

ec Camera

and line vision helped give the numbers a more modern feel. Invariably, whether ballads or mid-tempo rockers, the band always seemed to work its songs into instrumental raves-ups at the end.

That The El Mocimbo was sold out for Anne Camera's debut was a surprise, and should be credited to the fact that local rock radio station CFNY-FM has been playing the band regularly, and that Frame was on the cover of this week's New Musical Express, an English publication regularly read by smart scene-watchers. While I can't imagine Anne Camera playing hockey arenas or music festivals, its quirky, poppy, well-rounded little numbers fit a room the size of the Elmo just fine.



...never at the CNE Bandshell.

Gave still

Joni Mitchell true to form

BY UAM LACEY

On Monday night, as Joni Mitchell sat in her hotel room at the Four Seasons Hotel for a press conference, she talked briefly about the various "esthetic shifts" in her music, from baroque to abstract, and now, she said, she is moving toward a music that is more simple and accessible.

Her choice of words indicated a fundamental change in attitude. A few years ago, Miss Mitchell would have been more likely to talk about her artistic changes in terms of her personal growth. Now it seems to be more a question of pursuing definition and clarity in her work. Last night's concert at the Canadian National Exhibition Grandstand, showed a new Joni, an artist embracing her classical period.

A few minutes after 8:30, Miss Mitchell walked to centre stage, dressed in basic black — a skirt with a bolero jacket and strappy heels. Except for the baseball cap perched atop her new feathery blond coiff, she could have been going to a business lunch. The band behind her was a stripped-down rock and roll band — a keyboard player, a drummer, a bassist and a guitarist. In guitarist Michael Landau's (whose chunky style occasionally suggests Martin Belmont of The Rumours), Miss Mitchell has found someone who can fill in where two or three musicians are usually needed. Her husband and bassist, Larry Klein, proved himself up to a solid Charlie Mingus impression when she sang *There Must Be a Boogie Man*.

In the first half, the old hits went by like clockwork — *Coyote*, *Free Man In Paris*, *Edith and The Kingpin*, *You Turn Me On (I'm A Radio)* — all delivered with punchy expertise, but with no surprises. Unlike, for example, Bob Dylan who turns his songs inside out and upside down year after year, Miss Mitchell (thinks) almost nothing in the vocal arrangements and save for a few jazzy moves at the end of *Big Yellow Taxi*, everything was by the book.

She saved the best until last with two solos; the first was *Feel Good For Free*, a song about a street corner clarinet player in New York, which allowed her to do some lovely acoustic piano playing. The final song was the rambling *I Could Drink A Case of You and Still Stand Up* (my version of *Hit Me With Your Best Shot*) played slide-style, with her guitar across her lap.

Set two concentrated on some of her more rambling, jazzy travelogues — including the title song of her album, *Wild Things Run Fast* and *Refuge in the Woods*.

Only when she came back with the bouncing *Leiber and Stoller* hit, *You're So Square (I Don't Care)*, and her standard, *Rained On Rubbery*, did the audience reaction start to build again through to the encore. The first encore was Marvin Gaye's *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*, which kicked harder than anything had all night, but if anyone can make Motown sound like art music, it's Joni Mitchell.

Brahms inspires Orford & friends

BY JOHN KRAGLUND

OTTAWA — The 150th anniversary of the birth of Johannes Brahms was the inspiration for the two major chamber music programs in this opening week of Festival Ottawa. Brahms' music, in turn, inspired the Orford String Quartet (featured performers in both concerts) and its guests. In last night's program at the National Arts Centre Theatre, the guests were James Campbell, clarinet, Steven Dunn, viola, and Andrew Tunis, piano. I did not feel all were equally inspired — through no fault of the music. Some blame should probably be attached to the hall, whose acoustics are anything but resonant. Perhaps some of the flaws will disappear in the delayed broadcast of the concert, on CBC's Arts National, July 13.

The biggest disappointment was in the *Sonata in F minor, Op. 124, No. 1*, for viola and piano (originally for clarinet and piano, but arranged for viola by the composer). Dunn is an exceptionally fine violist, but in the first two movements, he sounded more as if he were playing a large violin. Tunis, winner of a number of music competitions, is a technically capable musician, but did not convince me he is also an established Brahms interpreter.

This may have been true of both performers. They were short on vitality in the first movement and only in the lower viola passages did any



Dawes (left), Helmer, Perkins and Brott: fine effort but dubious results.

real emotional expression get through in the Andante. Genuine Brahms, viola sound and ensemble balance finally emerged in the *Allegretto* and was sustained to a large extent in the vitality of the finale.

The Orford Quartet's single appearance on its own was in Brahms' *String Quartet in C minor, Op. 51, No. 1*. Despite excellent playing by the four musicians — Andrew Dawes and Kenneth Perkins, violins, Terence Helmer, viola, and Dennis Frost, cello — the acoustic failed to blend their sound in the first movement and only approached the expected high ensemble quality in the expressive *Romance*. The

musician's style, which have contributed to the quartet's international acclaim, were most in evidence in the third movement, with its *Allegro* Trio, although the finale communicated something of the emotional intensity of the piece.

Unfortunately, all but the acoustics were in top form for the evening's other work, Brahms' *Clarinet Quintet in B minor, Op. 115*. Campbell is always an asset in any concert and his impeccable tone dominated the performance throughout its broad, subtly shaded tonal and emotional ranges. But he was superbly matched by the quartet, from the total purity and precise ensemble of the opening movement to the

final moaning chords of the last movement.

Among the many memorable passages was the whole of the *Allegro*, tender and plaintive in its expression, and flawless in its instrumental interplay. The Andante proved the performers were also capable of conveying the more joyful aspects of the music. And the final *Allegro* was yet another example of brilliant ensemble playing, in the most complex contrapuntal sections.

It was enough to arouse enthusiasm for tonight's concert, when the Orford Quartet will again be joined by Campbell and Dunn, plus cellist Tzipora Tsoumis and pianist Menahem Pressler.

Herbig's eloquence a boon to TS

BY ARTHUR KAPTAINIS

The Brahms First Symphony conducted by East Germany's Gunter Herbig in Massey Hall on Feb. 25, 1982, was — not to put too fine a point on the matter — one of the greatest performances of anything this reviewer had heard from the Toronto Symphony in 10 years of sporadic concerting. So expectations ran high in Roy Thomson Hall last night, the occasion of the sleek and silver-haired maestro's return to the TS podium. Or at least as high as they might, given a program comprising the TS's all-time most performance champion, Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, as well as his *Fantasy-Overture to Romeo and Juliet* and *Piano Concerto No. 1*, two numbers very hard on the champion's back.

Happily for the three-quarters house on hand, Herbig was a man ideally suited to his task. The soaring melodies of

the symphony's Andante Cantabile movement — the ones that never quit, usually in spite of your wishes — seemed to gain new life with every iteration, and the triple-forte entry of the "Providence" theme had a more genuinely tragic weight than in any performance in memory. The first and final movements were extraordinary too, for tempos that always seemed dead on the mark and climaxes that emerged seamlessly and inexorably from quiet beginnings. Herbig is not a conductor who buys his brass cheaply with final-bar histrionics.

Histrionics, in fact, had nothing whatever to do with his fluid and eloquent podium manner, and it was evident that the TS musicians responded to his professional conduct in kind. Strings were supple and clear throughout the evening, while the winds played with a confidence that belied a relative dearth of principals. David Kent, on beetle-

drums, moulded himself in the symphony's frequent interludes of heavy punctuation.

And whether Herbig, silent Arthur Gonsky, the TS or (most likely) all of the above deserve the credit, the performance of the Piano Concerto that ended the concert's first half equalled the Fifth for freshness, sincerity, professionalism and impact. Pianist and conductor were in near-perfect accord in this piece, the concert world's most notorious musical wrestling match.

For Gonsky's part, his customary bravura was present and accounted for, and he showed, in the first movement, an irrepressible sense of verve and forward momentum. There were tender moments, too — the piano entry of the Andante's *Semplice* fell with breathtaking lightness.

The concert will be repeated tonight and tomorrow.