

Recordings

INSTRUMENTAL

Fauré: *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Dolly, *Masques et bergamasques* (Seraphim). Each of these choice items has been available previously in an individual issue, but it is a rarity to find them grouped together, especially as performed by the Orchestre de Paris under Serge Baudo's skillful direction. Best known, probably, are the vignettes written for Maeterlinck's play *Pelléas and Mélisande*, as given in London in 1898. However, the set of piano pieces inscribed to "Dolly," the youthful daughter of Emma Bardac, who became Debussy's second wife, are redolent with Fauré's special qualities of invention. So, too, are the rarely heard *Masques et bergamasques*.

Granados: *12 Spanish Dances*, op. 37 (Connoisseur). Everybody knows at least one of these classics by Granados (No. 5 ["Andaluzia"] is usually identified as "Spanish Dance"). Some know No. 6 ("Jota"), but very few have had the opportunity to immerse themselves in the total ebb and flow of all twelve. This encounter is sharply enhanced by the participation of Gonzalo Soriano, an artist more finished now than when he performed with several American orchestras in the 1950s.

Leclair: *Sonata in D*. Other sonatas by Veracini, Vivaldi, and Nardini (Philips). The violin works of Leclair, Veracini, and Nardini are most often heard in the teaching studio or as "icebreakers" in the concert hall. In either instance, they are rarely dignified with the purity of sound and the rarefied sense of style purveyed by the Belgian-born Arthur Grumiaux. Curiously, the least impressive of the works is by the most recorded of the composers; the *Sonata in A* of Vivaldi is not on his top level. On the other hand, the finale of Nardini's *Sonata in D* would honor any composer's name. The responsive pianist is István Hajdu, who teaches at the Rotterdam Conservatory.

Ornstein: *Quintette*, op. 92 (CRI). Leo Ornstein is a name seldom heard these days, and the perpetuation of the music contained on this disc is justified vis-à-vis the position of prominence he enjoyed in the twenties and thirties. The well-performed quintet, dating from 1927, is exemplary of the composer's strengths and weaknesses, blending a restless rhythmic impulse and a yearning kind of Russian-Hebraic emotional input. However, Ornstein did not equal Bartók in one respect or Gershwin in the other. "Three Moods" (1914), performed by William Westney, is more typical of the slashing attack that startled audiences when Ornstein was in his early twenties. It will no doubt surprise those who remember Ornstein as a brilliant interpreter of other composers' music, as well as of his own, that he is living in Texas, is in his eighties, and is still playing and composing.

Persichetti: *Four Quartets* (Arizona State University Stereo). These works of Vincent Persichetti are stimulating examples of the growth, in musical command and in compositional subtleties, of the skills that have made this composer one of the most admired men in his profession (by other composers and by students). From the first works, in 1939, to the latest, in 1972, there is a strong sense of lateral progression, of a horizontal flow of ideas rather than the paralyzing vertical relationships that scar so much contemporary quartet writing. The performances by the New Art String Quartet were prepared on the Tempe campus of Arizona State University, under the composer's supervision, and the reproduction is excellent.

Villa-Lobos: *Alma Brasileira*; Vianna: "Dança de Negros"; Fernandez: "Brasileira" (Angel). Cristina Ortiz has been through the *réclame* and the letdown of being a first-prize winner in a Van Cliburn Competition of the late sixties and is now embarking on a solo career bound to expand in prominence. Ortiz has a special affinity for the music of her countrymen—from Brazil's international master, Villa-Lobos ("Festa no Sertão" and "Impressões Seresteira"), to the lesser-knowns: Fernandez, Vianna, and Miguez. Color, dash, and a sense of humor all add to the rhythmic impulse she generates.

OPERA

Haydn: *La fedeltà premiata* (Philips). Had the artistic world of Joseph Haydn included such stimulating verbal collaborators as Wolfgang Mozart found in Lorenzo da Ponte and Emanuel Schikaneder, it is likely that the operas he wrote for performance in Esterháza would have long since found a proper place in the repertoires of the world's theaters. But, with their reissue in performable editions, it is altogether likely that others, like this one, will soon be delighting audiences aching for the musical abundance they contain. A product of approximately 1780 (which is to say, before Mozart was launched on the sequence of operas for which he became famous), *La fedeltà premiata* is a superb sequence of arias and ensembles crowned by act finales of a quality hitherto

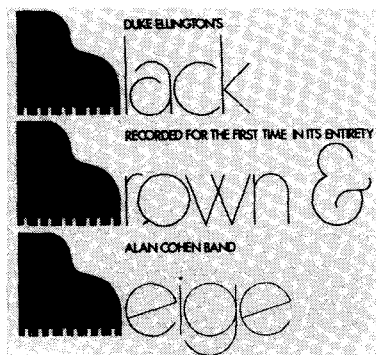
associated only with Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*. As Mozart's acquaintance with the work has now been established, opera may be added to the other branches of the art in which the younger genius learned from the example of the older. Included in the cast conducted by Antal Dorati, Haydn's most perceptive contemporary interpreter, are Frederica von Stade, Alan Titus, Luigi Alva, and Ileana Cotrubas. The model verbal presentation is the work of H. C. Robbins Landon, whose ceaseless musical archaeology has now added a whole new category of creation (three other operas are scheduled to be recorded soon) to the name and glory of Haydn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Benny Carter: *The King*, with "A Walkin' Thing," "My Kind of Trouble Is You," "Malibu," "Easy Money" (Pablo). Most of the titles on this disc are credited to Benny Carter, one of those jazz masters whose fame comes and goes over so many decades that there are always people encountering their art for the first time. But the tunes are merely the means for rousing the peerless alto-sax man to his best. His cleverly matched backup includes Milt Jackson, vibes; master Joe Pass, whose guitar playing is finger-lickin' good; kindred spirit Tommy Flanagan, on piano; bassist John B. Williams; and Jake Nanna, on drums. It's first-class Carter, than which there is no higher praise.

Duke Ellington: *Black, Brown & Beige* (Monmouth Evergreen). Ellington wrote a sizable number of long works (of which this was one of the first) and a much larger number of short ones, including the song entitled "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing." The efforts of the English musicians to create—from sheet music, from acetates of a live Carnegie Hall concert performance, and from their own input—the first truly complete recording of *BB&B* have resulted in a version that is earnest, conscientious, and well meaning. But, alas, it ain't got that swing and, hence, it don't mean a thing. Prevailingly, there is one shade too many added to Ellington's three, and that is one that doesn't belong—white. The best solo effort with the Alan Cohen band is the vocal by Norma Winstone on "The Blues."

Quire: "Misty," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Django," "Take the 'A' Train" (RCA). Anyone wondering what happened to the original Swingle Singers can now stop. Four of the members, including powerfully individual Christiane Legrand, have metamorphosed into Quire, a vocal group capable of mixing the sound of the Ink Spots with those of a vacuum cleaner (by vocal means alone, of course) and of coming out with a version of "Ain't Misbehavin'" that its composer, Fats Waller, could never have imagined. More explication would be useless: the treatment of "Honky Tonk Train" and "Body and Soul," as well as those of the titles above, speaks for itself. —I.K.



A SALUTE TO TIN PAN ALLEY

(Or, they don't write songs like that anymore!)

STARRING George & Ira Gershwin • Jerome Kern • Hoagy Carmichael • Irving Berlin • Harold Arlen • DeSylva, Brown & Henderson • Rodgers & Hart • Cole Porter • Vincent Youmans • Fred Ahlert

If you can remember bobby sox and saddle shoes...the Bambino hitting 60 homers...Jolson singing "Swanee"...Prohibition...George White's Scandals and Paul Whiteman's Jazz Concert at Carnegie Hall...burlesque...Jackson, Clayton and Durante...if you remember *any* of it, then A SALUTE TO TIN PAN ALLEY is your kind of music. And you'll get a terrific kick out of listening to these timeless tunes.

51 of Your All-Time Favorites

These are the classics, the ones that just seem to go on forever. They were the songs we hummed, and sang, and danced to. Fell in love to. Who can listen to a Jerome Kern number like "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" or "The Way You Look Tonight" without getting a lump in the throat?

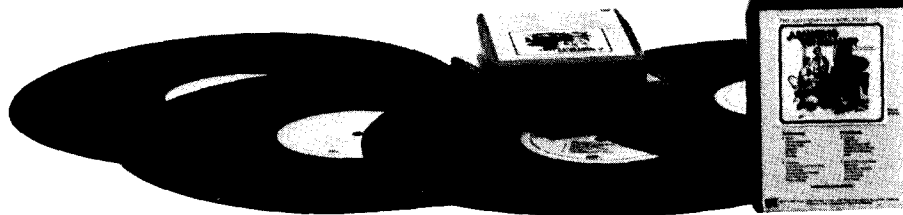
Hear them all for 10 days—FREE

You'll hear some of George and Ira Gershwin's dazzling melodies... "I Got Rhythm"... "Embraceable You"... that torchy one, "My Love is Here to Stay" and more. You'll get misty-eyed all over again with Irving Berlin's "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" or "Cheek to Cheek." But when you put on Cole Porter's "Night and Day" or "Begin the Beguine," somebody's going to want to roll back the rug.

Roll back the rug

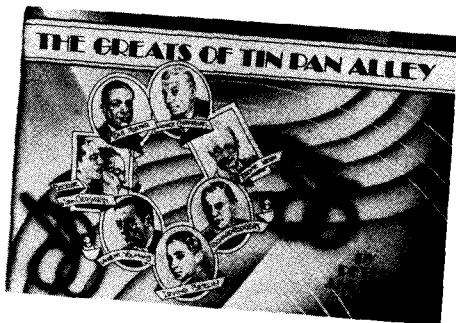
Then there is a team called Rodgers and Hart with such show stoppers as "Blue Moon," "There's a Small Hotel," and "Isn't It Romantic." Who could ever forget them. Or that snappy oldy, "Button up Your Overcoat," by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. Show tunes, dance numbers, love songs. We lived them all and loved them all. And there are a great many more in this album that you know and hold dear.

The fun, the heart-thumps, "That Old Black Magic" (Harold Arlen) can all be yours again in a trip down that path to the golden era of American popular songs—with your own A SALUTE TO TIN PAN ALLEY. It's as easy as filling in the coupon below and dropping it in the mail. After 10 days, if you are not thrilled with this collection, simply return the recordings and owe absolutely nothing. If you mail the coupon right away, we'll send you—in addition to your 51 stereo recordings—a Free Gift Book, "The Greats of Tin Pan Alley," by Peter Andrews.



FREE!

Just for listening to this great album. 48 pages—Dozens of Fascinating Photos—A book you'll treasure



"The Greats of Tin Pan Alley" In this photo-filled book about Tin Pan Alley, you'll find stories and pictures of the greats and near greats. Their zany, happy-go-lucky and sometimes tragic lives.

Their friends, their sweethearts, their music. This remarkable collection of stories and photos will delight you. You'll find the goings-on of this incredible group of writers and composers as captivating as their songs.

The book is yours to keep, FREE, even if you decide to return A SALUTE TO TIN PAN ALLEY. Don't miss this chance. You'll never have more fun for less money. Mail the coupon today, because as George and Ira Gershwin might have put it, "S'wonderful"!

PLEASE SEND NO MONEY NOW! MAIL TODAY!

Mail to: Tin Pan Alley Dept. SR-96
GRT MUSIC PRODUCTIONS
6 Commercial Street, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801

YES! Please send me A SALUTE TO TIN PAN ALLEY to audition in my home FREE for 10 days. If I decide to keep this album, bill me in 4 equal installments of \$5.53 each for stereo LP records (a total of \$19.95 plus \$2.17 postage and handling)... or in 4 equal installments of \$6.28 each for 8-track stereo tapes (a total of \$22.95 plus \$2.17 postage and handling). I understand my order is subject to credit approval. There are NO INTEREST OR FINANCE CHARGES.

If not delighted, I will return A SALUTE TO TIN PAN ALLEY within 10 days and owe nothing. Be sure to include "The Greats of Tin Pan Alley" which I may keep as my FREE gift whether or not I keep the musical album.

I prefer: (please check one)

☐ Stereo LP records

☐ 8-track stereo tapes

Name (please print)

Address

City

State

Zip

Available Only by Mail.

Booked for Travel

Manolita

by Horace Sutton

MANOLITA died before July was out, and a bit of Italy went with her.

She was in her way, which was charming, cajoling, perceptive, naive, redoubtable, and as persuasive as it was winning, the central reason that Italy, only lately the enemy nation, the black-shirted Fascist camp that Mussolini had made it, bloomed as a sunny friend to those Americans who began to go there for pleasure in the slim years that followed World War II.

When I met her first she was Manolita Doelger, the director in North America of the Italian State Tourist Office, the first director of the post-war period and the first woman ever to fill the post.

Ensclosed in an office in Rockefeller Center, she was a woman of ample *poitrine* and determined manner, cordial and correct, but teetering always on the cliffside of impatience. She had to get Italy back on the map and she was short of time. In private she was Mrs. Carl Doelger, married to an American and mother of two. In her heart there was Italy and she sold it, courted it, advanced its cause in a hundred ways, most of them unappreciated as they were incomprehensible to the Byzantine court of the Italian civil service, the home office with which she had to deal in Rome.

I had come to her office to enlist her cooperation in a travel book I was preparing to write. It would be the third in a series, and having solved the riddle of French officialdom in the first work and coasted through Canada—which hadn't as yet gotten politically convoluted—with ease, I was confident that Italy would prove as much a joy as a breeze.

Neither Manolita nor I was prepared for the answer that came from Rome following her initial advisory about my project. "Tell him," Rome told her and she told me, "not to come. We have enough tourists already."

She was not a woman to suffer home-office incompetence with a diffident shrug. Rather, she ran an arpeggio of shrill out-rages heard as clearly in her embassy in Washington as they were in the board-

room of Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, the cognomen of her agency. It was, after all, the height of the Marshall Plan, when European countries were being given American instruction and American funds to entice dollar-bearing American tourists abroad.

"Fools!" she cried. "I apologize for them. So-ton"—in the strange amalgam of her accent and the Continental preference, she used my last name—"they are fools, So-ton."

In the end I went to Italy without Rome's enthusiasm, but not without her support—fervent, unwavering, and personal. To make sure the mission was properly accomplished, she arranged to be in Italy while I was there.

I had done the research in the north before she arrived, meeting, through her advance letters to each of them, the great hotelmen of Italy—Armanni of the Excelsior in Rome and the elegant monocled Masprone of the Gritti Palace in Venice, whom Hemingway referred to as the Gran Maestro.

In the course of my invasion I had contracted a debility that was a cross between Bologna Belly and Caesar's Revenge, and it was with feeble step that I answered her summons to meet her in the garden of the

Quirinale Hotel. I found her holding court in an elegant assemblage of Roman friends. She needed only one glance at my gaunt frame and sallow mien. "So-ton," she exclaimed. "What have they *done* to you?" And forthwith she ordered a pot of camomile tea.

Manolita was conditioned to American business procedures. She was liberated long before the progenitors of the cause were liberated from their playpens. We made a date to meet at nine the next morning, at the apartment of her sister and her Italian brother-in-law, to stitch up the loose ends of research. I would head south while she occupied herself with family matters, and we would meet and fly home together, working out the rough edges of the research on the flight home.

On the appointed day we cabled ahead to Max Blouet at the George V for rooms and flew off for a stop in Paris. She regaled me with stories of the home office, of her tribulations with Roman officialdom, and of Roman manners. Her brother-in-law had remonstrated with her, even though he and his wife and a battalion of servants were on the premises at the time of my visit, for entertaining a man in private quarters at the indecent hour of nine A.M.

Dear man. He would have been apoplectic had he known what was in store in Paris. Blouet, all smiles, was at the door. Yes, he got the cable. Yes, he had rooms for us. But the automobile show was in town, and rooms were at a premium. He had made available a suite of a potentate who was away from the city. It had two bedrooms and a large living room to which both bedrooms opened, but alas, there was only one bath, and it was reached off the sitting room.

