

sense of architecture. Stylistically, it is part of the mainstream of today's new writers, but it is unfettered by any prescribed system. Reynolds provides a clue to things in his score. He says: "There are three types of spatial interplay between the instrumental groups: clusters of marked entrances occurring across the entire span of the ensemble; the passing of similar materials from group to group; or the continuous flow of one sound (a particular pitch or noise) from right to left."

Jacob Druckman (b. 1928) wrote *Incenters* in 1968 specifically for Arthur Weisberg and his group. In his concise and literate notes, Eric Salzman explains that an incenter is a triangle inscribed within a circle, or a pyramid within a sphere, and, in fact, the word is derived from the Latin *incenere* which has many definitions, among them to sound an instrument, or to weave charms and spells. The latter seems to be the most apt association. Druckman has surely evoked some wonderfully joyful noises and has, with spellbinding skill, woven them into strands and fabric of fascinating quality. Not wanting to carp at such fine craftsmanship, one can only observe that the yardage is a bit too much. Mr. Druckman's points are made long before he stops belaboring them.

Joseph Schwantner (b. 1948) is the youngest of the lot, but one does not necessarily find him the "farthest out." He was born in Chicago and has early roots in jazz. His *Diaphonic Intervalum* features an alto sax played superbly by Victor Morosco. The work as a whole is most satisfying and, on its own, makes a most striking impression. Unfortunately, coming on the tail of Druckman's seemingly overlong work, one's receptivity is somewhat dulled. This work should be heard strictly on its own.

John Harbison (b. 1938) is a product of the Princeton environment, with Roger Sessions and Earl Kim as two important mentors. His *Confinement*, composed in 1956, is a highly imaginative work opening with some wonderfully massed wind sounds that move with the dignity of a Tibetan ceremonial. Originally, Harbison conceived his work as based on lines taken from John Donne's *Devotions*. Although such extramusical suggestions were originally attached to his score, he has since preferred to let the music stand strictly on its own. It stands very well. Over brooding static lines he weaves fascinating melodic commentaries; he uses moving blocks of tones ornamented and filigreed with a strong sense of plan and pattern. There are moments of tragic sensitivity that distinguish his music. It is not to be taken lightly.

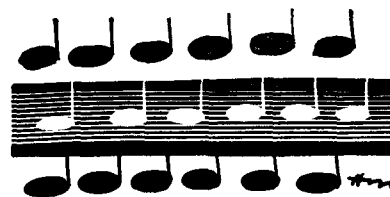
McCracken as Canio

One might query—and with good reason — whether still another recorded version of Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* is necessary, for no less than eight currently grace the catalogue. Now London, in competition with its own Molinari-Pradelli performance and its Richmond re-release (both with Mario Del Monaco), has come up with a new stereo version (OSA 1280, \$11.96), conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. The reasoning behind this project must have centered around its tenor James McCracken, for little else on it comes up to the high standards set by various contributions on the other recordings. That this serves as a McCracken showcase is compounded by the fourth side, which features a McCracken operatic recital.

The single favorable impression that emerges is the tenor's personal, compelling magnetism, the excitement and smoldering intensity he generates as the tortured clown, Canio. His singing, to be sure, has that relentless pressure-cooker trait of all his work—particularly the effortful top that comes from a pyramid-shaped voice (closing in at the top) and a constant need to push his instrument intensely to maintain any sort of line. Yet, despite a not beautiful voice, he does make his points dramatically when he takes after Nedda to find out the name of her lover, in the "Vesti la giubba," and, finally, in the explosive scenes of the play and the death. McCracken is well suited to this role, for it maintains a consistently fevered pitch, bearing a certain likeness to his plum part of Otello. In the solo arias, however, this want of calm and variety in his singing undermines most of his efforts, especially with Puccini's Cavaradossi (*Tosca*) and Calaf (*Turandot*), where the phrases need caressing and the top tones need to soar à la Corelli or Bergonzi. More to the point are Andrea Chénier's "Un dì all'azzurro spazio" and Turridu's "Mamma, quel vino è generoso" (*Cavalleria*).

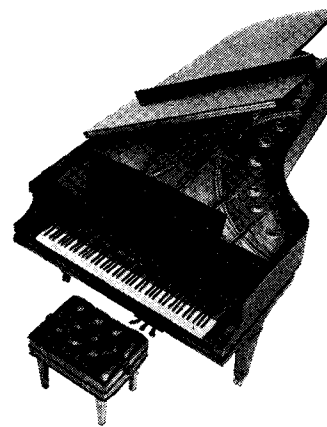
Robert Merrill's Tonio is a familiar, rich-toned commodity, generously sung, if not with the range of tone, color, and dramatic punch that Gobbi, MacNeil, or Taddei brings to it. When he tells Nedda "contorto son io" ("I am twisted"), it might as well be a love song. Baritone Tom Krause's Silvio is marred by mushy Italian, minimal affinity for Italianate phrasing, and constricted singing at the top of his range. The part needs a passionate lyricism and freedom to make the most of the Nedda love duet which, here, is a pretty bloodless affair.

As the earthy, unfaithful Nedda,



Pilar Lorengar gives the impression of Pilar Lorengar playing a prima donna playing Nedda—the grand effect is wrongly placed where youthful abandon and gustiness are requisite. In the "Ballatella," her voice labors under the music rather than riding the crest of it, and the few blossoming top notes (beautiful as they may be) do not compensate for the quavery middle and low. A positive impression is made by Ugo Benelli as Beppe, though his off-stage serenade sounds as if it were recorded in the next village. With the orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia none too securely in hand, Gardelli fails to stir up sufficient dramatic pace, merely becoming bombastic instead. The brass has a raucous quality, and the recording, full of attempted effects, gives emphasis to the bass. The chorus, recorded with unnatural prominence, has a "canned" lack of spontaneity in its response to the play scene. McCracken, for all his limitations, deserved better than this.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.



Erich Leinsdorf's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

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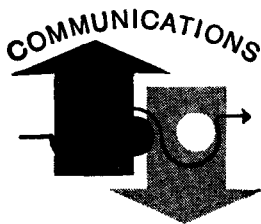
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We owe the spark of the idea for this month's essay to Hy Goldberg, sports columnist of the *Newark Evening News*, who wrote as a recent guest editor in a TV column that being a great sports figure does not necessarily make a man a top-flight broadcaster. Mr. Goldberg quotes Curt Gowdy, the voice of NBC's baseball game of the week and an old pro himself: "Unless the man has a personality like Dizzy Dean or is a glib fellow like Joe Garagiola, he's often lost the first time he tries it. It's like learning to be a reporter. They can hand you a pad and pencil and you can wind up with a pocketful of notes without having the vaguest idea of which to use and which to discard. For the broadcaster, it's a matter of knowing when to talk and when to remain silent. One of the gabbiest ball players I ever knew was a total failure as a broadcaster. He simply didn't know what to say when they gave him the sign that he was on the air."

The greatness of professional TV journalists such as Curt Gowdy and Red Barber is that they do their homework and never get what the broadcasting industry calls "mike fright." This disease is one of the commonest in the business, particularly for amateurs; it can come at any time in a professional broadcasting career, as we can unhappily attest in the course of some 3,000 news broadcasts of our own. The term "mike fright" means simply being struck speechless and without the vaguest notion of what to say next or, for that matter, what's happening or who all those other people are. It is a form of torture akin to stage fright.

Broadcasting is at the moment loaded with former sports heroes, some of them mighty good men who have done their homework and weathered the first frightening moments of dead air. Among the better ones who played baseball and now broadcast it are Ralph Kiner, Lou Boudreau, Pee

Wee Reese, Joe Garagiola, and Tony Kubek. Gowdy says Kubek is going to be a real broadcast star and has had it from the beginning. "He isn't awed when the light on the camera blinks. So many others say to themselves: 'Oh, oh, twenty million people are watching me,' and they freeze. But Tony has worked hard and does a spectacular job. He's aggressive, conversationally."

Garagiola is, of course, a far better broadcaster than he ever was a catcher. Full of humor, a true original, Garagiola should be permitted to ad lib far more than he does. His radio sports spots, written for him by someone else, do not sound anything like him and are in fact often dreadful pieces of tripe. But when Garagiola ad libs there's no one better—or funnier. Less successful are Phil Rizzuto, Jerry Coleman, and others attached as broadcasters to the ball clubs they once played for. Everything is always just peachy dandy even if the Yankees are losing 15-0 and the repetitive small talk is often beyond belief, not to mention syntax and grammar.

In football, Frank Gifford, Pat Summerall, Kyle Rote, Al DeRogatis, Paul Christman, and Bud Wilkinson, among others, have successfully crossed the delicate line between playing on the field and describing the action. Frank Gifford is particularly good because he is always in complete control, never gets rattled, owns a marvelous TV personality and good looks, a light-happy outlook, and of course a superb knowledge of professional football. Paul Christman, perhaps the most highly articulate ex-quarterback in history, is great until he begins to anticipate the quarterback's call on upcoming plays, then he often gratuitously falls on his face. In any case, former football and baseball players do awfully well when they remember to do their homework and don't succumb to mike fright.

Baseball and the broadcasting of

