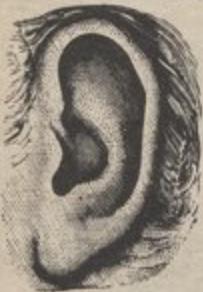


NEW FEEDBACK INSTRUCTIONS



Anyone is welcome

a bit of wit

"We are here . . ."

etcetera.

ear 13

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JOSEPH KUBERA, soloist

thurs., feb. 14th san francisco
8:00 Pm museum of art
tickets \$1.00

The Contemporary Chamber Ensemble was in town this past month (Jan. 13). Their Hertz Hall concert was a polished success. The first half of the program included Nicolo Castiglioni's Tropi, Tona Scherchen's Tjao-houen, and Joseph Schwantner's In Aeternum. All of these works had their special moments, but none of them could compare to George Crumb's Ancient Voices of Children.

The fifteen member ensemble outdid themselves here, but the mezzo, Jan De Gaetani and her daughter, Francesca, stole the show. The vocal power of the music is inherent, but when the mother and daughter sang it, it added another dimension. When the daughter sang the vocal imitations after her mother, ... all EAR can say is, you should have been there.

- B.A.

B.A.S.E.BALL

(see back page)

DEAR Beth,

too much talk, not enough action, at last here's
my money.

"Rush me an EM every month for the next year, if
you can keep it ho"

I am a composer, instrumentalist friend.

Hope I got your address right.

luv, and let me know what back issues are available.

Curly

Mumma



AXONY

by Jim Nollman

Down in the Valley
Valley so low
Hang your head over
hear the wind blow

||:

:||

Last week I received a grant application from the California Arts Commission, with the hope of applying for funding for an upcoming project. In the first paragraph:

"eligible organizations will be non-profit...these organizations must have been in existence for at least one year. The commission is unable to award grants to individuals."

What results, is popularly known as the funneling system. The artist writes a grant, which is sent around to the 'arts-oriented' organizations. These organizations decide if the project is worthwhile to sponsor. The artists and the directors then decide how much of a cut the sponsor will take. The sponsors role in many cases is allowing the artist to use the organizations stationary and precious corporate serial number. The artists project is eventually included in some master proposal along with twenty other fiscal projects. And then, if the artist does get his money, there is always the possibility of sponsor meddling in the production of the project. The stables of stars from Hollywood in the thirties.

THE MUSICIAN AS POLITICIAN

||:

Music

:||

So here we are, you and I; running around town trying to generate some interest in musical projects. Always looking for a sponsor. Have you ever needed to decide whether or not to join the union. But then, the union has never had any room for any but the commercial musician. Is there a clear distinction between the commercial and non-commercial musician. Yes, one makes money. Can you guess which one.

Calling musicians on the phone: "there is no money involved, but I'm sure it will be worth your while if you give it a chance" YOU SUPPORT MY ACTIVITY AND I'LL SUPPORT YOURS — \$3.00

||: $\lim_{dx} \frac{dy}{dx}$ ego :||

What follows is perhaps the most productive method of making money in the music game:

The Aangitch songs of Kamchatka (Eastern Siberia)

These songs derive in name as well as origin from a wild duck which appears twice a year in great flocks. The notes of the bird are:

The same pitch is not constant in all birds of one flock. Just before the appearance of the flocks, the shaman begins to lead the tribe in a series of ritual songs, all of which are based on the song of the ducks. The people believe that if they sing well, the ducks will appear; which they, of course, always do. The songs attract the ducks to the villagers, who are then able to kill enough birds to have a huge feast. In this barren part of Siberia, the villagers have two feasts a year; the rest of the time they are often at the point of starvation.

||: $\lim_{dx} \frac{dy}{dx}$ ego → music :||

Have you paid for this issue of ear. Who will pay me for writing articles. How many commissions for compositions are available on this planet earth. Where are the teaching jobs.

\$

||: $\lim_{dx} \frac{dy}{dx}$ ego → music :||

Betty Lou a wee
wa oo wa oo
Betty Lou's got a new pair of shoes.

TÄNZER

A handwritten musical score for two sopranos, consisting of 12 staves of music. The music is written in common time, with various key signatures (mostly C major and G major) indicated by sharps and flats. The notation is in a soprano clef, with note heads and stems. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The music is highly rhythmic, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second note patterns. The score is written on aged, yellowish paper. In the bottom right corner, there is a handwritten note: "Other key D major".

For any pair of matched instruments. Specifically designed
with two soprano recorders in mind. The tempo is optional
which is to say it should be played as fast as manageable
in practice, and performed slightly faster. Marc Grafe 12/73

Part II

Norton Reffle was leaning over Shirley Thorne's desk, writing "cancelled" across a stack of admittance passes to the Scone archive. Shirley was receptionist and secretary to both Reffle and Fennel Kelch, whose adjoining offices on the second floor of the museum were separated by hers. Shirley watched Reffle intently, to be sure he didn't miss any of the passes.

"You got another call from that Coatman today," she said as he finished.

"What did you tell him?"

"Same as usual. That you were out. A letter from the inter-library borrowing service came, too, asking for almost the same things as Coatman's first letters. I bet anything that's his work too. What should I tell them?"

"Say we aren't loaning or photographing any materials for the time being, because of inventory and our sponsorship of the OOMPA Meeting. Send your regrets. If that fails, use Tasket's idea. Say we can't reproduce any new acquisitions until they are thoroughly catalogued. Point out that this is in the best interest of all scholars everywhere, or something like that. If anybody gets past that argument, I'll just have to lose the key to the archive."

"There's something else," Shirley went on. "A woman from The Musical Garland is coming to find out more about the opera production. She wants to see Kelch."

"I'll handle her. Don't say anything to Kelch about it." Reffle went into his office and shut the door. He had no wish to see his colleague Fennel Kelch—or anyone else, for that matter—until he found out something about opera in general, and seventeenth-century opera in particular. He spent the next hour reading a few of the standard encyclopedias of music, and an article or two, jotting down the sort of facts that might make an impression on the woman from the Garland. After all, he couldn't be too careful. Sometimes these journalistic dilettantes knew more than they ought to.

Norton Reffle was archivist of the Scone Museum, and like his sometime collaborator Tasket his nose was a little out of joint in the company of trained academics and erudite laymen. At one time he had known a fair amount about handwriting and manuscript deciphering, but the paper-weight trivia of his job had erased most of his scholarship from his mind over the last twenty-five years. All he could hope for now was to join the Museum Board, and possibly become Assistant Director. He had always thought that attaching his name to a book would probably help these ambitions, and when Tasket had asked him to do a little background research in return for collaborative credit on The Cantus Firmus Consciousness he was overjoyed. He soon found that "little background research" meant finding detailed justifications for all of Tasket's ideas, something that was not always easy to do, but he was persistent, and by flagrantly overlooking most of the inescapable facts he was barely able to find the information he needed. Fortunately for Tasket, most of the argument of the book was lost on Reffle, whose intellectual horizons rarely spanned more than one page of anything at a time. Had he really understood it, he would probably have refused to work on the book at all, but by taking each preposterous argument in turn, he was able to maintain an ignorant tolerance of the whole.

Shirley came in. "The woman from The Musical Garland is here. Her name is Diddy."

"Ask her to come in."

"Mr. Reffle, I'm Helen Diddy."

"Happy to meet you. Won't you sit down? I know you must be very busy, but I'll be happy to sketch out the essentials of the opera for you for a few minutes."

"That's very good of you. Actually, we're more interested in Mr. Coatman as a producer of old operas than in Caesar in Love itself, although of course I do want to put in a little something about what makes it unique, why he's chosen this particular one, and so on."

Ignoring the Coatman clause, Reffle began to regurgitate the basic information he had just learned.

"It's true that older operas do present certain problems that make them less approachable than, say, Puccini, Verdi, Wagner, or even—Schubert." He slurred the last name—did Schubert write operas? "They nearly always had several banks of soloists and choruses, complex stage settings, and spectacular musical and aesthetic effects. The first opera, of course, was Peri's Euridice, of 1607, following the ideas of his club, the Florentine Camerata. Employing recitative, arias and a plot from classical mythology, Euridice was well received by contemporary Italian audiences. During the next ten years..."

"Excuse me, but could you just tell me a thing or two about Mr. Coatman? I know the details of his position, his publications, and so on, but as an archivist I'd like to get your view of him."

"Well, naturally we're always glad to see some signs of culture in the West, even though they don't always strike a very authentic fire."

"But I thought Woodworth Coatman was the most eminent producer of older operas in the country."

"Oh, I'd hardly say that."

"Who is there that does a better job, do you think?"

"Oh well, now that would be very difficult to say. When one evaluates two productions, there are so many intangibles, and besides one really wants to know the verdict of time. Yes, I think that's the most important thing. The verdict of time. Now that's where the seicento operas really show their best strengths. When you think that the works of Cesti, Monteverde, Cavalieri, and all those other greats have lasted for three hundred years, it makes you despair about anything that's being done today."

"But I—"

"I know," Reffle interrupted her. "You want to know the background of the

Monturde opera. Jean-Baptiste Monturde (1643-c.1700) wrote in Paris in the late seicento. A minor composer of rather ephemeral works, the details of his life have until recently been obscure. His music combines an ostentatious but hollow elaboration of form with an almost sordid dearth of melodic interest."

"Then the Scone production will rely on brilliant vocal work and striking stage effects to offset the weakness of the score."

"I really know very little about what the production will do. Mr. Coatman is given to last-minute arrangements. If you ask me, the entire thing could have been handled much better under the aegis of someone more reliable—say, T.A. Tasket."

"The critic? I didn't realize he was a specialist in opera."

"That's just the point. Mr. Tasket is not a specialist at all. He's a man with breadth as well as depth, Ms. Diddy. A truly competent expert on music."

"That may be, but we're getting off the point. Can you tell me something about Mr. Coatman's earlier productions?"

"He did Le Mez d'Orphée, I believe, and a minor work called Inhigenie Encinta. Both were badly reviewed."

"If you have such a low opinion of Mr. Coatman, why did you invite him to do this production?"

"I didn't invite him. And I can tell you there are a good many knowledgeable people who think the man who did invite him has done the wrong thing."

"I assume you're referring to Mr. Kelch."

"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me who some of these other people are, the ones who would rather not have Coatman here?"

"Tasket for one, and the eminent musicologist Samuel Houghton Cabot."

"Cabot. I wonder if he will be coming to the OOMPA Meeting?"

"Indeed he will. He's here now, working in our archive."

"I'll have to see if I can find him. Well, thank you, Mr. Reffle, for what you've told me. It's been very instructive." Helen Diddy put her notebook in her purse and got up to leave.

"But surely you need some more material on the history of opera. You can't expect your readers to know much in the way of background, and Monturde must be grasped in his historical setting—"

"Thank you again, Mr. Reffle. I have all I need." She closed the door behind her.

Arrogant sort of woman, Reffle thought to himself. But at least I've got her suspicions up. He began to write out a few notes on baroque opera to send her; surely she would need a few more names and dates to fill out her piece. And besides, the more information she had about composers and works, the less she might say about Coatman.

Dear Ms. Diddy,

I'm afraid our little talk ended on a rather sour note, and I regret that because there are several important areas we didn't explore. I'm certain you'll find you need more background material on Venetian opera, so I'll just note down some of the more prominent names and works, with a sketchy commentary of my own:

L. Spuriosi. Dido a gli amazoni encontro Marcello in Siracusa (Dido and the Amazons meet up with Marcello in Siracusa)

A curious work, employing a heterogeneous dramatis personae: a characteristically Spuriosian plot quirk sees Dido's asp bite Marcello instead, in a typical burst of seicento wit.

P. Sartorioso. Totila rapita da Paride (Totila raped by Paris)

Putting a new twist on an old plot, Sartorioso has left us here the only explicitly fag opera in this early literature. The sturdy Goth is overcome by the charms of the famous Trojan, while Helen looks on in confusion.

M. Mendacioni. Roberto at Carolus at Teodoro at Alicia (Robert and Carol and Theodore and Alicia)

The original version of this ever-popular theme.

L. Ennuioso. L'Ulisse errante para Bitenia. Capua, Atene, sul Giordano, a nell'isola fortunata, con fermato facoltativa (Ulysses wanders through Bitenia, Capua, Athens, to the Jordan, and through the Fortunate Isles, with optional stopovers)

A sort of theatrical grand tour, featuring the deities, monsters and climate appropriate to each region.

N. Furiosi. Le Nozze d'Oiaocer e Medea (The Marriage of Oiaocer and Medea)

Here Furiosi brings together two of the most unlikely classical characters in a laff-a-minute seicento version of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

These are the more important operas. The Monturde piece, La Naissance et Mort de Cesar conquise, amoureux et corone, though it is French rather than Italian, is a highly derivative work, from what I've heard, combining elements of all the above. It does have some slight interest, of course, as a previously unknown work, but there

is considerable uncertainty as to its exact date and provenance. Much of the information on these is being painstakingly compiled by some of the staff of the Museum, with the kind assistance of the expert I mentioned to you, Samuel Houghton Cabot. (As you may know, while the University where Mr. Coatman teaches possesses the music manuscripts, the Scone owns all other papers relating to the oeuvre of Jean-Baptiste Monturde.) Oddly enough, Mr. Coatman seems unwilling to share in these discoveries, to judge from his indifferent reception of my repeated offers of participation.

I trust this information will be useful to you in preparing your readers for next month's events.

Dutifully yours,

Norton G. Reffle
Archivist, The Scone
Museum of Music and Art

Smiling, Reffle took his letter to Shirley and gave it to her to type. Then he went back to his office, cleared away the debris of his operatic expertise, and set to work on the final chapters of The Cantus Firmus Consciousness.



CAESAR IN LOVE

Part III

"Well, we're off down the road. No bumps in sight, and it ought to be smooth air from here on down." Fennel Kelch, Director of Public Relations and Ethnic Instrument Curator at the Scone Museum, was oozing his customary enthusiasm over the phone to Woodworth Coatman, who was at home in California and giving a party.

"First off," he went on, "we've got our funding. The Friends of Culture—that's a volunteer group at the Museum—voted us \$2200, plus your expenses, of course. I told them all about the big European scholars getting all that publicity for doing just your kind of splash-and-dazzle stuff, and then I bounced the idea that the Scone could do an even more deluxe singfest, as it were, with an even bigger allstar cast and more classy staging. Then I hit them with the authenticity curve, the undiscovered-composer-unknown work—most accurate performance of an eighteenth-century opera bit, and before I could get to home plate they came through with an offer."

"Seventeenth."

"What?"

"Seventeenth century. Monturde died in 1700 or so."

"Okay, anything you say. By the way, just how many pairs of cleats are we going to need to shoe this stable?"

Coatman might have winced at this, but he rarely paused to puzzle out Kelch's salmagundi imagery, and put his mind to the question instead. With his long-time friend Fen, one had to be prepared to be bombarded with metaphors, mostly of a sporting nature.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know yet. I've finished the first two acts, and I have a rough idea of the rest, but what I haven't figured out is how many times we can use the same people. You know, like in Carmen when the soldiers

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On Saturday, February 2nd, 1974 in celebration of Art's birthday, Lowell Darling/Head Fat City School of Finds Art and Willoughby Sharp, Mighty Mogul of the art world, present the Decca Dance with the New York Corres Sponge Dance School of Vancouver, General Idea, Image Bank, The John Dowd Fan Club, Mr. Peanut, Dr. Brute, Ace Space Co. and the Eternal Network at the Elks Lodge 607 South Park- view Street, Los Angeles, California.

march out and come on again as smugglers, and then turn into fancy dons in the last act. That sort of thing."

"How about rough odds?"
Well, not counting the principals, the dancers, the choruses and orchestra or the backstage crew and animal handlers, we need two armies, a rabble and a crew of orgiasts for the second act, priests, Egyptians and huntsmen for the third act, and of course the usual lot of cupids, shepherds, and godlings."

"What's the game plan of this thing anyway?"

"As I wrote you, it's called *La Naissance de Mort de Caesar conquis, amoureux et corrompu*—Caesar in Love, for short. It gets in all the essentials: in Act One he's born (the "Naissance"), in Act Two he's conquered ("conquis"), in Act Three he falls for Cleopatra (that's the "amoureux"), then comes a long intermission, then he's crowned and finally murdered ("mort")."

"I thought there were six acts."

"There are, but I think we'll have to leave out one, because of length and all." Coatsman took the phone into his living room as he said this and leaned against the wall just inside the door. He was a bearded man in his mid-thirties, with a considerable talent for music and for keeping his head. He wore the loose Eastern shirts affected by the aging California counter-culture, but inside he was a rather free man. He improvised rather than planned things, and to this point in his career he'd been blessed with inordinate luck.

As he talked to Kelch he looked around the room at his guests, mostly colleagues at the university. They were in a happy condition; several of them had begun to perform. A physicist-poet he knew only slightly was reciting to a group sitting on the floor at his feet.

"No truth," he was saying, shaking his head, "no truth, not a bit."

No one owns our hour, or our awful otherness.
Ourselves alone, ourselves to ourselves.
Unfold under the udders of Time.
If...then, neither...nor, either... or -- what are these to me?"

"Won't that shoot down the authenticity bit?" Kelch was saying.

"Not necessarily. They did the same thing in Monturde's time. There are directions in the score about that."

"All this puts me on to another track. You need a team behind you on this. I can be your second squad on some things, but you need a first-string coach to handle the backfield—all those orgiasts and gods. Now, I've been running around the track with Joyce on this, and I've come up with a real distance shot. Tell me where you feel this: suppose we bring George in as manager."

The physicist-poet was now delivering a set of Zen-style pronouncements, notable for their apparent incongruity and economy of language.

All I learn is what I earn
All I teach is what I can reach
All I know is what I owe
All I beget is my debt

At the other end of the room, the squat and nostalgic chairman of the music department had been weaving up the stairs to the little balcony under the skylight and now began to quiver out Rodolfo's aria from the first act of *La Bohème*. He had done this before, at Coatsman's house and elsewhere, and he was obviously responding to popular demand. His rendition was unusual in that he took the parts of both Rodolfo and Mimi, and hummed the orchestral line in between. "Che gelida manina," he warbled as he took his left hand tenderly in his right.

"George. You mean Pugh-Weagh? That crook who just got himself fired from the Met?"

"That's the one. He's Joyce's ex, you know. He'd be working for us, you understand, not the Scone, and he'd be on our team all the way. All we have to do is hand over the 2200 Samoleons and let him keep whatever he doesn't spend on the opera. We only need him for a couple of weeks. I can give him unlimited travel, courtesy of the Museum, and he can write it all off later in business expenses anyway."

"I'll have to think about it."

"Think away, but if this were my bout I'd want him in my corner. Somebody's got to find all those extras, and costumes and props and machines and stuff. Pugh-Weagh's been doing it for years. He's got angles nobody ever thought of."

"I know. That's what got him fired."

Rodolfo was on his knees now, running his hands over the floor in search of Mimi's imaginary key, his eyes squeezed shut as a signal to his audience that he and Mimi were in darkness. At Coatsman's end of the room the poet was pursuing images of birth and death.

If we are to midwife the world
Through this labor-filled void
Then let us grasp ourselves firmly
And pull.

Gravediggers to the universe
In this cosmological cemetery
Let us bury ourselves in the starry
dust
And stab.

This brought a faint round of applause, but most of the guests were now watching the balcony, where Rodolfo put his handkerchief over his head and held the ends under his chin, transforming himself into Mimi.

Meantime Fennel Kelch was trying to persuade Coatsman that the manager he had in mind had simply been the victim of a bad press and limited opportunities in the past.

"Those owners over at the Met really threw him a curve, you know. They made him play the wrong position all the time.

He had to cheat them, just to keep his self-respect. George goes down for the count in a minute unless he's taking advantage of somebody. What we've got to do is play his game: make him our strategist, then let him play quarterback against everybody else. That way we'll keep him happy, and he'll stay in there for us for long yardage."

Coatsman thought it over. He had planned to design and coordinate the production himself, as well as prepare the singers and conduct the orchestra. But he was running behind in editing *Caesar in Love* from the manuscript, and he hadn't ever tried to put together anything this ambitious before. A manager might come in handy.

"Joyce can help reel him in," Kelch added. "He always was sorry he struck out with her."

"I imagine. Well, it might work after all. Go ahead and see if he's available. And while you're at it, say hello to Joyce from me." He planned to do a good deal more than say hello to her when he got to the Scone Museum, Coatsman thought. He entirely approved of Joyce Kelch, an attractive, no-nonsense sensualist who spent plenty of money on herself and wasted no time in being coy. To his surprise, it was her voice he heard in reply.

"Woody? Hi, this is Joyce. How are you?"

"Fine, fine. Looking forward to seeing you."

"Me too. When are you coming?"
"In about six weeks, I guess." Coatsman kept up his end of the small talk, but he was preoccupied. Several things vied for his attention. In a complex mingling of characterizations, Rodolfo was now singing to his reflection in a mirror about the advantageous effect of moonlight on his complexion. The physicist-poet had gone hoarse and left off, but in his place a female entomologist of substantial proportions had begun a slow strip. And most important, it occurred to Coatsman for the first time that Joyce might be able to help him with his most serious problem. He wondered for a minute whether or not to take her into his confidence, then made up his mind.

"Listen, Joyce, I need your help. Can I count on you not to tell what I say to anybody?"

"You can."

"Okay, this is my problem. You know something about the dual gift of the Monturde papers, I'm sure."

"Just that you have some and the museum here has some."

"Right. When the Monturde family decided to give away their manuscripts, they divided them into two groups. One had only music manuscripts, the other only letters and family papers and so on. They gave us the music because they knew the university was interested in performance; the Scone was the natural place for the more personal documents. But what they didn't realize was that if either of us decided to make it hard for scholars to use our half of the manuscripts, it would make research on Monturde impossible. I mean, I have the entire score of *Caesar in Love* here, but virtually no information on Monturde's public or private life—except what has already been published, of course—but a lot of that may turn out to be wrong now that new evidence exists." "Can't you just write to Reffle for what you need?"

"I've done that. And I've called. But it's no use; for some reason he's sealed those papers off from the world, or at least from me. He won't even answer my letters. As it is, I can't write respectable program notes for the opera, and those COOPA types are fanatics for accuracy and detail."

"I think I have an idea what's behind all this. Do you know our local critic, T.A. Taskett?"

"I know of him, of course. And I saw a book he was trying to peddle last spring."

"That book is now his and Reffle's. They're very thick these days—and even thicker since the famous bequest."

"I suppose they know all about the opera."

"All the essentials. Fennel had to make his money pitch more or less publicly, you know, and Reffle was there."

"That's it then. I've got to find out what it is that they're hoarding in that archive. See if you can do a little spying: hang around Fen's office, pretend you're helping him with the publicity or something. Join the Friends of Culture. Don't let Fen know more than you have to, but it's alright to let on that I need some information in some papers to finish my edition of the opera. Okay?"

"I'll do it, trusting that my reward will be magnanimous."

"You know it will."

"Amoore, amoore." Rodolfo was singing, ending his lengthy performance. With his arms around Mimi's imaginary waist, he was descending the stairs, alternatively grinning lustfully down at his side and gazing coyly at the ceiling. In the midst of a final falsetto "Amoooooor", he reached the last step and his admiring audience surrounded him with applause and cheers.

"Woody? Are you still there? What's going on?"

"Just some friends rehearsing another opera. I've got to go replenish their enthusiasm. Tell Fen I'll talk to him soon."

"I will."

"Goodbye, Joyce."

She hung up, and as Coatsman came back into the living room he noticed that the ecdysiast bug specialist had lapsed into snores on his couch, covered in her discarded finery. The Bohemian duet had somehow rounded out the evening, and his guests were leaving. As he said goodnight to them Coatsman thought with pleasure that with luck he might be able to finish another scene of *Caesar in Love* before he called it a night.

--O.R. Blossom

EAR - a monthly, published and edited jointly by Beth Anderson and Charles Shere. Address all correspondence to: EAR #B. Anderson, 991 39th St. apt.1, Oakland, Ca. 94608. Make checks payable to EAR.

X-Chorus Openings

X-Chorus, an experimental chorus sponsored by Musical Arts, Inc., invites interested persons to join its exploration and performance of new music. The chorus, under conductor Bonnie Barnett, a graduate of the University of Illinois in music and dance and a student of Pauline Oliveros, is rehearsing music of Schoenberg, Webern, Grossman and Yuen and is continuing the study and practice of vocal multiphonics and meditation. A weekend retreat is planned for February.

Participation in X-Chorus is open without audition, and rehearsals are held Mondays, 7:30 pm, at Harding Auditorium, 7230 Fairmount Ave., El Cerrito. For information call 524-1128.

Take a friend

Please come to an EAR celebration of Gertrude Stein's centennial on Sat., Feb. 3 at 1750 Arch. We will have music by Amirkhanian, Anderson, Shere and Virgil Thomson, including Capital Capitals, and a film by Ann Sandifur, and phonographic readings by Gertrude Stein. Concert is at 4 p.m., repeated 8 p.m., and Chez Panisse is offering a special dinner that night, but that's another story; you'll have to make your own reservations for the dinner, but do please come to the concert.

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FEB. 6 WOOD WIND TRIO

Carol Negro, bassoon; William Banovetz, oboe; Barbara Chaffe, flute.
All are students of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

FEB. 13 EVENING RAGAS

A concert to explore ragas and different aspects of Indian music.
Phil Ford, tabla; Peter Van Gelder, sitar; Alexandra, tanpura. All
study or teach at the Ali Akbar College of Music.

FEB. 20 THE VOICE AS AN INSTRUMENT

Problems of vocal performance; a lecture/demonstration with Marc Farchill
and a vocal quartet from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

FEB. 27 16th CENTURY MUSIC FOR VOICE, RECORDERS AND KRUMMHORNS

Byrd - Lasso - Claudio - Isaac - Morley. Ruth Atkins, Ken Johnson,
Ann Kapit, Mark Tollefson.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1973

OBITUARY

Concert

Music by Vivian Fine
Performed at Finch

By DONAL HENAHAN

A complete program of anybody's music can be too much, even if the anybody is a Bach or a Beethoven who has been unlucky enough to attract a mediocre performer's undivided attention. But a concert of Vivian Fine's compositions at Finch College Concert Hall on Sunday night proved all too short, for two good reasons: She writes elegant and inventive works, and Jan DeGaetani thinks highly enough of them to pour her remarkable talent unstintingly into them.

Miss Fine conducted the

first performance of her Missa Brevis (1972) for four cellos and taped voice—or voices, rather, for the expressive mezzo instrument of Miss DeGaetani was heard on multiple-track, singing duets and trios with itself. The 10-part mass was full of melismatic slides, microtones and other currently popular devices, but it left an impression of distant times and cool cathedrals.

The composer also gave the first performance of her Concerto for Piano Strings and Percussion (1972), in which she functioned as one-woman band. Although heavily in debt to Cowell, Ives and Cage, the Concerto was absorbing in its aural sensitivity, and in its tongue-in-cheek manner (a parody, perhaps, but of whom?)

Miss Fine's careful ear and telling way of setting a text could not have more sympathetic interpreter than Miss DeGaetani, who sang "The Confession" (1963) and "Two Neruda Poems" (1971) with pinpoint intonation and an equal concentration on sense and sensuousness. The Neruda songs made a delicious pair, "La tortuga" crawling along in hushed beauty and "Oda al piano" closing the concert with a witty microdrama.

The singer silenced the pianist (Miss Fine) by gently closing the lid, removing the music and, finally, dropping the key covering. The final chord was played woodily but expressively by Miss Fine.

A MIRACULOUS straight
woman. *...cut from City Edition.*



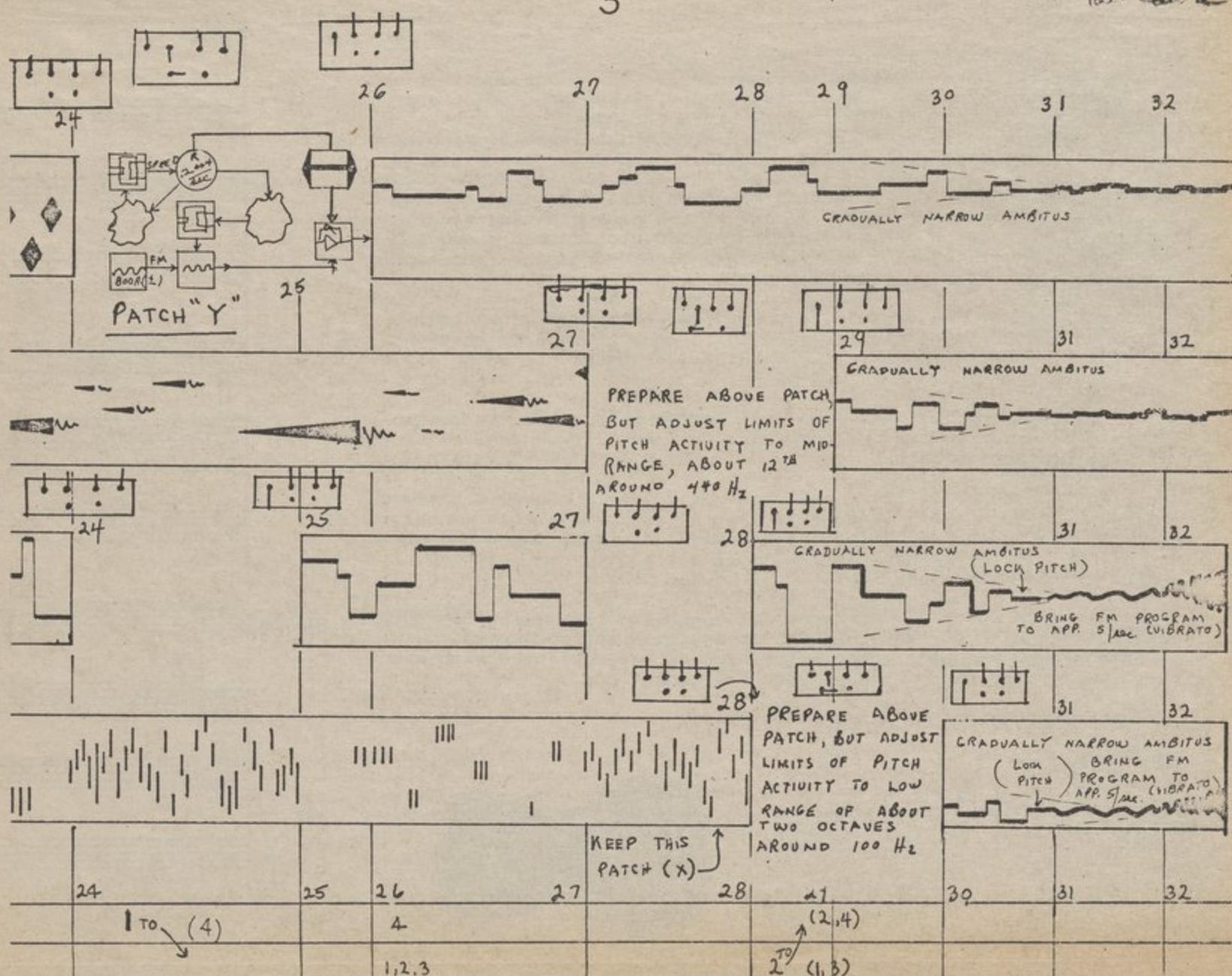
LIPSCOMB, Miss Helen P., 52, died at St. Joseph's Hospital 8:30 p.m. Saturday after a long illness. She was the daughter of Mrs. Edna P. Lipscomb of Lexington and the late Dr. William N. Lipscomb. Miss Lipscomb, born in Scott County, was a teacher of piano and composition in Lexington for over 27 years including five years at the University of Kentucky. She had many published works and composed for the Modern Dance Group at U. of K. and the Youth Orchestra. The Phi Mu Alpha award was presented to her. She was a graduate of the University of Kentucky and received her Masters Degree there, doing graduate work at the University of Indiana and the Longy Music School in Cambridge, Mass. She was a member of the National Association of Music Teachers and the Kentucky Association of Music Teachers and the Beta Music Honorary. She was a member of the Maxwell St. Presbyterian Church. Besides her mother, she is survived by one brother, Dr. William N. Lipscomb Jr. of Belmont, Mass.; one sister, Mrs. Russell Conrad of Wooster, Ohio; and an aunt, Mrs. Bella Lipscomb Boyle; and the following nieces and nephews, Mrs. Roy Wright, Toronto, Canada, James S. Lipscomb, Belmont, Mass., Jean and Janet Conrad of Wooster, Ohio. Services will be held 3 p.m. Monday at Kerr Brothers Funeral Home by Dr. Thomas M. Johnston with private committal services in the Lexington Cemetery. In lieu of flowers those who desire may contribute to the Helen Lipscomb Fund of Maxwell Street Presbyterian Church.

UC Berkeley
Committee for Arts & Lectures
presents

| | | |
|----|------|---|
| Mo | 2/11 | Berkeley Contemporary Chamber Players |
| Tu | 2/12 | Canadian Opera Company Mozart/"Cosi fan Tutte" |
| Fr | 2/22 | Stuart Fox, guitar and lute |
| Fr | 3/1 | Frans Brueggen, recorder and Bruce Haynes, oboe |
| Sa | 3/9 | University Symphonic Wind Ensemble |
| Fr | 3/8 | Cliff Keuter Dance Co, 3pm demo |
| Sa | 3/9 | Cliff Keuter Dance Co, concert |
| Su | 3/10 | Ernst Haefliger, tenor, with men of U. C. Chorus |
| Su | 3/10 | Pomona College Theatre's Kabuki West (kabuki dance plays) |

All performances at 8 pm, unless noted otherwise.

Tickets are available at the CAL Ticket Office,
101 Zellerbach Hall, University of California,
Berkeley, California (642-2561); All Macy's stores;
and at other major Bay Area agencies.



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This is to inform you of a special musical event to occur in the Bay Area in mid-February. On the evening of the 19th, there is to be an ensemble of Bay Area Electronic Music Studios. This experiment in electronic composition and technology is to be accomplished by the bringing together of the electronic facilities of San Francisco State University, San Francisco Conservatory of Music, Mills College, University of California at Berkeley, radio station KPFA and the Pacific Telephone Company. Presently, the directors of these facilities are, respectively: Gareth Loy, Alden Jenks, Robert Ashley, Ollie Wilson, Charles Amirkhanian and, of course, Ma Bell. The studios are to be connected by way of a special high fidelity telephone line to KPFA. All incoming music signals will be mixed at KPFA and immediately broadcast as a live performance. Auditing this concert is to be done by an audience of listeners who remain at home by their hi-fi receivers.

The four studio systems will perform in real time new works being written specifically for the concert by Anthony Gnazzo, Gareth Loy, Robert Ashley, William Miraldo, Alden Jenks, George Burt, Herbert Bielawa and others. The studios will be used by these composers in various ensemble fashions. They will be orchestrated together in some cases in much the same way a conventional symphony orchestra is, except that different wave shaped oscillators will be used instead of different acoustic instruments. In other cases, they will be soloistic as in a string quartet, for instance. Instead of the usual visual communication between conductor and players, the conductor or director of these new works (who will probably be the composers themselves) will communicate with the various studios by means of a second telephone conference line, which will connect all studios and radio station. This part of the performance, (instructions, signals, tempi, giving sync cues and general performance chatter) however, will not be heard by the audience. Coming over the waves will only be music.

So that the concert may have some variety relief, a movement of a Mozart string quartet will also be on the program. Each string player will be in one of the four different studio locations (several miles apart) playing his or her own part into a microphone. The four musical strands will then be carried by telephone lines to KPFA where they will be mixed and broadcast as a complete ensemble. Such matters as tempi, attacks, ritards, balance, nuances will be monitored by a director-coach who, when necessary, will be able to talk to the musicians. Players will be able to hear the coach and music in earphones, even though the quartet will be broadcast without director's chatter. Mr. Laszlo Varga of San Francisco State University will coach the Morrison Quartet in this performance.

This experiment in music composition, performance and technology is being financed for the most part by a Faculty Research Grant through the Frederick Burk Foundation at San Francisco State University which was awarded to Herbert Bielawa for realization of the project.

A recording of this live performance will be aired by station KQED-FM on the following Saturday evening, February 23rd, starting at 10:00 P.M. The performance on station KPFA will begin at 8:00 P.M.

Charlemagne Palestine
Continuous Sound Forms
January 4 and 5, 1974
nine p.m.

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