestras with which he has been associated on records.

Indeed Solti’s attack and release prove considerably harder and more incisive than Karajan’s. Much of the time, but by no means invariably, the Berlin players respond well in this respect. The Berlin brasses are severely extended and, in fact, cannot easily produce the rich brass sound that Solti revels in—there is definite strain, for example, in this Night on Bare Mountain.

The sonic ambience of this record, like most Berlin Philharmonic products, has a chiaroscuro that doesn’t fit Solti’s style as it does Karajan’s.

P.H.
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TINA TURNER: Acid Queen. Tina Turner, vocals; rhythm, strings, keyboards, synthesizers, and horns accompaniment. Under My Thumb; Let's Spend the Night Together; Acid Queen; six more. [Denny Diante, Spender Proffer, and Ike Turner, prod.] UNITED ARTISTS LA 495G, $6.98. Tape: HCA 495H, $7.98. • EA 495H, $7.98.

In her appearance in Ken Russell's film version of Tommy, Tina Turner as the Acid Queen positively sizzled. But when does this ravishing rhythm-and-blues songstress not exude the sort of body heat that makes an audience stand on its chairs and scream for more?

Indeed, I've always thought that Tina was at her finest when she took rock songs and converted them into her own brand of sinewy, sensual r&b anthems. The entire first side of this disc finds her working her suggestive alchemy on a group of rock standards. She tackles, for example, the Rolling Stones' "Under My Thumb" and "Let's Spend the Night Together," the Who's "I Can See for Miles," Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love," and the title track. None of these English rockers will ever be the same.

On the second side, she steamrolls her way through four tunes by Ike Turner, and they are as supercharged as the other selections. Erotic and earthy, "Acid Queen" is a steamy pleasure.

RENAISSANCE: Scheherazade and Other Stories. John Tout, vocals and keyboards; Anne Haslam, vocals; Jon Camp, vocals and bass; Terence Sullivan, vocals and drums; Michael Dunford, vocals and guitar. A Trip to the Fair; The Vultures Fly High; Ocean Gypsy; The Sultan; The Young Prince and the Young Princess as Told by Scheherazade; The Festival. [Renaissance, prod.] SIRE SASD 7510, $6.98. Tape: • H 8147-7510, $7.95.

Many times pop music groups have reached into the classics for material, and many times the results have amounted to failure. All of the so-called rock-classical fusions that come easily to mind were lacking, for one reason or another.

It was only when a pop group performed outright thievery—stole a melody and applied it to a rock rhythm section—that anything resembling satisfaction was achieved. And all those exercises proved was that Bach had better ideas than most rock composers, which is hardly a revelation. The worst results came when a rock band tried to play a classical piece, usually a familiar one, outright and without proper assist-

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Technics by Panasonic
Another British group, Renaissance, has had similar successes. Its newest effort is a long obsession to the story of Scheherazade. It contains but slender ties with Rimsky-Korsakov, which may be the exact reason it satisfies. The group plays well, and Annie Haslam sings well. (One unidentified male band member does not, on "The Sultan.")

Betty Thatchter's lyrics are very apt on the Scheherazade segment, which occupies all of Side 2. She has not done nearly so well on such unrelated tunes as "A Trip to the Fair," "The Vultures Fly High," and "Tomognito," where she displays a tendency to be florid. Really, now, aren't even rock audiences getting a bit old for lines like "she was the moon, he was the sun?... Things get a mite sugary for Scheherazade, too, but never enough to spoil enjoyment of the piece.

Despite the faults, Renaissance has provided some worthy moments with classical inspiration and rock fervor. M.J.

Eric Clapton: E.C. Was Here. Eric Clapton, guitars and vocals; Jamie Oldaker, drums; Carl Radle, bass; Dick Sims, organ; Yvonne Elliman, vocals; George Terry, guitar. Marcy Levy, tambourine. Have You Ever Seen The Rain; Forever Man; Driftin' Blues; three more. [Tom Dowd, prod.] RSO SO 4809, $6.98. Tape CS 4809. $7.97. * TP 4809. $7.97.

The two recent Eric Clapton comeback L.P.'s disappointed a great many of its fans because the former blues guitarist refused to demonstrate the pyrotechnics that had won him his major acclaim. This "live" disc, however, should show that the in-person Clapton is up to form and that all of his dazzling brilliance is still intact.

Playing as well as all slow blues tunes, rockers, and his own electrically arranged ensembles--Clapton is the master of all of it. The guitar superstar's soulful singing and fiery playing convince one that E.C. not only is here, but in the process is making his superlative presence felt.

Bruce Springsteen: Born to Run. Bruce Springsteen, guitar and vocals, instrumental accompaniment. Thunder Road; Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out; Night, Backstreets; Born to Run; She's the One, Meeting Across the River; Jungleland. [Jon Landau, Bruce Springsteen, and Mike Appel, prod.] Columbia PC 33795, $6.98. Tape PCT 33795, $7.96; PCT 33795, $7.96.

To listen to a Bruce Springsteen record is like walking down Fourth-second Street on a hot July afternoon. It's unusual, it's colorful, it's a little dangerous and interesting and out of the ordinary. However, one hesitates to take the journey twice.

Springsteen works hard on lyrics, and any pop composer who attempts to say more than "I love you" or "let's dance" should be encouraged. But such a composer also should be warned about repetition. Springsteen stands in immediate danger of becoming typecast--if you will, becoming a character composer. Midnight Cowboys, losers seeking to ride hot Chevies off into the sunset. Sweaty greasers combing their hair in the reflections of store windows appear and reappear in his songs. He has created a host of contemporary Damon Runyon figures but, in the course of three L.P.'s, has said more than needs to be said about them. Sweat is sweet, no matter how many different ways you try to depict it.

The title song "Born to Run," a semi-literate version of Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild," is the album's best, mainly because the "tramps like us" words are backed with exciting rock. Another car song, "Thunder Road," is enjoyable, and "Meeting Across the River" contains a fine lyric about a desperado trying to "score" in order to impress his girl.

It's heartening to recognize the existence of a rock composer thoughtful enough to want to create his own Stanley Kowalski. Now, if Bruce Springsteen were only Tennessee Williams, he might produce rock works of true and varied literary value. But he isn't.

Daryl Hall and John Oates. Daryl Hall, vocals and keyboards; John Oates, vocals and guitar; strings, synthesizers, rhythm, keyboards, and vocal accompaniment. Sara Smile; Alone Too Long, seven more. [Christopher Bond, prod.] RCA APL 1-1144, $6.98. Tape APK 1-1144. $7.95. * APS 1-1144. $7.95.

Fans of Philadelphia's Hall and Oates have followed the singing/songwriting duo through a history that has included three previous albums: the musically simple "Whole Oates" (released in October, 1972), the rhythm-and-blues-oriented "Abandoned Luncheonette," which spawned the hit "She's Gone" (released in the summer of 1973), and "War Babies," a disc produced by Todd Rundgren that possessed a distinctively harsher sound.

On this first recording for RCA, Hall and Oates do what they do best: writing and performing carefully crafted songs in a multitude of styles. Up-tempo tunes as well as ballads, specimens of disco-soul as well as rockers all reside merrily on this disc.

And the production values are exemplary. The combo's harmonies are infectious, and its writing is crisp. RCA's new team of singer/songwriters is a winner.

Al Jarreau: We Got By. Al Jarreau, songs and vocals; Al Jarreau and Dave Grusin, arr., horns and strings accompaniment. Spirit, Susan's Song, You Don't See Me, Raggedy Ann, We Got By, four more. [Al Schmitt, prod.] REPRISE MS 2224, $6.98.

When you hear this album, you will probably wonder, as I did, why it took so long for someone to put Al Jarreau on record. On stage he is a vivid, attractive, exciting performer. In his first L.P. you get enough of his tremendous talent to more than justify the investment of money, time, and attention.

You'll hear some of the jagged, rhythmic quality of Bill Withers, some Al Green-ish soul, and the vivacity of Oscar Brown Jr., as Jarreau shouts, croons, coos, whines, and scats his way through songs of his own creation. Those songs! They are the surprise bargain: In these melodies there is not a trace of the familiarity that breeds contempt. Indeed, some of them sound as if they'd been invented on the spot, the singer seeking a melodic line to convey the words and feelings in a sort of musical chain of
sequent review copies. The Waxman disc that I got hold of was horribly pressed, but I am told that the problem is being remedied. R.S.B.


John Barry's wistful and lonely theme—lying stylistically somewhere between Bernard Herrmann and Georges Delerue and appearing in different forms under five different titles on this album—is one of the few elements in John Schlesinger's passionless play that has anything to do with the film of the Locust to reach beneath the surface and involve the viscera. The sounds that Barry has concocted to accompany the film's excessive apotheosis are also gripping in a very grim way, although they may have you checking your turntable for a source of wow.

In addition to two other Barry cuts (which have a more pastichelike quality), the disc presents a fair amount of 1930s source music, some of it from original albums, such as the marvelous Louis Armstrong rendition of "Jeepers, Creepers," and some of it apparently recorded fresh, such as a truly rotten, campy performance of "Hot Voodoo" by Paul Jabara. Personally, I would be quite content to have the main theme, preferably in the stronger rendition of "Jeepers, Creepers," available any time, anywhere.

R.S.B.

Claude Bolling: Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Claude Bolling, piano; Marcel Sabiani, drums; Max Hedinger, string bass. [Claude Bolling, prod.] Columbia M 33233, $6.98.

This is the kind of record that is its own best review. From what I understand, a single playing on a New York radio station was sufficient to get listeners running in droves to their neighborhood record stores. Well might they run. This disc is a pure joy. Like many French pop and jazz musicians, Claude Bolling, who is probably best known in this country as the composer of the Borsulino film score, has been more than a bit attracted by various "classical" devices. Considering this, the appearance of renowned classical flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal here comes as less of a surprise. And, by the conclusion of the suite, Bolling has put his flutist through more of a workout than is apt to be offered in much so-called "serious" music. Lively, canonic passages abound, as do lickety-split descants (usually at the interval of a third) requiring perfect synchronization with the piano. But Rampal and Bolling coordinate their tones as if they had been doing gigs together for years, and there are many moments when the flute-piano fusion truly does produce the impression of the proverbial "single instrument."

Musically, the sounds produced by Bolling and company most often recall an exceptionally transparent Brubeck, both in the clever meter shifts (and a very "Take Five"-sounding "Javanaisse") and in Bolling's style of blues quasi-improvisation. (The drums and bass remain subordinated throughout, however, which is definitely non-Brubeckian.) Bits of lesser-known musicians, such as Errol Parker, also pop up here and there.

Bolling's lyrical talents are probably the strongest evidence of his originality, particularly as heard in a movement such as "Sentimentale," which simply luxuriates in the freshness of Rampal's tone. (Even the brilliant Herbie Mann would just not do here! But my personal favorite of the seven movements is "Versatile," a captivatingly spooky stop-time waltz performed on the bass flute by Rampal with a perfect, Julie London-type throatsiness.

The disc has been recorded with exceptional definition and presence. But the surfaces on the two copies I listened to were pretty bad in spots. R.S.B.

David Sanborn: Taking Off. David Sanborn, alto saxophone; Mike Brecker, tenor saxophone; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Steve Khan, Buzzy Feiten, and Joe Beck, guitars; Don Grolnick, keyboards; Chris Parker, Rick Marotta, and Steve Gadd, drums. Warner Bros. BS 2873, $6.98. Tape: • M 52873, $7.97. • M 82873, $7.97.

With jazz albums making frequent appearances on the national sales charts, record companies and producers are falling all over themselves to sign up jazz artists. Frequently what we get is merely "jazzy" music, the "disco sound," a "funky feel," or some other label. A strong saxophone player solosing over a funk-rock-jazz arrangement is a very hot item nowadays. David Sanborn is the Warner Bros. entry into the Grover Washington-Stanley Turrentine-Tom Scott bag. And, by golly, it has some kind of hot sax player here. Sanborn sizzles.

"Taking Off" is right on the money. All the right ingredients are present: Sanborn's sax mixed up front over the rest of the instrumentation. The over-all mix and engineering are fine. But, let's face it, with the state of the art in electronics where it is, no record company these days has any business putting out less than fully realized sound quality.

Musically, "Taking Off" is pretty lightweight stuff. It's moving, finger-popping, entertaining music. But there's not much to take seriously, with the exception of "Black Light-Blue Night-Flight" on Side 2, arranged into a suite that does sustain more than just passing interest.

Sanborn is an excellent player. If this album does well, perhaps on his next one he'll raise his sights higher than the top of the charts.

J.G.

Lawrence "Bud" Freeman: The Joy of Sax. Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Jess Stacy, piano; Clift Leeman, drums. I Got Rhythm: Way Down Yonder in New Orleans, Don't Blame Me, eight more. Chariscuro 135, $6.98.

Bud Freeman, currently resident in England, where he is making use of among other things, his given name (Lawrence) is heard in familiar American surroundings on this set. The unusual presence of Jess Stacy's piano and Clift Leeman's drums, both highly compatible with the Freeman saxophone. Stacy, I should say, does have a saving grace on a couple of selections on which Freeman can find little of interest to say.

For the most part, however, it is a happy tampering with Freeman's bubbliness along in the fashion that has typified his since his beginnings in Chicago in the late Twenties. An up-tempo "S Wonderful" is the most vibrant, full-toned aspect of Freeman, but he is bright and buoyant on "Kick in the Ass," "Toad in the Hole, Part II," and "Somebody Stole My Gal." His most challenging performance is "Leeman, Freeman.

Claude Bolling: Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Claude Bolling, piano; Marcel Sabiani, drums; Max Hedinger, string bass. [Claude Bolling, prod.] Columbia M 33233, $6.98.
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Jim Hall: Concierto. For a feature review, see page 83.

New York Jazz Repertory Company: Satchmo Remembered. Mel Davis, Pee Wee Erwin, Joe Newman, and Ray Nance, trumpets; Ruby Braff, cornet, Eph Resnick and Vic Dickenson, trombones; Kenny Davern, clarinet and soprano saxophone; William Russell, violin; Carmen Mastren, banjo and guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Bobby Rosengarden, drums; Carrie Smith, vocals; Dick Hyman, piano, arr., and cond. Crocodile Belles: Potato Head Blues; Someday: eleven more. ATLANTIC SD 1671, $6.98. Tape: CS 1671, $7.98. * TP 1671, $7.98.

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The recording of the program is, in one sense, better than the actual concert, because the sound balance is far better than what one heard in Carnegie Hall. On the other hand, Dick Hyman's device of arranging Armstrong's recorded solos for three trumpets—initially tremendously exciting when Mel Davis, Pee Wee Erwin, and Joe Newman came roaring through on "Chimes Blues" and "Cake Walkin' Babies from Home"—eventually falls victim to diminishing returns without the variety of visual effects that broke up the concert. Even so, this is a album that is brimming with joy, good cheer, and the mellowest kind of vibes.

The musicians, without exception, are in top form. It is particularly rewarding to find Carmen Mastren—who has rarely been heard from since his Tommy Dorsey Band days in the Forties—playing banjo and, on "Willie the Weeper," a brief unaccompanied single-string guitar solo. Carrie Smith, singing for Bessie Smith on three numbers,
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Musiccassette and cartridge proliferations. Even as the domains of open-reel recorded tapes are troubled by recession contractions, those of the other formats continue their impressive expansions. No less than three substantial classical-music series are new to the tape scene.

The most recently announced, for which repertory and technical details are not yet available, is the "quadrophonic-compatible" eight-track cartridge Classical Tape Line. It will lead off with sixty releases, list-priced at only $4.95 each, from GRT Music Tapes—a long-established West Coast firm that until now has been primarily involved with pop-music tapings. Already on the market with a first list of sixty-four Dolby-B cassette programs (twenty-one of them also in eight-track cartridge editions), at $5.98 each, is the SMG-Vox series. This comes from SMG Distributors, Inc., a division of Sam Goody, Inc., and draws on the riches of the Vox/Turnabout/Candide disc catalogues, including their very latest additions.

The third series, the mail-order-only Classical Cassette Club of 118 Route 17, Upper Saddle River, New Jersey 07458, has been in existence a year or so, building up a catalogue of thirty-four Dolby-B cassette programs drawn from both Monitor and older Vox/Turnabout recordings. These are decidely budget offerings, in that each is of double-play length, some running well over 100 minutes, and in that one gives the packing/mailing charge (twenty-one of them also in eight-track cartridge editions), at $5.98 each, is the SMG-Vox series. This comes from SMG Distributors, Inc., a division of Sam Goody, Inc., and draws on the riches of the Vox/Turnabout/Candide disc catalogues, including their very latest additions.

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Vox clamantis—in Minnesota. Although Vox was represented by a couple of cassettes at the beginning of the Dolby-B era back in 1971, with others often rumored to be on the way, it's only now that its current as well as older recordings make their most welcome appearance on tape—led, for me, with La Valse, Bolero, and Alborada del gracioso from the already famed Ravel series recorded by Skrowaczewski and the Minnesota Orchestra in their acoustically superb new Orchestra Hall: SMG-Vox CT/8T 118, Dolby-B cassette/ reluctance, including three arresting preludes and fugues as well as several jeux d'esprit showpieces, with the Chopin Op. 25 etudes. The latter is an all-Schubert program to which Kuerti contributes a magnificent Wonderer Fantasy and a first taping of the less-familiar Fantasy Sonata, D. 894; while on the other side of this over-110-minute tape Sviatoslav Richter, in characteristically arbitrary yet magisterial fashion, plays the unfinished Relieque Sonata, the delectable D. 915 Allegretto in C minor (another tape first), and two shorter pieces.

... And master-class lessons. For young piano students the often controversial daring of the Young Lions above is a dangerous idea, if not always as exciting, is the guidance of such long-established masters as Claudio Arrau and Alicia de Larrocha. The former expands his extensive stereo repertoire with the twenty-four Chopin preludes. Op. 28, plus the two extra ones. Opp. 45 and posth.: Philips: 7300 335. Dolby-B cassette, $7.95. Perhaps it's because Arrau's mono version of Op. 28 only, back in 1951 for Columbia, was not as well received as most of his Chopin recordings that he obviously makes a special effort here to provide paradigms of the traditional Romantic style. Models of their kind, these warmly recorded readings are in fascinating opposite-pole contrast with Ivan Moravec's idiosyncratic but electrifying 1967 Connoisseur Society versions in Advent cassette E 1024.

For all her fame in this country, De Larrocha has been handicapped until quite recently by the fact that her American recordings, on discs as well as tapes, have been almost exclusively confined to Spanish music. Hence there is uncommon interest in the Musical Heritage Society's MHC 2090, Dolby-B cassette, $6.95, which rescues some of her much earlier Spanish Hispanic recordings featuring not only the "standard" repertory, but also the hackneyed encore pieces almost every young piano student labor over. The audio technology gives her piano bright but overhormal qualities in an excessively dry ambiance, but it's sheer delight to hear how she combines magisterial technique with individual personality-projection in the likes of the Rachmaninoff prelude, Mozart's "Rondo alla turca," Liszt's Liebestraum, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," Chopin's E-flat Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2, and other favorites. (There's also her similar companion program, MHC 2083, which I haven't yet heard.)

by R. D. Darrell

Then, in CCC 33. Dolby-B cassette, $5.95, Ludwig Obhansky, a pianist entirely new to me, gives us so dramatically passionate and poignant a performance of the great Schumann Op. 17 Fantasy in C that it doesn't suffer from comparisons with the Ashkenazy/London and Horowitz/Columbia versions. Also included are the badly needed first tapings of Schumann's superb Op. 44 Piano Quintet and more ambitious if less inspired Op. 47 Piano Quartet—these in skillful if sometimes overenthusiastic performances by David Hancock and his string colleagues Cohen, Martin, Mester, and Kougell.

Pleasures of rising-star pianists... On another Vox/Turnabout program and on three Classical Cassette Club releases drawn from the Monitor catalogue, several exceptional keyboard stars make their tape debuts. The boldly extraverted virtuoso Albreich Simon gives us not only provocatively idiosyncratic treatments of the familiar fourteen Chopin waltzes, but also the very best looking for the ·

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(Stereo Review, February, 1975)

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