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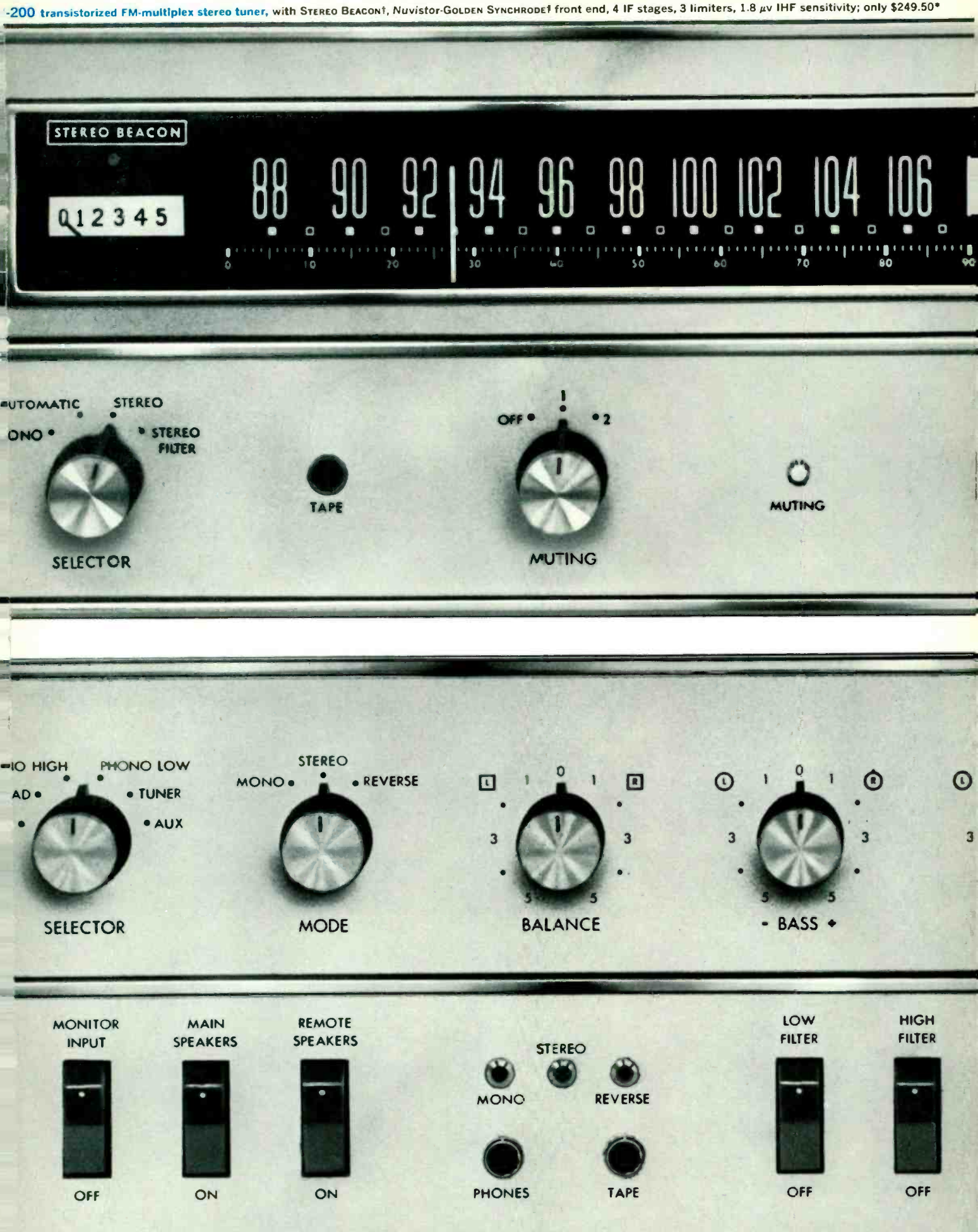

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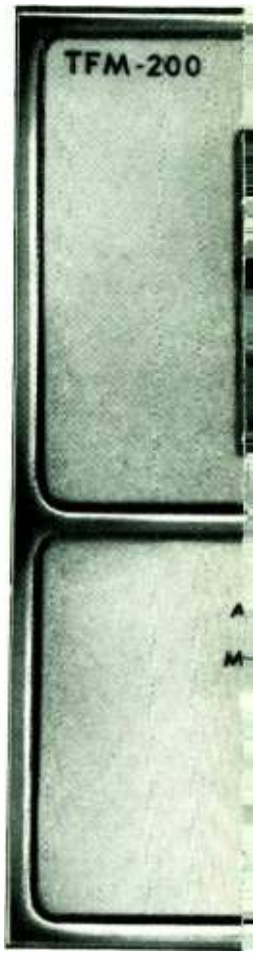

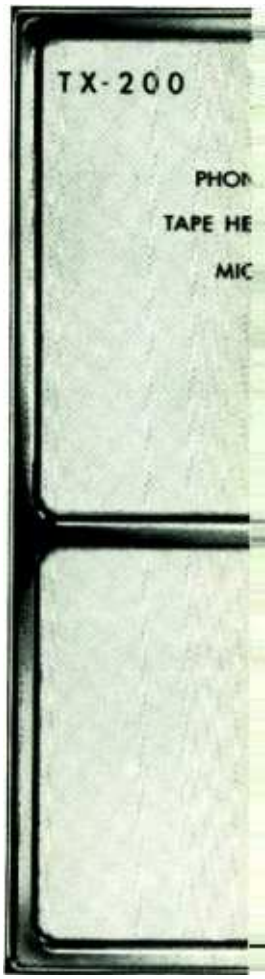

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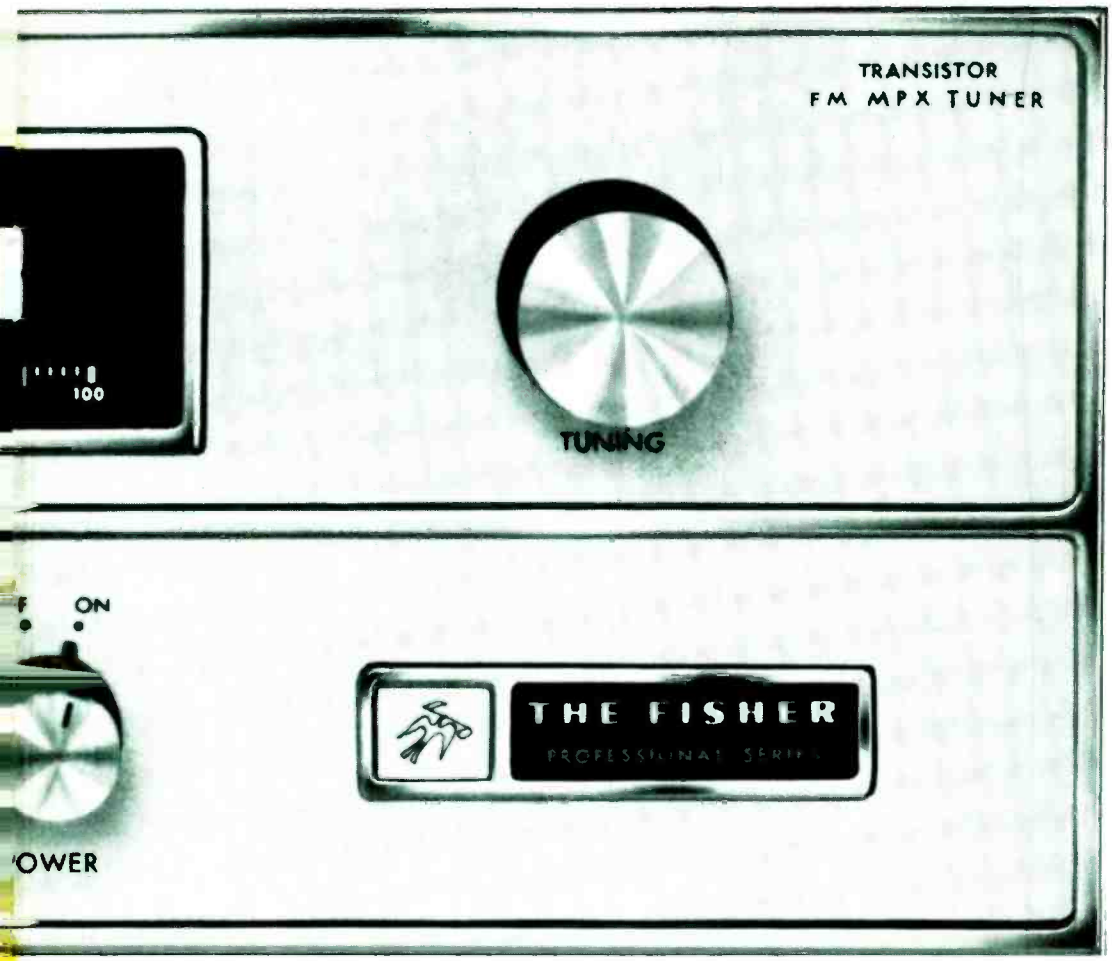

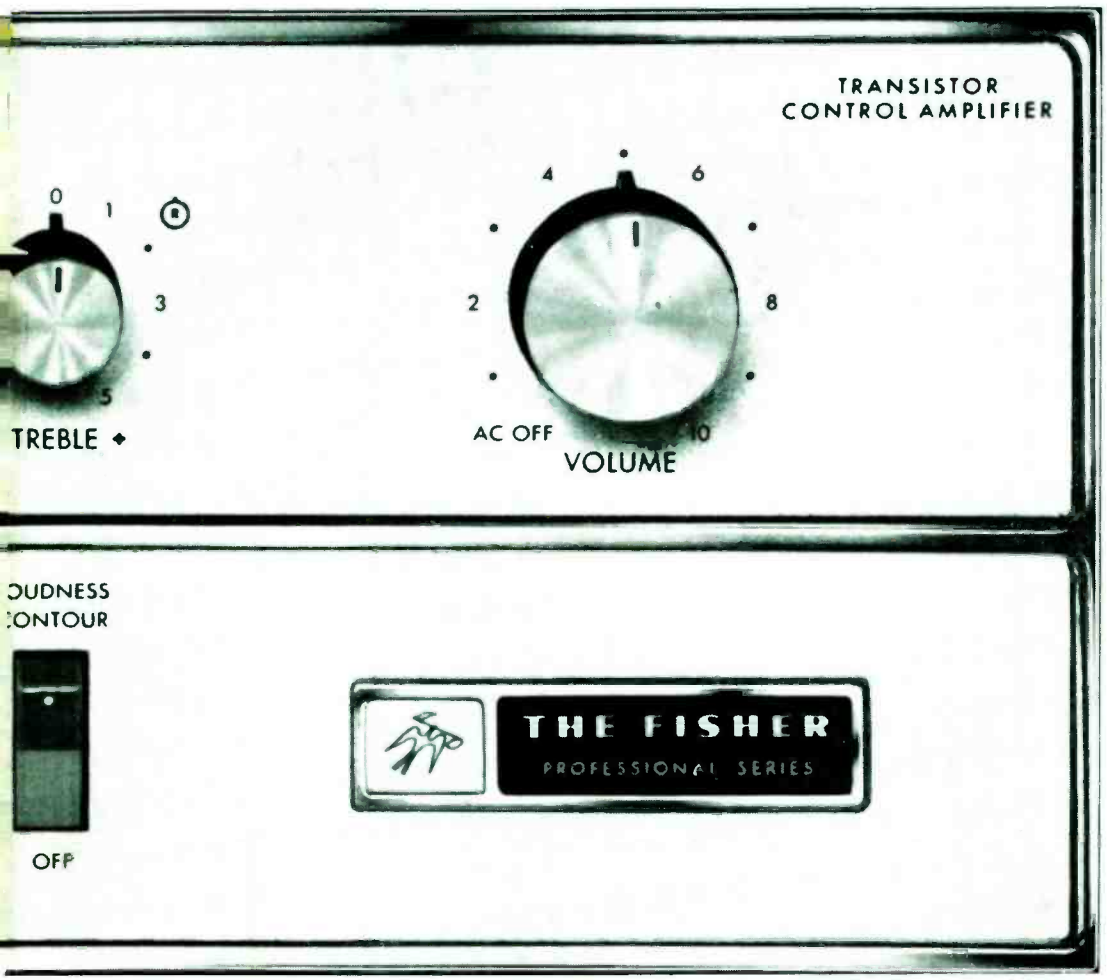

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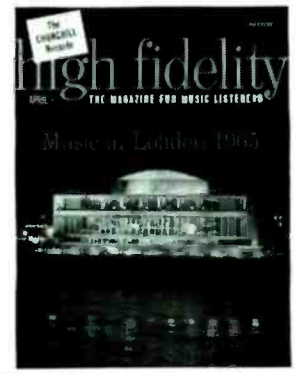

Cover Photo: London's Festival Hall, taken the night of its gala reopening, February 1, 1965 by Hans Wild

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LETTERS

Haydn's Haydn

SIR:

The article entitled "A Question of Function" by Patrick J. Smith, appearing in your pages last month, was apparently inspired by my review of the recent Bernstein recording of Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 82 and 83 [November 1964], and I should like to add a few words to the discussion. In taking issue with me, Mr. Smith quotes from an article on my review by Robert C. Marsh in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, where Mr. Marsh wrote as follows: "George Szell and I once had a long talk about the Robbins Landon corrections in the finale of the *Oxford* Symphony. Szell thought that the traditional texts may represent Haydn's revisions, and that they should not be discarded because they cannot be traced to early sources. I am inclined to agree." Mr. Smith then goes on to say: "So now we have two well-informed people who dispute Mr. Landon as to which are the correct notes in a Haydn symphony. What can decide the issue? The intent of the composer? The truth is that we manifestly do not know Haydn's intent."

Since neither Mr. Marsh nor Mr. Smith has taken the trouble to explain all this business of the *Oxford* Symphony, I will explain. It has to do with the Finale, at the very beginning of which the theme is stated, by Haydn, without the second violin part found in most modern editions; at the recapitulation the theme is also stated without the second violins. For score readers, the places are bars 1-16 and 221-29. Those readers who may want to hear the difference can do so by comparing the late Max Goberman's recording, sans second violins (Library of Recorded Masterpieces), with the performance by George Szell (Epic).

Presumably, Mr. Marsh and Mr. Smith think that I insert or retract Haydn's violin parts as the spirit moves me. In fact, what all scholars try to do is to return to the original sources. It happens that for the *Oxford* Symphony we have many authentic manuscripts and prints, *inter alia* the following:

(1) Haydn's autograph manuscript, in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, discovered in 1956; dedicated to the Comte d'Ogny and signed and dated 1789.

(2) A manuscript score by Haydn's factotum Johann Elssler, in the Buda-

Continued on page 12

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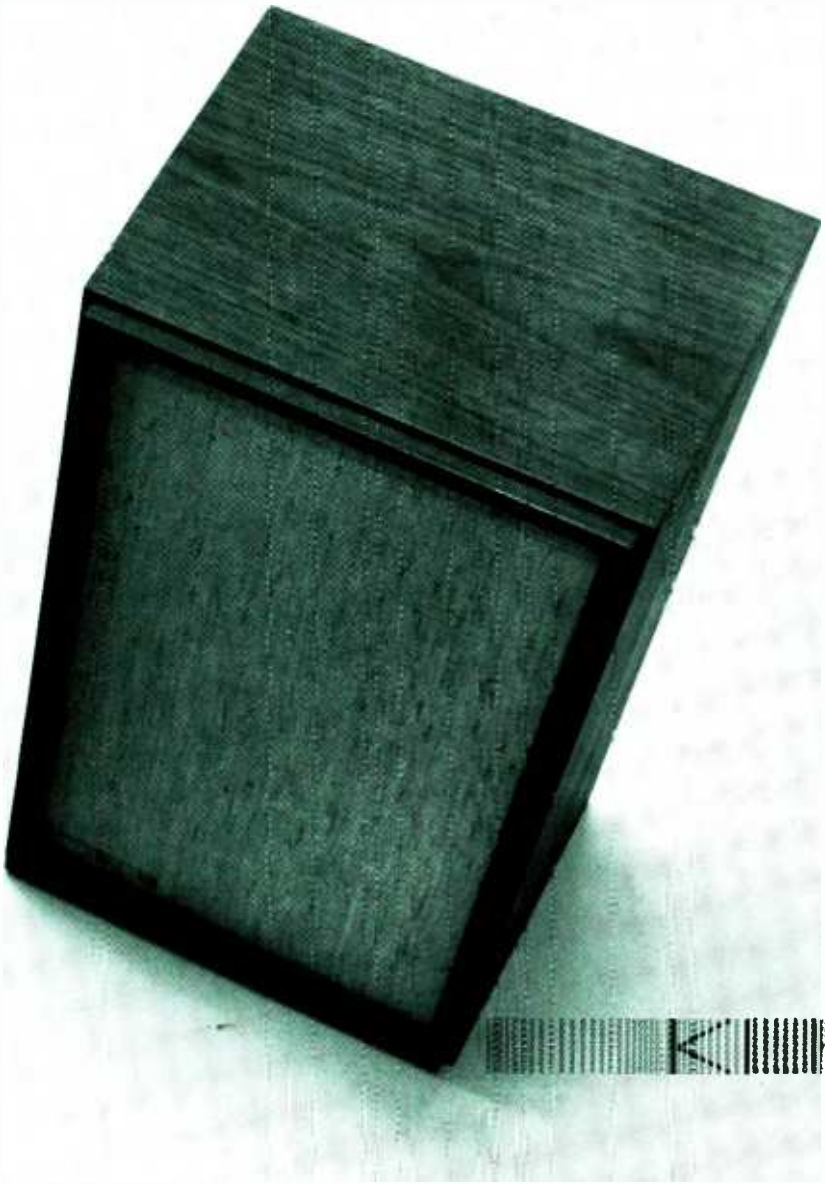

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Continued from page 8

pest National Library. This score was owned by Haydn and he has marked the number of sheets on the title page in his own hand.

(3) Manuscript parts that Haydn sent to the Prince of Oettingen-Wallerstein; now in the princely archives at Harburg Castle (Bavaria).

(4) Manuscript parts from the collection of one of Haydn's friends, Von Kees, now in the princely Thurn und Taxis Archives at Regensburg (Bavaria).

(5) Printed parts by Le Duc in Paris, marked *"Du Repertoire / de / La Loge Olympique,"* c. 1790/91. Apparently Le Duc used the autograph as his source. Apart from Le Duc, there are early editions of this Symphony by Longman & Broderip, London (1792), "As performed at Mr. Salomon's concert, Hanover Square," by Forster of London, by André of Offenbach, by Sieber of Paris, by Imbault of Paris, etc.—all printed in the 1790s.

Indeed, in no known manuscript source of the complete symphony is there a second violin part in bars 1-16 and 221-29 of the Finale. The score without such a part is what Haydn composed, and this is what he sent abroad, and this is what he played in England. So when Mr. Smith says, "The truth is that we manifestly do not know Haydn's intent," he seems hardly to be aware of the true state of affairs. If Mr. Szell (or anyone else) chooses not to like, and not to perform, this particular passage as Haydn wrote it, that is his privilege, just as it is my privilege—and obligation—to print in my Collected Edition of Haydn's Symphonies that which Haydn wrote.

H. C. Robbins Landon
Buggiano Castello (Pistoia)
Italy

Mr. Villchur vs. Mr. Stokowski

SIR:

"High Fidelity Newsfronts" of February 1965 quotes Leopold Stokowski as denying that "concert hall sound" is a valid aim of sound reproduction, or that reproduced sound can be judged reliably "vis-à-vis live sound." The following reasons are given: 1) the great volume of sound demanded by the concert hall could be painful in a living room; 2) concert halls vary greatly, and so there is no single standard of concert hall sound; 3) no two people respond in the same way to the same sound.

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Continued on page 20

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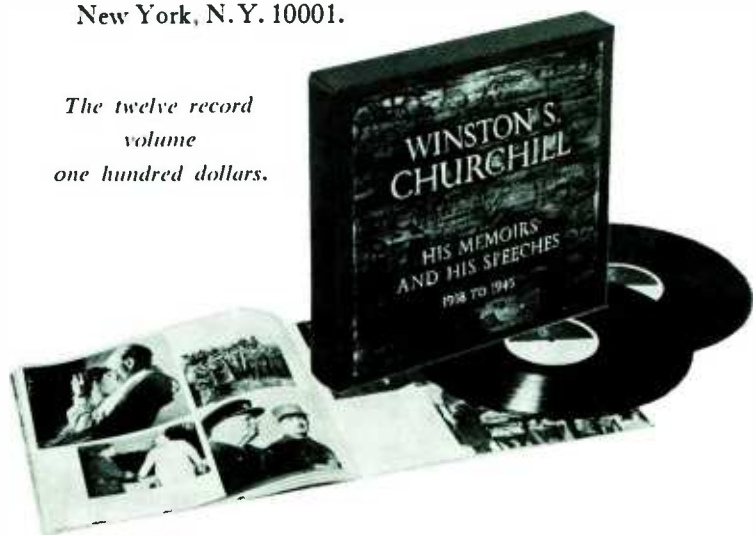

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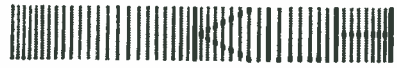

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Stanton

CIRCLE 68 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The perils of perfection:

(Our "dangerous" loudspeaker will make the rest of your equipment seem worse. Or better. Whichever it deserves.)

Blame EMI Model DLS-529's astonishing sensitivity. The fantastic transient-response of this speaker will mercilessly reveal the flaws in any defective or outmoded equipment used with it.

Or be grateful for the pure perfection of its ability to reproduce just what program material is fed into it. For this means music and voice with live "presence".

Credit the DLS-529 woofer's unique aluminum center cone with its highly compliant Poly-Vinyl Chloride (PVC) "memory" suspension. The two high-frequency units with critically curved diaphragms. The exclusive woven metal grille for clean sound dispersion.

Results?

A performance of wide range and smoothness, with limpid sound that floats on the air and leaves no clue to the actual size or location of the loudspeaker.

The whole room seems to play.

Another Peril: Some audio dealers who don't have EMI loudspeakers may tell you other quality speakers have reached the same perfection in the art.

They haven't.

And certainly not at the EMI price.

Comparison-listen: The case for the "dangerous" loudspeaker deserves a hearing.

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CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 12

this intensity in a living room, because of the smaller space.

On the second point, no one ever claimed that concert hall sound was always the same. Differences in concert halls (or in parts of the same hall) no more interfere with the attempt to re-create acoustical atmosphere than differences in violins interfere with the attempt to re-create the individual timbre of each instrument.

On the third point, any aberrations in individual hearing come into play at both the live and the reproduced performance, and do not affect the process of comparing the two. The fallacy here is similar to the one that led nineteenth-century art critics to explain El Greco's elongated figures in terms of the artist being astigmatic.

The validity of live vs. recorded comparisons has been challenged before, but I have not heard anyone suggest a better way to establish standards for the evaluation of reproducing fidelity.

Edgar Villchur
President, Acoustic Research
Cambridge, Mass.

On Our Man Brummell

SIR:
Having read the witty review of "Another Side of Bob Dylan" in your January "Folk Music" section, I must say that I heartily agree with the reviewer's assessment of Mr. Dylan's talents. I must also say that your reviewer probably writes better lyrics than the banal ones produced by Dylan himself. Maybe your critic ought to become a folk song writer.

Robert S. Nathan
Clayton, Mo.

SIR:
The reviewer who wrote the verses on Bob Dylan appearing on page 97 of your January issue gets my vote of thanks. A BIG bouquet to the man!

Charles D. Haupt
Wichita, Kan.

SIR:
O. B. Brummell's opinion of "Another Side of Bob Dylan" demonstrates a non-imaginative taste in folk music. Mr. Brummell is very clever; Bob Dylan is an artist of sincerity and genius.

Bob Dylan is the first to set sense-impression poetry to folk music. Other folk singers, including Joan Baez (who, according to Mr. Brummell, is the "finest American folk singer of our day"), are merely performers; while their voices are no doubt sweet (and bittersweet at times), none of them can begin to match Dylan's emotional impact. "Another Side of Bob Dylan" is a step beyond the ordinary folk record just as an abstract painting is a step beyond a naturalistic photograph. Mr. Brummell may prefer the latter, but he should not dismiss a differing point of view as "inverted intellectuality."

Paul Hartsfield
Tucson, Ariz.

Only Scott has the 10 vital features you need in a solid state amplifier

After an exhaustive analysis of solid state design, Scott engineers have found ten vital design features which determine the performance of solid state amplifiers. Only the new Scott 260 80-watt solid state amplifier successfully incorporates all ten vital features resulting from this research. Now, as before, your choice of Scott assures you of superior performance, long-term value, and unfailing reliability. For detailed information on this amazing solid state amplifier, write: H. H. Scott, Inc., Dept. HF, 111 Powdermill Road, Maynard, Mass. *Less than $260.*

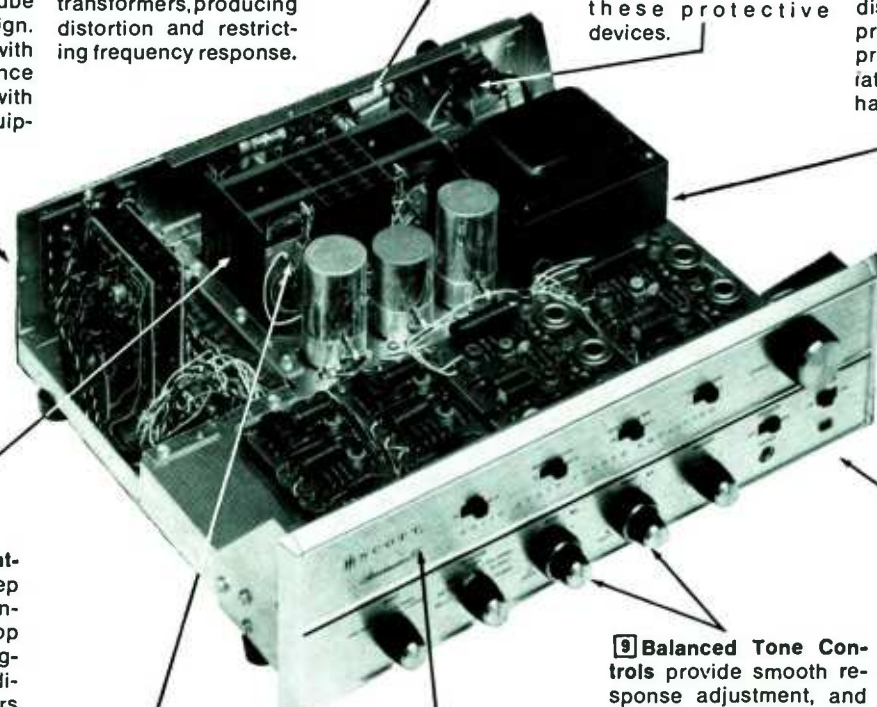
1 High Input Impedance permits use with any tuner or tape recorder, whether of tube or transistor design. Other amplifiers with low input impedance can not be used with subsidiary tube equipment.

2 Direct Coupled Circuitry using no transformers, assures widest possible power bandwidth and lowest possible distortion. Other amplifiers use driver transformers, producing distortion and restricting frequency response.

3 Output Coupling Capacitors prevent direct current from flowing to your speakers. Other amplifiers pass direct current into the output signal, resulting in degraded performance, or even destruction of the voice coils.

4 Fused Output Stage prevents damage to valuable loudspeakers. Special fuses stand guard should there be a chance overload. Other amplifiers do not use these protective devices.

5 Zener-Controlled Power Supply assures top performance and lowest distortion in the critical preamp circuits by suppressing line voltage variations. Other amplifiers have no such provision.



6 Massive instrument-type Heat Sinks keep output transistors running cool, assuring top performance and longer life under all conditions. Other amplifiers use the chassis as a heat sink, making outputs far more vulnerable to breakdown.

7 Rugged Silicon output transistors assure long operating life and far superior high frequency performance. Other amplifiers use low-performance germanium transistors that are far less rugged.

8 Full control complement includes BOTH Scratch and Rumble filters; 3-position pickup sensitivity switch; remote speaker provisions AND outlet for private stereo headphone listening; complete facilities for tape recording and monitoring.

9 Balanced Tone Controls provide smooth response adjustment, and insure that the amplifier operates "flat" when controls are center-set. Other amplifiers use controls which change the entire frequency response as well as that portion over which control is desired.

10 FM Stereo Tuner matches the amplifier. Scott's famous solid state 312 stereo tuner perfectly matches the amplifier in looks AND performance. (Audio Magazine said of the 312: ". . . one of the finest tuners anywhere.")

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

MOSCOW

One of my first moves, on a visit to Moscow this winter, was to look up a Russian discophile friend and inquire about the important recordings that had been made during recent months. "Well, let's see. Kiril Kondrashin has done a new Shostakovich Fifth. Yevgeni Moguilevsky—and he's the nineteen-year-old Neuhaus pupil who won the last Queen Elisabeth Competition in Brussels—recorded the Third Rachmaninoff Concerto. There is a complete recording of Shostakovich's *Katerina Ismailova* by the Nemerovich-Danchenko troupe under Gennadi Provatorov—a name to note, by the way; he's already moved on to the staff of the Bolshoi. And Gennadi Rozhdestvensky has led a recording of *The Gambler* by Prokofiev."

While I'd be glad to own any of the above items, I'd really hoped that the list would offer a surprise or two. As it was, the report of current Soviet recordings seemed pretty much to be the mixture as before.

Soviet Insouciance. Not only has the element of competition been removed by the U.S.S.R.'s economic system, but any other impetus towards initiative or imaginativeness seems to a great extent lacking. The big record shop in Gorky Street, for instance, has not changed appreciably during the seven years I have known it, aside from the fact that now you can get stereo records (*some* stereo records, that is: although all serious music, except occasional chamber works, is now taped in multichannel form, not all these recordings are thus far actually issued as stereo discs). The way the shop is run, by the way, would drive any reasonably businesslike Western merchandiser mad. In lieu of a catalogue, the salesgirl hands you either a handwritten list or, for stereo, a little cardboard box with a few handwritten cards in it. This is the stock you have to choose from, take it or leave it.

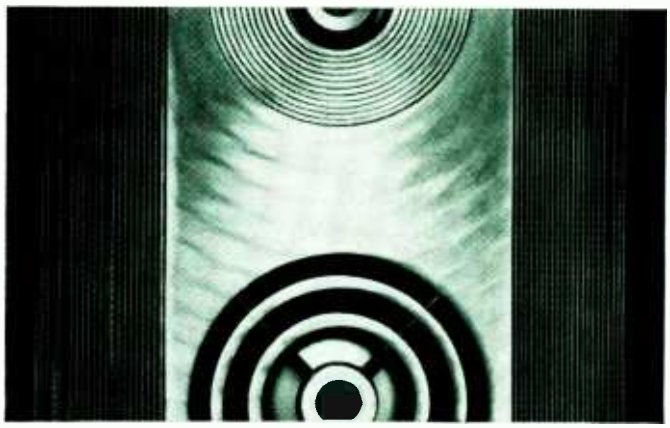
Although I usually tend to lose control in a record shop when I travel, I bought a grand total of two albums in Moscow (both of them stereo). One combines Walter Piston's Sixth Symphony (Alexander Gauk and the Moscow Radio Orchestra) with Hindemith's *Symphonic Metamorphoses* (same orchestra under one S. Khubad). The other is Kiril Kondrashin's recording with the Moscow Philharmonic of Balakirev's First Symphony. There was a third I wanted—a coupling of two works of Martinů—but when I asked for it the salesgirl removed its card from the box and told me it was out of stock. A couple of days later Kondrashin made me a gift of his fine stereo recordings of Shostakovich's Fourth Symphony (a work which he had resurrected from durance vile and performed for the first time) and the Mahler Ninth, but you couldn't find either one of them in the shops.

Artists' Choices. My over-all impression, derived from informal talks with a number of musicians, is that the initiative for any really unusual recordings must stem from the artist involved rather than from any central artistic authority. You hardly would expect to find complete sets of the Debussy Etudes or of Hindemith's *Ludus tonalis* on the Soviet label, but Anatoli Vidyernyikov (another pupil, again, of that fabulous Godowsky pupil Heinrich Neuhaus, who also taught Jakov Zak, Emil Gilels, and Sviatoslav Richter) plays them, likes them, and got them recorded. Andrei Volkonsky, the brilliant young Geneva-born, Lipatti- and Boulanger-trained harpsichordist (and, one hears, extremely gifted avant-garde composer), has begun a projected series of ten records devoted to the pre-Bach repertoire; Volkonsky being the musician he is, this should be something to watch for. Maria Yudina, who has specialized in the contemporary repertory, expects to record Hindemith's *Four Temperaments* and two Stravinsky works, the *Duo concertant* (with Oistrakh's brilliant pupil Viktor Pikaïzen) and the Concerto for Two Pianos; she also hopes to bring off a recording of *Les Noces*.

Stravinsky's visit here radically altered the previous rejection of almost all of his music from *Le Sacre* on. Since then the Soviet firm has recorded, among

Continued on page 24

With the new Royal Grenadier



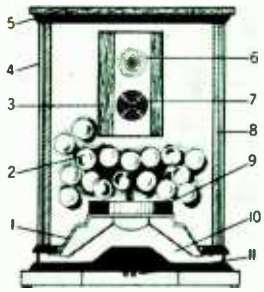
You can turn up the sound

You can turn down the sound

You can sit to the left of it

You can sit to the right of it

You can sit behind it



1. 15" mass loaded woofer with floating suspension and 4" voice coil.
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10. Front loaded Horn-360° aperture throat.
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12. Dimensions: height 29" — diameter 22".

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CIRCLE 35 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 22

other works, the Capriccio, the *Symphony in Three Movements*, the Piano Concerto, the Octet, the Septet (!), and *Le Chant du rossignol*.

Soviet Intransigence. I could get no confirmation of a persistent rumor that the Ministry of Culture is going to insist that Soviet artists record only for the home label, or at least make only recordings that the home label can issue. What does seem a coming trend is the East-West exchange arrangement, in which Philips has already participated on a few occasions: the Richter/Kondrashin Liszt Concertos, made in London, and the Rostropovich/Richter Beethoven Sonatas, made in Vienna and London, are issued in all the Socialist countries on Moscow's label. The same is true of Bernard Haitink's Concertgebouw recording of the Mahler First. I inferred that other Western companies had better adjust to this plan if they want to do any more recording with Soviet artists.

The Soviet firm welcomes the opportunity to record foreign musicians appearing in the U.S.S.R. Malcolm Frager, for example, made three discs: one of Brahms and Mendelssohn pieces, one of two Mozart concertos, and (with "Vova" Ashkenazy) one of the Bartók Concerto for Two Pianos and Percussion.

Soviet packaging of records still shows all the taste, flair, and imagination of a brown-paper sack. To a number of people I put the same careful question: "The Soviet Union has so much talent working in the graphic arts, such as poster design. Do the recording people have any plans to enlist this talent to dress up their packaging?" The answers I got were uniform: a tight, grim look about the mouth, and a grumbled sentiment to the effect that "They'd damned well better."

PAUL MOOR

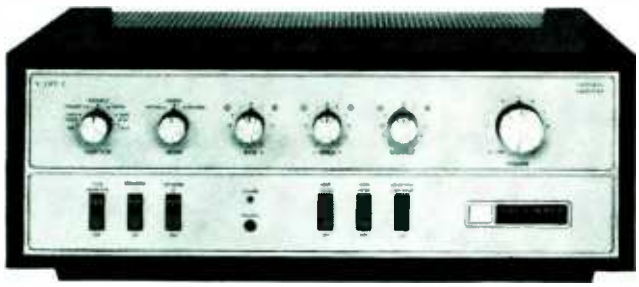
PARIS

Ungrateful and heretical as the admission may seem, the trouble with a lot of baroque music on discs is that you cannot see what the composer assumed you would see while listening. Usually, he wrote his pieces to be performed in a specific setting—a noble and ancient church, a pleasant castle in the country, a glittering royal court—which added visual excitement to his efforts, much as the stage did to baroque opera. What we often hear, while staring at the carpet, is theatrical and ceremonial music minus the theatre and the ceremony.

Scholarly Gimmickry. Erato, a small firm which has always liked spatial effects, is now applying the only known remedies: stereo and imagination. A new series of recordings of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century items is called

Continued on page 28

84 watts
26 inputs and outputs
19 controls and switches
$249.50*

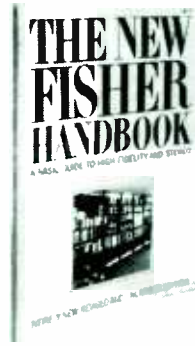


The Fisher X-202-C

■ If numbers mean anything in comparing stereo control-amplifiers, the Fisher X-202-C wins even before you plug it in. Power, versatility, flexibility, price—the pertinent numbers indicate not only a great amplifier but a great buy as well. Then plug it in, turn up the volume and listen. It is an even greater amplifier than you thought.

No amplifier could sound like that without the most careful, conservative circuit design and the finest output transformers. In fact, the power amplifier section of the X-202-C is alone worth the price of the whole unit. The superb stereo control-preamp comes virtually as a bonus. And what a bonus! You can control up to seven stereo program sources (or even more in mono), two independent pairs of stereo speaker systems, plus center-channel speaker and stereo headphones. That takes care of the most complex home music system imaginable. And the control functions cover everything from sharp cutoff on highs or lows to the most advanced kind of tape monitoring.

Size: 15⅛" wide by 4 13/16" high by 11⅞" deep. Weight: 30 lbs. Walnut cabinet available at $24.95. Other outstanding Fisher stereo control-amplifiers include the 66-watt X-101-D at $199.50* and the 50-watt X-100-C at $169.50.* *ALL SPECIFICATIONS ARE



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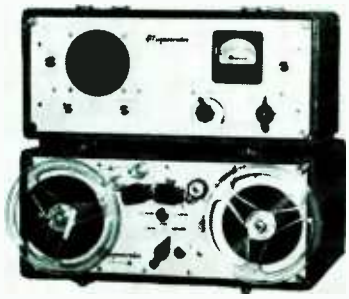
The Fisher

CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

WANTED

OLDEST MAGNECORD MODEL PT6



Thousands of Magnecords are delivered . . . never to be seen by our service department. This is marvelous testimony to Magnecord reliability and long life. But even we don't know just how long a Magnecord keeps performing. That's why Magnecord, America's first magnetic tape recorder manufacturer, is offering a reward for the oldest operating PT6. We're giving a new Magnecord just to satisfy our curiosity!

MAGNECORD ANNOUNCES NEW 1 YEAR WARRANTY

■ In the belief that users of quality tape equipment buy performance rather than paper promises, Magnecord has always issued a 90 day warranty. While others concentrated on promises we concentrated on performance. Magnecord acceptance has proven the wisdom of this policy. But from now on, each Magnecord gets a one year warranty. However, you can expect the same reliability and lasting quality that has kept Magnecord first choice of discriminating tape equipment users. ■

"WANTED" CONTEST RULES

1. Entries must be submitted to:
   WANTED CONTEST
   Magnecord Division
   Midwestern Instruments Company
   P. O. Box 7509
   Tulsa, Oklahoma
   All entries must be postmarked no later than July 15, 1965.
2. Entries must include serial number, location and brief history of operation (present use, past use, length and frequency of use, etc.)
3. Entrant must own or operate PT6 submitted for prize.
4. Winning PT6 becomes the property of Magnecord after new machine is awarded. If entrant operates but does not own machine, arrangements will be made to obtain machine from owner. Only one entry per machine will be valid.
5. Winner will be decided by serial number and verified by Magnecord dealer or sales representative.

Get contest rules and entry blank at your Magnecord dealer or write:

Magnecord Sales Div. MIDWESTERN INSTRUMENTS | Subsidiary of the TELEX Corporation P. O. Box 7509 / Tulsa, Oklahoma

REWARD

Newest Magnecord Model of your choice! In exchange for the oldest operating Model PT6, Magnecord will give the owner a choice of any new model in the magnificent 1000 series. Read contest rules below or get your official entry blank from your local Magnecord dealer.

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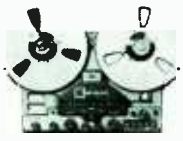
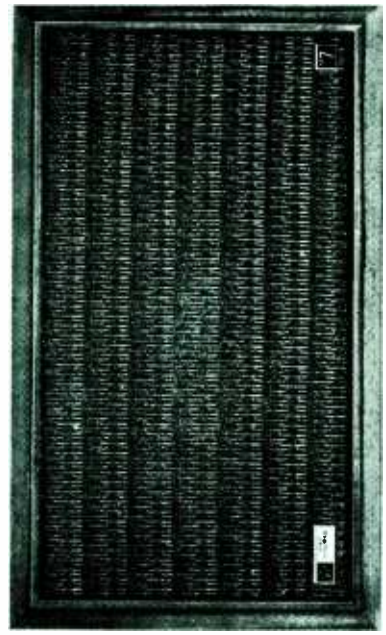
MODEL 1024
Fully transistorized stereo model. Audiophile connectors, impedances and levels. 3.75 and 7.5 i.p.s.
$648.00

MODEL 1028
Vacuum tube stereo master recorder. 10½" reels. Impedance and connector options. 7.5 and 15 i.p.s.
$995.00



CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

XP-6



XP-7

XP-9

There are only a few bookshelf speakers that don't sound like bookshelf speakers. Fisher makes all of them.

Despite their many celebrated virtues, loudspeaker systems between 1½ and 2 cubic feet in volume—today's standard bookshelf speakers—all leave something to be desired if you are looking for completely open, spacious, unconstricted sound. All except three, that is. The Fisher XP-6, XP-7 and XP-9.

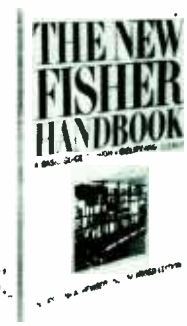
This new family of three-way bookshelf speakers is based on the design principles of the incomparable Fisher XP-10, a totally original 5-cubic-foot system that ranks with the world's finest. Among these principles is the assignment of more than three octaves of the audible spectrum to the *midrange* channel, with a considerably lower bass-to-midrange crossover than is conventional. This wide-band approach flattens the upper bass and lower midrange response to an unprecedented degree, completely eliminating one of the typical colorations of other bookshelf designs. Three highly specialized 5" drivers carry the midrange in the XP-9, two of the same drivers in the XP-7, one in the XP-6.

Another exclusive feature borrowed from the XP-10 is the Fisher soft-dome tweeter, whose exceptional dispersion characteristics and uniquely smooth, resonance-free response result in the most natural-sounding treble range ever achieved. In the XP-9, this 1½" soft-dome tweeter has an even more powerful magnet than in the other two models.

As for the bass, it is carried by a 10" Fisher free-piston woofer in the XP-6, a 12" woofer of similar design in the XP-7 and a very heavy-duty 12" woofer in the XP-9. In each model, the efficiency is considerably higher than previous experience with bookshelf speakers would make you expect. The end results is state-of-the-art sound in the XP-9 and something very close to it in the other two units.

You owe it to yourself as a high fidelity enthusiast to hear these new speakers at your Fisher dealer. Each has an impedance of 8 ohms and comes in handsome Scandinavian walnut. Prices: XP-6, $99.50; XP-7, $139.50; XP-9, $199.50.*

*[illegible] APPLICABLE TAXES



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The Fisher

CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 24

"Castles and Cathedrals," and associates each piece of music with a monument in which it was actually, or might well have been, performed. A gimmick, you may feel, especially since the recording cannot usually be done on location (it will be sometimes, I am told). But it's a very pleasant and scholarly gimmick.

Six discs have been scheduled for release in France this spring. At an imaginary Château of Sceaux, near Paris, will be heard Leclair and Boismortier; at Westminster Abbey, Handel's Coronation Anthems; at the cathedral of Aix-en-Provence, Campra, Guillaume Poitevin, and Joseph-François Salomon (all Aixois composers); at Vienna's Hofburg, Muffat, Cesti, Schmelzer, Leopold I, and Joseph I; at the Petit Trianon, François Joseph Gossec and Johann Schobert; and at Chantilly, Mouret, Vivaldi, Corrette, Leopold Mozart, and the hunting scene from Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*. The principal musicians are the Maxence Larrieu Quartet, the Choir of King's College at Cambridge, the Chorale Stéphane Caillat, the Vienna Baroque Ensemble, the Jean-François Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Lily Laskine, and Anna-Marie Beckensteiner (who is Mme. Paillard).

Erato recordings appear frequently in the United States under an Epic or Musical Heritage label, but there is often a considerable delay after the French release.

More Massenet. Mondiophonie, the new Paris firm created by singers at the Opéra and Opéra-Comique, has added to its *Werther* [announced in this column last February] a recording of a complete *Manon*, with Alain Vanzo, Andréa Guiot, Gabriel Bacquier, Robert Massard, and Julien Giovannetti in the leading roles. On this year's schedule are

Continued on page 32

High Fidelity, April 1965. Vol. 15, No. 4. Published monthly by The Billboard Publishing Co., publisher of Billboard, Vend, Amusement Business, American Artist, Modern Photography, and the Carnegie Hall Program. **High Fidelity/Musical America** Edition published monthly except December, when it is published semi-monthly. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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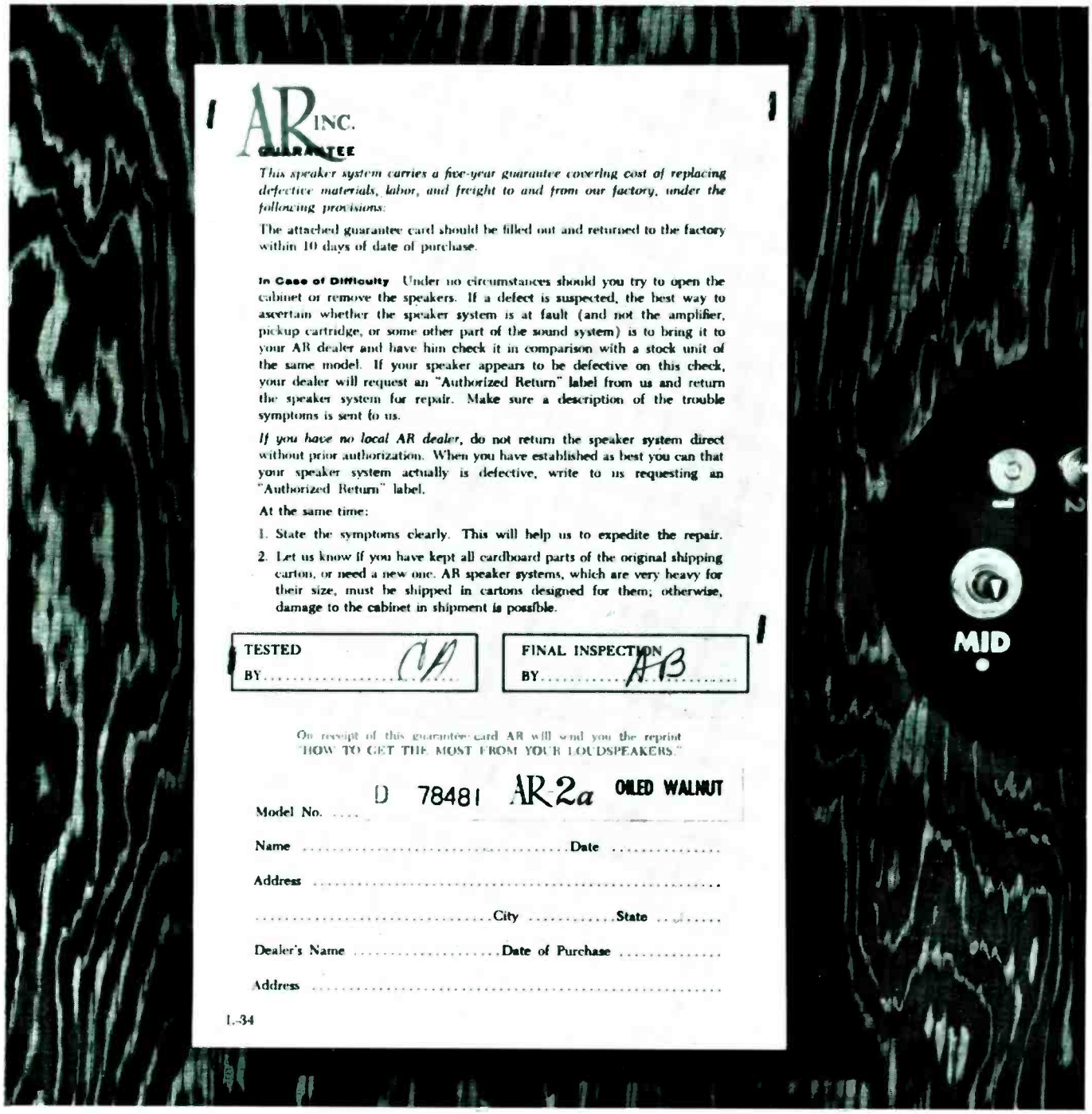
Change of address notices and undelivered copies (Form 3579) should be addressed to High Fidelity, Subscription Fulfillment Dept., 2160 Patterson St., Cincinnati, O. 45214.

AR's five-year speaker guarantee

One of these guarantee cards has been on the back of every AR speaker since 1961, when AR extended its one-year speaker guarantee retroactively to five years.



We wish we could say that it has never been necessary for us to make good on our guarantee. It has been necessary. During the five years that AR-2a's have been sold, 671* of them have either been returned under guarantee to the AR plant (we reimbursed freight charges, of course) or repaired at one of our stations in New York, Los Angeles, or San Francisco. This is less than nine-tenths of one per cent of the 78,481 AR-2a's manufactured to date, an outstanding record.

All AR speakers, including the new low-cost AR-4 ($51 to $57), carry this five-year guarantee. AR turntables are guaranteed for one year under the same conditions.

*In addition, 38 speakers were returned with no defects, and freight charges were not reimbursed; 53 returned speakers were judged to have been subjected to gross abuse (such as dropping or plugging in to the 110V outlet), and the owners were charged for both repair and freight.
We expect the return rate of the AR-2a× (new version of the AR-2a with improved mid-range speaker) to be even lower.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike St., Cambridge, Mass. 02141
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Not shown: CIPHER V, 2-speed monaural tape recorder; $79.50.

CIPHER I: a remarkable high-fidelity tape recorder with automatic push-button control; tape speeds 7½, 3¾ and 1⅞ ips; up to 7" reels; dynamic microphone; monitoring earphone; digital tape index; pure idler drive (no belts); $139.95.

CIPHER VI: a 4-track stereo recorder with detachable speakers and 2 dynamic microphones; tape speeds 7½ and 3¾ ips; 2 VU meters; automatic shutoff; digital tape index; pause control; plays horizontally or vertically; $239.50.

CIPHER VII: a 4-track stereo recorder with detachable speakers and 2 dynamic microphones; tape speeds 7½, 3¾ and 1⅞ ips; 2 VU meters; automatic shutoff; plays horizontally or vertically; $274.95. (Also available as the VII-D deck.)

CIPHER 800: a professional 4-track stereo recorder with 3 hysteresis-synchronous motors and 3 heads; plug-in head assembly (2-track also available); no pressure pads; tape speeds 7½ and 3¾ ips; solenoid controlled; 2 VU meters; $499.95.

So sorry.

It is not enough that a tape recorder is Japanese.

It must be Cipher, too!

After many years of research and development, the Japanese tape recorder industry has achieved a number of significant advances. Today, as in cameras, Japan sets a standard of excellence the West may well envy. Yet, while there are many Japanese tape recorders of good quality on the market, none measure up to the remarkable Cipher. The four Cipher models shown here are without question the most thoroughly engineered Japanese recorders seen so far. At the same time, they are priced significantly lower than tape recorders of comparable performance made anywhere else. That's why Cipher has been rated by experts as today's leading value. But don't take anyone's word for it. Ask your Cipher dealer for a demonstration.

For further information, write to Inter-Mark Corporation, 29 West 36th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.
In Canada: Inter-Mark Electronics Ltd., 298 Bridgeland Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario.

CIPHER

CIRCLE 43 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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- ☐ MR 71 fm stereo tuner
- ☐ MR 67 fm stereo tuner
- ☐ MC 225 stereo power amp
- ☐ MC 240 stereo power amp
- ☐ MC 275 stereo power amp
- ☐ MA 230 stereo amp/preamp
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McIntosh Lab., Inc., 4 Chambers St., Binghamton, N.Y.

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Tired of throwing money away?

Consider this:

All tuners, amplifiers, preamplifiers sound good when you first get them. ONLY McIntosh units continue to sound good year after year, after year, after year, after year, etc.

Now the best stereo electronics can be yours. Why settle for second best? McIntosh systems start as low as $59.70 down and less than $19.00 a month.*

McIntosh LABORATORY INC.

4 Chambers St., Binghamton, N.Y.

*from most dealers

CIRCLE 53 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 28

Lakmé, Roméo et Juliette, Les Huguenots, and selections from *Carmen.* To celebrate all these projects, the singer-stockholders and CBS—which has just signed a contract with them for world distribution rights—staged a fine party in one of the salons of the Palais Garnier. Champagne, Scotch, and mutual bravos.

Correction. The local Association of the Friends of Saint-Saëns has just denied that Berlioz said that their man "needed only a little inexperience to be perfect." Apparently it was Gounod who said it.

ROY MCMULLEN

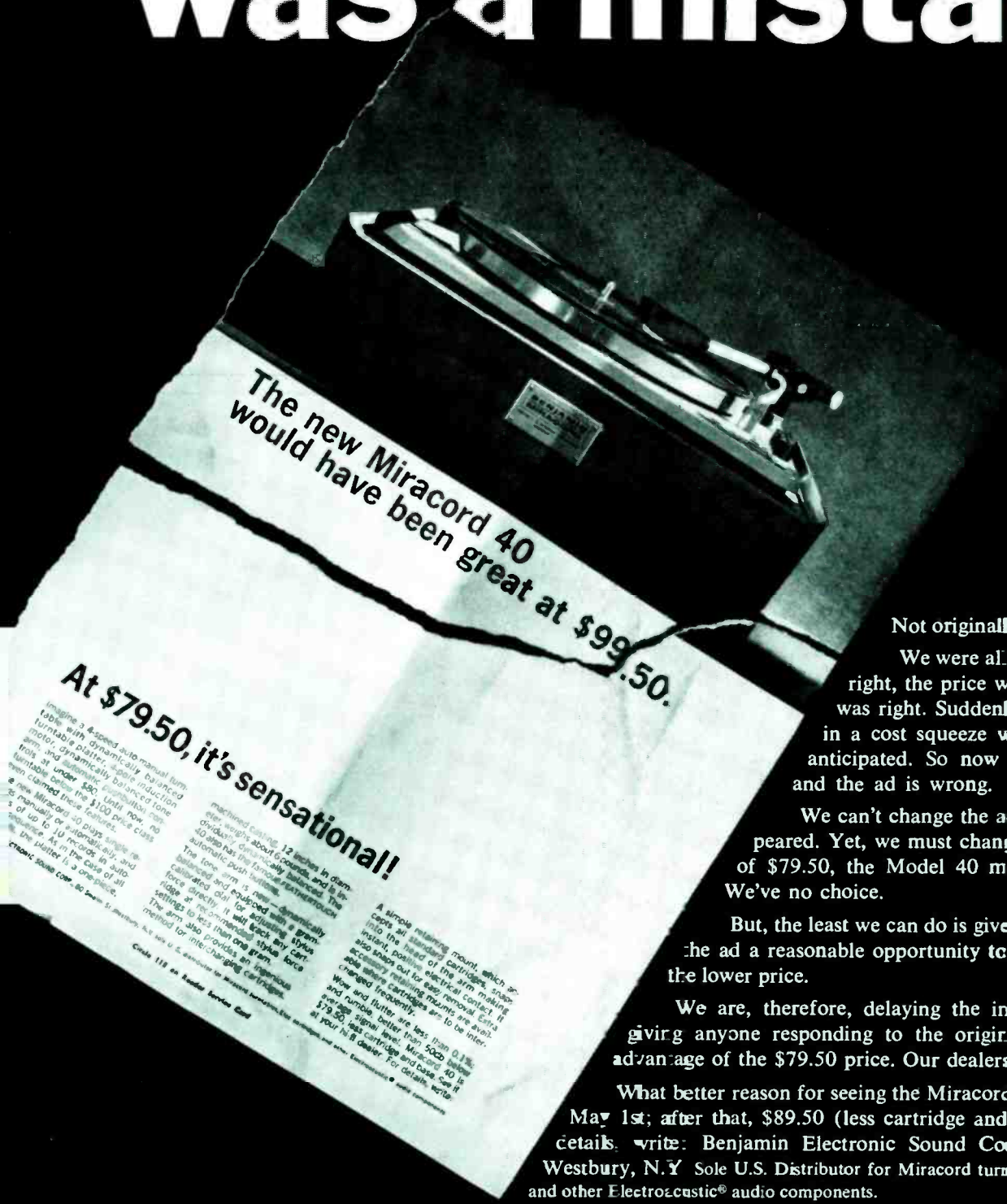
VIENNA

Appearing more and more frequently in the record lists of late is the group of Viennese musicians known as Concentus Musicus—an ensemble dedicated exclusively to the authentic re-creation of old music. Especially noteworthy as a large-scale project is their recording for Telefunken of the complete *Brandenburg* Concertos [reviewed in HIGH FIDELITY last month] in which they used either old instruments or instruments modeled on such. Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cellist and leading spirit of the group, emphasizes that the use of old instruments is not the sole criterion of authenticity, however. He is of the firm opinion that the proper sound can be conveyed only if the instruments are equipped with the kind of strings prevalent in the eighteenth century. In addition to his aversion for steel strings he has a strong dislike of the average recording studio acoustics. Thus, for the *Brandenburgs* he made a long search until he found a building in Vienna that exactly met his requirements: thanks to its stone floor and marble walls, a hall in the old Palais Schwarzenberg provided the appropriate acoustical ambience.

For "Das Alte Werk." Recently, Telefunken again sent to Vienna a team headed by Wolf Erichson, a & r director of the company's division of ancient music (*"Das Alte Werk"*), this time to record two Haydn cello concertos. (The soloist was the young first cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic, Ottomar Borwitzky.) Herr Erichson is both a musicologist and a musician (as well as a trained organ builder), which attributes make him particularly well equipped to deal with such groups as the Concentus Musicus. At present he is building up an ambitious catalogue of old music, taped not only in Vienna but in Munich, Amsterdam, and Hamburg. The last-named city's Monteverdi Choir, together with the Leonhardt Consort (musicians devoted especially to seventeenth-century

Continued on page 36

This ad was a mistake



Not originally!

We were all set: the product was right, the price was right, and the ad was right. Suddenly, we find ourselves in a cost squeeze we could never have anticipated. So now the price is wrong and the ad is wrong.

We can't change the ad. It has already appeared. Yet, we must change the price: instead of $79.50, the Model 40 must sell for $89.50. We've no choice.

But, the least we can do is give people who've seen the ad a reasonable opportunity to avail themselves of the lower price.

We are, therefore, delaying the increase to May 1st, giving anyone responding to the original ad time to take advantage of the $79.50 price. Our dealers are cooperating.

What better reason for seeing the Miracord 40 now? $79.50 til May 1st; after that, $89.50 (less cartridge and base). For further details, write: Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., 80 Swalm St., Westbury, N.Y. Sole U.S. Distributor for Miracord turntables, Elac cartridges, and other Electro-Acoustic® audio components.

What's new? *An AMPEX at $289.00*

(How 'bout that!)

Here's our new Model 860...the lowest-priced way we've found to give you guaranteed AMPEX quality. And, make no mistake: the 860 is AMPEX born and bred—built in our own plant to the same high standards as its bigger brothers. As in all AMPEX recorders, the specs are guaranteed. *3 speed, 4 track stereo-mono record and play; dual-capstan drive; twin VU meters; solid state throughout with printed circuits; 2 dynamic mikes included. Plays through your own favorite speakers, or our optional extension speakers.* (Model #850 deck only, also available for less than $270.)

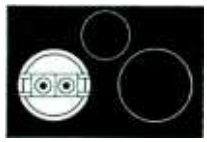
AMPEX

AMPEX CORPORATION, 2201 LANDMEIER ROAD, ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILLINOIS 60007
CIRCLE 6 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Though young and just getting a start in the business world, Bill has an ear for music. He wants the very best loudspeaker he can afford now, without losing his investment later.

His wife, Mary, wants furniture of which she can be proud.

Wisely, they choose the tasteful Italian Provincial enclosure designed to house a full Bozak B-305 speaker system. In it they have mounted a single two-way Bozak coaxial B-207A speaker.

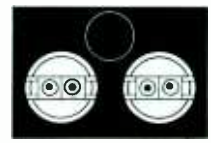


Things are going well. Bill and Mary just moved into a new house. Their living room is big enough to take advantage of a broadened sound source, with its increased realism.

While both secretly believe it to be difficult to improve the sound from their Bozak, they add a second B-207A coaxial speaker.

It's easy — just remove a pre-cut panel and insert the speaker. Total cost $94.50.

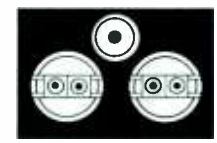
To their surprise, they find a new measure of presence, of musical delight, in their Bozak.



Bill just had another raise. Mary completely refurnishes their home, but finds that the quiet dignity of the Bozak cabinet still adds charm to her living room.

They take the final step toward their dream of listening perfection. They convert their speakers to a three-way system by adding a Bozak B-209B mid-range speaker and a three-way crossover network. Again, they simply remove a panel and insert the speaker. Total cost, $82.00.

Now they have achieved their goal. They have the complete Bozak B-305 speaker system which they couldn't afford when they were first married. Meanwhile, they've enjoyed years of musical pleasure.



CAN LOUDSPEAKERS REALLY GROW?

Yes.

Thanks to Bozak's uncompromising policy of building all speaker components to the same high electrical and acoustical standards, to the same tonal values, you can add speaker elements to a Bozak system without fear of mismatch.

Thus, you can select the Bozak of your dreams today — even though you can't afford it — and build toward it as your needs increase. Meanwhile, your musical pleasure begins with the first Bozak component.

Why not gratify your musical taste — beginning now. Our catalog shows you how. Your dealer will prove it.

*All prices shown are current prices and are subject to change at any time. Prices slightly higher in the South and Far West.

Bozak

DARIEN CONNECTICUT

Export: Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc.
New Hyde Park New York

CIRCLE 12 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 32

music), is featured in a recent album of the *St. Luke* Passion by Heinrich Schütz.

Another group of musicians now figuring in Telefunken's plans is the Concerto Amsterdam, founded on Herr Erichson's initiative specifically as a recording ensemble. Recruited from among the first-desk men of leading Dutch orchestras, it is led by Frans Brüggen, a thirty-year-old native of Amsterdam who is considered one of the world's best recorder players and a foremost expert in baroque music. The group's work can be heard on a recent recording of Telemann's *"Tafelmusik."* KURT BLAUKOPF

NEW YORK

When Emil Gilels came to America early this winter for a crowded two-month concert tour, RCA Victor took advantage of his visit to tape three sonatas—the Shostakovich Second, Liszt B minor, and Schubert A minor, Op. 143—which the Russian pianist had never before recorded. RCA's first problem was to find a time when both Carnegie Hall and Gilels would be available and, after much schedule juggling, the first session was slated for December 22 at twelve midnight. Gilels appeared punctually. He also appeared wearing full formal evening dress. To a rather startled technical crew he explained that since he was to record on the stage of Carnegie Hall, white tie and tails would help give his playing a live-concert spontaneity.

Gilels: white tie for microphones.

The session I attended ("overheard" rather, since I was eavesdropping from behind a curtain in a box—Gilels dislikes working with outsiders on the scene) was somewhat less formal. It was 10:30 a.m. and the pianist was in his shirtsleeves, hunched over the keyboard, intent upon capturing the hushed mysteries of the second movement of the Shostakovich. The hall was dark and deserted and Gilels presented a lonely picture, contrasting vividly with the one I had had of him a week earlier. Instead of a capacity audience filling the hall, I now saw three stolid-looking microphones, a red recording "eye," and a speaker through which Peter Dellheim, the recording director, could communicate with the pianist from his control booth backstage.

Efficiency and Pearly Tone. Before the actual taping began, Gilels practiced, trying to set the proper *sotto voce* mood of the music. After a few bars, he looked up at the speaker and questioned: *"Zu stark?"* (too loud?—as Gilels has little English, all exchanges were in German).

"Start?" a voice replied from the speaker.

"No, no, no, no, *ZU STARK?"*

"Oh—*stark*. No—*nein*."

Gilels nodded, the red eye lit up, and Carnegie Hall was filled with a beautifully covered, pearly piano tone. After the take, he grabbed his coat and dashed backstage to hear the results, returning some ten minutes later to repeat the whole movement. Evidently it had been *"zu stark"* after all and a second complete take was in order.

"Was meinen Sie? Ist's besser?" he asked the speaker, which replied that this had, indeed, been even better. Gilels clutched at his throat, murmuring *"trocken,"* and asked if a cup of coffee would be possible at this juncture. The speaker agreed and Gilels left the stage to listen to take two. When he emerged once more, with the coffee and Peter Dellheim, the smiles of satisfaction told of a near perfect taping. A few spots to be retouched, a short check into the center mike for a foreign buzzing, and movement two had been successfully accomplished. Such a smoothly executed operation is typical of a Gilels recording session: an efficient and businesslike endeavor by a performer who obviously knows exactly what he wants and has a very clear conception of how to achieve it.

The three sonatas will be released this month. To those who had hoped for the artist's blazing account of the Three Scenes from *Pétrouchka* I must counsel patience: Gilels is not yet completely satisfied with his interpretation. P.G.D.

21 QUESTIONS to ask about any automatic turntable that asks you to spend $99.50

when using the single play spindle...

1 **Can you start automatically — with the press of a switch — or, if you prefer, cue the record manually at any position while it's either motionless or rotating?**
(Or must you always: 1. press one switch to start the record rotating, 2. position the tonearm by eye over the record, 3. press another switch to lower the tonearm?)

2 **Can you interrupt play at any time, with the tonearm returning to its resting post and the motor shutting off ... again, automatically?**
(Or must you instead: 1. press one switch to raise the tonearm, 2. place the tonearm by hand on its resting post, and 3. press another switch to turn off the motor?)

3 **Can you change turntable speed at any time during cycling and play?**
(Or must you first shut the entire machine off?)

when using the changer spindle...

4 **If there are records on the spindle, can you interrupt play at any time, return the tonearm to its resting post, and shut the entire machine off ... automatically?**
(Or must you either wait for the last record to drop ... or remove all the records from the spindle?)

5 **Can you start automatically with a record on the platter, but none on the spindle?**
(Or must you first place another record on the spindle?)

6 **Can you change turntable speed and record size selector at any time during cycling and play?**
(Or must you first shut the entire machine off?)

7 **Will 6½" clearance above the mounting board be enough to insert and remove the changer spindle?**
(Or must you have up to 9"?)

in any mode of play...

8 **Does it offer you all four standard speeds?**
(Or must you discard your collector-item 78's, and do without the special material available on 16's?)

9 **Can you vary each speed over a 6% range, letting you adjust the pitch of any record?**
(Or must you get along without such a unique feature?)

10 **Can you use cartridges weighing as little as 2 grams with no effect on tonearm mass?**
(Or must the tonearm head have a minimum of 6 grams?)

11 **Does the tonearm itself weigh just 20 grams?**
(Or up to almost 50% more?)

12 **Has the tonearm been proven to track flawlessly as low as ½ gram?**
(Or is no such claim made?)

13 **When applying stylus force, do you enjoy the precision of continuous dial adjust from 0 grams up, plus the convenience of a direct reading numerical scale?**
(Or just markers and click stop positions?)

14 **Is tonearm bearing friction so minimal (less than 0.1 gram) that anti-skating compensation is effective at less than 1 gram tracking force?**
(Or is it actually high enough to render anti-skating compensation virtually ineffective at such light forces?)

15 **Does the counterweight offer the convenience of both rapid and fine adjust?**
(Or fine adjust only?)

16 **Will the motor maintain speed constancy (within 0.1%) even during prolonged line voltage variations from 95 to 135 volts?**
(Or will the motor speed actually vary if such line voltage variations last long enough to overcome the flywheel action of the platter?)

17 **Will 12¾" x 11½" do nicely for installation?**
(Or must you provide for at least 70% more area?)

18 **Can you lift the tonearm from the record during play and place it on its resting post ... or restrain it at any time during cycling without concern for possible malfunction or actual damage ... thanks to its foolproof slipclutch?)**
(Or are you better advised not to attempt either, because of mechanical linkage between tonearm and cycling mechanism?)

and as for superior performance...

19 **Has it been tested and acclaimed by every audio publication as living up to every last claim?**

20 **Has it earned such acceptance by experienced audiophiles that they have actually traded in their professional-type manual turntables for it?**

21 **Has quality control been so consistent that it has achieved the astonishing reliability record of 99% or more perfect, right out of the carton?**

Obviously, if you've been considering anything but the DUAL 1009 Auto/Professional Turntable, you haven't been asking the right questions, or getting the complete answers. Write for our informative literature... or just ask any audio dealer. (And if you'd like to spend just $69.50 and still get Dual quality, ask him about the new DUAL 1010 Auto/Standard Turntable.)

DUAL 1009
Auto/Professional Turntable

UNITED AUDIO DUAL
12 WEST 18th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011
DUAL'S THE FINEST ... THE RECORD PROVES IT SINCE 1900
In Canada: DUAL OF CANADA, 24 Milford Ave., Toronto 15, Ontario

CIRCLE 27 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

the totally new sound is why...

harman kardon

Stratophonic is the largest-selling all-transistor stereo receiver today

Clean, pure, *spacious* sound . . . a sound never before achieved in stereo . . . is the reason for the great popularity of the three Stratophonic FM stereo receivers introduced last Fall. Freed at last from the heat and distortion of tubes and output transformers, the majestic Stratophonics offer *Sound Unbound* in your choice of IHFM music powers from 36 to 75 watts, at prices from $279* to $469*. And now, with the addition of the two new components shown at right, the Stratophonic line includes five 100% solid-state instruments for every listening wish.

Harman-Kardon, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. 19132. A subsidiary of The Jerrold Corporation.

LEADER IN SOLID-STATE STEREO COMPONENTS

CIRCLE 40 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Introducing 2 new additions to the widely acclaimed Stratophonic Series

Model SA-2000 All-Transistor Integrated Stereo Amplifier. 36 watts IHFM music power (18 watts per channel). Response flat (±1 db at 1 watt, normal listening level) from 8 to 25,000 cps. Direct speaker coupling without output transformers results in speaker damping factor of 25:1. Complete controls and stereo headphone jack. **$159***.

Model ST-2000 All-Solid-State AM/FM Stereo Tuner. No tubes (not even nuvistor tubes) to cause heat, drift, or distortion. This fine tuner handles strong input signals without overload or crosstalk. Multiplex separation 25 db. Usable FM sensitivity 2.9 μv IHFM. AM sensitivity 50 μv/meter. **$199***.

*Prices slightly higher in the West. Walnut enclosures optional.

HIGH FIDELITY NEWSFRONTS

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

London Revisited. As an American making the grand tour of Europe in the summer of 1959, I had to budget the time allotted for each place visited, and the half-week spent in London was like glancing at the title of a great book without ever reading it. For one interested in audio and music, this was particularly frustrating inasmuch as I had known a little of the country's long-standing interest in these subjects: Sir Isaac Newton's studies of the speed of sound waves; Christopher Wren's inadvertent creation of a "sound reinforcement system" in what has come to be known as the Whispering Tower at St. Paul's Cathedral; the invention of the tuning fork, and the concomitant studies in relating musical pitch to mechanical devices, by John Shore, trumpet player in Queen Anne's band—to mention only a few items.

Accordingly, on a recent trip I made a deliberate effort to take in more of "audio England." The results of visits to manufacturers, and items of direct concern to equipment enthusiasts, are detailed elsewhere in this issue. Herewith, a supplementary report of peripheral but no less significant persons and places that help make apparent to the visitor the *Zeitgeist* of British audio.

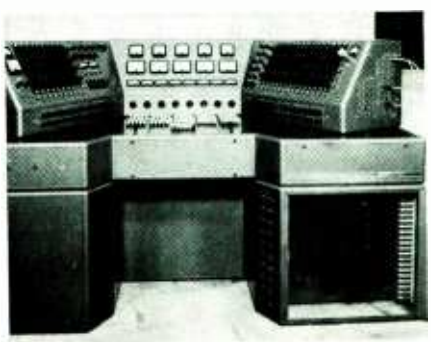
Earth the Motor 'neath the Plinth! Most Americans are at least partly familiar with British terminolgy for familiar things: their "wireless" for our "radio" and their "valve" for our "vacuum tube" (ask a Londoner where you can get a tube and he'll direct you to the nearest underground railroad station). Users of such products as the Garrard turntable (pardon, "motor") or the SME tone arm (that is, "pickup arm") also must know that "earth" means, of course, "ground." Less familiar to Americans is the use of "plinth" to describe a turntable base or mounting board. What we call a "component" (amplifier or tuner) is in England a "separate"; their "component" is strictly a "part" such as a resistor or capacitor. A tape cartridge overseas is a cassette, and the word cartridge itself designates only a phono cartridge. The word *pickup* generally includes both arm and cartridge. The tone arm shell is most often referred to as a head; our antenna is their aerial; and a control knob sometimes is termed a wick. A screen in Britain refers to what we call the shield in coaxial cable; and they prefer "TV tube" to our "TV screen." Ordinary insulated wire, such as lamp cord, is called a lead; our console set is their radiogram; FM is known as VHF, and AM as long-wave. A final word to travelers: if you enter a London shop to buy a pair of "suspenders" you will be shown garters; for those things that hold up your trousers you must ask for "braces," although a "bracer" ordered in a pub is quite another matter.

For the Record. No audio visit to London would be complete without dropping in at the two major record companies, Decca and EMI.

At Decca Records, I was greeted by Arthur C. Haddy and shown round the studios, where I saw the latest version of the London Phase-4 console. The original model—also on hand—is a 20-channel recording mixer, each channel furnished with a main signal fader, an echo effect fader, and several equalizers that make possible up to three thousand different recording curves. Other controls allow for panning of the signal independently of the echo, and for recording in two-track stereo and in monophonic sound simultaneously, or in four-track stereo (from which function the console derived its name). Press-to-talk buttons permit both the a & r man and the engineer to communicate with the studio performers, the tape recordist in a separate booth, or a listening panel in a playback room on another floor, or to cut in to monitor the tape itself.

Latest refinements in the Phase-4 console include transistor plug-in amplifiers for each channel, "group controls" to cluster several microphone channels onto one fader, and push buttons for activating groups of equalization controls instantaneously. An offshoot of the large console is a solid-state five-channel portable version for making special on-location recordings; a battery-operated model is now in use in Africa.

Some of the highlights of a Decca recording session will be shown in a movie (to be released to American television stations) the BBC has made of the new Decca/London production of *Götterdämmerung*. The film, first of its kind, runs for about an hour. Decca, proud of its recording techniques, counters recent criticism over "excessive gimmicking" by asserting that a recording, especially of a huge complex work, is something of a creative process in itself rather than a mere facsimile of a performance.



Phase-4 console: the art of mixing.

The letters "EMI" stand simply for Electric and Musical Industries (Ltd.), but the vastness and complexity of this organization perhaps are best suggested by the fact that it embraces five record labels, of which the best known to American collectors are Capitol and Angel. Another is Columbia—but not our Columbia; yet another is Parlaphone. Finally there is HMV, which relates directly to the emblem of the dog before the gramophone ("His Master's Voice") proudly displayed in EMI's main lobby—and in no way related, at least today, to the same emblem used in America by RCA Victor (whose British records, to further stress the point of difference, are pressed and distributed by Decca).

Despite some hints of a future tape cassette (cartridge), discs remain EMI's main concern in the area of program material. EMI sees the present LP (33⅓ rpm and 12 inches in diameter) as fairly standard; there is no need, said Director of Research Dr. G. F. Dutton, to change the speed, up or down, thanks to improved record-making methods and pickups. Dr. Dutton likes the idea of an elliptical stylus for playback because it keeps the stylus tip away from the bottom of the groove: but he is not yet satisfied that a valid enough method exists for measuring tip radius at the point of contact to make it possible to say absolutely that a particular stylus is indeed elliptical with reference to the burnishing of the cutter.

In recording, EMI's approach to ambiophony remains strictly acoustical; no electrical effects are introduced into the master tape, but the environment itself may be modified "to suit the music and the tastes of the performers." For auditioning new releases, EMI has set up an "average living room based on a conscientious survey of representative rooms"; in addition, programs can be piped into an anechoic chamber (the first I ever stepped into that had chairs for extended listening sessions) where, in the absence of room effects, flaws in a recording are glaringly revealed.

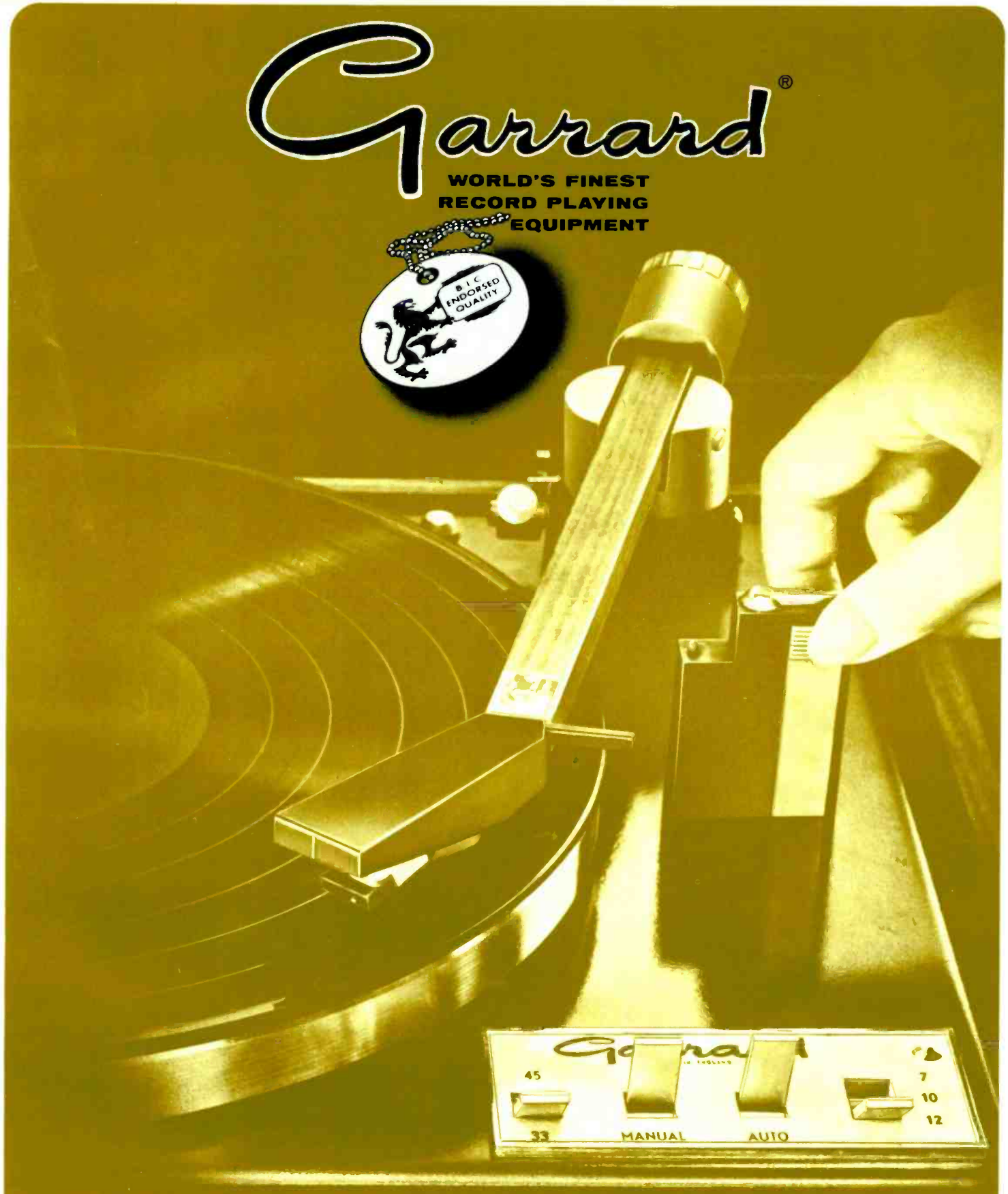
Cecil E. Watts. Anyone who visits the sprawling residence-workshop of Mr. Watts should ideally be an animal lover. The Watts family harbor literally dozens of animals—outdoors, indoors, and even in my master's chamber, the door to which was barred but to which I gained admission to view—quickly—a sleek ocelot. The Watts's interest in animals is professional as well as hobbyist and Mrs. Watts proudly showed us a copy of the magazine *Our Cats* containing an article written by her daughter Susan and herself on the Rex cat which they are breeding and for the promotion of which

Continued on page 120

Garrard®

WORLD'S FINEST RECORD PLAYING EQUIPMENT

B I C ENDORSED QUALITY

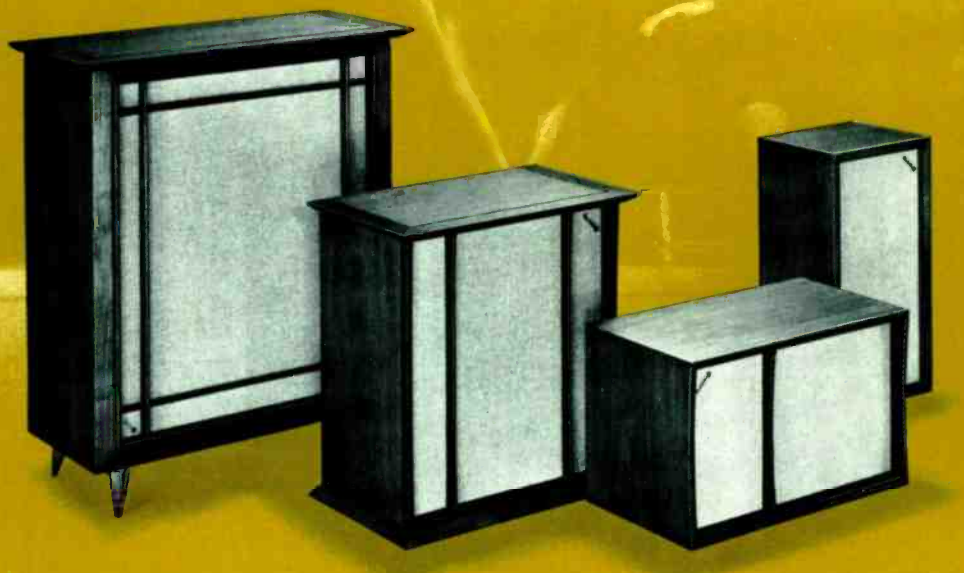


MADE IN ENGLAND — this incomparable product has brought more pleasure into our homes than any other record playing equipment. We Americans have made it the most warmly welcomed, most widely accepted product of its kind in our country since the pioneering days of high fidelity. It is respected as a symbol of quality; admired as a model of precision; and proudly enjoyed through the years as an unfailing source of satisfaction. It is a tribute to its builders and their traditions.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION, PORT WASHINGTON, N.Y.
An American Marketing Organization

Wharfedale

Loudspeakers and Speaker Systems



MADE IN ENGLAND — a special kind of sound, reflecting the particular genius of Wharfedale's G. A. Briggs. It is truly natural, free of spurious resonances or artificial tonal coloration; full range, with impressive bass but highs never strident; musically satisfying, not exaggerated. The Wharfedale principles are based upon continuing research, culminating in critical analyses of speaker performance under concert hall conditions. Here a wealth of experience has been gathered, and the results applied toward the improvement of musical reproduction in the home. Mr. Briggs' comments in books and articles are read and enjoyed throughout the world. His speakers are appreciated most particularly by the fortunate people who have an ear for music or a background in sound reproduction. To them, Wharfedale speakers represent an achievement of inestimable value.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION, PORT WASHINGTON, N.Y.
An American Marketing Organization

Subsidies and the British

IN THE COURSE of preparing this special issue on the London musical scene, we have spent some time perusing a volume entitled *State of Play*. This is the Annual Report of Great Britain's Arts Council —a governmental body responsible for administering state subsidies to the arts. Like all official publications, it must of course be read with a degree of skepticism, since it naturally reflects the perhaps not wholly unprejudiced views of the Council itself. "The fact is," claims the Council on page 15 of its Report, "that opera in London has never been so good as it is today." And perhaps that is true—though the assertion reminds us a bit too much of campaign slogans we have known.

Nonetheless, to American music lovers the Report is a mouth-watering document. Certainly we can feel nothing but envy when we learn that Covent Garden presented eight performances of Shostakovich's *Katerina Ismailova* to houses that totaled 51.4 per cent of capacity. This is obviously a distressingly low attendance figure—but that is just the point. Because of Covent Garden's subsidies, and because of its status as a quasi-public institution, it was able to produce an important contemporary work and to keep it on the boards despite half-filled houses. At the Metropolitan, eighty per cent of capacity is considered disastrous, and usually leads to a work being withdrawn; fifty-one per cent would result in the ceremonial decapitation of the General Manager.

We are familiar with the arguments against governmental subsidy of the arts. Let us pass over, for the moment, the view that art is a frivolity, roughly equivalent in value to a well-executed fan dance; anyone who cannot see validity in man's most ancient means of objectification and self-understanding is simply unreachable. We should like instead to address ourselves to those people of good will who argue that governmental support means governmental interference or even "control."

To be sure, a badly conceived, badly administered program is probably worse than none. Guarantees against any and all deficits, for instance, can lead to smugness on the part of the performing organizations; a needlessly complex design can mean preposterous red tape and bureaucratic meddling of the worst sort. There is a certain strength to the argument, advanced by many artists themselves, that the last thing art needs is the concern, friendly or not, of some of our culturally underprivileged politicians. None of us wants Senator Throttlebottom deciding how the money shall be spent.

But the facts must be considered: large-scale performing enterprises—opera companies, symphony orchestras, repertory drama theatres, ballet troupes—are chronic money losers. To operate these undertakings costs more than can be expected in return, and in consequence all such organizations are subsidized. The question is, to what effect? Are the businessmen who support them more enlightened custodians of the muses than an intelligently conceived official agency? Would the Metropolitan or the Philharmonic (or their equivalents throughout the country) be worse off for being answerable to an "arts council" (and, indirectly, to the public) than to a financially and artistically conservative board of trustees?

The British system of subsidies (there are local ones, in addition to the national ones administered by the Arts Council) is not a panacea. Many people in England feel that the funds available are far from adequate, and there is a good deal of grousing about the disbursement of what money there is—as Edward Greenfield suggests on page 51, the subsidy can become a means of exerting pressure in an already competitive field. But England stands as proof that a democratic government can take an active fiscal interest in the arts without compromising them—the island is still there, and there are no commissars in charge of chamber music, or *Obergruppenführers* of the Proms. Covent Garden can perform *Katerina Ismailova* to half a house, and the BBC can offer visiting lecturers a private musical establishment, as H. C. Robbins-Landon reports —with evident relish—in his article on page 44.

Let us grant that such an arrangement can thrive only in an atmosphere of tolerance, broadmindedness, and mutual respect on the part of artists and administrators. Is such an atmosphere incompatible with the American spirit?

by H. C. Robbins Landon

The Honorable Tradition of Englishmen

Several centuries of easy tolerance and catholic taste are behind the unrivaled multiplicity of London's present-day musical fare.

IF YOU HAD BEEN outside St. Gabriel's Church, Cricklewood, a suburb of London, on the night of April 13, 1959, you would have seen an interesting sight. About 10:30 p.m. you would have observed musicians starting to enter the church—singly, in pairs, in threes—and sweating men with Cockney accents shifting six timpani through the doors. Oddly, none of them would be carrying the usual violin, viola, or cello cases—and yet more than seventy musicians would pour into the church. Just before 11:00 p.m. they would be in place: twenty-six oboes, fourteen bassoons, four contrabassoons, two serpents, nine trumpets, nine horns, three timpani players, and six side-drum players.

That April evening these people were recording Handel's *Fireworks Music* under the direction of Charles Mackerras for Pye—the first recording ever made of a performance approximating to the composer's original instrumentation. The next day was the bicentenary of Handel's death, and Pye arranged for the first playback of the new tapes at a special celebration party in Battersea Festival Gardens, where, appropriately, fireworks were shot off. Something like this could happen only in London: not only the idea, but the execution of it.

The fact is that it would be almost impossible to find twenty-six good oboe players elsewhere, whether in Vienna, or Rome, or Paris. London boasts five full-time symphony orchestras [see "The City of Five Orchestras," by Edward Greenfield, page 51]; two opera orchestras, at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells; and a large number of pickup groups, some of which (Harry Blech's London Mozart Players and the Goldsborough Orchestra, for example) have made an enviable reputation for themselves.

Indeed there is so much music being played in London that one's imagination boggles. London is without any question the most catholic-minded of all musical centers. In a single week you can hear a range of repertoire from Machaut's *Messe de Nôtre Dame* to Stockhausen's latest electronic music and from a Handel opera to Janáček's *Cunning Little Vixen*. Guest orchestras, guest conductors, celebrated singers, the latest Russian ballerina from the Bolshoi —London gets them all. Naturally other great cities do too (Americans will think particularly of New York), but my point is that for both diversity and sheer profusion of music making the British capital is unmatched.

Historically, there is, of course, a grand tradition. Handel's second home became England; and whatever the Germans may say, he chose to live the greater part of his life and to die as George Frederick Handel, not Georg Friedrich Händel. Gluck and Mozart both visited London, and Haydn became rich and famous there. Weber composed *Oberon* for Covent Garden, and Mendelssohn came to write English almost as well as German. Dvořák produced one of his finest symphonies (the D minor) for the

Royal Philharmonic Society, and even the provincial Anton Bruckner visited England and gave some organ recitals.

London is full of mementos of these great composers and the houses they occupied. If you go to Richmond Green (a charming town nearby, on the Thames), you will find that it has hardly changed since Handel's impresario lived there and decorated his walls with frescoes of subjects *inter alia* from Handel's operas. (The house is now owned by Edward Croft-Murray, curator of the British Museum's Department of Prints and Drawings. I once had the privilege of recording a BBC program in Mr. Croft-Murray's music room, where we used the beautiful Broadwood piano from Haydn's period.) The interesting thing about London is that past and present merge so effortlessly; you never have the impression of living in a museum, as you sometimes do in European cities, such as Florence. Georgian houses off Mayfair are just as comfortable as modern apartment houses—the walls may be old, but the people inside them and the ideas they have are strictly of the twentieth century. One is sorry that the Hanover Square Rooms, where Haydn conducted the first performances of most of the "Salomon" Symphonies, no longer exists; but it is surely more important that the British Broadcasting Corporation is now programming all Haydn's symphonies—something that (since Haydn's lifetime) has happened in no other city.

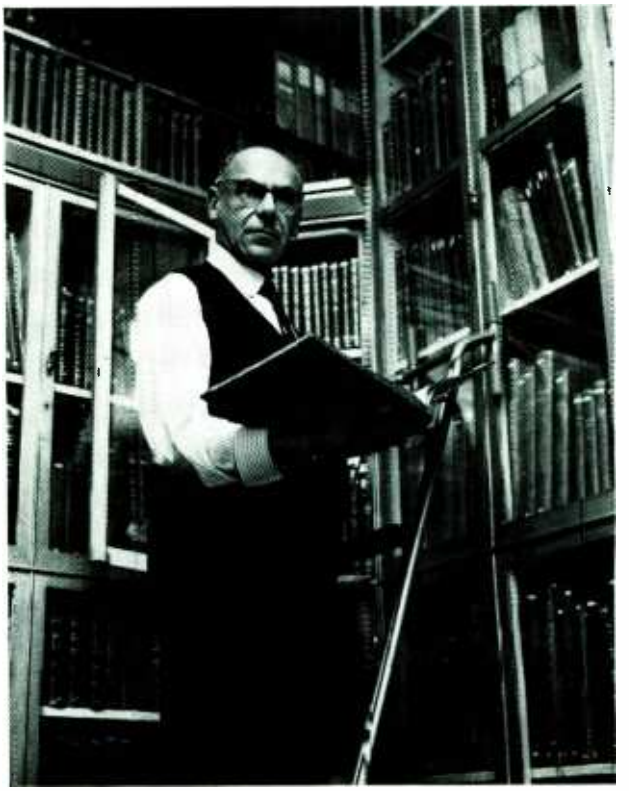
THE BBC altogether exerts a profound influence on musical life in England. It has several orchestras apart from the London-based BBC Symphony; and the BBC Northern Orchestra or the BBC Midlands Orchestra can afford to explore the fascinating by-

Much of London's long musical tradition survives as a tangible presence. Photographed above is the music room of the house in Richmond Green that once belonged to Handel's impresario; its present owner, Mr. Edward Croft-Murray, stands by the Broadwood piano dating from Haydn's time. Below, the house where, in 1764, the eight-year-old Mozart wrote his first symphony.

ways of music which the larger orchestras can scarcely touch. There is nothing in the world like the BBC's justly renowned Third Programme: the difference, as far as music is concerned, between it and *France Trois* and Italy's *Terza Programma* is that while the latter rely largely on recordings, the BBC spends a fortune every year in broadcasting live concerts. Chamber music, orchestral music, choral music, lectures (some of them on a giddily high scholarly level), festivals from Europe, and so forth all emanate from its transmitters. The Third Programme is a law unto itself: it loftily ploughs through all Bartók's chamber music; it devotes dozens of programs to the complete quartets of Mozart, to Rameau operas (on which hundreds and hundreds of pounds are spent comparing the sources and writing out the ornaments), to the works of Anton Webern. Since the team of William Glock and Hans Keller have taken over BBC music, chamber music and Schoenberg—to choose just two examples—have become popular rather than esoteric.

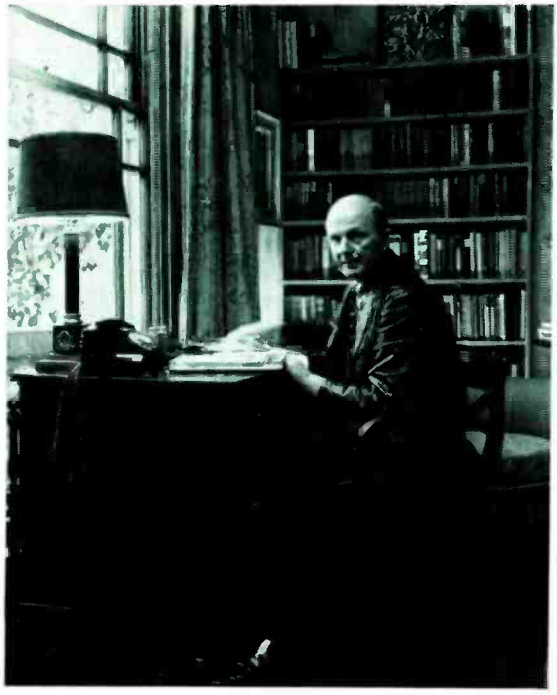
Similarly, BBC Television has opened a new channel, Channel Two, where one can see such things as an hour-long documentary program about Paganini, or a long interview with Aaron Copland, riding through London in an open car and talking about music, fighting off silly BBC interviewers (imagine a television outfit on the Continent making fun of itself!), and conducting the London Symphony Orchestra in rehearsal. (When one thinks about it, it is really grotesque that the major documentary TV film about one of America's most important composers should have originated not in New York City, with its multitudinous channels, but in London.) Recently, I had the honor of producing for BBC-II an hour's documentary program about Haydn, and I found myself given a live orchestra in the studio, a live string quartet, and even a live wind sextet (we sent the latter home when we discovered we wouldn't have time to use them, but the men were paid just the same). It was a musician's dream, rather like being Haydn at Esterháza; you thought you might like to include Symphony XYZ, and you just ordered the parts, and there a conductor was, ready to lead Symphony XYZ.

Before World War II there was a celebrated concert hall in London called The Queen's Hall; it was bombed during the War, and old-time Londoners drop a tear whenever they mention its warm, vibrant acoustics. Whatever merits the city's two major present-day halls have—and they have many—great acoustics is not among them. The Royal Albert Hall, which can house 7,000 at the drop of a Karajan/Berlin Philharmonic concert, is the place where, they will tell you, a young composer can be sure of a second hearing (this refers to the cavernous "slap echo" which disfigures some sections of the building). Yet Albert Hall's "Prom" (for Promenade) Concerts are another unique London institution. The main part of the floor, where (theoretically at least)

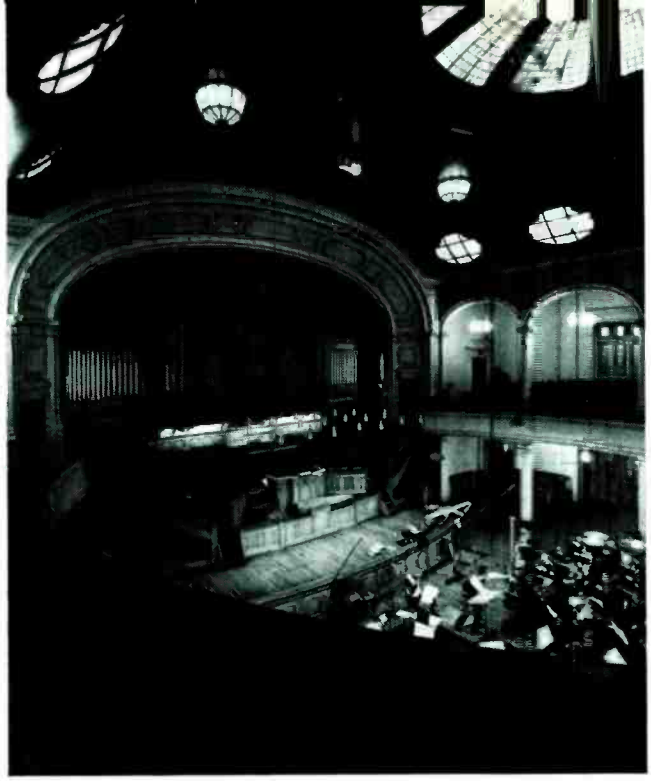


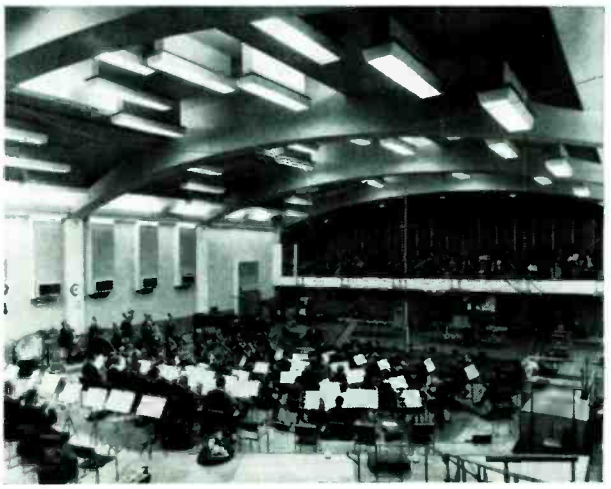
Above, Mr. Alexander Hyatt-King, Superintendent of the Music Room, British Museum, holding the manuscript of Handel's Messiah. *Below, the small sign at left identifies the old publishing house of Novello & Co., Wardour Street.*

PHOTOS BY HANS WILD



At top, Wigmore Hall, in London's West End, especially favored by young pianists making their debuts; at right, the mammoth Royal Albert Hall, which houses the famous "Proms" and can take an audience of 7,000, and the Central Hall, Westminster, where for forty years a special series of children's concerts have been regularly offered. The gentleman shown in his study (immediately above) is Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, the influential critic of The Sunday Times.





The scenes of London's music making, like those of many cities, can combine splendid acoustics with ugly architecture—and vice versa. At top left is Kingsway Hall, which Decca/London finds superb for recording purposes; next to it is the Maida Vale studio of the BBC Symphony Orchestra; and below is the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, as seen at night. The photograph at left shows the "Crush Bar" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—more space is needed.

London-born pianist Clifford Curzon has toured the world, but—as it does for many artists—London remains home.

you can "promenade" while listening to the music, is often mobbed by enthusiastic young people, who stand through, say, the Britten *War Requiem* to cheer their lungs out at the end. And vast though it is, there is something paradoxically cozy about the Royal Albert Hall.

Cozy is not exactly the word for the rather frigid elegance of the Royal Festival Hall. Sir Thomas Beecham made a number of sarcastic remarks about its dry acoustics, and indeed it is a curious feeling to be able to follow a Mozart symphony, if you want to, by its second oboe part. The clarity is of course devastating, for the whole piece of music is revealed not only *in toto* but also as a skeleton, as if it had been placed behind an X-ray machine. As this issue of HIGH FIDELITY goes to press, Festival Hall, after undergoing a thorough renovation (it was opened in 1951), is having its gala rededication. London wits maintain that the best thing about Festival Hall is the view across the Thames at night from the balcony. I will not take sides in this old battle; the view certainly is magnificent, and so is the amount of good music in the hall itself.

The Festival Hall complex includes a chamber hall, but somehow it has never succeeded in overthrowing Wigmore Hall as the scene where young pianists make their debut recitals. Wigmore Hall, like most of London's concert buildings, has a curiously personal atmosphere about it. Often it is only half-filled, with second-string critics dutifully sitting through their twelfth *Waldstein* of the season; but occasionally it is the launching pad for a great and hitherto unknown talent, and the place suddenly becomes electrified.

Wigmore Hall is in London's West End, near what used to be the Fleet Street of the music business—Wardour Street, where the famous publishing houses have their establishments: Novello's, founded by Vincent Novello, who went to Salzburg to see Constanze Mozart; Augener, which was once the leading publisher of classical piano music for the English-speaking world; the British branch of Schott & Co. (not on the street but close by). Nowadays the neighborhood is changing fast, the old, rather staid atmosphere giving way to a more Broadway-like—or should one say Madison Avenue?—ambience.

Novello's building houses one of the oldest musical periodicals in the world: *The Musical Times*. Some years ago it was in danger of sleeping its way out of business, but in 1960 Andrew Porter, among the most respected of London's younger music critics, took over the editorship and soon made of it one of the best musical journals published. Just as London boasts three times as many orchestras as most major Continental cities, so England boasts the cream of music periodicals: there are two scholarly quarterlies, *The Music Review* (where critic Hans Keller made his name) and *Music & Letters*, in which you can read about "A Group of Anonymous English Pieces in Trent 87." There are several magazines devoted to recordings, the oldest and best-known of which is *The Gramophone*; the present circulation is now at a figure scarcely dreamed of by its distinguished founder, Sir Compton Mackenzie, some forty years ago.

THRIVING AS IT IS, *The Gramophone* mirrors an equally thriving record industry, and, as far as classical music is concerned, no one seriously disputes

that London is the center of the phonographic world. It is from here that the great Decca/London opera recordings are planned and promoted; it was in the Abbey Road studios that Walter Legge, quondam a & r chief of the EMI complex, supervised the recordings of Klemperer's nine Beethoven Symphonies for English Columbia (Angel in the U.S.); it was in London that Schnabel made the complete Beethoven Piano Sonatas for HMV (reissued in 1963, on thirteen LPs—again on Angel in the U.S.). Here too the first recording of Bach's B minor Mass—with the hitherto unheard-of gramophonic idea of using a harpsichord as continuo—was made on thirty-four 78 sides (HMV) and that Britten's *War Requiem* was taped (by Decca/London). The list is, indeed, almost endless.

The fact that London should continue to be the center of the record, as it were, is a curious but by no means inexplicable phenomenon. There is no doubt that the Viennese, for example, are made for music: most Viennese taxi drivers can give you an accurate run-down on what is happening at the State Opera, and vegetable dealers go to hear a Mozart Mass on Sunday morning. Yet on the whole, Austrians don't buy records. The same applies to Italy (with great expectations, Ricordi issued a beautiful set of Paisiello's *Barber of Seville* some years ago, and found that it simply would not sell at home). People in England buy records; they also collect records (which is a different kind of occupation). The only country in Europe of which you can say the same thing is France. The British record companies established a firm lead in the business sixty years ago, and through two world wars they have managed to keep it—mostly because the populations of their two principal outlets, Great Britain itself and the U. S. A., are avid record buyers. That public, moreover, seems to have far more curiosity about the sidelines of music than does the public in Germany or Spain or Italy or Austria, and here we return to a vital point in English musical life.

In England, there is room for every kind of music from every kind of national or supranational school (national means of limited exportability—e.g. Bruckner, or Smetana operas, or the music of Carl Nielsen; supranational means Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, et al.). In Vienna they hardly play Sibelius or Elgar or Rameau or Ravel; they play Bruckner, Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Mozart, with a smattering of other music; and when the Vienna State Opera had the temerity to put on Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, the critics screamed, "back to the archives; who needs it . . .," etc., etc. In Denmark they don't really play Delius or Aaron Copland, and in France they hate Bruckner. But in London, you can hear the lot: French music (they loved Pierre Monteux), German music, Hungarian music, Russian music. They adore ballet, and the Royal Festival Ballet is one of the world's finest: Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty* are best sellers in their complete recorded form and on the stage. So is Stravinsky, which is wicked modern music in Prague or Bucharest. London boasts what may be the best string quartet in the world, the Amadeus (which is now Deutsche Grammophon's top quartet)—an odd fact if you consider that the string quartet as a genre was born in Vienna.

This extreme catholicism is one of London's great blessings. It is the easy tolerance which to my mind is the direct result of Britain's having been a free country for hundreds of years. One must not forget that no foreign soldier has put foot in England (unless he was asked to do so, like the Yanks) since 1066. Elsewhere in Europe, your ancestral house is likely to have been burned and your land taken from you every fifty years since time immemorial; and if you were saved that, your bank account was reduced to nil by devaluation. The freedom from foreign invasion, the absence (since Charles I lost his head) of bloody revolution, the existence of a relatively secure and stable social order—all this no doubt has something to do with the fact that Mendelssohn, Webern, Okeghem, Sessions, and Delibes are played and enjoyed. I remember when I was involved with a BBC production asking a director about my accent: wouldn't it bother British audiences in a long, sustained program? He smiled and said, "Ah, we can afford foreign accents, you know."

This urbane, civilized atmosphere has always drawn foreign artists, and many of them, like Canadian-born Rosalyn Tureck or American-born Yehudi Menuhin or German-born Otto Klemperer, have chosen to settle in England for good. The food may not be as tasty as that in Paris, and the opera not as good as La Scala, and the income tax and climate are unspeakable; but man, and certainly musician, does not live by bread alone, and London, many people think, is the intellectual center of the Western world.

A few weeks ago I went out to dinner with a man who has done as much as anyone in recent years for musical life in London: Walter Legge. We ate a staggering meal with bottles of staggering wine at an Italian restaurant in the West End; and after dinner, Legge suggested a walk through Mayfair. "I'll show you the eighteenth-century London no one except Londoners know," he added. And we walked, for two hours in the bright moonlight, through tiny winding streets and obscure mews. Legge knew almost every house, and he would stop and point to a particularly felicitous fan door, or Georgian shutters, or an elegant wrought-iron gate.

"They won't last out my lifetime," said Legge sorrowfully. "It's just not feasible to have a Georgian house on property this valuable. They'll tear them all down," he concluded mournfully.

No doubt Walter Legge is right; they will tear down those exquisite Georgian houses, where Handel dined and Haydn played the piano and Weber had tea. And it will be a great pity. But the genius of London is not in its Georgian houses, and I am quite convinced that even after the speculators have ruined Mayfair, London will still be the great princess of culture she is today.

by Edward Greenfield

The City of Five Orchestras

Five full-time symphony orchestras offer Londoners a lavish supply of concerts—and provide the rest of us with a profusion of recordings.

YOU MIGHT SAY that it is all Sir Thomas Beecham's fault. He it was who was responsible for founding two of London's present total of five full-time orchestras—the London Philharmonic and the Royal Philharmonic—and he it was who in 1945 conducted the first public concert of the Philharmonia Orchestra. If he has a lot to answer for and the rest of the world ridicules the city's extravagance—there are the London Symphony and BBC Symphony as well—you would be hard put to it to find a single music lover in London or even in Britain ready to sacrifice any one of the five.

How could they? Having such a tally of players means that London boasts a program of concerts through the year unrivaled anywhere. At the Royal Festival Hall alone, in a normal year there will be something over two hundred choral and orchestral concerts, and some concert societies still prefer to use the Royal Albert Hall, where in summer (nightly for nearly two months) you have the most popular and nowadays the most imaginative series of the year, the Henry Wood Promenade or Proms. Meet a friend who has been living in any of the other great cultural centers of the world—New York, Vienna, Berlin—and with no chauvinistic desire to boost Britain he will at least concede London's advantage on this score.

These orchestras, it must be emphasized, are five quite separate bodies. There is no overlapping of personnel of the kind that confuses identity. You could—though in practice you do not—have five quite separate concerts on the same night; only when extras are needed is it usual to see well-known faces in rival settings. What is more, each of the five orchestras has a distinct personality, and before I go any further it would be well to outline those personalities and describe how they were built up.

BBC Symphony Orchestra

Formed in 1930 specifically as an orchestra for radio, the BBC is the securest of London's orchestras financially, in that the British Broadcasting Corporation regards it as a necessary service and does not require it to make a profit on concerts. Unlike the members of other London orchestras, the players receive salaries instead of being paid for individual performances. Sir Adrian Boult, its first conductor, was the man mainly responsible for building the orchestra up during its early years until it was ahead of all British rivals and Toscanini paid it the high compliment of making records with it—something he had never done with an orchestra trained by anyone else.

As well as being secure, the BBC Symphony has always been large—at least by British standards. Through the Thirties it numbered well over a hundred (divisible into various semi-orchestras for different kinds of broadcast); and though during the War things were on a tighter rein, the BBC saw to it that after 1945 the strength was once again built up. The standard of the prewar playing was harder to restore, however—or perhaps it was that new standards were yearly being set by rivals. Boult had failed to bring back the old preëminence by 1950, when he retired after twenty years as permanent conductor, and under his successors, Sir Malcolm

The City of Five Orchestras

Sargent and Rudolf Schwarz, relative standards seemed to slip further.

So far, the present permanent conductor, Antal Dorati, has failed to produce the startling results that many expected from the master of Minneapolis, but there is no doubt that the orchestra is on the upgrade. The BBC's present Director of Music, William Glock, has considerably reinforced the orchestra's personnel by "raiding" other ensembles, and in some sections there is a lavish wealth of talent. Other sections remain indifferent in quality, and it is rare for the BBC Symphony to give a really dazzling performance, though its consistency is probably higher than that of its rivals. Under Glock's influence and that of his controversial colleague, Dr. Hans Keller, the amount of modern music performed by the BBC Symphony is substantial. As a recording orchestra it has rather faded out in recent years, but following the Glock/Dorati face lifting it looks as though we shall soon be hearing more of it on discs.

London Philharmonic

Founded in 1932 by Sir Thomas Beecham, the London Philharmonic quickly developed into what in those days was regarded as a virtuoso orchestra. It was always at its best when playing for Beecham (taking a share, incidentally, in Covent Garden opera seasons) and it was especially successful as a recording orchestra with Beecham, Weingartner, and others.

When war came to Britain in 1939 the LPO was badly hit financially. In answer to the threat of disbandment its members formed themselves into a self-governing organization—to Sir Thomas' initial indignation. Throughout the War the LPO did splendid work giving concerts all over the country, and to this day it does a higher proportion of touring than most of its rivals in London.

There was an attempt after Sir Thomas' return from America at the end of the War to revive the old association, but it did not work and for a time the orchestra functioned without a permanent conductor. Under the threat of falling standards, however, the men appointed Boult as their leader after his retirement from the BBC. William Steinberg followed in 1958, and was succeeded by John Pritchard, the present permanent conductor.

The LPO can be a disappointingly undramatic orchestra, and since Boult's departure there have been comparatively few major recordings. Even before he left, a number of the LPO's records were issued under pseudonyms such as "The Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra." Yet on its day the LPO can still rival anyone, and recently, with the associated London Philharmonic Choir and Pritchard conducting, it gave one of the most impressive performances yet of Britten's *War Requiem*.

At this point the question of subsidies enters the argument. While the BBC Symphony of course needs no subsidy since it is maintained by a public agency, the LPO (along with the London Symphony and the New Philharmonia) receives grants from the government-sponsored Arts Council, as well as from London's local governing body, the London County Council (soon to become the Greater London Council). The latter is responsible for running the Royal Festival Hall, and it adds its grant to that of the Arts Council for specific Festival Hall concerts.

Recently, for the first time, the three subsidized orchestras joined forces to plan together the coming season of orchestral concerts at the Festival Hall. With the season organized as a whole (the BBC also sat in on the talks to coördinate its programming with the rest), the former inevitable clashes and awkward juxtapositions of concert dates should be a thing of the past. This has been coupled with a new subscription system covering the concerts of all three orchestras, something previously unheard of on the London scene. There was oversubscription in the first few days after the system was announced, which suggests that this is a reform long overdue. While all three orchestras involved will profit from the new arrangements, the LPO, with a less marked personality and a smaller following than either the London Symphony or New Philharmonia, will obviously benefit the most.

London Symphony

Oldest of the existing London orchestras, the London Symphony was founded in 1904 after a walkout by a large number of players from the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Its first concert was conducted by Hans Richter, and for many years it had a special relationship with Elgar, who made most of his recordings with it. In its sixty-year history as a self-governing organization playing under many conductors, the LSO has naturally had its ups and downs. At present, happily, the orchestra is experiencing a distinct up-cycle—a development owing much to the present General Manager, Ernest Fleischmann, and to the appointment, in 1961, of Pierre Monteux as principal conductor.

The men loved Monteux from the start, and under his guidance were inspired to some glorious concert giving. Today the LSO has emerged as one of London's two obvious contenders as "top orchestra," and there is no doubt in British minds that this is the country's nearest approach to an American-style orchestra, brilliant and well disciplined. Under Monteux and others it became a major recording or-

chestra, and it now has a contract with Decca London such as no other British orchestra can boast. The brilliance of Decca/London recording somehow matches the special style of playing of the LSO, and its rise in reputation owes a lot to the success of its records. Records too have probably helped to encourage the world tours that have been organized in recent years and which have met with vast success.

New Philharmonia

It is still hard to think of it as the "New" Philharmonia, for in personnel, at least, this orchestra is virtually identical with the "old" Philharmonia officially disbanded last year. Indeed for a time Philharmonia and New Philharmonia engagements were overlapping with virtually no distinction drawn between the two—at least not by the players.

But that is to foretell the end of the story. The Philharmonia was founded in 1945 by Walter Legge, the brilliant recording manager of EMI, specifically for the purpose of making records. Legge was consciously seeking to set standards of orchestral playing never before dreamed of in Britain, and he himself personally selected the entire personnel. Between 1945 and last summer the Philharmonia probably made more records than any other orchestra in the world during a comparable period, but from the start it won a very high reputation for its concert work. Often it presented works that had only just been recorded and were therefore rehearsed up to a pitch rare by British standards. This was especially exciting when opera recordings had taken place and concert versions with star-studded casts were given at the Festival Hall.

Again, as with the BBC Symphony before the War, it was Toscanini who set the seal on the orchestra's reputation, when he came to London for a Brahms cycle in the newly opened Royal Festival Hall (to the fury of Beecham, who was angry at a "foreign conductor" being chosen). Walter Legge specifically wanted the Philharmonia to avoid the sort of stereotype that results from working with a single principal conductor, and with all its recording commitments for EMI it served the widest possible range of maestros. As Legge put it, he wanted the orchestra to have style but not "a style." Nonetheless, over the years the Philharmonia did acquire a characteristic style—smooth, warm, and polished (even if those qualities may seem contradictory)—and it rarely failed to reach its peak in the special field of the great Viennese classics from Mozart to Brahms. The young Herbert von Karajan helped to build this reputation: later Otto Klemperer established the orchestra as unique in this area. Indeed, for a long time the Philharmonia was unrivaled among British orchestras.

Then the bombshell exploded. Just about a year ago Walter Legge announced that the orchestra would be disbanded when its current commitments had been completed. The situation was absurd as well as terrible. If in a competitive society it is the weakling who goes to the wall, then this was a cruel reversal of the natural order of things. Even if one accepted the dictum that there are too many orchestras in London, the idea of eliminating the Philharmonia of all orchestras was plain crazy.

Yet the danger was real enough. Walter Legge was leaving EMI after a lifetime's work, and it had become clear that the company's policy generally was to switch the emphasis of its recording program from London to other centers of its vast European empire. In making his announcement of the Philharmonia's impending dissolution, Legge had argued that without a substantial body of recording engagements it would be no longer economically possible for the orchestra to maintain the standards he himself had set. Rather than see the Philharmonia become a shadow of its former self, he said, he would prefer to dissolve it while its glory was undimmed.

Naturally, the players themselves disagreed strongly. They were determined to continue on their own and, following the classic pattern of London orchestras, formed themselves into a self-governing body. Under the chairmanship of the principal clarinetist, Bernard Walton, the new organization had an initial struggle—organizing concert dates at the last minute is no easy matter, particularly when the subsidizing authorities have to have their say. But all has turned out extremely well, and in the concert hall at least you would not know the difference: "The Philharmonia is dead: long live the New Philharmonia!" Both Klemperer and Carlo Maria Giulini, the two international conductors most regularly associated in recent years with the old Philharmonia, have given their allegiance to the new body.

While naturally wanting to preserve the link with Klemperer and the reputation for excellence in the Viennese classics, the orchestra apparently now intends to branch out in less traditional ways. A recent Bartók and Stravinsky concert with Dorati (which suggested this conductor is much closer in temperament to the New Philharmonia than to his own BBC Symphony) may be a sign of the times. It is also interesting that Britten has recorded his *Sinfonia da Requiem* for Decca/London with the New Philharmonia and not the LSO as everyone expected. And plans for an American tour in 1966 are now well under way.

Royal Philharmonic

Founded by Beecham just after the War, the Royal Philharmonic became that conductor's personal instrument even more than the prewar LPO had been. If other conductors also produced magical results from the orchestra, it was largely because they managed to charm the players just as Beecham did.

Everyone realized that Beecham's death would be a terrible blow to the orchestra, and a blow it certainly was. After Sir Thomas' death the orchestra was first managed by his widow in the old proprietary way, but the arrangement did not work well and standards of performance were inevitably affected. Rudolf Kempe was chosen as permanent conductor in succession to Sir Thomas, and though

The Royal Albert Hall here plays host to the RPO.

the performers adored him, the London public was less appreciative and financial results did not match the quality of musicianship. In fact, in the ugly word "finance" you have the RPO's difficulties summed up. When Sir Thomas was alive, it was a proud boast that the Royal Philharmonic required no subsidy to keep going, and that its players were better paid than the rest. That boast has now turned sour. Although Lady Beecham's management has now been followed by self-government, the RPO management has so far failed to persuade the subsidizing authorities that it should be treated like the three orchestras with similar administrative machinery. While the LPO, LSO, and New Philharmonia have been allocated Festival Hall dates and are receiving subsidies accordingly, the RPO has been left out in the cold. Except for a hastily arranged guarantee of £10,000 for a series of concerts outside the center of London, the orchestra remains without official help.

Inevitably, in these circumstances, the Royal Philharmonic will have to rely more than its rivals on provincial tours, with a greater concentration on the "safe" box-office repertory of Beethoven and Brahms. This could itself lower standards, not only directly but by making individual players less contented. Already the orchestra has lost too many first-desk men for comfort, and the whole of what was once dubbed the "royal family" has now departed—the unrivaled woodwind principals whom Beecham brought together. In the field of recording contracts too the palmy days of Beecham are little more than a memory. (The RPO has made excellent records since Beecham—notably some under Colin Davis—but increasingly the recording work has fallen to the LSO and New Philharmonia.) As a further injury, the RPO's one standing engagement unconnected with Beecham was lost this year when the London Philharmonic replaced it for the annual Glyndebourne opera season.

The latest threat—and one that is not as trivial as it may seem from across the Atlantic—is the attempt to deny the title "Royal" to the orchestra. Beecham originally made an agreement with the Royal Philharmonic Society for the use of the name, and for years the orchestra performed regularly at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concerts. But relations between society and orchestra finally grew strained—there had never been any link of management—and last year the society (the same body which paid Beethoven for the Ninth and was cheated of the first performance, by the way) insisted that "Royal" should be dropped from the orchestra's designation. As this term is the only genuinely identifying part of the orchestra's name, its loss would mean destroying the players' stock in trade, something of the highest importance.

The allegiance of the public to the orchestra in this altercation was cemented when, foolishly, the Home Office was called in aid. Ponderous phrases about Royal charters were bandied about, and the press and public called on the orchestra to defy the Government. In any case legal experts have advised that no legal injunction could prevent the orchestra from calling itself "Royal": while the Royal Philharmonic Society may have acquired the title by virtue of a special charter, plenty of others—including makers of typewriters and bathroom scales—use it without one.

Coming in succession, these serious blows seemed more than a coincidence; and though the Home Office can have no direct official connection with those responsible for granting subsidies, defiance of one department of the Establishment could quite conceivably have affected feelings in another. Certainly many concertgoers feel that it would be monstrous to allow any official steamroller to destroy what has been and is still being achieved. Present fears are not being completely removed by the news that the Arts Council has decided to set up an inquiry into the orchestral situation in London. Though its deliberations are still in progress, and one cannot safely comment in advance, there is reason to suspect that this study could be used to put pressure on one of the orchestras to disband. At least the inquiry puts the situation on a rational basis; it will not be hazard but design that ends the life of one of the Big Five if that has to be. Some observers are even arguing that there would be no serious repercussions, and that 75-man-strong orchestras would then be expanded to 100-strong. One waits to see the comments of the Musicians Union on this theory. The Union is of course represented in the conversations as well as the orchestral employers and the subsidizing authorities. Much will depend on the speed and efficiency of the investigation, and how widely its findings are accepted.

THESE ARE London's five full-time orchestras, the ones people think of when orchestral life is being talked about. But they are not the only ones. Just

as permanent a part of the musical scene is the Covent Garden Orchestra. As some of its recordings have shown, it can be a very lively and stylish body indeed. Its main function, of course, is to play for all the seasons of opera and ballet at Covent Garden, but during the year it also gives a number of outside concerts, and it appears with the rest of the Covent Garden company when concert performances of opera productions are given at the Proms in summer. The other London opera house orchestra, the Sadler's Wells Orchestra, is an altogether smaller body, and because of the very unflattering acoustics of its theatre it is not widely appreciated at its full worth. A recent recording of *Hansel and Gretel* shows the Sadler's Wells off to far better effect than have its house performances.

Other London orchestras—some of them overlapping in personnel with one another and with the big symphonic groups—include the Sinfonia of London, which has always made a specialty of playing for films; the Pro Arte Orchestra; the London Mozart Players, long associated with the former violinist, now conductor, Harry Blech; the English Chamber Orchestra, with which Britten recently recorded his Cello Symphony with Rostropovich; and the Philomusica of London, one of the most stylish of groups specializing in eighteenth-century music. But once you begin to consider chamber orchestras, the field becomes enormous.

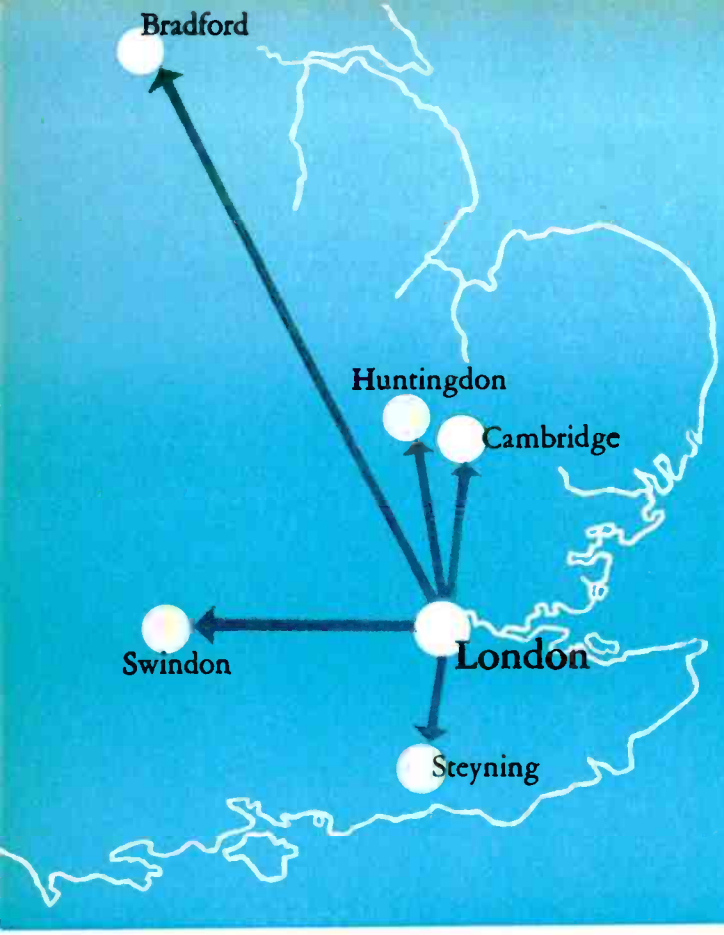
It must be obvious from all this how rich the musical fare is for London concertgoers. The question is whether London (and Britain) can afford such luxury. It is also a question—as American visitors often remind us tactfully or untactfully—of what sort of standards can be maintained with such a superabundance of music making. Isn't it inevitable that with rehearsal time ridiculously less than is common with American orchestras, the actual efficiency of the playing suffers? Isn't it inevitable that with so many different concert-giving bodies at work, programs will present a disorganized choice? Isn't it inevitable that with so many concerts provided, audiences will dwindle and concert giving become proportionately less feasible economically? Isn't it inevitable that in competing for audiences concert managers will more and more tend to rely on well-established box-office draws?

There is some justification for answering yes to all these questions, but that would be a highly unfair simplification. It is true that there is rather a high proportion of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky being played, but even the Royal Philharmonic is doing valiant work in programming rare music. It is true that audiences have dwindled, and last year before the Festival Hall closed for renovations there was considerable comment about this falling-off. But in fact the drop represented a tiny percentage, and with luck the new subscription scheme will inject a new incentive into concertgoing.

One hope for the future may well rest in the fact that Britain now has a Labour Government. Among Mr. Harold Wilson's first measures in office was the creation of a post specially designed to coördinate planning for the arts and leisure, and the appointment to it of Miss Jennie Lee, widow of Aneurin Bevan, and by character not one to bolster up the old Establishment for its own sake. While at the moment it looks as though the old system of allocating Treasury grants through the Arts Council will be retained, at least under a Labour Government it is almost inconceivable that subsidies will be reduced. If, as one hopes, there is also an increase in concertgoing, the total of five permanent orchestras will not be too much.

The BBC Orchestra gives concerts as well as broadcasts.

Like most people here, I hope that the London musical world, players and public, will fight to preserve the present orchestral profusion. Its final justification is the sparkle it gives to the city's musical scene. It is true that inadequate rehearsal time sometimes, perhaps often, results in indifferent performances. But what is much more striking is how often our concerts seem to catch fire; orchestral music making is not, after all, merely a matter of mechanical precision. I have tried to convey some idea of the contrast and distinct personalities of the five orchestras, and these personalities seem only to be reinforced by the extra challenge of facing difficult works on minimum rehearsal time. (It is significant that the BBC Symphony—in its atmosphere of security, regular salaries, and pensions—is manifestly not the best London orchestra.) It may perhaps be an illusion after the troughs that the peaks of achievement seem so big. But I think not. When really challenged or fired by a conductor they like and respect, the players of each of the London orchestras can produce wonderful results, and even a music critic is able to feel that orchestral life in London is as exciting as it is varied. Our orchestras may be less predictable than their American counterparts, but they tend to strike a more human, more personal note. Long live London's extravagance in keeping five at work.



BY NORMAN EISENBERG

A traveler's report on

The British Audio Establishment

NORTHWARD from London's Hyde Park runs Queensway, a busy but tidy thoroughfare of retail shops, among which, at No. 100, is a unique musical-audio diggings. Here, after walking up one flight, a visitor finds himself in a clubby sort of room lined with audio equipment, shelves of records, and several speaker systems flanking a fireplace. The place suggested to me less a business establishment than some private collector's den—an impression reinforced by its name, "Music in the Home," and by the avowed policy of its owner, Thomas Heinitz ("We are a studio rather than a shop; my clients are music lovers rather than sound fanatics."). This being a Saturday forenoon, Heinitz had set up rows of folding chairs and was selecting a group of albums for his weekly "live record review" at which new releases are played and discussed. These sessions, free of charge, are naturally intended to stimulate interest in both records and equipment, and Heinitz has found that stereo in particular "evokes an interest never before evident—in the very sound of the instruments, the seating of the players, and so on."

In this carefully de-commercialized environment, it is plain that "selling" is no more important than other functions: counseling on music and equipment, advice on home installation, competent servicing when needed, and—perhaps above all—the creation of an atmosphere that does not make a visitor feel guilty for having neglected to bring his checkbook. To be sure, Heinitz's operation is a rarity, even in England. (A ten-minute ride on the Underground brings one to the frankly commercial atmosphere of a "dealer's row" along Tottenham Court Road to the vicinity of New Oxford Street. Here sits Imhof's, an eight-story audio department store where you can buy anything from a tape-cleaning kit to a stereo console.) But Heinitz's "studio" for me somehow epitomized the literate, urbane, music-oriented and quality-minded British audio field in general. It is a field that has an identity, a style—one more clearly discernible than our own; it is actually an "establishment" in terms of products, personalities, and prevailing attitudes.

This character is particularly striking in that Britain has no formal organization comparable to our own Institute of High Fidelity. It is understandable, however, in extra-industry terms. For one thing, history and tradition lend a sense of continuity and permanence to most activity. This sense, in turn, makes for a certain calmness, and a pace that may seem slower than ours but is no less effective in accomplishing its own ends. History surrounds you, of course, in the vaulted environs of Westminster Abbey, or on the moors near Ilkley. But even audio, a very young field, also has its history, a consciousness of links with the technical accomplishments of the past and of its role in current music and cultural activity. What's more, tradition has a way of asserting itself in the context of today's affairs. For instance, you have lunch with Donald Chave of Lowther at the Tiger's Head in Kent, and learn that Francis Bacon is buried in Chislehurst Parish Church across the road (a group of researchers, hoping to prove a connection between Bacon and Shakespeare, recently

dug up the grave, found nothing but sand, and repaired to the Tiger's Head to feed and water their frustration). Or, you visit the workshop of Cecil E. Watts—and you find it in the basement of a house built by Christopher Wren. Someone casually remarks that the original Garrard organization was an offshoot of the crown jewelers. You learn that the pedal bass of the organ in Westminster Abbey was heard in open air for the first time when, at the coronation of Elizabeth II, Tannoy "wired Trafalgar Square for sound" with a 1-kilowatt system loaded down to 30 cycles per second.

In general, the British audio industry, despite natural competition among members, has a strong sense of professionalism and an abounding pride in the "audio fraternity." It is not unusual for company officials to praise the work of other key men, even when the latter are employed by rival firms. It also was not unusual, during my series of visits, for competing firms to help me get from one to the other. Thus, Leak drove me to Truvox, Lowther drove me to Tannoy, Goodmans drove me to Jordan-Watts, Jordan-Watts drove me to EMI. An interesting variation on this procedure occurred in Yorkshire, where Wharfedale and Sugden agreed that the one would pick me up at Bradford station and the other carry me from my hotel to the station at departure time. And just about everyone else either collected me at, or delivered me to, bus and train stops.

Geography also lends a tone to England's audio establishment. Quite small in proportion to the tremendous activity it contains, the country's very physical limits encourage a unity that transcends intermittent internal disagreements. This unity, however, does not decay into insularity; British audio men, like Britons generally, are eager world travelers, and most whom I met already have visited our country as well as Europe and the Orient, or indeed continue to do so regularly. An influx of foreigners complements the flow outward, and Britain—as much as or more than the U.S.A.—is truly a melting pot: visit any plant from Yorkshire to Sussex and you probably will meet Indians, Africans, Orientals, Europeans (even an occasional Yank!) working side by side with native Britons.

Finally, there is Britain's changing economy. "No one here can make a personal fortune any more," I was told, "but no one will starve either." In the general economic leavening and leveling that have taken place there is less incentive for small-scale production of prestige items and a growing impetus towards quantity production of lower-priced but nonetheless reliable equipment. At the lowest price levels, the British call these products their "cheap and cheerful" lines. "Cheap and dirty" items (i.e., shoddy goods) are, on the other hand, universally deplored. While prestige products or "state of the art" equipment are not very significant as marketing factors, their superiority is widely acknowledged, and their development encouraged. The prevailing product design philosophy, then, is that prototypes of excellence exist, and the job is to approximate their quality as closely as possible in necessarily lower-cost models. "We start from the top, and try to design our way down—and not too far down at that," said one company official; "the chaps who start at the lowest rung of quality simply don't get very far over here." Indeed, British audio manufacturing is basically engineer-oriented, and a manufacturer would no sooner deliberately downgrade his product or "let the advertising department write our specifications" than he would dream of serving tea without milk or cream.

MY FORTNIGHT of tea and technicana began, logically enough, in the London area where most of Britain's high fidelity manufacturers and its two major record companies—EMI and Decca—are located. My itinerary about, and from, London of necessity omitted several firms; to cover them all would have required much more than the two weeks at my disposal. As it was, I traveled about eight hundred miles to visit a score of places, and perhaps three times that number of individuals. One of my first journeys was made on a London bus, a double-decker which carried me across the Thames to Blackfriars Road, just beyond what was once the legal boundary of London. I was reminded of the days when Shakespeare and his company staged their plays outside the city limits. Today the area is mainly given to light industry, though the Old Vic stands in the district as a reminder of its past. I had not been able to get tickets for Olivier's *Othello*, but my playgoing interests were at least in part satisfied by my meeting with R. W. Merrick, managing director of the tape recorder firm Ferrograph and a man whose resemblance to a certain British film actor is complemented by a flair for vigorous projection of ideas. "We make our own motors, tape heads, chassis; we even mold our own knobs," he told me; "we produce exactly the kind of tape machine we believe in." Merrick has little use, from a high quality standpoint, for either tape cartridges or slow speeds. As for such features as automatic reverse, "it's another gadget, the more of which inevitably means greater servicing problems." He did point out, however, that Ferrograph machines can accept an 8¼-inch-diameter reel which, when loaded with long-play tape, "should give adequate, uninterrupted time for most home tape uses." Video tape? "I can't see why a home needs it, but that could be said about many things." In any case, Ferrograph will not "make a machine that must use the 'brute force' approach, such as 120-ips speed or rotating heads," though if slower speeds become feasible, the company will look into that area. As for transistors, Mr. Merrick's remarks were terse: "You can't get reliable ones in sufficient quantity yet to justify changing over from valves [vacuum tubes]."

With this product philosophy, Merrick does not expect the mass market to queue up at his doorstep. Nor does he see his typical customer, any more, as the "old audio nut, the kind who would crawl on all

Fabricating tone arm counterweights at SME Ltd.

fours at the Audio fairs." Ferrograph's customers are what Merrick calls the "mezzo hi-fi fans, who don't know all the jargon but who do appreciate what high quality tape can give them."

Ferrograph's intransigence, while not the sole rationale guiding all British manufacturers, does figure in much of what is produced and seems to be echoed quite strongly by at least two well-known neighbors to the north and south. A little over an hour's train ride gets you to Huntingdon where, past the town itself, is a modern industrial area composed of several low-slung buildings looking like any analogous area in the U.S.A. One of these is the home of Acoustical Manufacturing, makers of the Quad electrostatic speaker, the first full-range system of its class to have been offered commercially. Peter J. Walker, its designer and head of the company, told me that the Quad's following is limited, but growing steadily. The basic design has not changed in recent years, although "we constantly try to improve things, particularly in the midrange, which is, to us, the area most important for a natural projection of sound." Walker seemed satisfied with the Quad's low end: "We are not concerned about the bass as such."

Walker similarly is satisfied with the Quad amplifier and is doubtful about its going solid-state. "To produce an amplifier with transistors that would give the same performance as our valve models would require 30% increase in cost," he explained. In common with many British manufacturers, Walker was amused at the high power ratings ascribed to some American equipment. An amplifier, he pointed out, may have an actual rms value of 10 watts per channel when measured at low distortion and with a normal line voltage input. By such techniques as allowing more distortion, increasing the line voltage, taking peak rather than rms values—and finally doubling everything for stereo—the basic figure of 10 watts can be inflated to 80 or even 100 watts. "We rate our amplifiers at the lowest distortion possible and operating under the most unfavorable power supply conditions. Actually, our 15-watt unit could easily be labeled a 44-watter (22 watts per channel) if we relaxed some of our test conditions," Walker concluded.

A somewhat longer trip south from London brings you to Steyning, in Sussex, a carefully preserved village in which a centuries-old atmosphere has not been disturbed by the proximity of the sparkling new SME plant on its outskirts. The company was founded in 1946 as a precision-engineering firm doing contract work, and its first orders were for Scaled Model Equipment (from whence the letters SME). In 1959, Director A. Robertson-Aikman, a long-time audiophile, felt that he wanted a pickup arm better than anything commercially available—and proceeded to build it. Today the company turns out two hundred arms a week, and Mr. Robertson-Aikman personally inspects each one. The basic design is still the same, but refinements have been added—a lightweight shell to accommodate ultrahigh-compliance cartridges, a movable end-cap to extend the balancing range and thus provide the lowest inertia with any cartridge, an odd-shaped board to fit the arm more satisfactorily to a Thorens turntable.

An audio perfectionist at home as well as at his works, Robertson-Aikman has built his own speaker systems. Each one uses an Ionovac tweeter crossed over at 3,500 cps to an EMI elliptical woofer installed in a nine-cubic-foot enclosure made of 1½-inch-thick reinforced concrete. The enclosures are stuffed with Fiberglas and covered with oak veneer to make them acceptable in the living room.

If SUCH COMPANIES as Ferrograph, Acoustical Manufacturing, and SME serve a specialized interest within high fidelity, most British manufacturers, like our own, operate in a broader spectrum. That is to say, they offer variations of one generic class of equipment, or they produce different types of equipment. A few are expanding in both directions. A prime example of the first type is Garrard, probably the largest manufacturer of record-playing machinery in the world. Headquarters and main works are located in Swindon, Wiltshire, about seventy miles west of London, a town known primarily as a rail center and a seat of bicycle manufacture. The Garrard works are so spread out that they must be covered on wheels. With this industrial complex, plus other plants elsewhere in England and distribution from Bangkok to Brooklyn, it can be said that the sun never sets on Garrard. In the company of Director Thomas H. Pritchard, I made the grand tour of the Swindon plants, met engineer E. W. Mortimer, who in 1932 built its first changer (the RC-1), inspected this model still proudly kept on hand, and generally stretched my legs across the acres of diversified and complex works. Garrard does "everything" for itself, from making the segments of a motor to stamping out parts on a 300-ton press. Actually

Garrard produces a wide variety of record-playing gear, including the refined and improved automatics best known to Americans as well as changers and manual turntables for other markets. In all, some three thousand people are employed, including sixty to eighty apprentices who receive paid on-the-job training as well as free courses at a technical college and who form a manpower pool for future engineering and supervisory talent.

Some of the speaker manufacturers, such as Goodmans, also produce a "vertical" line of one basic type of equipment. Most of the companies known to Americans for their speakers, however, manufacture other components, or are about to do so. For instance, Tannoy produces stereo cartridges and a comprehensive series of public address and studio gear; Wharfedale soon will launch its own solid-state amplifiers and tuners; Lowther offers solid-state control preamps and tube amplifiers. In contrast, at least one new company, Jordan-Watts, will take a unique "economy-specialist" path by offering a loudspeaker cell or module that may be used alone or may be combined with other modules for wider response and greater power-handling ability. (The J-W units are represented in England by Boosey and Hawkes, a company long associated with musical instruments and well known as music publishers; they may be distributed in the U.S.A. later this year.) A host of lesser-known (in the U.S.A.) companies—such as Armstrong, Rogers, Goldring, R & A, Radford, and Brenell—are quite active in components ("separates") for the home market.

The major British record companies have equipment-manufacturing divisions. EMI's amplifiers and speakers will continue to be produced, together with a new phono pickup system and a new tape recorder, in a gigantic works to be started in Wales. EMI, incidentally, expressed relatively high hopes for a tape cartridge system operating at 1⅞-ips speed but neither "as complex nor as costly as any system we've had so far." Decca is bringing out both console sets and separate components, the former sleekly styled in teakwood and metal, the latter including a solid-state control amplifier. A new version of its "summation" cartridge, to fit any tone arm, is expected, as well as an improved model of the Kelly ribbon tweeter, fitted with an acoustical lens. Pye, known mainly in the past for its television sets and consoles, has announced a separate solid-state amplifier.

Among the names especially familiar to Americans, the broadest form of equipment diversification is in progress at Leak. Now located in a "factory estate" section of a London suburb, the firm soon will move to a three-hundred-acre site a hundred miles from London. The main impetus for Leak's expansion seems to be transistors. Harold J. Leak prefers them to tubes because "they offer better value for the same money." A solid-state amplifier, he feels, "can be made to be smaller, lighter in weight, and to cost about 10 per cent less than a similar tube amplifier." Leak does not believe that either type necessarily sounds better. As to test measurements in general: "Higher numbers in tests, of both tube and transistor amplifiers, often are not borne out by the results of listening tests—which only indicates to us that ultimately 'high fidelity' is an art form more than it is anything else."

In addition to amplifiers and tuners, Leak continues to produce the Sandwich speaker system (and the sandwich keeps getting lighter and stiffer), and is planning to bring out a new turntable, arm, and cartridge. The pickup will use the moving-iron technique, preferred by Leak because this design makes it easier to "get the high frequency resonance out of the audible range."

The Leak organization is thirty years old. "I started," says Harold Leak, "with $66 in cash and a test meter." Mr. Leak's attitude towards his work possibly is well illustrated by his reply to a restaurant owner who, after we had enjoyed a superb meal, asked him what he thought of it. Leak answered by telling a story: when he was a schoolboy, he and his classmates had to do "sums" that they considered very difficult. "Our reward," Leak told the open-mouthed proprietor, "was matched to our accomplishment. For every mistake we received a rap across the knuckles. For no errors, we were let off with a warning."

Intense interest in solid-state also was evident at Truvox, a firm which in addition to its speaker systems and tape recorders is readying a new series of tuners and amplifiers. Chief Engineer Ron Bishop likes transistors, but not exactly for the same reasons as Leak. In addition to such agreed-on advantages as eliminating the output transformer, lessening the heat problem, facilitating more compact chassis, Bishop points to the instantaneous overload recovery characteristics of solid-state amplifiers, a feature that improves transient response and which many designers feel is the key to that "clean transistor sound." Bishop allows that "you can get similar performance from tubes, but it becomes very costly." Solid-state amplifiers, he pointed out, also lend themselves to higher damping factors for better control of speakers. As to "wideband response," Bishop favors going beyond 20 kc because "the more accurately you reproduce the highest overtones, the more natural the sound. Limited-band response can become tiring after a while."

Truvox's newest tape recorder, probably to be introduced in the U.S.A. later this year, will contain solid-state circuitry and, among other features, an adjustable bias control to get best results from all kinds of tape. At that, Bishop counsels, "it will not be so accessible as to encourage undue or casual use by the owner." Bishop feels that 7½ ips is the "standard high fidelity speed" largely because of its superior signal-to-noise ratio over 3¾ ips, but he concedes that the slower speed may eventually rival 7½ ips in s/n ratio and in response.

As IN THE U.S.A., speaker design in England remains the subject of possibly the liveliest disagree-

ment and the most experimentation in audio. In addition to what I encountered at the firms mentioned above I learned more about current British opinion during subsequent visits to other manufacturers. For instance, Goodmans in Middlesex has not given up paper as a material completely, Company Director Peter Collings-Wells told me, but "the tendency now is to use it as a 'carricr'—to help shape the diaphragm which itself may be a laminate of paper and plastics." A definite trend, Collings-Wells feels, has been towards complete speaker systems; most people no longer buy individual drivers to install in their own enclosures. In his view, this relates to a general lessening of do-it-yourself interest and to the improvements evident in system design. The new Maxim (Maximus in the U.S.A.) was developed to conform to this trend, and also to provide very clean sound within the smallest possible installation space. As for the general debate on "big versus small" systems, Collings-Wells is content to let personal taste settle the matter. "We supply all sizes."

A similar listen-and-let-listen attitude was evident at Tannoy, where Michael H. Fountain (son of Guy R. Fountain, whose initials designate Tannoy's enclosures) and T. B. Livingstone agreed that speaker evaluation is a personal thing and that listening tastes cannot be prejudged with a slide rule. Tannoy's design approach centers around "making the treble and bass drivers as good as we can, and then offering an enclosure to suit acoustical taste." By way of explanation: "When we visited the U.S.A. years ago to attend your first audio show, we knew nothing of your country except that the traffic ran on the wrong side of the road. Since then, we've learned a good deal more, including the fact that there are differences in listening tastes between our two countries."

These differences (which were mentioned to me by other British audio experts) are subtle, not always agreed on in their respective countries, and certainly subject to change. Nonetheless, they have been discerned by many in listening tests. Tannoy believes, for instance, that the prevailing taste in the U.S.A. has been for "front-row sound, or perhaps right-in-the-midst-of-the-orchestra sound." Britishers, in contrast, prefer a "farther back" sound, more like listening "through an open door on the concert hall." On the European Continent, "people like their sound relatively light, but smooth over-all. Your hi-fi chap on the Continent, incidentally, fiddles a good deal with his tone controls to get the sound just as he wants it. Americans—and we Britishers too for that matter—demand these controls, and then—for some reason—never use them."

A similar emphasis on the role of the enclosure, though with a somewhat different twist, was expressed by Donald M. Chave, director of Lowther. "My aim is to use the magnet and voice-coil assembly to set up a wave-train rather than to try to get the driver itself to move all the air needed for accurate reproduction." The latter function, from his point of view, is the job of the horn enclosure that is loaded to the driver. At Lowther, little is left to chance, or to outside sources, and Chave has built his own machine for making magnets. He agrees that a valid aim of speaker design is to try to "reduce size for the same performance, or to improve performance, in the same size." Accordingly, Chave experiments as well as manufactures; his latest effort —still something of a secret and possibly to be patented—is towards a "high productivity voice-coil related to an improved magnet." Lowther products, sold in Europe and in Japan, were once sold in the U.S.A. and may be reintroduced soon.

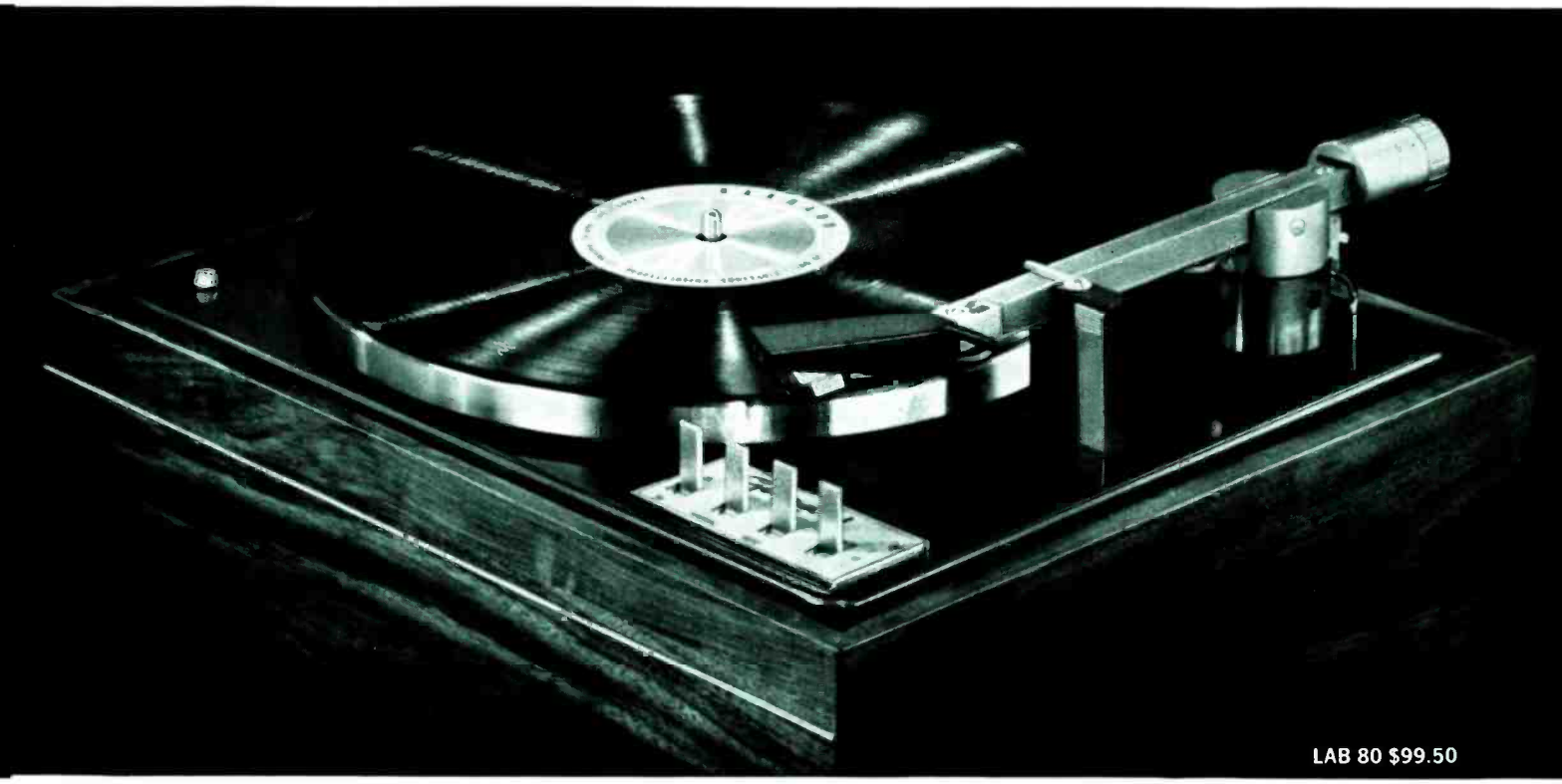
For whatever significance it may have in the mystique of British audio, the production of cylindrical speaker systems today seems to be confined to a small radius in Yorkshire where Sugden and Wharfedale are found within a few miles of each other. But apart from a common interest in what G. A. Briggs calls "drain pipes," a mutual pride in the moors and other scenic marvels of the country, and a wry humor over being unique establishments in the heart of England's textile region, the two companies are fairly dissimilar. To begin with, Sugden is one of the few British companies to designate its products by a trade-name (Connoisseur) rather than by the firm's name. And speakers as such have not been this firm's main or sole product line. A. R. Sugden was, in fact, one of the first to demonstrate publicly, in 1956, a stereo disc and pickup, the latter a ceramic type. Sugden still favors ceramics, although a decade of research has brought refinements to the original design. The latest version is made of a "double length" of material that is cut in half; the sections then are molded to yield identical elements for each channel. This new pickup uses a 0.6-mil diamond stylus and tracks at a 15-degree angle. The stylus is replaceable by the owner, and a 78-rpm tip is available. Sugden also showed me a new arm which, though designed primarily for his own cartridge, can accept other makes as well.

While going through the Sugden works, I saw the prototype of an unusually designed turntable—a two-speed model (33 and 45 rpm) in which each speed is selected by its own hysteresis-synchronous motor. The speed control switch activates the appropriate motor, which turns the inner rim of the platter by means of a direct-drive wheel; the motor not in use swings away under the plinth. Connoisseur products, like Lowther's, may again become available in the United States after an absence of some years.

Speakers, of course, have always been the main concern at Wharfedale, whose founder and head, G. A. Briggs, is internationally known as a writer and lecturer. Indeed, Mr. Briggs may well have brought the idea of high fidelity sound to more people than has any other individual. Today, at seventy-four, he has, in his own words, "put health first, work second, and money last." Long-distance tours are out, but he still lectures and demonstrates closer to home, is writing a new book, continues to correspond with enthusiasts the world over, and is in fact very much the managing director of Wharfedale Wireless Works. *Continued on page 121*

The same great Garrard plant

that builds the LAB 80...



LAB 80 $99.50

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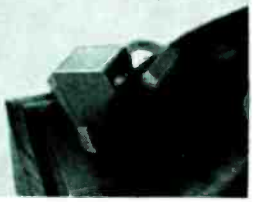
TYPE A70 Ultimate expression of the Automatic Turntable concept which Garrard launched with the original Type A, the most successful record playing instrument the high fidelity field has ever known. Four speeds. Features low mass, dynamically balanced tone arm with ¼ gram click settings; adjustable anti-skating control; pusher platform; heavy, cast and balanced non-magnetic turntable; Laboratory Series® motor. **$84.50**



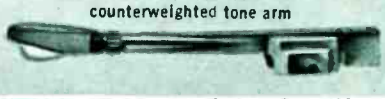
Exclusive Garrard pusher platform

AT60 An automatic turntable with intermix capability. Meets all the critical performance standards required of a Garrard Automatic Turntable, plus compact versatility. Four speeds. Features tubular tone arm, dynamically balanced and counterweight adjusted; built-in stylus pressure gauge; heavy, oversized, die-cast, non-magnetic turntable; Laboratory Series® motor. **$59.50**

Heavy oversized die-cast turntable

MODEL 50 An exceptionally compact, handsomely styled, manual/intermix automatic turntable at the price of an ordinary record changer . . . designed to introduce new standards of performance and versatility to systems where space must be considered. Four speeds. Features cast aluminum counterweighted tone arm; lightweight cut-away shell; full-sized turntable; 4 pole Induction Surge motor. **$44.50**

Cast aluminum counterweighted tone arm



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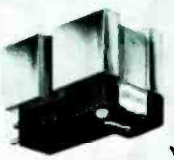
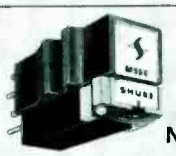
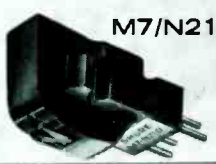
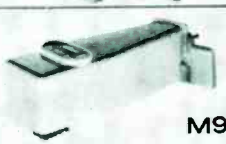
We trust this brief recitation of the significant features covering the various members of the Shure cartridge family will help guide you to the best choice for you.

THE CARTRIDGE	ITS FUNCTION, ITS FEATURES...	IS YOUR BEST SELECTION
 V-15	The ultimate! 15° tracking and Bi-Radial Elliptical stylus reduces Tracing (pinch effect), IM and Harmonic Distortion to unprecedented lows. Scratch-proof. Extraordinary quality control throughout. Literally handmade and individually tested. In a class by itself for reproducing music from mono as well as stereo discs.	If your tone arm tracks at 1½ grams or less (either with manual or automatic turntable)—and if you want the very best, regardless of price, this is without question your cartridge. It is designed for the purist . . . the perfectionist whose entire system *must* be composed of the finest equipment in *every* category. Shure's finest cartridge. $62.50.
 M55E	Designed to give professional performance! Elliptical diamond stylus and new 15° vertical tracking angle provide freedom from distortion. Low Mass. Scratch-proof. Similar to V-15, except that it is made under standard quality control conditions.	If you seek outstanding performance and your tonearm will track at forces of ¾ to 1½ grams, the M55E will satisfy—beautifully. Will actually improve the sound from your high fidelity system! (Unless you're using the V-15, Shure's finest cartridge.) A special value at $35.50.
 M44	A premium quality cartridge at a modest price. 15° tracking angle conforms to the 15° RIAA and EIA proposed standard cutting angle recently adopted by most recording companies. IM and Harmonic distortion are remarkably low . . . cross-talk between channels is negated in critical low and mid-frequency ranges.	If you track between ¾ and 1½ grams, the M44-5 with .0005" stylus represents a best-buy investment. If you track between 1½ and 3 grams, the M44-7 is for you . . . particularly if you have a great number of older records. Both have "scratch-proof" retractile stylus. Either model under $25.00.
 M7/N21D	A top-rated cartridge featuring the highly compliant N21D tubular stylus. Noted for its sweet, "singing" quality throughout the audible spectrum and especially its singular recreation of clean mid-range sounds (where most of the music really "happens".) Budget-priced, too.	For 2 to 2½ gram tracking. Especially fine if your present set-up sounds "muddy." At less than $20.00, it is truly an outstanding buy. (Also, if you own regular M7D, you can upgrade it for higher compliance and lighter tracking by installing an N21D stylus.)
 M99	A unique Stereo-Dynetic cartridge head shell assembly for Garrard and Miracord automatic turntable owners. The cartridge "floats" on counterbalancing springs . . . makes the stylus scratch-proof . . . ends tone arm "bounce."	If floor vibration is a problem. Saves your records. Models for Garrard Laboratory Type "A", AT-6, AT-60 and Model 50 automatic turntables and Miracord Model 10 or 10H turntables. Under $25.00 including head shell, .0007" diamond stylus.
 M3D	A best-seller with extremely musical and transparent sound at rock-bottom price. Tracks at pressures as high as 6 grams, as low as 3 grams. The original famous Shure Dynetic Cartridge.	If cost is the dominant factor. Lowest price of any Shure Stereo Dynetic cartridge (about $16.00) . . . with almost universal application. Can be used with any changer. Very rugged.

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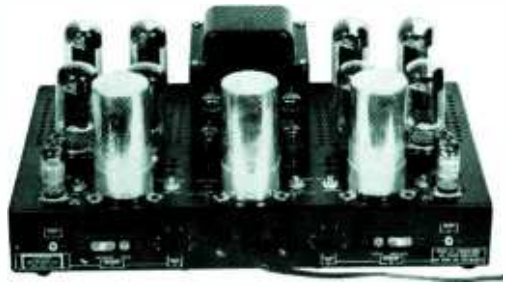
EQUIPMENT REPORTS



Harvard Electronics Futterman H-3 Amplifier

THE EQUIPMENT: Futterman H-3, a stereo basic amplifier. Dimensions: 17 by 10¼ by 7½ inches. Price, including cage (removed in our photo), $288. Manufacturer: Harvard Electronics Co., 693 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

COMMENT: The Futterman H-3 is a high quality basic amplifier of unusual design: it employs tubes but no output (or interstage) transformers. Intended for use with a control preamp (or, for that matter, any signal source providing about 1 to 2 volts signal and equipped with its own level control, such as a tuner or tape playback deck), the Futterman has no operating controls. Instead, the chassis contains numerous potentiometer adjustments for "trimming up" the circuit to get optimum performance. According to the instructions furnished with the unit, these adjustments are to be made after every thousand hours of use, or after any tube is changed. The apron of the chassis contains a pair of octal sockets (for each channel) through which the connections are made when performing these adjustments. In addition there are speaker terminals for each channel, phono-jack signal inputs, two fuse-holders, and one AC convenience outlet. An examination of the amplifier indicates that it is built of top-grade components and with an exceptionally high quality of workmanship; the underside of the chassis has that "hand-made-with-loving-care" look.

The Futterman amplifier is rated by its manufacturer at 50 watts per channel, when operated from a 120-volt source and feeding a 16-ohm load. Enough measurements were made at United States Testing Company, Inc., under these conditions to confirm the power output rating, but inasmuch as the existing standard for testing amplifiers calls for a 117-volt source, measurements of power and other characteristics were made from 117 volts, which is used for testing all equipment.

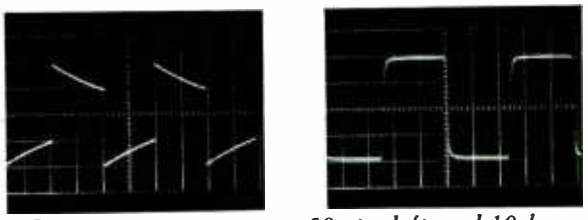
The question of line voltage, incidentally, has been raised by a few other high fidelity manufacturers who suggest that the 120-volt figure is closer to what is being supplied as line voltage in many locales. No change has been made, however, by the various professional and trade associations, and so the 117-volt standard prevails. From the standpoint of most equipment users, the difference of 3 volts in the AC line is of relatively little importance; the higher source voltage will produce somewhat higher amplifier power output, but will not appreciably change other important operating characteristics. The difference in line voltage used, of course, could account for differences in published specifications and test measurements of the same amplifier.

Another related factor is the load into which the amplifier works. The Futterman is rated for a 16-ohm load, into which it will deliver its specified power. With lower impedance levels, power output is lower, but over-all performance into an 8-ohm load (the most widely used speaker impedance) is still excellent. No measurements were made for a 4-ohm load inasmuch as the Futterman is not recommended for use with 4-ohm speakers. At loads higher than 16 ohms, the amplifier furnishes well above its rated power, and USTC measured better than 74 watts per channel at 0.5% distortion into a 30-ohm load. (Such a load is represented by a speaker like the KLH-9 full-range electrostatic, with which the H-3 amplifier has been teamed for reportedly superb sonic results.)

Distortion, under all test conditions, was very low; frequency response, very wide and covering well below

REPORT POLICY

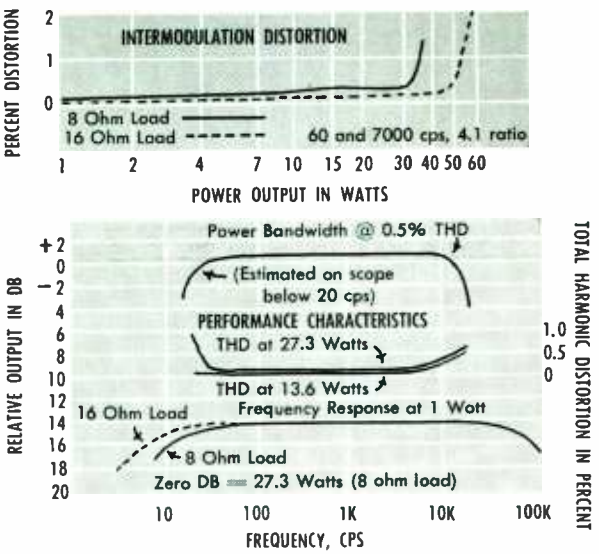
Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and listening tests. Data for the reports, on equipment other than loudspeakers, is obtained by the United States Testing Company, Inc., of Hoboken, New Jersey, a completely independent organization not affiliated with the United States Government which, since 1880, has been a leader in product evaluation. Speaker reports are based on controlled listening tests. Occasionally, a supplementary agency may be invited to contribute to the testing program. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY.



Square-wave response to 50 cps, left, and 10 kc.

and above the normal 20- to 20-kc range. The amplifier's damping factor was 180, one of the highest yet found. Signal-to-noise ratio was very favorable. The amplifier's response to a 50-cps square wave showed moderate "tilt" and was generally indicative of firm, solid low-end response; this test was made with an 8-ohm load; raising the load to 16 ohms will of course improve the low-frequency square-wave response considerably. The 10-kc square-wave was practically perfect, with a fast "rise time" and no ringing, indicating excellent transient response.

The Futterman H-3, without a doubt, is one of the finest basic amplifiers available. At the indicated power levels for 8-ohm operation, it provides excellent performance. And its capability for enhanced performance when driving higher impedance speakers makes it an outstanding piece of equipment, something indeed of a connoisseur's item.



Futterman H-3 Amplifier

Lab Test Data

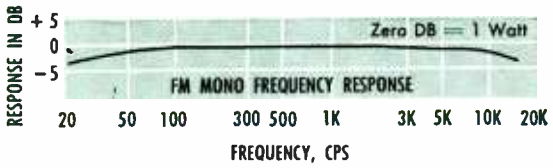
Performance characteristic	Measurement
Tests performed at 120-v AC line; 16-ohm load	
Power output (at 1 kc)	
l ch at clipping	48.5 watts @ 0.13% THD
l ch for 0.5% THD	56 watts
r ch at clipping	50.4 watts @ 0.11% THD
r ch for 0.5% THD	56 watts
Tests performed at 117-v AC line; 16-ohm load	
Power output (at 1 kc)	
l ch at clipping	38.2 watts @ 0.12% THD
l ch for 0.5% THD	48.5 watts
r ch ot clipping	42.6 watts @ 0.1% THD
r ch for 0.5% THD	50.4 watts
Tests performed at 117-v AC line; 8-ohm load	
Power output (at 1 kc)	
l ch at clipping	27.3 watts @ 0.08% THD
l ch for 0.5% THD	32.7 watts
r ch at clipping	29.3 watts @ 0.07% THD
r ch for 0.5% THD	35.2 watts
Both chs simultaneously:	
l ch at clipping	21 watts @ 0.11% THD
r ch at clipping	21.7 watts @ 0.09% THD
Power bandwidth for constont 0.5% THD	15 cps to 19 kc
Harmonic distortion	
27.3 watts output	under 0.5%, 23 cps to 13.5 kc; 0.7% at 22 cps ond at 20 kc
13.6 watts output	under 0.2%, 20 cps to 6 kc; 0.55% at 20 kc
IM distortion	
8-ohm lood	under 0.3% up to 29 watts output
16-ohm load	under 0.3% up to 46 watts output
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+0, −0.5 db, 25 cps to 40 kc; −3 db at 8 cps ond at 115 kc (with 16-ohm load, −3 db ot 4 cps)
Domping foctor	180
Sensitivity	1.1 volt
S/N rotio	88 db

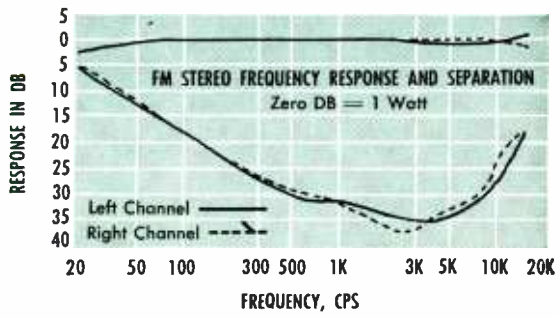
Harman-Kardon Model SR-900 Tuner/Amplifier

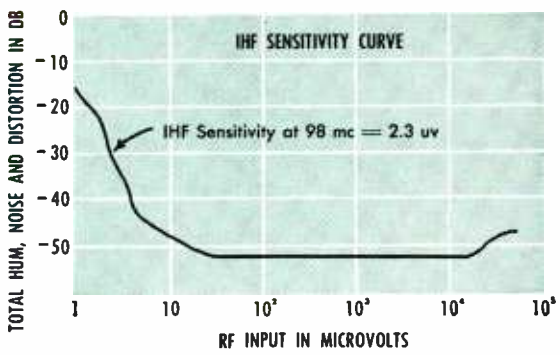
THE EQUIPMENT: Harman-Kardon SR-900, a combination FM stereo tuner and stereo preamplifier—power amplifier on one chassis. Dimensions: 16⅝ by 5 by 11¾ inches. Price: $469 (in metal cover, removed for photo); optional walnut cabinet, $29.95. Manufacturer: Harman-Kardon, Inc.. The Jerrold Building, 15th and Lehigh, Philadelphia, Pa. 19132.

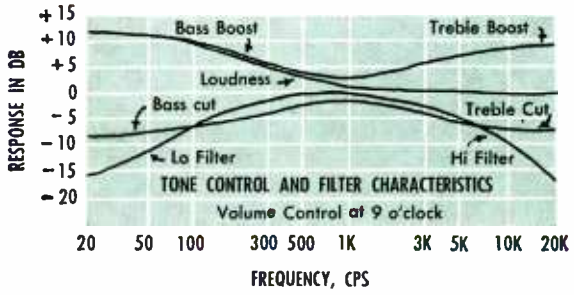
COMMENT: A completely solid-state receiver, Harman-Kardon's new SR-900 is a handsome, high-performing instrument that offers excellent FM stereo and mono reception and also serves as an exceptionally good stereo amplifier.

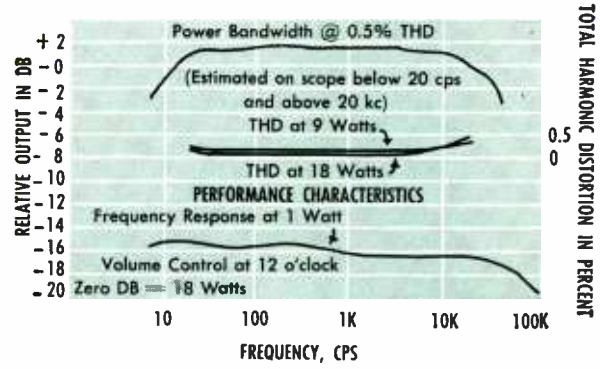
The front panel is attractively styled in tones of brown and gold. The upper portion contains a large.











Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Tuner Section	
IHF sensitivity	2.3 μv at 98 mc; 3.5 μv at 106 mc; 4.2 μv at 90 mc
Frequency response, mono	+0, –3 db, 20 cps to 15 kc
THD, mono	0.25% at 400 cps; 0.4% at 1 kc; 0.54% at 40 cps
IM distortion	0.16%
Capture ratio	3 db
S/N ratio	53 db
Frequency response, stereo	
l ch	+0.5, –2 db, 20 cps to 15 kc
r ch	+0, –2 db, 20 cps to 15 kc
THD, stereo (function switch, mono/stereologic) l ch	1.3% at 400 cps; 1% at 1 kc; 2.1% at 40 cps
r ch	1.4% at 400 cps; 2% at 1 kc; 1.4% at 40 cps
THD, stereo (function switch, FM stereo) l ch	0.9% at 400 cps; 0.75% at 1 kc; 1.5% at 40 cps
r ch	1.1% at 400 cps; 1.3% at 1 kc; 1.3% at 40 cps
Channel separation, either channel	better than 30 db at mid-frequencies; better than 20 db, 135 cps to above 10 kc
19-kc pilot suppression	–38 db
38-kc subcarrier suppression	–54 db

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement	
Amplifier Section		
Power output (at 1 kc into 8-ohm load)		
l ch at clipping	21.7 watts @ 0.12% THD	
l ch for 0.5% THD	26.2 watts	
r ch at clipping	20.4 watts @ 0.08% THD	
r ch for 0.5% THD	25.2 watts	
both channels simultaneously		
l ch at clipping	19.5 watts @ 0.12% THD	
r ch at clipping	18 watts @ 0.08% THD	
Power bandwidth for constant 0.5% THD	7 cps to 39 kc	
Harmonic distortion		
18 watts output	less than 0.2%, 20 cps to 8 kc; less than 0.5% @ 20 kc	
9 watts output	less than 0.2%, 20 cps to 8 kc; less than 0.4% @ 20 kc	
IM distortion		
4-ohm load	1.35% @ 1-watt output; 0.6% at 30-watt output	
8-ohm load	0.75% @ 1-watt output; 0.51% at 27-watt output	
16-ohm load	0.35% @ 1-watt output; 0.4% at 15-watt output	
Frequency response, 1-watt level	±1 db, 7 cps to 40 kc; –2 db at 70 kc	
RIAA (disc) equalization	±0.5 db, 20 cps to 20 kc	
NAB (tape) equalization	+2.5, –3.5 db, 28 cps to 14 kc	
Damping factor	22	
Sensitivity, various inputs	phono, low	2.45 mv
	phono, high	92 mv
	tape head	3.3 mv
	aux	300 mv
S/N ratio, various inputs	phono, low	55 db
	phono, high	37 db
	tape head	55 db
	aux	79 db

easy-to-read station dial and logging scale. At its left is a stereo signal indicator; to the left of this is a station-tuning meter. The tuning knob is at the right. The lower portion of the panel is given over to controls. The power off/on switch is an amber button that glows when the set is turned on. There is a six-position function selector, with settings for stereo and mono tape head, phono, FM mono/stereologic (automatic stereo), FM stereo, and an auxiliary high-level source. The volume control regulates output level on both channels simultaneously. Individual treble and bass tone controls for each channel are provided. The channel balance control doubles as a stereo/mono mode switch—when left in, stereo; when pulled out, mono. A series of six rocker switches provide for loudness contour, tape monitor, low- and high-frequency filters, tone controls operative or not, and FM interstation muting. A speaker selector switch permits a choice of one set of stereo speakers, another set, both sets at once, or all speakers silenced for headphone listening. The headphone jack itself is to the right of this control.

A word of explanation about some of these controls: when the function selector is in the FM mono/stereologic position, the set either responds automatically to mono or stereo broadcasts, whichever happens to be transmitted as you tune across the dial. In the case of a weak or noisy stereo signal, the set will automatically change to mono reception. If, however, stereo reception—despite noise—is desired, the function switch may be moved to the FM stereo position, which defeats the automatic stereologic circuit.

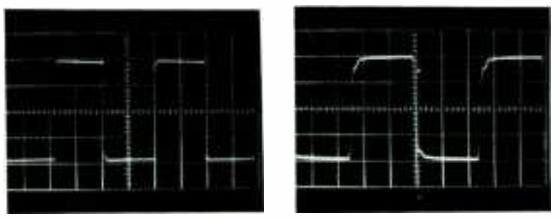
The FM muting switch may be used to reduce interstation noise without, at the same time, rejecting weaker signals. The exact "threshold" levels at which both automatic stereo and muting action occur are determined by two adjustments at the rear of the chassis. These are pre-set at the factory.

The tone control defeat switch may be used to disconnect the tone control circuitry from the amplifier, a feature designed to eliminate a possible source of distortion and found only on costly separate preamps such as Harman-Kardon's own Citation, or on the Acoustech.

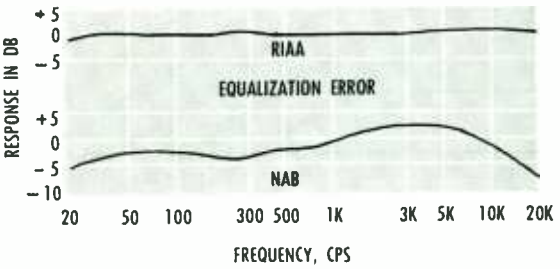
At the rear of the set, in addition to the two adjustments previously mentioned, are five pairs of stereo input jacks for signals from tape head, magnetic and crystal (ceramic) phono cartridges, tape playback preamps, and an auxiliary high-level source. There also is a pair of jacks for feeding signals to a tape recorder, the FM antenna terminals (300-ohm, twin-lead type), and the speaker connections—for stereo in another room or to drive additional speakers in the same room. Instructions for these hookups, as well as for running mono speakers, are provided. The rear also has a grounding terminal, a switched AC outlet, and three fuse-holders—one for each channel and one for the main AC line.

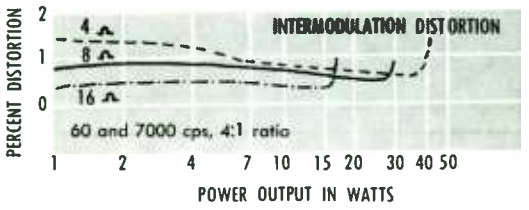
In tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., the SR-900 proved to be an excellent performer, with FM characteristics that would suit it for reception in the most difficult of locales. In the as-received condition, mono distortion was very low (0.73%); following the usual check-up alignment performed on all FM sets at USTC, this figure dropped to an even more negligible 0.25%. Frequency response, on both stereo and mono signals, was especially uniform; channel separation, very good. Other characteristics are shown in the accompanying charts; in sum, they add up to a first-rate FM tuner.

The FM section of the SR-900 is complemented by an excellent—in some ways, outstanding—control amplifier. In USTC's tests it met its power specifications with ease. IM distortion, for a solid-state amplifier, was low and fairly level across the power output range. Frequency response was essentially flat from below 7 cps to nearly 100 kc. The power bandwidth was estimated to extend from about 7 cps to 40 kc, which is excellent performance for any amplifier and especially noteworthy in an "all-in-one" receiver. Most outstanding was the unit's square-wave response: both the low- and high-frequency response photos are virtually replicas of the input test signals. The 50-cps response, with its flat top and negligible tilt, indicates rock-solid response and full power in the bass; the 10-kc response, with its fast rise-time and slight "ringing" that is quickly damped, indicates excellent transients and clean, crisp highs.



Square-wave response to 50 cps, left, and 10 kc.





Tone controls and other preamp features all were satisfactory. The RIAA disc playback characteristic was excellent; but a noticeable error was evident in the NAB tape head characteristic. In our view this is a very minor shortcoming inasmuch as most serious tape users invariably play their tapes through the preamp supplied with their tape machines, thus obviating the need for a tape-head input on the stereo system's amplifier.

Inasmuch as the power reserves of the SR-900 amplifier extend fully and cleanly into the bass region, where most of the power demands of speakers are made, the nominal "medium power" rating of this set rather understates its effective power capabilities—and one need not hesitate about using this set to drive the lowest-efficiency speakers. In the case of the AR-3, specifically, an additional advantage is gained in that this amplifier actually provides more power as the load impedance goes down, and the clean 30 watts per channel it can deliver into a 4-ohm load are more than ample even for the power-hungry AR-3. Indeed, driving a variety of speakers, the SR-900 provided a listening quality that was extremely clean, full, and transparent.

From a performance standpoint, not to mention its compactness and handsome appearance, the SR-900 warrants consideration by the serious audiophile as well as by the no-fuss but quality-minded householder.

Garrard Lab 80 Automatic Turntable

THE EQUIPMENT: Garrard Lab 80, a two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) automatic/manual turntable and arm combination. Dimensions: 15 by 12¼ inches for unmounted chassis; allow 4½ inches below and 5 inches above motorboard. Price: $99.50. Optional wood base, unfinished, $5.95; in walnut, $6.50. Dimensions on base: 16½ by 13⅝ inches; total height, including metal feet, 9¾ inches. Manufactured by Garrard of England; distributed in the U.S.A. by British Industries Corp., 80 Shore Rd., Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

COMMENT: When the Garrard Type A was introduced some years ago, combining automation with high quality performance, the term "automatic turntable" rather than "record changer" was used to describe the unit. The new Lab 80 continues this trend with additional refinements and improvements in both turntable and tone arm. Whatever one calls it, it is a superior record-playing device well worth the attention of serious listeners as well as those seeking primarily convenience of installation and operation.

The new player is attractively styled and very well constructed of high quality parts showing precision workmanship. In the view of United States Testing Company, Inc., it should need little maintenance care over its useful life. The product concept here seems to have been to design a suitable turntable-arm combination and then to introduce automation into it. The platter itself weighs about five pounds, is nonmagnetic and well balanced. It is driven by a four-pole shaded motor through the intermediary action of an idler wheel and a two-step motor shaft. At one corner of the motor board are four finger-tip control tabs for speed selection, manual or automatic play, and record size selection. A pilot lamp glows when the machine is turned on and indicates the size record chosen.

The main portion of the tone arm is made of a lightweight wood, finished in oiled walnut. It is balanced by a rear counterweight that has click-positions for simple and accurate static balance adjustments. A sensitive calibrated spring adjustment, on the metal underside of the arm, sets the stylus force in accurate steps of ¼ gram each. Mounted to the lower half (stationary portion) of the arm's pivot assembly is a bias compensator, used for obtaining fine lateral balance of the arm. This device is fitted with its own adjustable weight which moves along a notched bar, each notch corresponding to a specific stylus force at the pickup end. The cartridge shell is a plug-in type that will accept all known makes of cartridges, and which locks firmly into the front of the arm. Built onto the motor board is an arm rest in which is incorporated a cuing device for lowering the pickup onto a record during manual operation. Alternately, the arm may be cued by hand, using the finger-lift at its side.

Two center spindles are supplied—a short one for manual operation, and a longer one for automatic use. The latter spindle has three small supports which hold the stack of records to be played in sequence, retracting during the change cycle to permit the next disc to slide gently down the spindle into play position. No overhanging or "side arm" mechanism is employed. The change cycle takes only a few seconds, and is smooth and silent (the output from the cartridge is muted during this action). The trip mechanism—working through a magnetic rather than a mechanical system—is very sensitive, and operates well even when the tone arm is tracking at extremely low stylus forces.

In tests at USTC, the Lab 80 demonstrated that, from the standpoint of automation and high quality, one can have his audio cake and eat it too. That is to say, it performed beautifully both as an automated turntable and as a manual combination. Speed accuracy was good at both speeds (1.3% fast for 117 volts AC), and no significant variation was observed for changes in line voltage (at 33 rpm, it ran 1.1% fast for 105 volts; 1.4% fast for 129 volts) or, for that matter, when the platter was loaded with up to eight discs. Wow and flutter were very low (0.07% and 0.02% respectively) and completely inaudible. Rumble, measured by the NAB standard (re: 100 cps at 1.4 cm/sec) was -35 db; if weighted for frequency, it would be even lower. It is, in any case, inaudible and of no real consequence. The arm had no major resonance above 10 cps, which is excellent. Bearing friction was very low, increasing slightly as the arm approached the center of the platter. The built-in gauges —for stylus force and for lateral bias—were found to be extremely accurate, and obviate the need for a separate stylus force gauge.

Little more need be said. The Lab 80 seems to us truly a step forward in integrated, automated record players. Tracking is well nigh perfect; the machine can handle cartridges of all weights, including the lightest, and of all compliances, including the highest; the assembly has a high immunity to external shock. Using it is a pleasure and, more forcibly than ever, demonstrates that conscientious design and attention to detail can effect a happy marriage of convenience and high quality.

Heathkit Model GD-983 Electronic Organ

THE EQUIPMENT: Heathkit GD-983, an electronic spinet organ in kit form. Price, including walnut housing and matching bench, $849. Manufacturer: Heath Co., Benton Harbor, Mich. 49023.

COMMENT: This handsome instrument is actually a do-it-yourself version of the Thomas Coronado Model BL-3 organ. Completely self-contained, it has its own signal-generating system, special amplifiers, two speaker systems, power supply, keyboard and operating controls, and associated cabinetry. It operates, via its line cord, from a standard AC (117 volts) source. It sounds, when played by an accomplished organist, grand.

Organs in general have fascinated music lovers since their introduction some two thousand years ago. The art of organ building has taken many shapes: there are the majestic pipe organs, truly great instruments capable of producing enough sound to fill a giant cathedral or a very large hall. At the other extreme are the diminutive reed organs, which—in smaller listening environments—have done yeoman service but generally failed to convey more than a hint of the tonal color and full voicing of the larger instruments. In these small organs, the compromise between convenience and sound has been all too apparent.

Today, thanks to electronics—and especially solid-state—the gap between sonic grandeur and compact size has been significantly narrowed; in effect, the sixteen-foot organ pipe has been compressed into the pea-size transistor. The fruits of this technology are evident in many recent models (a survey of pipeless organs by R. D. Darrell appeared in this journal, July 1964), of which the Heathkit GD-983 is a fine example.

Basically this organ is a complex amalgam of solid-state circuits, activated and controlled by the performer who operates keyboards, pedals, tabs, and such in the same manner as used for a conventional organ. The signals thus generated are amplified and heard through built-in speaker systems. The organ, then, is both a musical instrument and an audio system.

From a musical standpoint, the GD-983 shapes up as an excellent spinet-class instrument. It contains two 44-note keyboards and a 13-note pedal bass manual. In addition, there are special tabs for pedal voices, great voices, swell complex and flute voices, percussion, chimes, and so on. There also are tabs for repeat, sustain, and reverb effects. Over-all volume is controlled by a large foot pedal. Another set of tabs selects the speakers—the main system of two 12-inch units, or a rotating speaker which provides special effects, or both. And for those who care to savor their own efforts at keyboard and pedal in privacy, there is a headphone jack for private listening. Indeed, the versatility of this instrument is too enormous to be described fully here; it can, in a word, do whatever a pipe organ of comparable size can do—and more.

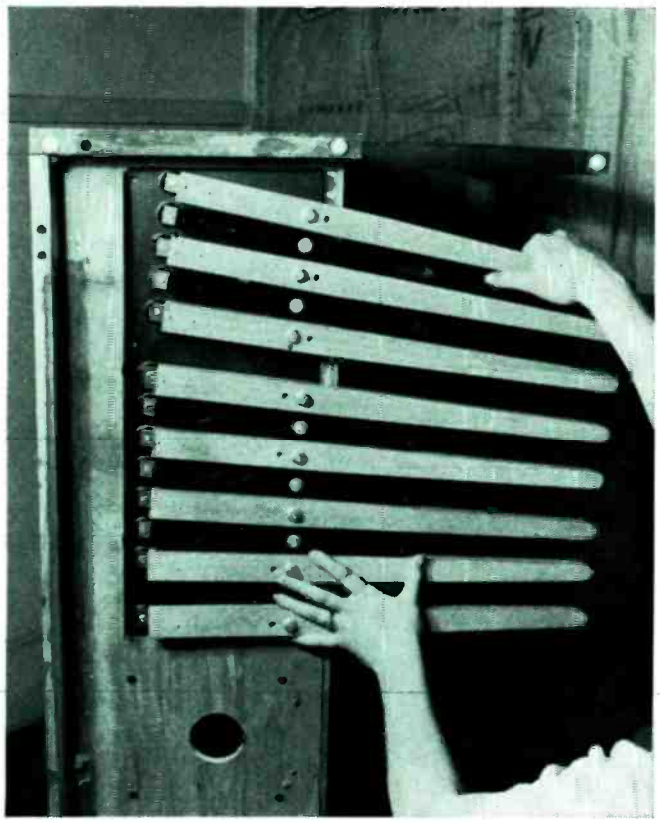
In the view of several experienced organists who have tried it, the Heathkit organ's versatility is matched by its ease of operation and it is a genuine joy to play. The touch of the keyboard and other controls—gentle, yet positive—suggests, as one player put it, "the fine breeding of this instrument." As to its sound, it becomes quickly apparent that—electronics and do-it-yourself notwithstanding—this "kit organ" is no toy or halfway-to-heaven gadget. It is rather a full-fledged, deep-throated, authentic-sounding *organ* that should interest the serious musician as well as the hobbyist and amateur.

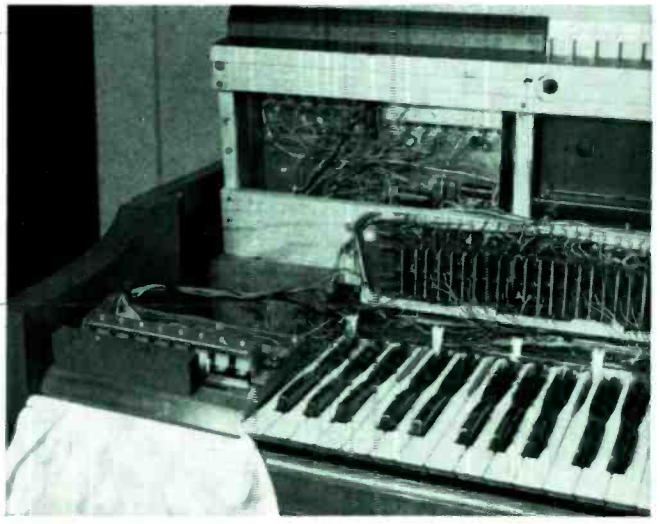
Of special interest to do-it-yourselfers, the Heath model comes as a kit, to be wired and assembled at home. Experienced kit-builders will recognize at once that this project is essentially no different in kind from that of building any audio-electronic gear. It only takes more time (we clocked the job at 80 hours), and needs more space (ideally a small room, or corner of a large room, with a work-surface of about four by six feet to hold all the parts). What may surprise many is that, thanks to the excellent instruction manual and careful packaging of parts, the job should be within the range of most beginners at kits. As for tools required, the kit includes a set of nut-drivers, a Philips-head screwdriver, and alignment and tuning tools. The builder should have his own soldering iron, wire-cutters, and ordinary screwdriver. Some of the highlights of the construction are shown in the accompanying photos.

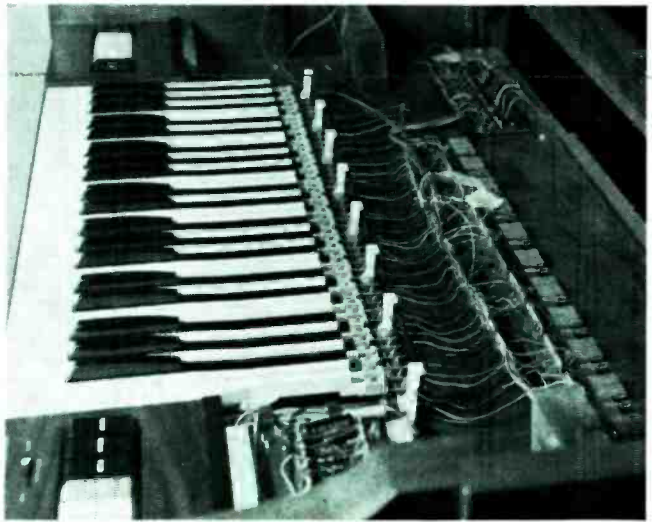
REPORTS IN PROGRESS

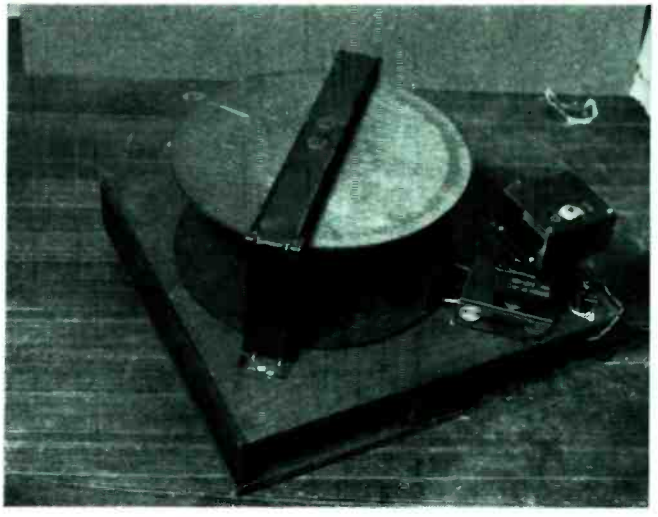
Bogen B62 Turntable

Sherwood S-9000 Amplifier









Building the Heathkit organ involves mechanical and electrical assembly. Top photo shows pedal board being fastened to cabinet. In the bottom photo, the great keyboard and its wiring harness are in place. Top photo, right column, shows additional controls, further wiring, and two of the speakers installed. Center photo details some of the wiring of the great manual cheekblock; the cloth prevents marring of control tabs and wood surface. Directly right, the rotating Leslie speaker used for obtaining special effects. Following assembly, the organ is tested and tuned according to instructions; the cabinet top and music rack are fitted into place; and the organ is ready to be played.

The lyric majesty of Sony sound

The **new Sony 500-A:** A magnificent stereophonic tape system with the amazing **new 2.5 micron-gap head** that produces a flat frequency response from 40 to 18,000 cps ± 2 db:* A remarkable engineering achievement; a complete four track stereo tape system with detachable speakers** and two new award winning F-96 dynamic microphones. **All the best from Sony for less than $399.50.**

Outstanding operational features distinguish the amazing new Sony Sterecorder 500-A: ■ Two bookshelf type acoustical suspension speaker systems combine to form carrying case lid ■ 4-track stereo/mono recording and playback ■ Vertical or horizontal operation ■ Special effects with mike and line mixing and sound on sound ■ Two V.U. meters ■ Hysteresis-Synchronous drive motor ■ Dynamically balanced capstan flywheel ■ Pause control ■ Automatic sentinel switch ■ Multiplex Ready with FM Stereo inputs.

*Rave Review: "The NAB playback characteristic of the 500, as measured at USTC, was among the smoothest and closest to the NAB standard ever measured."—High Fidelity Magazine, April 1964. ■ **Rave Review: "One of the striking features of the TC 500 is the detachable speakers. ...they produce a sound of astonishing quality."—Hi Fi/Stereo Review, April 1964. Available Soon: A sensational new development in magnetic recording tape, SONY PR-150. Write for details about our special introductory offer. (Sorry—only available to Sony owners.) For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California. Dept. 11

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The Tapeway to Stereo*

The Churchill Records

by Patrick J. Smith

Wide World Photo

At Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, in 1946.

BORN IN 1874, a descendant of the Duke of Marlborough . . . Army subaltern . . . Correspondent and subsequently national hero in the Boer War . . . Conservative Member of Parliament at twenty-five . . . Home Secretary at thirty-six . . . First Lord of the Admiralty in the First World War . . . Instigator and scapegoat of the Dardanelles Campaign . . . Godfather of the tank . . . Minister of Munitions in 1917 . . . Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1924 . . . orator . . . biographer . . . painter . . . historian . . . Cassandra of the Nazi menace . . . First Lord once more in 1939 . . . Prime Minister at sixty-five . . . Leader of the free world during the crucial days of what he called "The Unnecessary War" . . . Leader of the Opposition . . . Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1953 . . . Prime Minister for a second time.

Of this man, President Kennedy said: "No statement or proclamation can enrich his name now. The name Sir Winston Churchill is already legend."

The sets of recordings considered here attempt to throw some light on that legend. The RCA Victor album can be quickly dismissed—a blatant example of a *disque d'occasion*, replete with irrelevant sound effects and inflated prose. The others at least to some extent bring forward the spirit of a human being whose eminence will never be forgotten, Capitol with its two-disc set of wartime speeches (four from 1940 and two from 1945), Columbia with its reissue of Edward R. Murrow's 1956 "I Can Hear It Now" album, and Mercury with its recording of the sound track for the film *The Finest Hours*, a documentary life of Churchill. With narration read by Orson Welles and the Churchillian voice imitated by Patrick Wymark in those passages not actually spoken by Sir Winston, the last-named set presents a good history of the statesman's life and the highlights of his most memorable speeches. There is musical background, but on the whole the Hollywood touch is kept to a minimum: the man Churchill emerges in his own right. Most significant as a historical documentation, however, is London's special twelve-record album devoted entirely, apart from a narrator's introduction for each excerpt, to Churchill's own words in his own voice. The material falls into three categories: 1) selections from the War Memoirs, taped by Churchill personally in 1948-49; 2) speeches given by him in the House of Commons and recorded later; 3) radio broadcasts and other speeches given by Churchill before and during the War. As the course of the War progresses, the emphasis of the selections shifts from the Memoirs to the actual speeches Churchill made—in London, Quebec, Washington, or at Harvard. Most of the famous bits of Churchilliana are included.

The portrait that emerges from this collection is that of a national leader with a profound sense of and respect for history and historical forces, yet a leader who always humbly considered himself the child of Parliament and the servant of his people (a feeling climaxed in the final excerpt, when Churchill tells the cheering crowd on May 8, 1945: "This is *your* victory"). As he said, he never considered himself the British lion—the lion was the British people: he was merely lucky enough to be called on to give it the roar. To borrow Churchill: some roar! some lion!

Especially in his speeches to the House of Commons, Churchill is scrupulous in paying tribute to his subordinates and to those who might be forgotten: he never seeks to dictate to his fellow-members. He presents his views as forcefully as possible, and asks the House to agree with him. It is this deep attachment to the principle of Parliamentary democracy, coupled with the vigor, humor, and succinctness of his prose, that is the key to Churchill's greatness, and the reason why he was able to command such a universal loyalty.

In the darkest days of the threatened Nazi invasion Churchill gives way neither to blind pessimism nor to facile optimism: he outlines the harsh tasks ahead while pointing out the advantages of the position. He exudes confidence and an indomitable will to victory: he radiates a sense that it is not bad but good fortune to be alive and active in such historic times, with the opportunity

of living to the full rather than merely existing in life. Even listening to these speeches today, one can sense a measure of the fortitude and heart-lift that each Englishman must have felt when he heard them first. This precise quality is the essence of Churchill: the ability to articulate the British heart and to fuse together the widely diverse and divergent elements of the population and the bureaucracy into one efficient fighting force—and this without recourse to severe dictatorial powers or to inflammatory rodomontade.

In that sense this collection is priceless, for it gives the voice and words of a world leader and statesman who ranks with Caesar and Napoleon in his ability to give eloquent utterance to his grasp of history. Yet, in another sense, a collection such as this has built-in shortcomings. It cannot be pretended that anyone will listen to all, or even most, of it in one sitting. Thus, such value as it has will be in hearing specific speeches or excerpts. The most immediately appealing sections are those in which Churchill is speaking under the influence of the time and its stresses. Here his voice has the bulldog tenacity combined with an actor's sense of timing that brings each sentence to life. But these war speeches are available separately, and any judicious selection of two or three records will suffice. The excerpts recorded at a later date, on the other hand, have nothing of this urgency. They sound lackluster and perfunctory, and Churchill's lisp becomes more prominent. Except when Churchill seems awakened by the memory of what he is reading, as in the description of his being called to be Prime Minister in May 1940, they are the readings of an old man.

It may be argued that these War Memoir excerpts—especially the ones dealing with the background and origins of the War—are intrinsically exciting as a masterful recounting of history. Yet their necessarily fragmentary nature on a recording mitigates their values to a historian—or to one who is interested in a history of the Second World War. Although the War Memoirs are written from one point of view (and a point of view now coming under reëxamination) they present that view superbly, in superb language. In the recorded excerpts too much is omitted to present a clear picture; anyone trying to extrapolate from them the story of the Second World War would but skim the surface, and that none too adequately.

There is also the danger that the casual listener may be misled. For instance, one of the selections is of a broadcast Churchill made in January 1940 to the neutral nations. It is frankly an appeal to them to join forces with England and France, in the course of which Churchill refers to the gallant defense of the Finns in the face of Soviet aggression. He lays the blame for the (temporary) Soviet defeat on the rottenness of Communism. Subsequently this interpretation was seen to be faulty, and it is specifically corrected in the first volume of the War Memoirs—a passage unfortunately not included in the recording.

War breeds an inflated and ranting rhetoric bearing little relation to the actualities of the situation and debasing that dignity of the human individual which should be paramount in times of conflict. This slop is seen at its worst in the utterances of Goebbels (or of our own General Patton) and—along with its concomitant, methodical genocide—will be seen in the future as the most abhorrent aspect of the Second World War. It is to Churchill's credit that, given his flair for the dramatic, he never allowed himself to be carried away into rabble-rousing. His love not only for his own language but for language was too inbred in him. He vents his spleen through the spare use of denigratory words ("jackal," "guttersnipe") and through consummate use of irony and humor, as when he ascribes Hitler's ignorance of the effects of the Russian winter to his being "very loosely educated." Yet this very remark, the ironic understatement of a cultivated aristocrat, defines Churchill not only as an individual in the time of mass-man but also as a relic of an earlier and outmoded social structure. For the majority of Britons—who saw no irony in Hitler's being "very loosely educated" when they themselves were largely foreclosed from higher education by the class system—rejected Churchill in his supreme hour of triumph. It is his honor and his epitaph.

Churchill's most powerful weapon was his use of language: nowhere is there more aurally vivid proof of the statement that the word is mightier than the sword than in these records. To the confirmed Churchill admirer they will be mandatory; to others, they may give opportunity to browse and keep company once more with one of the great men of the century.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

"His Memoirs and His Speeches, from Armistice to Victory, 1918 to 1945"

Sir Winston Churchill, speaker.
• LONDON XL 1-12. Twelve LP. $100.

"The Finest Hours"

Sir Winston Churchill, speaker; Patrick A Wymark, speaker; Orson Welles, narrator.
• MERCURY MGT 2105. Two LP. $7.96.
• • MERCURY SRP 2604. Two SD. $8.96.

"Famous Wartime Speeches"

Sir Winston Churchill, speaker.
• CAPITOL TBO 2192. Two LP. $7.96.

"Famous Speeches"

Sir Winston Churchill, speaker; Edward R. Murrow, narrator [from Columbia KL 5066, 1956].
• COLUMBIA KOL 7000. LP. $5.98.

"The Memory of a Great Man"

Chet Huntley, narrator.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2723. LP. $4.98.

AMONG THE not more than a half dozen operas that might benefit from cinematic treatment, *Pelléas et Mélisande* has always impressed me as a choice example. Movie makers have never evolved a technique for the filming of opera (as is attested to most recently by a hilariously awful Soviet film of Tchaikovsky's *Iolanthe*); opera producers do not seem much interested in film. But with *Pelléas* the potential of great cinema is present. Imagine a soft, unprecedentedly subdued use of filtered color and diffused illumination, unrealistic sets that hint at literal images, performers with reflective, sensitive faces. Imagine Ingmar Bergman in charge of it all. Now go find the money.

If we cannot have this dream-*Pelléas* at the local RKO, we can have it at home in stereo, where it is at least away from the crushing papier-mâché and straw-wig realities of most stage productions. Really good sound—and stereo, if it's used sensibly—is of utmost importance in *Pelléas*, not simply for orchestral clarity and richness or for staging effects but for an intimate ambience, in which a whisper or the rustle of a dress or the snap of a twig is always close. Fortunately, London's engineers have risen to the occasion; they must have worked closely with Ansermet to produce a recording that mirrors very faithfully his sense of the work's shape. They have also kept their heads. This would have been an easy opera to destroy with technical gimmicks and artificialities.

Ansermet is the master of this score: it seems as much a part of him as *Parsifal* is of Knappertsbusch. I suppose the reading's outstanding quality comes under the heading of balance—nothing is out of proportion, nothing emphasized at the expense of some other vital element. With Ansermet, more than with any other conductor on records, we sense a shape that embraces one long swell from the opening to the end of Act IV and the death of Pelléas. Act V, epiloguelike, drops again almost to the level of the opening, or even below it, so that when we arrive at Arkel's *"C'est la tour de la pauvre petite"* ("Now it's the poor little one's

A *Pelléas* in Stereo—

With Ansermet in Brilliant Form

by Conrad L. Osborne

turn") we are indeed back at a beginning, sensing the start of another helpless journey through unnamable anguish, longing, and fear.

To maintain this over-all arch and yet give each scene its due—to hold something in reserve without sounding constrained—is the trick that Ansermet manages so well. There is a climax of some proportion as early as Golaud's *"Voyons, ne pleurez pas ainsi"* in the opening scene, and the succeeding rises and falls build upon one another in a subtle fashion, like a series of mounting sea swells. Pages where the time signature changes almost by the bar are sewn together seamlessly. We realize how brilliantly this shape has been molded when we arrive at the second fountain scene, for in *Pelléas'* soliloquy and the final confession of the lovers the reading reaches a tremendous climax, with the terrible suppressments and unspoken passions at last bursting free (and the new recording's splendid dynamic range has a good deal to do with this sense of proportion). Ansermet has worked this all so intelligently that he has a whole new category of dynamics to unleash for this scene—yet we have never felt any previous holding back or any trace of calculation. The sound that Ansermet secures from the orchestra he has led for so long is exceptionally rich and full but never oversensuous or washy, and the score's riches of instrumental detail emerge with beautiful, unforced clarity (again the engineers deserve part of the credit).

It is this combination of responsible engineering with knowledgeable leadership that makes the new *Pelléas* so desirable. In terms of its cast, it does not run away from the field; the fact is that this supremely difficult work has already been the subject of several devoted, capable recordings. Still fondly remembered is the brilliant wartime performance under Roger Désormière, briefly available on LP in the RCA Victor LCT series, but now only an object of wishful thinking on the part of re-release collectors. Ansermet himself recorded a previous version —an estimable one, with fine work from Suzanne Danco, Heinz Rehfuss, and André Vessières. Its drawbacks are the artful but weak Pelléas of Pierre Mollet, the expense of an extra record, and a conductor/sound combination that falls short of that of the new version. My own favorite among previous LP recordings, Epic's, is crippled by poorish sound, but the reading of Jean Fournet (with the Lamoureux Orchestra) has considerable force—it is tauter and leaner than Ansermet's—and the cast (Micheau, Maurane, Roux, Depraz) has no real weak point, though Mélisande does not really seem Micheau's cup of tea (the Golaud of Roux is especially strong, and the Geneviève is the young Rita Gorr). Angel's recording, under Cluytens, has a rather leaden, gummy atmosphere, as well as a too elderly Pelléas in Jacques Jansen (the fine Pelléas of the old Désormière version); but it boasts good sound and some fine singing from Victoria de los Angeles and Gérard Souzay.

With this opera, it would be hard to choose any monophonic recording over a solidly cast stereo version—and that is what we have here. Camille Maurane is remarkable, all the more so when we consider that nearly a decade has passed since the Epic version and the singer is now in his mid-fifties. Every line has life and projection, every phrase shows understanding. The voice itself is a bit dry, but it is pleasant, steady, and youthful, and free enough to speak the wonderful lines on their pitches in a direct, natural way, as well as sufficient in resource to encompass the monologue and final scene, which is magnificently done.

Erna Spoorenberg, a young Dutch soprano with a fresh, pretty voice, is also most sensitive; time and again she catches inflections that clarify Mélisande in a touching way—the loss of the ring, for example, is entirely believable. The Golaud of George London is impressive whenever the strong or brutal aspects of the character are involved—in his instructions to Mélisande apropos the search for the ring, or the scene with Yniold before the tower. Still, there is no tenderness, none of the sense of Golaud's reaching out for another person; for me, this is only a partial fulfillment of the character—if we could just combine the complementary qualities of London and Souzay! Guus Hoekman, also a Dutch singer, is another understanding artist, and he makes a fine sound when not called upon to venture above C sharp or D; unfortunately, the top is almost nonexistent, and some of Arkel's important moments are compromised. Josephine Veasey is an excellent Geneviève who sometimes forgets how to pronounce the French "u." But a fine voice, and a most interesting inflection, full of apprehension, on *"Qu'en dites-vous?"* as she finishes the letter.

The sound, as I have indicated, leaves little to be desired. My only complaint is an occasional overemphasis, as with the use of echo for the scene in the dungeons. Once in a while, this work's symbolism tends to descend to mere *double-entendre*, with Maeterlinck jabbing us in the ribs to make sure we get it, and echo in the dungeon impresses me similarly—I would rather be dimly aware of it, to suspect it, than to be jolted by it. But most of the time, things are well handled; I particularly like the feeling of apartness and loneliness imparted by the use of good stereo—the characters enter, speak in their vacuums, into the silence, and move away.

The accompanying booklet includes a translation and, happily, some rather interesting notes by the recording director, Michael Bremner, and by Ansermet himself. While we wait for Bergman, we have a superbly listenable substitute.

DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande*

Erna Spoorenberg (s), Mélisande; Rosine Bredy (s), Yniold; Josephine Veasey (ms), Geneviève; Camille Maurane (t), Pelléas; George London (b), Golaud; John Shirley-Quirk (b), A Doctor; Gregore Kubrack (b), A Shepherd; Guus Hoekman (bs), Arkel; Chorus of the Grand Theatre (Geneva); Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• LONDON A 4379. Three LP. $14.94.
• • LONDON OSA 1379. Three SD. $17.94.

Classical

ALBINONI: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, in G; Concerto à Cinque for Strings; Adagio for Organ and Strings, in G minor* (arr. Giazotto) —See Cimarosa-Benjamin: *Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra.*

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 51, Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen; No. 104, Du Hirte Israel, höre*

Ingeborg Reichelt, soprano; Helmut Krebs, tenor; Franz Kelch, bass; Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn; Southwest Radio Orchestra of Baden-Baden, Fritz Werner, cond.
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 559. LP. $2.50.
• • MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 559 S. SD. $2.50.

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 110, Unser Mund sei voll Lachens; No. 8, Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?*

Friederike Sailer, soprano; Claudia Hellmann, contralto; Erich Wenk, bass; Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra, Fritz Werner, cond.
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 561. LP. $2.50.
• • MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 561 S. SD. $2.50.

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 189, Meine Seele rühmt und preist; No. 89, Was soll ich aus dir machen, Ephraim; No. 174, Ich liebe den Höchsten von ganzem Gemüte*

Antonia Fahberg, soprano; Anne Munch, contralto; Helmut Krebs, tenor; Herbert Brauer, bass; Munich Pro Arte Chorus and Chamber Orchestra, Kurt Redel, cond. [from an Erato recording issued here by Westminster, 1958].
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 566. LP. $2.50.

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 4, Christ lag in Todesbanden; No. 34, O ewiges Feuer*

Claudia Hellmann, contralto; Helmut Krebs, tenor; Jakob Stämpfli, bass; Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra, Fritz Werner, cond.
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 568. LP. $2.50.
• • MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 568 S. SD. $2.50.

This posy of cantatas contains two works (Nos. 4 and 51) that are available in several versions and three (89, 104, 174) that were cut out of the catalogue and are herewith restored. There are also two (34, 110) that are not listed in the domestic Schwann but are available on the Cantate label.

No. 51 adds Ingeborg Reichelt to the sopranos who have essayed this difficult solo cantata. She carries it off rather nicely, on the whole, doing her best work in the aria *"Höchster, mache deine Güte."* She is not very steady in the middle section of the first aria, and elsewhere she is careful and accurate but not particularly communicative. The best version of this joyful work is still, it seems to me, the Archive, with Maria Stader. No. 104, for the second Sunday after Easter, is a beautiful idyl. The solo singing here—there are a recitative and aria for tenor and a similar pair for bass—is competent, but the lovely opening chorus is a bit draggy and could flow more. On this disc, as well as on MHS 561, the tutti sound is not as clear as it might be.

The choral first movement of No. 110, a happy work for Christmas Day, is based on the Overture of the orchestral Suite No. 4—a remarkably successful transferal of instrumentally conceived music to voices. Also outstanding here is a tenor aria, with flutes curling around the soloist's curving line. The experienced Helmut Krebs is acceptable here, although the falsetto component in his tone is rather prominent. A fine trumpet aria for bass is quite decently sung by Erich Wenk. No. 8, for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, is noteworthy for a lyric choral movement, with woodwinds and plucked strings, and a cheerful bass aria. Wenk sings the latter with a pleasant tone and rolls off his roulades cleanly.

MHS 566 restores to the catalogue Cantatas 89 and 174, otherwise apparently not at present available. No. 89 has a rather dramatic opening aria for bass, but the performance does not do full justice to that aspect of it. No. 174 is welcome back for several reasons: its orchestral sinfonia is the first movement of the *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 3 with horns and oboes added; and it has an extremely expressive accompanied recitative for tenor, which reminds one of the great Passions, and a fine aria for bass. No. 189, a routine work, is not by Bach. The soloists here are capable, though not particularly outstanding: the chorus has only a chorale at the end of Nos. 89 and 174 and does it only adequately; but the orchestra is good, as is the sound throughout.

No. 4 is one of the great masterpieces. Each time one hears it one marvels anew at the inventiveness of a mind that could spin a work in eight sections lasting a half hour out of a single chorale and do it in such a way that the listener's attention—and emotions—are engaged throughout. Fritz Werner takes the sinfonia quite slowly, stressing its tragic quality. In the first verse, by careful balancing he enables one to follow the phrases of the chorale as it moves from one vocal part to another. In the movements that are sometimes allotted to solo singers he has a few each time, singing in unison. This is an impressive performance, even though it does not, in my opinion, reach the level of Robert Shaw's, on RCA Victor. No. 34, for Whitsuntide, has imposing opening and closing choral movements and a gently swaying alto aria of considerable beauty. Miss Hellmann does the aria rather sweetly, though her diction is unclear. As in the other discs, where chorus and orchestra are both involved the sound lacks clarity.

German and English texts are provided, except in the review copy of MHS 561. N.B.

BACH: *Mass in B minor, S. 232*

Annette de la Bije, soprano; Wilhelmine Matthès, contralto; Toni Brand, tenor; David Hollestelle, bass; Chorus and Orchestra of the Netherlands Bach Association, Anthon van der Horst, cond.
• TELEFUNKEN AWT 9416/18-C. Three LP. $17.94.
• • TELEFUNKEN SAWT 9416/18-B. Three SD. $17.94.

This is a recording of an actual public performance in the Grote Kerk at Naarden, in Holland, but it has none of the coughing, chair pushing, or other noises common when an audience is present. Indeed, it is in some respects better than certain recordings where retakes were possible.

A few of the movements are very fine, a few misfire, most are in between. Among the more imposing choral sections are the opening Kyrie, a little faster than usual but carefully phrased and balanced; the *"Gratias agimus,"* which builds impressively; the marvelous *"Et incarnatus est,"* where each entrance is heard despite the pervading softness; the tragic Crucifixus, and the broad Sanctus. Other choral movements are less satisfactory, because of either a weak tenor section (*"Qui tollis,"* Confiteor), overbearing trumpets (*"Cum sancto spiritu,"* Confiteor), a too bouncy tempo (*"Et resurrexit"*), or insufficient firmness in the sopranos (Gloria). Each of the vocal soloists turns in excellent work as well as some singing that is less than that. Miss Matthès sings the *"Qui sedes"* tenderly, her rich voice steady and expressive and capable of spinning long phrases. In the Agnus Dei, however, all of these qualities cannot prevail against a tempo that seems a little too fast and causes her to skim over the surface of one of the most poignant prayers in music. Miss de la Bije is generally competent. Brand is particularly strong in the Benedictus (here with obbligato flute instead of violin), as is Hollestelle in the *"Et in Spiritum sanctum."*

The flutist plays the first of each pair of sixteenths shorter than the second in the *"Domine Deus"* duet, but otherwise, aside from a tendency towards fast tempos, the interpretation is traditional. Save for the too prominent trumpets (and, in the *"Qui tollis,"* flutes), the sound is faithful to reality. Every recording of the Mass is uneven to some extent. It seems to me that this one is not as rich in musical vitamins as the Shaw (RCA

Victor) and Richter (Archive), among those available stereo editions. N.B.

BEETHOVEN: *Fantasia for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra, in C minor, Op. 80*
†Schubert-Liszt: *Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, in C, Op. 15 ("Wanderer")*

Alfred Brendel, piano; Stuttgart Lehrergesangverein; Stuttgart Philharmonic, Wilfried Böttcher, cond. (in the Beethoven). Alfred Brendel, piano; Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, Michael Gielen, cond. (in the Schubert) [from Vox PL 11610/STPL 511610, 1961].
• Vox PL 14160. LP. $4.98.
• • Vox STPL 514160. SD. $4.98.

We are given here a ruggedly Teutonic reading of the *Choral Fantasy* with massive, sturdy playing by Brendel and somewhat static conducting by Böttcher. The recording is characterized by good detail, capable orchestral playing and vocalism, and an unfortunate amount of end-of-side distortion in the sound of the review copy. A few months ago, this version would have compared favorably with any of the available accounts of the music, but we have recently been given the altogether distinguished Barenboim/Somogyi performance on Westminster.

The Schubert-Liszt is a reissue of a Vox performance which shared disc space with the authentic Schubert *Wanderer* in Brendel's solo version. The sound has less distortion on the present copy, but some of the orchestral work is still rather raw of tone and undernourished. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Septet in E flat, Op. 20*
†Mozart: *Sonata for Bassoon and Cello, in B flat, K. 292*

Members of the Berlin Philharmonic Octet.
• Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18887. LP. $5.98.
• • Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138887. SD. $5.98.

Here are conventional, *gemütlich* performances—with all the merits and liabilities thus implied. On the plus side are firmly rotund ensemble tones, a rugged approach to rhythm and accent, warmth of communication; on the negative side, we have some bloopers from the good old French horn in the trio of the minuet, juicy slides from the cello (for "expression") in the scherzo's trio (which is also taken at a ludicrous half-tempo), and tempos in general that compromise Beethoven's bracing metronome markings. All of these things tend to blunt the daring impetuosity of the youthful Beethoven, while imparting a genial flabbiness to the proceedings. This is the only way most Central Europeans will want to hear the Septet, of course. Of its genre, the rendition is one of high competence, even excellence. The Mozart oddity makes a pleasant filler of no great consequence. It too is well played in a succulent, hefty manner.

As DGG's sound is excellently suave, there is certainly sufficient reason why many people will welcome this disc. I, however, continue to prefer the Toscanini version of the Septet, despite its use of massed strings in place of the four indicated in Beethoven's score: it conveys an invigorating impudence somehow lacking in the otherwise admirable DGG and Oiseau-Lyre (Melos Ensemble) editions. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio for Piano and Strings, No. 7, in B flat, Op. 97 ("Archduke")*

Alma Trio.
• Decca DL 10099. LP. $4.98.
• • Decca DL 710099. SD. $5.98.

This recording is the first by the Alma Trio since Andor Toth replaced the late Maurice Wilk as violinist. The other original members of the group, pianist Adolph Baller and cellist Gabor Rejto, remain. Mr. Toth is a clean, musicianly player with a pure, small tone and little temperament. The broad, sonorous bowing of Mr. Wilk gave much more sweep to the Alma's general style. The dryish studio-type recorded sound on the present disc further thins the ensemble's sonority.

Interpretatively, this version impresses me as being very similar to the o'd, now discontinued *Archduke* by the Albeneri Trio for Mercury. In both instances we hear a conscientious, efficient demonstration of studied teamwork, replete with calculated phraseological "effects" but with little spontaneity or individual insight from the various players. Much too much is made of trivial points (the exaggerated *Luftpausen* in the pianist's statement of the opening theme are typical examples) while vital ones (such as the sudden contrast of *pp* and *ff* at the end of the Scherzo) are virtually neglected. While the playing is far too knowing and professional to dismiss flatly, I must confess to receiving the distinct impression of a job dutifully executed rather than a labor of love. The ideal modern *Archduke* remains a thing in the future; probably the best now available in stereo is that by Oistrakh, Oborin, and Knushevitsky for Angel. (Cortot, Casals, and Thibaud are by far the most *interesting* despite slovenly moments and antiquated 1929 sonics.) H.G.

BERNSTEIN: *Fancy Free; Candide: Overture; On the Town: Three Dance Episodes; Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs*

Benny Goodman, clarinet, Columbia Jazz Combo (in the *Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs*); New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (in the other works).
• Columbia ML 6077. LP. $4.98.
• • Columbia MS 6677. SD. $5.98.

Pure Lennie, this record, and all razzle-dazzle. May I only say, as a possible demurrer, that the *Candide* Overture loses much of its charm when souped up for big orchestra and played in this superheated manner; I much prefer the version on the original cast recording. The *Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs*, written for Woody Herman in 1949 but never performed at that time, is rather tepid pseudo-jazz, of a style that sounds light-years away these days. Otherwise, this is a joyous and bouncy record of some of the most inventive things Mr. Bernstein turned out in his *Wunderkind* years. The brilliance of the performances becomes an actual glare at times, but only the *Candide* excerpt really suffers. A.R.

Glazer: pianist in Bloch's Quintet.

BLOCH: *Quintet for Piano and Strings, in C*

Frank Glazer, piano; Fine Arts Quartet.
• ConcertDisc M 1252. LP. $4.98.
• • ConcertDisc CS 252. SD. $4.98.

This craggy, remote, vibrantly storm-tossed quintet dates from 1923, and comes at the end of a long series of Bloch compositions showing marked Byzantine influence (rather than the Hebraic ones usually associated with the late Swiss-American master's work). For the most part, the piano writing in this score bears striking similarity to the style which Debussy adopted in such compositions as *L'Ile joyeuse*, while the richly astringent string scoring abounds with harmonics and quarter-tones. The Quintet will not win new friends as easily as *Schelomo*, but its intense, brooding passion and masterful structure assure it a prominent place in the Bloch *oeuvre*.

This new version by Frank Glazer and the Fine Arts Quartet fills a glaring void in the catalogue left by the disappearance of the two former LP recordings—by the Chigi Quintet (London) and by Johanna Harris and the Walden Quartet (M-G-M). (There was also an admirable 78-rpm set by Alfredo Casella and the Pro Arte Quartet for HMV.) Glazer and his associates are generally analytical in their approach to this work's immense problems. The opening movement, as they give it, is a shade angular

and sectionalized, with the strings stressing the gritty, sea-water saltiness rather than the sensuousness favored by the Chigi team. Both this first movement and the benign *Andante mistico* are a trifle slower-paced and more incisive here than in the Chigi performance, but (unless memory plays false) more urbane and less tough-skinned than in the Harris/Walden reading.

The forthright proficiency of the interpretation is adroitly conveyed by the well-balanced, clearly focused recorded sound. (But for additional sturdiness, play back at a high level and boost the bass a bit.) H.G.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 3, in F, Op. 90; Variations on a Theme of Haydn, Op. 56a*

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6085. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6685. SD. $5.98.

If George Szell has any conductorial tendency against which to guard himself, it is the tightening up process that often works against the natural flow of a musical line. I myself have heard him achieve great things in rehearsal—and throw them away in concert. But if he loses occasionally, there are plenty of times when he wins. This recording is one of them.

Both scores are achieved in a fashion that can be taken as a model of logic and clarity in musical statements. There is a sure and consistent balance between emotion and the necessary degree of aesthetic reserve. Finally, the entire re-creation of the content is in terms of the most refined orchestral effects. This is particularly true of the two middle movements of the Symphony, where there is a warmth and intimacy that yet avoids all sentimentality. Szell makes real chamber music of these pages, and it is exactly the fresh restorative quality which much played music requires. The two outer movements appear somewhat less flamboyant than usual; and after too often hearing them in an overblown form, I particularly appreciate the conductor's desire to maintain a greater sense of proportion. Szell follows the common European practice and omits the first-movement repeat. The point is controversial, but I feel that the double exposition is highly desirable in this work. R.C.M.

CHARPENTIER: *Epithalamium*
†Delalande: *Concert d'Esculape*
†Lully: *Plaude, laetare Gallia*

Marcelle Croicier, soprano; Agnès Disney, soprano; Gladys Félix, soprano; Marguerite Paquet, contralto; Michel Lecocq, tenor; André Vessières, baritone; Roger Blanchard Vocal Ensemble; Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Roger Blanchard, cond.
• NONESUCH H 1039. LP. $2.50.
• • NONESUCH H 71039. SD. $2.50.

Ceremonial music played a colorful and important part in court life in seventeenth-century France. Its role was, however, more than merely artistic, for Richelieu and other great figures in the drama of church, state, and regency realized its political power—its incomparable enhancement of great occasions such as coronations, marriages, baptisms, and funerals, and its powerful projection of specially composed texts, honoring, glorifying, and flattering the chosen recipient. This disc offers fine performances of three little-known but fascinating works by French masters of the highest rank.

All three works were composed especially for unique occasions: it was a foregone conclusion that weeks of work on the part of the composer and days of rehearsal on the part of singers and instrumentalists would result in one performance only. It would be tempting to think of occasional music as little more than a hurried and superficial affair, representing poet and composer in a less than usually favorable light. These three splendid examples make it clear that this was not the case at all. Far from looking upon their task as a contribution to musical ephemerides, the composers clearly envisaged the climactic performance as a unique opportunity to display their own genius before a large assembly of appreciative and influential people.

The earliest work of the three is Lully's *Plaude, laetare Gallia*, written for the baptism of the Dauphin in 1668. Imposing choral edifices, relieved by noble and prayerful solos ("*O Jesu vita credentium*" is particularly moving) constitute the main architectural features of this motet, which undoubtedly accompanied the ceremony itself. A "chapel royal" atmosphere could have been better suggested by an organ continuo than by the ubiquitous harpsichord chosen by the otherwise resourceful conductor. Apart from this, the performance and recording are alike impressive.

The *Concert d'Esculape* dates from 1683, when it was offered to Louis XIV as a thanksgiving on his recovery from illness. Attributed to Delalande (who may or may not be the author) this music serves its purpose well, bringing out the lyrical and convalescent touches in the text with inimitable Gallic grace and charm. Vessières is at his peak in the rejoicing rhythms of the verse "*Chantons aujourd' hui*." His companions let him down slightly with their sluggish singing of "*il sait triompher*," which surely deserves a crisper, more Lullian approach.

In his *Epithalamium*, or wedding-cantata for the marriage of the Duke of Bavaria and the daughter of the King of Poland, Charpentier sets an Italian text, since this was one of the favored languages of the Bavarian court. Such was the composer's fame in the late 1690s that commissions from outside France were not unusual, and in fulfilling this one Charpentier gives free rein to his long felt admiration for Italian music. Florid runs festoon significant words like colored streamers at a gay party, and the atmosphere is one of happiness and praise in which the suave sound of violins contrasts wonderfully with the bright tones of trumpets, especially effective in the stereo pressing.

This is a disc well worth getting to know, and if the texts had been properly proofread and translations printed the listener's pleasure would be even further increased. D.S.

CIMAROSA-BENJAMIN: *Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra*
†Marcello, Alessandro: *Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra, in C minor*
†Albinoni: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, in G; Concerto à Cinque for Strings; Adagio for Organ and Strings, in G minor* (arr. Giazotto)

Various soloists: Jean-François Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard, cond.
• MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 552. LP. $2.50.
• • MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 552. SD. $2.50.

In 1942 composer Arthur Benjamin concocted the Cimarosa Oboe Concerto heard here from four separate harpsichord sonatas (one movement each), and in doing so rendered a service of sorts. This ready-mix piece is facile but not commonplace with a Sicilienne in the minor suggestive of Haydn, followed by an *allegro giusto* which emphasizes the *giusto*. The Marcello (apparently on its way to becoming the baroque era's most recorded piece—this is the third

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version within a year) is well played by oboist Pierre Pierlot; the first movement still strikes me as stodgy, but the broad, reflective slow movement compensates for any shortcomings. The Albinoni Concertos are pleasant enough, though noteworthy only in reminding us that a composer who was an exact contemporary of Bach's could be terribly shy of polyphony. (One can't help imagining what the Master would have achieved in the Concerto à Cinque.) The Adagio for Organ and Strings is derived by musicologist Remo Giazotto from an Albinoni score discovered in Dresden. (The origin of the extraordinary nineteenth-century monologue for solo violin, contained midway, is not made clear.) The sound is light-bodied; the presence of a harpsichord continuo we must take on good faith from the jacket label, but it surely rates as one of the most inaudible on records. S.F.

COPLAND: *A Lincoln Portrait; Fanfare for the Common Man*
†Ives: *Three Places in New England*

Adlai Stevenson, narrator (in the Copland); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6084. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6684. SD. $5.98.

The Copland is the headlined side on this album, the Ives is the more important work and the more revealing recording.

Three Places in New England is perhaps the clearest and most accessible example of Ives's stream-of-consciousness method, whereby past and present are fused. The first movement is called "The St. Gaudens in Boston Common: Colonel Shaw and His Colored Regiment," and in it Ives takes off from that nearly life-sized bronze plaque directly opposite the State House in Boston to a strangely somber, quiet, rather disturbing meditation on the Civil War, in which Colonel Shaw and his regiment served. Songs of the Civil War are quoted, but in distorted and distant guise. The whole thing is really a psychological study, inward in mood, with eyes closed. The second movement, "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut," is as extroverted as the other is its opposite. Here, Ives has told us, he is concerned simultaneously with a contemporary Fourth of July celebration and a vision of General Israel Putnam's Revolutionary army on the march. Revolutionary tunes are shouted out, and the music is as vivid and raucous and wild as only Ives can be. The last movement, "The Housatonic at Stockbridge," conjures up the peaceful Berkshire river in one of Ives's most delicate and evocative tonal fabrics.

Ormandy: American music too

You do not know what polytonality is until you have heard these pieces by Ives. Their unbelievably thick and close-woven skein is wonderfully aglow, however, in this recording, which is surely the best the work has ever received. The interpretation also is extremely sympathetic and perceptive. I can recall the day when *Three Places in New England* was considered so far-out and unplayable that only the "Housatonic" was attempted at avant-garde concerts in New York. Now the entire score has no fewer than three listings in Schwann.

Copland's *Lincoln Portrait* is also marvelously well recorded and beautifully played, and Adlai Stevenson's reading of the text is all the finer for the fact that he is not a professional actor. Stevenson has a better idea than most of us of what Lincoln really meant, and it shows in his interpretation. We are not being had here with the gimmicky exploitation of a famous name.

This is, without question, Ormandy's finest record in the field of American music. Unfortunately the jacket liner is filled with nonsense, by one James Goodfriend, about the American vernacular, and does not tell us what we ought to know about these works. A.F.

DEBUSSY: *Images pour orchestre* (complete); *Jeux*

Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, André Cluytens, cond.
• ANGEL 36212. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36212. SD. $5.98.

Although the classification "French Provincial" carries a certain esteem with dealers of antique furniture and interior decorators, none is intended in the application of the term to these performances. Cluytens is here the experienced *routinier*. He goes about his assignment with lusty oblivion to the many subtleties of tempo, balance, and texture required by this popular but difficult music, while his instrumentalists sound as if they were relying upon luck and nationality to get them over the hurdles. "*Le Matin d'un jour de fête*" from *Ibéria*, in particular, coasts along aimlessly, with sluggish attacks and slipshod discipline. The most cursory comparison of this disc with the recent superb one of the *Images* led by the late Pierre Monteux will quickly demonstrate the difference between what is authentically genial and what is merely lackluster.

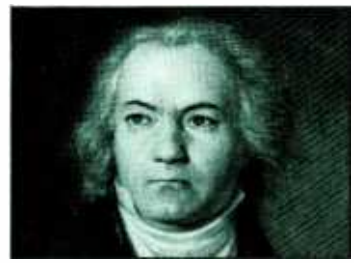
Good sound, if a shade too meaty and resonant for the material. H.G.

"A Meeting of Musical Giants"

...A CRITIC SAID ON HEARING GLENN GOULD'S BEETHOVEN.

The year was 1956, the album Beethoven's last sonatas: No. 30 in E Major, Op. 109, No. 31 in A-Flat Major, Op. 110 and No. 32 in C Minor, Op. 111. The 23-year-old Gould had made his United States debut only a year earlier, and was already being hailed as the most remarkable young pianist of our time.

Today at 32, Gould is regarded as one of the ranking piano virtuosos of the day. As his reputation has grown, so also has his insight matured and deepened.



"ONE HAS THE FEELING THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME ONE UNDERSTANDS BEETHOVEN," remarked another critic after hearing his performance of the Second Concerto.

In his latest Columbia album Gould offers three early Beethoven sonatas—No. 5 in C Minor, No. 6 in F Major and No. 7 in D Major (the complete Opus 10). Written before Beethoven's deafness isolated him from the world, they are almost carefree by comparison with his later works. And Gould captures this quality to perfection.

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DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande*

Erna Spoorenberg, Camille Maurane, George London, et al.; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 72.

DELALANDE: *Concert d'Esculape*—See Charpentier: *Epithalamium.*

DONIZETTI: *Don Pasquale*

Graziella Sciutti (s), Norina; Juan Oncina (t), Ernesto; Angelo Mercuriali (t), A Notary; Tom Krause (b), Malatesta; Fernando Corena (bs), Don Pasquale; Vienna Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.
• LONDON OL 5900. Two LP. $9.96.
• • LONDON OS 25900. Two SD. $11.96.

The main thing about this *Pasquale*, the first in stereo, is that it is a well-conducted, generally acceptable performance which also happens to be complete. This little piece is customarily chopped to ribbons; impresarios look hither and yon for a ballet sequence or whatever to round out the evening but somehow never think of restoring the fifteen minutes' worth (more or less) of the opera that is almost invariably omitted.

The eliminated sections are every bit as usable as the rest of the score; the addition to the ensemble at the end of Act II does quite a bit to fill out that scene musically, and nearly all the other cuts generally made (and there are some in most of the major arias and ensembles) turn out to be perfectly listenable, enjoyable music which, from the standpoint of the score's shape and stature, are much better in than out. The only cuts made in the present recording are two tiny ones in recitative; otherwise, this is a complete *Pasquale*, for which London deserves thanks.

For a conductor, London has come up with Istvan Kertesz, and he turns out to be the man for the job. Execution is crisp and lively, the ensembles well blended and balanced. Kertesz rides easily with his singers (he is actually more permissive than most of the Italian conductors I have heard) but never lets the basic rhythmic structure turn rubbery. There is ample warmth and lilt—it is a *simpatico* reading.

The lovable, pointed Pasquale of Fernando Corena is a familiar portrait to Metropolitan operagoers. For someone who has seen him do the role a number of times, it is difficult to divorce his singing of it from the many funny and touching bits of business with which he invests it. While certainly the voice is a bit ponderous and lacking in sheer beauty for the ideal Pasquale, certainly that fact doesn't matter much, either, in view of the completeness of the characterization. Here he is in rounder, fresher voice than he has usually been of late, and pays more attention to toeing the vocal and musical line than he generally does in the house. A cherishable piece of work.

It is probably exaggerated to say that Graziella Sciutti does everything but sing, but beneath the hyperbole lies a reality. She is a lovely artist, complete mistress of the style, charming, musically expert, a very shrewd vocalist. She is also operating with a tiny, colorless voice, and all her intelligence and personal projection cannot quite make up for genuine freedom and dash in the coloratura, or for some real warmth and authority with which to lead the ensembles. Still, it is probably worth sacrificing these things in the case of a singer who will let nothing go by; the only points that are missed are purely vocal ones.

Juan Oncina seems to have rid himself of the tightness and quaveriness which beset him a few years ago. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of scooping, and a good deal of rather tight tone, without warmth or spin. He negotiates everything (and the tessitura is vicious in some passages), but when one thinks of Valletti's Ernesto. . . . Tom Krause sings with surprising flexibility and a good command of the style. Sometimes his tone is a little mean-sounding, and he often barks in the runs, but the general effect is positive. I feel that he would be better off forgetting a few of the many points he seems to want to make in favor of smoother-lined singing —"*Bella siccome un angelo,*" whatever else one may make of it, must start as a flowing, polished piece of vocalism.

The sound is fine, though I do wish the lovers were not so totally out of earshot for the garden duet, which both Sciutti and Oncina sing charmingly—I think. Surely any opera lover will want a version of this most delightful of operas *buffa*, and this is the only *Pasquale* that is complete, the only one in stereo. The old Cetra performance was idiomatic and had much to recommend it (especially the Ernesto of Valletti), but it is dated sonically and embraces the usual cuts. C.L.O.

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 95 ("From the New World")*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.
• LONDON CM 9228. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6228. SD. $5.98.

Whether you follow the new fashion and call this Symphony the Dvořák Ninth (which it really is) or revert to tradition and identify it as number five, it is the best of the Czech master's scores in the form and a work that responds fully to a notable conductor's ministrations.

The Kertesz performance is wonderfully well recorded. I have never heard a more striking likeness of the Vienna orchestra or a more accurate expression of the brilliance it can achieve. The disc has more than sound to recommend it, however. This is a taut, propulsive, dramatic performance which will appeal most forcefully to those whose model of excellence is the Toscanini-NBC recording. It has the same kind of thrust and the same kind of open, singing lines that combine melody with a sense of high voltage.

If you want excitement in this music as well as exceptional sonics, this would appear to be the preferred edition. R.C.M.

GERHARD: *Alegrias*—See Riegger: *Symphony No. 4.*

HANDEL: *Concertos*

For Harp and Orchestra, in B flat, Op. 4, No. 6; for Oboe and Strings: No. 1, in B flat; No. 2, in B flat; No. 3, in G minor.

Lily Laskine, harp; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; Toulouse Chamber Orchestra, Louis Auriacombe, cond.
• PATHÉ DF 730081. LP. $5.98.
• • PATHÉ DF 740081. SD. $6.98.

The B flat Concerto for Harp, which leads a triple life as an organ concerto and as a concerto for harp and lute, was used by Handel as an interlude to the first act of *Alexander's Feast*—and very pleasant it must have been. It is essentially a solo piece within an orchestral framework. The harp is heard alone on each appearance, and fares very well indeed by itself; Handel (like Mozart) treats it much like a keyboard instrument, and in this style it is quite capable of providing its own bass accompaniment. The only hint of the kind of voluminous arpeggio figuration which the nineteenth century was to sponsor so enthusiastically occurs in the slow movement, where a passage of broken chords supports the melody line. There is, incidentally, some wonderfully delicate scoring (and playing) in this movement.

Among the oboe concertos, both the first B flat and the G minor give the oboe special prominence; the second B flat, which I find the most interesting, treats it as part of the instrumental fabric, where it functions admirably in the bona fide fugue in the second movement. Pierre Pierlot is a good oboist, but his concept of Handel is open to question: he takes a cantabile marking in the score (probably an editor's addition anyway) as an invitation to stretch the rhythm quite out of proportion, and the retards made to accommodate him only prove annoying. The recorded sound is resonant, and though miked at a middle-distance vantage point is fairly clear. Stereo directionality is negligible. S.F.

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HAYDN: *Concertos for Organ: No. 1, in C; No. 2, in C; No. 3, in C*

E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia Chamber Orchestra, Zoltan Rozsnyai, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6082. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6682. SD. $5.98.

In Protestant North Germany the organ was a massive instrument with ranks as great as the thirty-two-foot Pedal Prinzipal of St. Jakobi Church, Hamburg. In Roman Catholic Austria, the instrument served a quite different function. It is not the voice of Bach but that of the Mozart Organ Sonatas—or these Haydn Concertos. (Even the popular Handel organ concertos of Op. 4 and Op. 7 dispense with the pedal; they are not for the Bach organ with its great masses of tone.)

Music of this type can be played on the harpsichord or piano, but only with considerable change in tone color and texture. It belongs on the instrument for which it was intended, and the present release with Mr. Biggs is very much in order. Made in the parish church at Eisenstadt, Austria, it employs an organ of Haydn's day, as restored in 1942, and instrumentalists recruited from the Vienna Symphony. [For a full account of the genesis of this recording, see "The Cheerful Ghost of Eisenstadt," HIGH FIDELITY, January 1965.]

The young Haydn was a clever fellow and a neat craftsman, but he was not the great Joseph of later years. The present Concertos, written in 1756-60, draw heavily on the baroque pact and give few intimations of the future. The Second is the strongest work, partly because it calls for a more robust ensemble with trumpets and drums, a combination which the composer always seemed to use with delight. If you are a Haydn collector, you will certainly want this disc. The performances are simple and sympathetic, allowing the music to speak for itself, and the recorded sound suggests the warm, intimate acoustics of the old church. R.C.M.

HAYDN: *Concerto for Two Guitars and Orchestra, No. 3, in G*
†Schubert-Matiegka. *Quartet for Flute, Guitar, Viola, and Cello, in G*

Duo Pomponio-Zarate, guitars, Lamoureux Chamber Orchestra, Jean-baptiste Mari, cond. (in the Haydn); Werner Tripp, flute, Konrad Ragossnig, guitar, Karl Stierhof, viola, Adalbert Skocic, cello (in the Schubert-Matiegka).
• RCA VICTOR LM 2772. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2772. SD. $5.98.

The Pomponio-Zarate duo makes nice work of Haydn's Concerto—one of the five he wrote for the King of Naples' *lira organizzata* (and one, incidentally, which seems to me to offer much more than No. 2 of the set, played by Presti and Lagoya on Mercury). The second movement saved Haydn the trouble of composing an allegretto for his *Military* Symphony eight years later: he simply expanded the Romance of the present work. The Lamoureux Chamber Orchestra performs its share of things with deference and sympathy.

The quartet by Schubert-Matiegka is, according to the album notes, essentially the work of the latter: it was originally a trio for flute, guitar, and viola, to which Schubert added a cello part (and with a vengeance, one might add). The lesser-known member of this partnership-by-proxy was a Viennese choirmaster—one who, to judge from this piece, possessed a beguiling imagination and a very respectable training in composition. It is easy to see why Schubert was attracted to the work in the first place (some of the modulations might have come from his own pen), and almost any listener today will be engaged by the guitar-turned-philosopher in the first movement and the shared lamentation of flute and cello in the third. The performers sound as if they hadn't quite had time to become thoroughly comfortable with each other, but the suggestion of laboriousness is scarcely a serious handicap. S.F.

HAYDN: *Sinfonia concertante, in B flat, Op. 84*—See Mozart: *Sinfonia concertante, in E flat, K. 297b.*

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 55 ("The Schoolmaster"); No. 85 ("La Reine"); Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra, in D, Op. 37*

Ingrid Haebler, piano, Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Szymon Goldberg, cond. (in the Concerto); Lamoureux Orchestra, Roberto Benzi, cond. (in the Symphonies).
• MERCURY MG 50414. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90414. SD. $5.98.

The best reason for acquiring this collection is a brisk, highly effective performance of the *Schoolmaster* Symphony, otherwise available, in stereo, only in the costly Goberman edition. Actually, even if you have the Goberman, this new edition may be of interest, since interpretatively Roberto Benzi takes a somewhat faster, terser approach to the music, and variety in these matters is always welcome.

La Reine, however, demands rather greater flexibility, and here Benzi's unvaryingly fast, rhythmically intense reading seems mistaken. If you turn to the Ansermet edition you will hear a conductor who knows exactly what to do by way of variation in pace and firm control of the line, and his is a considerably superior performance on that account.

The Concerto is Haydn's most popular keyboard work in the form but it really belongs on the harpsichord. The whole layout of many passages suggests a non-sustaining instrument with a quick attack, while Miss Haebler gives us a grand piano and a good many attacks that could be crisper (even on that instrument) than they actually are. The results are pleasing enough, but they will not satisfy Haydn purists. R.C.M.

IVES: *Three Places in New England*—See Copland: *A Lincoln Portrait; Fanfare for the Common Man.*

LULLY: *Plaude, laetare Gallia*—See Charpentier: *Epithalamium.*

MARCELLO, ALESSANDRO: *Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra, in C minor*—See Cimarosa-Benjamin: *Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra.*

MENOTTI: *The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi*
†Schoenberg: *Gurrelieder: Song of the Wood-Dove*

George London, baritone (in the Menotti); Lili Chookasian, mezzo; New England Conservatory Chorus and Members of the Catholic Memorial and St. Joseph's High Schools Glee Clubs (in the Menotti); Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2785. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2785. SD. $5.98.

The Bishop of Brindisi lies dying; in his agony he hears the voices of the children who have died at his hand (he blessed their crusade to the Holy Land and sent their ship into storm-tossed waters). Given this dramatic situation, perhaps it was natural for Menotti to draw his material from an analogous scene, the hallucination scene in Mussorgsky's *Boris*, but I still wish he hadn't. His new cantata, written for the 1963 Cincinnati May Festival, is one of his more shamelessly derivative works, and herein lies its principal weakness.

Menotti has always functioned on an eclectic level, and he has usually been successful at it. Generally, his own superb theatrical sense has carried the attention beyond the more obvious moments in his scores. In *The Bishop* it does not. The score is a terribly weak and obvious one—and more's the pity, since the strong and imaginative libretto could have lent itself to something better.

Nothing surprises, nothing seizes the attention. The children sing their sweet little folk songs, the Bishop's words are set in a kind of pseudo-archaic faux-bourdon, the attendant Nun comforts him in phrases out of Puccini's *Suor Angelica*. The total effect is of a pastiche, not of Menotti but of those composers who have been his best friends.

George London sings his part beautifully. Lili Chookasian is a disappoint-

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Willi Boskovsky: his Mozart dances.

ment, both here and in the haunting fragment from the *Gurrelieder*. She has a diction problem, in English and in German, and it makes much of her singing so much blur. One can tell that she has a gorgeous voice, but without words it really has no effect.

Leinsdorf and the orchestra are brilliant, and the choruses are exceptionally well trained. May one hope that some of the same forces may someday produce a complete *Gurrelieder*? A.R.

MONTEVERDI: *Madrigali e Concerti*

Questi vaghi concenti; Presso un fiume tranquillo; Amor che deggio far; A Dio, Florida bella; Altri canti d'amor; Hor che'l ciel e la terra; Qui rise, O Tirsi.

Hamburg Monteverdi Choir; Leonhardt Consort, Jürgen Jürgens, cond.
• TELEFUNKEN AWT 9438-A. LP. $5.98.
• • TELEFUNKEN SAWT 9438-A. SD. $5.98.

Although the sound in this Monteverdi disc is good in general, all is not well as regards the internal balance. The director has chosen to perform nearly all the music in such a way as to point up the contrast between solo or duet passages on the one hand, and sections with fuller texture on the other. How right he is will remain a matter for controversy. There is little doubt, however, that in some purely occasional work like *Altri canti d'amor*, with its paean of praise for Ferdinand II, a small chorus might have been used to add pomp to the circumstance. The start is good, but troubles soon loom ahead, since Mr. Jürgens has clearly taken literal note of the Malipiero edition, dynamics and all. The phrase telling of "hard encounters and bold battles" is unaccountably marked *piano* by Malipiero, so what do the singers do? They sing it softly, disregarding the meaning of the text and the emotions it should arouse—both of them matters of extreme and vital importance to Monteverdi, as anyone can discover by reading the preface to the Eighth Book of Madrigals, from which this item is taken.

Also from this Eighth Book is *Hor che'l ciel e la terra*, here lacking the very important second section *Così sol d'una chiara fonte*, which completes the sense of Petrarch's sonnet and the meaningful form of Monteverdi's music.

Qui rise, O Tirsi is in contrast quite well performed, although the shift from solo to chorus seems at times arbitrary and even fussy. It is successful, however, in *Presso un fiume tranquillo* and *A Dio, Florida bella*, where the dialoguing pair of lovers are nicely set off against the commenting and sympathizing chorus.

Amor che deggio far is given a purely solo performance, with excellent singing and lively instrumental participation. In *Questi vaghi concenti*, the choral tone is of fine quality, matched by the group of string players. D.S.

MOZART: *Concertos: for Two Claviers and Orchestra, in E flat, K. 365; for Three Claviers and Orchestra, in F, K. 242*

Pierre Sancan, Jean-Bernard Pommier, Catherine Silie, pianos; Orchestra of the Association of Lamoureux Concerts, Dimitri Chorofas, cond.
• NONESUCH H 1028. LP. $2.50.
• • NONESUCH H 71028. SD. $2.50.

The soloists play tastefully and as one instrument. In the Double Concerto, strangely enough, they do not use Mozart's cadenzas, but otherwise their performance, especially in the delightful finale, is entirely acceptable. The orchestra sounds a little hard and driven in the first movement, and the bass is boomy throughout this side. The Allegro of the Triple Concerto needs a bit more of the lightness and grace with which the soloists play the other two movements. Everything considered, not the finest recordings of these works but good value for the price, nevertheless. N.B.

MOZART: *Dances and Marches*

Vienna Mozart Ensemble, Willi Boskovsky, cond.
• LONDON CM 9412. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6412. SD. $5.98.

This is the first disc in a series planned by London to present all of Mozart's dances and marches—a fine project which I hope will be encouraged by the record-buying public. The dances are among the least known of Mozart's works, perhaps because they have always been slighted by his biographers. It is true that as a class they are peripheral to his output; and if all of them suddenly disappeared, Mozart's standing among the great masters would not be shaken. But in such an event we would lose a quantity of charming and delightful pieces, music which is certainly a lot of fun to hear and play.

These are not idealized dances, like Chopin's waltzes and mazurkas, but pieces meant to be danced to. On the present disc are the *Deutsche Tanze*, K. 509 and 567 and the *Contredanses*, K. 462 and 267. The former are waltzes, summoning up pictures of vivacious and

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brilliant ballrooms. Especially striking are their lovely or playful trios. The country dances too are full of life; there is nothing bucolic about them, by the way: Mozart was not much of a country boy. What is astonishing is the workmanship he lavished on all these little pieces. They are varied and carefully made, with hardly a perfunctory measure in them. The same is true of the two elaborate Marches. K. 215 and 408. No. 1. Boskovsky and his group play zestfully and with good tone and ensemble. His tempos are rather brisk for the Marches and K. 509, which makes for lively listening, though it would be difficult to march or dance to them. Good sound. N.B.

MOZART: *Sinfonia concertante, in E flat, K. 297b*
†Haydn: *Sinfonia concertante, in B flat, Op. 84*

Württembergisches Kammerorchester, Heilbronn, Jörg Faerber, cond.
• Vox PL 14180. LP. $4.98.
• • Vox STPL 514180. SD. $4.98.

Compared with this recording, the majority of rival editions seem superfatted and romanticized. This is no surprise, inasmuch as the music itself invites such treatment. (The Mozart was first recorded in the United States by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra.) Faerber is after a *galant* style, crisp, witty, lyric, but with pulse and meter firmly defined under an evenly flowing legato line. I am convinced that this is the proper style, for it makes the others seem contrived. (The current Ormandy versions, in contrast, are decidedly heavy-handed and carry too many nineteenth-century emotional overtones.)

In some respects Faerber's first-desk players (oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn in the Mozart; oboe, bassoon, violin, and cello in the Haydn) are not always equal to their Philadelphia counterparts, but they're good—better, in fact, if you rate style as important as technique. The compositions (the Mozart is from the composer's early manhood, the Haydn is late, 1791-92) are both best seen as symphonies in which a group of solo instruments are juxtaposed against the larger body of players. It makes for interesting possibilities in writing. Mozart's finale is a wonderful set of variations, and Haydn's first movement shows how crafty he was in dealing with both double reed and string soloists. Since baroque forms are a common affectation of contemporary composers, it's surprising that no one has tried a twentieth-century sinfonia concertante. Maybe this record will give someone the idea. It's good enough to have some kind of lasting effect. R.C.M.

Price Correction: The prices cited for Philips' five-disc recording of Wagner's "Parsifal," reviewed in these pages last month, should have been stated as $25.90 (PHM 5550, mono) and $30.90 (PHS 5950, stereo).

MOZART: *Sonatas for Piano* (complete)

In C, K. 279; in F, K. 280; in B flat, K. 281; in E flat, K. 282; in G, K. 283; in D, K. 284; in C, K. 309; in A minor, K. 310; in D, K. 311; in C, K. 330 (on VBX 428/SVBX 5428). *In A, K. 331; in F, K. 332; in B flat, K. 333; Fantasia, K. 475 and Sonata in C minor, K. 457; in F, K. 533 and 494; in C, K. 545; in B flat, K. 570; in D, K. 576* (on VBX 429/SVBX 5429).

Walter Klien, piano.
• Vox VBX 428/29. Six LP. $9.95 each three-disc set.
• • Vox SVBX 5428/29. Six SD. $9.95 each three-disc set.

Reviewers should, I think, make it a general practice to avoid making puns on artists' names, but the temptation here is too great to resist. Mr. Klien's work on these discs is . . . well, "clean." The word has a threefold appropriateness. For one thing, one senses the diligent preparation that went into this demanding project. The pianist has taken much care to acquire reliable texts, and even when he chooses a first printed edition (as in the slow movement of K. 332) in lieu of the alternative Ms., the musical justification for so doing is strong. (Mozart, as we know, was an improviser of the first rank, and it's very likely that the more elaborate Artaria and Schott printed text offers a version of the music closer to Mozart's own performance than the skeleton represented by his manuscript.) Secondly, Mr. Klien's digital equipment is immaculate. He can seemingly articulate staccato or legato at any tempo he chooses, and he never uses the pedal except for purely expressive reasons. Lastly, his conceptions are emotionally clean. Other pianists have, it is true, plumbed the depths of this sublime music with greater profundity and insight; but as a perfectly clear, lucid, and *honest* documentation of the essentials of this masterful block of the piano literature, the present inexpensive albums can hardly be excelled. Mr. Klien is certainly a more consistent interpreter than either Walter Gieseking or Lili Kraus on their integral editions, if less satisfying than these pianists at their very best.

My reservations are concerned with a certain lack of tonal subtlety in some of the more dramatic sonatas. K. 576, in D, and the Fantasy-Sonata, K. 475-457, in C minor, especially, are rather inflexible and brashly nuanced, although it must be admitted that in both cases the innate power comes through to the listener. Mr. Klien also has a tendency in some of the more benign and lyrical sonatas to adopt a pattern of "expressive" emphasis which strikes me as emphatic, oversweet, and all too typically Viennese. The long appoggiaturas in the opening Allegro moderato of K. 330 and the flowing first subject of K. 333's opening movement are cases in point. K. 282 is also a shade disappointing. The performer shows an inclination to flatten out the all-important dynamic contrasts in the opening Adagio, some phrases

marked legato are mechanically transformed into a clipped staccato, and some of the trills annoyingly begin on the lower note. This way of handling certain trills because they are passing tones is evident in other instances too. Though I disagree, I hasten to point out that Mr. Klien's decision is based upon musical considerations and not, as is commonly the case, on ignorance of Mozartean practices.

Owners of the informed and reliable Kalmus, Broder, and Edwin Fischer texts may think that they have found a wrong note in Mr. Klien's performance of the slow movement of K. 309. In all of those editions, the third note in the right hand at Meas. 56 is given as F natural while Mr. Klien clearly plays D sharp. The discrepancy may be attributed to the G. Henle edition which Mr. Klien apparently is using—and anyone familiar with the superbly incisive editorial work of the Henle line hardly needs to be advised that the divergence is most likely a previously unknown alternative of unquestionable authenticity.

In any case quibbles are superfluous in connection with this major project. It should be pointed out that the K. 282 mentioned above improves greatly in its two latter movements (the opening Adagio is terribly problematical at any rate), that K. 309 and 570 are a joy to hear in such fleet, piquant statements, that the opening of K. 310 is taken at a true *Maestoso* for once and that its appoggiaturas are correctly executed (rarity of rarities!). I also admire the lively but never breathless handling of the K. 332 finale, the audacious energy of K. 279 and 280, and the biting clarity and rollicksome vigor of K. 281. The late K. 570 in B flat and the K. 494-533 composite sonata are further delights in these musical and perfectly formulated statements.

I should mention that the F major Sonata, K. 547 (which has an excellent first movement, a weak theme and variation finale, and a middle rondo that is a rewrite, in slightly altered form, of the finale of the popular but banal "beginner's" Sonata in C, K. 545) is omitted from this otherwise complete anthology. Perhaps at a later date Mr. Klien will have an opportunity of doing this piece, the remaining Fantasias and Rondos, and the sundry other *Klavierstücke*.

The present set of albums increases my already considerable admiration for this fine artist. Happily, he has been given good reproduction. H.G.

MOZART: *Sonata for Two Pianos, in D, K. 448*—See Schumann: *Andante and Variations for Two Pianos, Two Cellos, and French Horn.*

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 5, in B flat, Op. 100*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• LONDON CM 9406. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6406. SD. $5.98.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki, cond.
• ANGEL 36227. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36227. SD. $5.98.

Eight performances of this great work are now available, making it the most-recorded symphonic work of the last twenty years (it even edges out the popular Bartók *Concerto for Orchestra*). This is impressive, but one must wonder if some of the effort mightn't have been better expended in other directions.

Ansermet's reading of the work is somewhat extroverted—one can hear this right at the beginning, in the bright, almost choppy way the conductor phrases the opening theme—and the vigor of the performance and the ruddy lyricism in the third movement are certainly commendable.

Kletzki's performance is sober and intelligent, though the conductor's tendency towards metrical tightness robs the music of some of its flow. This is particularly noticeable in the Scherzo, and in the sublime adagio, which does not communicate. The Leinsdorf/Boston disc (RCA Victor) remains preferable to either of these new versions, and Angel's earlier Thomas Schippers reading is quite fine too. A.R.

RAVEL: *Daphnis et Chloë: Symphonic Suite No. 2*—See Roussel: *Bacchus et Ariane, Op. 43: Symphonic Suite No. 2.*

RIEGGER: *Symphony No. 4*
†Gerhard: *Alegrias*

Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond.
• LOUISVILLE LOU 646. LP. $7.95 (available on special order only, from 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville, Ky. 40203).

The late Wallingford Riegger was a strange composer. He could write both the most rugged of 12-tone pieces and the sweetest of sweet-tune pieces almost at the same time; in fact, he commanded so many different styles that he was forced to use a whole string of pseudonyms for the publication of his work. In the first movement of his Fourth Symphony, composed in 1957, he begins to arrive at a synthesis of these divergent manners. The result sounds rather like late Vaughan Williams, but it has shape and consistency and is a genuine symphonic achievement.

Roberto Gerhard is a Catalan composer who once studied with Schoenberg. His *Alegrias* was written for a ballet on a flamenco theme with highly ironical choreography. The music makes use of the Andalusian rhythms and turns of phrase commonly known as "Spanish," but with a far more "modern" harmonic palette than is customarily deployed in the handling of such material. The result, I regret to report, is not especially successful. The recording of both works is one of the finest in the Louisville series. A.F.

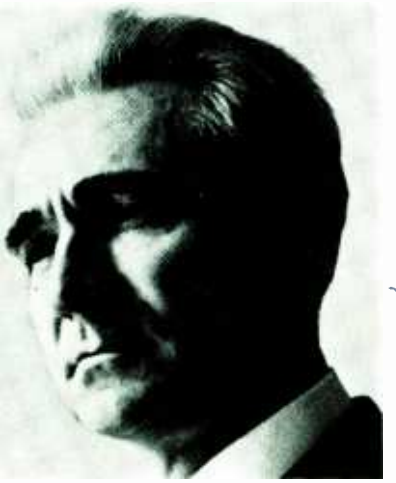
ROUSSEL: *Bacchus et Ariane, Op. 43: Symphonic Suite No. 2*
†Ravel: *Daphnis et Chloë: Symphonic Suite No. 2*

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Jean Martinon, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2806. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2806. SD. $5.98.

In case you have been wondering, as I have, what the Chicago Symphony sounds like under the late Fritz Reiner's successor—here is the highly stimulating answer. The Chicagoans have learned to speak French.

The incomparable merits, musical and technical, of the Reiner discography will of course remain as a paradigm, and the range of Jean Martinon's interests and skills is still to be demonstrated, at least for American record listeners. But in this, his first release at the helm of Reiner's orchestra, there is powerful evidence of the new conductor's sure ability to act as a truly idiomatic resident spokesman for French music in this country. What impresses me most about these readings is the piquancy of the Gallic accents—and of what might be called the musical "gestures"—now displayed by instrumentalists who long have been most fluent in Central European languages.

Furthermore, the engineering reveals some surprising differences between the present Chicago sonic characteristics and those of the same orchestra only a few years ago. It also throws some new light on the Dynagroove technology. Here there is a far more equable ratio between direct and reflected sound pickup, as well as an effective preservation of the sense of airy space around and in front of the stage in Orchestral Hall. Certainly the present recording is more likely than perhaps any earlier one bearing the Dynagroove rubric to please listeners who are averse to any marked solo-instrument or choir "spotlighting," no matter how vivid it may be, and who relish the impression of listening from a seat fairly well back in the hall. I have been informed that in the making of these recordings entirely new microphone placements, and indeed new types and combinations of microphones, were used. I can well believe that, but what I am chiefly conscious of is the over-all pellucidness of the sound, however obtained, and the consequent highly natural warmth, glow, and glitter of the Chicagoans in this dazzling repertoire.



Martinon: his French is idiomatic.

And the purely musical delights are also comparably fresh and delectable. Those of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloë* are familiar enough, but what makes this reading one of the best available interpretations of the Second Suite is Martinon's care in preserving unimpaired the work's lucidity and perfection of proportions. His is one of the relatively few versions I know which not only do not drag the pastoralish Daybreak and Pantomime sections but, more importantly, do not nervously rush the inherently breath-taking Final Dance.

For once, however, the well-nigh irresistible appeal of the Ravel masterpiece is nearly matched—indeed even topped in freshness for most American listeners—by the seemingly illimitable opulence of tunefulness, color, and rhythmic vivacity in the Second Suite from Albert Roussel's 1931 ballet, *Bacchus et Ariane*, a work which Alfred Frankenstein once termed "Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloë* as it might have been written by Richard Strauss." Like many such clever remarks, this one reveals only a very partial truth, for it fails to do justice to the essential individuality and cumulative effectiveness of Roussel's eclecticism. It has always been a puzzlement to me, and to other long-time Roussel admirers, why the music of one of this century's most fastidious craftsmen and sensitive artists isn't more—indeed immensely—popular. Now, hearing *Bacchus et Ariane* for the first time in some years and being astonished anew by its wealth of felicitous inventiveness, I begin to suspect that in this case, at least, Roussel may have missed a mass-public triumph just because he offers his audience *too* much!

Anyway, it's good to have the Chicago Symphony back on records—and good to know that it is still setting sonic standards. Let us hope that this recording is a happy harbinger of things to come. R.D.D.

SAINT-SAENS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 3, in B minor, Op. 61*
†Vieuxtemps: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 5, in A minor, Op. 37*

Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Lamoureux Orchestra, Manuel Rosenthal, cond.
• PHILIPS PHM 500061. LP. $4.98.
• • PHILIPS PHS 900061. SD. $5.98.

Grumiaux has recorded the Saint-Saëns B minor Concerto once before for Philips, on a well-received release (issued do-

mestically by Epic) which also contained the *Havanaise* and *Introduction and Rondo capriccioso*. Since that was a splendidly musical version, it is fitting that M. Grumiaux has been given the chance to do it again for stereo. The result is much the same as before. Indeed, perhaps even better, since Manuel Rosenthal has an even more cultivated sense of orchestral balance and sonority than Jean Fournet on the older disc. Grumiaux, once again, is primarily a lyricist. He shows ample command of the bravura writing in this showy concerto, but does not shoot off the sparks that Milstein does in his recently issued Angel edition. Where the latter was tremendously intense, and continuously startled with tautly incisive pyrotechnics and a knife-edged vibrato, Grumiaux prefers to let the music sing with sweet and serene benignity. In many ways, I prefer his easygoing rendition and suspect that in the long run it will wear better.

A similar comparison is in order for the overside Vieuxtemps Concerto, except that in this case the competition (also Auer-trained) happens to be Jascha Heifetz. Heifetz is the more intense and demonic; Grumiaux, the more lyrical and relaxed. Perhaps in this less melodic Concerto Heifetz's *diablerie* counts for more than Grumiaux's *civilité*, but who can really say? It is a most difficult choice between two very fine recordings.

No stereo copy arrived for review, but the monophonic sound on the Philips disc is warm-toned and excellently balanced. The pungent harmonics of the solo violin at the conclusion of the Saint-Saëns slow movement sound all the more delightful when one can hear the flute unisons doubling them with the distinctness of the present recording. H.G.

SARASATE: *Violin Music*

Spanish Dances (8); Navarra for Two Violins, Op. 33; Caprice basque, Op. 24; Introduction and Tarantella, Op. 43.

Aaron Rosand, violin; Michal Walevski, piano.
• Vox PL 12760. LP. $4.98.
• • Vox STPL 512760. SD. $4.98.

Rosand's volatile, slightly intellectualized performances of this show-off repertoire make the music sound extremely graceful, even whimsical. His easy technique spins out a slender, floating *cantando* and gives passages calling for rapid articulation a sparkling scintillance and genial subtlety. While there is plenty of warmth in his playing, Rosand chooses to underdo the scorching brilliance and audacious Iberian showmanship which other exponents have brought to this literature. In the *Navarra*, incidentally, both violin parts are played by Mr. Rosand, thanks to tape dubbing.

Unfortunately, the small, pure tone which Mr. Rosand produces from his superb Guarnerius del Jesu of 1741 is hampered by the raspy distortion and generally dim sonics. Otherwise, those interested could find much to enjoy here. H.G.

SCHOENBERG: *Gurrelieder: Song of the Wood-Dove*—See Menotti: *The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi.*

SCHUBERT-LISZT: *Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, in C, Op. 15 ("Wanderer")*—See Beethoven: *Fantasia for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra, in C minor, Op. 80.*

SCHUBERT-MATIEGKA: *Quartet for Flute, Guitar, Viola, and Cello, in G*—See Haydn: *Concerto for Two Guitars and Orchestra, No. 3, in G.*

SCHUMANN: *Andante and Variations for Two Pianos, Two Cellos, and French Horn; Etude in the Form of a Canon, Op. 56, No. 4*
†Mozart: *Sonata for Two Pianos, in D, K. 448*

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Malcolm Frager, pianos; Amaryllis Fleming and Terence Weil, cellos, Barry Tuckwell, French horn (in the Schumann).
• LONDON CM 9411. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6411. SD. $5.98.

The Andante and Variations is rarely heard in its original version recorded here: most piano duetists seem reluctant to round up the additional instrumentalists necessary for its presentation and therefore opt for the composer's later revision for two pianos alone (published by Schumann as his Op. 46). 'Tis a pity too, for the short prologue, interlude, additional variations, and generally mellifluous texture of the first form add greatly to the music's charm. Brahms was one of the several musicians of note to think so, and his ministrations in its behalf finally brought about its publication in 1893, many years after Schumann's death.

Vera Appleton and Michael Field recorded this augmented original version once, but their disc has been out of print for many years, and despite the existence of a good edition from DGG of the revised text (by Kurt Bauer and Heidi Bung) this new recording is most welcome. Ashkenazy and Frager make an impressive twosome, the very differences in their playing (the former romantic and nuanced, the latter more stout-toned and emphatic) adding to the communicative effect. They are joined by three leading British instrumentalists who contribute splendidly discreet support to the duo's work, and rise to the fore when called upon to do so. Sonically too, the results are well-nigh perfect: the players are situated in an atmospheric yet intimate acoustic, and the stereo pinpoints their various locations ideally.

The overside Mozart Sonata, while lively enough in presentation, is hardly in the same class. Both Frager and Ashkenazy (the players reverse parts for this composition) seem woefully uninformed on some pretty basic musicological matters. It is rather disconcerting to hear young performers of this magni-

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tude systematically begin all trills on the principal note and transform all appoggiaturas into clipped, musical mosquito bites. Furthermore, their work here, spirited and rhythmic though it is, seems a shade opaque and lacking in volatility. I prefer the recording of this Sonata by Alfred Brendel and Walter Klien (for Vox).

No matter. The lovely (and valuable) Schumann performances are quite sufficient to earn classic status for this release. H.G.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Der Rosenkavalier (excerpts)*

Régine Crespin (s), The Feldmarschallin; Hilde Gueden (s), Sophie; Elisabeth Söderström (s), Octavian; Heinz Holecek (b), Von Faninal; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Silvio Varviso, cond.
• LONDON OL 5905. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25905. SD. $5.98.

While there is much that is pleasantly right about this release, one or two serious qualifications must be taken into account. Régine Crespin's Marschallin is very much the central figure here—there is no Ochs at all, no end of the second act, etc., which means that the disc is not intended as a well-balanced group of highlights but as a showcase for Mme. Crespin, and secondarily for Elisabeth Söderström and Hilde Gueden. We have the opening scene, the close of Act I from the Monologue on, the Presentation, and the finale from the point of Ochs's exit.

I am very much a Crespin admirer, though I think she is in company with other large-voiced singers in being done scant justice by her recordings. But perhaps because the voice is so large, she plays nearly everything at a very low dynamic level. A good half of the music here is really crooned; it is so soft and gentle that the music's movement and profile all but disappear, and we are left with something much too colorless and ill-defined. This was, I thought, the general effect of her Marschallin at the Metropolitan two years ago, and it is more pronounced here. Naturally, it is not poor singing as such—it's very attractive and easy. But it is a long way from being a satisfactory fulfillment of the role.

Söderström is a surprisingly fine Octavian, firm and sensible. Certainly this is a much better role for her than Sophie, which she has sung at the Metropolitan. Gueden cannot handle the high, arching opening lines of the Presentation quite the way she used to, but "*Es ist ein Gruss von Himmel*" is still lovely, the voice's individual bite and focus are still there, and so is her excellent sense of how to sculpt a Straussian line. The final duet is really the best thing on the disc.

Silvio Varviso's leadership is amiable enough, but a firmer, more galvanic hand might have offset the rather "down" effect of Crespin's singing. Two quibbles. It is awful to dive into the Presentation right at the climactic moment of Octavian's arrival, and then to leave off just as the parlor conversation is to begin. Possibly this last can't be avoided, but with a Faninal and some male choristers already on hand (for the lackeys' lines at the close of Act I), why couldn't a Marianne have been hired for the opening of Act II? The other complaint has to do with sonics. The perspective suddenly shifts when everyone gets into the final trio, with Miss Gueden somehow off in a separate control room, or whatever. Blend, not separation, is the desired quality in the trio. Otherwise, the sound is excellent. The orchestra plays beautifully. C.L.O.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Der Rosenkavalier: Suite; Salomes Tanz; Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche, Op. 28*

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6087. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6687. SD. $5.98.

Of the innumerable *Rosenkavalier* Suites, one is the unquestioned work of the composer—the First Waltz Sequence of 1944, which Strauss prepared to replace the older concert versions of the music with their "clumsy transitions." This 1944 score is drawn from the opening two acts of the opera. Also generally taken as Strauss's work is the so-called Second Waltz Sequence, based on music from Act III and originally issued in 1934; it was at first intended to stand alone, and then (presumably) seen as part of a more comprehensive suite. These Two Waltz Sequences were recorded by Clemens Krauss and released by Amadeo on a disc reviewed in these pages last January. I know of no stereo edition. This is the only *Rosenkavalier* Suite with the clear and distinct traces of the composer's own imagination in evidence.

The music Ormandy presents here is described in the notes as "arranged from the complete operatic score by the composer himself shortly before his death in 1949." It is, in fact, the newly arranged *Rosenkavalier* Suite which appeared in England in 1945. There is nothing on the title page of the score to indicate whether the arrangement is by Strauss or another hand. As a key to its origins, the following line of inquiry might be useful. On October 5, 1944, Artur Rodzinski opened the New York Philharmonic season with a new suite of excerpts from *Rosenkavalier*. I heard it on the air at that time and in concert on July 3, 1945, when Rodzinski played it in the Ravinia series of the Chicago Symphony. On April 27, 1955, he recorded it in London (the results can be heard on Westminster 18680). At that time Rodzinski described the Suite as his own, and added that the final waltz section and the big coda (it is a true M-G-M ending, worthy of a full-blown screen epic) were prepared in 1944 with the help of his sometime assistant conductor, Leonard Bernstein.

To judge from the records, the text of the Columbia version is striking in its similarity to that on the Westmin-

ster. if not precisely identical. The Ormandy record. for instance, contains an extract from the Prelude to Act III which the Rodzinski does not, and there appear to be some changes in orchestration (although they may be only vagaries of recording technique). Norman Del Mar, in his study of Strauss. says it "remains a mystery" who made the 1945 arrangement. (It certainly would have been unexpected if. in the final years of his life, Strauss were to have two *Rosenkavalier* Suites in a row. with the second inferior to the first.) For the sake of musical scholarship, the matter should be clarified beyond the present state of conjecture.

In nearly thirty years in Philadelphia Ormandy has trained an orchestra to give him precisely what he seeks in ensemble quality, and he, rightly. protests that "the Philadelphia sound" is really "the Ormandy sound," since the orchestra can, and does, take on a different character when directed by other conductors. Throughout this period, Ormandy has been highly regarded as a Strauss conductor, so let us call this disc a collection of "the Ormandy Strauss." It is all of one piece. the fat, gorgeous orchestral tone being perfectly complemented by the sleek and resonant sonorities of Columbia's reproduction. The stereo is vividly three-dimensional with the music swirling all around you. In the *Rosenkavalier* Suite and the casual voluptuousness of the *Salome* dance. it is all quite ravishing to the ear. If you enjoy being ravished in this way. go to it—it's done with a flair.

Till is another matter, for here there is more musical substance and it requires a tighter, more dramatic performance than Ormandy gives us. Thus. though I admire the sheer sonic impact of this edition. the interpretative success remains that of Klemperer on Angel or Leinsdorf in a presently deleted Capitol edition.

R.C.M.

STRAVINSKY: *Duo concertant; Pulcinella: Suite italienne; Le Baiser de la fée: Divertimento*

Hyman Bress, violin; Charles Reiner, piano.
• FOLKWAYS FM 3356. LP. $4.98.

The main thing here is the *Duo concertant*, Stravinsky's only contribution to the literature of the violin sonata. It is a great and noble work. realizing the lyricism of the violin superbly within an austerely disciplined framework. Hyman Bress plays it in a big, somewhat romantic manner, with a fine, sweet, Russian-style tone and a great range of nuance, all of which is beautifully caught in a recording of exceptional finesse.

Bress and Reiner also present the *Suite italienne* from *Pulcinella*, Stravinsky's ballet based on music by Pergolesi, and the Divertimento from *The Fairy's Kiss* as arranged by Samuel Dushkin. The former work is played in a straightforward, not very penetrating style; the latter is one of Stravinsky's few failures, and playing it on the violin doesn't help it any.

A.F.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Op. 74 ("Pathétique")*

New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6089. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6689. SD. $5.98.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond.
• LONDON CM 9409. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6409. SD. $5.98.

Maazel's reading is in the tautly objective. ultracontrolled tradition of Toscanini. He is much more successful in obtaining his goals with the Vienna Philharmonic than he was in the Tchaikovsky Fifth issued a few months back. Here, the strings sound fuller and altogether more agreeable. while the rhythmic precision and over-all discipline are admirable. Some of the brass playing still sounds a bit on the raw, out-of-tune side. however. and there are one or two places (in the latter portions of the first movement and march, particularly) where Maazel even surpasses Toscanini in keeping the emotionalism under severe check: one could wish for a less antiseptic approach. London's sonics are first-rate.

Bernstein's account (his second for LP) could be termed "eclectic." Generally. his approach is lusty and forceful, not didactic enough to be called businesslike

nor sufficiently sentimental or individualistic to warrant its being cited as eccentric. Some of the more dramatic pages are tough-skinned and frenetic, others are soupy and "milked" for effect. I found that the curious tempo relationships in the development section of the first movement seemed to give Bernstein some trouble. One wonders if he really wanted the music to go like this, or if the end result was merely due to chance. The New York Philharmonic displays its customary efficiency and also a certain amount of raucous tone and shaky ensemble. Columbia's sound is bright and slightly on the dry side—very good of its kind.

Maazel's edition obviously moves into the upper echelon along with those by Reiner (RCA Victor), Toscanini (RCA Victor), Monteux (Victrola), Giulini (English Columbia—when *will* Angel issue it domestically?), Talich (Parliament), and Barbirolli (Vanguard "Everyman"). Bernstein's, though an improvement over his Tchaikovsky Fourth and Fifth, is too undistinguished and heavy-handed in execution to figure in this extremely stiff competition. H.G.

TELEMANN: *Music for Flute and Harpsichord*

Sonatas for Flute and Harpsichord: in F minor; in B minor. Trio Sonata for Flute, Harpsichord, and Continuo, in B flat. Concerto for Flute and Harpsichord, No. 1, in D.

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord.
• NONESUCH H 1038. LP. $2.50.
• • NONESUCH H 71038. SD. $2.50.

The teamwork of Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix produces some of the most civilized and delightful sounds to be found anywhere in music today, and they apply themselves to the charming works here with high style and culture. Some of the arranging may not be particularly authentic (there is some fancy double talk on the record jacket to justify leaving out the cello continuo in the Trio Sonata), but it all sounds good, which is the main thing.

Telemann was one of the most inventive composers of his time, and there really cannot be too much of his enormous output on records. The high point of this collection is the Concerto, with its solemn slow movement and its bubbling finale that seems in spots to anticipate Rossini's *Barbiere*. A.R.

VERDI: *Operatic Arias*

Aida: Celeste Aida. Ballo in maschera: Ma se m'è forza perderti. I Lombardi: La mia letizia infondere. I due Foscari: Non maledirmi, o prode. Simon Boccanegra: Sento avvampar nell'anima. Il Trovatore: Ah si, ben mio. Luisa Miller: Quando le sere al placido. Rigoletto: Parmi veder le lagrime. I Vespri siciliani: Giorno di pianto. La Forza del destino: La vita è un inferno; O tu che in seno agli angeli.

Richard Tucker, tenor; Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Nello Santi, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6068. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6668. SD. $5.98.

While many of the early Verdi operas remain unrecorded—or available only in outdated versions—some of our major artists have at least begun to turn to arias and scenes from these works for inclusion on recital discs. Recently, the Mmes. Callas, Sutherland, Tebaldi, and Stella have recorded some genuinely out-of-the-way Verdi; Boris Christoff has given us the big bass *scena* from *Attila*; and now Richard Tucker devotes half a recital to some of the seldom-heard tenor items.

The really fascinating piece here is the *Due Foscari* aria, a fine melody with a startling string prelude and a brilliantly inventive accompaniment—how many surprises of this sort there are in the early Verdi works! "*Quando le sere*" is slightly more familiar, but still hardly standard, and a lovely, flowing piece. The aria from *Vespri siciliani* is burdened by an uninteresting recitative, but the aria itself is strong, and hardly ever recorded—Roswaenge's excellent version, in German, is the only other one I know. The *Lombardi* selection is on a lower, more conventional plane, but still pleasant to hear; and even the *Boccanegra* aria, though it is from a "standard" work, is seldom done out of context.

The real pleasure is to listen to all these pieces in the hands of a major singer—the tenors of the old Cetra series and of the Italian broadcast tapes are seldom even passable. One can always make reservations: some of the high tones are too hard-pressed, some of the more lyrical lines are not exactly caressed, as in "*Parmi veder*"; and once in a while things are disfigured by excessive sobbing, as in "*O tu che in seno*." But the voice is juicy and ringing, the basic sense of style very secure. The rightness of the tenor's technique is attested to by the fact that, at an age when most tenors (and their audiences) are casting longing looks at some *casa di riposa*, Tucker is singing firmly, youthfully, often excitingly. Sometimes of late his vocalism has seemed rather huffy and short-breathed, with too little honest line; but here he sings smoothly and cleanly, with few disturbing breaks in the legato. He does full justice to this interesting program, and is backed by exceptionally good accompaniment. The sound is fine, though Tucker is too distant for my taste, and there is a peculiar shift of focus early in the *Due Foscari* piece. C.L.O.

VIEUXTEMPS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 5, in A minor, Op. 37*—See Saint-Saëns: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 3, in B minor, Op. 61.*

VIVALDI: *Concertos*

For Harpsichord and Strings ("Assumption"); for Guitar and Plucked Instruments, Op. 7, No. 11; for Piccolo, Harp, Horn, and Strings, Op. 7, No. 2; for Harp, Flutes, and Strings ("Saint Anthony of Padua"); for Violin and Strings, Op. 8, No. 5 ("Tempest at Sea").

Various soloists; Ensemble, Antoine Duhamel, cond.
• MERCURY MG 50401. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90401. SD. $5.98.

Apparently working on the assumption that Vivaldi's music lacks variety as it stands, an unidentified transcriber has rescored four of these five concertos (all originally for solo violin and strings) for the assortment of instruments listed above. Three of the revisions come off very well, particularly the one for harp and the one for guitar (supported by four guitars, two mandolins, and bass—and calling forth some nice musical needlepoint between mandolins left and right). The piccolo and its comrades fare less well, displaying not much more in common than any random group of individuals who might chance to meet at some public place. The original version of *Tempest at Sea* is so good as to make one wonder whether, after all, Vivaldi can be improved upon (even Bach failed, I think, to win the case conclusively); the incisive and absolutely sure navigation of the storm by solo violinist Michel Levan contributes much to this work's effect. All the instrumentalists are of high caliber, and the performances in general are vigorous and sensitive. S.F.

WAGNER: *Der fliegende Holländer* (excerpts)

Evelyn Lear (s), Senta; Christa Emde (ms), Mary; James King (t), Erik; Johannes Elteste (t), Steersman; Thomas Stewart (b), The Dutchman; Kim Borg (bs), Daland; Chorus of the Deutsches Oper (Berlin); Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, Hans Löwlein, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPEM 19425. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPEM 136425. SD. $5.98.

This recording arouses special curiosity because of the presence of three young American singers in the leading roles: the husband/wife team of Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart, and the tenor James King. Unfortunately, the news is mostly of a disappointing sort, the more so since the highlights are intelligently chosen and in a better performance would make an attractive selection.

King's work is the most interesting here. He has a tenor of considerable heft and metal, decidedly promising. At the moment, his technique is not a very polished one, embracing some driving and squeezing; and his approach to the text is unimaginative. But the voice's sound is healthy and authentic, and this alone makes him an improvement on most recent Eriks. Stewart sounds impressive in the closing pages, where he is quite close to the mike. Earlier, in the Monologue and the "*Wie aus der Ferne*" duet, he sounds muddy and shaky, with traditional interpretative ideas. The "*Dich frage ich*" section of the Monologue is uncomfortably close to an outright imitation of Hotter's. Lear, who has sounded so delightful on disc and tape in lighter roles, darkens her voice to a precarious weight, sounds hollow and effortful, and in general demonstrates that Senta is the last thing she should be essaying, at least at the present time. The intelligent Kim Borg seems to have fallen on evil days; he renders Daland's aria in a leathery, constricted tone. The Steersman, Johannes Elteste, reveals a most pleasant lyric tenor; regrettably, he has only a few unimportant lines to sing here.

Hans Löwlein's leadership is alternately exciting and puzzling—the overture is rather eccentric but full of life, but surely the Monologue is too plodding. His orchestra plays only moderately well. Berlin's male chorus is tolerably good, but the women at the opening of Act II are not. In addition to the excerpts already mentioned, the disc includes Senta's Ballad (two verses only); the Senta/Erik scene from Act II; the Sailors' Chorus from Act II; and a large hunk of the finale. If one wants a highlights version, I would recommend Angel's grouping from the complete recording under Konwitschny. C.L.O.

Recitals & Miscellany

THE BIRD FANCYER'S DELIGHT

Richard Schulze, recorders; Theodora Schulze, recorders, oboe, tabor drum; Dorothy Walters, virginals.
• Vox PL 12750. LP. $4.98.
• • Vox STPL 512750. SD. $4.98.

The Bird Fancyer's Delight, published in 1717, was a kind of do-it-yourself course in training your bird to sing. You played this collection of simple tunes on the flageolet or recorder until the caged creature—your "captive audience"—learned them and repeated them. They are presented here in a slightly rearranged form, but the various changes of instrument cannot conceal the fact that, musically speaking, this is pretty thin fare. D.S.

CAPELLA ANTIQUA OF MUNICH: *Venetian Polychoral Music*

G. Gabrieli: *Sonata XV à 12; Canzon VI à 7; O domine Jesu Christe; Jubilate Deo; Magnificat primi toni: Nunc dimittis.* Giovanelli: *Salve regina.* G. B. Grillo: *Canzona II à 8.* Gussago: *Sonata, La Leona.* G. D. Rognoni Taeggio: *Sonata, La Porta.*

Capella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland, cond.
• TELEFUNKEN AWT 9456-A. LP. $5.98.
• • TELEFUNKEN SAWT 9456-A. SD. $5.98.

The word "polychoral" translated from the German term *"Mehrchörigkeit"* here refers as much to the instrumental as to the vocal items, a generous selection from Giovanni Gabrieli's 1597 and 1615 publications, and various lesser-known composers of the time. Although the performers are mostly amateurs who can play old instruments as well as sing (though not simultaneously), their efforts in the sonatas and *canzone* are musicianly and listenable, and—considering the difficulty of playing these ancient horns—the intonation is not at all bad. That of the singers, however, leaves much to be desired, though the main drawback with this group is their inflexibility.

The four women and nine men heard here cannot possibly suggest the splendor of Gabrieli's resources at St. Mark's, and this is not only due to lack of boys or falsettists. It is a matter of the proper disposition of numbers, and the ability of the director to cast his music as a producer casts a play. Several of the choral items, notably the beautiful *Salve regina* of Ruggiero Giovanelli and the *O domine Jesu Christe* of Gabrieli would sound much more effective if the conception of "choir" had been less immaculate. When one group is composed of voices, and the other of one vocal line plus a number of instruments, it must be pretty clear that the composer wanted to contrast one soloist (accompanied by instruments) and a choral group that may or may not be doubled instrumentally. This solo/chorus antiphony has a venerable history, and its importance in the baroque era cannot lightly be dismissed. D.S.

ROBERT CONANT: *"Yale Collection of Musical Instruments, Vol. 1"*

Robert Conant, harpsichord.
• or • • YALE COLLECTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS YCMI 1. LP or SD. $4.98.

The custodians of the fine collection of instruments at Yale begin with this disc to demonstrate some of their treasures. Two harpsichords are recorded here: one made by Pascal Taskin in Paris in 1770, and one made by Johann Hass in Hamburg at perhaps about the same time. In a program of Froberger, Bach, and Louis and François Couperin, Mr. Conant, curator of the Collection, reveals some of the qualities of the instruments. The German one has a hearty, meaty tone; the French one seems wirier and has splendid, rich basses. To help in the comparison, Mr. Conant plays Froberger's Toccata XVI on both harpsichords. A high spot of the disc, to me, is the beautiful *Tombeau de Monsieur de Blancrocher* by Louis Couperin. The playing is clearly structured and intelligent, a little short on poetry but never merely mechanical. Excellent sound. N.B.

ROGER COTTE: *French Dances of the Renaissance and Other Works*

Ancient Instrument Ensemble of Paris, Roger Cotte, cond.
• NONESUCH H 1036. LP. $2.50.
• • NONESUCH H 71036. SD. $2.50.

Three-score tidbits of "auncyente mynstrellsye," freely scored and musically realized, seems good value indeed in the lower-price bracket, and in fact there is much in this variegated concert to enjoy and explore. I have never heard of M. Roger Cotte's ensemble, but I would guess it to be a group of young performers, for they play with zest and élan on an impressive array of instruments. These are not, and cannot have been expected to be, great performances: the lute and the viola d'amore are difficult instruments to play and to record, demanding virtuoso players and engineers.

Yves Tessier, who sings a pleasant line in Arbeau's *Belle qui tient ma vie*, could surely have been used more often,

if only in the interest of giving variety to the otherwise almost exclusively instrumental repertoire. The wealth of continuo song might well have been explored and exploited to this end, and nobody would regret losing a few gavottes and branles in the process. After all, the main point of these catch-all concerts is to offer an interesting and varied program so contrived that the ear of the listener doesn't suffer from too much of one type of music.

The dance music on Side 1, taken from five publications of Attaingnant, includes several compositions by Claude Gervaise, whose dances are sometimes stylized to the point of being almost intellectually contrapuntal. Arbeau's dances, on the other hand, are mainly monophonic. They are presented here with imaginative use of percussion and, in the case of the *Moresca*, as a processional dance (which it wasn't). But the stereo disc lets you hear the players arrive, pass across, and fade away on the "here-they-come, there-they-go" principle. Very nice. D.S.

PHYLLIS CURTIN: *"Cantigas y Canciones of Latin America"*

Villa Lobos: *Five Chansons Typiques Brésiliennes; Poema Amerindio.* Tavares: *Coco de minha terra; Dansa de Caboclo; Benedicto pretinho.* Ovalle: *Chariô; Berimbau.* Fernandez: *Samaritana de floresta.* Perceval: *Triste me voy a los campos. Sciammarella: Cantigas de amigo.* Galindo: *Jicarita; Paloma blanca.* Ginastera: *Zamba; Canción al árbol del olvido.* Caturla: *Juego santo; Bito Manué.*

Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Ryan Edwards, piano.

• VANGUARD VRS 1125. LP. $4.98.
• • VANGUARD VSD 71125. SD. $5.95.

Phyllis Curtin remains one of the most imaginative of singers, and this quality extends also to her choice of program material. Here she has put together a most attractive and unhackneyed recital of colorful songs by some of Latin America's most interesting composers. Most of the music is very close to its folk origins, and as such it represents a period somewhat before the currently emerging sophistication on the part of Ginastera and others.

The performances are vivid. Miss Curtin has the voice to encompass the wild abandon that sometimes surfaces in these songs, and she has the agility to make of the Tavares *Dansa de Caboclo* a whirring orgy of clicks and squeals. As befits a singer with a long career of distinguished service to new music, her sense of rhythm is a joy in itself.

Unfortunately, Ryan Edwards' partnership, by comparison with Miss Curtin's energy, is somewhat undernourished. A.R.

MARIO DEL MONACO: *Operatic Recital*

Leoncavallo: *La Bohème: Testa adorata.* Cilea: *L'Arlesiana: E la solita storia.* Mascagni: *Isabeau: Ah ha! Tu ch'odi lo mio grido; O popolo di vili.* Zandonai: *Francesca da Rimini: Inghirlandata di violette.* Puccini: *Gianni Schicchi: Firenze è come un albero fiorito.* Wagner: *Die Walküre: Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater; Winterstürme; Siegmund heiss' ich; Lohengrin: In fernem Land.*

Lucilla Cipriano, soprano; Mario del Monaco, tenor; Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Carlo Franci, cond.

• LONDON OL 5894. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25894. SD. $5.98.

Many opera fans must be awaiting this disc with some curiosity. Mario del Monaco's voice has not sounded its old self on his most recent opera recordings, and this recital represents his first recorded effort after recuperation from injuries sustained in an accident. Additional interest is aroused by this very Italian tenor's excursion into the Wagnerian repertory, and by some out-of-the-way verismo selections on the Italian side of the disc.

Beyond this, Del Monaco must be listened to with respect. He was, after all, the world's foremost *tenore di forza* of the 1950s. He was never able to channel his ringing, bronzed tenor into a genuine legato flow, but in his best roles (Otello, Canio, Chénier) the magnetism of the voice and the undeniable intensity and

sincerity of his interpretations made him an exciting, moving artist.

But . . . there simply isn't much that can be said in favor of the singing on this record. As tenors go, Del Monaco is not a young man; in addition, his singing method has undergone something of a change in recent years. The vowel formation has become very open, and much of the tone nasalized, presumably in an effort to keep it light and high in position. But the results are ugly and chaotic, with a blatant, harsh sound simply driven from one note to the next by main force or will power. There is no line, no control. Once in a while, as at the conclusion of the *"Testa adorata,"* some of the voice's former consistency is in evidence, and from time to time a high note emerges with some of the old metal. But by and large, this singing only makes one remember with nostalgia the Del Monaco of ten years ago.

The Wagner is all mistaken, despite the obvious genuineness of the intentions. No place in the entire repertoire shows a lack of legato more cruelly than the opening of *"In fernem Land,"* and the *Walküre* excerpts cannot sustain this sort of smearing. As for his stylistic and linguistic achievements vis-à-vis Wagner, one can only respect the effort, not the result. On the Italian side we get a laudable amount of relatively esoteric material, little of which is of much interest. The *Isabeau* selections, recorded to some effect by Gigli, are really uninteresting as music; ditto the *Francesca da Rimini* excerpt, which I do not remember hearing separately before. *"Testa adorata"* is a likable, not very distinctive aria, and one of the better-sung pieces here. For the Cilea, the tenor makes a brave try at lightening and sweetening the tone, but this sort of vocalism is not his to give. The *Schicchi* aria also emerges in weird condition, mitigated only by a final, thrilling B flat.

Miss Cipriano, who has a few lines in the *"Siegmund heiss' ich"* and in the *Francesca* excerpt, is woefully tremolo-ridden, and to top things off the accompaniments are sodden and muddy. This is another of London's Recorded in the Grotto specials; it sounds better on the mono setting (and, for all I know, the mono pressing may sound better still). C.L.O.

NICOLAI GHIAUROV: *Operatic Recital*

Glinka: *A Life for the Tsar: They Guess the Truth.* Rubinstein: *The Demon: The Demon's Aria.* Tchaikovsky: *Iolanthe: René's Aria.* Borodin: *Prince Igor: Konchak's Aria: Galitsky's Aria.* Gounod: *Faust: Le veau d'or; Vous qui faites l'endormie.* Massenet: *Manon: Epouse quelque brave fille.* Meyerbeer: *Les Huguenots: Piff, paff!* Bizet: *La jolie fille de Perth: Quand la flamme de l'amour. Carmen: Votre toast.*

Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Edward Downes, cond.
• LONDON OL 5911. L.P. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25911. SD. $5.98.

Nicolai Ghiaurov's second solo recital disc is an old-fashioned collection of Russian/French display pieces, calculated to show the capabilities of a great voice and temperament.

About the voice there is no question. If it is not the most beautiful, steady, impressive *basso cantante* of the past fifteen years, then I've missed somebody pretty good. The entire record is justified by the grand sweep of the ascending line to F flat in the beautiful *Iolanthe* aria, the unctuous ease of the *Faust* Serenade, or the rolling, full "tra-la-las" of the *Jolie fille de Perth* aria. In fact, there is not a single piece on the disc that is not rendered its full vocal and musical due.

At the moment, there is a certain sameness, almost a blandness, about the singer's interpretations. The Susanin aria has surely been more profoundly and movingly sung—by Boris Christoff and Mark Reizen, to name just two more or less contemporary artists—and Konchak's faintly silly aria could use more theatricality, more larger-than-life flair. But Ghiaurov is only at the beginning of what should be a long and distinguished career, and it is enough that he sings everything here with power and beauty. On the French side, he shows considerable empathy for the French romantic style, though his rapport with

the language itself is, at the moment, tenuous. The Mephistopheles sounds like a big, bad devil of the old-fashioned un-French sort—a good deal of fun. The accompaniments are fine, and the sound too, though again there seems to me an excess of distance and echo.

C.L.O.

ERICA MORINI: *"Italian Baroque Violin Recital"*

Erica Morini, violin; Leon Pommers, piano.
• DECCA DL 10102. LP. $4.98.
• • DECCA DL 710102. SD. $5.98.

A cerulean clarity of trills and ornaments, combined with an innocently sensuous cantilena, makes a recital of this kind doubly welcome—for the pleasure it offers and the repertorie it reveals. Vivaldi, whose sonatas have been unreasonably swamped by his concertos, emerges here as a worthy successor of Corelli, even though the music has been tarted up by an unmentioned arranger. Tartini wrote devilish trills in other sonatas besides that most anecdotal of all baroque violin works, and in the second movement of his G minor Sonata Erica Morini proves her technique more than equal to the demands made upon it. The Nardini is also well played, and provides a splendid new addition for the avid collector's cabinet; though he should realize that this work is thoroughly rococo in its urbane elegance and its sophisticated melodic idiom. Too bad that Decca couldn't provide a harpsichord.

D.S.

MUSIC FOR HORN, TUBA, AND PIANO

Wilder: *Sonata for Horn, Tuba, and Piano.* Persichetti: *Serenade for Tuba Solo, No. 12.* Poulenc: *Elégie for Horn and Piano.* Scriabin: *Romance for Horn and Piano.*

John Barrows, horn; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Bernie Leighton, piano; Tait Sanford, piano.
• GOLDEN CREST RE 7018. LP. $4.98.

Barrows is a marvelous horn player and Phillips is equally expert on the tuba. Both have rich and beautiful tone, are masterly in their phrasing, and are everything that fine musicians ought to be, but the music they have recorded here is almost uniformly dreary, colorless, and shapeless. Only the Poulenc possesses any real musical quality; it is one of those dreamy, floating, long-lined slow movements which are very characteristic of his style. There is also some novelty interest in Persichetti's six-movement serenade for unaccompanied tuba, especially when it is so superbly played. On the whole, however, the fascinating possibilities of the instruments employed are sicklied over with the pale cast of academic conformity. The recording is quite good.

A.F.

JAN PEERCE: *"Concert at Carnegie Hall"*

Torelli: *Tu lo sai.* Alessandro Scarlatti: *Che vuol' innamorarsi.* Legrenzi: *Che fiero costume.* Handel: *Calpurnia: No, O dio!* Schubert: *Ungeduld; Der Doppelgänger.* Brahms: *Die Mainacht; O liebliche Wangen.* Turina: *Poema en forma de canciones.* Bloch: *Psalm 137.* Rachmaninoff: *The Drooping Corn.* Quilter: *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.* Puccini: *Tosca: E lucevan le stelle.*

Jan Peerce, tenor; Allen Rogers, piano.
• UNITED ARTISTS UAL 3412. LP. $3.98.
• • UNITED ARTISTS UAS 6412. SD. $4.98.

If you had a good time at Carnegie Hall on November 10, 1964, you will also have a good time with this record, which was made there that night. If not. . . .

The power and the glory of Peerce's voice are remarkable, and one has no need of adding "for a man of fifty-seven." He is evidently a superb self-disciplinarian. His command of diction in a variety of languages is also a model of what can be accomplished along this line through clear-headed hard work. The passage of time has darkened some of the top notes in his range and removed a few others, so that the climax of *"E lucevan le stelle"* comes out as little more than a vain stab towards the unattainable. Yet the pure vocal splendor here is nothing short of astonishing.

That's about the whole story, however. From a purely musicianly standpoint, much of this recital is close to embarrassing. There is an explosive manner in Peerce's phrasing that makes most of the material sound almost petulant, and this is emphasized by the singer's tendency now and then to start a phrase somewhere up near his nose and then let it expand to a chest tone.

Peerce has his admirers, and I have occasionally been of their number. There are a few really successful things on this record, notably the lovely, colorful Turina work and the moving psalm-setting by Bloch. On the whole, however, it is not a very memorable musical experience. Allen Rogers' playing is complacent, even to the acceptance of those horrible old editions of the Italian songs. Good, clean, close-up sound.

A.R.

RENATA TEBALDI: *Recital*

Verdi: *Don Carlo: Tu che la vanità Ballo in maschera: Ma dall'arido stelo divulsa; Morrò, ma prima in grazia. Giovanna d'Arco: Sempre all'alba.* Puccini: *Turandot: In questa reggia. La Rondine: Sogno di Doretta.* Ponchielli: *La Gioconda: Suicidio.* Mascagni: *Cavalleria rusticana: Voi lo sapete.* Cilea: *L'Arlesiana: Esser madre è un inferno.*

Renata Tebaldi, soprano; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Oliviero de Fabritiis, cond.
• LONDON OL 5912. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25912. SD. $5.98.

To judge by this recording—her first

since her "comeback"—La Tebaldi still has plenty of good singing ahead of her. It is no secret that she has been through a period of severe vocal difficulty—I don't think any of us will ever forget the sinking sensation caused by the *Adriana Lecouvreur* performances of two years ago, with the voluminous, warm tone and spinning ease almost never in evidence. It seemed that one of the authentic greats had reached a premature end—a depressing business.

But Mme. Tebaldi did what few major artists will. After playing out the *Adriana* performances, she took nearly a year off from her career and devoted it to study. When she returned to the stage last spring (as Mimi, first in Philadelphia, then at the Metropolitan), she scored a well-earned triumph. Much of the floating beauty had returned; the singing was a bit uneven, sometimes a bit overcareful and pallid—but as Mimi, Tosca, and Desdemona, she was again recognizably Tebaldi. This year, as Amelia in *Simon Boccanegra*, she sang out with a healthy ring, and seemed even closer to the genuinely great singer we have known for the past fifteen years.

Naturally, one tends to make instinctive allowances for an artist who shows the perspective and courage to fight back under such circumstances. Happily, this recital begs no such allowance, for most of it is magnificently sung, and the program is an interesting one. The voice's characteristic roundness and warmth are here, together with a lightness and freedom which has not been in her singing for several years. The extreme top—B natural and C—tends to sag in intonation (as it has in the past), and in several places (notably the *Ballo* arias) one could wish for more urgency, more vocal quickness to heighten matters. Everything is lingering and stately, but also very beautiful, and decidely in line. The difficult attacks on high B flat in both *Ballo* arias are wonderfully secure, the *piano* tone lovely and floating as of old.

Several pieces are somewhat out of the way, or at least not previously associated with Mme. Tebaldi. Her *"Tu che la venità,"* an elusive and difficult aria, has considerable grandeur and nobility, a welcome bigness of phrase. The *"In questa reggia"* is probably not for her, since she does not have the granitic, frigid quality we usually associate with Turandot, and the climax is rather taxing for her, though she gets through it well. In one respect, however, it is a superior performance, for in the early stages of the piece she is able to paint an aural picture of the fragile Princess Lou-ling that makes us understand what her violation means. The *Giovanna* aria harkens back to the early days of the Tebaldi career, for she sang the role during the Verdi sesquicentennial celebrations of 1951. Remarkably, she sings this aria (actually one of the less interesting portions of this very strong score) even better now than she did in 1951, at least on the occasion of the broadcast from which the privately circulated pressing of *Giovanni* was made. There is a lightness and freedom of execution which is wonderful to hear, a ringing top B, and even a decidely passable run.

The standard pieces, especially the various numbers on Side 2, are very satisfyingly done, and the release is further strengthened by the knowledgeable conducting of the veteran De Fabritiis and the superb playing of the "new" Philharmonia—how odd to find this group on the London label!

Regrettably, this disc is one that calls for use of a new technical gadget which I have just invented and am about to market. It is called the CLO Space-D-Pressor, and it is designed to remove every vestige of phony air, echo, and boom with which engineers try to make singers sound like voices from the stilly beyond, instead of people. C.L.O.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

For a feature review of several sets of recordings devoted to Sir Winston Churchill, see page 71.

Reissues

BEETHOVEN: ***Piano Works***

Variations in F, Op. 34; Variations in E flat, Op. 35 ("Eroica"); Rondo a capriccio, in G, Op. 129 ("Rage Over a Lost Penny"); Menuet in E flat, WoO 82; Rondos: in C, Op. 51, No. 1; in A, WoO 49.

Artur Schnabel, piano [from various HMV Society and standard sets 1933, 1937, 1938].
• ANGEL COLH 65. LP. $5.98.

The appearance of these superbly reprocessed transfers is a happy omen indeed: it looks as if we are finally going to get domestic issues of the entire Schnabel/Beethoven Society discography. (Until now, we have had only the Sonatas available—with the exception of the E flat Variations, Op. 35, which rounded out RCA Victor's long vanished LP reissue of the five Schnabel/Sargent Beethoven concerto recordings.)

Here, on this absolutely indispensable disc, is gathered some of the finest playing Schnabel ever did for the phonograph. His perceptiveness is always commensurate with the music, and the pianistic execution is positively brilliant. For example, how many contemporary artists would dare to set so audacious a tempo for the treacherous *Rondo a capriccio*, Op. 129? And yet Schnabel negotiates the wicked pace with fabulous brilliance and sparkle. He also understands perfectly that this popular piece is caustically humorous, not merely decoratively so. In the unique Variations, Op. 34, where the composer completely broke with classical precedents in casting each successive variation in a different key, Schnabel realizes the grandiose nature of the ground plan with nobility and reflectiveness. The tempos are uniformly spacious, the distentions of phrase altogether hypnotic in their Gothic clarification. Even the silences between variations seem to breathe and become eventful under Schnabel's auspices.

The "*Eroica*" set, where the individual variations are subordinate to the steady chaconnelike forward progress of the work as a whole, blazes with angular vehemence. Schnabel reveals countless melodic and harmonic details in one of the most sure-footed sprints this music has ever been given. And happily, he refuses to read into the trivia a significance which they do not possess. The two Rondos and the Menuet are properly urbane. Only a sublime master could be so artful and yet so unpretentious.

The Op. 51 Rondo was recorded in 1933; everything else dates from 1937-38. The reproduction is exceptionally sleek, and there is virtually no surface noise to come between the listener and the performance. A triumph of restoration.
H.G.

DONIZETTI: ***Lucia di Lammermoor***

Roberta Peters (s), Lucia; Miti Truccato-Pace (ms), Alisa; Jan Peerce (t), Edgardo; Piero de Palma (t), Arturo; Mario Carlin (t), Normanno; Philip Maero (b), Enrico; Giorgio Tozzi (bs), Raimondo; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. [from RCA Victor LM 6055/LSC 6141, 1958].
• RCA VICTROLA VIC 6001. Two LP. $5.00.
• • RCA VICTROLA VICS 6001. Two SD. $6.00.

Another Victrola re-release of a Victor performance, again at a bargain price. I am not sure, though, that a bargain price exists for this extremely uninteresting set. Reasonably good orchestral and choral work, and fine singing from Giorgio Tozzi and Piero de Palma in minor roles, just about complete its catalogue of virtues.

There is some pretty sound from Roberta Peters, and some above the stave that is thin and wiry, but despite her obvious sincerity of purpose, there is no real stylistic distinction or interpretative point. Jan Peerce sings with all the resource of his good musicianship and long experience in the role, but with a tight, nasal tone that is seldom beautiful or ringing; indeed he has sounded better more recently. The muffled, effortful Enrico of Philip Maero rounds out the cast of principals.

Leinsdorf secures good execution, and has the taste to hold the orchestra in hand for his singers, but creeps on little rhinoceros feet through all those portions of the score calling for any lilt or feeling for Italian romantic sweep. The sound is fairish pioneer-era stereo, with the soloists quite close—a little crude by current standards but certainly listenable.
C.L.O.

HAYDN: ***Mass No. 7, in C ("Missa in tempore belli")***

Netania Davrath, soprano; Hilde Rössl-Majdan, contralto; Anton Dermota, tenor; Walter Berry, bass; Vienna Chamber Choir and State Opera Orchestra, Mogens Wöldike, cond. [from Vanguard VRS 1061/VSD 2075, 1961].
• VANGUARD EVERYMAN CLASSICS SRV 153. LP. $1.98.
• • VANGUARD EVERYMAN CLASSICS SRV 153SD. SD. $1.98.

Remastered and somewhat refined (the first trumpet, an offender previously, is now more under control), this remains the best stereo version of a remarkable score. At less than $2.00 it is a distinct bargain. The late Haydn Masses are

really choral symphonies, and this one has the interplay of brass and drums to carry it to the realms of high drama.
R.C.M.

PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*

Zinka Milanov (s), La Gioconda; Rosalind Elias (ms), Laura; Belen Amparan (c), La Cieca; Giuseppe di Stefano (t), Enzo Grimaldo; Giacomo Cottino (t), Isepo; Leonard Warren (b), Barnaba; Plinio Clabassi (bs), Alvise Badoero; Fernando Valentini (bs), Zuane and Helmsman; Virgilio Carbonari (bs), a Singer; Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Fernando Previtali, cond. [from RCA Victor LM 6139/LSC 6139, 1958].
• RCA VICTROLA VIC 6101. Three LP. $7.50.
•• RCA VICTROLA VICS 6101. Three SD. $9.00.

This set leaves plenty to be desired, but as a low-priced reissue it has its attractions, especially in view of the less than overwhelming competition. *Gioconda* calls for six great singers, and here we have two—Zinka Milanov and Leonard Warren, though neither is in top form.

Gioconda was (perhaps I should say *is*) one of Milanov's best roles. The music brought out the best in her big, creamy voice, and the outlandish dramatic aspects of the opera were compatible with her old-fashioned, stagey temperament. It is a shame that Victor did not get around to her Gioconda five years earlier, for by 1958, when this recording was made, unsteadiness and whoopiness had invaded too much of her singing. All the same, she is in far better control here than on the later *Forza*, and she produces some stunning moments: the incredible suspended B flat at *"Enzo adorato. Ah, come t'amo!"* (one of her great achievements in the theatre—she used to hold it while crossing the entire stage), the supplication at the end of Act I, nearly all of Act IV, including a really splendid *"Suicidio!"* There's enough here, surely, to make her contribution worthwhile.

Warren is often shaky where he should be steady, and perhaps the exaggerated approach he took to Barnaba will not please everyone, though I always enjoyed it hugely. The first act is just too shuddery, but with the *Barcarola* he hits his stride, tossing it off as the grand display song it is, and he is in good form for the last scene too.

There is good work from two of the other principals—Rosalind Elias and Belen Amparan. Both sing solidly and with some honest feeling for their music, though neither has quite the presence or grandeur one wants in this sort of work. On the negative side are Giuseppe di Stefano and Plinio Clabassi. The tenor's work is well conceived and free from affectation, and in the duet with Laura and most of the fourth act his sensible phrasing and the lovely sound of his middle voice carry him through. Elsewhere, though, his now familiar difficulties with high tones and his distressing attempts to make a beautiful lyric tenor open out into a *tenore di forza* are all too apparent. Clabassi is so limited at both ends of the scale and so throaty in between that Alvise, who can take a dominant position, emerges a nonentity. Previtali's conducting is uneventful and even rather dull—surprisingly so, in view of his good work on other complete opera sets. The choral singing, however, is quite fine. The sound is perfectly listenable, rather crude early stereophony, with the soloists quite in the foreground.
C.L.O.

BENIAMINO GIGLI: *"The Young Gigli"*

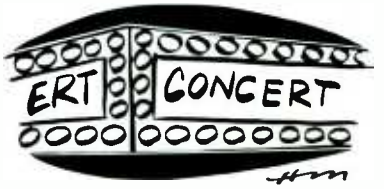
Ponchielli: *La Gioconda: Enzo Grimaldo, Principe di Santafior: Cielo e mar; Deh! non tremar.* Puccini: *Tosca: Recondita armonia; E lucevan le stelle. La Bohème: O soave fanciulla.* Boito: *Mefistofele: Dai campi, dai prati; Se tu mi doni; Lontano, lontano; Giunto sul passo.* Mascagni: *Cavalleria rusticana: Mamma! quel vino è generoso.* Donizetti: *La Favorita: Spirto gentil; Addio, fuggir mi lascia. Iris: Apri la tua finestra. Lodoletta: Ah! ritrovarla nella sua capanna.* Giordano: *Fedora: Amor ti vieta; Vedi, io piango.*

Beniamino Gigli, tenor; various other singers; orchestras [from various originals, 1918-19].
• ANGEL COLH 146. LP. $5.98.

These recordings are all taken from sessions held in Milan when Beniamino Gigli was not yet twenty. The tranfers have been well done, and the accompanying information is complete and useful, as is customary with this Angel series.

There is now a great deal of Gigli on LP; all phases of his career are well represented, and many arias are present in two or three different versions. It is of course interesting to have his early attempts in the catalogue. By and large, though, I think he is heard to best advantage on his recordings from the 1925-35 period, when his voice had taken on its full mature lushness and his style had not yet become as self-indulgent and tasteless as it was later apt to be. A comparison of this *"Enzo Grimaldo"* with the later one made with Ruffo, for example, shows a much fuller, liquid tone in the later issue; the same can be said for the *Iris* serenade, though in the early one he employs a true half-voice most caressingly.

Naturally, there are wonderful things here: the opening out as the voice leads into *"vieni, o donna"* in the *"Cielo e mar"* (this whole aria, in fact); the melting *"E lucevan le stelle,"* preferable to the more extroverted one on the complete set (but not to the intervening one for Victor, backed by *"O dolci*



mani"): the full-voiced climax of the *Cavalleria "Addio"*: the beautiful *"O soave fanciulla,"* with both Gigli and the excellent Maria Zamboni taking a *piano* high ending.

I do not care for the Mefistofele excerpts, though. The timbre and quality of the voice are of course right for the role, but though much of the singing is beautiful, none of it is distinguished. Faust's music should have a manly, clean line, a sense of reflection, some hint of the character's stature. Gigli's essentially feminine approach, perfectly represented by indefensible sobs on *"voglio che questo sogno"* in the exquisite *"Giunto sul passo,"* is simply wrong.

Zani is a competent baritone partner in the *"Enzo Grimaldo,"* though not a Ruffo or De Luca, but the other singers heard in this collection, except for Zamboni, just pass muster, and the soprano's ugly tremolo wrecks the *"Lontano"* duet. C.L.O.

ROBERT MERRILL: *Operatic Recital*

Verdi: *La Traviata: Di Provenza. Don Carlo: Per me giunto. Ballo in maschera: Alzati! . . . Eri tu. Rigoletto: Cortigiani, vil razza dannata. Falstaff: E sogno.* Meyerbeer: *L'Africana: Adamastor, re dell'acque profonde.* Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Si può?* Massenet: *Hérodiade: Vision fugitive.* Giordano: *Andrea Chénier: Nemico della Patria.* Rossini: *Barbiere di Siviglia: Largo al factotum.*

Robert Merrill, baritone; various orchestras and conductors [from originals recorded between 1947 and 1963].
• RCA VICTOR LM 2780. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2780. SD. $5.98.

This is a sort of Merrill retrospective, released on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary (well, nineteenth, anyway) of his association with the Metropolitan. Most of these selections are fairly early Merrill, brought to us via "electronic reprocessing," quite undistinguishable from normal mono sound except for some extra reverberation; only the *Rigoletto, Falstaff,* and *Barbiere* excerpts are from relatively recent sets.

The collection shows, first, that the Merrill voice has held up remarkably well—it is just as steady and rich today as it was at the time of his debut. And while he has never made of himself a satisfactory actor or a penetrating interpreter in any specific sense, he has made progress in the use of his voice to convey at least a general color and stylistic sense: in both the *"E sogno"* and *"Cortigiani,"* he projects considerable life. The earlier selections are nearly all gloriously vocalized, but in several cases they convey nothing beyond whatever message can be carried by the basic sound of a fine voice. The *"Di Provenza"* (from the Toscanini performance) is lush, bright, and inexpressive; the *"Adamastor"* is rolling, brilliant, and meaningless, like a reading by a gifted young singer who has never heard of Nelusko. The *Pagliacci* prologue, on the other hand, gains in effect (as compared with his more recent efforts) by the straightforward, unaffected treatment it receives, capped by an exciting climax.

Merrill is a long way from the French language and style, but his lyrical reading of *"Vision fugitive"* has moments of great beauty, particularly in the *piano* singing of the main theme. The famous *Hamlet* song, though, is a total misreading, having neither the stylistic point and projection of character of Singher's nor the authentic, grand virtuosity of Ruffo's or John Charles Thomas'.

We have, in short, a "record" of a splendid voice which, in a few of the later selections, seems knowingly steered. It is assuredly representative; my only regret is that there is not more of a balance towards recent material, and that the old Merrill rendition of *"Zaza, piccola zingara"* is missing, for it showed his ringing young voice at its loveliest. C.L.O.

SONGS OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Sung by Mildred Miller—Diamond: *David Mourns for Absalom; Brigid's Song.* Persichetti: *Sonatina to Hans Christian.* Luening: *The Divine Image; Love's Secret.* Fine: *Polaroli; The Frog and the Snake.* Flanagan: *Valentine to Sherwood Anderson; Send Home My Long Strayed Eyes.* Rorem: *Bedlam.*

Sung by Donald Gramm—Ives: *General Booth Enters Into Heaven.* Moore: *Come Away, Death.* Beeson: *Calvinistic Evensong.* Bowles: *Blue Mountain Ballads.* Edmunds: *The Drummer; The Faucon.* Carpenter: *Looking Glass River; Jazz Boys.*

Sung by Eleanor Steber—Rorem: *Alleluia.* Bacon: *Four Poems by Emily Dickinson.* Barber: *Nuvoletta.* Moore: *Death Be Not Proud.* Bergsma: *Lullee, Lullay.* Griffes: *Waikiki.* La Montaine: *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening.* Thomson: *The Tiger.*

Sung by John McCollum—MacDowell: *The Sea.* Chanler: *The Rose; I Rise When You Enter.* Copland: *Dirge in Woods.* Ward: *Sorrow of Mydath.* Gruen: *Three by e. e. cummings.* Pinkham: *Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount.* Weber: *Mourn! Mourn!.* Cowell: *The Donkey.*

Eleanor Steber, soprano; Mildred Miller, mezzo; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, baritone; Edwin Biltcliffe, piano; Richard Cumming, piano [from St/And 411/12, 1963].

• DESTO SLP 411/12. Two LP. $9.96.
• • DESTO SLS 7411/12. Two SD. $11.96.

Originally recorded with assistance from the Alice S. Ditson Fund at Columbia University and cosponsored by the University's Arts Center Program, this album was released a couple of years ago on Eleanor Steber's St/And label. Its reissue is most welcome, for its contents comprise an important anthology. For whatever reason—high literary sensitivity, ready access to performance—most American composers of this century have devoted a considerable portion of their energies to the writing of songs.

Certain general patterns begin to emerge. The French style from Fauré to Poulenc is the major influence, and to a certain extent the Russian and the English ballad. Very few of these songs are noticeably Germanic in their orientation; there is a hint of Strauss perhaps in MacDowell's *The Sea,* and of early Mahler in Edmunds' *The Drummer.* American folk influences play their part occasionally, as in the Bowles ballads, and there is a bit of ragtime, naïvely comprehended, in Carpenter's *Jazz Boys;* the treatment in both cases resembles most strongly the skittish, polytonal folk-settings of Benjamin Britten.

Much of the music is treasurable. Samuel Barber's setting of a passage from *Finnegans Wake* is justly famous for its wit and high art. Ned Rorem works Elizabeth Bishop's *Bedlam* into an intricate setting of icy irony. John Gruen's skittery treatments of cummings poems are charming, as is Thomson's 1926 dead-pan treatment of Blake's *The Tiger.* Henry Cowell's intensely chromatic setting of Chesterton's *The Donkey,* an extremely difficult song, is also a fascinating one. Douglas Moore's unaccompanied *Come Away, Death* is both moving and a tour de force. There is also quiet, understated charm in Theodore Chanler's *The Rose,* to a text by Leonard Feeney.

There are minor peaks, of course, but there isn't a song in the entire collection that is much less than sensitive, literate, and intelligently worked out. Each of the four singers has a whole side to him or herself, and the arrangement of material makes each side a well-balanced short program. I would caution against listening to more than a side at a time, however, since the variety of musical style is not all that vast.

All four singers are extraordinary, especially as regards beauty and clarity of diction. The best of them is the superb baritone Donald Gramm, whose voice has a rich smoothness that is altogether beguiling. Mildred Miller's work here is several cuts above her usual sound at the Metropolitan, and John McCollum is also as exciting here as he has ever been. The Steber side, oddly enough since the whole album was made on her instigation, is the least satisfactory. Her own singing is occasionally forced, and the recording is at a low volume level which is accompanied by considerable hum.

Otherwise the recording is quite good, although my copy has a few bad grooves on the Miller side. The two pianists—Cumming with Gramm and Biltcliffe with the others—do their work with excellent style, and the balance is fine. Do investigate this album; it is high testimony to the quality of at least one aspect of American music. A.R.

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... Carol Channing sings a reply to Louis Armstrong's hit recording of "Hello Dolly" as she laughs her way through an old Armstrong success, "When you're Smiling."

... Carol Channing introduces a new song, "Widow's Weeds," that is destined to take its place as a classic beside her famous "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend."

Old and new, these are Carol's songs ... Carol's special songs sung in Carol Channing's own very special way.

Not since Mary Martin reached Broadway in 1938 singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" or Ethel Merman exploded eight years earlier with "I Got Rhythm" has a singer electrified Broadway as Carol Channing does six nights a week and twice on afternoons in "Hello Dolly." Her ebullient personality, her flair for the comic touch, her remarkable voice which seems so full of huge, round o's whether she is projecting a deep moo or a high squeak and the way in which she chews away at the lyrics of a song as though they were part of the full-course dinner (turkey, dumplings made out of cooked kleenex and beets) that she eats on stage at every performance of "Hello, Dolly," have made her the most ecstatically acclaimed star to adorn the American musical theatre in the second half of the 20th Century.

Yet, although she has been a star for 15 years, "Hello, Dolly" is actually only the second Broadway musical in which Carol Channing has played a role. Her first role was her classic interpretation of Lorelei Lee, the ultimate in gold-diggers in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a show in which Miss Channing made "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" and "I'm Just a Little Girl from Little Rock" unforgettable milestones in the musical theatre. The seeds of that role were planted in a revue, "Lend an Ear," in which Miss Channing made her Broadway debut in 1948 portraying among other things, the Gladiola Girl, a wide-eyed, blank faced cutie of the Nineteen Twenties.

This album is the very first time that Carol Channing has ever recorded simply as Carol Channing, presenting her interpretations of songs that—with one notable exception—are already familiar to everyone who hears them.

Not that you've ever heard them sung quite the way that Carol Channing sings them. Just as she projects a completely unique and inimitable personality from the stage or the night club floor, she has a way of singing these familiar songs that is totally hers, a way that makes them seem new all over again.

The preparation of this album took Miss Channing almost a year, largely because she does not believe in the spontaneous approach to a performance — the hopeful, hit-or-miss attitude of "Let's just try it and see how it goes."

Miss Channing believes implicitly in working everything out down to the last detail and then going over and over and over the number until the result is precisely what she thinks it ought to be.

"The more I rehearse," she says, "the more ad lib it sounds. The longer I play a show, the more spontaneous it seems. That's our craft. I don't have any other way of working and neither do Enoch Light or Gower Champion."

Champion, who directed "Hello, Dolly," and Light, who produced this album, are perfectionists with the same kind of devotion to detailed preparation that Miss Channing has. She developed her way of singing each song in this album through long conferences with Light. As a pianist played over the melody, Light would draw out her feelings about each song and, as she tried various ways of singing it, he would guide both her and the pianist.

"Don't step on that line," he might admonish the pianist if he came in too strongly at one point. "Carol's a lyric girl. The way she says a word is important."

Miss Channing agrees that she is a "lyric girl."

The songs she has chosen not only tell stories — the Carol Channing kind of story — but they are songs out of her past, songs that, as she says, "I've been singing all my life."

One exception is "Widow's Weeds," a song written by Ervin Drake (who wrote the score for "What Makes Sammy Run?") which Enoch Light dug out of a drawerful of unused manuscripts. With a story line that follows the pattern of the tale of the Little Girl from Little Rock that Miss Channing played in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," this new song has proved to be a perfect match for Carol Channing's special talents, a song that is obviously destined to be always thought of as "hers" just as "Hello, Dolly" and "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" already are.

This incredibly brilliant combination of a superb performer and the amazingly breathtaking perfection of Command's recording technique make this album as thrilling as any star-studded Broadway opening night.

SELECTIONS: When You're Smiling • Widow's Weeds • Dear Hearts and Gentle People • Baby Won't You Please Come Home • Mean to Me • 'Bye 'Bye Blackbird • Ain't Misbehavin' • Makin' Whoopee, PLUS 4 OTHERS

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"Live at the Cocoanut Grove." *Sergio Franchi. RCA Victor LPM 3310, $3.98 (LP); LSP 3310, $4.98 (SD).*

A VOICE operatically trained is a troublesome handicap for the singer who wants to undertake popular songs. The values of the two fields are so completely opposite that a singer making the transition in either direction must reconsider everything that he had previously learned and start with an entirely new set of concepts. In actual practice, this traffic generally moves in only one direction—"serious" to pop. A pop singer who has been mooning into microphones from a distance of one or two inches will probably never challenge the great voices of the concert or operatic stage. But a serious singer past his prime quite often turns to the pop field and, occasionally, a young singer with a trained voice may elect to do the same.

It is not an easy switch to make. Rhythmic emphasis, the pop singer's "phrasing," often proves an almost impossible adjustment for a singer whose whole outlook has been based on a strict and disciplined projection. It makes the serious singer sound stiff, stodgy, and stuffy on pop material. One recalls, for instance, the shock of dismay on hearing Paul Robeson attempt to sing a blues, *King Joe*, with Count Basie's band twenty-five years ago.

Sergio Franchi: not Lanza, not Eddy, but Franchi.

When RCA Victor launched the American career of Sergio Franchi almost three years ago, the young Italian tenor not only had these difficult readjustments to make, but he had an accent problem as well. The successful careers of Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer have left the impression that an accent is the open-sesame to charm. This is far from the case. It takes the artistry of a Chevalier or a Boyer (not to mention their innate charm) to turn this potential handicap into an asset. Franchi's accent and uneasy English merely added to his difficulties as a pop singer. On his early records he rarely broke through the shackles of his musical and lingual background, while being further hindered by RCA Victor's indecision whether to promote him as a new Mario Lanza or (in tandem with Anna Moffo) as a new Nelson Eddy.

As it turns out, he is actually Sergio Franchi. With the help of excellent arrangements (mostly by his pianist, Neil Warner) and the presence of a night club audience with which he can communicate on relatively intimate terms, Franchi is revealed on this disc as a singer with an easy manner, considerable charm, finesse, and humor. He has also learned to make very skillful use of both the broad and delicate qualities of his voice. His program is a judicious mixture of songs in English (which he now handles quite casually and with the proper inflections) and Italian. His Italian songs encompass not only pop (*Non dimenticar*) and opera ("*E lucevan le stelle*" from *Tosca*) but American songs in Italian translation—*Chicago* (to get even, he says, with all the American singers who sing *Arrivederci Roma* in English) and, a more legitimate choice, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. In addition to the *Tosca* aria, he has excellent opportunities to use the full resources of his voice—in a beautifully developed treatment of *Stella by Starlight* and an unusual arrangement of *In the Still of the Night*, sung against *Clair de lune* as a countermelody. From every point of view, Franchi seems to have made successfully the transition that has eluded so many other singers.

J.S.W.

Jerry Vale: "Standing Ovation!" Columbia CL 2273, $3.98 (LP); CS 9073, $4.98 (SD).

During a time when popular music is infested by raucous noises and when gimmickry (or at least an identifiable "style") seems an essential for success, Jerry Vale just sings good pop songs in a simple, straightforward manner. This is such an unusual idea, and Vale is so good at it, that his Carnegie Hall concerts are usually assured sellouts. *Standing Ovation!*, a recording of one such concert, includes typically direct Vale performances of *With a Song in My Heart*, *If I Had You*, and *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*. It is evident from this concert, however, that he is attempting to expand his vocal horizons. *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* and a group of Italian songs require him to reach for and hold several long, high notes (he makes it, but you have to root for him). There are danger signs here, though, because the simple unaffectedness that has stood Vale in good stead is beginning to be colored by hip attitudes on some songs. When he does that, he's just another singer.

Joe Mooney: "The Greatness of Joe Mooney." Columbia CL 2186, $3.98 (LP); CS 8986, $4.98 (SD).

When one considers the number of ordinary pop records that are hopefully ground out month after month, one can only marvel that Joe Mooney is invited into a recording studio only about once every decade. On this disc he plays and sings with exquisite simplicity and sensitivity, wrapping up each song in a definitive performance. Mooney's voice is no great instrument but he possesses a musical perception that goes directly to the essence of a song, both in phrasing and in the projection of the lyrics. The starting point, of course, is a good set of songs, and Mooney has some fine ones here—*Wait till You See Her*, *But Beautiful*, *This Is All I Ask*, *What Kind of Fool Am I* (from which he removes corny theatricality in favor of a light and airy jump), and, for a marvelous example of his ability to draw full value from a lyric, *Days of Wine and Roses*. Mundell Lowe has written arrangements for woodwinds and a rhythm section, providing a sensitive background for Mooney's singing.

Fran Jeffries: "Sex and the Single Girl." M-G-M 4268, $3.98 (LP); S 4268, $4.98 (SD).

Perhaps Miss Jeffries' talents were somewhat obscured while teamed with her recent husband Dick Haymes, for this solo disc comes as a distinct, yet welcome, surprise. Not only does she have a warm and easy, dark-timbred voice, but that polish which comes from experience is evident in everything she sings. Aided by Marty Manning's interesting arrangements (which include some provocative but unidentified trumpet and alto saxophone solos), Miss Jeffries successfully essays a slow and inviting manner. This provocative approach provides color, range, and expression for a sinuous ballad, *Warm Tonight*, without overstepping into the obvious on *Make Love to Me*. She glides persuasively through a lovely bossa nova, *Dreamer*, and shifts to a bright, perky jazz waltz on *Goodbye Charlie*, treating the precisely projected lyrics as skillfully as she does the more languorous types. And she shows she is capable of a strong, belting climax in a strangely effective, rocking treatment of *The Anniversary Song*. From every aspect—programming, singer, arranger, and performances—this is a distinctly superior disc.

Honor Blackman: "Everything I've Got." London 3408, $3.98 (LP); 408, $4.98 (SD).

Fresh from her triumph as Pussy Galore in the James Bond film *Goldfinger*, and from her earlier notoriety on British television as the leather-jacketed and hip-booted girl judo expert Cathy Gale, Honor Blackman reveals another interesting facet of her talent on this disc. In the course of twelve songs that range from Rodgers and Hart to Charles Aznavour and the Beatles, Miss Blackman demonstrates that, although she does not have much of a voice, she does have a vocal quality particularly enticing when she is toying with the relations of male and female. Her surface of British gentility mixed with a throaty lustiness frequently suggests a Dietrich quality—perfectly suited for material of this sort. There is also the flicker of amusement that keeps the mood light—an essential ingredient in this intimately feline style. She carries off a recitative treatment of Aznavour's *Tomorrow Is My Turn*, taking advantage of the vocal techniques of her stage training. But her excursion into a serious torch song, the Beatles' number, and a broad take-off on a big beat song do not turn out as well.

Gale Garnett: "Lovin' Place." RCA Victor LPM 3305, $3.98 (LP); LSP 3305, $4.98 (SD).

A fascinating and unusual mixture of sources are apparent in Miss Garnett's singing. There is a strong country feeling in her phrasing but none of the country twang in her voice. She has the big, lusty voice of the blues shouter, partly tinged with gospel coloration and partly stemming from the classic blues period of the Twenties. Although she sings songs from the folk, blues, and (as she terms it) "pop rock" repertories with appropriate casual elisions and slurs, she is fully capable of switching to the extremely precise diction called for in *Where Do You Go To Go Away* without seeming the least bit affected in either style. As one might expect, she sings a varied collection of songs, including an unusual, slowly rocking treatment of *You Are My Sunshine* and a version of *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* which suffers at first from a similarity in vocal texture with that of Bessie Smith. Miss Garnett's performance, however, grows steadily better as she breaks away from Miss Smith's patterns. There is also fun-folk (*The Sunny Song*), straight-folk (*O Freedom*), and *You've Been Talkin' 'bout Me Baby*, a fine rocking piece that gathers all her influences and skill together.

Trini Lopez: "The Folk Album." Reprise 6147, $3.98 (LP); S-6147, $4.98 (SD).

Folk songs seem to be the best material for Trini Lopez and his looping, swinging beat. The intensity and rhythmic bounce that are his major means of projection come across most consistently through the simple, direct channels of folk tunes. This is not always the case, however. *Scarlet Ribbons*, for instance, sung and played slowly and straight, has no special distinction largely because Lopez treats it too respectfully, bringing little of his own personality to the song. This, however, is atypical, for he makes almost all the songs in this set very definitely his own. They include the popular *Lemon Tree, Blowin' in the Wind, Greenback Dollar*, and *This Train* (a song once associated with Sister Rosetta Tharpe), which Lopez and his small accompanying group interpret with a wonderfully compelling rolling rhythm.

Bill Shelburne: "Your Order, Please." Sir 424, $3.98 (LP); Sir Enterprises, Inc., 310 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Shelburne is a restaurateur-entertainer in Mexico City who is second only to Hugh Shannon in the projection of a very special type of casual, world-weary saloon singing. This is a field in which good tunes, usually with various kinds of minor twists, and intelligent lyrics are an all-important foundation. In this respect, Shelburne has prepared a well-programmed disc. When it comes to interpretation, however, he has his difficulties, primarily when stepping out of his comfortably mulling, contemplative mood. The second side of this disc is the most consistently successful. Here he meanders through the bossa nova *Quiet Nights*, a delightful concoction of the brothers Gershwin (*Little Jazz Bird* along with *Easy Come, Easy Go*), and two still unpopularized songs from recent musicals—*I Loved You Once in Silence* from *Camelot* and *The Music That Makes Me Dance* from *Funny Girl*.

On the other side he fares less well from tempos that do not suit him and from material that he finds elusive—in *September Song*, for instance, his voice, sophisticated in other circumstances, becomes alarmingly callow. Even so, there's more good music for dim light and poignant moments here than one ordinarily encounters in the course of several discs.

The Swingle Singers: "Anyone for Mozart?" Philips 200-149, $3.98 (LP); 600-149, $4.98 (SD).

The Swingles, who started the current rash of Bach-swing a year and a half ago, have moved on to Mozart. Though I was one who cried "Enough!" even when the swinging was done by these very expert singers, I now find myself fascinated all over again. Well, partially fascinated. It's the first side of the disc that does it. The Sonata No. 15, part of which was appropriated by Raymond Scott twenty-five years ago for his *In an Eighteenth-century Drawing Room*, not only lends itself readily to the Swingles' treatment, but also is a superb vehicle for their beautifully articulated scat singing. The feathery airiness of their singing is delightful and, in the Andante, Christiane Legrand sings a solo with magnificently throaty lyricism. The group's virtuosity is highlighted in the Variations on *Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman* (the same melody as *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*), through a variety of tempo changes, amusing juggling of ensemble lines, and a slow and slinky bit of vocalizing by Miss Legrand. But on the second side, made up of *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* and a fugue, the effect palls. I cannot decide if, as in the Bach, enough is enough, or if *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* simply does not serve the Swingles' purposes. In any event, the first side at least offers an ideal mating of material with the Swingle Singers' own unique skills.

"Mary Poppins." Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke. Original Cast Sound Track. Buena Vista 4026, $4.98 (LP); S 4026, $4.98 (SD).

No matter whether one approaches this score from a pro-Disney or an anti-Disney point of view (I assume there *is* such a thing as a pro-Disney point of view), the presence of Julie Andrews is so disarmingly overpowering that all prejudices must be suspended. Whether she is coping with the genuinely happy gaiety of *Super-Cali-Fragil-Istic-Expi-Ali-Docious*, the gentle sentimentality of a lullaby called *Stay Awake*, or the sticky moralizing of *A Spoonful of Sugar*, Miss Andrews glows—positively *glows*—right through the record groove, vinyl disc, amplifiers, speakers, and all other mechanical barriers. The songs that Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman have written for this tale of a most remarkable English nanny have just enough lilt and flair to provide Miss Andrews with an effective working basis. Dick Van Dyke, in a Cockney characterization somewhat like a younger Stanley Holloway, projects a very pleasant charm of his own. And good old Ed Wynn is here, with a song called *I Love To Laugh*, gurgling the zany giggle that once floated over the air waves every week. But considerably more than a spoonful of sugar has been poured into the proceedings. This, along with several songs delivered by David Tomlinson in a style taken inflection by inflection from the Rex Harrison-*My Fair Lady* mold, makes it advisable to pick and choose when listening to this disc.

"I Had a Ball." Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, and Original Cast. Mercury 2210, $4.98 (LP); 6210, $5.98 (SD).

One would scarcely guess from this original cast recording that *I Had a Ball* is an exasperatingly boring show. Rarely has the recording of a musical differed so radically in effect from the stage production. After expunging the dulling effects of the dreary book about a grifter with a crystal ball on Coney Island's boardwalk, Stan Freeman's melodies remain, attractive and inviting even though they usually have a familiar ring. Buddy Hackett, who provides the more bearable moments in the theatre, is scarcely heard from on the disc—and then to little purpose. Karen Morrow reveals a voice that

has the brassy bray of Merman when she gets a chance to unleash it, and Richard Kiley and Rosetta LeNoire, although frequently battling dismal lyrics, manage to shine through occasionally.

"Great Bands of Our Times." RCA Camden 811, $1.98 (LP).

As a sampling of the outstanding dance bands of the middle and late Thirties, this set serves its purposes splendidly. The inimitably smooth swing of Artie Shaw shines through his *Out of Nowhere*; Ray Noble's memorable English band rolls nobly through his *The Very Thought of You* with one of Al Bowlly's elegant vocals; the Casa Loma band is joined to an Ellington tune on one of the first recordings (1933) of *Sophisticated Lady*; Hal Kemp's staccato ensembles and Skinnay Ennis' breathless voice are heard on *Stop! You're Breaking My Heart*; and Shep Fields bubbles through his theme, *Rippling Rhythm*. Young Lena Horne reveals a very full-voiced, unmannered vocal style singing *You're My Thrill* with Charlie Barnet's band. The jazz touches include superb showcases for tenor saxophonist Chu Berry (Lionel Hampton's *Sweethearts on Parade*), trumpeter Bunny Berigan (*High Society*), and Les Brown (in a loose, solo-filled version of *Boogie Woogie*). The only flaw is a 1951 recording by Gene Krupa, inexplicably out of context and little more than a raucous novelty vocal.

Dinah Shore: "Lower Basin Street Revisited." Reprise 6150, $3.98 (LP); 9-6150, $4.98 (SD).

Lower Basin Street would never recognize its onetime diva in these surroundings. On radio's celebrated Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street programs twenty-five years ago, Mademoiselle Dinah sang pop standards and blues in a fresh, easy, homogenized fashion while a house band played rather stilted Dixieland. Visitors such as Sidney Bechet did what they could to lend authenticity to the proceedings and, best of all, Gene Hamilton read, in a voice genteel to the core, a script that was a delightful parody on Milton Cross at the opera. For her part, Miss Shore does quite well on this revisit—her singing is still easy and homogenized although a little matronly now. But she has been burdened with arrangements that reflect all sorts of current popular trends. *Basin Street Blues* deteriorates into a twist with corny saxophones and tambourines; *Do-Re-Mi* has suggestions of a bossa nova; an out-and-out rocker, *I Can't Stop Loving You*, is done as an out-and-out rocker. What on earth this has to do with Lower Basin Street is beyond my comprehension.

John Davidson: "The Young Warm Sound." Colpix 485, $3.98 (LP); S 485, $4.98 (SD).

"There is no question in my mind," writes David Merrick in large capital letters across the front of this album, "but that John Davidson will be a star." Since Mr. Merrick is in a better position than most to divine such an occurrence, it seems a reasonable statement. But Davidson himself will undoubtedly contribute much on his own, particularly in the theatre where his expansive baritone can be heard in a more suitable setting than in the miscellaneous ambience of a disc collection. On this disc Davidson is up against the usual problem of a singer with a big voice dealing with pop material. Often singers will either use more voice than the song can stand or become so intimate that the voice is lost completely. Davidson survives both extremes far better than many, for the youthful flexibility in his voice keeps him in contact with his songs. He has a straightforward manner that might be quite effective in a theatrical context but which tends toward blandness in a pop program such as this.

Art Mooney and His Orchestra: "Sentimental Love Songs of World War II." Kapp 1421, $3.98 (LP); 3421, $4.98 (SD).

Pure nostalgia for the forty-to-fifty set. Here are easygoing, richly accoutered arrangements of such dream-along songs as *I Don't Want To Walk Without You, I'll Be Seeing You, I'll Never Smile Again, I Don't Want To Set the World on Fire, When the Lights Go On Again*, and others that helped to lull the pangs and uncertainties of the war years. Several songs include vocals by a group that could be a cross between the Pied Pipers and the Modernaires. It's a mellow and sentimental journey (and that tune—*Sentimental Journey*—happens to be here, too).

Linda Scott: "Hey, Look at Me Now!" Kapp 1424, $3.98 (LP); 3424, $4.98 (SD).

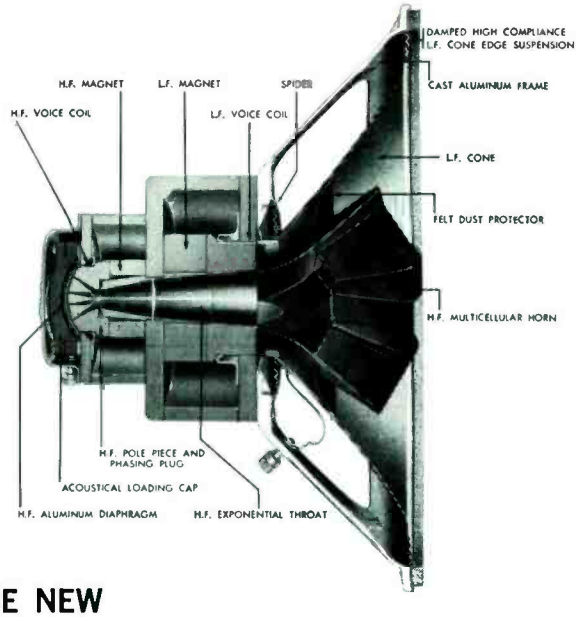
The mark of Barbra Streisand is beginning to be placed on young singers who have not yet established a personality of their own. Miss Scott, recently a teen-age favorite, makes her adult debut with a program of tried-and-true standards (*That Old Feeling, If I Had You, These Foolish Things, I'll See You in My Dreams,* and so forth) employing Miss Streisand's trick of changing a traditionally rhythmic tune to a slow torch ballad (*It All Depends on You*), and singing a slow ballad at a bright tempo (*Oh, Look at Me Now*). When Miss Streisand did this sort of thing with *Happy Days Are Here Again* and *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf,* she had both novelty and a very strong vocal personality working for her. The novelty has now worn off, even for Miss Streisand. For Miss Scott, this problem is compounded by the girlish timbre of her voice, which is inappropriate to the slow pieces, although she does leap through the faster selections with considerable agility. There is evidence here that Miss Scott has good basic material and may yet develop into a singer with individuality. However, she should be dissuaded from borrowing too obviously from so recently established a star as Miss Streisand.

Jean-Paul Vignon: "Because I Love You." Columbia CL 2277, $3.98 (LP); CS 9077, $4.98 (SD).

Vignon is a young Frenchman who has been seen frequently on the Ed Sullivan TV show and has risen rapidly in night club circles during the past year. Basically, he has a pleasant, fresh manner of singing, but on this debut disc he overplays the French-accented charm gambit and the intimate "I am singing only to you, *chérie*" approach. M. Vignon leaves one with the impression that every song is being delivered through a too, too toothy grin, and soon he becomes quite obnoxious.

"Kismet." Gordon MacRae, Dorothy Kirsten, others. Capitol W 2022, $4.98 (LP); SW 2022, $5.98 (SD).

Not even the colorfully romantic music of Alexander Borodin around which Robert Wright and George Forrest created *Kismet* is able to sustain performers who do not possess the necessary flair. Gordon MacRae, Dorothy Kirsten, Bunny Bishop, and Sally Terri sing all the familiar songs—*Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, Bauble Bangles and Beads,* and the rest—but their performances create no sense of atmosphere. This is a score that cries out for a bravura style, for dash and zest. But the present cast seems more inclined to walk through the songs than to invest them with the vitality and spirit which is so essential. JOHN S. WILSON



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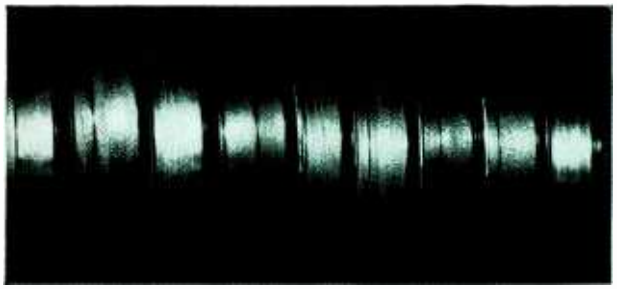


"Ravel/Dukas/Honegger Program." Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. London CS 6367, $5.98 (SD).

"The Keating Sound." Johnny Keating and His Orchestra. London SP 44058, $5.98 (SD).

It may seem odd to consider in a single review such disparate materials as these two discs present, but I've just been so forcibly impressed by the present pair's combined special illuminations on the nature of ear appeals that I can't resist juxtaposing them. Each is a first-rate example of London Records' classical and Phase-4 pops technology respectively, and it would be almost impossible to fault either on engineering grounds alone. What determines one disc's over-all success and the other's over-all failure is not a technological factor at all but a purely aesthetic one—the musical tastefulness with which the *original* sounds have been produced and manipulated.

The overt excuse for the Ansermet miscellany is to provide a modern stereo replacement of the 1955 London LL 1156 (later renumbered CM 9119). The only real justification, however, is that Ansermet not only plays all four works—Ravel's *Bolero* and *La Valse*, Dukas's *L'Apprenti sorcier*, and Honegger's *Pacific 231*—with far more poetic sensibility than before but also with superbly enhanced attention to sheerly coloristic nuances. There are many musical attractions here: the truly *pp* opening, perfect brisk tempo steadiness, and firmly held-back gradual crescendo in the *Bolero*; the enchantingly sensuous sonic combinations and permutations, as well as exceptionally graceful rhythmic lilt, in *La Valse*; a zestfully genial folk-tale atmosphere in the Dukas; and even as vivid as possible tone painting in Honegger's now faded locomotive evocation. Yet the paramount magic throughout is that with which the players themselves have been inspired to stimulate, intrigue, and richly delight listeners' aural sensibilities.

Turning to the pops release, one finds that the most significant difference is not that between musical styles, or even between the well-back-in-the-big-hall symphonic recording accorded the Suisse Romande and the 20-channel analysis-and-synthesis recording of the brass-dominated 27-man Keating band. Each type of engineering approach is not only perfectly legitimate for its particular purpose but is exemplified here with admirable effectiveness. The vital difference is that in one case the engineers have been given ideal materials to work with. In the other, the sonic spectacularity of the Keating program can't cover up the lack of *musical* point in the choice of tonal qualities. Many of Keating's arrangements and performances have moments of great potential impressiveness—as witness the brass-choir clashes in *Listen*, the grandiloquent solemnity of the transcription of Debussy's *Sunken Cathedral*, the tongue-in-cheek exoticisms of *Bagdad Blues* and *A Night in Ancient Babylon*; and certainly the performances are notably precise, authoritative, and powerfully energetic. The trouble is that the leader, has little or no sense of subtlety, of proportion, of genuine tastefulness either in his scorings or the actual sound qualities with which these scores are brought to life.

For lasting listener satisfaction such virtues are just as essential to pop pieces as they are to symphonic masterpieces. The finest audio engineering in the world can only *reproduce* what has been originally produced by the musicians themselves. In audio as elsewhere no one can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!

"England's Famous Band of the Life Guards." Captain W. Jackson, cond. Four Corners (Kapp) FCS 4204, $4.98 (SD).

Kapp's new subsidiary label gets off to a fine start in my books by bringing to American band connoisseurs this program (recorded by Delysé, released in England by Envoy) representing one of the most celebrated British service bands. The Life Guards themselves were originally known as the Horse Guards and trace their history back to the days of Charles II's cavaliers. While the present band, comprising thirty-two musicians (plus seventeen other personnel including noncoms and boys), is no match in virtuoso skills for the British and American military bands best known on records, it is distinctive for its repertory range, the apparently genuine relish with which it plays, and most of all for the rich warmth of its best sonorities.

Some of the pieces included here (*Punjab* in particular, but perhaps also *Birdcage Walk*, *Milanillo*, *San Lorenzo*, and *El Abanico*) seem to be old favorites not too often heard nowadays, in this country at least. Then, besides the perhaps inevitable but here brief Sousa medley, there even is an American novelty, in the form of Don Gillis' *March from Tulsa*. But neither its lively performance nor the somewhat slapdash one of Koenig's showy *Post Horn Galop* reveals the Life Guards' best qualities as well as do the magnificently sonorous and swaggering roast-beef-of-Old-England performances of the truly "grand" marches, *Fame and Fortune* and *Royal Windsor*. Happily, these tours de force have been captured in "ringing," realistic, and yet not too closely miked stereoism.

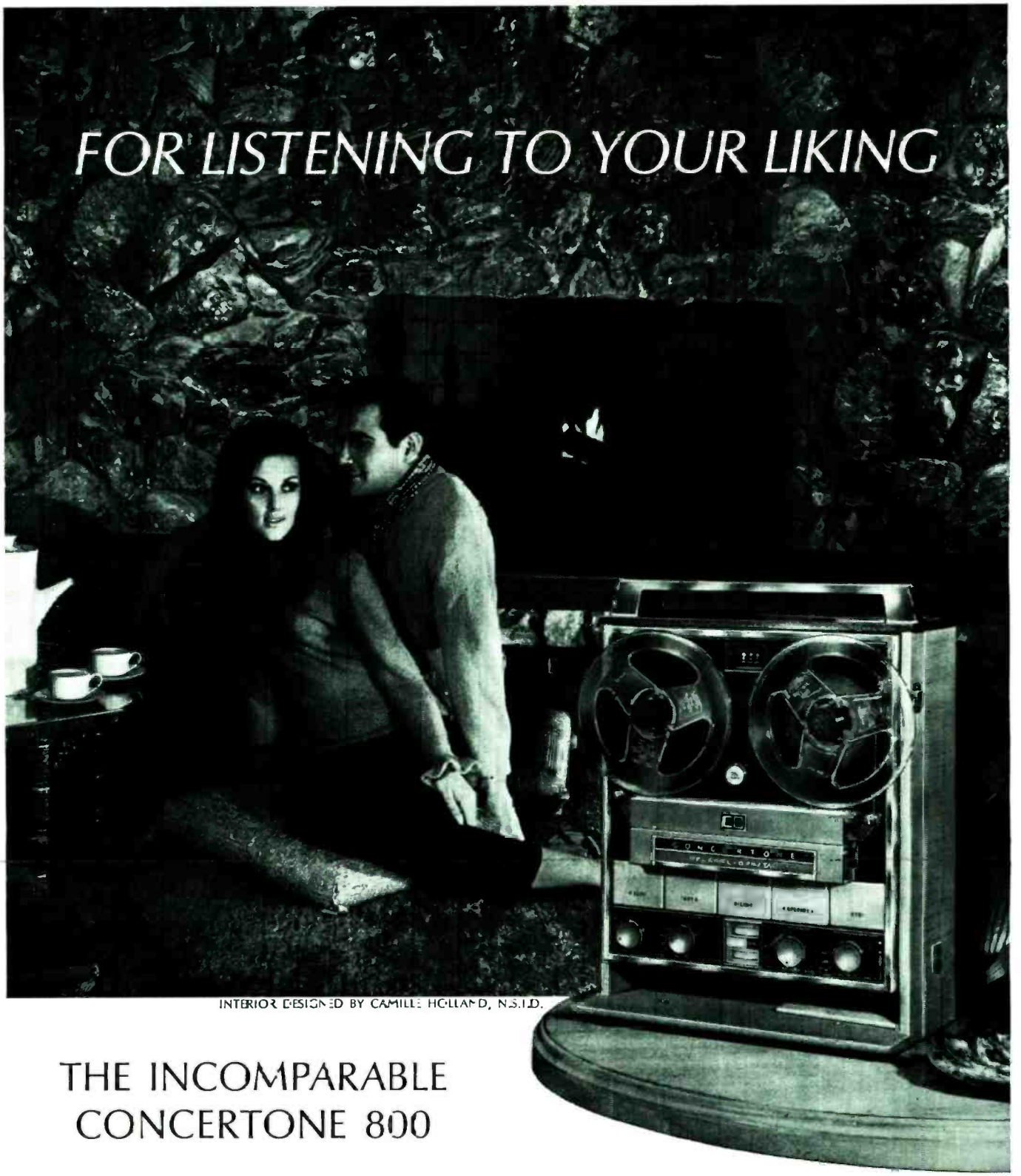
"Valle del Locomotora de Vapor." Mobile Fidelity MF 14-2, $6.95 (Two SD).

Anyone only mildly interested in "train" records might well think that all the possible changes have been rung in the choice of pertinent materials. But this reasonable supposition is easily proved all wrong by the inexhaustibly imaginative Brad Miller of Mobile Fidelity. Finding no new worlds to conquer at home, he has simply lugged his equipment South of the Border. Here he has documented his discovery of a whole stable of working Niagara and Mikado steam locomotives by setting up his microphones in a 32-stall roundhouse, in a couple of en route cabs, and near appropriate junction points in the neighborhood of Mexico City. These admirably varied materials, which also feature some exceedingly virtuoso "warbling whistling," have been edited with unusual care to avoid the monotony so often characteristic of this particular repertory.

For fascinating materials alone, then, this would be an outstanding program of its kind at any price, let alone the present bargain one. Yet what most impressed me (who can take locomotives or leave 'em alone) was the very special clarity, naturalness, and vividness of the sound qualities themselves—exceptional even in a series as consistently fine technically as Mobile Fidelity's. The reason (apart from the customary skill and quality equipment) is disclosed in the accompanying notes: most of these recordings were made at night, in bracingly clear weather, and at a considerable altitude.

What the clarity of desert air means to astronomers is apparently paralleled here in sonic terms. I know of no other way to account for the superb sound throughout this program but perhaps at its very best (especially for fabulously wide dynamic and frequency-range characteristics) in Band 1 of Side 4. This five-and-a-half-minute tone poem of a 2-8-2 Mikado, No. 2210, steaming out of Huehuetoca at 1 p.m., past Brad Miller's mikes, and off—whistling thrillingly—on its way home to the Valle de Mexico yard is, without qualification, the finest sonic documentation of train sounds I've ever heard!

R. D. DARRELL



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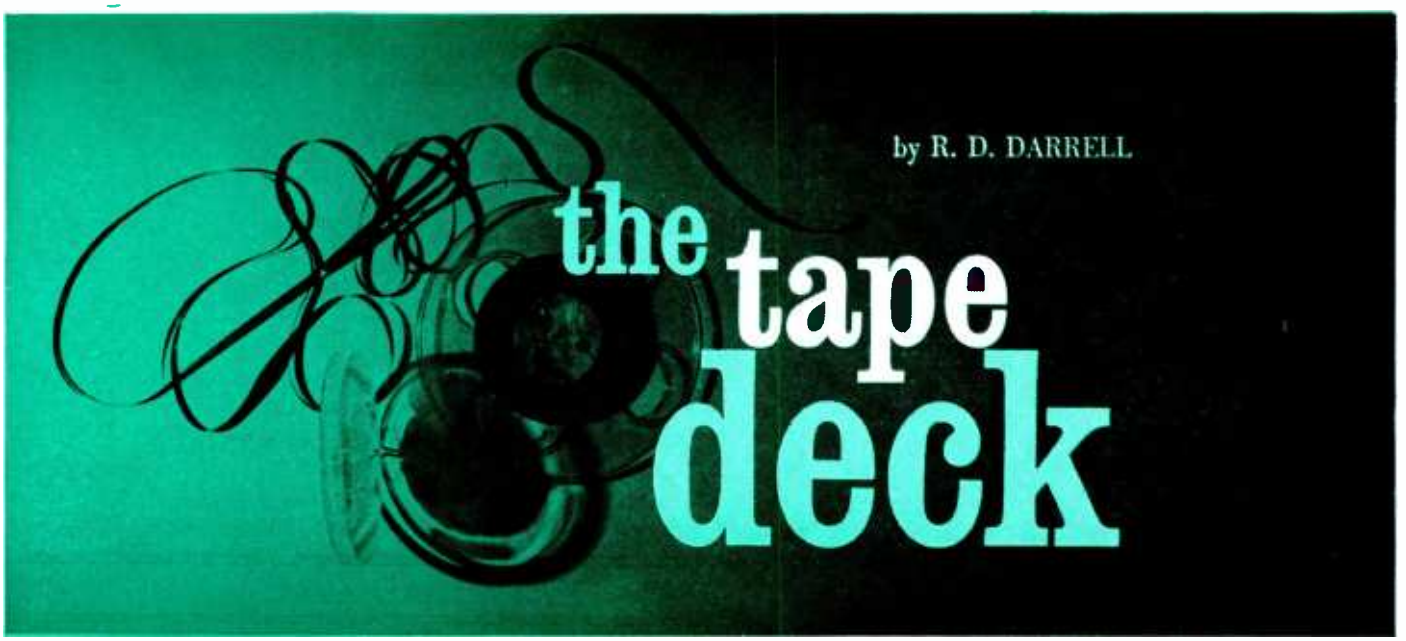

by R. D. DARRELL

the tape deck

The following reviews are of 4-track 7.5-ips stereo tapes in normal reel form.

BACH: *Concertos for Harpsichord and Strings: No. 1, in D minor, S. 1052; No. 2, in E, S. 1053*

George Malcolm, harpsichord; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Karl Münchinger, cond.
• • LONDON LCL 80147. 46 min. $7.95.

What driving floods of raw energy are unleashed in the D minor Concerto! For many years, since Edwin Fischer's piano version 78s, I've known of no better music to revitalize flagging mental or physical forces, yet few more recent interpreters have matched Fischer's concentrated power. I've even doubted, until I heard the present performance, that a harpsichord version, however justified historically, could ever realize the work's full dramatic potentials. But this one does, for me at least, even though the recording balance (as Nathan Broder noted in his recent review of the disc edition) unduly favors the string ensemble over the harpsichord, which seems to be placed relatively far back, more like a continuo than a solo instrument. The effect is rather disconcerting at first, yet I soon began to find it actually fascinating in its enhancement of the timbre contrasts, while I never felt that the solo part was "covered" to the extent of detail losses.

Malcolm's and Münchinger's performance of the charming but much lighter and less gripping E major Concerto is an attractive, liquidly flowing one, and here the blend of harpsichord and string sonorities seems somewhat more equable as well as just as open and vibrant. This is a first release on tape: the D minor work was once available in a two-track taping by Ruggero Gerlin for Omega—no match technically or interpretatively for the present flawlessly processed version.

BARTOK: *Dance Suite; Two Portraits, Op. 5; Rumanian Dances (7)*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• • LONDON LCL 80157. 35 min. $7.95.

The bracing tartness of the *Rumanian Dances*, often heard in arrangements for violin and piano, should, I suspect, appeal irresistibly to tape collectors of almost every variety of personal taste, but the other works in this program not only have been taped before but are of chief interest to Bartók specialists. While Bernard Haitink in his fine Epic tape of the *Dance Suite* plays in more boldly dramatic fashion than does Ansermet (I've never heard Dorati's tape coupling, Mercury STC 90183, of this work and *Two Portraits*), the Swiss conductor's reading of this strange yet exceedingly distinctive music is surely more sensitively poetic, and the present transparent recording hardly could be bettered. The much earlier (1907) *Portraits* seem less of a stimulus to either the conductor or the able violin soloist, Lorand Fenyves, in No. 1. At any rate, the present performances, while also beautifully recorded, seem to be somewhat lacking in personal conviction.

BIZET: *Carmen*

Maria Callas (s), Carmen; Andréa Guiot (s), Micaëla; Nicolai Gedda (t), Don José; Robert Massard (b), Escamillo; et al.; Choeurs René Duclos; Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra (Paris), Georges Prêtre, cond.
• • CAPITOL ZC 3650. Two reels: approx. 96 and 50 min. $21.98.

No matter what one may have expected —or feared—from this much publicized *Carmen*, there are still surprises. Certainly this version is wholly *sui generis* and must be at least heard if not owned even by those who still treasure the memorable Beecham version (also Angel) or who have delighted in the brilliant recent RCA Victor one conducted by Von Karajan and starring Leontyne Price. And no matter how one may object to many of the present star's vocal idiosyncrasies, these prove to be such integral parts of her over-all characterization that they become not only acceptable but convincingly "right." There have been many other great Carmens in the past, but Miss Callas surely can compete with any of them when it comes to individuality and unforgettability!

With the vital exception of the protagonist, the present release lacks marked distinction. The rest of the cast is competent enough and for the most part admirably idiomatic, but the conducting is no match either for Beecham's insights or Von Karajan's éclat; and while the stereoism is airily attractive and limpidly transparent, it seldom achieves the dramatic vividness of the RCA Victor recording. But none of these things really matters: what we have here is an apt example of synecdoche—of a part's taking precedence over the whole.

SIBELIUS: *Symphonies: No. 2, in D, Op. 43; No. 4, in A minor, Op. 63*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• • LONDON LCK 80152 (double-play). 79 min. $11.95.

While Alan Rich's disappointment in these distinctly nonorthodox performances (expressed in his review of the disc editions last January) will very likely be shared by Sibelius connoisseurs, I'd like to bring in what is perhaps less of a minority opinion than the wholly idiosyncratic one of a kind of Sibelian "renegade." A one-time devout believer

Continued on next page

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in the canon expounded so persuasively by Kajanus, Koussevitzky, and Beecham. I eventually lost faith and even tended to become bored with the music that once had held me enthralled. From this special point of view, Ansermet's Sibelius Second seems refreshingly free of the usual bombastic grandiloquence, fascinating in its spicy exploration of previously obscured details. I had never imagined before how decidedly "different" this familiar work *can* sound from what we normally hear in such a favorite version as that, say, by Ormandy (taped by Columbia). Similarly, too, Ansermet's fresh approach to the epigrammatic Fourth Symphony (a first tape edition), while still failing to convince me that the work is a significant masterpiece, does impress me by its revelations of hitherto unsuspected scoring felicities.

Or perhaps the special pleasure I find here is simply a consequence of my personal susceptibility to the intoxicating qualities of recorded sonics such as these. Even those who object most strenuously to the conductor's interpretative approach must give the highest marks to the sound itself. I will go considerably further than echoing Mr. Rich's "excellent"—indeed, hailing these sonics as bewitchingly luminous examples of airborne stereoism at its best.

STRAVINSKY: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D*
†Mozart: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in B flat, K. 207*

David Oistrakh, violin; Lamoureux Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond.
• • PHILIPS PTC 900050, 43 min. $7.95.

Not all tastes will be equally served, obviously, by the present coupling of a concerto of 1931 with a concerto of 1775. Yet there is far less incongruity than one might expect from the gap in time between the dashing early Mozart and the taut, neoclassical, mature Stravinsky. In any case, the present reel would be invaluable for either of its two first tape editions, as well as for its varied representations of Oistrakh's magisterial executant abilities. In both works the soloist's ripely expressive tonal qualities are better restrained than they often have been elsewhere, as is also every temptation to romanticize either the exuberant Mozart or the surprisingly suave and indeed often "courtly" Stravinsky. The recording is vibrantly clean and robust, the tape processing immaculate, and Haitink's accompaniments skillfully turned if perhaps without any marked personality of their own—advantages which are somewhat minimized by the deliberately chosen recording imbalance, which permits the soloist to hog the stage and firmly relegates the orchestra to the background. Normally inexcusable, this procedure is at least partially justified here by the prominence it gives to the fiddling as such—Oistrakh virtuosity at its most formidable best.

STRAVINSKY: *Firebird: Suite*
†Mussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition* (orch. Ravel)

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• • EPIC EC 841, 51 min. $7.95.

The Mussorgsky-Ravel favorite is a reissue—the same recorded performance as that coupled with Liadov's *Enchanted Lake* on EC 838, reviewed here last October. I still can admire only the orchestral playing and the lucid sonics in this far too literal reading of the *Pictures*, but I warmly welcome the present eloquently restrained and colored performance of the *Firebird* music. Its substantial merits are not such as to make it one of the most exciting versions—even the sonic qualities, though highly attractive, are perhaps more characteristic of 1961 or 1962 than of today—yet it is given gratuitous importance by the curious fact that while we have two fine tapings of the complete ballet (by the composer for Columbia and by Ansermet for London) this is now the sole available edition of the Suite.

VERDI: *Requiem Mass*

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond.
• • ANGEL ZB 3649 (double-play), 88 min. $15.98.

Lucine Amara, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Tucker, tenor; George London, bass; Westminster Choir; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• • COLUMBIA M2Q 656 (double-play). 84 min. $11.98.

Unlike some of the record reviewers who balance the relative merits and demerits of these two versions so objectively that they never do reach a decisive preference, I'm immediately prejudiced here in favor of Giulini's greater interpretative dedication and poetic eloquence, and to a less extent in favor too of Angel's more luminous, if less vivid and less crisply focused, stereo sonics. I use the term "prejudiced" deliberately, for my preferences here are more matters of instinctive response than of carefully weighed objective evaluations. (Perhaps I have even been a bit biased in advance by the extreme pleasure I found in the Giulini/Philharmonia tape of Verdi's late *Sacred Pieces*, which I reviewed last October.) In any case, I just can't seem to find genuine conviction in the Ormandy version, for all its more incisive dramatic impact and its less distant placement of the chorus in relation to the orchestra. And while the Columbia recording is uncommonly effective in handling without strain the music's enormous dynamic range, it still somehow lacks (for me, at least) true sonic magic.

I must add, however, that big cli-

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Some plain talk from Kodak about tape:

Sensitivity and frequency response

Controlling every electrical factor involved in the making and using of sound tape is a bit like trying to watch a three-ring circus . . . it can be done, but you need fast eyeballs. Let's discuss two critically important parameters: sensitivity and frequency response.

Sensitivity means the degree of output for a given input.

We put in a 400-cycle signal and measure the output. The result: low-frequency sensitivity. We choose 400 cycles for a number of good reasons. A 400-cycle note recorded at 15 inches-per-second gives us a wave length that the tape "sees" of roughly .0375 inches, and by a happy coincidence this wave length penetrates the entire depth of the oxide coating, but not the support material. Everything else being equal, low-frequency response is a function of the thickness of the coating. The thicker the coating, the better the bass response. We test at a frequency that penetrates the entire coating. We choose 400 cycles instead of, let's say, 20 cycles because the 400-cycle note tells us just as much—and has an added advantage. An engineer can *hear* 400 cycles, so we have audio monitoring as well as instrumented observation on a scope face.

Just as the low-frequency sensitivity test gives us an idea about oxide thickness, the high-frequency test gives us a fairly accurate picture as to just how smooth the surface of the tape is. Good high-frequency response is impossible on a tape having a rough surface. Here's why: The low points will represent gaps in the oxide and cause a loss of H.F. response. We test our high-frequency sensitivity at 15,000 cycles. (Inches-per-second divided by cycles-per-second gives us recorded wave length.) So at 15 ips the arithmetic looks like this:

$$\frac{\frac{\text{inches}}{\text{second}}}{\frac{\text{cycles}}{\text{second}}} = \frac{\text{inches}}{\text{second}} \times \frac{\text{second}}{\text{cycles}} = \frac{\text{inches}}{\text{cycles}}$$ which is wave length (λ)

THUS:

$$\frac{\frac{15 \text{ inches}}{\text{second}}}{\frac{15{,}000 \text{ cycles}}{\text{second}}} = \frac{15 \text{ inches}}{\text{second}} \times \frac{\text{second}}{15{,}000 \text{ cycles}} = \frac{1 \text{ inch}}{1000 \text{ cycles}} = 1 \text{ mil}$$ wave length

At this high frequency (short wave length) we are recording only on the surface of the tape. If any roughness is present, big troubles result. If you have a surface condition where the amplitude of the roughness is just .0001 inches and your recorded signal has a 1-mil wave length, you will lose 5.5 db in high-frequency response! Let's rephrase the catastrophe. It takes a surface variation of just one tenth the wave length to knock down response by about 6 db. And this can happen at any frequency!

We are working toward making a point: KODAK Sound Recording Tape has a surface that is unsurpassed in smoothness, a surface that varies no more than 25-50 millionths of an inch from a theoretically perfect plane.

Frequency response is merely the arithmetic subtraction of high-frequency sensitivity from low-frequency sensitivity. Ideally the response is zero. It's quite an easy matter to juggle the characteristics of an oxide around so that frequency response is nice and flat. For instance, if your oxide has poor high-frequency sensitivity, you can reduce the thickness of the oxide layer. This will degrade L.F. sensitivity, and thus effect a flat response. But is the resulting L.F. loss worth it? We don't think so. That's why we designed our coating to give us superior low- and high-frequency sensitivities, as well as a nice flat response.

Next time we'll chat about a few other basic considerations.

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maxes in Giulini's Requiem lack something in both breadth and clarity—a fault which doesn't seem to me to be a consequence of overloading distortion but rather a failure of performance lucidity. And despite the uncommonly beautiful singing by the vocal quartet as an ensemble and by Nicolai Ghiaurov in particular, my memories of the soloists in the Reiner/RCA Victor taping of 1962 are never effaced or even matched. That reel again can be recommended only with the warning that inadequate playback equipment will not handle its awesome dynamic extremes and that many listeners will find some of the conductor's tempos intolerably slow. True enough—but for supreme dramatic grandeur I consider Reiner's version unchallenged.

JOAN SUTHERLAND, MARILYN HORNE, RICHARD CONRAD: *"The Age of Bel Canto"*

Joan Sutherland, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo; Richard Conrad, tenor; London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, New Symphony Orchestra of London, Richard Bonynge, cond.
• • LONDON LOK 90088 (double-play). 104 min. $11.95.

In some ways a sequel to Joan Sutherland's "Art of the Prima Donna" reel of December 1961, this differs mainly in its more discriminating choice of repertory and in its inclusion of other *bel canto* specialists. There are a couple of trios (from Boieldieu's *Angela* and Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*); four duos (from operas by Bononcini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini); as well as the solos —of which there are seven by Sutherland, five by Marilyn Horne, and four by Richard Conrad. (A fifth of his, included in the disc edition, got crowded out here, but even without it the some 104-minute reel is absolutely brimful.)

There are many truly novel items, among them two charming airs by one William Shield (1748–1829), a British violinist and comic-opera composer hitherto unknown to most present-day listeners. Needless to say, Miss Sutherland is right in her element; Miss Horne sings with more vigor but also with somewhat harder vocal qualities; while Mr. Conrad, who seems to have little real voice as such, nevertheless boasts an amazing mastery of florid executant technique. In short, then, this program will appeal overwhelmingly to some listeners, and not at all to others.

GEORGE SZELL: *"Encore"*

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• • EPIC EC 842. 43 min. $7.95.

An anthology of selections from EC 801, 833, 834, and 830 will undoubtedly be a candidate for the best-seller lists. Of the works included, I find the Rimsky-Korsakov *Capriccio espagnol* a bit too firmly controlled for true gypsy frenzy and the Ravel *Pavane* rather sluggish; but in the three dances from Smetana's *Bartered Bride* and in a superbly contoured and colored *Blue Danube* Szell, his now truly virtuoso Clevelanders, and his Epic engineers all are heard at their very best.

"Joan Baez/5." Vanguard VTC 1696, 41 min., $7.95.
Miss Baez has been so widely and unanimously praised that a listener who has never heard her might find himself skeptical. Well, she certainly isn't perfect; in this program, for instance, the haunting aria from the Villa Lobos *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5 is beyond her powers, and some of the bluesier, tougher songs (e.g., Bob Dylan's *It Ain't Me Babe*) or those of social protest (e.g., Richard Fariña's *Birmingham Sunday*) could be done as well or better by others. But when Miss Baez goes back to the traditional Child ballads (here No. 78, *The Unquiet Grave*, and No. 170, *The Death of Queen Jane*) or to the simplest of lyrical airs (*There but for Fortune, Go Way from My Window, When You Hear Them Cuckoos Hollerin'*, etc.), she is indeed truly incomparable both for sheer vocal loveliness and an interpretative eloquence which can break your heart.

"Basie Land." Count Basie Orchestra. Verve VSTC 320, 35 min., $7.95.
All the jazz connoisseurs seem to agree that the Billy Byers scores here provide only tried-and-true formula pieces for the Basie sidemen—and I certainly can't deny the stereotyped nature of both materials and performances. Nevertheless, there are always fresh flashes of imagination in the Count's own piano commentaries and brief solo bits, and the very predictability of everything else makes it all the easier to concentrate on the band's tonal coloring combinations and contrasts—which, despite some preëchoes, are done full justice by the robust, completely honest and ungimmicked recording.

"Ben Franklin in Paris." Original Broadway Cast, Donald Pippin, cond. Capitol ZO 2191, 48 min., $8.98.
Robert Preston's current vehicle is pretty thin in musical invention and the visual attractions of his costar, Ulla Sallert, aren't matched in distinction by her vocalism. Yet even to listeners who have not seen the magnetic Preston in action his personality is still powerful enough to endow the better songs here (*I Invented Myself, Half the Battle, God Bless the Human Elbow*) with considerable appeal. There are also a couple of pretty little airs for the pretty-voiced Susan Watson, and a spirited drinking chorus, *Hic Haec Hoc*. It's Preston, however, who almost singlehandedly not only carries the show but warrants one's coming back for rehearings. The recording itself is vigorously effective, although lacking in any

special stereogenics: the tape processing admits some preëchoes.

"Curb Your Tongue, Knave!" The Smothers Brothers. Mercury STC 60862, 33 min., $7.95.

Recorded humor is something I never dare recommend with any assurance, but in this case it's hard for me to decide even for myself how much of the overgrown-not-so-bright-kid stuff is genuinely funny and how much just downright silly. I must confess that I couldn't help laughing often—and that there are a couple of moments here which approach the rare miracle of blended humor and pathos. It's to the credit of the stars that they overcome as well as they do the handicaps of a live audience's too constant laughter and applause.

"Fiddler on the Roof." Original Broadway Cast, Milton Green, cond. RCA Victor FTO 5032, 46 min., $8.95.

Those who fear that the delights of Zero Mostel's latest starring vehicle may not be appreciated by listeners who haven't seen the show itself or who are unfamiliar with the Jewish folk tales by Sholom Aleichem on which it is based simply lack faith in the persuasive charm of Jerry Bock's music and Zero's incomparable magnetism. The tape version proves to be even more thoroughly satisfying and heart-warming (as well as—more-or-less incidentally—genuinely humorous) than I had hoped. Its only disadvantage is that Zero tends to dominate everything so imperiously (who can ever forget his *If I Were a Rich Man, Tradition,* and *Tevye's Dream*?) that the mesmerized listener may overlook the first-rate performances by the rest of the cast and Milton Green's orchestra, to say nothing of the delectably live and vivid Dynagroove recording.

"Golden Boy." Original Broadway Cast, Elliott Lawrence, cond. Captiol ZO 2124, 47 min., $7.98.

Somehow I had not been prepared for the impact of this show. Sammy Davis caught me by surprise with his magnificent projections of personality, to say nothing of some remarkably fine straight singing, at least until his voice begins to show signs of strain towards the end. What I'd been even less prepared for are the comparable magnetism of Billy Daniels (who proves to be the suavest villain since Von Stroheim in his *While the City Sleeps* and *This Is the Life*) and the acidulous bite of *Don't Forget 127th Street* and *Colorful*. I can't assure any listener that he will necessarily "enjoy" all he hears, but he certainly will be gripped by some of the most strikingly dramatic and original show scenes since those in *West Side Story*. On top of everything else, the sonic attractions of admirably clean and strong stereo recording are retained intact in the present notably quiet-surfaced, preëcho-free tape processing.

"New Rhythms of the South." Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. London LPL 74054, 30 min., $7.95.

Yesterday, today, and perhaps forever—the Ros Orchestra remains unparalleled for its consistently precise, buoyant, and kaleidoscopically colored playing. The present program, a belated sequel to the famous "Rhythms of the South," offers the same variety of a dozen different Latin-American dance types: it differs only in that it is confined to Latin-American standards rather than including some metamorphoses of non-Latin and even classical materials. I miss those last, but in every other respect the performances are characteristically Ros-y. There is one distinctive novelty (the leader's own *Baiao* setting of a hauntingly atmospheric *Latin Shalom*), and the markedly stereoistic Phase-4 recording is surprisingly warm as well as crystalline.

"Northern Journey." Ian Tyson and Sylvia Flicker. Vanguard VTC 1695, 39 min., $7.95.

Everything I liked so well in the Canadian duo's debut tape of August 1964—the boldly straightforward singing-out, the novel yet always discriminating choice of materials, and the freedom from personal mannerisms and commercial clichés—are all in evidence again here. Ian and Sylvia are perhaps best in such vigorous airs as *Nova Scotia Farewell, Captain Woodstock's Courtship, Swing Down Chariot,* and Ian's own *Some Day Soon*. But they also can be romantically serious as in *Brave Wolfe,* and blithely humorous as in *Little Beggarman* and *Moonshine Can*. And, again, not the least of the attractions here are the vibrantly sonorous (and purely recorded) accompaniments in which the soloists are augmented by one or two other guitarists and string bass.

"People." Barbra Streisand; Orchestra, Peter Matz, Ray Ellis, conds. Columbia CQ 686, 34 min., $7.95.

The inimitable and extraordinarily gifted Barbra Streisand continues to exasperate me by diluting the effectiveness of her fine voice and piquant personality by indulging in exaggerated vocal mannerisms and by permitting herself to be so closely miked that her heavy breathing is almost consistently evident. The pity is that when she is good she is so very good indeed—as here in *Fine and Dandy, When in Rome, How Does the Wine Taste?* and *Love Is a Bore*. Perhaps other listeners won't be as bothered as I am by the more emotional and contrived performances in the program, but I'm convinced that Miss Streisand has both talent and sheerly vocal potentials as yet quite unexploited.

Everest/Concertapes Catalogue. I've been delighted to learn that the complete list of Everest recordings (many of them unavailable for some time) now is back in regular production from newly remastered editions. If the complete catalogue, which also includes the complete Concertapes repertory, is not available from your regular dealer, write directly to Everest Enterprises, Inc., 1313 N. Vine St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

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they, together with other enthusiasts, have formed a new club.

Animals—and weaving: Mr. Watts—a tall, hale man in his seventies who still seeks new challenges for his ingenuity—recently devised an improvement for the family loom and showed us the evidence of the results: a magnificent bolt of cloth that has had a local tailor pleading with him to take up weaving in earnest.

Animals, weaving—and audio. The transition from Cecil E. Watts, private citizen, to Cecil E. Watts Ltd., audio inventor, is made by entering a study at one end of the house and thence, via a trap door on the floor, down a ladder to a stone-walled basement which houses the paraphernalia Watts himself has devised for his investigations of discs ("I don't listen to records these days; I look at them"). Here was invented the Dust Bug, and other devices for combating dirt in the LP groove. Here too Watts makes his remarkable photomicrographs of stereo record grooves, some of which appear in the booklet "How To Clean, Maintain, and Protect Records" (available in the U.S.A. for twenty-five cents from Elpa). A major tool in his work is a microscope trained on a turntable and used in conjunction with an ingenious light and optical system by means of which Watts can get a three-dimensional view of the waveform cut into any record groove. More than a device for taking striking pictures, this setup can reveal how often a record has been played, and under what stylus pressure, and with what size and condition of stylus! To his (and my) knowledge, there is no device like this anywhere else in the world, and Watts understandably is kept busy as a consultant to record companies and pickup manufacturers (one record company recently suspended its pressing-plant operations until Watts discovered, and suggested a cure for, a defect in the master). The results of this continuing work are carefully documented, and eventually Watts will bring out a sequel to his present booklet which "only sets the stage for a very complex drama to unfold later." Some of the tentative highlights of the pending plot that I did manage to elicit from him: lighter-weight cartridges require more delicate arms and greater care in maintaining records; the cleaner a disc, the more static it will hold, and the more static the greater the attraction for dust. One answer to this apparent dilemma seems to be a mild chemical solution (work in progress) for treating a record; another answer may be the use of an aluminum shield on or under the turntable combined with a negative ionization device (currently a laboratory model; later possibly a new product).

Percy Wilson. This was not my first encounter with the venerable, voluble, and volatile Mr. Wilson (see "Newsfronts," December 1963). This time, however, he succeeded literally in drinking me under the table—at a posh restaurant in Soho, yet—but not before I managed to educe from him some interesting data. As a part-time associate of Cecil E. Watts, he told me of goings-on in the basement of Darby House that Mr. Watts—either through modesty or lack of time—had not mentioned. One such was an experimental model of the Dust Bug fitted with an airflow device which silently sucks up the dust from a record. Another was a means of analyzing various types of foreign matter in record grooves; to date, they had succeeded in distinguishing between puffs of tobacco smoke and traces of London fog. For some reason, Wilson said, these particular forms of grime have an affinity for high-frequency passages. Also in the offing is a gadget to "de-muck a record after it has been dirtied. We call it a Record Doctor." A hand-held, but powerful, microscope for record owners to do their own examining may be forthcoming. Finally, Wilson revealed plans for a new tone arm "for very lightweight tracking with ultra high-compliance pickups." A novel feature of this arm is the way it overcomes "a major problem—that of the drag of the pickup leads. I use these wires to help support the arm, and I adjust their tension to serve as an anti-skating force." This revelation struck me as an amazing bit of ingenuity, but Wilson tossed off my praise with some comment about finding out the obvious—the Martian fallacy, as he put it, recalling the H. G. Wells story of the invincible invaders from space who finally succumbed to the common cold virus. "In audio work," he counseled, "you must not neglect the parasites; and if you can't defeat them, make them work for you—like those annoying wires at the end of a pickup arm."

BBC. Broadcasting—of FM, AM, and television—in England has been for years synonymous with the British Broadcasting Corporation, famous for its policy of no commercials. More recently, TV shows with commercials have been aired by the ITA (Independent Television Authority). Both the BBC and the ITA, a spokesman for the former told me, are "public corporations" operating under a royal charter that specifies

Miss Thebom: the art of camouflage.

what each may do and may not do. They are not responsible to the Government, except that the Postmaster General "may exercise some authority under extraordinary circumstances." The chief difference between the two organizations seems to be in how each is supported. The BBC derives its funds from the license fees paid by users of receivers: one pound (about $2.80) a year for an ordinary radio; four pounds for a TV set, which fee includes a radio license. The ITA, in contrast, is permitted to sell air time to show producers known as "program contractors" who, in turn, may sell commercial time to advertisers. The ITA charter permits no more than six minutes per hour of advertising averaged over a day's programming, and the "preferred maximum" in any one hour is seven minutes.

Stereo FM broadcasting has been tried experimentally, but the BBC does not plan to authorize anything in this area until the next plenary session in 1966 of the CCIR (Comité Consultatif International de Radio-diffusion), which body is expected then to agree on a system for all of Europe. There is little doubt—at the BBC and throughout the industry generally—that it will be the same GE/Zenith system used in the U.S.A. Because of this virtual certainty, some FM-set manufacturers would prefer that the BBC adopt the system at once and thereby simplify their design and production of new equipment and at the same time help stimulate future sales. In the meantime, most new FM tuners and complete receivers are being designed with space left on the chassis for the addition of a multiplex adapter. When FM stereo does get under way in Britain, it is expected that—because of the smaller number of stations, the shorter distances between locales, and the generally smoother terrain—many of the reception problems encountered in the U.S.A. will be greatly minimized.

Camouflaged Components. The long skirt has disappeared from female fashions but not from one woman's décor. Blanche Thebom, the Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano, here reveals the moire table skirt under which she hides her AR speakers. The tables themselves were designed and built by Miss Thebom, who is something of a do-it-yourselfer as well as an opera star. The plywood tops were cut to order at a local lumber yard; the wrought-iron bases were bought at New York's Door Store. Other components, installed in an adjoining room, at arm's length from Miss Thebom's desk, include Pilot tuner and amplifier, Garrard Type A record player with Shure M7D cartridge, and a Tandberg Model 5 tape recorder.

Literature, Free and Otherwise. The Viking 88 Stereo Compact service manual described here in February was inadvertently listed as a free publication. The free publication available from Viking is a 12-page illustrated booklet on "High Fidelity Decorating with an 88 Stereo Compact." The service manual itself costs $1.00.

THE BRITISH AUDIO ESTABLISHMENT

Continued from page 60

The plant, through which Mr. Briggs conducted me at a brisk pace, is located in Idle-Bradford, although the company name is derived from the lovely Wharfe River Valley, not far away. Briggs's own explanation of the name (in his book *Loudspeakers*, 5th edition) is worth repeating. At a demonstration he was once asked, ". . . why our speakers were named Wharfedale when they were made in Bradford, which is in Airedale. I pointed out that the beauty of Wharfedale matched the beauty of the product (ahem!) and we could not risk using a name like Airedale in case dissatisfied customers . . . complained that we were dirty dogs; whereupon a lady observed brightly that we might at least have adopted Airedale as a suitable name for our woofers."

Like so many speaker experts, Wharfedale engineers allow that, beyond a certain point in the design effort, much of "the beauty of the product" is in the ear of the listener. They too are aware of differences in sonic taste, and noticeably between British and American listeners. These differences, they find, are not a matter of over-all frequency range or of distortion, but more of tonal balance or emphasis. Americans, it seems, generally prefer a more prominent bass, tentatively characterized—in an impromptu word-searching contest we indulged in—as "rich" (our economic status?), or as "excessively warm" (to conform to our central heating?), or as "woolly" (that textile influence!), or as "pregnant" (this really signifies reproduction!). One plausible explanation advanced for the bass preference was the generally larger size of the average American living room, which would be dimensionally suited to accept the longer wavelengths of deep bass tones. Whatever the explanation (and however one describes the differences), Wharfedale makes an effort to satisfy a wide range of listening tastes, especially ours, and the result is a fair diversity of systems.

In addition to speakers, Wharfedale is about to enter solid-state electronics; the forthcoming amplifiers and tuners will be manufactured in a new plant. Technical manager Kenneth Russell was very enthusiastic over the possibilities of solid-state; he favors the new technology for its extended frequency response and "superior transient characteristics which will make good speakers sound even better."

What "sound even better" actually means is perhaps most aptly suggested in a remark of Mr. Briggs's daughter, Mrs. V. E. Pitchford: in describing what guides the Wharfedale people in choosing records for their demonstrations, she pointed to a "strong musical rather than gymnastic bias. . . ." Indeed, this reaffirmation of "sound for music's sake" might well sum up the entire British philosophy of audio which is—when you think on it—not really so different from our own.

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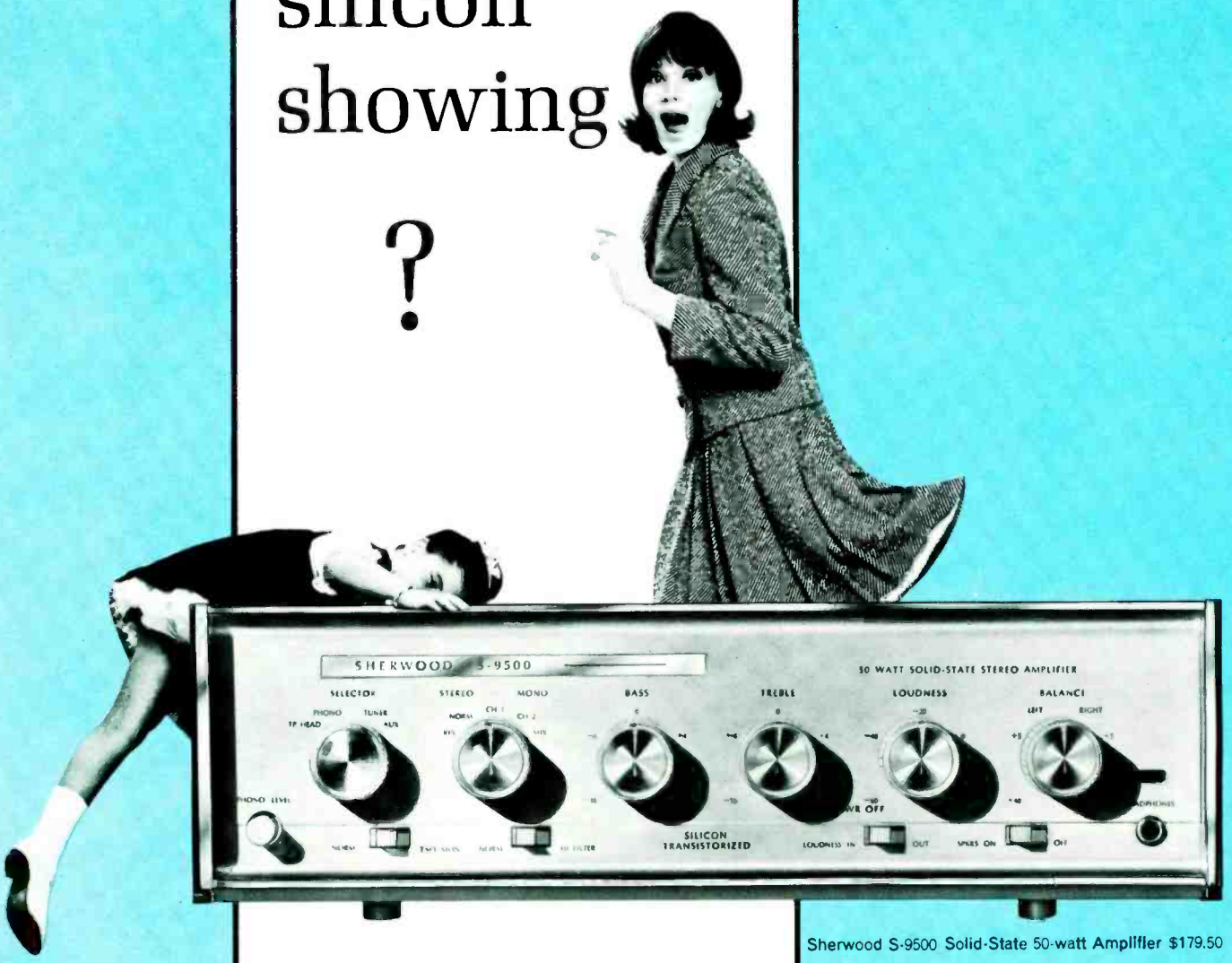

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