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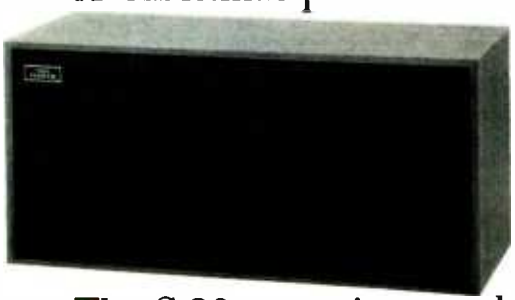

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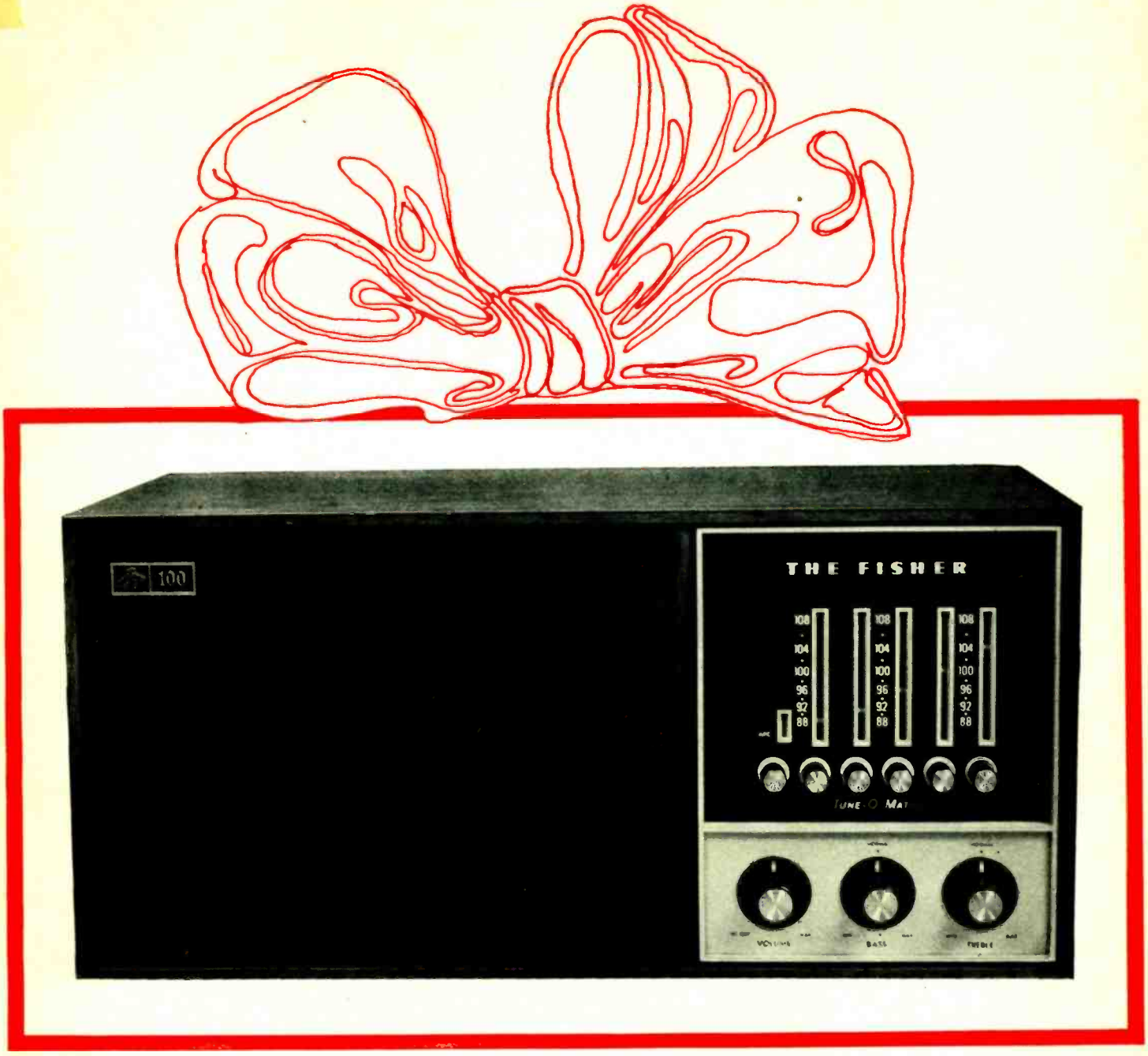

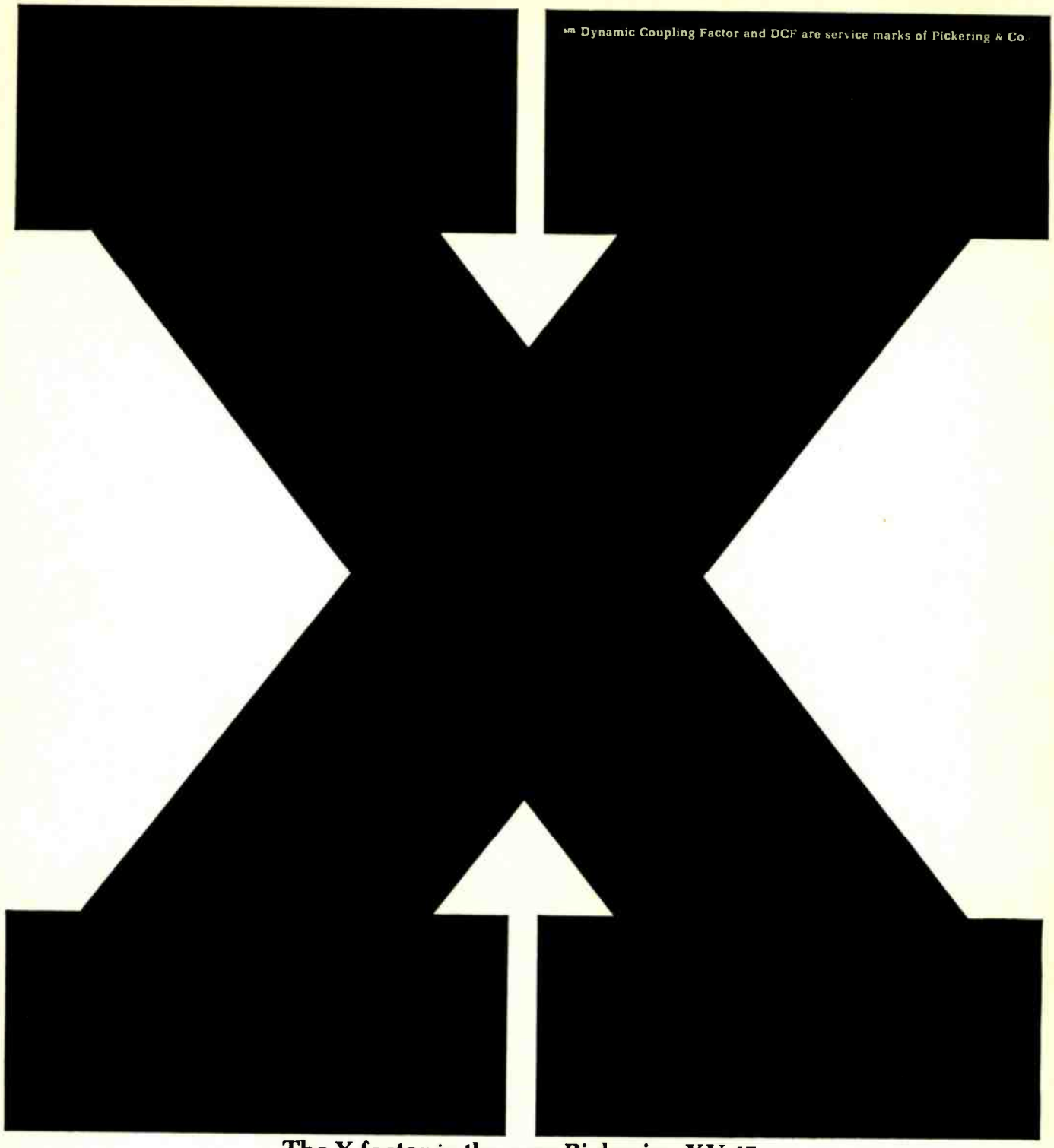

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HIGH FIDELITY VOL. 17 NO. 12 DECEMBER 1967

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AUDIO AND VIDEO

RECORDINGS

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Coming Next Month In

HIGH FIDELITY

WHAT'S NEW IN PHONO CARTRIDGES?

All the king's electronics can't put back what has failed to pass through this least expensive but in some respects most critical of the basic stereo components. Since our last survey nearly two years ago a new generation of cartridges has developed. Next month we bring you up to date on them.

THE RECORD PRODUCERS

These are the men who tell conductors that their orchestras are not in balance, prima donnas that they are out of tune, and violin virtuosos that they sound scratchy. Record producers are at least as responsible for the recorded performances you buy as are the performers. In January we watch them as they transform their ideas into recordings.

THE DISREPUTABLE ROMANTICS

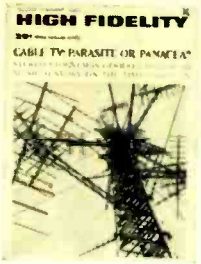
Who will succeed Mahler and Nielsen in the revival sweepstakes? Would you believe Frederic Kalkbrenner? How about Marie Szymanowska? Or Joachim Raff? Have you ever even heard of them? Not so long ago they were world-famous composers and they may again become so.

DICK HYMAN AND THE STUDIO MEN

There is a new type of virtuoso unique to our time. He is usually anonymous. He can sight read anything from the most avant-garde symphony to the most far-out jazz, but he will most often be found accompanying some pop entertainer. He is the free-lance musician. Next month we will follow one of the best of them as he makes his rounds.

Plus

Book and record reviews, laboratory reports on new equipment, reports from here and abroad, and our usual columns.



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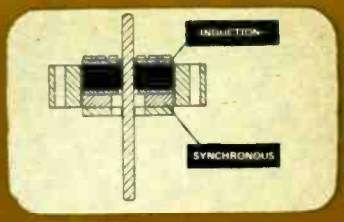
Roy Lindstrom

a quick summary of the four new Garrard® SYNCHRO-LAB™ models and their differences



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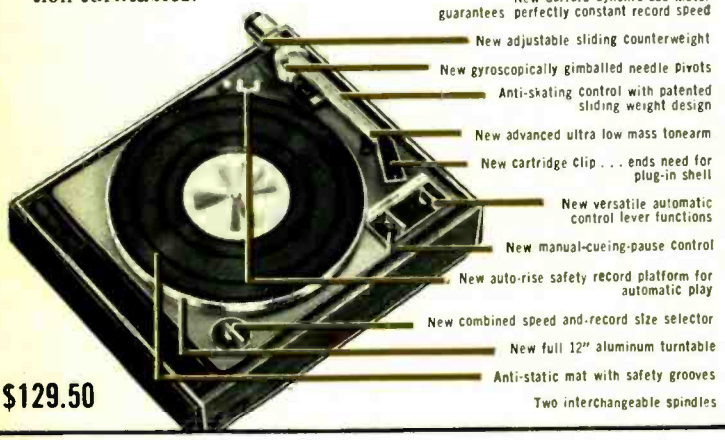

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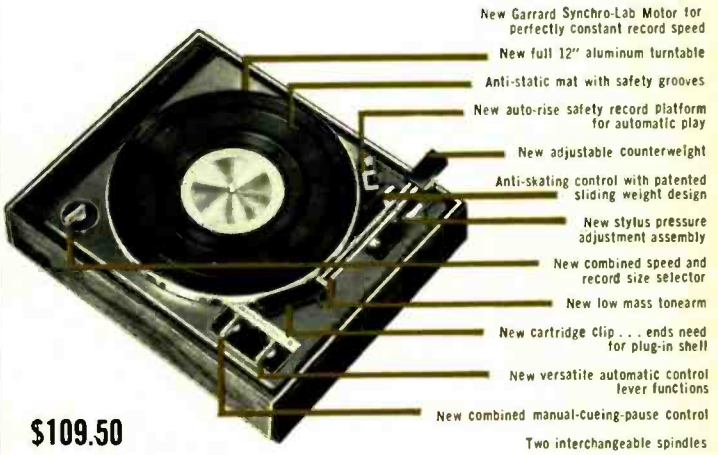

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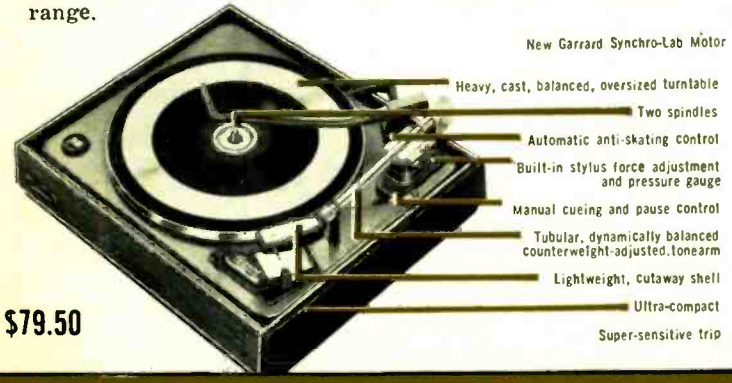

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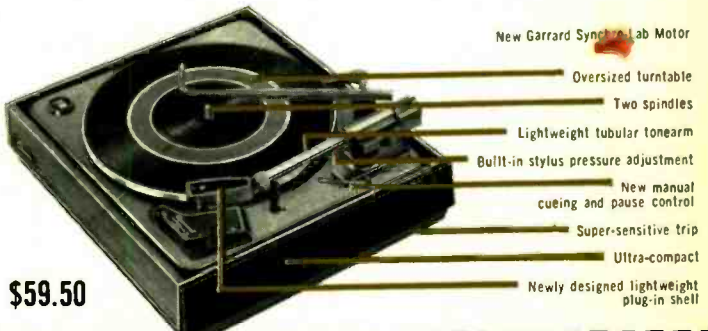

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LETTERS

More on Mahler

SIR:
Many thanks for publishing Leonard Bernstein's excellent essay "Mahler: His Time Has Come" and the perceptively detailed analysis of the Mahler symphonies on records by Bernard Jacobson [September 1967]. Perhaps Mr. Jacobson could be persuaded to give a concise review of that splendid (but, alas, now deleted) performance of Mahler's Fourth Symphony by Willem Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra on Philips.

John Douglas Beardsley
Montreal, Que.
Canada

SIR:
Praises for Mr. Jacobson's useful and carefully considered Mahler discography. In view of the forthcoming Mahler issues, we should very shortly have enough new recordings for a lengthy addenda. But Mr. Jacobson did not mention Mengelberg's performance of the Fourth Symphony on Philips; perhaps he could give us his opinion of this recording—to my mind the most compelling version of all.

John W. Round
Birmingham
England

SIR:
I am mystified over Bruno Walter's poor showing in Mr. Jacobson's discography. Not even one Walter recording was listed as definitive by Mr. Jacobson, despite the rare artistic and philosophical affinity between this composer and conductor. A few years before his death, Mahler wrote Walter: "Neither of us need waste any words about what we mean to each other. I feel that no one has understood me as you have, and I believe that I, too, have penetrated the depths of your soul . . ."

Perhaps critical evaluation is as subjective as artistic creation and interpretation, but surely Walter's credentials have some validity.

James Orr
Toronto, Ont.
Canada

SIR:
Very likely Mr. Jacobson is not aware of the splendid MK recording of Mahler's Third Symphony, unfortunately at present unavailable in this country. Kyril Kondrashin and the Moscow Philharmonic surpass any recorded performance I have

Continued on page 10

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CIRCLE 21 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

ever heard. Even the usually inaudible trombone glissandos and tam-tam rumbles come across with complete clarity; and if a genuine post horn is not used in the third movement, we do have a very reasonable facsimile. Only the purist who flinches at Nietzsche's verses sung in Russian could object to this magnificent performance. Can Melodiya/Angel be persuaded to give this recording wider circulation?

Kondrashin's immense success with this problematical score proves that, like all great composers, Mahler can be interpreted in many ways. Mahler's music will live, not simply because Bruno Walter championed him and left a legacy of recordings, but because the composer is being played everywhere today—and ironically by nonViennese conductors such as Barbirolli, Horenstein, Bernstein, Ančerl, Haitink, Kubelik, Solti, and Kondrashin.

William Zakariasen
New York, N.Y.

SIR:
Being a devoted Mahlerite and avid collector of the symphonies, I was most interested in the fine analysis of these works presented by Bernard Jacobson. This discography must surely rank as the most honest and perceptive account of this literature ever written. While my own ranking was not always identical, the differences were usually in personal taste rather than objective merit.

Being a devoted Chicagoan as well, I was also pleased to see mention of Jean Martinon in reference to the Tenth Symphony. I agree with Mr. Jacobson that Martinon digs far more deeply into the potential of this work than Ormandy. I might also commend to Mr. Jacobson's attention the Third as interpreted by Martinon. On the basis of these two works, I think Mahler can be safely added to the list of composers (including Stravinsky, Berg, Haydn, Bach, Bartók, and Ravel) for which this Frenchman has a special affinity and a fresh insight. When Martinon leaves Chicago at the end of this season the Orchestra will have lost a truly great conductor.

Wayne A. Bernath
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Jacobson replies: "It may seem ungrateful in view of Messrs. Round's and Beardsley's words of appreciation, but I don't at all share their high opinion of Mengelberg's Mahler Fourth. True, Mengelberg exhibits great care for detail. But his expansion of nuances into Major Points—witness the grossly exaggerated ritards into the main theme of the first movement—totally destroys, for me, the cogency of the whole. There are some finely conceived moments in Jo Vincent's interpretation of the solo soprano part, but on the whole I find this to be heroic rather than childlike singing—impressive but inappropriate.

"I must thank Mr. Zakariasen for bringing Kondrashin's Third to my attention. I have never heard this recording, nor the same conductor's Ninth, which has been well spoken of.

"I hate to seem peevish, but I must point out to Mr. Orr that no *recording was listed in my discography as 'definitive'—a word I consider totally inapplicable to artistic endeavor. Nor do I consider a conductor's 'credentials' (dating from the early years of the century) at all relevant to a consideration of the solid evidence furnished by performances of more than thirty years later. Obviously my lukewarm response to the Walter recordings is a subjective matter; but I hope I have given enough objective evidence to provide a basis for the judgment."*

Shocker

SIR:
Gene Lees's highly colorful reviews have added immensely to the appeal of your magazine. I disagree with readers who say that Mr. Lees resorts to sensationalism in order to put across a point. When he says that Judy Garland, Barbra Streisand, Mary Martin, or Ethel Merman can't sing, he is simply stating a fact. When he says that the music world today is dominated by a crowd of grubby characters spreading garbage in the form of music, again he is stating fact.

Without writers like Gene Lees who have the guts to speak true about things that may shock and infuriate, the popular music scene would be a dreary one indeed. I have come to the defense of Mr. Lees many times before, and I will continue to do so as long as he remains an individual, not just another sheep in the flock.

Frank Buzzell
Spring Lake, Mich.

SIR:
The "Lighter Side" in the September issue dimmed a bit with Gene Lees's unprofessional slam at Bert Kaempfert's composition *Strangers in the Night*. Mr. Lees's ego must have taken a dismal dip when his chosen loser became a winner. Honest reviews are what we expect; but don't tell us that such successful recordings can't "cut it."

Miss Ames must have gotten her heartstrings tangled before writing her review of Oliver Nelson's "The Kennedy Dream" in the same issue. I just can't believe that she sincerely attributes the musicians' "sloppy musicianship" to an excess of sentiment. Don't ignore the obvious—you're hearing just what the budget paid for, not tearful emotions. As to the wisdom of the project: *never* would have been too soon.

Eric M. Tabeling
HQ Co. USAAMAC R/W
Sandhofen
Germany

SIR:
I wish to register extreme disappointment in the quality of the light music reviews in HIGH FIDELITY. For one who has been a reader since the magazine's earliest years, the change for the worse is obvious.

Continued on page 12

AR-3a

Acoustic Research announces a new speaker system.

In 1959, our first advertisement for the AR-3 stated, "it has the most musically natural sound that we were able to create in a speaker, without compromise." This judgment was supported by distinguished writers in both the musical and engineering fields. Hirsch-Houck Laboratories, for example, agreed that "the sounds produced by this speaker are probably more true to the original program than those of any other commercially manufactured speaker system we have heard." For nearly nine years the AR-3 has been the best speaker we could make.

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CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

I am thinking particularly of the mood music field in which I am especially interested. In the days of John F. Indcox these reviews were very well balanced and based on a discriminating judgment which revealed excellent taste. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of current reviews. Favorable criticism is bestowed in profusion on records which are so bad that they should never have been reviewed at all.

Reuben Musiker
Grahamstown, Cape Province
South Africa

Disagreement

SIR:

In the "Equipment Reports" [August 1967] CBS Labs whitewashes the Sony VC-8E cartridge (which *Consumer Reports* finds unacceptable for use in high quality sound systems), and in the "Letters" column of the same issue Mr. Eisenberg accepts a "well done" from Irving M. Fried (who happens to contribute to and advertise in HIGH FIDELITY —hardly an impartial observer).

Discouraged Subscriber

Mr. Eisenberg replies: "HIGH FIDELITY *and* Consumer Reports *often have disagreed on product evaluations. And then too, we have often agreed. A report which documents laboratory measurements of frequency response, distortion, channel separation, square-wave behavior, and so on, can hardly be called a 'whitewash.' And did Discouraged Subscriber conduct his own tests? How does he know that either* Consumer Reports *or* HIGH FIDELITY *was 'correct'?*

"As for Mr. Fried's 'well done'—this means a good deal inasmuch as Mr. Fried himself is a writer, an expert in the field, and one who has often disagreed with us."

Spreading the Electrons

SIR:

Peter G. Davis' fine article on electronic music [October 1967] neglects to mention Ilhan Mimaroglu, who worked at the Columbia-Princeton Center from 1964 until July of this year. Mimaroglu's electronic works are perhaps among the very best, and his disc output on Turnabout (*Bowery Bum*, *Intermezzo*, *Le Tombeau d'Edgar Poe*, and *Agony*) is but a small sample of his work. His twelve *Preludes for Magnetic Tape* deserve mention as well as *Anacolutha*.

Unfortunately, electronic music does not yet have the exposure that it needs and deserves. WKCR-FM, the student-operated station of Columbia University, presents what may be the only regularly scheduled electronic music program on U.S. radio: "Sounds of Our Age," every Sunday at 2:00 p.m. Drawing on our association with the Columbia-Princeton Center, we broadcast electronic works not available on discs, recordings of contemporary and electronic music concerts given at Columbia, and interviews with many of the composers active at the Center. We have broadcast, from tapes, electronic works by Mimaroglu, Vladimir Ussachevsky, Milton Babbitt, J. K. Randall, William Hellerman, and Harvey Sollberger.

Lawrence L. Faltz
WKCR-FM
New York, N.Y.

Now Is the Hour

SIR:

The current opera and Lieder scene is presently dominated by two great baritones: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Tito Gobbi. While there can be no complaint about the recorded attention paid Fischer-Dieskau, Gobbi, by comparison, has been shamefully neglected.

Before his retirement, he should record Macbeth, Di Luna, and Carlo (both in *La Forza del destino* and *Ernani*), and be given an opportunity to remake, in stereo, his Rigoletto, Germont, Boccanegra, Renato, Rodrigo, and Amonasro. And what of his incomparable Gérard in *Andrea Chénier* and Jack Rance in *La Fanciulla del West*? Or the Mozart roles—the Count in *Figaro* and Don Giovanni—that he is said to sing so superbly?

Take note EMI or Decca/London or whoever—the time is now!

Leonard Masters
Austin, Texas

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CIRCLE 35 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

by Norman Eisenberg

Expo 67—Preview Of the Future For Audio-Video?

THE SPRAWLING, description-defying vastness of Expo 67 probably will have many visitors wondering for some time to come just what it was that they experienced: a series of exhibits, or a psychedelic brainwashing in newfangled audio-video techniques. Not only did Expo use every a-v technique known, and some we'd never experienced before, but the techniques themselves were the show. You could, that is to say, visit Expo and not care a fig about man's achievements in the arts and sciences, and be sated (mesmerized?) only by the outrageously sophisticated techniques for projecting that subject matter to mass audiences.

Expo 67 is, of course, over now, but more than the memory lingers on. So forceful and intense have Expo's media proven to be that we now hear talk, among the sober and august members of the audio-video engineering fraternity, of Expo's having given rise to a "new discipline" in a-v communications. In fact, some of the details are being discussed, as we go to press, at the 1967 meeting of the Audio Engineering Society, and we plan to report on them next month. In the meantime we can indicate generally what the shouting is all about.

As to the screen-presentation methods, first there is the surround screen, also known—in the form in which it was first shown at the U.S. Pavilion in Brussels—as Circarama. Several large movie screens completely cover the circular wall of a cinema to create the illusion of motion past the audience. The viewers experience a sense of being in the center of the action, moving through it (the Disney film on Canada at the Telephone Association pavilion). Then there is the mirrored screen that gives a kaleidoscopic effect of seemingly infinite dimensions as you watch it ahead, above, beneath, or at your sides ("Kaleidoscope"). Next we have the duplicated screen: identical sequences are projected simultaneously onto screens that can be seen from any part of a circular theatre, a cinema-in-the-round ("Man and His Health"). Finally, and what many have found to be the most exciting technique, is a whole complex of projection tricks that may be categorized generally as multi-screen or split-screen projection, by means of which different though related sequences are shown in tandem or rapid succession. Thus, "Labyrinth," in which you stood in a large dark gallery with a screen on a wall and another in a pit beneath your feet—and a child, for instance, throws a rock from the wall screen which splashes into a pond below. Or the multiple screens, all on the wall, used in the Canadian Pacific film *We Are Young* and in a film shown at "Man the Producer"—the main action is conveyed on one screen, while auxiliary screens present related scenes or comments on it. The most proliferate use of split-screen was at the Czech pavilion, where a huge wall screen was divided and subdivided into an endless permutation of small squares alternately showing independent and interrelated cinematic and still sequences.

Needless to add, sound was a constant and integrated part of all these presentations, and particularly so in the noncinematic but very visual display of abstract lighting effects in the French pavilion, which were accompanied by an all-over-the-place playback of *musique concrète*. Distilling, refining, and combining these staggering effects, the practitioners of the "new discipline" may in the future produce movies and television programs that will make our present-day efforts seem like schoolroom exercises.

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CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

by GEORGE MOVSHON

How the Gods Were Caught

A review of *Ring Resounding*, John Culshaw's new book about the mightiest recording project ever achieved.

WHEN John Culshaw, a record producer for the Decca/London company, arrived in Vienna in 1958 he encountered in a hotel lobby an acquaintance from another record company. Asked what had brought him to Austria, Culshaw replied that he was to direct the first-ever complete recording of *Das Rheingold*. This drew a comment and a prophecy: "Very nice, very interesting . . . but of course you won't sell any."

The condition of that crystal ball proved murky indeed. Within six months *Rheingold*, on three discs, was fighting Elvis Presley on the best-seller lists: Wagnerites—and thousands to whom Wagner and *The Ring* had previously been alien and forbidding territory—were now exploring in their own living rooms the miraculous world of the composer's imagination; and for audiophiles Nibelheim's anvils and Donner's hammer had become the recognized ordeals by which to measure the claims of any stereo system. By then Pilot Culshaw was busy charting the entire course of the *Ring* project, a seven-year journey that was to bring home precisely 753 minutes 35 seconds of music, contained on nineteen LP records in four albums. To me, as to many others, these albums are utterly indispensable. I would rush to save them if the house was burning down. The complete *Ring* has been called "the greatest achievement in the history of the phonograph." It is difficult to think of another candidate.

And now Culshaw has told the whole story in a book called *Ring Resounding* (Viking Press, $7.95). Here he leads one fascinated through the doors of Vienna's Sofiensaal (where it all happened), on to the studio floor, into the space-age control room, and back into the aesthetic, human, and corporate entanglements inherent in any artistic project on this grand scale.

There is drama and passion in Culshaw's saga, no less than in Wagner's—and a vast panorama of heroes, villains, gods, and spear-carriers. Some appear briefly and then are seen no more; but always present on stage is the Vienna Philharmonic, a body with a tradition of 125 years, an ensemble of silken strings and supremely noble horns, an orchestra capable equally of *Schlamperei* or the sublime, run by a protocol-ridden bureaucracy of Byzantine intricacy. In the foreground are the singers, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Gottlob Frick, Christa Ludwig, and the rest; Wilhelm Pitz and his choir; beaters of anvils; artificers of Stierhorns; artists' agents; and a BBC television crew. Behind glass sit Culshaw and his technical colleagues (Erik Smith, Christopher Raeburn, Gordon Parry, Jimmy Brown). Back over the horizon in Zurich is the godfather of the project, Decca's European director, Maurice Rosengarten; and beyond him, in

Continued on page 20

Triumphant trio: Nilsson, Solti, and Culshaw.

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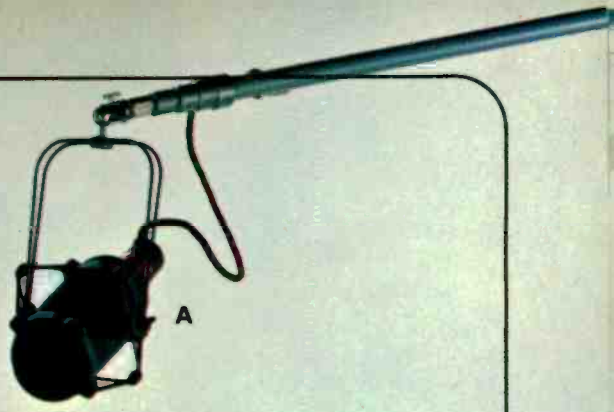

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Continued from page 18

How the Gods Were Caught

London, the shadowy figure of Sir Edward Lewis, Decca's chairman. There too lurks Decca's technical genius and *deus ex machina*, Arthur Haddy.

The supreme god of *Ring Resounding* is Georg Solti, staccato of speech, infinitely energetic, tireless, probing, muscular; a stalwart rock amid all the artistic and administrative storms. The musical unity of the recorded *Ring* is his towering accomplishment.

Two ladies share the role of principal goddess: Birgit Nilsson of course, for her three sumptuous Brünnhildes; and in the first half of the story, the statuesque figure of Kirsten Flagstad, who plays a dominant role though her voice is heard only as Fricka in *Rheingold*. She was to have sung the *Walküre* Fricka as well, then perhaps Erda and Waltraute. But her decline and approaching death, told in extracts from her many letters to Culshaw, run like a dark threnody through the events of those years.

Culshaw is a master storyteller and a man of strong opinions on music generally and opera in particular. He believes that the Decca/London *Ring* provides a fundamentally new kind of listening experience, differing in *kind*, not just degree, from traditional recordings. This is neither the replica of an opera house presentation, nor yet a studio assembly of the music; it is an attempt at sonic sculpture for the home, a new approach to the listener's musical and dramatic imagination. Stereo made it all possible; vision and teamwork by singers, players, and technicians brought it off. Culshaw is much taken with Glenn Gould's prediction that the concert hall and the opera house are doomed, that the living room is the theatre of the future. He foresees a home equipped with a means of projecting a superb visual image, linked to audio reproduction of the highest quality. The viewer/listener would choose his own fare, and would in large measure control the manner of its presentation.

[There have recently been rumors that inventors here and in Europe are hard at work on a video disc, a pressed (and therefore inexpensive) record that would modulate both moving picture and stereo sound. And CBS has recently announced the impending arrival of a video playback unit, with a new kind of film cartridge that yields picture and sound through a player connected to a standard TV set—see "VTR Topics," in last month's High Fidelity. One speculates that the possibilities inherent in these developments may have led Culshaw recently to resign from Decca/London and to join BBC Television as Head of Music Programs. His kind of imagination might well flower within the new dimensions.]

At times Culshaw's *Ring* experiences read like an account of a game of three-dimensional chess in which each piece has a perverse will of its own. And naturally the hardest pieces to handle are the artists.

He tells of only one difficult period with Nilsson. In New York, after the release of the *Götterdämmerung* album, someone played for her the Immolation Scene and convinced her that the voice had been technically suppressed, drowned in the orchestral accompaniment. She returned to Vienna (for the *Walküre* sessions) utterly furious with Decca, believing that she had been duped at the first playback; and she continued to seethe for weeks—until Culshaw arranged for her to hear the record again, on a variety of stereo systems, and eventually succeeded in reassuring her that the music as released was what she had first heard and approved.

The casting of the recorded *Ring* began in the shadow of two question marks: Wotan? Siegfried? Those who today have reservations about the finished discs generally center their misgivings on the artists who perform these two roles. There was no really satisfactory bass-baritone for the part of Wotan when Culshaw had to make his decision. In choosing Hans Hotter he opted for experience and nobility of utterance at the cost of vocal beauty; Hotter had long been a supreme Wotan, but his voice was now badly worn. The search for an alternative to Wolfgang Windgassen in the title role of *Siegfried* reads like a piece of surrealist comedy, right down to its ludicrous finish. Culshaw and Solti actually found a true *Heldentenor*, a man whose voice was ideal for the part. (The singer is not named in the book but those who follow Central Europe's operatic news will have no great difficulty in identifying him.) The trouble was that he had never sung the part, didn't know it, and had a calendar crammed with singing engagements. Nevertheless, he airily promised to learn the role and have it ready for the recording date. Decca provided him a tutor, agonized over him for eight months. At the appointed time he came to Vienna and sang three takes of the Act III duet with Hotter. It was awful. "In our hearts we all knew it was a hopeless case—except that one kept going back to the tapes and acknowledging the sheer magnificence and power of the voice . . . but in the third take of the day he simply ran out of voice, and that was the end of that."

While singers, orchestra, and technicians waited, Culshaw was forced to go, hat in hand, to Windgassen (who happened to be in Vienna at the time and desperately wanted to sing the part). The tenor's terms were stiff; and he wanted a promise that he would also be cast as Siegfried in *Götterdämmerung* when the time came to do that opera. It was Culshaw's darkest hour.

"I managed to contact Mr. Rosengarten at last, who was understandably furious. Not only had we lost two sessions on account of a tenor I had recommended long ago, but we had paid quite a lot of money for the man's tuition; and Windgassen's agent was now making excessive demands if the artist was to take over the part in an emergency. This really did look like the end of the *Ring*. I think our conversation went on for about ninety extremely uncomfortable minutes. No sooner had we finished than Windgassen rang to ask whether he should come to the session or not. Solti and Hotter were on the other lines saying they could not record in three hours from now unless they knew *what* they were recording; and that depended on whether or not we, or Zurich, reached agreement with Windgassen's agent. It was too late to cancel the orchestra, anyway. Then Mr. Rosengarten came back on the phone and we went through our nightmare again. I think it was the worst moment of my professional life. . ."

As those who know the final records may agree, Windgassen sang in that recording (and later in *Götterdämmerung*) to the utmost limit of his capacity, giving the performances of his career. The best Siegfried in the world may not have been really quite good enough—but Culshaw had him.

It is understandable that a man who suffered as Culshaw did in bringing to life *his* kind of *Ring* should have some rather negative views about other approaches to Wagner; but one wishes that he had suppressed certain ungenerous remarks about other re-creators of Wagner's music-dramas. In particular, there are sideswipes at the late Wieland Wagner ("a production which struggled every inch of the way against the music") and against an accomplished musician who last year conducted at Bayreuth a very beautiful *Walküre*, one entirely more lyrical and Mozartean than Solti's though no whit less valid. This, Culshaw describes as "a performance of monumental ineptitude." Strange that a man who has proved how far he can see should nevertheless be so myopic.

There are also passages of rather naïve glee at gimmicks in the *Ring* records (admittedly few) that have not won entire acceptance by some who otherwise admire the recordings deeply. One such concerns the bit of tape-speed trickery whereby Siegfried is temporarily converted from a tenor to a baritone in the closing minutes of Act I of *Götterdämmerung*. Perhaps a better way of achieving that result would have been to get Fischer-Dieskau to sing the lines. After all, that's what Siegfried was doing with the aid of the Tarnhelm—impersonating Gunther.

But these are small things; and the book is a great one.

Some people will never be "in." Their fancies run high and they are fanatically loyal to logic, imported beer and aged cheese. The outcrowder is long-haired, bald, herring-bone suited, and clad in dungarees with turtleneck sweater.

The conversation is endless. Probing the profound, he will discourse on drugs, Stendahl, the Kennedys, DeGaulle, Art, Love and Be-Ins.

His taste in music can run the gamut of Beatle fad, Bach fugue and Ravi Shankar.

The one thing that is most common is a demand for great performance.

His ear is attuned to the subtleties of delicate instrumentation.

When the conversation becomes subdued and the mood softens to a "listen" the cartridge used is the ADC 10E-MkII.

Top-rated, this mini cartridge is almost human in its instinct. It brings out the brilliance, from the lowest bass to the highest treble.

Its channel separation, supreme, as it feels and caresses every groove, bringing out each little nuance of the recording.

Using a unique "induced magnet" principle, it reduces the mass of the moving system to a minimal value and significantly increases stylus compliance. This allows the stylus to accurately follow the intricate modulation of the record groove.

There is less distortion and minimum record wear.

The miniscule, geometrically designed, elliptical diamond (lateral radius of .7 mil and contact radius of .3 mil) contributes to a more superior tracking ability.

These elements, carefully opinionated features, result in a genuine effortless reproduction that carries the listener to the edge of his seat.

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If a cartridge ever appears that can track as low as ½ gram, the Dual tonearm will still be comfortably ahead of it. As will the entire Dual turntable.

Every aspect of the Dual is designed and engineered to perform smoothly and quietly at tracking forces well under ½ gram. This includes tonearm, motor, platter, cueing, automatic cycling and switching.

For example, it takes only ¼ gram of force to slide the operating switch to "stop" when a record is in play. So there's no annoying stylus bounce. It takes even less force to activate the automatic shutoff when the stylus reaches the runout groove.

Tonearm adjustments are equally precise. The direct-dial tracking force adjustment is accurate to within 0.1 gram. And the Tracking-Balance control (anti-skating) is not only calibrated to tracking force, but to different stylus radii as well.

When precision like this is combined with rugged reliability proven over the years, it's no wonder that most leading audio editors and record reviewers use a Dual in their own stereo systems.

Among the many exclusive Dual features these professionals appreciate are the variable speed control and the single-play spindle that rotates with the platter, exactly as on manual-only turntables.

These and other advanced Dual features are described on the opposite page. But as with all audio equipment, nothing can take the place of an actual demonstration. And as you will then learn, nothing can take the place of a Dual.

Elastically damped counterbalance with vernier adjustment for precise zero balance. Other Dual refinements include nylon braking on shaft to prevent slippage, and damping between counter-balance and shaft to reduce tonearm resonance to below 8 Hz.

Rotating single play spindle. Integral with platter and rotates with it, a professional feature that eliminates potential record slip or bind.

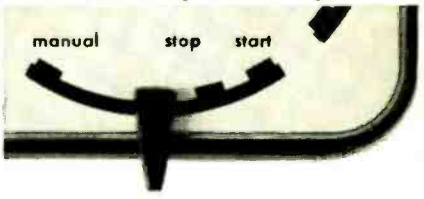
Dual's Tracking-Balance Control (anti-skating) equalizes tracking force on each wall of the stereo groove, eliminating distortion and uneven wear on stylus and record that result from skating. The direct-dial anti-skating control is applied in a continuously variable range and is numerically calibrated to the tracking force dial. You don't undercompensate or overcompensate. This precision is in keeping with the extremely low bearing friction (under 40 milligrams) of Dual tonearms, which can thus skate freely even when tracking as low as ½ gram.

Constant-speed Continuous-Pole motor rotates platter (not just itself) at exact speeds, and maintains speed accuracy within 0.1% even when voltage varies ± 10%. Quieter and more powerful than synchronous types. Continuous-Pole motor brings 7½ lb. platter to full speed within ¼ turn.

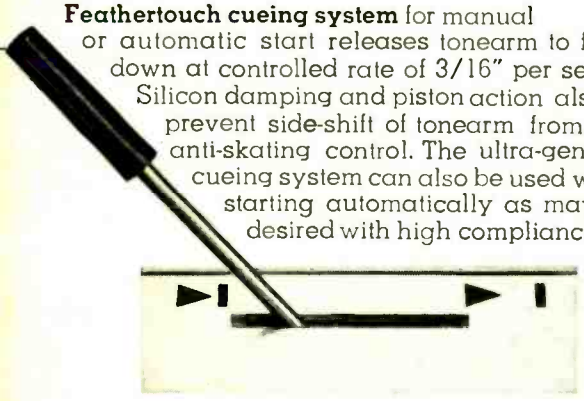
Direct-dial stylus force adjustment, applied directly at pivot to preserve perfect dynamic balance of tonearm. Numerical dial is continuously variable no click stops) and accurate to within 0.1 gram.

Elevator-Action changer spindle holds up to ten records, lifts entire stack off bottom record so that no weight rests on it before it's released to descend. And there's no pusher action against center hole. Records can be removed from platter or spindle without need to remove spindle itself.

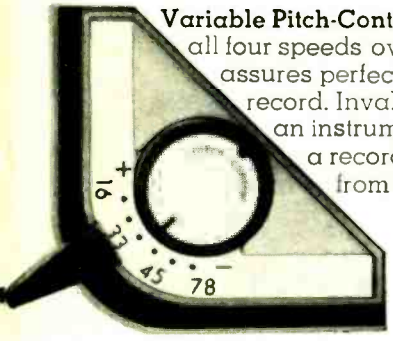
Feathertouch master slide switch controls all start and stop operations in both automatic and manual modes. Smooth sliding action prevents stylus bounce even when tracking at ½ gram.



Feathertouch cueing system for manual or automatic start releases tonearm to float down at controlled rate of 3/16" per second. Silicon damping and piston action also prevent side-shift of tonearm from anti-skating control. The ultra-gentle cueing system can also be used when starting automatically as may be desired with high compliance styli.



Variable Pitch-Control lets you vary all four speeds over a 6% range, and assures perfect pitch with any speed record. Invaluable when playing an instrument accompanied by a recording or when taping from off-speed records.



Which three Duals won't you buy? There are four Dual automatic turntables: the 1010S at $69.50, the 1015 at $89.50, the 1009SK at $109.50 and the 1019 at $129.50. Each is in every respect a Dual, with Dual precision engineering throughout. The essential difference is in features and refinements that nobody else has anyway. It may take you a little time to select the one Dual with the features you'd want for your system. But by making it a little more difficult for you to choose one, we've at least made it possible for everyone to own one. A Dual.

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Dual

CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The Sinfonia Antartica needs a speaker; actor Sir Ralph Richardson (left) talks over his part with the conductor.

In Prospect from Previn— a Vaughan Williams Cycle

LONDON

RCA Victor's project to record André Previn with the London Symphony in a complete cycle of Vaughan Williams' Nine Symphonies is now well under way. The first to be done was No. 7, the *Sinfonia Antartica,* based on material from VW's film score *Scott of the Antarctic*. Though the Seventh is not the most musically cogent of the Nine, Previn seemed properly fortified, having received a telegram from the composer's widow, holidaying in Malta, and a message from his direct rival, Sir Adrian Boult. Boult's natural generosity inspired the nicest possible comment: the more conductors who do these Vaughan Williams symphonies the better. (Boult's own new version of No. 6 has just come from HMV.)

I arrived during the third of four sessions at Kingsway Hall to find four movements out of the five already in the can and rehearsals for the last one, "Landscape" (third in musical order), going on at great pace. Previn was worried about the dullness of the organ, and suggested stop-settings to help. He found the tone of the muted trumpet "a little prosaic," and (helped by his jazz experience) suggested "mixing the mutes." Instead of an ordinary metal mute he wanted one that would "sound as though the player has a paper bag over his head."

In the privacy of the control room he admitted to some amusement as well as sympathy for the harpist. A very short lady with a very big harp, she found it hard to reach the many low notes the score calls for—and in an effort to do so, kept falling off her chair. "A shorter harp or a taller girl!" demanded Previn good-humoredly. By accident rather than design, a different lady had been signed up *Continued on page 26*

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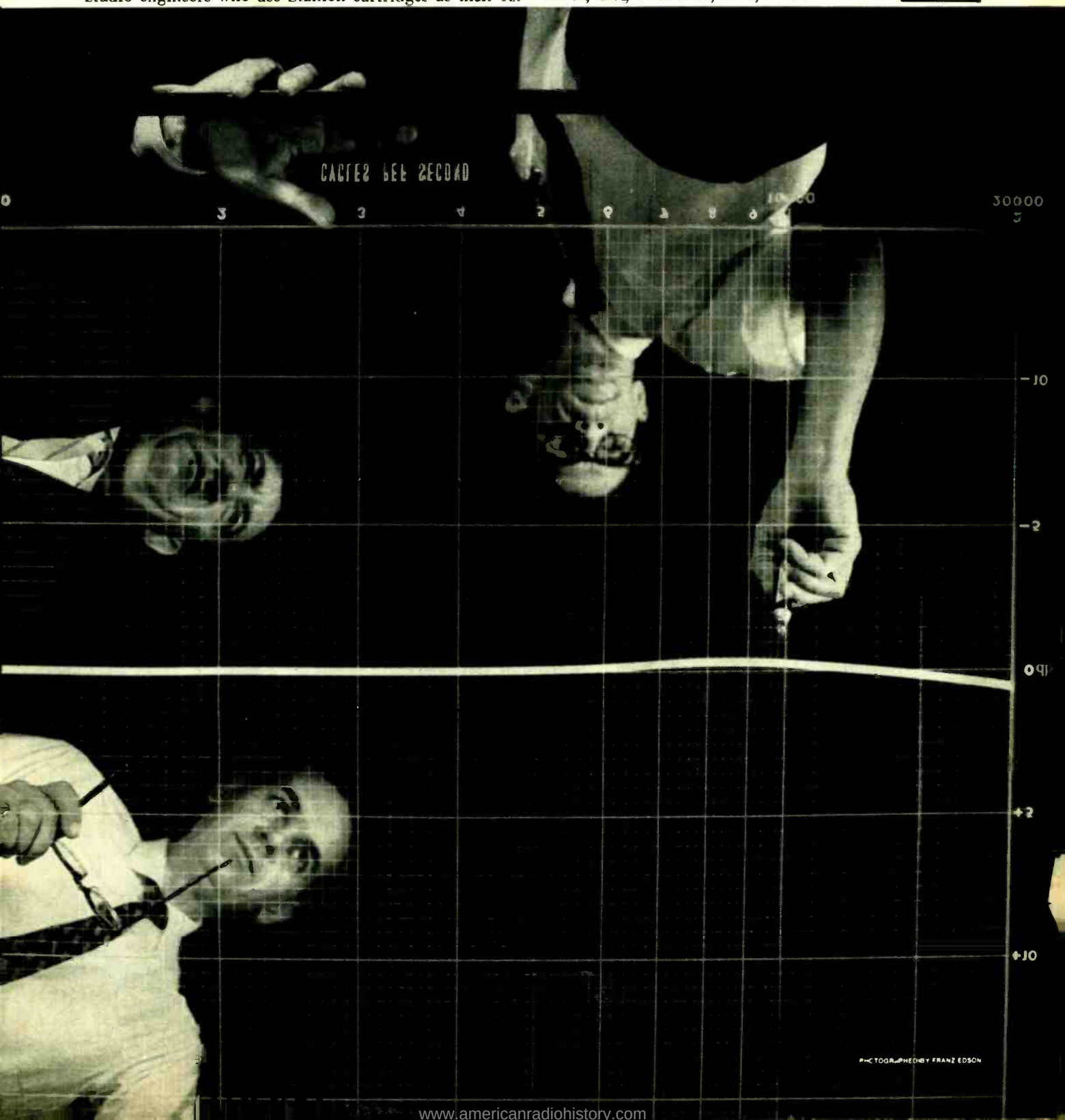

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 24

for the final session on the following day.

Plans to get the whole symphony completed in the last half-hour were scotched when Sir Ralph Richardson arrived to record the superscriptions which the composer put at the head of each movement. Previn called for one last take (the orchestra retuned "in honor of the icebergs") and then dismissed the players. Richardson meanwhile took note of all the control room ritual, and audibly wondered that so confident a performance could be put together on half an hour's preparation. ("Not like the theatre," he commented.)

Back on stage before the microphone Richardson had his own problems. Currently appearing as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, he found himself a bit hoarse, kept turning around to a briefcase on a shelf behind him to produce a large old-fashioned throat spray with a red rubber bulb. With practiced hand he projected the nozzle inside his mouth and pumped hard. Peter Dellheim, the RCA recording manager, tactfully prepared the actor-knight for the first real take, but unexpectedly, as the red light went on, Sir Ralph sat down. Nobody seemed unduly perturbed by this departure from conventional procedure. For myself, I was mainly conscious of how, with the voice heard alone, every outside sound seemed exaggerated, from the rumble of a subway train below to the footsteps of orchestra men on their way out through the foyer.

At this writing, preparations were already being made for Previn's recordings of Nos. 4, 6, and 9—not unnaturally in view of EMI's eagerness to complete its recordings (shared between Boult and Sir John Barbirolli) of the Vaughan Williams cycle. As soon as sessions for the Seventh were over, Previn flew off to Texas to prepare for his first concert as Barbirolli's successor with the Houston Symphony, but he will be back in London early next year for concerts as well as recording. Still more English music is scheduled for one of the first sessions: Walton's Viola Concerto with Walter Trampler as soloist. The coupling will be the Bartók Viola Concerto.

RCA's Così. The other big RCA project recently completed here has been Mozart's *Così fan tutte* with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the New Philharmonia in its first opera recording for anyone but EMI. The place was Walthamstow Assembly Hall, the recording manager Richard Mohr; and, as sometimes happens with opera sessions that have been arranged at shorter notice than is now common in the much-booked-up music world, the whole thing whizzed through ahead of schedule in fifteen sessions instead of sixteen. Leontyne Price, the Fiordiligi, was so delighted at finishing a day early that she went to see *Black New World*, then went out

Continued on page 28

The International Set

Three countries helped engineer these stereo component systems

The Benjamin 1050 and 1030 compacts were created pretty much as you would create your own stereo system: *selecting the best available components, and intermatching them for the best obtainable results.*

Benjamin drew upon the engineering of three countries: *West Germany*, for the Miracord turntables with their "light-touch" push buttons, the easiest of all automatics to use and operate, equipped with gentle, smooth-tracking, Elac 244 magnetic cartridges, and *Great Britain*, for the EMI high-efficiency speaker systems, known for their distinctive "natural-sound" quality.

U.S. engineering provided the AM/FM receiver electronics, exploiting the latest advances in solid-state circuitry. A fourth country, *the Netherlands* contributed the add-on optional extra —a Philips-type cassette tape recorder/play-back unit that mounts on drawer slides under the compact to form a completely integrated home music system.

The Benjamin 1050, at $499.50, is probably the finest compact available today, certainly the most powerful with 85 watts (IHF) audio output. Its features include deluxe Miracord 50 automatic with dynamically-balanced, 12" die-cast turntable; dynamically-balanced tonearm, Elac 244 mono-stereo cartridge, anti-skate compensation, cueing and 4-pole induction motor. Controlled inputs for microphone and musical instrument pickups, with facilities for mixing permit "play-along" with recorded music. Other features: AM/FM meter tuning, tape monitoring, speaker switching and stereo headphone jack.

Two EMI 92 speakers are furnished in matching walnut cabinets, employing elliptical woofers with aluminum cone centers, compliant PVC edge suspension and cone tweeters.

The Benjamin 1030, at $399.50, shares most of the attributes of the model 1050. It has an impressive power output of 50 watts (IHF) and is furnished with two matching EMI 62 speaker systems. Has a Miracord 620 changer with pressure-formed, non-ferrous turntable, 4-pole motor and Elac 244 cartridge.

The Philips-type cassette tape recorder is $139.50. (optional)

See and hear the new Benjamin Compacts at your high fidelity dealer. For further details, write direct to: Benjamin Sound Corp., Farmingdale, New York 11735

Benjamin

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 26

dancing until 3 a. m. (The following day she was reported to have a heavy cold; even in September, London weather can't be trusted.) Others in the cast include Judith Raskin, Tatiana Troyanos, George Shirley, Sherrill Milnes, and Ezio Flagello.

And Philips' Requiem. The team of conductor Colin Davis and recording manager Harold Lawrence, who worked together so successfully on the Mercury recording of *Messiah*, have been busy on another choral work, the Mozart Requiem, with the John Alldis Choir (a fine professional group) and the BBC Symphony Orchestra. The session I visited at Watford Town Hall took place on the very day when Davis had officially taken over the post of chief conductor of the BBC Symphony. Though he had been conducting the orchestra regularly for some months, this was his first meeting wearing his new BBC hat.

As Harold Lawrence put it, the drama of the Latin words was what seemed to lie at the root of Davis' interpretation. Even on a first rehearsal the rushing octave semiquavers at the opening of *"Confutatis"* had some of the flavor of a Polovtsian Dance, and always with the choir he demonstrated the phrasing and word emphasis he wanted, in a brave falsetto or a ringing tenor. ("Sign him up" said one of the Philips men, as Davis burst out with a heartfelt *"Salva me fons pietatis"*—received by the choir with sympathetic applause.) The soloists in the Mozart are an unexpected but interesting quartet: Helen Donath (a Texan, and a Salzburg Pamina); the English contralto Yvonne Minton, fast acquiring an international reputation; Ryland Davies; and the German bass Gerd Nienstedt, who had to rush direct to London from singing Orestes in the Vienna presentation of Strauss's *Elektra* at Expo 67.

New Man at the Top. The appointment of Ray Minshull as John Culshaw's successor in the Decca/London recording team has set the record industry buzzing. Minshull has proved himself a quietly efficient, completely unflappable recording manager in many important Decca projects, notably the opera sessions with Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonynge and the Kertesz Dvořák cycle. With the reserves that unflappable administrators always seem to have, he could well prove a skilled blazer of new paths through the recording jungle.

As John Culshaw's book about his Wagner projects, *Ring Resounding*, makes very plain, the top recording manager at Decca/London has a lot of arguing to do before adventurous projects are adopted. Culshaw was marvelous at it, aided continually by his chief engineer, Gordon Parry. It remains to be seen whether Minshull will have

Continued on page 30

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"High Fidelity said: Solid-state design can be credited with offering a lot in a little space, and this new Bogen is a case in point. Easy to look at, easy to use, and easy to listen to.

Hirsch-Houck Labs said: (in Electronics World) Excellent sensitivity and audio quality. Combines operating simplicity with ample control flexibility for most users, and at a moderate price.

American Record Guide said: It enables the purchaser with relatively limited funds to get a high quality product. It represents some of the best current design philosophy in its circuitry. And, since it is a "second generation" unit it combines the virtues of good sound and near-indestructibility. The more I used this unit – the more I came to respect it.

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 28

the same toughness. What, for example, will happen to the proposal going the rounds at Decca House to record Berlioz's great opera *The Trojans*? For many its absence is the most glaring gap in the current catalogue, but the full-scale, gold-plated recording obviously needed would involve financial risk. Whether Decca goes ahead—or one of its rivals nips in quickly (in time for the Covent Garden revival promised for the Berlioz centenary year)—will certainly be a test case.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

NEW YORK

Conductor Szell At the Keyboard

It did not, apparently, take much hard work on the part of Columbia Records to persuade George Szell to pick up one thread of his career which he has been slighting of late. Mr. Szell, as his associates are well aware, is still the patrician pianist he was twenty-one years ago when he sat down at Columbia's behest to record the Mozart piano quartets with members of the Budapest. Over the years he has kept his hand in, to put it mildly, on two concert grands in his house in Cleveland (one upstairs, one down), and last summer he spent vacation time in Switzerland playing golf in the morning and Mozart in the afternoon. When he flew back to New York in July he headed straight for Steinway's basement to pick out a piano for his first recording turn at the keyboard since he taped two Mozart sonatas in 1955 with Joseph Szigeti (K. 454 and K. 481, to be reissued on Vanguard any day now). His collaborator this time was Cleveland's concertmaster, Rafael Druian, and the repertoire was once again Mozart—Sonatas K. 296, K. 301, K. 304, and K. 376.

First on the docket was K. 376, and in Columbia's converted church-studio on East Thirtieth Street the pair spent half an hour warming up and getting accustomed to the acoustics (their previous rehearsing had taken place at Steinway's). "The piano sounded better in Steinway's basement," Szell grumbled at one point, but he was pleased with the instrument when he heard the first playback. To check recording balances, recording director Paul Myers started the tapes rolling, and after a five-minute experimental run-through into the Allegro, Druian and Szell came into the control room to listen. They agreed that the violin microphone was a little close. "Don't take too many highs from him," Szell told Paul Myers, with a wave of the hand towards Druian. "The violin sounds to me a little sharp.

Continued on page 32

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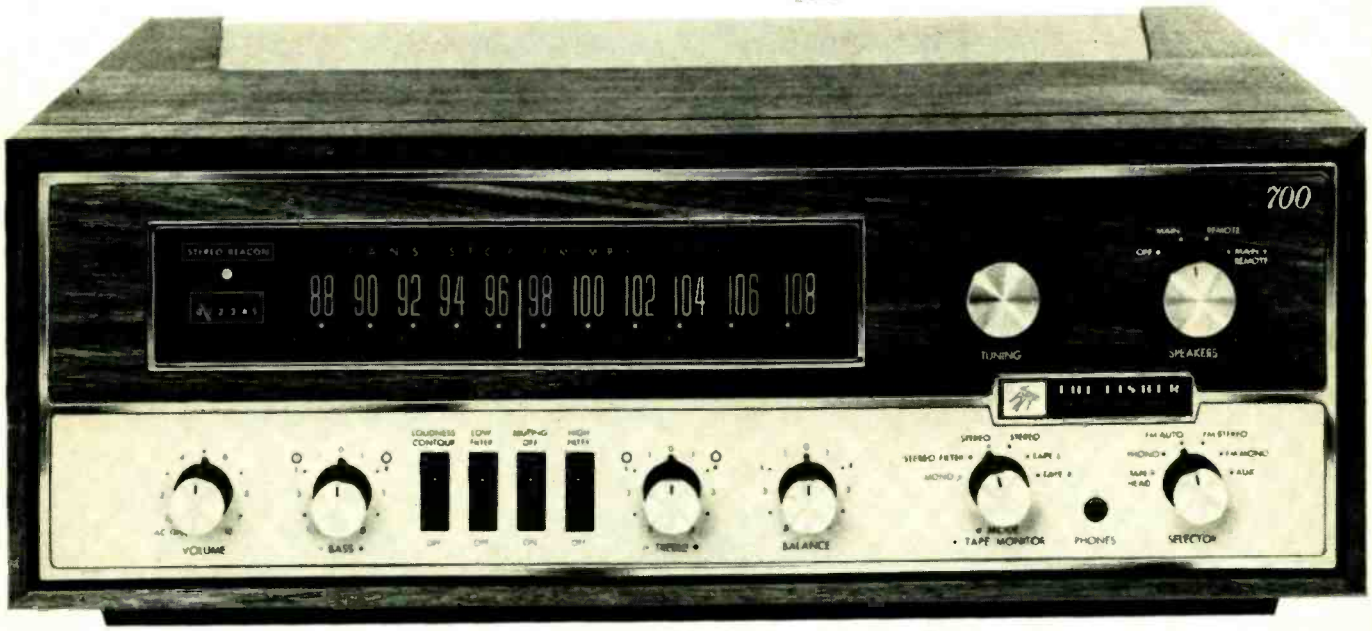

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Continued from page 30

There should be more piano, but please don't give so much presence to the piano that I don't dare to play any more—just so I can play comfortably." Adjustments were made, and the results were good. "May I suggest," said Szell at this point, "that a very careful diagram be done on the microphone placement. . .?" "It's all done," Myers assured him, "altitudes and everything." "Good," said Szell, with characteristic dispatch; "now let's go for it."

Collaborators. Pianist and violinist went for it for some twenty minutes, with occasional stops and starts and occasional directives on the pianist's part ("I have the upper voice here, so don't hit it too hard."). It was evident, however, that the long association between Druian and Szell enabled them to sense each other musically to a degree that made words more or less superfluous. There was only one troublesome spot in the Allegro—a tendency on the pianist's part to rush into a return of the main subject—but Paul Myers' sympathetic policing quickly put this to rights.

The slow movement brought one cautionary word from Szell to Druian, at a strong pianistic passage: "You have too much expression here for an accompaniment figure—it should be neutral." Druian nodded. "Yes, too much." They listened to the tape, and Szell stood up quickly. "Now let's go do it right away—we know exactly what we want." They did, and they got it. So smoothly did the remainder of the session go—and the sessions during the following two days, that only about half the time originally allotted for the four sonatas was needed. Later, Druian confided to a friend his impression of his conductor's piano playing: "It's as if the fingers stopped a half inch above the keys and they go down by sheer will power." Columbia, meanwhile, let it be known that there was a good chance of further Druian/Szell collaboration on Mozart. SHIRLEY FLEMING

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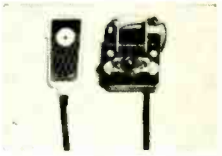

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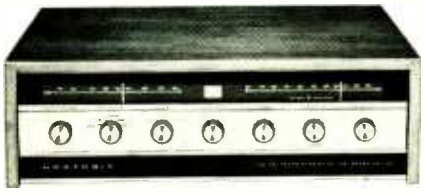

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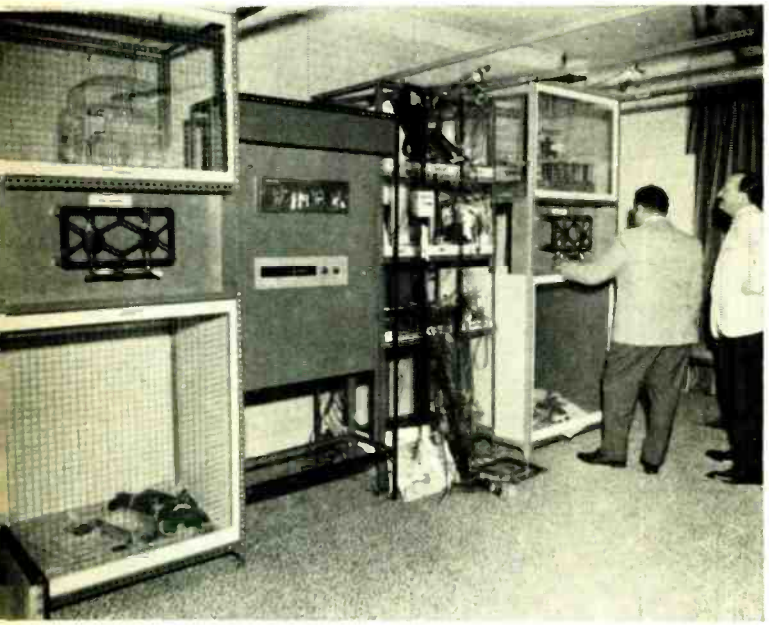
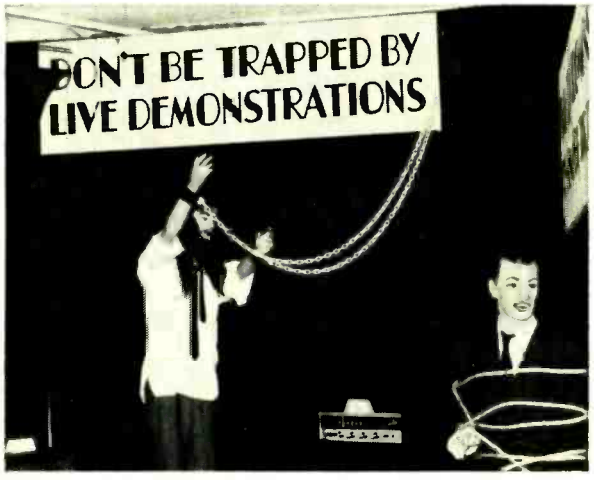


Pickering exhibit featured novel tweeter-midrange-woofer.



"Dummy" loads lent a bizarre air to this ADC exhibit.

THE LAST TIME we had visited a Hilton Hotel—it was in Chicago—we discovered that the Gideon Bible's place had been usurped by Conrad Hilton's paperback autobiography; we thus had a sense of justice triumphant the last week in September when we spotted a vacuum-cleaner lady toting away one of those pocket books from a room in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel to make space for a pile of high fidelity product literature. For half a week, at any rate, we could enjoy some of the free reading material available at what one observer called "the Hi-Fi Hilton." Here it was that Gotham's annual High Fidelity Music Show opened. Veteran showgoers agreed that the new "theatre" was a vast improvement over the exposed-plumbing-and-peeling-plaster decor of the Trade Show Building, the previous traditional setting for these extravaganzas.

This year's show spread through the second and third floors of the Statler Hilton, a fact in itself a relief to those who remember all the flights of stairs necessary to assault in a four-storied exhibit area. It was a pleasure to walk down carpeted corridors, to enter rooms that were comfortably isolated from each other's sound barrages, and to anticipate a breathtaking spectacle of music, decor, engineering, or just plain gimmickry. Unfortunately, the anticipation was not too often rewarded by the exhibitors' show-biz know-how, and the most breathtaking phenomenon of all proved to be the inadequacy of the air conditioning.

Gone was the old pzazz that distinguished New York shows from those in more sedate cities like Philadelphia and Washington. Of course even in Fun City, as New York's conventioneers are always dismayed to find out, you've got to behave yourself in a fancy hotel. But that doesn't mean you can't use your imagination. For an audio fair that aims at attracting a large crowd, if you have no show business you will eventually have no-show business. This year's best exhibits were simply carry-overs from last year. And if there was a single scheduled mock-theatre production, an exciting and informative demonstration of a remarkable new product or development, we must have missed it.

Not that there was any lack of the remarkable. Kenwood's photoelectric pickup, Sony's open-reel tape changer, Crown's "computer logic control" (to program a tape recorder), and numerous other ingenious devices were all there—but they merely waited for an occasional visitor to ask "What's that?" Time was when you'd anxiously wait in line for the moment—marked on a cardboard clock—that you could enter a mini-theatre and see a well-thought-out demonstration of these components. Then you'd appreciate and remember them.

Some of the informal demonstrations, however, were memorable. J. B. Lansing's comparison of two- and three-channel sound impressed us. So did Crown's set-

Continued on page 40

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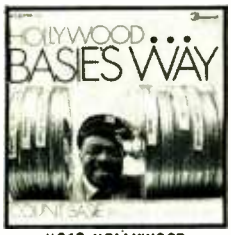
Tony Mottola

#909 DOC SEVERINSEN & FRIENDS
Swinging and Singing

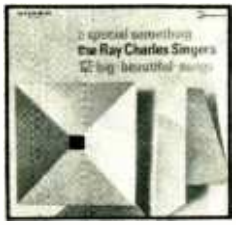
#910 BRASS IMPACT
The Brass Choir conducted by Warren Kime

#911 BRASILIAN IMPRESSIONS
Dick Hyman, Piano & Woodwinds

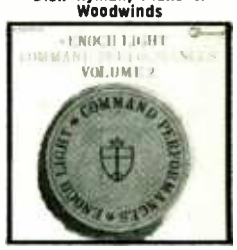


#912 HOLLYWOOD BASIE'S WAY
Count Basie & His Orchestra

#913 ROBERT MAXWELL ANYTIME!



#914 A SPECIAL SOMETHING
The Ray Charles Singers



#915 COMMAND PERFORMANCES Vol. 2
Enoch Light

#916 WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE
The Robert DeCormier Singers

#917 DOC SEVERINSEN
The New Sound of Today's Big Band

#918 GUITAR & STRINGS & THINGS
Toots Thielemans & His Orchestra

#919 EXPLOSIVE BRASS IMPACT
Warren Kime & his Brass Impact Orchestra Vol. 2

#920 MERRY CHRISTMAS
From the Command Family of Recording Stars

#921 BENNY GOODMAN & PARIS
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#922 NEAR EAST BRASS
Jerry Fielding & His Orchestra

#923 AT THE MOVIES WITH THE RAY CHARLES SINGERS

#881 SHOW TIME
An historic organ recording . . . the last recorded performance of the magnificent Paramount Theatre organ starring Ashley Miller.

#11036 VIRGIL FOX—ORGANIST
At Symphony Hall, Boston

#11037 GERSHWIN
Porgy and Bess & An American in Paris — WILLIAM STEINBERG & The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

#11038 COPLAND:
Billy the Kid and Appalachian Spring — WILLIAM STEINBERG & The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

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CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

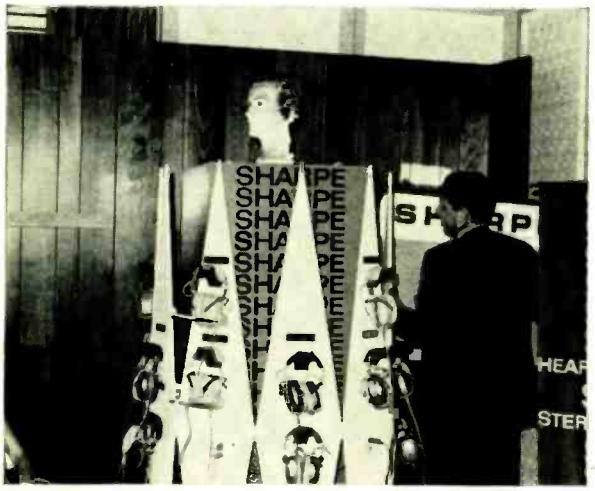
Continued from page 36

up of a wall of its tape recorders running at 15, 7½, 3¾, and 1⅞ ips. These were compared not only with each other but with the program source. In the past, as we remember, Crown used a tape of its own as that program source, which gave rise to cynical remarks about what must have been done to the master tape to make that 1⅞-ips machine sound as good as it did. This time the program source was an FM broadcast, right out of the airwaves. And the slow-moving tape still gave a remarkably good account of itself.

We reported on most of the new equipment in our October article "The State of Stereo." There were some surprises, though. For example, we anticipated AR's first amplifier; but nobody seemed to be prepared for the AR-3A speaker system, with a lower crossover point than the AR-3 plus new midrange and tweeter drivers. Nor was anybody ready for Pioneer's new three-piece system (for about $1,000)—not even Pioneer. The AM/FM tuner, turntable, and preamp reside in the center piece, but individual woofer and midrange/tweeter amplifiers are housed in each speaker. The package hardly had time to be unloaded from the boat before the opening of the show, and Pioneer had to expose it privately, in a back room of their suite. Other firms, too, resuscitated separate amplification for the highs and lows. (The principle of bi-amplification, which allows for sharp cut-offs instead of the usual crossover network's roll-offs and which uses an *electronic* crossover to do the job, was just getting under way before the stereo revolution swept most other embryonic developments before it.) CM Labs, Kenwood, and Sony all demonstrated bi-amplifier equipment, and—on a more modest scale—Compass combined the technique with the old "satellite" concept: stereo above the "non-directional" lows only. Compass' inexpensive Triphonic compact (FM receiver plus three speaker systems) contains only one woofer—but with its own amplifier. The upper frequencies alone are fed into left and right channels.

Another trend gave us cause to wonder, after we had noticed Pioneer's $400 preamp, Sony's FM-only receiver for $700, and Kenwood's amplifier for $700 as well as that $120 photoelectric cartridge: is there any significance to Japanese firms touting high-quality individual components while American manufacturers are stressing their packaged sets and popular-price integrated designs?

JansZen also used electrostatics for its new Z-960: three panels for midrange and highs. Large speakers showed up in many exhibits, including Teac (nobody would demonstrate this one though), and a small but expanding firm called Rectilinear. We had an eerie experience in Jensen's room when we listened to a pair of the company's headphones through the new CC-1 control unit. The same music that we heard through the "phones" was coming from a pair of speakers as well. The speakers were not, of course, connected to the headphone control, yet every time we altered the stereo separation via the CC-1, the speakers reflected the same change. You figure it out.



Sharpe too used a dummy (decapitated).

Compacts, cassettes, and table radios were all over the place, the first two at times in one system, as in Benjamin's and Harman-Kardon's. And Elpa seemed to be challenging the automatic turntable hegemony of Dual, Garrard, and Miracord with its PE 2020, on which you can adjust the stylus angle.

Among the records that were used in demonstrating equipment, we noticed a preponderance of Checkmate albums, but also the Mahler Second Symphony conducted by both Abravanel (Cardinal) and Solti (London), as well as Stokowski's new Wagner album (London)—with *Siegfried's Funeral Music* being the latter disc's most favored band. Nearly all, you will note, are Dolbyized recordings. On the other hand, the much-talked-about Dolbyized tape recorder heralded by KLH was nowhere to be seen (although Sony showed up with a tape recorder that was claimed to have a new non-Dolby noise-reducing circuit).

Also missing from this year's show were the decor rooms assembled for the Institute of High Fidelity last year. They are on permanent display at the National Design Center, to which the curious were directed. As unintentional surrogates, two furniture manufacturers exhibited their cabinets this year: Rockford and Toujay.

The Institute had bruited its intention to feature "musicology" at the show. This finally turned out to be "discussions on the popular, classical, and jazz recording scenes," which definition almost made one grateful that Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt hadn't lived to witness it. The "classical recording scene" was ably discussed by David Hall and Martin Bookspan, with particular thought being given to copyright problems. The most telling remark, considering the auspices, was Hall's condemnation of the totally inadequate amplification system. Note to the IHF: the attendance would not perhaps have been so poor if visitors hadn't had to leave the show and ride two sets of elevators to attend the discussions upstairs.

Most entertaining exhibit—or, rather, nonexhibit—of all was the comic relief provided by Pickering. The success of last year's "Dustbuster," a Rube Goldberg take-off on record cleaning devices, prompted an entire show of visual puns. Live puppies peered from stalls labeled "woofer," birds fluttered in cages marked "tweeters," and "mid-range" designated the top of a stove. We entered the room about forty minutes before opening time to find Pickering executive Stu Murphy trying to capture an escaped "tweeter." After a nipped finger or two, Murphy cornered the bird on the shoulder of a department store mannikin that wore the exhibitor's badge of Gertrude Nelson, the IHF's executive secretary and Mrs. Murphy in what we can only designate as real life. ADC too made use of dummies, to dramatize the point that a store's "live demonstration" is no match for listening at home in judging stereo equipment. And then there was United Audio's rerun of last year's luminous monkey-puppet show which also amused visitors.

Next fall there will be another exhibition. The crowds this year were just a little larger than last year's, reversing a decline, Perhaps after the September "tryout" of the new quarters, exhibitors will return in the future with greater confidence and thus more flair in demonstrating their wares.

The West Coast show next fall will switch from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

If you're still listening to 1963 stereo,

update with Scott

(THERE'S A SOUND REASON)

How long have you had your present amplifier or tuner . . . five years? Maybe eight or ten? A lot has happened since you bought it . . . new developments like Field Effect Transistors, Integrated Circuitry, direct coupled all-silicon output. And the performance you *are* getting just isn't the performance you *could* be getting. Don't miss out . . . check out these two new Scott advanced components:

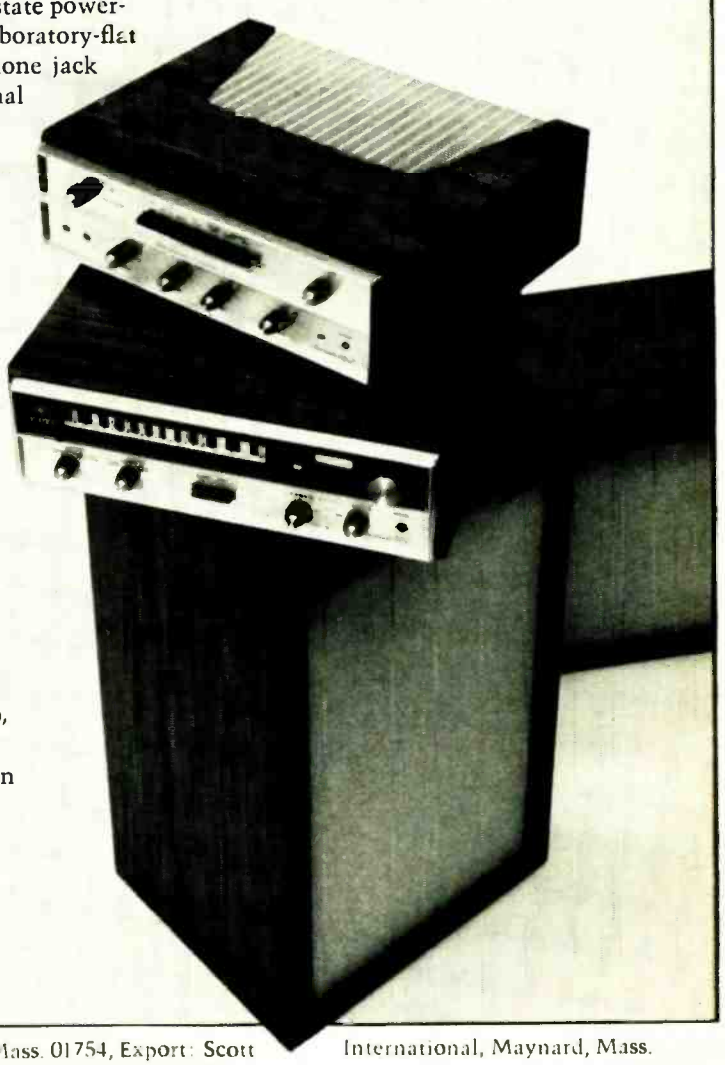
Scott 260B 120-Watt Stereo Amplifier — This solid-state powerhouse includes a tone-control by-pass switch for laboratory-flat response, plus dual microphone inputs and headphone jack conveniently mounted on the front panel. Professional control complement includes dual speaker selector switches, rumble and noise filter controls, loudness compensation, and tape monitoring facilities. This is truly the audiophile's dream amplifier!

260B Specifications: Music power rating at 0.8% harmonic distortion, 120 W @ 4 ohms, 100 W @ 8 ohms; Frequency response, 15-30 kHz ± 1 dB; Power bandwidth, 20-20 kHz; Hum and noise, −55 dB; Price $294.95.

Scott 312D FM Stereo Broadcast Monitor Tuner — 3-Field Effect Transistor front end and Integrated Circuit IF bring the 312D's performance close to the theoretical limits of sensitivity, selectivity, and interference rejection. 3-way meter provides for signal strength, center tuning, and multipath correction. Levels of both phone and amplifier outputs may be independently varied by special front panel controls.

312D Specifications: Usable sensitivity, 1.7 μV; Capture ratio, 1.9 dB; Cross modulation rejection, 90 dB; Stereo separation, 40 dB; Selectivity, 46 dB; Signal/noise ratio, 65 dB; Price $319.95.

Write for complete information and specifications on Scott stereo components.



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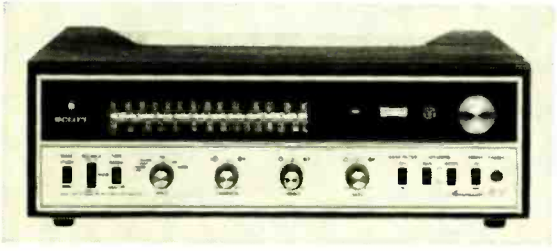
CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS

BSR McDONALD 600 DEBUTS

BSR has introduced its top-of-the-line automatic turntable, the McDonald 600. This model boasts an adjustable anti-skating control which applies a continuously corrected degree of compensation at all groove diameters to neutralize inward skating force and to eliminate distortion caused by unequal sidewall pressure on the stylus as it travels towards the center of a disc. In addition it has a stylus pressure adjustment which permits settings from 0 to 6 grams in increments of 1/3 gram; a muting switch; and a cuing and pause control which permits the listener to raise or lower the arm at any point on a record and subsequently return the stylus to the very same groove. The full BSR line now includes the McDonald 400, priced at under $50; the improved 500A at $59.50; and the new 600 which will retail for under $75.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



TWO NEW SCOTT RECEIVERS

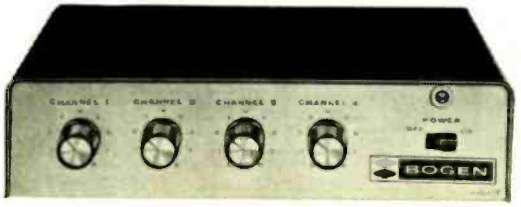
Two new medium-priced receivers have been announced by H. H. Scott, Inc. Each incorporates a 65-watt amplifier section; the Model 342B offers stereo FM, while the 382B includes stereo FM and AM. Field-effect transistors are used in the RF front ends, and the FM IF section has integrated circuits. FM sensitivity, in either set, is rated at 2.2 microvolts, with stereo separation listed as 36 dB. No audio transformers are used in the amplifier portions. Each set has dual speaker switches for selecting main, remote, or both sets of speakers, or for all speakers off for headphone listening. Price of the 342B is $299.95; of the 382B, $339.95.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

TEAC RECEIVER BOASTS TAPE HANDLING

TEAC has added to its line of components a solid-state stereo FM/AM receiver, the Model AS-60, that provides hookups for up to four tape decks to facilitate tape-editing and dubbing. FM sensitivity is rated at 2.5 microvolts; channel separation at 40 dB. The amplifier is listed as providing 40 watts RMS power per channel at 1% harmonic distortion. Price was not available at press time.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



BOGEN MIXER-PREAMPLIFIER

From Bogen comes word of a new solid-state model MX6A-T mixer-preamplifier. Measuring 9¼ by 6 by 2⅝ inches, the unit permits using four microphones with a tape recorder. Each of the four inputs has its own volume control and can handle either high- or low-impedance mikes. The same five-pound unit can, of course, be used to provide additional microphones for a public address system, or it can be used to amplify guitars. In addition, two of the four inputs will accept tuners or crystal phono cartridges.

If more than four additional inputs are needed for any application, up to three MX6A-T units may be connected in parallel to provide up to twelve connections. Price is under $45.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

OLSON OFFERS HEADPHONE AMP

A unit designed to put complete control of headphone listening at one's elbow is Olson's Model AM-311 headphone amplifier. Volume, balance, and tone controls are included in a unit that measures only 7½ inches wide, 3¼ inches high and 4½ inches deep. Outputs are provided for two headsets. Price is $24.95.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

New Scott 344C- more power, more features.

(THERE'S A SOUND REASON.)

Scott's 344 series receivers have led the medium-price field in popularity since their introduction, and the all-new 344C is sure to be no exception! 90 Watts of usable power give exceptional performance from a whisper to a roar. The 344C even sounds better between stations . . . annoying hiss has been wiped out by Scott's muting control.

Want speakers in several rooms? It's a cinch with the 344C. You can even switch off all speakers and listen in privacy through stereo earphones. And the 344C's new pushbutton panel includes special controls so you can monitor off-the-air taping, with professional results.

If your listening isn't complete without AM, tune in with Scott's new 384 . . . basically a 344C in AM/FM form. Both the 384 and the 344C include Field-Effect Transistors, Integrated Circuits, and all-silicon output. Both offer you an entry into high-price features and performance . . . at medium price.

344C/384 Control Features Dual Bass, Treble, and Loudness controls; Volume compensation; Noise filter; Interstation muting; Tape monitor; Dual speaker switches; Front panel dual microphone inputs; Professional tuning meter; Front panel headphone output.

344C/384 Specifications Music Power Rating, 90 Watts @ 4 ohms; Harmonic distortion, 0.8%; Frequency response, 15-30,000 Hz ± 1 dB; Cross modulation rejection, 90 dB; Usable sensitivity, 1.9 μV; Selectivity, 46 dB; Tuner stereo separation, 36 dB; Capture ratio, 2.2 dB; Signal/Noise ratio, 65 dB;

Price: 344C, $399.95; 384, $439.95

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CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The SONIC SHOWCASE

"Polovtsian Dances." New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6414 or MS 7014, $5.79.

"Spectacular Dances for Orchestra." London Festival Orchestra, Stanley Black, cond. London SPC 21020, $5.79 (stereo only).

Comparisons may be odious, but they're the critic's job. So, to get on with it: on the evidence of these discs, Stanley Black could learn a great deal about the handling of symphonic-dance display pieces from Leonard Bernstein. While both conductors maintain a rhythmic verve ideal for this music, Bernstein displays powers of control that are elastic as well as taut, whereas Black reveals a tendency to overitalicize his readings by pressing his tempos and coming down too heavily on his accents. He is lucky, however, in benefiting by some of the finest Phase-4 engineering to date: magnificently big-sound recording, particularly impressive for its solidly substantial lows (note the guttiness of the double basses in Glière's *Russian Sailor's Dance*) and a high-end glitter achieved without exaggerated sharpness or spotlighting. Sonics like these are just right for Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat* Miller's and Final Dances, Saint-Saëns's *Danse macabre*, Brahms's Fifth *Hungarian Dance*, Dvořák's First *Slavonic Dance*, and the *Dance of the Hours* from Ponchielli's *Gioconda*.

Bernstein's all-Russian program (a successor to his "Russian Sailor's Dance" anthology but featuring mostly new recordings) also is technically first-rate, if perhaps not as sensationally so as the British disc. In any case it is incomparably more dramatic, thanks to the excitement with which Bernstein revitalizes Borodin's *Prince Igor* Dances, Mussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain* (which first appeared in a Young People's Program disc last April), and Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla* Overture. For good contrast there are also an evocative Mussorgsky *Khovanshchina* Prelude and two welcome revivals (*In the Village* and *Procession of the Sardar*) from the too often neglected *Caucasian Sketches* by Ippolitov-Ivanov.

"Caramba!" Los Machucambos, with Jean-Jacques Golicki, Venezuelan harp. London SP 44084, $5.79 (stereo only).

London's jacket annotators decline to name the three Latin-American singers/instrumentalists who call themselves Los Machucambos (on their first Phase-4 appearance back in 1961 they answered to Julia Cortes, Rafael Gayoso, and Romano Zanotti) and refuse even to specify the various instruments played (with the exception of the instrument identified here as a Venezuelan harp). And, an irritation of a different sort, the artists, or their engineers, insist on frequent channel switchings in the supposedly obsolete ping-pong tradition of stereo's infancy. But no matter—you'll find yourself succumbing completely to Los Machucambos' zest and charm. Have you doubted the possibility of ringing any new changes on *Tico Tico*, *Girl from Ipanema*, or *Cielito Lindo*? Just listen to the delightfully fresh versions here—and to the scarcely less delectable *La Parranda*, *Brazil*, *El Cumbanchero* . . . to say nothing of the *Concierto en la Llanura* and *La Playa Colorado* starring Golicki's bright, light harping.

"Virgil Fox, Organist, at Symphony Hall, Boston." Command CC 11036, $5.79 (stereo only).

For sheer block- (and lease-) busting sonic power, only Fox's earlier Command discs have ever approached this atomic bomb. My listening-room walls seem to bow outwards and its floor is palpably shaken by the thunderous pedal tones captured here. Yet engineer Robert Eberenz has miraculously managed to avoid both distortion and frequency-spectrum imbalance. And in the rare moments when Fox abandons full-organ *fortissimos* for *pianissimo* passages, there is no loss of definition. Moreover, one bit of imaginative quasi-gimmicking proves to be highly effective: the switching of the original three-channel recording's left and center channels to avoid the imbalance in the two-channel disc which would have resulted from a literal-reproduction of the Symphony Hall organ, which has all its pedal pipes located at the extreme left of the hall's stage. Since low frequencies are largely nondirectional, this location doesn't matter to listeners in the auditorium itself, but their preponderance in left-speaker reproduction would be more evident—and "unnatural"—on records, and intolerable in headphone listening.

No sucker for genuinely spectacular stereo sound can afford to miss this remarkable recording, and it will also interest organ specialists for its wide-range sonic "portrait" of the 1950 Aeolian-Skinner instrument, designed by the late G. Donald Harrison. I must add, however, that the performer's registration and dynamics choices are lacking in variety. Indeed, I can't honestly recommend these readings (of Mendelssohn's First Organ Sonata, Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, K. 608, and Franck's Final in B flat, Op. 21) to nonspecialist listeners. Fox's playing is magnificently big and bravura—but it all sounds much alike. R. D. DARRELL

CIRCLE 36 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

This is the long-playing cartridge

1,000-play tests prove it keeps your records new...Indefinitely.

How long can you play a long-playing record before distortion creeps into the playback?

Until now, *eight or nine playings* were enough to make record wear *audible*. The difference between a brand-new record and one played only eight or nine times could easily be *heard*... and high-frequency loss could actually be measured after a playback or two!

That's why we designed the 999VE cartridge to a completely new standard—the long-playing standard. We designed it to be the *one* cartridge that *wouldn't* strip away highs, or create distortion, or wear out records.

Here's what our engineers report about 1,000-play tests of the 999VE.

Test 1: For *audible* wear, distortion, or frequency loss with standard vocal/orchestral stereo recording.
Total Plays: 1,000
Audible difference between new and tested record: None

Test 2: For *measurable* distortion, frequency loss, or dynamic loss with low-frequency (300 Hz) test record.
Total Plays: 1,000
Measurable Change: None

Test 3: For *measurable* distortion, frequency loss, or dynamic loss with high-frequency (2k—20kHz) test record.
Total Plays: 1,000
Measurable dynamic frequency loss: at 2kHz, None; at 20kHz, —3 dB.
Measurable distortion:
+ .02% at 3.54 cm/sec; + .05% at 5.5 cm/sec; + .1% at 9.0 and 14.0 cm/sec.

In 1,000 test plays—far more than a lifetime of wear for your records—no change in fidelity you will ever hear.

How long will *your* records keep sounding brand-new with the 999VE?

The best we can say is: *indefinitely.*

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THE EMPIRE 999VE

A long-playing investment at $74.95

CIRCLE 36 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE TAPE DECK

BY R.D. DARRELL

Horowitz, Past and Present. Mono treasures have been so disgracefully neglected (except as dubiously "reprocessed for stereo") by most recorded tape producers that there is a genuine need for RCA Victor's new "Collectors' Series"—a pioneering venture which I hope soon will be followed by others. The first release I've heard certainly augurs well for those to come, since it is a special tape-only anthology of historic Horowitz recordings, including a number originally made in the 78-rpm era (RCA Victor TR3 5007, 3¾-ips, double-play, 82 min., $10.95). The tape mastering and processing have been skillfully achieved; and while there is no concealing the considerable age of some of the recordings, most of them (including several stemming from live Carnegie Hall concerts) stand up impressively. Incidentally, I should note that since the A-side program appears in identical form on tracks 1 and 3, and the B-side program similarly on tracks 2 and 4, no playback equipment adjustments are necessary to reproduce this mono tape through both channels of a normal stereo system. As for the music itself, there are six well-varied Chopin selections plus the Schumann *Träumerei*, Liszt Second *Hungarian Rhapsody*, and Horowitz's own nonpareil arrangement of the Mussorgsky *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Connoisseur-collectors will appreciate the fact that only the little Schumann piece has been recorded by Horowitz in his current Columbia series.

The latest release in *that* series also appears on tape this month, thus permitting comparison of the historic performances noted above with those of last year's spring and fall Carnegie Hall recitals ("Horowitz in Concert," Columbia M2Q 889, double-play, 82 min., $11.95). Needless to say, the sonics of the recent tapings are not only brighter and more natural than those of the mono recordings but are unmistakably surrounded by air (as a solo piano indeed does sound in the hall itself). The program is novel for what I think are the first tape editions of Scriabin's Tenth Sonata, Op. 70, Liszt's evocative *Vallée d'Obermann*, and Schumann's *Blumenstück*, Op. 19. There are also the delectable Haydn Sonata No. 23, in F, Mozart's familiar K. 331 Sonata in A (with the "Turkish March" finale), Debussy's *L'Isle joyeuse*, Chopin's Nocturne in E minor, Op. 72, No. 1, and Mazurka in B minor, Op. 33, No. 4. Rather more uneven interpretatively than the four earlier Horowitz programs for Columbia (although perhaps only the Mozart sonata is really unsatisfactory), this reel, like its disc edition, is annoyingly handicapped by the inclusion of too much, and far too loud, audience applause. Nevertheless, it is of course essential to every comprehensive tape collection, and in conjunction with the RCA Victor reel it provides an incomparable demonstration of a great artist's growth.

And Rubinstein . . . and Ashkenazy. Another great pianistic personality, Artur Rubinstein, seems to reveal still new facets of his genius with every release. His latest, all-Chopin reel (RCA Victor TR3 5013, 3¾-ips, double-play, 93 min., $10.95) combines his superbly gracious set of the 14 Waltzes (which I've already praised in an 8-track cartridge-tape edition) with the more recently recorded miscellany topped by the great F minor *Fantasia* and including the *Barcarolle*, *Berceuse*, *Bolero*, *Tarantelle*, and *Trois nouvelles études*. The contrast between the engineering characteristics—gleamingly light and bright in the Waltzes, big-toned with weightier impact in the overside miscellany—reminds us how significant the appropriate choice of sonic qualities can be in augmenting the effectiveness of the playing itself.

Among today's gifted younger pianists, my personal favorite is Vladimir Ashkenazy, represented on tape this month by another of his admirable ventures into the chamber music repertory: Beethoven's engaging Quintet in E flat, Op. 16, and the glorious Mozart Quintet in the same key, K. 452, both played with the London Wind Soloists Brymer, Civil, Macdonagh, and Waterhouse (London/Ampex LCL 80188, 52 min., $7.95). These pieces were first issued on tape seven years ago by Frank Glazer and members of the New York Woodwind Quintet, but good as those performances and the Concertapes recordings still sound, they cannot approach the magisterial control of the new versions.

Bargains—and Non-Bargains. Generally, I avoid remarking on prices in this column, but on occasion the subject of "bargains" seems to demand comment. I have stressed, for example, the economic advantages of such genuinely bargain-priced releases as the Vanguard Everyman reel of six Haydn Symphonies conducted by Wöldike. The Ampex "E" series of 3¾-ips tapes is also noteworthy for its low price of $4.95 each reel—but here one can't always assume that one is getting a bargain. Even their low cost can't justify putting up with the inferior technical qualities that handicap the Schumann Third and Fourth Symphonies conducted by Günter Wand and the complete Brahms *Hungarian Dances* conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt (Vanguard Everyman/Ampex VEE 235 and 236, 3¾-ips, 59 and 54 min. respectively). Wand's orchestras are heavy-handed, and the recordings, which probably date back to early stereo days, would have been considered opaque (and in the Third acoustically dead) even then. The Brahms recording must be old too, to judge by its sonic thinness, but the orchestra (NDR Symphony of Hamburg) is at least acceptable and the readings are a delight throughout. The impeccable processing here well may warrant the EX+ rubric [see both "The Tape Deck" and "News and Views" in these pages last October], but its application to the Schumann reel won't enhance the new technique's reputation.

Interestingly, the EX+ processing apparently was *not* used in two other, technically superior, current "E"-series releases: Telemann's Overture in D and two Vivaldi Concertos for Two Horns, P. 320 and P. 321 (Nonesuch/Ampex NSE 1091, 3¾-ips, 47 min., $4.95); and an all-Vivaldi concerto program of works for strings only, P. 235; two cellos, P. 411; oboe and violin, P. 406; bassoon, P. 137; and viola d'amore and guitar, P. 266 (Nonesuch/Ampex NSE 1104, 3¾-ips, 47 min., $4.95). All the first program, conducted by Roland Douatte, consists of first tape editions (this Telemann Overture, in five movements, is not the same as the seven-movement Overture in D taped by Archive). And in the other reel, conducted by Karl Ristenpart, only the P. 235 Concerto in A for Strings has been taped before, by Janigro for Vanguard. More importantly, the music itself will be relished by every baroque connoisseur. The recorded sonics are excellent in NSE 1091, good but with somewhat strident highs in NSE 1104.

First Firsts. The first symphony of any composer of consequence must surely have a special appeal. Though it sometimes is jejune, it may at other times be astonishingly premonitory of major works to come. In the latter category most listeners would certainly put Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 1, in D minor, Op. 13, just out in its first tape edition (indeed first stereo recording) by Ormandy and the Philadelphians (Columbia MQ 906, 44 min., $7.95). It obviously stirs Ormandy and his men to exceptional fervor, as well as the Columbia engineers to achieve some of their most opulent sonics.

What happens when interpreters and engineers are less inspired is demonstrated only too convincingly in the first tape edition of Nielsen's First Symphony, in G minor, Op. 7, by the same artists and (I presume) same engineers (Columbia MQ 912, 56 min., $7.95). This performance is overvehement and nervously "pressed"; the recording, big and solid as it may be, is thick yet often unnaturally vivid. The reel also includes, however, three fine, short, later works—the *Helios Overture*, Op. 17; *Pan and Syrinx*, Op. 49; and the *Rhapsodic Overture*—which are more satisfactorily played and recorded.

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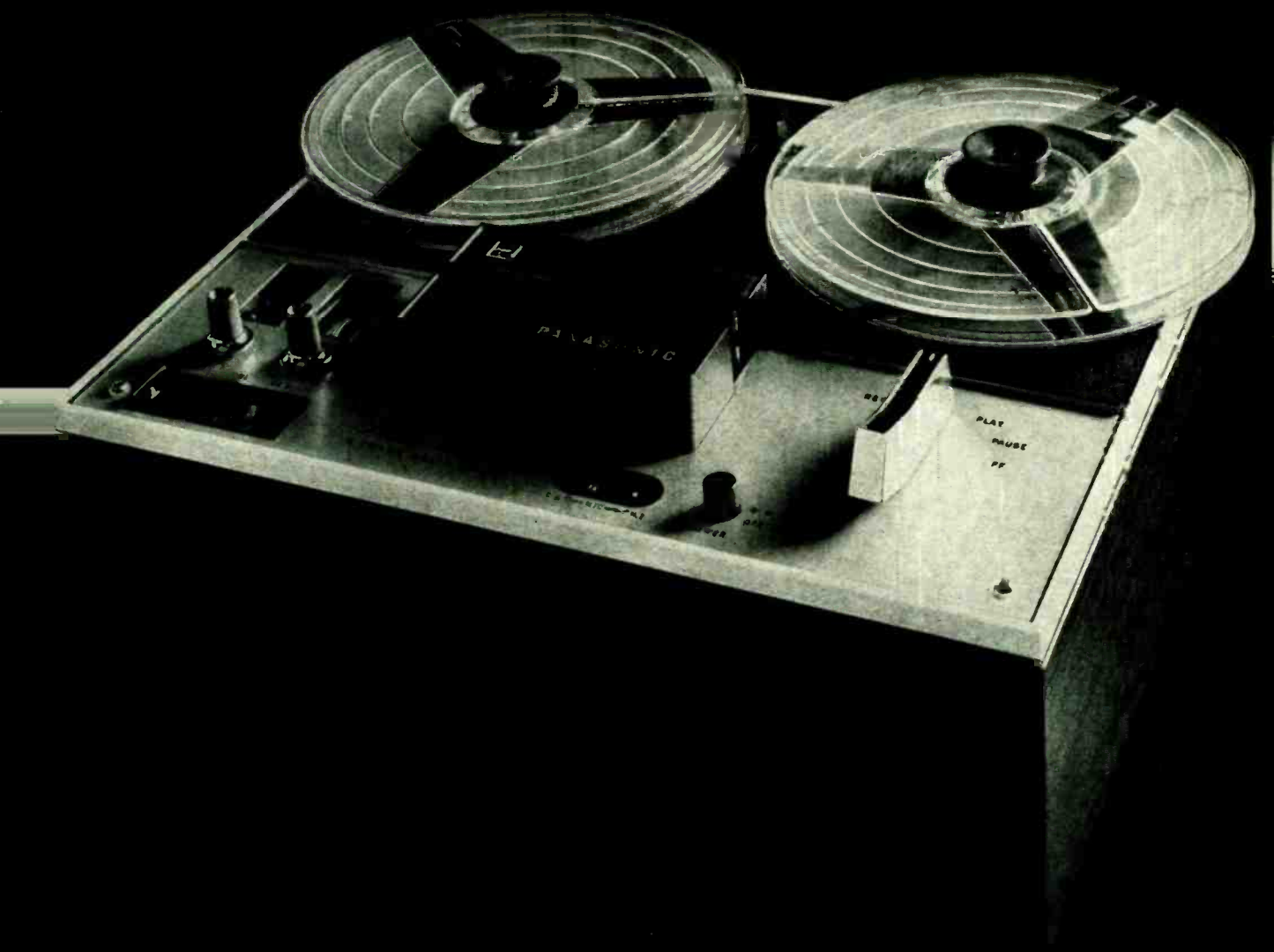

PANASONIC

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A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Also sprach Zarathustra, Op. 30.* Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond. RCA Victrola VIC 1265 or VICS 1265, $2.50 [from RCA Victor LM 1806, 1954 and LSC 1806, 1960].

Fritz Reiner's 1954 *Zarathustra* was a document of considerable historic significance. Not only did the classic performance clean the field of all competition, but the recording was made in both mono and stereo. The latter version, issued on tape as RCA Victor ECS-1 (the disc release did not come until six years later), proved a sensationally successful experiment in early stereophonic techniques. Many sonic connoisseurs have since maintained that even Reiner's 1962 remake lacked the earlier recording's magical combination of brilliance and body.

Unfortunately, this Victrola reissue of that milestone is seriously marred by a bit of incomprehensible sonic vandalism: in a silly attempt to add further to the brilliance of the upper strings, RCA's engineers have robbed the original of its spacious, full-bodied mellow bass. What we now hear is astounding enough for a 1954 production, but it is no longer the incredible, superbly balanced achievement it once was. In short, Reiner's second version is to be preferred.

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger.* Hilde Gueden (s), Günther Treptow (t), Anton Dermota (t), Paul Schoeffler (b), Karl Doench (b), Otto Edelmann (bs), et al.; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Knappertsbusch, cond. Richmond RS 65002, $12.45 (five discs, mono only). *Parsifal.* Martha Mödl (s), Wolfgang Windgassen (t), George London (b), Hermann Uhde (b), Ludwig Weber (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the 1951 Bayreuth Festival, Hans Knappertsbusch, cond. Richmond RS 65001, $12.45 (five discs, mono only) [the *Meistersinger* from London A 4601, 1952; the *Parsifal* from London A 4602, 1952].

Both these sets yielded manna for Wagnerians during LP's early days and their reappearance at budget prices now provides an excellent opportunity for the faithful to replace well-worn originals with Richmond's freshly remastered pressings. Newcomers should proceed cautiously where the *Meistersinger* is concerned, but the *Parsifal* may be recommended without reservations.

It's sad to think that the Wieland Wagner/Hans Knappertsbusch *Parsifal* performances at Bayreuth now belong to history—those lucky enough to have seen the production between 1951 and 1964 will very likely never forget the experience, even when the singers were somewhat less than inspiring. Fortunately, we have two live recordings from these years, Richmond's of 1951 and the full-priced Philips version from the 1962 Festival, and both of them boast strong casts. I prefer the earlier performance, partly out of pure nostalgia and partly because the singers seem to be so thoroughly possessed by the work—something not entirely true of their 1962 counterparts, good as they are. The well-sung portraits of Kundry and Parsifal by Philips' Dalis and Thomas, for instance, appear a bit callow beside the deeply moving and compelling insights of Mödl and Windgassen. Only on one point is a choice impossible—as Gurnemanz, Hotter and Weber are both overwhelming in their own quite different ways. Of course, Philips has the fuller, richer sound, but the 1951 recording is still astoundingly good for "on location" work.

One is grateful for the two live *Parsifals* if only as proof that Hans Knappertsbusch was truly a great operatic conductor. Few would be convinced by his *Meistersinger* recording—beautiful in spots, but marred by untidy orchestral playing and a lack of any feeling for musical design in this most subtly architectured of operas. It offers vivid proof of what John Culshaw points out in his recent book *Ring Resounding* (reviewed in this issue of HIGH FIDELITY, page 18): Knappertsbusch was simply unable to respond in a studio environment, and very few of his recordings ever matched the marvelous effect of his live performances. Furthermore, the singing on the *Meistersinger* is not all one would like—Günther Treptow's Walther is thick-voiced and strained, Edelmann's Pogner never rises above the prosaic, and the Mastersingers themselves are a bit hard to take. On the positive side is Anton Dermota's first-rate David, a lovely Eva from Hilde Gueden, and Karl Doench's amusingly characterized Beckmesser. Best of all is Paul Schoeffler's highly personable Sachs. One might justifiably complain that he reduces the stature of the role somewhat by sounding more cobbler than poet (a friend of mine always insisted that with Schoeffler in the part, you *knew* Sachs made the best shoes in town), but it's a warm, lovable cobbler, nonetheless. As an entity the Angel *Meistersinger* is a notch above this; but at its budget price, the Richmond should offer considerable satisfaction until that long-awaited definitive stereo version comes along.

Both operas have been reduced from a six-disc format to five, and the sonics do not markedly differ from the London pressings. As noted, the *Parsifal* is still quite respectable; the *Meistersinger* sounds rather thin and pinched in comparison, and evidently nothing could be done to get rid of all those audible tape splices. Complete German-English librettos are provided. PETER G. DAVIS

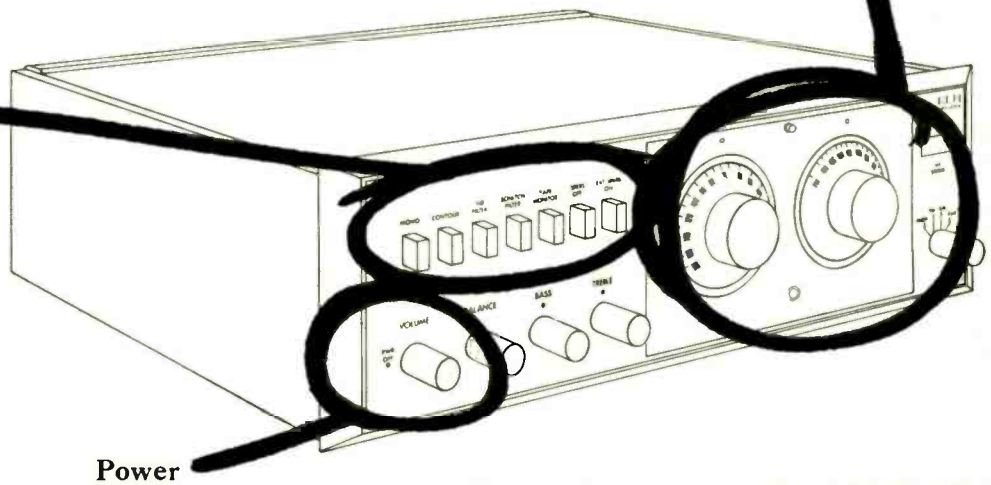
A closer look at the KLH* Receiver.

Reception

On both AM and FM, the KLH* Receiver is designed to provide *effective* reception characteristics. On FM, its excellent IHF sensitivity (2.5 microvolts) is supplemented by quick limiting that provides 40 db of quieting at 4 microvolts and full suppression of background noise at well under 10 microvolts. Stations that "come in" at all are almost certain to be fully listenable. And effective sensitivity is increased still further by excellent selectivity, which prevents strong stations or spurious signals from interfering with reception of weak stations.

On AM, the receiver is designed to provide a maximum of musical pleasure from a less-than-ideal medium. To do so required steering a careful middle course between very wide bandwidth (fine for getting optimum high-frequency response on the few really good broadcasts, but prone to interfering whistles and "hash") and the easily-engineered narrow bandwidth characteristic that provides neither trouble nor musical sound. We think you will find our choice audibly right. Because of excellent selectivity and AGC characteristics, you will also be able to pick out stations quickly and comfortably on the crowded AM dial.

The AM and FM sections, completely independent of each other throughout, tune easily and precisely. As with all of our other tuner circuits, we provide vernier tuning action, which we believe to be simpler, more precise, and far more trouble-free than slide-rule, dial-cord tuning. Tuning ease is also aided by a meter that serves as a "zero-center" indicator for FM and a signal-strength meter for AM.



Convenience and Flexibility

The KLH Receiver is designed to offer every control facility likely to add to enjoyment of music at home. It is also designed to be positive and easy to operate, without a confusing clutter of control features. Everything from switches (push-to-operate, push-to-release) to panel graphics is aimed at clear, unambiguous identification and operation.

The receiver will power two stereo pairs of speakers, together or independently. It has a front-panel headphone jack, and the provisions for speaker shut-off permit listening to headphones in one room and speakers in another. There are rear-panel outputs and inputs for tape recording, and an extra set of inputs for connection of a second recorder or other music source.

Speaker connections don't require a screwdriver. We provide simple knurled connectors on terminal posts. (No more searching for the mysterious disappearing screwdriver, no need to steal a table knife from the silverware drawer.)

Panel-mounting can be achieved easily by removal of the walnut side panels and use of the simple (slip-in) front-locking clamps we provide.

Power

The KLH Receiver is powerful enough to drive virtually any loudspeaker now made. We could call its amplifier "100-watt" by today's 4-ohm rating method, but we believe that its IHF power into 8 ohms—better than 75 watts—is the more meaningful rating for most of the speakers now available, including our own.

In addition to its IHF stereo power, it offers the healthy proportion of continuous power needed for loud listening levels with demanding musical material. (While most music makes only momentary demands on amplifier power, a pipe organ or other instrument with significant bass output may call for a great deal of steady-state power. Without sufficient continuous power, an amplifier may sound bassy, "mushy," or raucously distorted when you listen to an organ or the massed drums of a marching band at a soul-satisfying level.) By the most stringent rating method, with both channels driven simultaneously into 8 ohms, the KLH Receiver will deliver at least 25 watts continuously per channel (50 watts in stereo).

Thanks to excellent stability and overload characteristics, it "sounds" powerful—with no sense of strain or compression at peak orchestral levels. Its solid bass power reinforces this impression.

Price:

The Suggested Price of the KLH* Receiver (KLH Model Twenty-Seven) is $299.95.†

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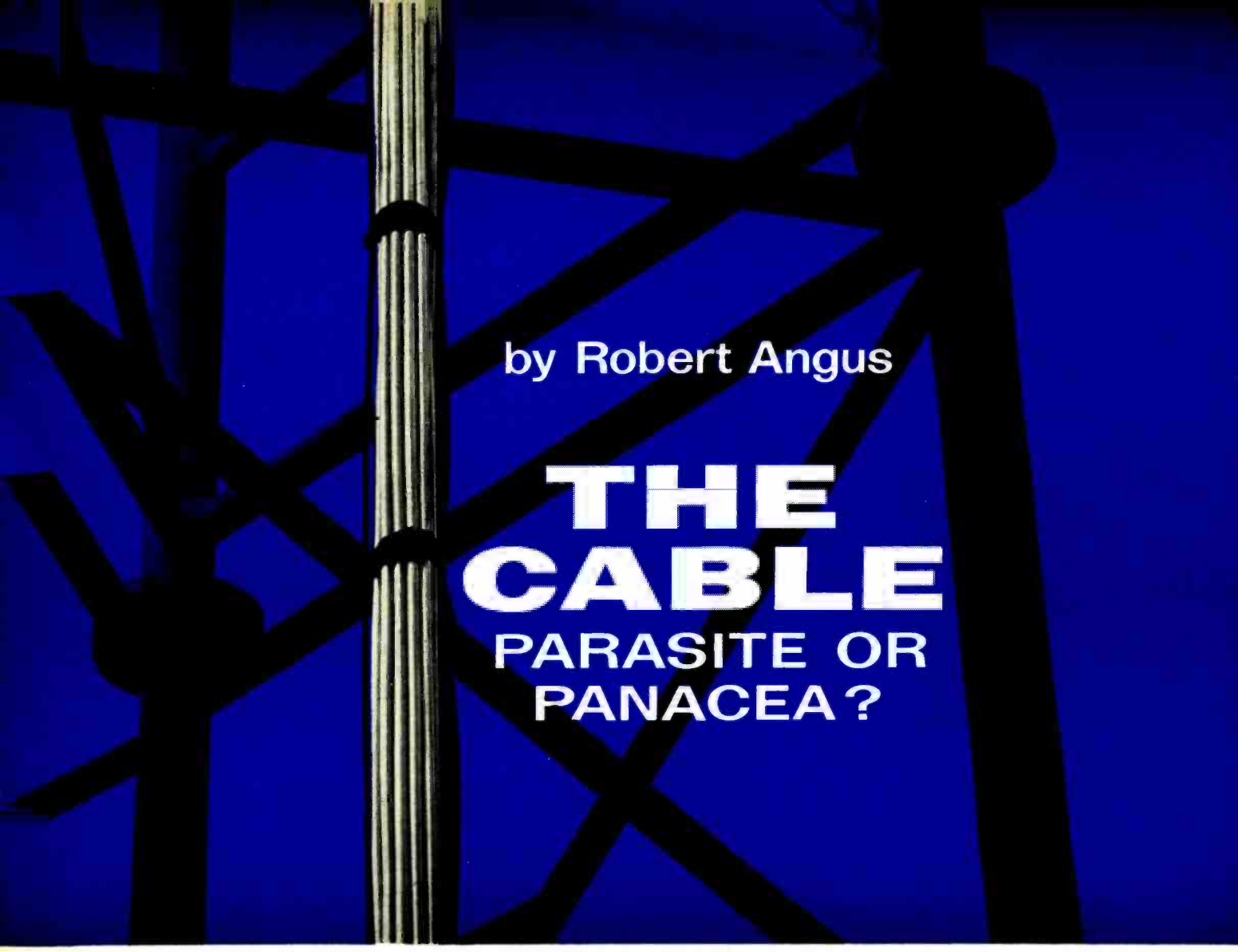


by Robert Angus

THE CABLE
PARASITE OR PANACEA?

ONCE UPON A TIME, in a little town surrounded by mountains, nobody could watch *Hopalong Cassidy* on TV. In fact, nobody could watch anything on TV, for the town was more than a hundred miles from the nearest station and the mountains cut off even the strongest signal. The community wondered what to do: while people who lived on top of the mountain not only were watching *Hopalong Cassidy* but Dagmar and Uncle Miltie Berle as well, it appeared that the children of the townsfolk might be forever deprived of the educational values of television—roller derbies, lectures on how to get sheets brighter than white, and so on.

The name of the town was Lansford, Pa., and one day one of its citizens said, "I have had enough; I am going to see what can be done." The name of this man was Robert Tarlton, and the reason he had had enough was that he was the local TV dealer—and since in Lansford you couldn't see anything but specks dancing around on your screen, his business was none too good.

What Tarlton did was to find a hilltop above town where you could get a pretty good picture with a good antenna. He built a good antenna, then ran a cable down into town to carry the signal to people's houses. To pay for the cost, Tarlton charged anybody who wanted to connect a TV set to his antenna a fee—up to $150 at the beginning—plus a monthly service charge of $10 or $15. At the time—1950—the television industry was engaged in the first flush of station construction, and many envisioned towns like Lansford eventually supporting their own television station. When that occurred, Tarlton felt, there would no longer be a need for his antenna and cable.

How right his solution and how wrong his prediction! Now, seventeen years and some 1,875 cable systems later, Seymour N. Siegel, director of New York's municipal broadcasting systems, proposes that cable TV, or CATV, may be the solution to that city's TV problems. To televiewers in the more than 170 cities and towns that don't even receive all three networks, it may seem strange that New York City viewers, who in theory can choose from among ten channels, *have* a problem. (To New Yorkers themselves, it comes as a surprise to learn that while they receive ten channels, cable subscribers in Harrisburg, Pa., McAllen, Tex., and Ottawa, Ill. can choose from among as many as twelve.) Besides, they say, since New Yorkers can pick TV out of

the air for free, why should anybody pay $25 for cable installation plus a $5.00 monthly service charge?

There are two answers. The man-made canyons of Manhattan (and other large cities) may not rival nature's handiwork in the Appalachians around Lansford, but they do create reception problems, which are about to be aggravated by color TV; and there have been some dramatic changes in CATV, or "supplemental television," as some supporters prefer to call it. Although the first cable operators felt themselves lucky to be able to supply the programs of all three networks to their subscribers, they quickly found that customers wanted more services. If a Pennsylvania operator could bring in the networks from New York, why not the Yankees and Mets games broadcast over the independent channels? Why not FM radio? And why couldn't local merchants get a shot at local TV advertising? As equipment grew more sophisticated, some CATV systems began offering five channels instead of three; by 1963 the number had jumped to twelve; and late this year the capability on some new systems has jumped to twenty.

With the increase in capability and services came an increase in demand for cable service. If Lansford had no local station, Austin, Tex. had only one and Harrisburg, Pa. only two. With larger cities presenting a market for cable TV, larger companies became interested in entering the business. Among those who have done so are Meredith Publishing Company, RKO-General (which also operates the only pay-TV system currently operating in the U.S., in Hartford, Conn., as well as several television stations), Jerrold Corporation (until recently the parent company of Harman-Kardon), Teleprompter Corporation (which once made Weathers turntables), the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Triangle Publications, and Billboard Publications, Inc. (parent organization of HIGH FIDELITY Magazine). Systems have grown from the one thousand maximum subscribers of the 1950s to 10,000 and more. Today, the largest system in the country, at Williamsport, Pa., has more than 21,000 subscribers. All told, more than eight million Americans watch TV via cable, and the 2,230 pending applications for systems, plus some 1,782 franchises not yet operating, may easily double this number during the next two years or sooner.

Still, why should New Yorkers—served now by three VHF network stations, four VHF independent commercial stations, an educational channel, a UHF foreign language station, and the city's own UHF station—be willing to pay $60 per year for cable service? And why should cable companies assume that residents of Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, and other metropolitan districts will also pay for the cable?

At a recent hearing of the Federal Communications Commission in New York, television engineer Donald Fink asserted that some residents of Manhattan, The Bronx, and Brooklyn must be content with pictures on every channel which would be considered unsatisfactory by fringe viewers in Iowa or Utah. According to Fink, viewers within a three-mile radius of the Empire State Building, which houses the transmitters of all the New York stations, may receive such a strong signal that it overloads their sets, causing severe distortion. Or they may receive, in addition to the direct signal from the transmitter, echoes and reflections bounced from building to building, refracted around corners, and distorted. In fact, Fink said, some viewers within the city limits must be content with good pictures on only two of the nine channels actually operating. (One gentleman of our acquaintance, trying to watch a New York Yankees baseball game in a hotel in the shadow of the Empire State Building, found the reception so poor he had to turn the program off; the same telecast was being viewed with complete satisfaction by subscribers to a CATV system in Great Barrington, Mass.)

The purpose of FCC hearings was to determine what effect the construction of the two 1,350-foot towers of the proposed Trade Center in lower Manhattan would have on TV reception. Most witnesses agreed that permanent damage would be done to reception in upper Manhattan, The Bronx, Westchester, parts of Connecticut, and in areas to the south unless the TV transmitters were moved to the new building. Even that wouldn't solve the problem for many viewers. CATV, Siegel said, might.

But CATV can do much more than merely produce a clear picture. Robert Beisswenger, president of the Jerrold Corporation, the largest manufacturer of cable TV equipment, recently said: "People demand an ever-increasing number of channels. And it will be the job of the cable operator in the future to find material to fill them up." Cable TV can offer viewers a system which can carry local events of particular interest—such as political debates, high school football games, or local election returns; a system which—with the aid of a videotape recorder or movie projector—can run its own library of movie classics and television reruns, or tape material off the air for later programming; a system which could form its own regional (and eventually national) networks to relay programs back and forth from independent stations across the country. A CATV system can permit three or more "mass entertainment" programs to be carried simultaneously, with plenty of room left over for stereo FM, educational TV, cultural or ethnic programming, news, stock market reports, time and weather.

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND how CATV can present twelve programs simultaneously, it's necessary to understand, first of all, that cable television is not another form of broadcasting. "Broadcasting" means using the publicly owned airwaves to *transmit* a program, which can be received by virtually anybody within range of the signal who owns a receiver. CATV is a means to *receive* broadcast programs, which are then relayed by a cable to the TV sets of subscribers. The broadcaster receives his authority

from the Federal Communications Commission; the cable operator usually receives his from the local city or town council, though limited in some areas by FCC rules as to which channels or programs he may or may not carry. In addition, he ordinarily needs the permission of a local public utility, such as the power or telephone company, to string his cable on their poles. The subscriber to cable service pays an average installation charge of $15, plus an average monthly service charge of $5.00 (rates vary from $3.95 to $7.50).

Initial costs of operating either broadcast or cable TV vary, but in each case can become fairly high. The FCC license to start a television station is nominally free, but in most middle-sized cities a prospective broadcaster may spend an initial $50,000 for engineering and legal fees to get that license. Plant and equipment costs for the station can come to another $100,000 or more. And it takes a minimum staff of ten or twelve to operate even the smallest TV station.

Sometimes the franchise to run a cable system also is free, but in some locales the cable operator pays a fee or tax to the local government. In any case, there always are preliminary engineering and legal fees. The former—depending on local conditions and requirements—can become about as costly as those for a TV station. Head-end site, equipment, and cable costs mount rapidly too. It is estimated that head-end costs alone come to $2,500 for each channel received, plus another $4,000 for every mile of distribution from the site to the subscribers. At this rate a twelve-channel system covering twenty miles of distribution (which is classified as a modest-size system) costs about $125,000 to construct. The total cost of a seventy-five-mile system could exceed $600,000. As for personnel, the average CATV system may need five to six full-time employees, although a large system may require as many as eighteen full-time technicians in addition to administrative staff. Obviously, both TV broadcasting and cable TV are expensive enterprises.

There are differences, though. The FCC requires that a TV station owner be a U. S. citizen. On this basis it rejected, a few years ago, a request made by a radio station in a predominantly French-speaking section of Maine for permission to affiliate with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's French radio network. Permission was denied because the Commission didn't want any foreign influence on the local broadcaster. A cable system has since sprung up in the community. It carries programming not only from the CBC French network but from Canada's second French network as well.

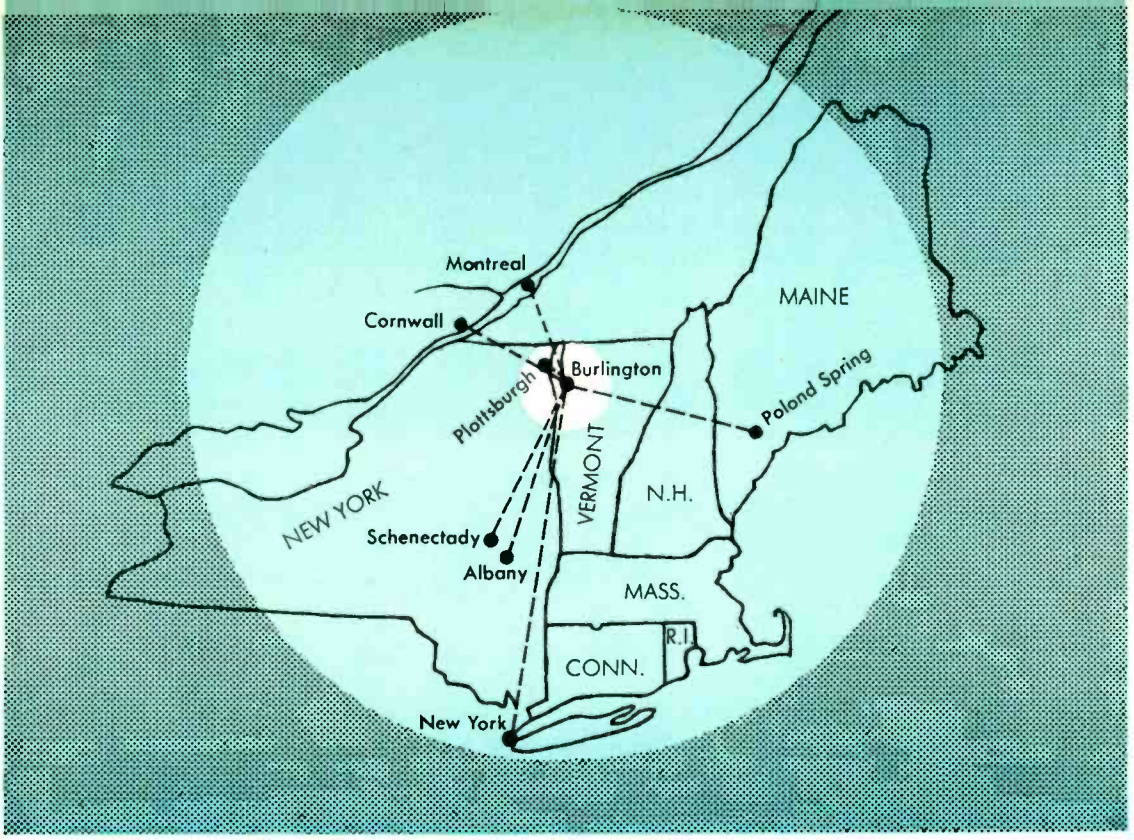
TV stations are required to carry some public service programming, to present both sides of political issues (if they are discussed at all), in some cases to carry religious programming. CATV systems as yet operate under no such restrictions. In fact, there is nothing in most franchise agreements to prevent the CATV operator from deleting any material he finds objectionable from programs he carries. Yet when TV stations in Scranton, Pa. began editorializing against CATV two years ago, the cable systems of central Pennsylvania dutifully carried the editorials without comment. In general, CATV has taken the lead in impartial coverage of local political contests, such as the mayoralty race or a school bond issue, often throwing open a channel for evening-long debate.

Broadcasters have raised the specter of pay-TV by pointing out that when Teleprompter and other cable operators have carried special features such as championship fights and other sporting events blacked out on commercial TV, they have asked subscribers to contribute an extra seventy-five cents or one dollar that month to cover the cost. Such contributions in the past have been on a voluntary basis, but the broadcasters say that one day they could become compulsory.

With the coming of the twelve-channel system, cable operators first experienced some difficulty in filling them. Few had twelve stations readily accessible—and those who did often found several stations carrying the same network programs. To meet the demand for more programming, microwave relay systems sprang up to bounce Salt Lake City stations into northern Nevada and southern Idaho; Los Angeles stations across Arizona and New Mexico well into Texas; Chicago stations south and east through Indiana and western Ohio. In Farmington, N.M., miles from most TV stations, a cable operator began showing films and sports events blacked out on commercial television. In Williamsport, Pa. and McAllen, Tex. operators began telecasting local news, teen-age, and political programs with the aid of a low-cost TV camera and/or a low-cost videotape recorder. Other systems mounted a camera on a swivel in front of a clock and various meteorological instruments to provide a constant time and weather service, while more recently, some operators have installed wire service teletypes with a camera mounted to provide constant news. More than one system even has a Dow-Jones ticker, to provide would-be Wall Streeters with instant news about business.

Milton Shapp, the man who helped engineer the Lansford system, once observed: "To a television broadcaster, an audience of two hundred is insignificant. He thinks in terms of millions. But to a CATV operator, two hundred subscribers may be the difference between profit and loss." The average cable system has about fifteen hundred subscribers. The operator knows exactly where they live, has a pretty good idea what their tastes are, and is prepared to incorporate features that will attract another two hundred, or one hundred, or even just a dozen new viewers.

WHILE THE NUMBER of CATV subscribers may be small relative to the number of all television viewers, it has a vast significance to broadcasters trying to enlarge a statistic called the Share of Audience. In the words of Congress a broadcaster is licensed to use the publicly owned airwaves "to serve all the people." In practice, "serving all the people" has generally meant snagging the largest possible audi-



In the Burlington, Vermont area only two TV channels could be received prior to the cable, as shown in the small center area which represents a 30-mile radius. The Green Mountain cable system has expanded TV coverage by ten times that distance. A channel now is received from each city shown, with Montreal supplying three TV plus three FM channels. Response to the system has been so encouraging that Burlington CATV operators are launching their own local educational channel too.

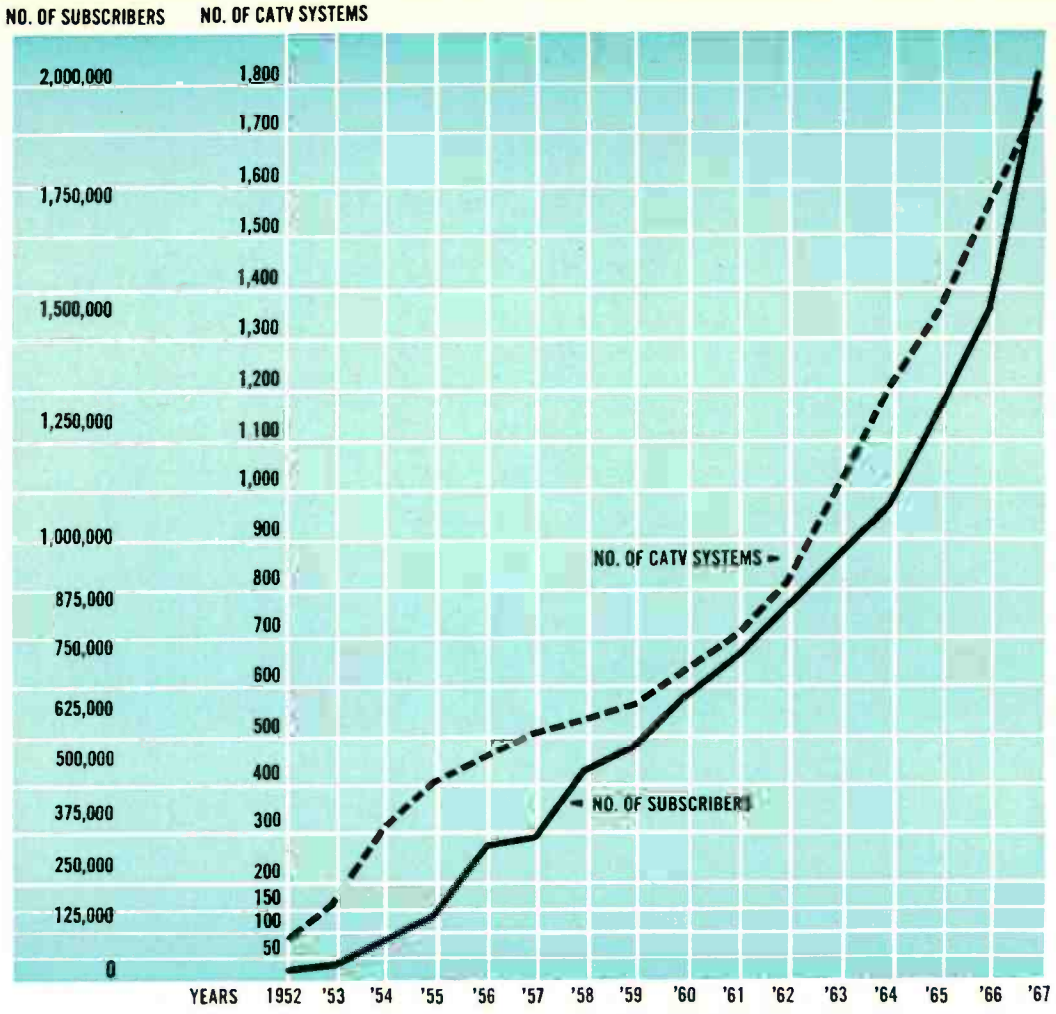
ence as a potential market for the station's present and prospective advertisers. In a town where there's only one television station, the operator theoretically has one hundred per cent of the audience. As soon as a second station appears, each—in theory—has a fifty per cent share. Actually, Station A can increase its share by presenting programs more popular than those of Station B. If he does so, and increases his share to, say, sixty per cent, he can raise his advertising rates and increase his profits. Then suppose a third station comes along. All other things being equal, it will take some of the audience from both Station A and Station B. If it takes enough, it could theoretically push Station B to the bottom of the pile, making it an unprofitable operation. As a station becomes less profitable, it tends to drop money-losing features like public service programming and expensive news coverage.

Actually, most stations achieve their share of audience not on the strength of their own programming or that over which they have control, but through programs supplied by the networks with which they are affiliated. As the networks are well aware, since the median age in the United States is now 28.2, the easiest way to get large audiences is to program for young people. The American Broadcasting Company discovered all of this dramatically in 1959, when it decided to concentrate on a diet of action drama and situation comedy: it shot from third to first in the ratings, and the affiliated stations rose with it.

The FCC is a watchdog whose job (among other things) is to parcel out the public airwaves to private operators for their use. It determines that a city like New York shall have ten TV stations; that Harrisburg, Pa. shall have two; and that Farmington, N.M. shall have none. These decisions are based in part on the number of channels available, on the ability of a community to support a station, and on the nearness of other TV stations.

Imagine the impact on broadcasting when a safe two-station market like Harrisburg is invaded by ten other channels! All of a sudden, broadcasters who thought they could safely count on a fifty per cent share of audience find they can safely count on only eight per cent—and that they are competing on even terms with TV stations in Washington and Baltimore. According to ABC, for example, such splintering of the audience will put smaller stations such as those in Harrisburg out of business. At the very least, it will make it economically impossible for them to carry local news and public service programs. Most broadcasters don't object to cable systems carrying their programs within the range of their own broadcasting signal—and some don't mind cablecasters carrying their programs out into the hinterlands. But all seem to object to CATV importing programming from outside or originating any of its own. The CATV operators retort that the law doesn't guarantee any rights to a specific market to any broadcaster or protect him against competition, and that there is no evidence that CATV ever has put a TV station out of business.

The broadcasters argue too that CATV uses their



This chart shows the growth of cable television since its inception in 1952.

property (i.e., popular programs starring TV personalities) as a drawing card, then fragments the audience by providing other programs such as non-network sports, independent stations' movies, and local public affairs. They contend that CATV systems have no permission to use copyrighted works, and United Artists in 1966 successfully sued a group of cable systems in West Virginia for copyright infringement. The final appeals on this monumental case are presently before the Supreme Court.

The CATV industry is not averse to some form of compulsory licensing, similar to that which exists in the record industry. Under such a plan, a cable operator would be free to carry any program he liked, provided he paid a reasonable royalty to the copyright holder (under present copyright law, a copyright holder other than a music publisher may grant or withhold performance rights as he sees fit). The industry and the Copyright Office of the Library of Congress countered with a proposal which would result in a very low rate for programs carried on local TV stations. But the rate would be lost if the cablecaster originated any programs of his own, or if he brought any stations from outside into the area—including educational TV and stereo FM. Without the special rate, which would be compulsory, the copyright holder would be free to ask any rate he liked or to withold the work from CATV entirely.

Said one Copyright Office official: "The reason is to protect the value of the copyright. If the cable operator brings in a wide variety of programs from which the viewer can choose, each individual copyrighted program has fewer viewers, and thus becomes a little less valuable to the broadcaster and sponsor. As the audience declines, sponsors won't want to pay as much for the program." To counter this, cable people ask whether the Copyright Office would consider a proposal to issue no further copyrights for books or magazines, in order to protect the value of the copyrights already granted.

JUST WHAT IS—or could be—at issue? CATV has the technical ability to carry FM stereo over long distances—one hundred miles or more without microwave relay and across half a continent with it. This could mean good music in stereo for towns which will never have a WQXR of their own. It has meant making short wave programming generally available—ham radio and Coast Guard alerts of approaching hurricanes along the Gulf of Mexico; the news and features of Radio Moscow or Radio Peking to high

school students studying current events in Elmira, N.Y.; the cultural and entertainment programs from Canadian television to viewers in North Dakota, Washington, Vermont, and New York; programs in Spanish for Spanish-speaking residents of southern California, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico; feature films and prize fights for viewers in communities where only three or four TV signals are available.

And there's local programming, where the novelty of seeing friends and neighbors on television has many a housewife tuning out midmorning game shows and midafternoon serials from the networks. The system in McAllen has set aside a channel specifically for this kind of broadcast. Local news means who's in the hospital, when the Methodist Women's Guild will hold its annual bake sale, and who won the bridge tournament last night. The newscast is taped on a videotape recorder for replay later in the day. When it's over, the engineer (who spends part of his day repairing cable amplifiers or checking to find out why Mrs. Smith's signal isn't as good as it should be) switches to film or videotape. The film may be a travelogue supplied by TWA, a display of trick shooting from Remington Firearms, or an automobile manufacturer's film on highway safety. A videotape feature could be last night's high school basketball game, the local drama society's production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, or the high school band's concert with guest conductor Meredith Willson. All of these events are videotaped, rather than broadcast live, "because," as cable system manager Erwin Sharp explains, "we don't want to hurt ticket sales. Even though most of the town turns out for these events, we know they're going to watch a replay the following day."

The local channel may go dark for a while after lunch, or run another film or videotape feature. Then at 3 p.m. there's a replay of the local news followed by a teen-age program, a discothèque or news and interviews about school activities. The teen-age show may be followed by a women's feature, such as book reviews. In some communities these are prepared by cable company staff; in others a local librarian may review new additions to her collection. "Books get short shrift on commercial television," says Sharp, "but we find the reviews one of our most popular features." For some systems, the day ends at 5 p.m. For others, there may be evening features as well.

The problem with CATV programming is money. It represents no direct income for the cable system because at present it is unsponsored. Some operators admit that the novelty of local programming does attract new customers to the cable, but the income they represent hardly would pay for any elaborate production or expenditure for first-class films or features. "We have to take the films we can get for free," says McAllen's Sharp, "provided that they have entertainment or educational value, and are relatively free from commercialization. While we don't sell advertising time, we may permit a local hairdresser to demonstrate new hair styles or a major department store to show fall styles in women's fashions."

Educational television has received a strong boost from the cable. Children in southern Idaho, for example, study with the help of educational television piped into the classroom via cable from Salt Lake City, several hundred miles away. In upper Michigan, housewives are able to study English Literature and Political Science for college credit because Marquette University supplies a network of cable systems with videotapes of these courses.

Nevertheless, all of this is a far cry from the Bristol Old Vic, *Aida*, or W. C. Fields. In Ottawa, Ill., Xenophon Mitchell, a former theatre manager, until recently operated the cable system. He believes that films—and quality features—are on the way. "Whenever a distant station duplicates a program carried by a local station," Mitchell says, "we have to black out the distant one. Nobody wants to flip the dial on his TV set and find a lot of blank spots. So it seems reasonable to me to think in terms of filling up those holes with features of all kinds—perhaps a movie, perhaps a show like *Naked City* or *The Rogues* (which isn't around any more, but which a lot of people liked). If the syndicators can't sell their film to a local TV station, eventually they'll come to us and we'll buy. I think it's quite possible the CATV operators may become customers of film syndicators, program producers, and feature films right along with broadcasting stations."

A cable operator in a midwest college town recently observed, "There's a demand for cultural and adult programming that isn't being met by the broadcasters in this area; if I could get programs from the British Broadcasting Corporation at a reasonable rate, I'd be glad to schedule an evening of opera or Shakespeare or music hall or current affairs." He said he hopes, once the copyright question is cleared up, to use a video recorder to tape network specials like NBC's *The Louvre* and *Leningrad*, ABC's *Westminster Abbey* and *Stage '67*, and CBS' Sunday afternoon children's movies.

Such projected cable services cost money. In many recent cases, the franchises granted to operators contain a ceiling on the rates they can charge—usually around $5.00 or $6.00 per month per customer. It's obvious that once cable operators have to start paying for programs, profits will decline and rates may have to go up. Or cable operators who have been protesting that they would never sell commercial time on their systems will have to begin doing so.

The cable can offer a way out of the box of ever-lower-level programming to attract ever-larger audiences by providing a selection of material—something for everybody. CATV is a medium in its own right—free to do things that commercial television cannot or will not do and far from locked in on any cultural pattern. The choice of what, and how much of it, is to be programmed in any cable system remains subject to two strictly human factors: the taste and sense of public responsibility of individual CATV operators, and the influence exerted on them by their paying viewers.

Granados

by Alicia de Larrocha

with the assistance of Edmund Haines

On the centenary of the Spanish master's birth, his leading interpreter illuminates the aesthetic conflict within the man and his music.

ENRIQUE GRANADOS was born in 1867 and died aboard the torpedoed S.S. *Sussex* in 1916. Thus I could not know him in his lifetime. Nevertheless, I feel very close to him and to his music—almost as though during my whole life he and I have been great friends.

A good deal of my career has been formed in the shadow of Granados' personal and pianistic tradition. The ardent expansiveness of his works, the inner vein and apparently endless flow of his ideas, the wit and grace and picaresque feeling of his rhythms, the intimacy and poetry, sometimes the faded perfume of his melancholy have always attracted me. I find the style elegant and devoid of the decadent sentimentality so characteristic of many

composers of his period. Because of my closeness to the Granados ambience, my having been so constantly enveloped by the source of the music, I often feel the strength of subconscious forces at work when I interpret him in concerts, as if I were a little bewitched.

The piano, the instrument and its resources, was certainly a major influence upon the composing procedures of Granados. He played Scarlatti frequently and with utmost clarity and precision, as his early recordings attest—like a born *clavecinista*. It is possible that the music of Domenico Scarlatti was absorbing to him not only because it was so highly Hispanicized (Scarlatti lived many years in La Granja and Aranjuez) but also equally because this kind of music presented him a fascinating challenge for realization at the keyboard. He prepared a scholarly, meticulous edition of twenty-six Scarlatti Sonatas composed originally for the royal family and until modern times unpublished. At one time—and I have this among his manuscripts—he wrote out a series of exercises for use by his students, to promote independence of fingers in the primary development of pianistic skills. Almost all of these are related in some fashion to baroque or classical period ornamental devices, mordents and inverted mordents and measured trills using different finger combinations. Even a cursory look at a piece like *The Maid and the Nightingale* shows how much this penchant for ornamentation permeated his romanticism. Other pianistic influences upon Granados' work as a composer are legion. I have, for instance, among his notebooks, long analyses of movements loving to play Schumann, Liszt, and, to some extent of Beethoven sonatas. He went through periods of Chopin, studying their different poetries and particularly their different instrumental sonorities.

The two sides of Granados' nature, the ordered or classical and the romantic, combine to form the profile of his music, and both must be present in performance. This age-old mixture is present in all composers, and the performer must determine the balance of the chemistry, whether in Bach or Brahms. In Granados the proportions seem clear, the ordered part of his thinking springing from his preoccupation with the piano, forming the disciplinary element within the framework and context of his personal romanticism.

I have often speculated about what his composing style would have been had he not been the pianist he was. Perhaps if he had been a violinist, the texture of his hearing would have been different. Almost certainly the details of the devices he used would not have been as they stand, for the figurative variations and embellishments he used as settings around his melodic and thematic ideas are identifiably pianistic. If he had been a conductor, there would have been a feeling for the grand orchestra; but in the Spain of his time there was no profusion of excellent symphony orchestras, nor were there many symphonists. The only part of *Goyescas* he composed directly for full orchestra was the Intermezzo, which he wrote out overnight during the rehearsals at the Metropolitan, to fill an interlude of time needed for a scene change. He himself had little love for this addition, although it has become, in its style, a classic moment of music. Before *Goyescas* he had written other stage works of less consequence, including the opera *Maria del Carmen*—his natural gift for melodic flow and a flair for the dramatic enabled him to write well for the voice—but *Goyescas* was a curious and unique incident in the history of operatic repertory.

The opera was originally a set of pieces for piano, the libretto and vocal lines coming later, and then the orchestration. In *Goyescas* and other works of the years immediately preceding his death (at the age of forty-nine), he seemed to be reaching a new maturity, becoming more composer than pianist-composer, wishing to guide his writing more by his intellect, to pull together and unify the facets of his own nature, the Spanish elements, and the international influences into more wholly conceived forms. He spoke facetiously but at the same time seriously of wanting to do real and grand opera, something "in which all the characters die heroically and tragically." But speculations are useless, and he must be considered only in the light of what he was, an isolated personality strongly and poetically free in his romantic inclination, this temperament modified by classical modes of thought only in terms of pianistic devices and sounds.

There are several general clues to the performance of Granados, some of them a bit evasive and rather less tangible than might be expected from looking at the printed page. One intangible is the question of his expectations as to exactitude in performance, for he himself was an inveterate improviser—or perhaps it is better to say that he apparently believed deeply in the charm of fleeting impulse, in the necessity of maintaining spontaneity. In my collection I have a recording of his performance of the seventh of his *Danzas españolas*, the main theme of which is based on a *jota valenciana*, varying greatly from the printed score. Some of the deviations from the text are so interesting to me that I use them in my own interpretation of the piece. There were times when this habit took him further afield. Frank Marshall, Granados' chief disciple and my teacher told me of the time when Granados included *El Pelele* on a recital program, not long after that piece was composed. To avoid any possible lapses of memory, he played with the score before him and had asked Marshall to serve as page-turner. All went normally until about the third page, when Marshall saw with amazement that what Granados was playing had nothing to do with what was written. Knowing Granados so well, he showed no reaction, stopped turning pages, and was delighted to hear a totally new and brilliant

Pelele. With this gift of facility and a personality that was almost Bohemian (a word which to me means something more than its connotation in English). Granados remained nonacademic always.

I believe that this trait of Granados explains many markings in the printed scores. There are some successions of measures during which the variations of tempo are so profusely indicated that it would be folly to try to follow them. It is as though, at the moment of publication, he were overcompensating for his love for freedom and variability of expression—or as though he wanted to fix on the printed page his views about all the rallentandos, affretandos, and accelerandos as he felt them that day, very carefully and unmistakably. Sometimes the principal tempo marks are supplemented with fanciful or descriptive phrases, such as *"con sentimento amoroso."* Even though a slavish adherence to the tempo marks would not be advisable, taken in totality they add up to a fair synthesis of his type of rubato.

The subject of rubato is always a tricky one in the vocabulary of pianists, since it is one of the subtlest facets of expression. In general I believe that the music of Granados calls for a type that is broader than demanded by romantics such as Chopin —broader and often more sudden in its stopping over a point in the melodic line, almost a temporary disfiguration, a very strongly presented instant followed by a long breath of relaxation. Since Granados is so rich in his personal versions of mordentlike and ornamental figures, it is frequently at points in a phrase where these are most pronounced that more activity and stress are appropriate. His harmonic style is a rich one, though not experimental even in terms of his own day, but the tension reached in harmonic progression can dictate freedom in tempo. Of course, a constantly free treatment of every phrase group leads to sentimentalism, and this is a danger with Granados in the hands of performers lacking in musical sensitivity. In his works, as in Schumann and Chopin, part of the fascination for a pianist is to walk this fine line of tasteful re-creation.

How much of Spanish nationalism is there in Granados? Does it take "Spanish blood" to play his music? To me this is like asking whether it is necessary to be Viennese to play Mozart or a New Yorker to understand Gershwin. What is supremely necessary is for a performer to become imbued with the idiom and style in question, to add artistry and life to the printed page of notes. But perhaps this is begging the question. Undeniably, Granados wrote "Spanish" music, but this statement needs qualifying. It is hard to identify in a man who died at a comparatively young age three distinct periods. Yet in what I like to call his "middle period," represented by his "Romantic Scenes" and "Poetic Waltzes" among other works, the influences are not national, but rather those of Continental fashions. Here there is not much evidence of the themes and colorful sounds he knew from his native land. In his younger days he had studied with Felipe Pedrell, and the fervent nationalism of his teacher influenced him markedly for a while. The fifth, eleventh, and twelfth of the first set of *Danzas españolas*, for instance, are Andalucian in spirit. But Granados was never absorbed completely by a single folk source, and chose ideas (and themes) from all the regions of Spain—Valencia, Murica, New Castille, Andalucia. In his third period, he felt impelled to return to Spanish folk sources, his *madrilenismo* coming to the fore, and threw himself with much enthusiasm into the creation of *Goyescas*, based on Goya's scenes of late eighteenth-century Madrid and New Castille.

Granados, in the history of Spanish music, indeed does belong with the nationalists. Most frequently linked with his name as forming the "nationalist group" are Isaac Albéniz and Manuel de Falla, and in a way this is indicative, for in all of them existed deep folk feelings. They differed greatly in temperament, however, and are distinguishable too as to periods and places, Falla being of a later generation and Andalucian by birth. Falla was of the earth born, and the Impressionism that critics like to identify in his music I consider to be of the surface, a stylish façade. Albéniz, a Catalan like Granados and almost exactly of the same generation, found himself in the flamboyant culture of Andalucia. If Granados was impossible in his notation of tempos and rubato, Albéniz's dynamic markings frequently test aural credibility, *fffff* for a climax or, for example, a spot in *Iberia* where an accompaniment is marked *pppp* against a line that is *ppp*. Granados' brilliance and intimacy are achieved within more sensitive volume limits, and his markings in this respect are useful. He was not prone to think as a builder of musical forms. Among his works are no sonatas, no fugues, no involved polyphony except the play of transient inner lines moving through colorful harmonies. The composing is "sectional"; unity is achieved by the more evanescent means of personality in style, contrast by the changing textures.

This year is the centenary of Granados' birth, and 1966 was the fiftieth anniversary of his death; but it is not only during these two years that I have performed and recorded his music. He remains a perpetual fascination for me. He was mixture of child and man, enormously sensitive, full of *pronto*s, ready to laugh with tears in eyes. Perhaps it was not for nothing that he inherited the blood of the Antilles from his Cuban father. He was easily influenced by the sounds of music or the glance of a lovely *maja*, quick to respond to the brightness or shadows of life, or to forget its realities. One Granados had a distant look, a mind of dreams and imagination. The other Granados was passionate and involved, capable of profound enthusiasm and strong moods and communicative wit. The warmth of humanity, the subtlety of poetry was in him and his music.

by David Hamilton

Time-Life's "Story of Great Music"

A Cautionary Tale

DOES ANYBODY still remember the "Listener's Digest" or "The Heart of the Symphony," those early milestones in the promotion of classical music to the culturally unlettered? To relieve possible anxiety that such music might prove "too elevated," these projects promulgated the thesis that great music, when shorn of such boring complications as thematic development, was just as tuneful as *South Pacific*—and, to prove the point, they offered mutilated versions of well-known masterworks. Although such obvious vulgarities are not yet entirely dead, there are signs of progress. It is, apparently, now possible to promote classical music by implying that the public, not the music, is at fault for any failure of communication—witness the propaganda for "The Story of Great Music," an elaborate series distributed by Time-Life Records: "Can, after all, a home be called 'cultured' without music?" And, playing on endemic American feelings of parental guilt: ". . . a way for perceptive parents to expose the world's musical treasures to their children." Then, in his introductory essay, Professor Jacques Barzun, the series' Editorial Consultant, tugs at the national inferiority complex: "the Italian cab driver sings Verdi; the German waiter is at home with Bach's *Coffee Cantata*." (Mustn't have those foreigners thinking we're uncultured!)

It's easy enough to make fun of such advertising copy, but let us not overlook the real change in attitude towards cultural matters that it implies. Even if motivated by no more elevated aim than keeping up with the Joneses, a considerable public would seem to be anxious for an introduction to classical music, on the music's own terms and in a systematic way. Because "The Story of Great Music" claims to achieve this purpose, and because it bears

the prestigious imprint of a leading information medium, a closer look would seem to be in order.

Presumably the intended public for such a series is made up primarily of people with minimal or nonexistent formal training in the subject—no knowledge of technical terminology, no skill at reading music, no experience of active listening to music of this nature. What they might expect from an introduction of this kind, I imagine, is first of all some music to listen to, and, equally important, some suggestions as to how to listen to it, how to come to grips with these sound patterns that evidently engage the serious attention of many very intelligent people, how to get the same satisfactions that others seem to derive from contact with great musical works. Let us see what the Time-Life series offers in these respects.

At one level, it gives good physical value: each volume of the series contains four well-filled and well-processed LPs, packaged in a slipcase along with a 60-page booklet (9" x 12") of "cultural background," adorned with color photos and art reproductions, and a smaller leaflet (4" x 12") entitled "A Listener's Guide to the Recordings"—all for $10.95 (mono) or $12.95 (stereo), by mail-order from Time-Life Records, Time-Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Each volume is devoted to a particular period of history (more recently, some have been devoted to national styles), and the works are presented complete, except for operas and the like, from which reasonably coherent excerpts have been selected.

Turning briefly to the performances, drawn from the Angel-Capitol catalogues, let us observe that the average level is high; such strengths of these labels as Klemperer's German classics and Menuhin's baroque repertory are well represented. There are some recently unavailable and very welcome old friends, like the Kletzki Mahler Fourth, the Rostropovich-Boult Dvořák Concerto, and the Beecham *Fantastique*, and even some items new to these shores, including a Rozhdestvensky Janáček *Sinfonietta* and a George Sebastien *Verklärte Nacht* (note to experienced collectors: most of the material in these categories will probably soon reach the open market via Seraphim or other channels). A few tracks are downright bad (e.g., the Henry Krips *Fledermaus* Overture, grossly mannered and poorly played), and there are some performances I do not greatly care for (e.g., Samson François's Debussy Preludes, Klemperer's *Messiah* excerpts), but by and large the selection of performances has turned out well.

What about the selection of music? Given the title—"The Story of Great Music"—and the division of the series into volumes representing historical periods, our musically unschooled purchaser may reasonably expect that he's getting some sort of "history of music in sound," illustrating the development of music over the centuries. In that case, he is likely to find a somewhat elliptical, even incoherent story. How, for example, is he to understand the transformation of musical style between the works of Bach, Handel, and Telemann and the music Mozart was writing in the 1780s if the only intervening work offered is Gluck's *Iphigenia* Overture? Such sources of the classic style as the Bach sons, the Mannheim school, and *opera buffa* are simply ignored, and the earliest work of Haydn here presented is the 1792 *Surprise* Symphony. Although Gluck is advertised as an operatic reformer who believed that music should serve the words, the absence of any vocal music by Gluck—or, indeed, of any examples of the operas against which his reforms were directed—will leave the significance of this reform somewhat unclear in the listener's mind.

Skipping to the other end of the time sequence, consider the album representing "The Early Twentieth Century." This begins with Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, a piece completed on December 1, 1899, and thereby belonging to the Very Early twentieth century; indeed, it predates all but a few of the pieces in the preceding album ("Prelude to Modern Music") and has obviously been shoved out of order to compensate for the absence of any really significant Schoenberg work (the obvious one would be *Pierrot lunaire*, but that isn't in the Angel catalogue). Less explicable is the restriction of Berg to his early clarinet pieces, when both the Violin Concerto and the Chamber Concerto are available. But at least Berg is present; where are Bloch, Ives, Satie, Scriabin, Varèse, and Weill, to mention only a few obvious figures? Won't our uninitiated customer assume that none of them wrote works equal in significance to *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5 or *An American in Paris* (both present)? And that the *Concerto for Orchestra* is representative of the music that established Bartók as a major figure?

A few of the apparent gaps in "The Early Twentieth Century" are filled by an album called "Music of Today," although three-quarters of its contents predates 1950. This might more aptly have been titled "Music of Yesterday and the Day Before," for it ranges all the way back to Poulenc's 1938 Organ Concerto; only Shostakovich's *Stepan Razin* and Part I of Milton Babbitt's *Ensembles for Synthesizer* (an important first release, by the way) represent the 1960s. And few of these composers are shown at their best or most characteristic—Walton's

Henry V music, Shostakovich's *Festival Overture*, and Hindemith's Horn Concerto give no fair idea of the basis for their reputations.

One could continue through the intervening "ages" (of "Revolution," Romanticism," and "Opulence") but the point should be clear: either the editors are seriously uninformed about the history of music, or they aren't even trying—the latter being more likely, since their own incompetence could easily have been remedied by the employment of a recognized musical scholar (Dr. Barzun is, of course, a distinguished man in his field, but that field is not the history of music). They have presented the illusion of historical authenticity, without carrying it out in practice—a sort of intellectual *trompe-l'oeil*.

HOWEVER, LET'S DISREGARD this evasion for a moment; there's still a lot of good music here, and the more important question arises: what is done to help the untrained listener get closer to the music? In a series directed to this kind of audience, the most logical basis of presentation might seem to be some sort of introduction to the art of listening, with the textual materials emphasizing the modes of musical coherence, the ways in which musical works present and develop their ideas. Given such an introduction, and with increasing aural experience of musical processes in operation, the novice listener could acquire a skill, a technique of listening that could then be applied to his future listening; such a skill is infinitely more useful than any amount of specific information about individual works. (In case the point isn't clear, I am not talking about the ability to *name* musical events and procedures, which is the professional's province, but about the ability to distinguish and relate them by ear—an ability analogous to the one we instinctively use when following events in a film, by making visual, nonverbal connections.)

Now the editors of "The Story of Great Music" have made a stab in this direction, by commissioning a one-page essay from Dr. Barzun on "The Art, and Pleasure, of Listening." This begins with some encouraging paragraphs on the importance of "getting used to the sounds and forms of classical music" by dint of repetition and concentration—somewhat weakened when the obvious truth that "you can't concentrate wholly on music if conversation is going on or if the rhythm of the dishwasher interferes with that of Beethoven" is immediately qualified: "but it's for you to set your own pace." Eventually we do arrive at some generalizations about musical form; disregarding the fact that the good doctor's examples are maladroit (one is an improbable variety of rondo, A-B-C-B-D-B, that I think you will search in vain through the entire series to find exemplified in a musical work), let us rejoice that we are now getting down to the real nitty-gritty: the idea that perceiving the structure of a piece is the nodal point of listening, the stage at which the listener is in a position to appreciate the sense of the work.

Alas, here the essay ends: "The rest is book learning, very important but not primary. The realm of music is open to anyone who will use his ears." Very true; it's too bad that the relative proportions of the accompanying booklets contradict Dr. Barzun's attribution of priority to listening over "book learning." For every page (4-in. wide) of "Listener's Guide," there are approximately two pages (each 9-in. wide) of "cultural history" and composer biographies. Even these statistics are misleading, for a good bit of the "Listener's Guides" is devoted to biographical and historical data (while no space, except in the most recent volumes, is expended on texts and translations of vocal works—surely a minimum requisite for intelligent listening).

In whatever space remains, one would hope to find constructive suggestions of ways in which the listener can stretch his perceptions—but, as often as not, this is what we do not find. A concrete example: take the celebrated spot in the *Meistersinger* Prelude where the three main themes return simultaneously, one under the other, and consider the following description: "Now that the rich thematic material has been stated, Wagner molds it into a stunning edifice of sound. The final passages, with brass, percussion and strings hymning the Mastersingers to the heavens, are among the most exhilarating in Western music." This is all very colorful, but I submit that the untrained listener may well miss those other two themes under the "Prize Song" tune at the spot in question, and it would help him to be told they're there and to try to hear them. As for the statement that the final pages are "exhilarating" —well, he'll either find them so or he won't.

Too often, fancy adjectives, rather than musical processes, seem to be the main preoccupation of these booklets—the "megolithic [sic], almost angry theme" (watch out later in the movement, when it loses its temper and starts throwing things), the "rhythmic dance filled with eccentricities" (do you know many *non*rhythmic dances?), the pieces "as frisky as young lambs" (you can almost picture a team of Time-Life research girls industriously investigating whether they're "frisky as young lambs" or "as young goats"), and so on. To be sure, adjectives are sometimes useful to identify themes for purposes of discussion, but the present writers seem to think that applying emotional characterizations to themes is a significant help to the listener—whereas it's one thing the novice can do just as well as (if not rather better than) they can.

In sum, these booklets are nothing very different from routine program notes, and not as good as the best of those. There is no systematic approach to listening embodied here, no coherent attempt to help the beginner get started in the right direction of using his ear, rather than his imagination, as the primary organ of listening. As far as this central point is concerned, "The Story of Great Music" does little that a well-chosen stack of bargain-priced records would not do at least as well and as cheaply.

That leaves the "cultural background" booklets

as a possible reason for subscribing to this series, and it would be a pleasure to report that they are models of informativeness, accuracy, and relevance, as well as handsome examples of bookmaking. The latter they certainly are, with the one qualification that many works of art are spread over two pages, the gutter thus casting a deep shadow down the picture and reducing the artist's compositional conception to nonsense. But judged as a presentation of the history that was happening when the music was being written, they are seriously flawed—oversimplified, wondrously cavalier with facts, and often only distantly related to the music whose background they purport to illuminate.

Consider the curious treatment of the baroque, where the booklet discusses art almost entirely of the seventeenth century—although none of the music on the records predates 1690. In assembling the spuriously homogeneous chunks of history that Time-Life's "periods" represent, the suppression of dates is a useful stratagem, and never mind the poor reader who may assume that Caravaggio ("who invariably had the light coming from overhead"—if so, some of his paintings have been hanging sideways for three centuries), Salvator Rosa, and Canaletto were contemporaries, although their life spans didn't overlap at all.

Or consider the treatment of eighteenth-century neoclassicism in art and literature, which dates from the first excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum in 1748 and had already produced important works (e. g., Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, 1779) by the time of the French Revolution—the borderline between the "Age of Elegance" and the "Age of Revolution." Yet this important strain in the artistic history of the century is quite ignored in connection with eighteenth-century music (it doesn't quite fit the Dresden-china shepherdess image being promulgated there) and only brought up later, in connection with music of the next century—at which point, characteristically, the Goethe play *is* mentioned, but without any date. It is equally characteristic that more than half of the music representing the "Age of Elegance" was written after the fall of the Bastille, and that many pages are devoted to the French Enlightenment, French painting, Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon, and—so help me—the art of making an eighteenth-century coiffure, without the slightest attempt to relate any of it to events in the Austrian Empire, where nearly all this music was composed.

As any historian will tell you, the division of the past into periods is a tricky business, and the naming of these periods equally hazardous; the temptation is strong to distort history in support of a particular division, to present only the events and tendencies that justify a certain name. Some effort has evidently been expended to keep Time-Life's periods looking unified—or did composers write nothing but opera and large orchestral works during the "Opulent Era" (1850–1900 according to the booklet, 1856–1880 as defined by the music presented, all of it for large orchestra)? This "era" is, in any case, exceptionally silly; both social life and orchestral scoring became even more opulent in the decades 1890-1910, known here as "Prelude to Modern Music."

Nor do the biographies of the composers evidence great care for factual accuracy. "After coming to America in 1940 to escape Hitler's Europe, Stravinsky himself . . . began writing serial or partly serial music." Well, sort of—aside from the fact that Stravinsky came here in 1939, this statement has the same vague validity as, let's say, "Following the 1918 armistice, the Second World War began"; Stravinsky's first partly serial work was the 1952 Cantata. The writer who speaks of Haydn's "martial *Drum Roll* symphony" obviously knows nothing more about the piece than its nickname, and the one who attempts to describe Schoenberg's twelve-tone method, with the help of an offensive cartoon, sets new standards for misrepresentation and incomprehensibility in an already overcrowded field.

But why go on? As if secretly aware that all this "book learning" is basically irrelevant to the understanding of the music, the authors and editors apparently don't feel that they have to apply serious standards of intellectual rigor to their productions; thus the "cultural background," itself an evasion of the real problem, contains within itself a further evasion of responsibility.

At least we don't get large doses of the performer cult, today's most prevalent tactic for avoiding the discussion of music. Although the first few volumes did include some "artist photos" (including Frau von Karajan in a bikini—why hasn't HIGH FIDELITY put her on its cover?), these and their promotional captions have since been abandoned.

As mentioned earlier, more recent albums seem to be taking a different tack; "The Spanish Style" and "Slavic Traditions" are among the latest ones to come my way, and they increase the disproportion in the repertory still further—the series now includes more music by Falla than by anyone else except Beethoven and Mozart, and twice as much from *Boris Godunov* as from all the operas of Verdi. How about volumes on Italian opera, nineteenth-century chamber music (nothing is now offered between Op. 135 and *Verklärte Nacht*), the song literature (certainly a strength of the Angel catalogue), and that missing chunk of the eighteenth-century? Perhaps these lacunae will be filled by future issues.

In a larger sense, of course, the choice of music matters less than its presentation. Pretty picture-books are all very well, but the mutilation of history serves no particular end in promoting the enjoyment of music. If programs to bring classical music into the home are to serve any purpose beyond the dissemination of coffee-table ornaments and conversational backgrounds, the musical works they contain deserve to be presented as *music*, not as by-products of elegance, revolution, opulence, and the like; as sources of pleasure and enlightenment, not as cultural status symbols.

by Bernard Jacobson

The Music of Shakespeare's Time

A sampling of recent discs

THERE MUST BE almost as many "golden ages" in music as there are assayers of the art. Each of us has a period, or a group of periods, which for him represents the true coin, and from which he derives a very special, personal kind of musical pleasure. Fortunately, it doesn't matter much whether the preference is rational or purely idiosyncratic—for the individual, the result is the same.

Twelve years ago, when I was doing my military service in the city of Salisbury, England, I wandered quite by chance into an informal little concert being given in the Chapter House of the superb Gothic cathedral. Ever since then, my own personal "golden age" has been the period of English music from 1580 until fifty years or so later. Even though there may be something idiosyncratic in the predilection, it can certainly not be dismissed as a chauvinistic English taste —I have found more fellow-enthusiasts during a number of years spent in Holland and America than I ever knew when I lived in England. And the civilized, yet never bloodless, grace and loveliness of the music is there waiting to delight any new explorer bold enough to take the plunge.

One of the most incredible things about the period is the sheer number of accomplished composers who flourished in it. When I started to prepare these notes, it was the work of a mere five minutes to sit down and make a list of forty Tudor and Stuart composers still worthy of attention today, some of them great and all of them highly gifted. The field of the air with lute accompaniment was cultivated above all by Dowland, Campian, Morley, and Rosseter (whose *What then is love but mourning* I shall never forget from that 1955 concert), followed in eminence by Danyel, Pilkington, Ford, Jones, Robert Johnson, Parsons, Corkine, Bartlet, the younger Ferrabosco, Cavendish, Greaves, and Attey. Equally imposing, if shorter, lists could be presented in the spheres of solo lute music, keyboard music, church music, madrigals and part-songs, songs with viols, and music for consorts of viols or for more varied instrumental consorts.

Another towering figure who lived at the same time—Claudio Monteverdi, currently celebrating his quatercentennial—has received copious coverage lately in the critical press. No one could grudge it him. But for a change of emphasis, I want to devote this page to the English "golden age," and to try to distinguish between the good and the bad among records devoted to it which have appeared during recent months.

The most impressive-looking records are not always the best. In particular, I'm sorry to say that a disc of "Florid Song and Viol Music in England, c. 1610-1660," released in Telefunken's *Musik und ihre Zeit* series (SAWT 9472-A), is strictly for specialists. It includes a varied program of songs ranging from Campian to John Wilson (1595-1674), interspersed with instrumental compositions, mostly for viols, by Orlando Gibbons, John Ward, Thomas Lupo, Matthew Locke, and others. Nikolaus Harnoncourt's Concentus Musicus of Vienna plays the viol pieces well, but the vocal contributions of the Early Music Studio are mostly quite inadequate. Andrea von Ramm and Karl Heinz Klein sound ill at ease with the English words, and even the native English-speakers, tenor Nigel Rogers and countertenor Grayston Burgess, are in indifferent form. The lute accompaniments are played (or recorded) too reticently, and at the end of an anonymous Donne setting (*Dearest love, I do not go*) the tape editor has spliced in a take from the wrong stanza.

It is only the generally deserved high reputation of the *Musik und ihre Zeit* series that prompts me to issue so emphatic a warning against this particular record. For all the wealth of interesting general material, the presentation is also deficient in listing of sources and attribution of texts. Even more imprecisely documented, but far better musically, is another disc in the same series (SAWT 9481-A) offering consort music by Byrd and William Lawes and keyboard pieces by Byrd and Tomkins. The music is well chosen, and the performances by the Leonhardt Consort, with Gustav Leonhardt directing and also playing organ, virginals, and gamba, are stylish and sympathetic. Instead of viols, early violins are used, but they are played in sufficiently vibratoless style to afford the contrapuntal textures due transparency.

The Early Music Studio has made, for Archive Production, a record devoted entirely to John Dowland (ARC 73245). The performances show welcome enterprise in the matter of ornamentation, but once again the same strictures apply as to the Studio's Telefunken disc. The singers show little feeling for the music and none for the words, and the effect is dreadfully dull. The newly released Nonesuch collection of vocal music by Dowland (H 1167 or H 71167) puts the German production in the shade. A group of English singers that includes April Cantelo, Janet Baker, and Wilfred Brown produces ideally vivid performances, and in the setting of Psalm 100 tenor Gerald English contributes singing of admirable smoothness and touching purity. The accompaniments are rich and colorful, and in the lute songs the authentic reinforcement of the bass line by a viola da gamba helps to add the textural ballast missing on the Archive and Telefunken discs. My only regret is that the formal balance of some songs is impaired by the omission of repeats.

A few months ago Nonesuch released a two-record set (HB 3010 or HB 73010) entitled "Music of Shakespeare's Time," which would be an ideal introduction to Elizabethan and Jacobean music for those unfamiliar with it. Contents range from a group of the finest madrigal performances I have ever heard (directed by Raymond Leppard), by way of various instrumental combinations, to lute songs and a couple of delicious soprano and tenor duets with lute accompaniment. In both Nonesuch releases, sources and modern editions are listed with exemplary thoroughness.

Finally, also in the budget-price category, mention should be made of a group of recent releases by Musical Heritage Society offering material available some time back on Expériences Anonymes. Especially valuable are two records of Tomkins (MHS 687 and 688) and one of Byrd (MHS 689) directed by Denis Stevens, and a harpsichord record by Paul Wolfe (MHC 679) including fine pieces by Tomkins, Byrd, John Bull, and others.

by Michael Sherwin

STEREO CHRISTMAS GOODIES UNDER $30

(and one for $249)

IN AUDIO, as in life, it's often the little things that count—a lesson that's apparently been taken to heart by at least seventy companies (at last tally) now busily turning out small items for stereo enthusiasts. Just walk into any dealer's showroom these days and the first thing you're likely to see is row upon row of neatly packaged accessories—many of them attractively designed products capable of making a significant improvement in the performance of a stereo system or adding to the owner's convenience. On our own recent tour of the scene we found a wide selection of items to fill out a Christmas shopping list. We limited the list to products which were, with one exception, priced under thirty dollars.

Even a careful user can mar records just by taking them out of their jackets and putting them back. For the man who really cherishes his discs, polyethylene inner sleeves, such as Walco's contoured Dis-Covers, make excellent stocking stuffers.

No record collection, of course, is immune to the hazards of dust, which can cause surface noise and distortion. Such chemically treated products as Walco's DisCloth or Lektrostat's soft-nap pad make cleaning records easy; you just wipe the disc lightly. The Watts Preener, a plush-covered cylinder, will also do the job. A more elaborate gadget is the Watts Dust Bug. (The Volkswagen of the record cleaning field, it once got its named prettified to "Dust Wand" —but it didn't stick.) Attached to the turntable base by a suction cup, the Bug moves ahead of the tone arm with a cleaning brush and plush pad. But note that the Bug cannot be used with stacked records on an automatic player. More expensive devices, which you hold in hand and trail around a record, are the Staticmaster and Parastat brushes. (Avoid antistatic aerosol sprays, by the way—they can clog up the record grooves.)

Another Christmas offering might well be a substitute for the ultrasteady hand needed in the delicate business of lowering one of today's ultralight pickups onto the record. Ortofon and Rek-O-Kut are among the firms that offer cuing devices you can attach to your turntable. They let you gently lower the arm at the touch of a lever. Although some turntables supply these devices as standard equipment, you will generally find them only on top-of-the-line models.

Stylus pressure gauges also are often built into higher-priced turntables. If your turntable (or your friend's) doesn't include one, you might play Santa in a very useful way. Too low a pressure can cause poor tracking of loud passages, while too high a pressure drastically increases record and stylus wear. You can get a really low-cost and yet foolproof balance scale from AR. It comes supplied with weights that accurately measure tracking force from ¼ to 3¾ grams in quarter-gram steps.

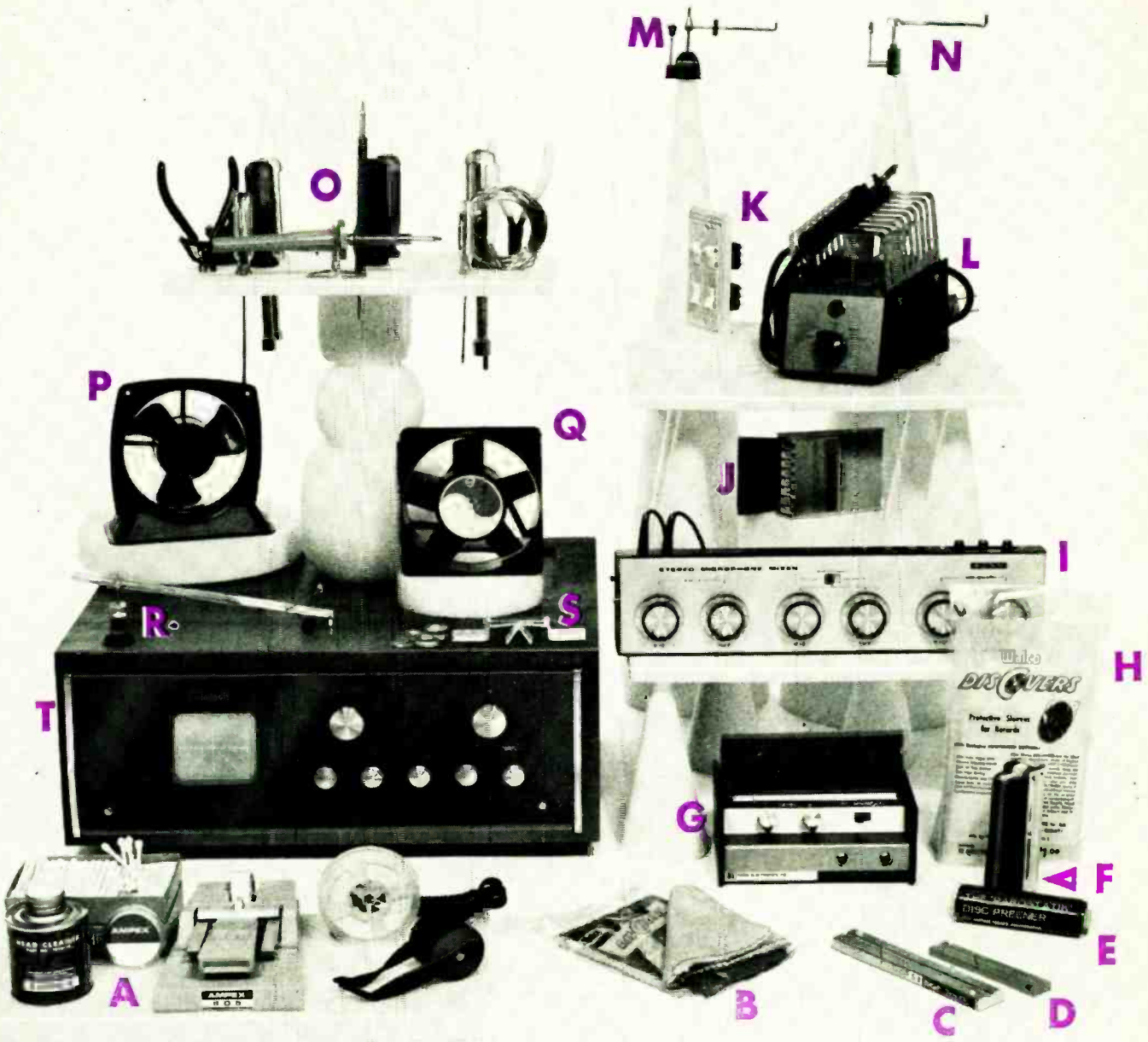
For tape enthusiasts there is a wide assortment of accessories. Consider a bottle of head cleaner fluid, for instance; since all tapes gradually shed iron-oxide particles which accumulate on a recorder's heads, abrading their polished surfaces and degrading high frequency response, an ounce of cleaning fluid can be worth a pound of replacement heads. Head cleaning and lubrication fluids, such as Fil-Magic's Long Life kit, can do much to keep a recorder at peak efficiency. You might also get a demagnetizer to neutralize the residual magnetism that can build up on tape heads and spoil the recordings.

The serious tape recordist should not be without a splicer, for the possibilities of editing are almost limitless. Robins' "Gibson Girl" splicer is one of several that will help him do the task well. It holds the tape in position and allows for cutting and trimming as needed. Engineers who edit master tapes swear by the EDITall splicer, a single block of beautifully machined aluminum that can be mounted right on the recorder. An inexpensive plastic version for home use has recently been introduced.

Many of these items are included in such tape accessory kits as Ampex's Model 895, which offers a head cleaner, demagnetizer, and splicer in one convenient package.

The serious recordist probably will find a mixer indispensable. It adds a professional touch to tape recordings by allowing different signals to be blended simultaneously. Sony's inexpensive MX-6S stereo mixer, for instance, provides facilities for three low impedance microphones and three high level inputs.

Stereo headphone users have waited a long time for an inexpensive chairside remote control box that isn't styled like World War II surplus. Koss has finally filled the bill with its Model T-10, an attractive walnut-cased control supplied with a hinged lucite



A. Ampex 895 tape accessory kit: $22.50. **B.** Walco chemically impregnated "DisCloth": $1.00. **C.** EDITall KS-3 tape editing kit: $9.00. **D.** EDITall KP-2 tape splicer: $3.50. **E.** Watts disc "Preener": $3.50 **F.** Watts "Parastat" record brush: $15.00. **G.** Koss T-10 chairside headphone control: $19.95. **H.** Walco contoured polyethylene "DisCovers" (package of 12): $1.00. **I.** Sony MS-6S stereophonic mixer: $29.95. **J.** Nuclear Products "Staticmaster" 3C500 brush with anti-static polonium element: $14.95. **K.** Mosley TS-4 stereo speaker switch: $6.22. **L.** Heathkit GH-17 soldering iron kit: $14.95. **M.** Rek-O-Kut "Dextrafix" AL-1 tonearm lift: $4.95. **N.** Ortofon "Hi-Jack" air cushioned arm lift: $10.00. **O.** Heathkit GH-25 deluxe tool kit: $16.95. **P.** Rotron/Delwyn "Whisper Fan": $14.85. **Q.** IMC "Hi Fi Boxer" Fan: $14.85. **R.** Watts "Dust Bug": $6.00. **S.** AR stylus pressure gauge: $1.00. **T.** McIntosh MI-3 "Maximum Performance Indicator": $249.00, LI2WVO oiled walnut cabinet: $29.00.

cover and usable with any brand of low impedance headphones. It has jacks for two pairs of headphones, a switch to turn off the main speakers, and volume controls for each channel.

For the kit builder on your Christmas list, Heath offers a soldering pencil with a base that holds the iron safely when not in use, and which has a control that selects three heat settings, for various chores. Suitable soldering equipment is also made by Ungar, Weller, and Wen. Audiotex and Heath supply tool sets that include all the needed hardware for handy kit assembly.

The audiophile lucky enough to be promised extension or outdoor speakers for Christmas would certainly find a control switch a thoughtful addition. Mosley manufactures a stylish control that handles up to two pairs of speakers while maintaining constant impedance. Similar items are put out by Vidaire and Switchcraft.

To the sound enthusiast who wants to install his solid-state amplifier or tuner in a small cabinet and has been surprised to learn that even transistor equipment can build up some heat within a confined space, you might present a miniature fan kit. IMC and Rotron-Delwyn both make such items; they cool component cabinet innards and do it quietly.

Finally, for the affluent audiophile who likes to watch his sound as well as hear it, McIntosh offers the accessory to end all accessories: the MI-3 Maximum Performance Indicator (see "High Fidelity Equipment Reports," December 1965), a three-inch oscilloscope displaying FM signal strength, multipath distortion, system separation, balance, and phasing. The MI-3 is strictly for the engineering dilettante. You won't find any voltage or calibration numerals on its handsome black, gold, and blue faceplate. Although it's possible to buy a utility oscilloscope for less than $150, the McIntosh MI-3 at $249 would be an elegant if expensive addition to any living room. (Check your tuner to see if it has a test output. If not, you will have to have one installed in order to use the unit to its full capacity.)

Stereo cartridges, headphones, microphones, and speakers are generally thought of as components rather than accessories, but don't overlook their potential as gifts from an audio-minded Santa.

PRINCIPAL MANUFACTURERS OF HOME MUSIC SYSTEM ACCESSORIES

CABLES: AMD, Audiotex, Barker, Lafayette, Monarch, Switchcraft.

CUING DEVICES: Elpa/Ortofon, Rek-O-Kut.

FANS: IMC, Rotron.

HEADPHONE CONTROLS: Allied, Clark, Jensen, Koss, Lafayette, Olson, Sharpe, Shure, Superex, Telex.

MIXERS: AMD, American Elite, American Geloso, Bogen, Concord, Ercona, Shure, Sony, Switchcraft, Uher, UltrAudio.

PERFORMANCE INDICATOR: McIntosh.

RECORD CLEANERS: Audiotex, Duotone, Elpa/Watts, Fidelitone, Jensen, Lektrostat, Monarch, Nuclear Products, Recoton, Robins, Transcriber, Walco.

RECORD JACKETS & SLEEVES: Audiotex, Cabco, Duotone, House of Records, Robins, Walco.

REMOTE CONTROLS: Lafayette, Royce.

STYLUS PRESSURE GAUGES: AR, Audiotex, Duotone, Fentone, Garrard, Monarch, Robins, Walco.

SPEAKER SWITCHES: Audiotex, Lafayette, Monarch, Mosley, Robins, Switchcraft, Vidaire.

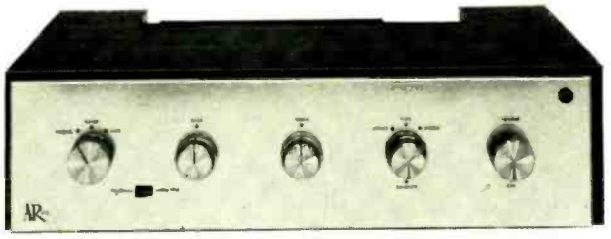
TAPE STORAGE FILES: American Elite, Liberty, RCA, Robins, Rye.

TAPE MAINTENANCE (cleaners, demagnetizers, bulk erasers): AMD, Ampex, Amplifier Corp. of America, Artronics, Audio Devices, Audiotex, Duotone, FilMagic, Greentree, Lafayette, Microtran, RCA, Recoton, Roberts, Robins, Sony.

TAPE SPLICERS: AMD, Ampex, Audiotex, BASF, Duotone, Elpa/EDITall, Hudson Photographic, Livingston, Recoton, Robins.

TOOLS: Audiotex, Ersin, Heath, Kester, Lafayette, Ungar, Weller, Wen.

AR INC. *amplifier*



Shown with optional oiled walnut wood cover.

Acoustic Research announces its first electronic product, *the AR amplifier,* an integrated stereo preamplifier/control and power amplifier, all silicon solid-state.

1. PERFORMANCE — The state of the art of electronic design has reached the point where it is possible to manufacture a nearly perfect amplifier. There are a few such now available. We believe the AR amplifier belongs in this select group.

2. PRICE — $225, in black finished aluminum case. Oiled walnut wood cover is $15 extra and optional. The AR amplifier costs considerably less than the few amplifiers capable of similar performance. However, it should be judged by professional standards and on an absolute basis without consideration of price.

3. POWER OUTPUT* — Enough to drive with optimum results any high fidelity loudspeaker designed for use in the home.

4. GUARANTEE — Establishes a new standard for reliability and durability. The product guarantee for the AR amplifier is unmatched in the industry by any other electronic component regardless of price.

The AR amplifier is sold under a two year guarantee that includes all parts, labor, reimbursement of freight charges to and from the factory or nearest service station. Packaging is also free if necessary.

Literature on other AR products — loudspeakers and turntables — will be sent on request.

*Power output, each channel, with both channels driven: 60 watts RMS, 4 ohms; 50 watts RMS, 8 ohms; 30 watts RMS, 16 ohms.

Distortion at any power output level up to and including full rated power: IM (60 & 7,000 Hz, 4:1), less than 0.25%; harmonic distortion, less than 0.5% from 20 Hz to 20 kHz. Distortion figures include phono preamplifier stages.

Frequency response: ±1db, 20 Hz to 20 kHz at indicated flat tone control settings, at full power or below.

Switched input circuits: magnetic phono; tuner; tape playback.

Outputs: Tape record; 4, 8 and 16-ohm speakers.

Damping factor: 8 to 20 for 4-ohm speakers; 16 to 40 for 8-ohm speakers; 32 to 80 for 16-ohm speakers. Lower figures apply at 20 Hz; higher figures apply from 75 Hz to 20 kHz. Measurements taken with AGC-3 speaker fuses in circuit.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

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HIGH FIDELITY

EQUIPMENT REPORTS

The consumer's guide to new and important high fidelity equipment

HEATHKIT AR-15 STEREO RECEIVER

THE EQUIPMENT: Heathkit AR-15, a stereo FM/AM receiver. Dimensions: chassis, 16⅞ by 14½ by 4¾ inches; in optional walnut cabinet on feet, 17⅞ by 14½ by 6 inches. Price: kit, $329.95; assembled, $499.50; Model AE-16 cabinet, $19.95. Manufacturer: Heath Co., Benton Harbor, Mich. 49023.

COMMENT: Loaded with features and advanced design techniques, the AR-15—Heath's most ambitious single audio product offering to date—combines a high-sensitivity tuner with a low-distortion and high-power amplifier to become, in our view, one of today's top-ranking receivers.

As was true of the Heathkit color TV set previously reported (HIGH FIDELITY, May 1967), the AR-15 has been engineered on an all-out, no-compromise basis. For instance, its IF section uses two integrated circuits. Each, while the size of one transistor, actually contains twenty-eight circuit parts: ten transistors, eleven resistors, and seven diodes. Another feature of the IF section is the pair of crystal filters instead of the usual transformers—the crystals eliminate the need to align coils and they make for precisely controlled bandwidths. An all silicon transistor set, the AR-15 uses a two-stage field effect transistor RF amplifier plus an FET mixer stage. The FM front end is completely shielded and boasts a four-section tuning capacitor plus six tuned circuits. The amplifier section is designed for wideband audio response, high power, and stability. Four Zener diodes and two thermal circuit breakers protect the driver and output transistors from overloads and short circuits, and a front panel indicator shows when the thermal breakers have opened. The output transistors are conservatively used below their maximum ratings and are individually mounted on heat sinks. The set's well-regulated power supply is made up of heavy-duty professional-grade parts. In fact, construction, chassis layout, detailing, and internal cabling are exemplary throughout.

The AR-15's appearance, which matches the high quality of its innards, has been styled for eye appeal as well as to facilitate its use. Actually there are more controls than usually found on a receiver, and more than usual effort has been expended to group them and partially conceal some. The front panel, to begin with, is the type that "disappears" when power is turned off. When you press the power switch (itself distinguished from a bank of other rockers by being colored black instead of white), the panel lights up in three colors like an Expo 67 exhibit. The selector knob has five positions illuminated from behind, with the position chosen glowing white while the others glow green. The station tuning dials are green, and so are the two tuning meters at its right—one for signal strength and the other for center-of-channel indication. The word "power" glows in red above the power switch, and at the opposite end of the panel an FM stereo indicator comes on in red when stereo stations are tuned in. Next to it is the high temperature indicator, also red. Other main controls all have white light behind them. These include the knobs for bass, treble, channel balance, and volume—plus rockers for stereo/mono mode, tape monitor, FM normal or FM stereo only, noise filter, loudness contour, and speakers off-on. Two stereo headphone jacks are to the right of the last switch, and you can drive headphones and speakers at once or separately, as desired. The bass and treble controls work simultaneously on both channels, but the treble control can be moved outward slightly from the panel to disable all the tone control circuits.

Wait, there's more. The large Heathkit emblem at the lower left actually is a hinged cover behind which is, literally, a baker's dozen of additional controls—the kind used, as a rule, only when initially installing and adjusting the set. This array includes four pairs of stereo level adjustments, for the signals from the tuner section and from the phono, tape, and auxiliary input jacks, plus three controls for stereo phase, squelch (interstation noise), and stereo threshold. The phase control, when pulled out slightly, is used to tune for a null and thereby adjust the FM section

for optimum channel separation and a balanced stereo signal. And a few other switches and adjustments—on the chassis itself—are used, after the kit is wired, to touch up various critical circuit sections, using the front panel signal strength meter as a convenient and accurate test instrument.

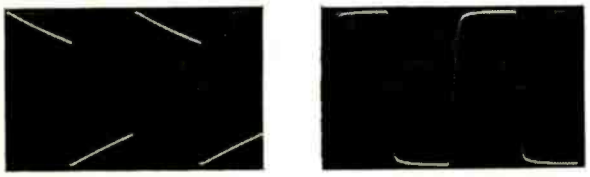
Actually, life with the AR-15 is not as complicated as it may sound. Once the initial checks and adjustments are made you flip the emblem-cover back in place and use the other controls which are normally found on any receiver. Connections—for antennas, speakers, turntables, tape recorders, and so on—are made at the rear in the usual manner. Speaker terminals are instrument-type binding posts, color-coded for polarity. One switched, and two unswitched, AC outlets are provided, and the high voltage line is fused. The AR-15 may be custom-installed in a panel cutout, or fitted into an optional walnut cabinet which you can place on a shelf or table top.

The performance data measured on the kit-built AR-15 at CBS Labs turned out to equal or surpass Heath's specifications for the set. For instance, FM response and sensitivity were just about on the nose; capture ratio and distortion were better than claimed. Amplifier power ran as specified, with each channel clipping either above the rated power level or below the rated distortion, which is excellent. The power bandwidth exceeded specifications. IM distortion ran lower, and the set's damping factor was higher than claimed. Sensitivity, signal-to-noise, tone and filter control responses, and so on all confirmed—within normal variations—the manufacturer's specs.

The performance and sound of the AR-15 are as fine as its test measurements would indicate. We've been accustomed, by now, to being pleasantly surprised by receivers that perform as well as separate tuners and amplifiers, and by kits that turn out to be as good as factory-built sets. Would you believe, now, maybe a little better?

How It Went Together

Experienced kit-builders will enjoy putting the AR-15 together, probably alternating between disbelief ("I don't see how that bundle of wires can be squeezed into that space") and amazement ("the manual is right; it does fit"). There's plenty to do: installing and soldering hundreds of small parts onto printed circuit boards; mounting switches, controls, and other chassis parts; interconnecting various portions of the chassis; integrating subassemblies; and performing a series of final checks and adjustments. The unit we built went together after some thirty-three hours and worked fine except that the FM stereo lamp came on for mono stations, the AM section had poor sensitivity, and one channel on phono seemed louder than the other. A check revealed that the first two problems were caused by a cold solder joint and misadjustment of the AM trimmers respectively; the last was due to a defective capacitor. Heath bailed us out with some hot solder where it was needed, a few turns of a couple of screws, and a replacement capacitor.

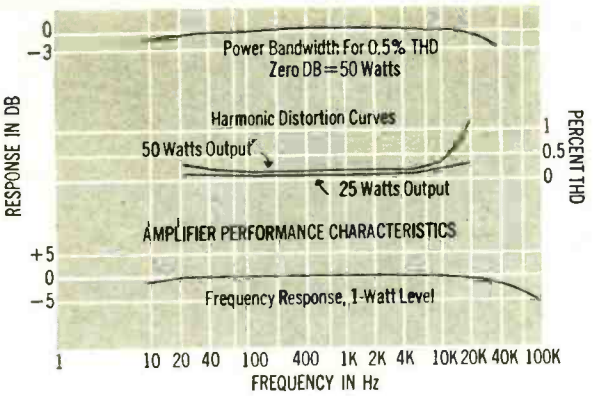


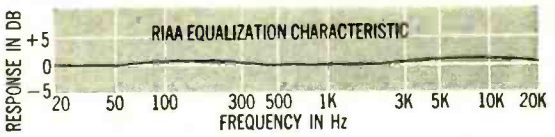
Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.

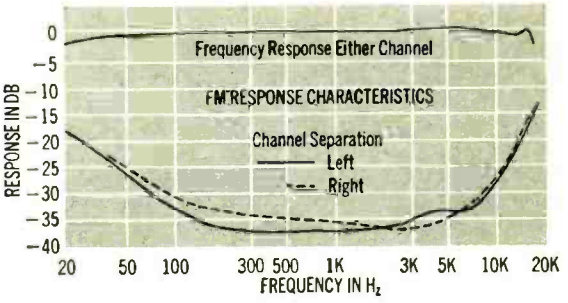
Lab Test Data

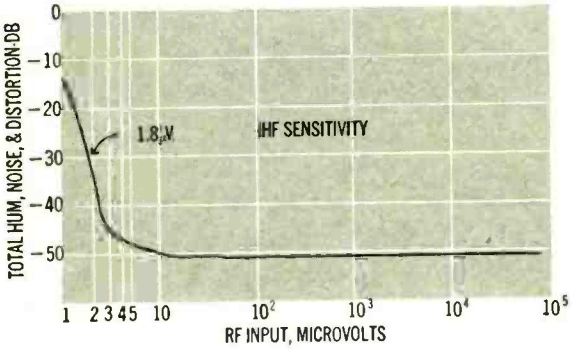
Performance characteristic	Measurement
Tuner Section	
IHF sensitivity	1.8 μV at 98 MHz; 1.75 μV at 90 MHz; 1.7 μV at 106 MHz
Frequency response, mono	±1 dB, 23 Hz to 16.5 kHz
THD, mono	0.46% at 400 Hz; 0.38% at 40 Hz; 0.60% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	0.20%
Capture ratio	2.3 dB
S/N ratio	60 dB
Frequency response, stereo, l ch	+0.5, −1.5 dB, 22 Hz to 16 kHz
r ch	same
THD stereo, l ch	0.73% at 400 Hz; 1.0% at 40 Hz; 0.76% at 1 kHz
r ch	0.66% at 400 Hz; 1.1% at 40 Hz; 1.0% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, either channel	better than 35 dB at mid-frequencies; 25 dB, 46 Hz to 11 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	64 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	61.5 dB
Amplifier Section	
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	55 watts at 0.22% THD
l ch for 0.5% THD	57.7 watts
r ch at clipping	50 watts at 0.13% THD
r ch for 0.5% THD	53.5 watts
both chs simultaneously	
l ch at clipping	46.3 watts at 0.22% THD
r ch at clipping	43.8 watts at 0.12% THD
Power bandwidth for 0.5% THD	below 10 Hz to 33 kHz
Harmonic distortion	
50 watts output	below 0.85%, 20 Hz to 17.5 kHz
25 watts output	below 0.3%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
IM distortion	
4-ohm load	below 0.5% at 48 watts output
8-ohm load	below 0.3% to 60 watts output
16-ohm load	below 0.3% to 37 watts output
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+0, −3 dB, below 10 Hz to 60 kHz
RIAA equalization	+0.75, −0 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
Damping factor	72

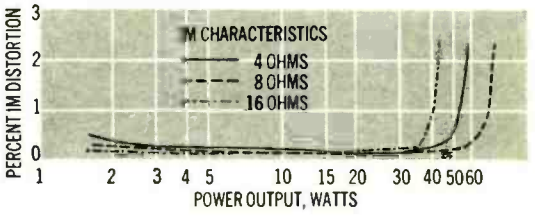
Input characteristics	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
phono	1.85 mV	50 dB
tape	160 mV	62 dB
aux	162 mV	55 dB
tape monitor	140 mV	54 dB











DUAL 1015 AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE

THE EQUIPMENT: Dual 1015, a four-speed (16, 33, 45, and 78 rpm) automatic turntable with integral arm. Dimensions: 13 by 10¾ inches; clearance required below chassis: 3½ inches, above: 4¼ inches. Price, less base: $89.50. Manufactured in West Germany; distributed in the U.S.A. by United Audio Products, Inc., 535 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.

COMMENT: This latest Dual is priced below the 1009SK, and above the 1010S, which makes it "third from the top" in the present Dual line which is headed, of course, by the 1019. Performance is generally very good, though a shade under that of the 1009SK. As for features, the 1015 has more than you'd expect of an automatic in its price class—calibrated dials for stylus force and anti-skating, built-in cuing lever, very refined counterbalance adjustment, easy-to-use pickup mounting for installing and changing cartridges, two spindles for manual or automatic use, a 45-rpm doughnut adaptor, and color-coded signal cables. The automatic spindle has retracting arms that obviate the need for any overarm or platform when stacking discs.

Readying the 1015 for use is simple: you fit the cartridge onto the bottom half of the shell, snap this assembly in place, adjust the arm for balance with the dials set to zero, then set tracking and anti-skating force accordingly. No tools and no external gauges are needed; the built-in stylus force adjustment is accurate enough. CBS Labs found, in fact, that the numbers 1 and 4 on the built-in scale equaled exactly 1 gram and 4 grams respectively, with negligible variations between those settings.

The 1015's platter weighed in at 3 pounds, 12 ounces—a bit lighter than the 1009SK's platter. Speed accuracy was satisfactory, though not as high as in the 1009SK (see accompanying table). Wow and flutter were insignificant, measured average values being 0.10 and 0.05 per cent respectively. Total audible rumble by the CBS-RRLL method was −55 dB, again not as good as in the 1009SK, but still low enough so as not to intrude in most home music systems. The tone arm's resonance occurred at 9 Hz, where it showed only a 4.5 dB rise. The arm had negligible friction laterally and vertically, and it needed a mere 0.5 gram stylus force to trip the automatic change mechanism. Everything worked smoothly and the anti-skating system did prove effective.

You can use the 1015 in three different modes of operation: automatic stack-and-play (with the long spindle), automatic single-play (with the short spindle),

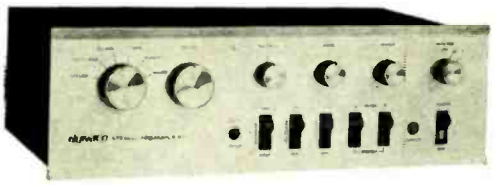
or manual single play (with the short spindle). In any mode, at the end of a record the arm returns to rest position and the machine shuts itself off. An arm lock holds the arm in place to prevent jarring when not in use, and the clever packaging of the unit permits the platter to be shipped already installed on the chassis plate to make things easier for the nontechnical buyer. And if you're language-minded, dig that simultaneous German-English-French-Spanish instruction booklet.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Dual 1015 Turntable

Speed Setting (rpm)	Speed Accuracy (percentages fast)		
	105 VAC	120 VAC	127 VAC
16	1.0	1.4	1.6
33	1.0	1.6	1.9
45	0.7	1.5	1.8
78	0.4	1.2	1.7

DYNACO PAT-4A PREAMP-CONTROL



THE EQUIPMENT: Dynaco PAT-4A, a preamplifier-control unit. Dimensions: 13½ by 9 by 4¼ inches. Price: kit, $89.95; assembled, $134.95. Manufacturer: Dynaco, Inc., 3912 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

COMMENT: Essentially a solid-state counterpart of Dynaco's PAS-3X tube preamp, the new PAT-4A is a preamplifier-control unit for use, ahead of a stereo basic amplifier, as the nerve center of a fairly elaborate system, and a few new features give it a measure of versatility not found in the PAS-3X.

The PAT-4A will accept signals from: magnetic pickups of various signal levels, ceramic pickups, tape head, tape playback amplifiers, microphones, radio tuners, and other high-level sources. You can convert the mike input, marked "special," to another low-level magnetic phono input by making a minor wiring change in the chasis.

Signal input jacks, and the output jacks for feeding two external stereo amplifiers plus a stereo tape recorder, are at the rear. In addition, there are input and output phone jacks on the front panel. The front input jack overrides all rear inputs when you insert a phone plug; it may be used as a convenient tape playback connection in amplifing a musical instrument, such as an electronic guitar. The front output jack is a 600-ohm connection in parallel with one of the sets or rear amplifier outputs. It can be used for special bridging applications or for medium-impedance headphones. For low-impedance headphones, you'll need a matching transformer as recommended by the headphone manufacturer.

Controls include knobs for a six-position program selector, volume, channel balance, bass, treble, and high-frequency filter. The bass and treble controls operate independently on each channel, but you can rotate them to handle both channels simultaneously if you desire. The tone control circuits, by the way, are out of the amplifier circuit when the controls are centered. The filter has three positions of high-frequency attenuation: at 15 kHz, at 10 kHz, and at 7 kHz.

In addition there are rocker switches for tape monitor, loudness contour, low-frequency filter, stereo/mono mode, and power off/on. Stereo/mono selection actually is made on a pair of switches that provide a unique versatility: with both switches in stereo position, the preamp plays normal stereo; with only the left channel or A switch in stereo position, left channel signals appear at both stereo outputs; with

Dynaco PAT-4A Preamp

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Output (clipping at 1 kHz)	
l ch	10.5 volts RMS at 0.90% THD
r ch	9.5 volts RMS at 0.38% THD
Hormonic distortion at 2 volts (roted output)	
l ch	less than 0.036%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
r ch	less than 0.056%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
IM distortion, 2 volts	less than 0.05%
Frequency response	+0, −2 dB, 10 Hz to 100 kHz
RIAA equolizotion	+0.75, −3.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
NAB equolizotion	+1.5, −3 dB, 35 Hz to 20 kHz

Input choracteristics (re 2 volts output)	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
phono, low	3.8 mV	62 dB
phono, ceramic	150.0 mV	53 dB
tape head	1.28 mV	52 dB
special	5.2 mV	69 dB
tuner	189.0 mV	79 dB
spare	189.0 mV	79 dB

Note: phono, low input, re 10 mV signol, S/N = 70 dB.
tuner, spare inputs, re 0.5 V signol, S/N = 87 dB.

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

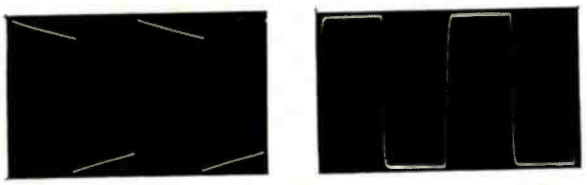
Sony TA-1080 Integrated Amplifier

Acoustic Research AR-3A Speaker System

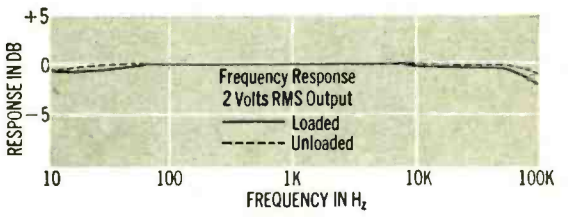
only the B switch in stereo, right channel signals are available at both outputs; with both switches in mono position, a partially blended mono (A plus B) signal appears at the outputs. The actual amount of separation remaining between the two channels is 6 dB which Dynaco feels is desirable for playing mono discs with a stereo cartridge, or for reducing any apparent exaggerated separation between stereo speakers, or for "establishing the proper spatial effect for more natural sound in stereo headphones." These switches also can be used when operating a derived center-mix channel, explained in the owner's manual, and they permit you to connect different mono signal sources to left and right channel inputs. Incidentally, another minor wiring change—described in the manual—will get the switches to provide full A plus B blending, if desired, instead of the 6 dB separation blend.

CBS Lab tests, run on the PAT-4A, simply confirm the manufacturer's specifications and performance claims for the unit. Detailed in the accompanying graphs and chart, the numbers on this preamp add up to sheer excellence, and at a very attractive price on today's market. The unusually wide, linear response and the superior square-wave behavior of the PAT-4A, combined with its very low distortion and noise, mark it as one of the best audio "front ends" now available.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.



SCOTT S-11 SPEAKER SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: Scott S-11, a compact full-range speaker system in enclosure. Dimensions: 24 by 14½ by 11½ inches. Price: $149.95. Manufacturer: H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powder Mill Road, Maynard, Mass. 01754.

COMMENT: The S-11 is one of a recent line of speaker systems featuring what Scott calls "controlled impedance," a design technique intended to limit the actual variations in speaker impedance to a very narrow range—in this case, 6 to 8 ohms—in order to help smooth the response generally, and to provide optimum matching for solid-state equipment specifically. The former consideration is a well known design aim in any system; the latter is based on the manufacturer's contention that solid-state amplifiers and receivers deliver optimum performance into a definite value of speaker (load) impedance, usually 8 ohms. Extreme variations in speaker impedance, Scott points out, results in different amounts of power delivered to the speaker at different frequencies and also can overload or damage the amplifier or at least cause its fuses or other protective devices to go into action. Without divulging details of how they do it, Scott engineers point out that their new speaker systems—by integrating the design of the drivers and the characteristics of the dividing network—do operate within the restricted impedance range of 6 to 8 ohms.

The S-11 is a three-way system, with a 12-inch high-compliance woofer plus two cone drivers for midrange and highs respectively, and a three-way dividing or crossover network housed within a neatly styled walnut enclosure. The system functions as an air-suspension direct radiator. Efficiency is moderate and for best results we feel the S-11 should be used with an amplifier in the 20-watts or more per channel class. Connections are made to knurled-nut posts at the rear, where you'll also find a three-position toggle switch for adjusting relative level of the highs.

In our tests, the bass response of the S-11 was full and firm down to 50 Hz, with a gradual rolloff to about 35 Hz. Doubling occurs in this region depending on how hard the system is driven; at normal listening levels in a large room, none could be detected until at about 44 Hz. The system actually responds to signals below 35 Hz, but the output becomes diminished in level and consists more of harmonics than of fundamental bass. The upper bass, midrange, and highs are remarkably smooth and well balanced, with no audible peaks or dips. The sound becomes gradually more directional as you go up the scale, but it is never really "beamy." A 13-kHz tone is audible fairly off-axis, and from here the response slopes toward inaudibility. White noise response varies audibly from fairly smooth to bright, with the setting of the rear panel control, and is moderately directive at all three settings, bespeaking a slight tendency to favoring the upper midrange.

We must point out quickly, however, that this tendency causes nothing objectionable on normal program material. The S-11 sounds to us as neutral, clear, and well balanced as anything we've yet heard in its class. It has good transient characteristics, and excellent internal separation among complex ensemble effects. The system has a natural musical quality that does not falsely emphasize any one type of instrument or voice, and never honks or booms at you. We also found that a pair on stereo or mono are equally at home, acoustically speaking, in three widely varying types and sizes of rooms: one, small and cube-like; another larger, or "average size," and the last, a very large room—an interesting fact which should recommend the S-11 to a good many buyers.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE INDEX OF EQUIPMENT REPORTS PUBLISHED IN 1967 APPEARS ON PAGE 124 IN THIS ISSUE.

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

Here's a new recording in the much-acclaimed Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts series. The Dvořák Quintette, a favorite selection on last year's Heifetz-Piatigorsky concert program in New York and San Francisco, is given a spirited interpretation. Plus the only available recording of the Françaix String Trio, a modern Gallic work.*

Yet another facet of the distinguished Metropolitan Opera soprano's art. With André Previn as conductor, pianist and arranger, Leontyne Price brings her incredible gifts as an interpretive artist to the popular repertoire. "Sunrise, Sunset," "It Never Entered My Mind," "A Sleepin' Bee," "Love Walked In" and many others.*

Debut on RCA Victor Red Seal for Weissenberg — the pianist who has been hailed all over Europe, Central and South America, South Africa and Israel, as well as New York's Philharmonic Hall and who is currently making a two-month concert tour of the U.S. With a repertoire ranging from Bach to Stravinsky, he has selected works by Chopin for his first RCA Victor recording. Remember the name Weissenberg . . . you're going to be hearing a great deal about him!*

First complete stereo recording of Handel's magnificent opera! "A stunning, creative production" (N. Y. Times), and now a major addition to the recorded opera repertoire. The cast includes Norman Treigle, Beverly Sills, Maureen Forrester and Beverly Wolff, with Julius Rudel conducting. 3 L.P.s plus libretto.*

James King, Metropolitan Opera tenor, sings the songs of Schubert and Strauss. Though he is most noted for his operatic roles (including *Lohengrin* and the emperor in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*), James King is right at home with German lieder. "Cäcilie," "Traum durch die Dämmerung," "An die Musik" and other favorites.*

This is the new Mass by American composer Richard Yardumian that was commissioned by Fordham University in commemoration of its 125th anniversary. It was given its world premiere last March by the Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia with Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano soloist. The Mass abounds in counter-melodies, has many quotations from old Gregorian chants and possesses a timelessness that is essential to great ecclesiastic works.*

Now a 6-L.P. album containing 11 Haydn Symphonies plus the Sinfonia Concertante by the Orchestra of Naples under Denis Vaughan. Included are the Symphonies Nos. 82-87 referred to as the "Paris" symphonies as well as two of Haydn's most famous works, the 88th and the 92nd, the "Oxford." This is a beautiful package that will delight every Haydn devotee.

*Recorded in Dynagroove sound.

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THE NEW RELEASES

reviewed by NATHAN BRODER • R. D. DARRELL • PETER G. DAVIS • SHIRLEY FLEMING • ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
HARRIS GOLDSMITH • DAVID HAMILTON • PHILIP HART • BERNARD JACOBSON • STEVEN LOWE • ROBERT P. MORGAN
GEORGE MOVSHON • CONRAD L. OSBORNE • JOHN ROCKWELL • MICHAEL SHERWIN • WAYNE SHIRLEY

Morton Subotnick: from such gear, "Silver Apples."

ELECTRONIC MUSIC WITH NARY A BLURP OR A WHINE OR A KRONTCH

by Alfred Frankenstein

"THIS ALBUM of electronic music represents a signal event in the related history of music and the phonograph: for the first time, an original, full-scale composition has been created expressly for the record medium."

So Nonesuch exults in presenting Morton Subotnick's *Silver Apples of the Moon*—but, alas, the statement isn't true. Like practically everything else in modern music, Stravinsky thought of it first, and composed his Serenade in A "expressly for the record medium" in 1925. The Serenade in A is, to be sure, a piano piece and is thoroughly capable of being performed in the concert hall as well as on records, but then there isn't any law that Subotnick's tapes can't be taken into the concert hall too. Nevertheless an electronically composed piece seems to belong to an electronic means of distribution rather better than a piece not so composed, and in that sense, perhaps, Subotnick and Nonesuch have done something that no one has ever done before. The main thing is that the piece is a beauty.

Morton Subotnick has had long experience as a composer of electronic music. He founded the San Francisco Tape Center, the leading electronic music studio on the Pacific Coast, and directed it for four or five seasons while, at the same time, he was teaching strict counterpoint at Mills College. He is now Composer in Residence at New York University, and he has taken with him the electronic music synthesizer he developed in San Francisco. *Silver Apples of the Moon* is the first major work of his NYU, or Washington Square, period.

The jacket quotes a reviewer for a Seattle paper on an earlier electronic work of the same composer: he refers to the "scream and whine and blurp and krontch" so characteristic of the medium, and he approves of them. But there is nary a scream or a whine or a blurp or a krontch in *Silver Apples of the Moon*. Subotnick here transcends all the clichés.

The title is taken from Yeats, and an additional line of the same poet is invoked by the composer: "A single silver child-angel in a glittering garden of silver star-fruit." You can hear the music in those words.

Some years ago I wrote in this magazine that parents with musical children would do well to train them as players of the vibraphone rather than as pianists; composers like Boulez were then emphasizing every high, sweet, chiming sound there was: vibraphone, glockenspiel, harp, celesta, finger cymbals, hand bells, and so on. Subotnick's new piece belongs in that tradition, but its bell sounds, being produced by electronic means, are not limited to the pitches of the tempered scale or to the specific timbres suggested by the names of the instruments mentioned above. Subotnick invents a whole new range of bright,

silvery sounds, but their analogy to the sounds of percussion instruments is never forgotten.

Electronic music is capable of long, undifferentiated sheets of tone, measureable only in terms of elapsed time rather than in terms of rhythm. This substitution of the clock for the beat is, indeed, the most novel and important aspect of electronic music as a whole, and it has strongly affected much recent music for conventional media, like that of John Cage. But percussive sounds—whether produced by actual percussion instruments or electronically—involve, by definition, accent and release, strong beats and weak beats; and for this reason *Silver Apples of the Moon* must be described as a relatively conservative work. To be sure, it uses more than bell sounds. There is a good deal of twanging; some rather delicate sirens make themselves heard; and the rhythms range from quickstep to recitative. Silence is one of Subotnick's best resources—silence as a mysterious pause in the rhythm as well as a means of adding space to timbre. As always in electronic music, questions of consonance and dissonance are irrelevant: they are not even likely to arise in listening to this bright, subtle, optimistic fabric. And for once electronic music in large form doesn't suggest an adventure in outer space. Very few pieces of electronic music fit so well into "normal" expectations of what music is all about, and few satisfy those expectations so thoroughly.

The recording here is something sensational. One reason is that Subotnick does not overload the grooves or the receiving ear. *Silver Apples of the Moon* is actually an extended piece of electronic chamber music, and every note in it tells as much in the playback as it obviously did in the process of feeding in.

SUBOTNICK: *Silver Apples of the Moon*

NONESUCH H 71174, $2.50 (stereo only).

Bellini and librettist Felice Romani: at the end, bitter enmity.

HIGH EMOTIONS, RADIANT MELOS—IN A FIRST BEATRICE DI TENDA

by Patrick J. Smith

BELLINI'S PENULTIMATE OPERA, *Beatrice di Tenda*, stands between *Norma* and *I Puritani*. In such company one might expect a masterpiece, for with *Norma* Bellini arrived at a total control of his powers as both a stage dramatist and a composer of apparently endless mellifluous musical lines. Yet *Beatrice* simply does not have the sustained melody of *Puritani* or the dramatic fire of *Norma*, and its neglect is understandable. However, the recent rediscovery of the *bel canto* age has brought us a premiere. What it reveals is an opera seesawing between Bellini uninspired and Bellini at his best. Happily, there is enough interesting music to justify the attention of more listeners than the fans of *bel canto* or Joan Sutherland alone.

The story, a variation on the familiar love-chain of the Italian *melodramma*, was written by Bellini's long-time collaborator, Felice Romani. (The composition of *Beatrice* led to a bitter quarrel between the composer and librettist and resulted in the breakup of the team that had produced *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, and five other operas: Bellini went to Paris and wrote his final opera with Count Carlo Pepoli.) Beatrice is married to the local tyrant, Filippo, who loves Agnese, who loves Orombello (the tenor), who loves Beatrice, who loves him. Despite her love Beatrice resolves to remain faithful, but Agnese, furious at being rejected by Orombello, betrays Beatrice to Filippo. He has Beatrice subjected to a trial; Orombello is tortured into confessing falsely, a confession which he recants before the judges. Filippo hesitates before signing the death warrant, decides not to sign it, but a revolt of Beatrice's supporters decides him. Agnese herself recants and begs forgiveness of Beatrice, who goes to her death.

All of these high emotions and changes of heart are perfect for *scenas* and ensembles, with the musical staff above the line taking a heavy cannonading. The story today recalls certain features of *Don Carlo*, but at the time it was written it suffered through direct comparison with Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, for which Romani had done the libretto three years earlier. Both operas climax on trial scenes: Bellini was naturally accused of trying not only to repeat Donizetti's success, but of botching the job.

The opera moves clearly from one set-piece to another, but the quality of each varies: the Agnese-Orombello duet is first-rate throughout, but the Beatrice-Filippo one is overlong and mostly dull. The trial scene contains a good deal of impressive music, and Filippo's *scena* is effective. The last scene, particularly the commonplace cabaletta, I found a bit of a letdown, but Sutherland's vocalism makes up for a good deal of the rum-te-dum nature of the music. As always with Bellini, there is a great deal of purely musical movement. By this I mean that the music makes its impact because of its own nature and not necessarily because of its dramatic values. When I listen to Bellini I find myself wholly fascinated by the infinite varieties of tensions and relaxations within the musical line. No one could spin or vary a musical line with such apparently effortless ease; because of its forward power Bellini's music manages to carry the listener through patches of secondary inspiration before that listener realizes their mechanical nature.

The recording, as is London's habit with its star coloratura soprano, devolves into Sutherland, and others. In this instance the "others" are a perfectly competent group. Josephine Veasey possesses that almost-soprano that Bellini liked for his second females (Adalgisa is another example). Since Veasey is more of a

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Moonlight; Farewell; Op. 111.

Gulomar Novaes, Pianist. VCS 10014

CIRCLE 75 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

dramatic than a coloratura singer (she was the Fricka in Karajan's *Walküre* set), her opening *romanza*, well sung as it is, strains at the pitches. She is far better in the dramatic moments, and luckily the role of Agnese abounds in those. Cornelius Opthof, the Filippo, possesses a rather dry but adequate baritone, which in the trial scene becomes quite tremoloed. He too concentrates on the dramatic aspects of his part, and wisely eschews some of the written coloratura. Luciano Pavarotti's tenor makes a good sound most of the time, especially in the trial scene and in the duet with Agnese.

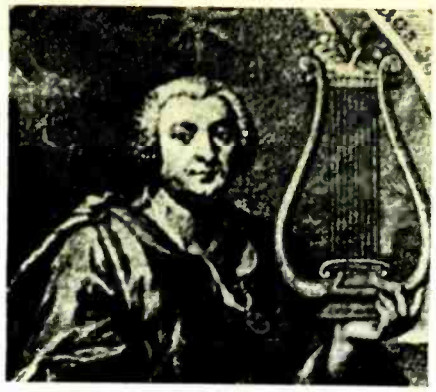
The recording must of course stand or fall on Sutherland's performance, and she shows the same set of brilliant and annoying qualities that she has displayed before (although, to be fair, she does a good deal less crooning here than is sometimes the case). Her phrasings are all *legato*, and never dramatic (in contradistinction to her cohorts), even when Bellini calls for detached, accented notes, and this may account for that certain dullness typical of many of her performances. Her idea of drama is to take a ritard, to make a glissando from one note to another, to croon or to sigh rather than to shift gears or explode. But the coloratura, the phrasing, and the above-the-staff vocalism remain as glittering as ever: an incredible instrument. The lift that this secure tessitura gives to the ensembles is precisely what Bellini needs. Richard Bonynge gets a great deal of tautness and rhythmic snap out of his orchestra and the very fine chorus—the composer's lines depend heavily on the dottings, the rests and the shadings, and to gloss over them is to deprive the music of its shimmer. (I must say, though, that the conductor has a tendency to relax and listen to the prima donna whenever she is singing.)

The edition used here differs in a good many respects from the nineteenth-century one I had access to, as well as to the complete score in the New York Public Library. There are numerous small cuts, as well as elaborations, and the ending is largely different. More serious is the absence of counterpoint lines in several of the ensembles: for example, the omission in Act I of Filippo's protestations of love for Agnese, which are made doubly effective through repetition in counterpoint to the chorus. Filippo does reappear, however, in good time to belt out a high A resolving to a G at the cadence (both of which are held, and held . . .).

London's recording, made in England at Walthamstow, is spacious and resonant, with just the right amount of stereo staging.

BELLINI: *Beatrice di Tenda*

Joan Sutherland (s), Beatrice; Josephine Veasey (ms), Agnese; Luciano Pavarotti (t), Orombello; Joseph Ward (t), Anichino, Rizzardo; Cornelius Opthof (b), Filippo; Ambrosian Opera Chorus; London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. LONDON A 4384 or OSA 1384, $17.37 (three discs).



Carlos Seixas (1704–42): chief among many.

A WINDOW NEWLY OPENED: MUSIC FROM PORTUGAL'S GOLDEN AGE

by Robert P. Morgan

HOWEVER GRATIFYING the ecumenical spirit that pervades much of contemporary musical life, it has, until very recently, failed to embrace the music of Portugal. In the 1930s the prominent Portuguese musicologist, Santiago Kastner, edited two volumes of keyboard music from his native country for B. Schotts Söhne (Nos. 2382 and 4050), but Kastner's work confined itself almost exclusively to the eighteenth century with by far the greatest emphasis on one composer, Carlos Seixas. Otherwise, interest in Portuguese music has been minimal: scores, scholarly studies, and, of course, recorded performances all have been lacking.

The first real breakthrough came in 1955 when Calouste Gulbenkian, a wealthy businessman, bequeathed a large sum to set up a foundation to support the arts in Portugal. One of the first projects of the Gulbenkian Foundation was to publish a series of volumes entitled *Portugaliae Musica*, consisting of the chief monuments of the country's musical history. The same foundation is now sponsoring a series of recordings, released here by Mercury, largely drawn from the *Portugaliae Musica*. Four volumes of the series—one each of harpsichord, orchestral, choral, and organ music, covering the period from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century—are now available in this country, and admirably fill a much needed function.

The history of Portuguese music is closely intertwined with that of Spain. There has always been a free exchange of composers and performers between the two countries, often making it difficult to separate their musical cultures; and not only has the music of Portugal been greatly influenced by that of her Iberian neighbor, but both countries have fallen under the more pervasive influence of Italy. Nevertheless, there has developed in Portugal, as in Spain, an indigenous style which reveals itself clearly in these recordings and which has distinct merits of its own.

Although the works to be found in the present collection are not arranged chronologically, it seems advantageous to approach the music in historical order. This takes us back to the first great flowering of Portuguese musical art, in the sixteenth century during the reign of John III (1521–57). Under John's sympathetic patronage there developed several schools of composition in Portugal, giving rise to an impressive group of talented composers, particularly adept in the field of vocal polyphony. The third disc in the present collection is entirely devoted to vocal compositions by three such composers: Estêvão Lopes Morago and Frei Manuel Cardoso of the school at Evora and D. Pedro de Cristo at Coimbra. All three reveal a firm grasp of contrapuntal technique in the style of Palestrina (whose influence continued in Portugal until well into the seventeenth century). Cardoso's Mass for Six Voices, which commands an entire side of the record, is particularly impressive in its ability to achieve a continually developing web of imitative polyphony.

Contemporary with these vocal contrapuntalists was a school of keyboard composers, represented in disc number four by organ works of Antonio Carreira, Gaspar dos Reis, and Manuel Rodrigues Coelho, all born in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Of the three, Coelho is certainly the most significant, as is illustrated in the five Versets, or short organ pieces, on the plainsong *Ave Maria Stella*. These versets form part of Coelho's *Flores de Musica*, the oldest instrumental work to be published in Portugal (1620) and an important document, not only in terms of Portugal's own music but in its revelation of Coelho's stature as a composer worthy of being mentioned along with his great contemporaries Frescobaldi, Sweelinck, and Scheidt.

The remainder of the fourth disc and all of records one and two are devoted to music of the eighteenth century. As might be expected, most of the emphasis is placed on compositions by Carlos Seixas (1704–42), generally considered to be Portugal's most important composer—a pupil of Domenico Scarlatti

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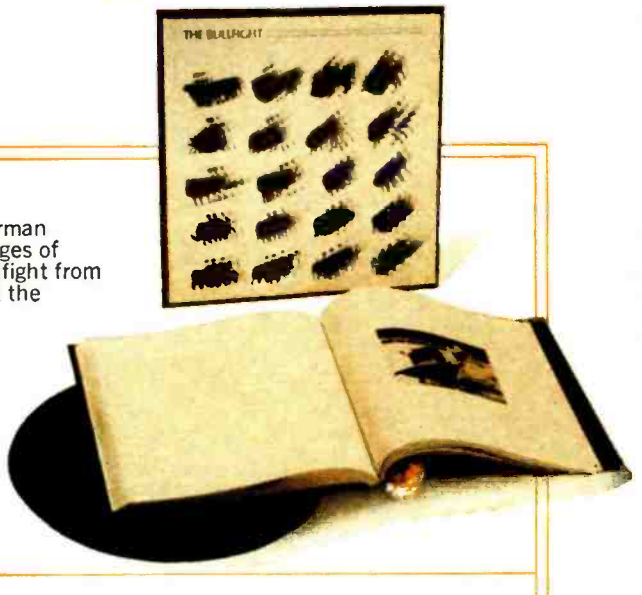
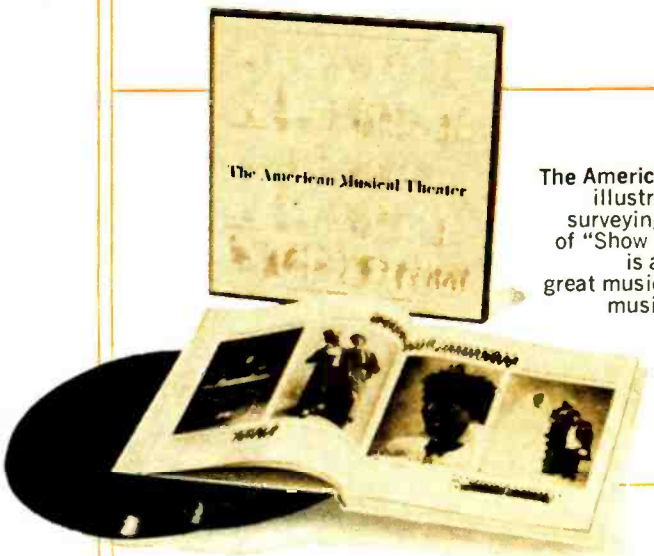


The Bullfight—a photographic narrative with text by Norman Mailer vividly recreates the *corrida de toros*; over 90 pages of action photographs follow the actual sequence of a bullfight from start to finish, making this the most unusual book about the bullfight ever to be published. The 12" LP includes the Bullring Band of Madrid, brilliant flamenco music and songs, Hugh Marlowe and Rosemary Tory reading the poetry of Federico Garcia Lorca, and Norman Mailer reading from his "Footnote to Death in the Afternoon."



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On COLUMBIA RECORDS

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(who taught for several years in Lisbon) and the musician who dominated the musical life of his country during the first half of the eighteenth century. Seixas is represented by several harpsichord sonatas and toccatas (he seems to have made little distinction between the two forms), an organ fugue and sonata, a concerto for harpsichord and orchestra, an overture, and a sinfonia.

Seixas is a composer of extraordinary ability and originality, a fact which becomes apparent even from this relatively small sampling of his total output. The influence of Scarlatti is, to be sure, strongly felt, particularly in the works for harpsichord, but there is nevertheless evident a distinct musical personality capable of giving a fresh turn to whatever it undertakes. Seixas is particularly successful in avoiding the overly sectional rhythmic character so often associated with the Italian style among its lesser practitioners. He also manages to achieve a remarkable degree of textural variety: compare, for example, his harpsichord works with those of Cordeiro da Silva and Manuel de Santo Elias included in the set.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Seixas works, both for its intrinsic worth and its historical significance, is the Harpsichord Concerto in A major, written during a period in which concertos for this instrument were extremely rare. Seixas' concerto adumbrates characteristics of the classical concerto in its formal clarity and in its emphasis on the slow middle movement, a wonderfully expressive instrumental song for the soloist with simple orchestral accompaniment. The two outer movements consist of alternating solo and orchestral passages, creating a dialogue designed to explore the musical possibilities of the thematic material (a quality which makes the work seem much more "modern" than many of Vivaldi's concertos). Also impressive is the Overture in D major, a composition which successfully solves the problem of organizing motivically and expressively contrasting sections of differing tempos into a coherent musical whole.

Of the composers from the latter part of the eighteenth century, Sousa Carvalho (1745–98) is given most prominence. Although his fame rests chiefly on his operas (he is known in his country as the "Portuguese Mozart"), he is represented here by two harpsichord works, an overture, and an Allegro for organ. Carvalho's stylistic approach is, for his time, rather conservative, but one must be impressed by the sureness of his musical technique.

Mercury's division of the music onto four discs according to performance medium permits a convenient form of packaging, but it also creates difficulties for the listener who wants a picture of the over-all development of Portuguese music or a more comprehensive view of any one of the composers. Thus, as I have indicated above, compositions dating from the same period are to be found on different records, and the works of Seixas are spread over three of the four discs. The notes, although voluminous and generally better than average, are disappointing when one considers the importance of the collection and the general dearth of information about this music. Then too, one wonders why no vocal music of the eighteenth century was included, particularly since Portugal had such an important representative in Carvalho (perhaps this gap will be filled by later issues in this series). And why are the two trumpet parts of Seixas' Overture in D major performed by horns?

But such questions are relatively insignificant when compared with the positive value of the series. The performances are generally excellent, and much attention has been paid to stylistic matters. Particularly commendable is the playing of the Gulbenkian Chamber Orchestra under the direction of Renato Ruotolo and the performances by the English organist Geraint Jones on the magnificent baroque organ at St. Vincent's Church in Lisbon. The singing of the Gulbenkian Foundation Chorus is also of a very high quality, marked by carefully controlled vibrato and admirable intonation. Only the harpsichordist, Ruggero Gerlin, is occasionally disappointing, due primarily to rhythmic inflexibility in phrase articulations; but even this is largely offset by the clarity which he brings to the over-all musical design.

One is always cheered by recordings that break new ground, broadening musical horizons and stimulating new musical interests. One much looks forward to hearing more of the music of Portugal.

MUSIC OF PORTUGAL: *"Portugal's Golden Age"*

Vol. I: Harpsichord Music. Seixas: *Toccatas: in D minor; in C; in F minor: in E minor: Minuet in F minor: Sonatas: in C: in A minor; in C minor.* Da Silva: *Sonata in C.* Elias: *Sonata in E flat.* Jacinto: *Toccata in D minor.* Avondano: *Sonata in C.* Carvalho: *Toccata in G minor; Allegro in D.*

Vol. II: Orchestral Music. Seixas: *Harpsichord Concerto in A: Overture in D; Sinfonia in B flat.* Carvalho: *"L'Amore Industrioso" Overture.* Da Silva: *Sinfonia in D.*

Vol. III: Choral Music. Morago: *Motets.* De Cristo: *Motets.* Cardoso: *Mass for Six Voices.*

Vol. IV: Organ Music. Carreira: *Fantaisie.* Coelho: *Five Versets on "Ave Maria Stella."* Seixas: *Fugue in A minor: Sonata in A minor.* Carvalho: *Allegro in D.* Don Reis: *Variations on "Ave Maria Stella"; Concertos Nos. 22, 24, 30,* and *31.* Jacinto: *Toccata in D minor.*

Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord (in Vols. I and II); Gulbenkian Chamber Orchestra, Renato Ruotolo, cond. (in Vol. II); Gulbenkian Foundation Chorus, Olga Violante and Pierre Salzmann, conds. (in Vol III); Geraint Jones, organ (in Vol. IV). MERCURY SR 4-9122, $23.16 (four discs, stereo only).

CLASSICAL

BACH: *Art of Fugue, S. 1080*

Chamber Orchestra of the Saar, Karl Ristenpart, cond. NONESUCH HB 3013 or 73013, $5.00 (two discs).

Ars Rediviva, Milan Munclinger, cond. CROSSROADS 22 26 007 or 22 26 008, $4.98 (two discs).

There has been much pondering over the question of what instrument or instruments Bach had in mind when he wrote this work. Every version that has been recorded solves the problem differently. Actually, it doesn't seem to matter too much. These always astonishing displays of inexhaustible invention in the expressive treatment of a single theme are so beautifully constructed that one supposes they would retain their effectiveness if played on four kazoos or performed by the Swingle Singers. So long as the pitches are accurate, the rhythms correct, and the tempos appropriate, the instrumental garb is not important, provided that it keeps the texture transparent and provided it does not color the music in hues unknown to Bach. The latter requirement is not always met in the Nonesuch orchestration, by Marcel Bitsch and Claude Pascal. It is true that they stick to instruments Bach was acquainted with, but they sometimes use them with a sophistication foreign to the baroque. The constant shifting from one instrument to another in the course of the Canon at the Tenth, for example, is a device Bach never employed in his orchestral music, and the trombones sing here (in the final Fugue) in a manner unknown before Schubert.

In other respects the performance has admirable qualities: it keeps moving even in the pieces played slowly and has vitality everywhere. The orchestra plays smoothly and with a warm tone. The two-part canons are all here, and sound a little better in their varied instrumentation than they do when played, as they often are, on a harpsichord. But only a little. Fortunately they are all lumped together, so they can be easily ignored. I would also recommend omitting the two fugues numbered here 17a and b, which are only arrangements of 16a and b. Skip these and the canons, and you have a well-recorded and for a large part nicely orchestrated version of one of the great masterworks. The same suggestion applies to the Crossroads set. Its instrumentation, made by Munclinger, also has a somewhat modern flexibility.

The New Age of Angel

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Barenboim is like Israel itself. Full of fascinating promise.

Angel

although it sticks to strings and double reeds (oboes, oboe da caccia, bassoons). This is a lively performance, though with less variety than Ristenpart's in tempo from fugue to fugue and not much subtlety in dynamics. The canons are played on harpsichords, as are the fugue arrangements numbered 17a and b in the Nonesuch. Munclinger, like Ristenpart, breaks off the final fugue where Bach stopped writing, but, unlike the Nonesuch transcribers, adds the chorale that was tacked on to the work when it was first published. Good sound here too. N.B.

BACH: *Orgelbüchlein, S. 599-644 (with Cantata Chorales and Other Chorale Settings)*

Helmuth Rilling, organ; Chorus of the Gedächtniskirche (Stuttgart). Helmuth Rilling, cond. NONESUCH HD 73015, $10.00 (four discs, stereo only).

It was an imaginative idea to record the chorale preludes of the *Little Organ Book* interspersed with actual choral settings of the same tunes by Bach and other composers. Rilling's organplaying, and the singing of the Gedächtniskirche Chorus under his direction, are good without ever scaling the heights of imagination—Marie-Claire Alain's rhythm and registration in her Musical Heritage Society set (which also includes the harmonized chorales, but played on the organ) are livelier and more sensitive than Rilling's. But this new Nonesuch offers the most interesting way of hearing the *Orgelbüchlein*, even though I would still enter a warning against regarding a collection of this kind as suitable for continuous listening: one side per sitting would be about right.

There is one oddity in the performance. Either I am mad or, in the tenth chorale (*In dulci jubilo*), these German choristers sing *liegt* as if it were *leigt*—is there some obscure linguistic reason for this? The recording is good and the presentation excellent: an eight-page booklet contains useful notes by Jason Farrow and full texts and translations of the chorales. B.J.

BARTOK: *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion; Contrasts; Suite, Op. 14*

Erzsébet Tusa, piano; István Antal, piano, Ferenc Petz and József Márton, percussion (in the Sonata); Mihály Szücs, violin, Béla Kovács, clarinet (in *Contrasts*). QUALITON LPX 1280, $5.98 or SLPX 1280, $6.98.

BARTOK: *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion; Piano Works*

Béla Bartók, piano; Ditta Pasztory Bartók, piano, Harry J. Baker and Edward J. Rubsan, percussion (in the Sonata). TURNABOUT TV 4159, $2.50 (mono only) [from Vox PL 6010, 1950].

The Qualiton disc comprises three perfectly competent performances, all a bit dull in sound and lacking in character. Unless you require just this coupling, there seems little reason to pay the premium import price, considering the excellent alternatives available (*Contrasts* on Mace 9055, surprisingly good; the Suite in Sándor's set of the piano music on Vox; and the Sonata conducted by Farberman on Cambridge, or even the one by Sándor and Co. on Turnabout).

Given the bargain price, the composer's own performance of the Sonata might seem an obvious choice. However, with all due respect to a very great musician, one can only hope that the circulation of this recording will be limited to people who already know the work very well. The performance, from air checks of a CBS broadcast in the early Forties, was clearly underrehearsed as far as the percussionists are concerned; for example, the important 8-measure xylophone entry at m. 301 in the first movement is altogether absent, and the entire piano-percussion dialogue beginning at m. 199 in the Rondo becomes utter nonsense because the percussionists are lost—confusion reigns here for some seventy measures, with even the pianists apart at times. Numerous other ensemble failures occur, and the total effect is a very unsatisfactory presentation of what is perhaps Bartók's greatest work.

In view of this, it may seem paradoxical to insist that this is a very important recording—but it is full of illuminating details. Certain phrasings, as that of the fugue subject in the first movement, are much more specific here than as notated in the score, while such details as the use of double sticks on the xylophone's last phrase in the Lento may represent the composer's second thoughts. In short, this record should certainly be available to interested performers, students, and others—but, in fairness to the composer and his work, it should not be circulated to an unwary public without a clear warning notice.

To be sure, Vox includes a few cautionary words about the sound: "the passage of years has not been kind to the original acetates." Since these same words were used in 1950 on the original release, one might expect the sound to be no worse than on that issue: muffled, with some occasional fading and scratching, and a little leakage from a neighboring station at the beginning. No such luck: a new dubbing has been made from the acetates, now seventeen years older and probably near to the point of physical collapse. Long passages are now subject to periodic fading, to a much greater degree than before, and some parts of the first two movements are rendered almost incoherent through distortion of dynamics and virtual dropout of notes. A dubbing from a good copy of PL 6010 would have been far preferable, assuming that the 1950 master tape is no longer extant—and the whole business is the strongest kind of argument in favor of adequate archives of recorded sound, where historically important documents would be preserved under optimum conditions, not subject to the casual carelessness of commercial operations.

It remains to be said that the solo piano works (ten pieces from *For Children*, plus *Evening in Transylvania* and *Bear Dance* from the *Ten Easy Pieces*) are impeccably played, and quite tolerably recorded. They were originally made for the Hungarian radio (presumably in the early Thirties) and later reissued on 78s by Vox. The composer allows himself the extra sport of some octave doublings in the children's pieces, and (perhaps absent-mindedly) adds a half-measure to the placid *Evening in Transylvania*, as well as announcing the titles in Hungarian. More "Bartók plays Bartók" of this quality would be very welcome. D.H.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano*

No. 8, in C minor, Op. 13 ("Pathétique"); No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux").

Daniel Barenboim, piano. ANGEL S 36424, $5.79 (stereo only).

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano*

No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux"); No. 32, in C minor, Op. 111.

Guiomar Novaes, piano. CARDINAL VCS 10014, $3.50 (stereo only).

My admiration for Barenboim is very great indeed: he has a wealth of personal vitality, enormous potential emotional depth, and a broad musical heritage (more far-reaching than the norm for most artists of his generation). Above all, there is in his music making the capacity for experimentation that must, in the long run, be the basis for any truly meaningful rendition.

But having reaffirmed my respect for Barenboim's artistry, I must ruefully suggest that he has, perhaps, been "moonlighting" too much. His present account of the *Moonlight* Sonata has a plentitude of vulgar ostentation and a minimum of responsible musical thinking. It sounds like caricatured Paderewski! Rarely have I heard an opening movement so sentimental, so overplayed, so faltering and tentative in its constantly broken rhythmic flow. The tempestuous finale finds our pianist flailing and thrashing about, theatrically exploding on every *fortissimo* chord, lurching to a dead halt for every *subito piano* marking. Not even the unobtrusive Allegretto movement escapes mistreatment: the dawdling there sounds pretentious in the extreme.

My reservations about the remaining two Sonatas on Barenboim's record are more pianistic than musical. He brings to these works an acceptable degree of interpretative planning (those long rests at the end of the *Pathétique*'s first movement, for example, which can be a trap for unwary players, *are* precisely counted here). But Barenboim is getting careless about technique: exuberance and talent do not compensate for smudged ornaments, uneven scale pas-

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CIRCLE 27 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

sages, and roughshod details of articulation. Barenboim is much too fine a musician to sink into such excessively cavalier playing.

Novaes is a mite heavy and aggressive in the *Moonlight*'s Adagio, but her phrasing has a firmness and directness that eludes Barenboim. She is chary of pedaling in the same sonata's finale, and her treatment of it has a curious dry point quality as a result. There is, I feel, a great analogy to be drawn between Novaes' Beethoven playing and Bruno Walter's: both tend to be rather unstructured, yet both make up in emphatic weight what they lack in point and sheer rhythmic acumen. The sublime Op. 111, a new item in the pianist's discography, gets an impressive, moody interpretation. While the emotional depths are never explored as in Schnabel's flawed but unforgettable reading, the directness of phrasing and tonal solidity are nonetheless admirable. Vanguard's piano sound (a product of their new 23rd Street studio) is tangibly realistic, with a rich, flurry bass and a bright, pliant treble. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: ***Symphony No. 7, in A, Op. 92; Coriolan Overture, Op. 62***

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR LSC 2969 or LM 2969, $5.79.

A psychologist friend of mine once cited Beethoven as an obsessive-compulsive and used the finale of the Seventh Symphony to prove his point. The insistent hammering away at a single motif there admittedly makes a convincing point. Leinsdorf (with his equally obsessive propensity for literalness and order) appears determined to "normalize" the gruff, unruly composer and he nearly succeeds! In their icy way, these are remarkably accurate performances: Leinsdorf gives you the score, the whole score, and nothing but the score. Every instrumental strand has been scrupulously accounted for—but the listener himself will have to draw his own musical conclusions. Every last repeat has been meticulously observed—but where are the color and variety that would justify hearing the material played more than once? There is no annoying editorializing here, no irrational display of subjectivity, no silly old-fashioned lingering for expressive effect. The difference between *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* is purely one of decibels, not emotion. It's an okay approach if you like Beethoven cool. I don't.

Big, booming Boston recording, full of truculent reverberation but notably deficient in tonal shimmer. H.G.

BELLINI: ***Beatrice di Tenda***

Joan Sutherland, Josephine Veasey, Cornelius Opthof, et al.; London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 76.

BOCCHERINI: ***Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in B flat***—See **Haydn:** ***Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in C.***

BOITO: ***Mefistofele*** **(excerpts)**

Franco Tagliavini, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; Chorus and Orchestra of the Teatro dell' Opera, Rome, Silvio Varviso, cond. LONDON OM 36021 or OC 26021, $5.79.

"Ave Signor!" Like a fine knife fashioned from carbon steel, Nicolai Ghiaurov's huge voice cuts freely and elegantly through the restless infrastucture of Boito's score. No kidding, this is how a major devil *should* sound. All the power, all the agility, all the suave, seductive legato a messenger from down there could use; a jesting, commanding, sophisticated devil who makes a simply wonderful noise.

Nicolai Ghiaurov is, of course, the superb singing basso from Bulgaria, the best thing out of Eastern Europe since caviar. And *Mefistofele*, in case you didn't know, is a highly rewarding operatic experience. Boito's score is inventive, original, melodic—if admittedly misshapen. At the fireside, where the dramatic flaws are not so evident, it is a thoroughly satisfying work. This disc offers most of the Devil's music from the Prologue, the scenes in Faust's study and at the Witches' Sabbath, and the Epilogue—about forty-eight minutes in all. Though the extracts are generous, averaging twelve minutes each, they don't add up to a digest of the opera, or anything like that. What we are given here is a Ghiaurov recital.

Not that the idea of a Ghiaurov recital of this music distresses us *Mefistofele* enthusiasts. But London Records must be given to understand that we view this disc as only a promissory note on an eventual complete recording of the opera, when the time is ripe. [The time is not yet ripe, for London has a serviceable *Mefistofele* in its current stereo catalogue, with Siepi, Tebaldi, and Del Monaco.] Then we expect Ghiaurov of course, Bergonzi as Faust, and perhaps Gwyneth Jones or Elena Suliotis as Helen and Solti to conduct. The part of Marguerite poses something of a problem; London may have to borrow Judith Raskin from Columbia or Mirella Freni from EMI.

So much for the future. Returning to the present record, it should be noted that the tenor is no more than adequate and lacks the needed authority (Franco Tagliavini, be it noted, not the more famous Ferruccio). Conductor Varviso seems to have the right mercurial ideas about the music but he doesn't give the big cadences and climaxes their full due. This music can take quite a lot more in the way of shaping and even swinging. The choir seems under strength and insufficiently precise—in Heaven, of all places.

The stereo is up with London's best. For just one really splendid sample, try the magic carpet take-off at the end of the first side. G.M.

BRAHMS: ***Rhapsodie, Op. 53 ("Alto Rhapsody"); Tragic Overture, Op. 81***

†Kodály: ***Psalmus hungaricus, Op. 13***

Irina Arkhipova, mezzo; Robert Ilosfalvy, tenor; Children's Choir; Russian State Academy Choir; Russian State Orchestra, Igor Markevitch, cond. MERCURY SR 90467, $5.79 (stereo only).

Irina Arkhipova would seem to have all the necessary equipment for the Brahms *Alto Rhapsody*: excellent control, a rich lower register, and plenty of power throughout her entire range. But her performance is disappointing, mainly because she misses the poignancy of the final major section, which so beautifully reflects the "resolution" of the Goethe poem it accompanies. It is also marred by her German diction, at times quite good but at others almost incomprehensible; and without the sense of the text, the formal structure of the piece must remain an enigma. The Ferrier performance with Clemens Krauss on London (mono only) still stands out in my mind as the definitive one for this piece.

The *Psalmus hungaricus* is undoubtedly Kodály's masterpiece and one of the handful of really successful large-scale orchestral-choral works of the twentieth century. Under Markevitch it receives a very exciting performance, particularly in regard to the rhythmic shape, which is propelled forward with extraordinary force. But the essential lyric quality is somewhat lost in the excitement, and the tenor, Robert Ilosfalvy, has problems of intonation and control. Markevitch's reading is reminiscent of the Solti recording on London, but there the tenor part is beautifully managed by William McAlpine. The Solti performance, however, is sung in English, a problem when one considers the marked effect the sound of the Hungarian language has on the over-all sonic picture. And if one does insist on a Hungarian version, this one is certainly superior to the old recording under Kodály himself, which suffers not only from poor singing but also inaccurate instrumental playing.

The purely instrumental *Tragic Overture* comes off best of all and receives a carefully shaped and well-articulated performance. R.P.M.

GERSHWIN: ***An American in Paris; Porgy and Bess: Symphonic Picture (arr. Bennett)***

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. COMMAND CC 11037, $5.79 (stereo only).

GERSHWIN: ***Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in F; Rhapsody in Blue***

Philippe Entremont, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA ML 6413 or MS 7013, $5.79.

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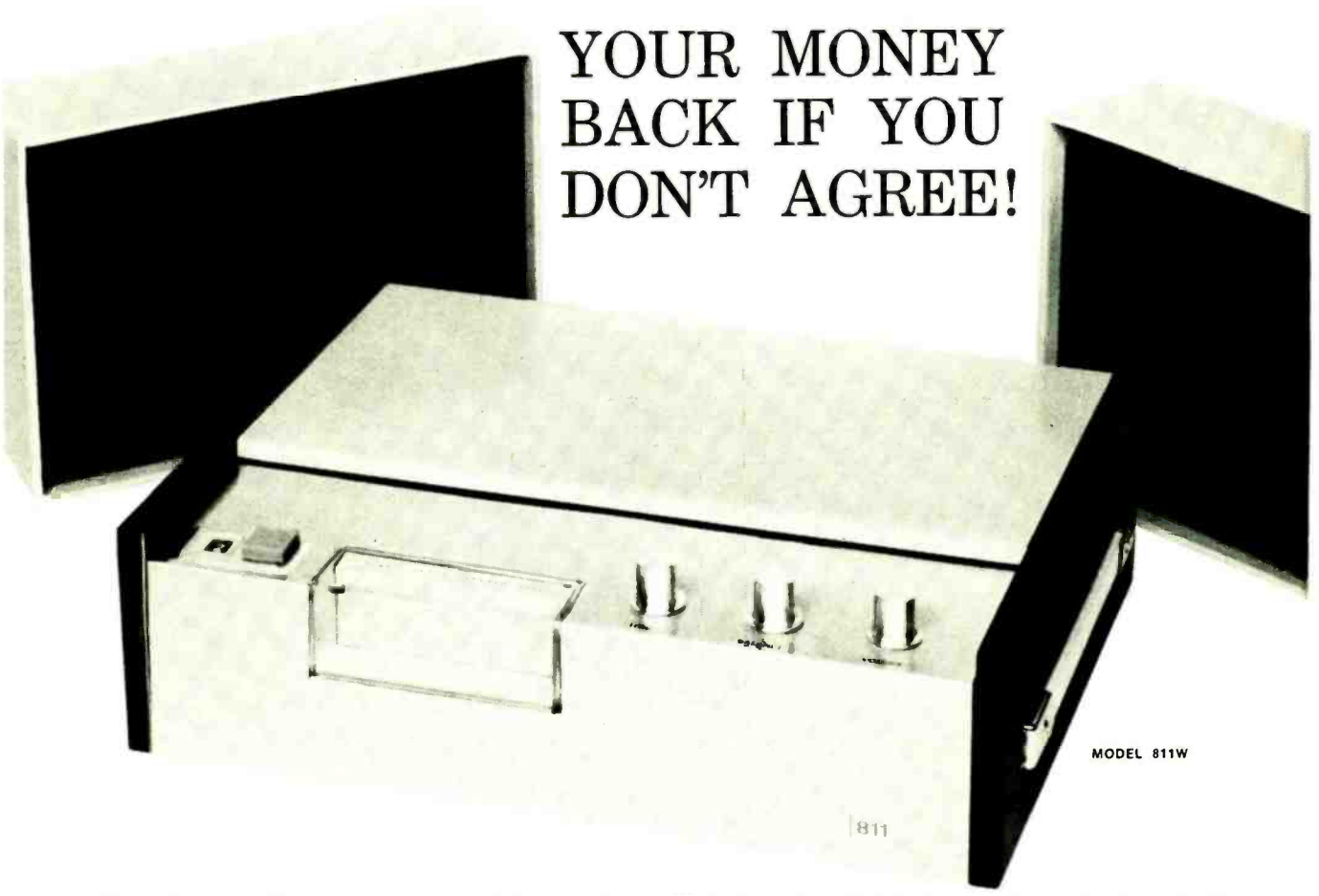

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matter how diligently he follows the letter of the score, its distinctively jaunty spirit escapes him entirely. In the present instances, Ormandy (despite his far longer residence in this country) is even less at ease than Steinberg. The playing of both Entremont and the Philadelphians is highly skilled, of course, with the pianist displaying a steely-fingered clarity of articulation and with Gilbert Johnson contributing a Concerto slow-movement trumpet solo of silvery tonal beauty. But the readings themselves are grimly serious, often ponderous or hurried, and self-conscious to an extreme when they attempt to be "jazzy." Even the immensely powerful recording, impressive as it is especially for its subterranean bass drum and thunderous timpani, seems turgid.

But perhaps the lack of tonal lucidity here is unfairly italicized by comparison with the extraordinarily transparent and detailed sonics of the Command disc. Even the earlier Fine/Eberenz engineering masterpieces for this company are thrillingly surpassed now—apparently thanks in no small part to what is termed a "revolutionary new noise-reduction system." Whatever the Command process may be, the present recordings (miked perhaps more closely than I normally would prefer) achieve well-nigh ideal purity and balance, framed in a warm and open acoustical ambience. Steinberg's readings are just too careful and proper, lacking Gershwin's quintessential devil-may-care, thumb-at-nose spirit, but every scoring detail emerges here with gleaming pellucidity. It would be greedy to ask for more. R.D.D.

GRANADOS: *Goyescas; El Pelele; Escenas Romanticos*

Alicia de Larrocha, piano. EPIC L2C 6065 or B2C 165, $11.58 (two discs).

This is one of those rare and wonderful occasions when an interpreter seems to have achieved complete identification with a composer. It is no facile matter of mere racial affinity. Perhaps it was partly her Spanish birth that led Alicia de Larrocha to steep herself in Granados' piano music until it became very much like an extension of her own personality—but it is the steeping, and not the birth, that ultimately matters.

It's also because of the kind of pianist she is that Granados' limpid lines stream so effortlessly from her fingers, for she is one of that seemingly diminishing band who can play the piano as a singing instrument and disguise the percussive origin of its sound. Not that there is any lack of power—some of her trills and cascades are positively startling in their sonority and brilliance—but poetry, sensitivity, and intimacy are more central both to her interpretation and to its execution.

And this is why she is the ideal pianist for *Goyescas*, the suite that represents Granados' greatest achievement. Imbued with influences from both Chopin and Liszt, it is yet intensely personal music. It is almost purely romantic in appeal, formal considerations being quite secondary to the smoldering lyricism with which it evokes the moods of love, sorrow, and death suggested by Goya's art.

The supremely perceptive performance is vividly recorded, and the set, which includes *El Pelele* (the appendix to the suite) and also the attractive *Escenas Romanticas*, easily supersedes the same pianist's mono-only version on Decca. The empty nonsense that passes for a liner note is regrettable—Miss Larrocha's article on page 56 of this issue of HIGH FIDELITY offers a useful corrective, and clearly shows the devotion and understanding with which she has approached her task. B.J.

HAYDN: *Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in C*
†Boccherini: *Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in B flat*

Jacqueline du Pré, cello; English Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, cond. ANGEL S 36439, $5.79 (stereo only).

Haydn's recently rediscovered C major Cello Concerto is a much finer composition than the more familiar work in D major, and Jacqueline du Pré plays it splendidly in this, her first recorded collaboration with her husband Daniel Barenboim. I prefer her reading even to that of Rostropovich on London: she steers an ideal middle course between Rostropovich's sometimes unsettling impetuosity and the comparative stolidity of Maurice Gendron's honest account on Philips.

Barenboim shows none of the weaknesses that tend to afflict instrumentalists turned conductors: his direction of the exquisite slow movement has the rapt yet ongoing quality that characterizes his own piano playing in similar music, and in the outer movements he secures rhythmic articulation crisper than either Britten's with the same orchestra or Leppard's with the London Symphony. The recording—an audible tape-joint in the slow movement excepted—is admirable, as clear and colorful as it is solid and warm.

I cannot pretend to anything like the same enthusiasm for the overside performance of Boccherini's utterly factitious B flat major Concerto. At the best of times I find it hard to concentrate through the wanderings of this messy piece of musical joinery, and the waywardness of this performance doesn't help. But Du Pré's tone is as beautiful as ever, and the record is worth its price for the Haydn alone. B.J.

HINDEMITH: *Sonata for Unaccompanied Viola, Op. 25, No. 1*
†Stravinsky: *Elégie*
†Reger: *Suites for Unaccompanied Viola, Op. 131d: No. 1, in E minor; No. 3, in A*

Walter Trampler, viola. RCA VICTOR LM 2974 or LSC 2974, $5.79.

I can't help thinking of this disc as a kind of tribute, paid by four men to an instrument quite thoroughly tucked away for centuries under that bushel where hidden lights are kept. Hindemith, of course, was the prime mover in the untucking process, but the works by Stravinsky and Reger suggest that when the instrument interested composers at all, it challenged them to something quite special. The fourth contributor to this *hommage à viola*, needless to say, is Trampler himself, one of the finest soloists around today. His tone is rich and varied, his sense of pacing acute, his musicianship profound and entirely natural.

It may be foolish to try to define exactly the ways in which viola music differs from violin (or cello) music, but the fourth movement of Hindemith's Sonata ought to clear the matter up as well as anything could—it would be almost impossible, I think, to imagine this movement on any other instrument. The flashes of fire might lend themselves to the fiddle, but the almost hypnotic sonority of the double stops is a purely violistic matter. And Hindemith specializes in violistic matters: the masculine/feminine debate of the first movement is indigenous (Trampler conveys particularly well the brute, aggressive power of that obtrusive double-stop motive); so is the rich lyricism of the third movement; and the low-lying, rather tortured lament of the last, where the pauses for breath on open octaves seem to have a special intensity.

Stravinsky's wonderful *Elégie*, following upon the Hindemith, sounds more sad than tragic, more tender than grieving. Trampler achieves an almost misty tone in the opening section, organlike sonorities later on, and with the exception of one rather tentative measure sets forth Stravinsky's clear, cool, soothing counterpoint with complete authority and technical command.

The Reger suites, which strike one as positively classical in the present surroundings, are entirely free of all those extra calories that encumber much of Reger's "important" music, and they do more to warm me up towards this composer than anything else I've heard. At times they are Bachish, at times Viennese; they make a nice play on contrasting registers, and allow Trampler (who seems to lose his pace just slightly in the difficult double stopping of the third movement of No. 1) to affirm his splendid ease in the fast movements.

A handsome tribute indeed, handsomely carried off. S.F.

IVES: *Robert Browning Overture; Set of Pieces for Theatre or Chamber Orchestra; Circus Band March; The Unanswered Question*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Harold Farberman, cond. CARDINAL VCS 10013, $3.50 (stereo only).

At times the current Ives explosion seems to be mainly a return to the Good Old Days. A case in point is this issue, which brings back into Schwann the Set of Pieces for Theatre or Chamber Or-

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chestra, not available since the deletion in 1960 of an old Oceanic ten-incher on the Oceanic label.

The "Theatre Orchestra" of the title is the old pit band, a miscellaneous and somewhat ad hoc combination of instruments, which Ives, who had played in a theatre orchestra in his youth, loved dearly and for which he wrote many of his most characteristic compositions. The "set" is made up of three pieces for such a group, brought together more for the sake of economics than because they form a unified whole. The first is a study in mechanized thirty-second notes. The second is a free-wheeling and complex ragtime (Ivesians will recognize it from its piano solo arrangement as part of the First Sonata). The third, in which slow ostinatos swirl *pianissimo* around a stopped horn intoning a ballad about the loneliness of the night, is a striking evocation of the terror and beauty of the woods in the dark—a "night music" totally different from Bartók's but with the same sort of eerie appeal.

Farberman, whose Cambridge disc contains the only available recording of many of Ives's other theatre orchestra works, does very well by the first and third movements, except for one odd measure in the third when the horn suddenly unmutes, breaking the texture and therefore the spell. The second movement is a bit disappointing, partly because steel-fingered pianists playing the First Sonata have accustomed us to a tempo faster than is practicable for the ensemble but partly also because it just doesn't swing. (By contrast, the old Oceanic really *did* swing; despite an even slower tempo it got much more of the feel of the piece.) There are also a few definite stylistic errors: for instance, the accents that Ives marked in the violin parts at letter K merely to help the players sort out their cross-rhythms Farberman makes into a series of jerky sforzandos, which isn't at all what Ives intended. Still, the performance is generally good; and while those who are lucky enough to have the old Oceanic will probably prefer that set, the rest of us will be grateful for a creditable performance of what has long been a conspicious gap in the ever expanding Ives discography.

This record also contains the third recording of the *Robert Browning Overture* to appear in the last six months. I might as well start out by saying that I don't think that any of the current recordings really solves the massive balance problems in the piece: we now have four readings, but no real performance. Farberman's version is straightforward, with emphasis on scale (for once the big allegro sections seem to be just the right length) but with less detail audible than in the Gould and less lyrical impulse in the central slow section than either the Gould or the old Strickland CRI. It's a creditable performance as *Brownings* go, and last year it would have had me dancing in the streets; as things are now, it's hard not to think that some unrecorded work like Ruggles' *Men and Mountains* or Riegger's *Study in Sonority* would have been more wel-

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come. Should there perhaps be Summit meetings for a & r men?

Filling out the disc are the *Circus Band March*, played up to the hilt (bring some popcorn), and the perennial but beautiful *Unanswered Question*. Rather than comment on these, I'd like to end my review with a small service to buyers of the recording. Both the outer movements of the *Set* are based on songs (the first on one of Ives's own, the second on what he called a "Minstrel Show" song), and Ives probably expected the listener to hear the original words as the instrumental versions were being played. (The early Sixties would probably have called it "Think along with Ives.") Arthur Cohn's excellent notes do not include these texts; here they are:

I. A leopard went around his cage from one side to the other; he stopped only when the keeper came around with meat; a boy who had been there three hours began to wonder, "Is life anything like that?"

III. Oh! I hear the owl a-hootin' in the darkness of the night,/And it brings the drops of sweat out on my brow:/And I git' so awful lonely that I almost die of fright,/For the little cabin all is empty now. W.S.

KODALY: *Psalmus hungaricus, Op. 13*—See Brahms: *Rhapsodie, Op. 53 ("Alto Rhapsody").*

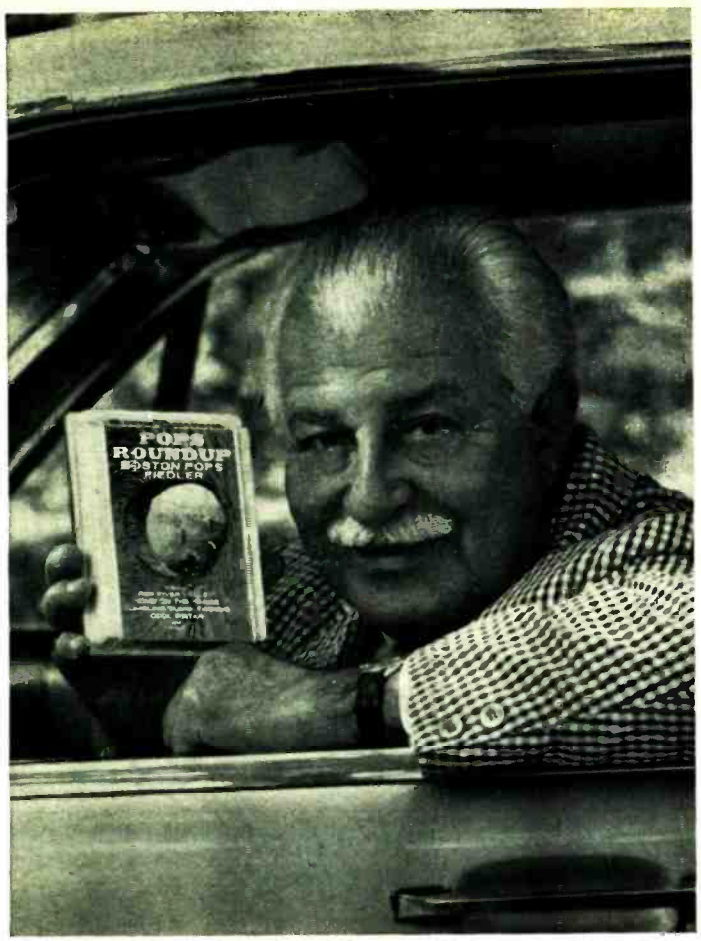
MOZART: *Il Re pastore*

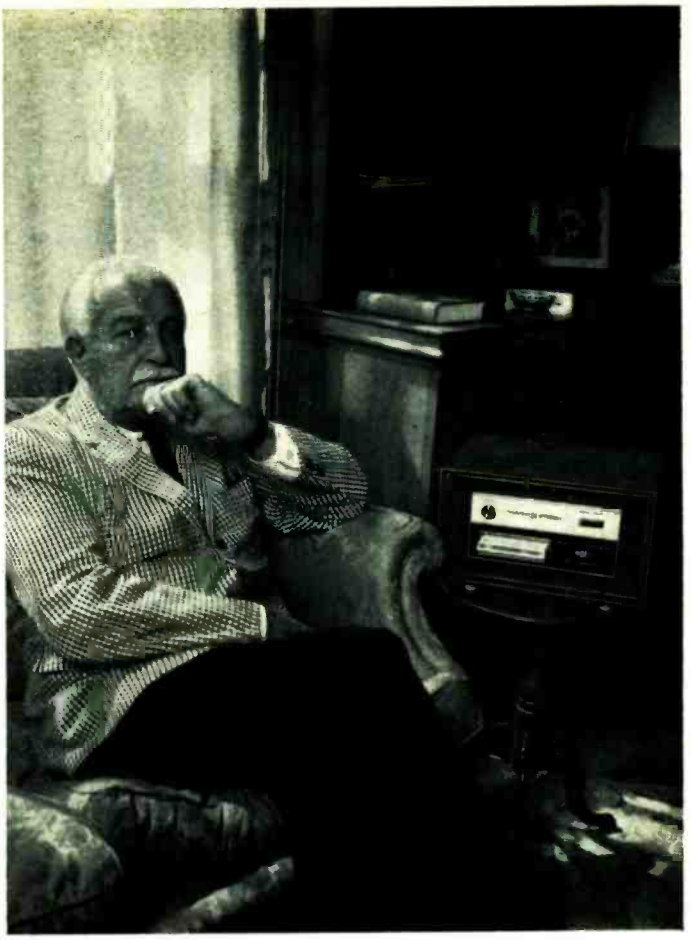
Reri Grist (s), Aminta; Lucia Popp (s), Elisa; Arlene Saunders (s), Timori; Nicola Monti (t), Agenore; Luigi Alva (t), Alexander; Orchestra of Naples, Denis Vaughan, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 7049 or LSC 7049, $11.59 (two discs).

The libretto entitled *Il Re pastore* was written five years before Mozart's birth by the great Pietro Metastasio, poet to the imperial court at Vienna. It was set to music many times, by various composers, including Gluck. Like some other works of its author it is an allegory, glorifying the magnanimity or kindness of the ruler who was paying the bills or of the visiting dignitary who was being honored by the performance. Here the character in the opera who supposedly represents Metastasio's boss is Alexander the Great, and he is as noble as all get out. There are two pairs of lovers, both separated by the conqueror's political plans, but in each case one member of the pair refuses to give up the other, preferring to lose a kingdom. Alexander is so impressed by all this constancy and virtue that he countermands his own orders and straightens everything out (he promises to conquer a second kingdom to take care of the second pair), justifying a final chorus of praise and thanksgiving.

This is the book that was handed to the nineteen-year-old Mozart to set to music for performance before a visiting Archduke. It is clear that there was nothing here to inflame the imagination of the future composer of *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. And indeed, unlike the comic *La Finta giardiniera*, which preceded it by a few months, this is a bland work, on the whole. But still—Mozart is Mozart, and genius bursts through the highly skilled routine in several places. *"L'amerò, sarò costante"* has long been a favorite of sopranos, but *"Vanne, vanne a regnar,"* the duet ending the first act, is a big piece, of a quality that would grace any of Mozart's mature operas, and the finale is a brilliant quintet of the finest workmanship. (These last two, by the way, are the only concerted vocal numbers in the work; all the rest are recitatives and arias.)

Far above routine, too, is the work of two members of the cast. Reri Grist as Aminta is miscast in a castrato role. Hers is a very womanly, very appealing voice—a perfect Susanna type—and it is practically impossible to imagine her as a shepherd-prince. (Perhaps a voice like Gundula Janowitz's would have been a better choice here.) But let us not get bogged down in the vexed question of what to do about castrato roles. In the present case I am willing to accept a modern convention added to the convention-ridden form of the dramatic pastoral. If the story is ignored and Miss Grist's singing listened to as an exhibition of vocal art, the result is rewarding and pleasurable. The voice sounds a bit light and soubrettelike in the first aria, but thereafter seems fuller. The long phrases in *"Aer tranquillo"* are spun out





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nicely and the rather showy cadenza there done with assurance and accuracy. This is lovely singing. So is Miss Popp's as Aminta's beloved Elisa. Their duet is, to me, the high point of the whole performance, a thrilling display of bravura and teamwork. Miss Popp does especially well with "*Barbaro, oh Dio!*," an effective aria that Mozart might have made more poignant if he had been older. It must also be said that Miss Popp is the only member of the cast who injects a little vitality into the singing of the recitatives.

Of the others, Nicola Monti, as Agenore, sings his lyric aria, "*Per me rispondete*," smoothly and with a tone of good quality. Miss Saunders, as his sweetheart, does her two arias with little feeling, and lacks the technique for fast runs. The Alexander, Luigi Alva, pushes a bit in his first aria, is outshone by the flute in the fioritura of the second, and does not have the low notes needed in the third.

Vaughan, who gained considerable notice with his campaign to restore the original texts of the Verdi and Puccini operas, sticks closely to Mozart's and permits the singers to interpolate some stylish cadenzas. One or two of the numbers seem a little slow ("*L'amerò*" could have more swing), some short appoggiaturas are performed long, and there are spots where the orchestra is a hairsbreadth behind the singer. But by and large Vaughan holds things together well and, except in the recitatives, keeps them going briskly. Aside from a solo violin that is too far back in "*L'amerò*," the sound is very good in both versions. Despite the shortcomings enumerated, the singing of Misses Grist and Popp and the modern engineering are enough to make this set far superior to the old Period, recorded in 1951. N.B.

MOZART: *"Scatological Canons and Songs"*

Lois Winter, soprano; Ben Bryant, tenor; Richard Shadley, tenor; Thomas Pyle, baritone; Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; chorus, Norman Luboff, cond. EPIC LC 3966 or BC 1366, $5.79.

The title of this record—"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is a Dirty Old Man"—is perhaps the funniest thing about it. Encouraged, no doubt, by the successes of Grove Press and the Swedish film industry, Epic has decided to make the general public aware that the supposedly angelic Wolfgang was in fact a perfectly normal Central European boy, and even set some four-letter words to music; to make the point very clear, the texts are sung in English translation. Perhaps those whose tastes run to this particular brand of Teutonic anal humor will find this very entertaining; unfortunately, it seems to me that the whole project has been carried out with a rather heavy hand.

To begin with, the canons have been provided with harpsichord accompaniments. It's hard to believe that professional singers need these to keep the pitch, but the alternative assumption—that someone thinks these trivial inventions "improve" upon Mozart—is equally incredible. Part of the musical point of a canon is that the harmony builds up during the performance, but here a complete unison singing-through of the melody, with accompaniment, precedes the canonic performance and pretty well sabotages that aspect of the musical fun.

I suppose the reason for that unison performance is to make sure you get all the naughty words, but, just in case you don't, an insert sheet provides the complete texts as sung, and also the original German (for purchasers who don't read English?)—from which, if you have any linguistic imagination, you will see that the translations are a shade on the delicate side.

What with all this, plus a ponderous program note explaining what's funny, the poor little canons don't have a chance. Performances are serviceable, but on the solemn side. An amusing sidelight is the annotator's ascription of the text-completions of K. 231 and 233 (of the original texts, there survive only the first four words—a celebrated German scabrous injunction) to Breitkopf and Härtel, whose purified version of K. 233 is also performed. Actually, the versions translated here are by the modern scholar and choral director Gottfried Wolters, whose excellent edition of the canons was obviously used; the failure to acknowledge this anywhere is somewhat ungracious.

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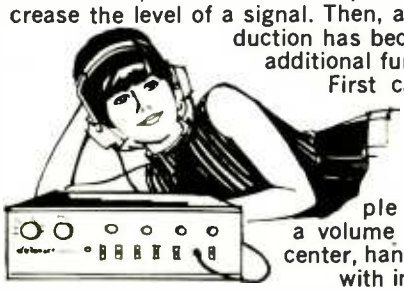

What was once a simple amplifying circuit and a volume control is now a control center, handling a variety of sources with input signals ranging from a few millivolts to several volts (a range of 1000 to 1), and which must impress special response characteristics on some of these signals. Requirements for distortion now are far more stringent than in the past. Distortion levels which were once significant laboratory achievements are now common in commercial equipment.

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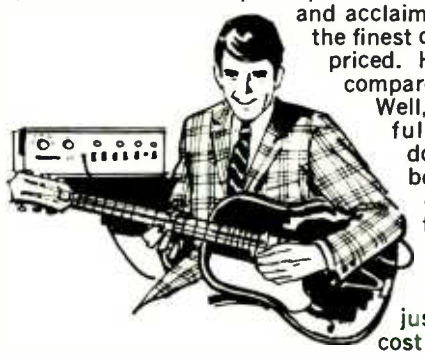

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Of the six extant scatological canons, only five are given here (the omitted one is in "Latin" which conceals the same phrase mentioned above), and the record is filled out with another canon, three comic ensembles, the song *Der Zauberer*, and the aria *Warnung* ("*Männer suchen*") —most of which have nothing to do with scatology at all. Some of them have more musical interest than the canons, however; especially nice is the *Interrupted Serenade*, K. 441, where a lovely serenade for the tenors is joined by the voice of an angry father telling them to shut up. Again, the performances (all in English) are capable but a bit stiff, and the solo singing not quite first-class.

No doubt there's an Archive disc around the corner called "*Der schmutzige Mozart*," with Stader, Höffgen, Häfliger, and Fischer-Dieskau—they're just waiting to make sure that nobody at Epic ends up in jail with Ralph Ginsburg. D.H.

NIELSEN: *Concerto for Flute and Orchestra; Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, Op. 57*

Julius Baker, flute; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA ML 6428 or MS 7028, $5.79.

Nielsen's concertos for flute and clarinet are among his last works. Written in 1926 and 1928 respectively, they were inspired by the playing of members of the Copenhagen Wind Quintet, for which Nielsen had also composed his 1922 Wind Quintet. Thus, like most woodwind concertos and chamber works, they were written with the characteristics of particular players in mind. This is perhaps the explanation of their peculiarly personal charm, which is nevertheless stiffened by the qualities of nobility and lyrical expansiveness familiar from Nielsen's symphonies.

The only competition for either side of the new record is Benny Goodman's unsatisfactory version of the Clarinet Concerto on RCA Victor. But far stronger rivals than Goodman would have to yield before the persuasiveness of Stanley Drucker's superb interpretation: Drucker's mellifluous tone, sensitive phrasing, and lively rhythm right all the wrongs done to the score by Goodman's harsh, wooden, and often inaccurate account.

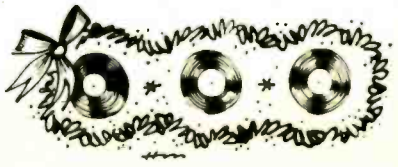
Julius Baker is equally admirable in the Flute Concerto, and both soloists have the advantage of a comprehensively understanding conductor in the person of Leonard Bernstein, who draws first-rate playing from the New York Philharmonic. Apart from a regrettable quantity of studio noise, the recording is impeccable in its richness and clarity. B.J.

ORFF: *Oedipus der Tyrann*

Astrid Varnay (s), Jocasta; Gerhard Stolze (t), Oedipus; James Harper (t), Tiresias; Carlos Alexander (b), Messenger; Keith Engen (bs), Creon; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 139251/53, $17.37 (three discs, stereo only).

In reviewing Orff's *Antigonae* some four years ago, I noted that the work presented formidable problems to an American trying to acquaint himself with it in his living room. *Oedipus* presents the same problems, being constructed very much according to the same compositional ethic. It must be heard with patience and imagination, and without operatic prejudices.

I suppose we must conclude that it *is* an opera; most of it is sung, and the song is the medium for conveyance of the emotionally important material. But most of it is song reduced towards, and sometimes to, the level of speech. There are patches of straight spoken dialogue, and others of rhythmically notated declamation against some sort of accompaniment. And the sung portions consist primarily of chantlike repetitions of the same note, emphatically accented in the rhythms or broken into oft-repeated little patterns of alternated intervals. Occasionally it breaks into a keening melisma or into a climax consisting of



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high, repeated, accented phrases. The orchestra is stringless, or rather bowless, and relies heavily on percussion—drums of several sorts, tam-tam, xylophones, cymbals, and the piano used in its percussive aspect. There are some woodwinds (oboes, several kinds of flutes) and sparingly used brass (trombones and, behind the scenes, eight trumpets).

All these will be recognized as typical elements of Orff's music and—in this particular austere combination—as reminiscent of the *Antigonae*. And indeed, anyone who is familiar with *Antigonae* will know almost exactly what to expect from *Oedipus*. As in *Antigonae*, the libretto consists of Hölderlin's translation of the Sophocles play, literal and uncut. The music is, in a nonpejorative sense, incidental—it does not so much transform the text as reinforce it and accent it. It says, "This is the play, and this is how it ought to go," rather than "This is no longer the play, but an opera that treats the same material." The second statement could be applied with much more relevance to even such pieces as *Pelléas* or *Wozzeck* than to the Orff *Oedipus*.

This being so, it cannot be listened to in the way one normally listens to even a "difficult" opera. You simply cannot sit down to listen to the music; you must sit down to listen to the play, and to let the music play its part in an imaginative re-creation of the theatrical experience. This means that the listener must be truly fluent in German, or else know his Sophocles/Hölderlin cold, or, at the least, follow it word by word. To be familiar with the play is not enough—I have read and studied it, seen it produced, seen a movie of another stage production, and seen another opera based on it, and it is not enough. Recognition of every speech, every choral strophe, every dialogue sequence, is necessary. For me, this meant simultaneously following the Hölderlin/Orff version in full score and an English version in an anthology. The album includes an English translation of Hölderlin—it should be used.

For those willing to pursue the matter to this length (and really, any opera deserves no less—it is simply more than usually urgent in this case), there will be some impressive and beautiful moments. The entrances and exits of the characters, for instance, are examples of theatrical incidental music of the highest order: there is something of the situation, something of the character and his stance in the drama, something of ritual presentation, in each of these passages. The choruses too take on real power and expressivity. One must, of course, accept the principle of ritual-song/declamation, and listen for what is there, rather than for what isn't.

The performance heard here is less than ideally cast, but impressive in its air of dedication. The role of Oedipus is written for a great actor who is also a heroic tenor, for amidst the pages of intonation on the same note there are sudden thrusts above the staff, including some to A and B flat; sudden changes in dynamics; sudden lamenting runs of thirty seconds. In Gerhard Stolze the role finds an artist who is a fine actor and a good musician but, alas, the least heroic of tenors. The thin, unattractive sound he produces is taxed to his utmost and beyond ours. In the theatre I am sure he is persuasive enough; on records, he arouses that tortured feeling always elicited by an artist who is applying himself with sensitivity and intelligence to his task but who is, as often as not, unbearable to hear. Too often, the vocal problems even render his musicianship suspect—as with runs that become long roller-coaster slurs.

His Jocasta, Astrid Varnay, treads the edge of the same precipice. There is still some good sound left in her voice, but not on a very consistent basis, and she has uncomfortable moments. It goes without saying that she remains a first-class artist, if one whose interpretative tendencies are a bit too "operatic" for this particular medium. But her final, offstage scream (if it is in fact hers, which I have no reason to doubt) is the most bloodcurdling yell put on records since some anonymous but ghoulishly determined lady scared the pajamas off everyone on the old Beecham recording of the last half of *Elektra*. A shoo-in for the Yawp of the Year Award.

The others have their one-scene-a-piece roles, to generally good effect, though the only really outstanding job

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comes from Carlos Alexander as the Messenger; a dry voice, but one which meets the demands, and an artist who comprehends and projects the horrifying narrative the character relates. James Harper characterizes Tiresias adequately and gives evidence of a tenor voice of some strength and flexibility if no great beauty—one would like to hear him in a "singing" role.

Maestro Kubelik (when will he follow up his *Rigoletto* with another "standard" opera?) has his peculiarly assorted forces firmly in rhythmic hand, and DGG has done a beautiful job in putting it all on records. As is often the case with this company's presentations, the recording is sometimes too immediate—a pounding tympanum in one speaker and a lusty bass shredding his tonsils to sing top Gs in the other require at least *some* distance. This is only occasionally obtrusive, however, and the small moments are caught especially well—a quietly intoned murmur from the chorus, a whisper from a principal, a gentle stroke of the triangle insinuate themselves into the silence. And the timbres of individual instruments are precisely fixed—the rich, cool sound of the alto flute, for example, which Orff uses to particular effect in one of the long choral strophe/antistrophe exchanges (strophe in one channel, antistrophe in the other, of course—but that's legitimate). The chorus sings and speaks magnificently. C.L.O.

REGER: *Suites for Unaccompanied Viola, Op. 131d: No. 1, in E minor: No. 3, in A*—See Hindemith: *Sonata for Unaccompanied Viola, Op. 25, No. 1.*

SCHOENBERG: *Quartets for Strings: No. 1, in D minor, Op. 7; No. 2, in F sharp minor, Op. 10; No. 3, Op. 30; No. 4, Op. 37*

Kohon Quartet of New York University (in Nos. 1, 3, 4); Maria Teresia Escribano, soprano, Ramor Quartet (in No. 2). Vox SVBX 590, $9.95 (three discs, stereo only) [No. 2 from Turnabout TV 34032S, 1962].

In the chamber repertory of the first half of the twentieth century, Schoenberg's quartets rank very near to Bartók's in importance, but they have fared far less well on record. The present set represents only their third recording; a privately recorded series of the late 1930s by the Kolisch Quartet was briefly available on Alco LPs around 1950, while the Juilliard set for Columbia has done duty since 1953 as the standard—and a very worthy one—for these important works. (A Kolisch remake of No. 3 was once available on Dial, but there have otherwise been no recordings of individual quartets except the Ramor No. 2, now incorporated in the Vox set.)

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The four quartets span most of the major phases of Schoenberg's career. After the gigantic forty-minute span of the one-movement First (1905), the brink of atonality is reached in the Second (1908), with its two vocal movements to poems of Stefan George. The last two quartets are both dedicated to the great patroness of chamber music, Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. The Third (1927) stands among the early twelve-tone works, while the Fourth (1936) is one of the first American works; both continue the "classical" vein of the Suites, Opp. 25 and 29. (The appropriate conclusion for this series of works is formed by the String Trio of 1946, typifying Schoenberg's later development of structural resources independent of traditional tonal forms; alas, there has never been an adequate commercial recording of this work—or even, for the last fifteen years, an inadequate one.)

In the circumstances, this new set of the quartets should be a major event. However, I'm afraid its main effect on at least one listener has been an even greater respect for the tremendous achievement of the Juilliard Quartet. The Ramor No. 2 is no more satisfactory than when it first appeared; the playing simply isn't adequate, in dynamic control, phrase-articulation, balance, tonal quality, or intonation. And the Kohon contributions don't strike a much higher level; the sheer sound of the playing is better, but the shaping of the music is only rough and approximate. For example, the opening of the Third Quartet, where Schoenberg starts an ostinato that then recedes behind melodic fragments in the first violin and cello, makes almost no musical sense here: the ostinato figure lacks rhythmic poise and thus fails to define clearly the metrical "space" within which the melodic fragments are laid out—and since this movement depends throughout on the ostinato and its derivatives, the initial failure is disastrous. By contrast, the Juilliard players give the ostinato a subtle but unequivocal rhythmic characterization that leaves no doubts in the listener's mind, despite their perceptibly faster tempo (which, in turn, greatly assists the achievement of melodic continuity).

Not all parts of these performances are that unsatisfactory, but I cannot in good conscience recommend them to listeners unfamiliar with the quartets as long as the Juilliard versions are in the catalogue. The latter are not available in stereo, but that cannot be a decisive factor given the discrepancy in musical quality. (We can probably expect a new Juilliard version some day soon, in the course of Columbia's complete Schoenberg.) D.H.

SCHUBERT: *Rosamunde, D. 797: Incidental Music*

Anneliese Rothenberger, soprano; Bavarian Radio Choir; Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Robert Heger, cond. ODEON SME 80997, $5.79 (stereo only).

Where has Robert Heger, veteran of that famed pre-World War II Vienna *Rosenkavalier* recording and some fine early Mercury LPs of Schubert symphonies, been hiding himself? His authoritative hand is very much in evidence here. Heger's way with the romantics is in the old tradition of Clemens Krauss and Bruno Walter. Like those conductors, he is mainly interested in a singing line, sensitive coloristic atmosphere, and a *gemütlich* expansiveness. The full-throated trombone-y hue of the Schubert orchestra is suggestively rather than blatantly stressed, and a comfortable togetherness rather than a split-second type of instrumental precision holds sway. Everything is poetic and clean but not machine-polished; and while Heger sets some mobile tempos, the music is never hustled into galvanic motion. As with most practitioners of this school of conducting, rhythm per se is not a particularly strong point: the galloping ostinato accentuation from the strings in the *Zauberharfe* overture is reticent and smoothed away here, and the rhythmic pulse elsewhere tends to be either a bit on the square side (as in the long melodic lines of the popular entr'acte) or a bit emphatic (in the equally celebrated ballet music selection). This easygoing approach is characteristic of the over-all tradition of which Heger is a part, but his conducting also reveals many individual touches. For one thing, Heger's reserve is far removed, for example, from Walter's unctuous sentimentality in this same music: Heger plays Schubert like a North German rather than a Viennese, and—for me at least—his way is far preferable.

The selections contained here in addition to the *Zauberharfe* overture are the Romanze *"Der Vollmond strahlt"* (sung by Anneliese Rothenberger with attractive, almost mezzo-ish tone), the *Jägerchor*, the *Geisterchor*, and *Hirtenchor*, the three entr'actes, and the Ballet Music I and II.

I myself still favor the Haitink Concertgebouw performance for Philips, which makes a rather more dynamic thing of *Rosamunde* without sacrificing too much in the way of its charm. Nevertheless, Heger's rich-sounding version offers a sensitive and very satisfying account. H.G.

SCHUBERT: *Trio for Piano and Strings, No. 1, in B flat, D. 898; Notturno in E flat, D. 897*

Suk Trio. CROSSROADS 22 16 0147 or 22 16 0148, $2.49.

The standard way of dealing with Schubert's B flat Trio (though, for some reason, not his E flat) is to turn it into café music. The tricky violin writing in the scherzo and finale is invariably played with that coy combination of portamento and vibrato that, for me at any rate, almost graphically portrays the Continental "man of the world" suavely turning on the charm. And the cello solos usually sound for all the world like a chap singing expansively from his hot tub. I am not complaining about such standard procedure, mind you,

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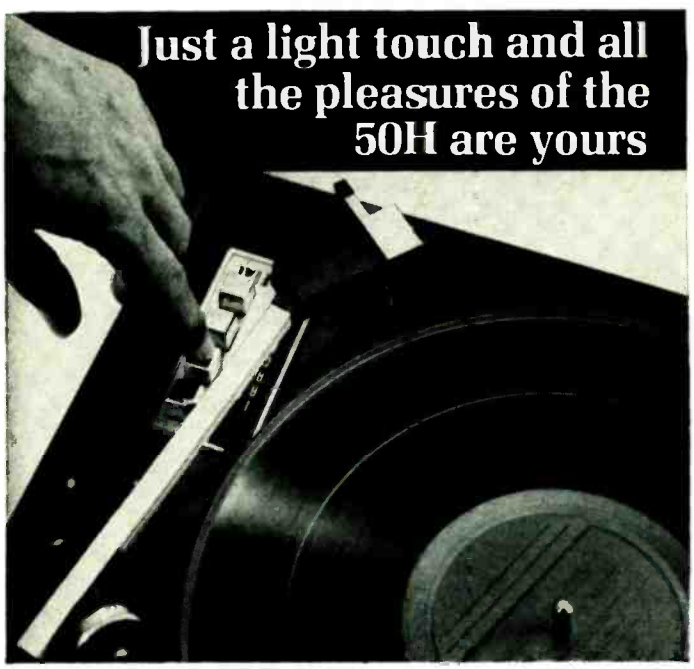

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but it takes a team such as Thibaud, Casals, and Cortot to bring it off with requisite *savoir-faire*. Under lesser auspices the music inevitably emerges trite and tinkly.

All of which is prelude to hailing the Suk Trio's reading as a revelation. While there is no loss of color, velocity, or delicacy when those qualities are in order, there is absolutely none of the usual *Kitsch* here. These musicians opt for a clear-cut, almost Beethovenian framework. Rhythmic direction is strong, phrasing is wonderfully unmannered. The resultant interpretation is as valid and refreshing as it is overdue: Heifetz/Rubinstein/Feuermann attempted a similar rethinking in their famous old recording, but ended by seeming overly austere. The Suk performance is completely *simpatico*. The *Notturno* receives an equally memorable statement. Panenka, the pianist of the triumvirate, could perhaps be a bit more attentive to the double dotting in the difficult middle sections, but even in that respect he is miles ahead of Pressler (Philips) and Eschenbach (DGG). The Suk people convey intensity and breadth without somnolence.

The sound has a most appropriate dry intimacy. Perhaps a bit more cello might have been in order, but why quibble? This is a magnificent find—and at a bargain price. H.G.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 10, in E minor, Op. 93*

New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. ODYSSEY 32 16 0123, $2.49 (mono only) [from Columbia ML 4959, 1954].

U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, Yevgeny Svetlanov, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SR 40025, $5.79 (stereo only).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 139020, $5.79 (stereo only).

Dimitri Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony ranks, together with the Violin Concerto, as one of the most significant works to come from his pen in the last twenty years. Avoiding the *longueurs* of most of its immediate predecessors and successors, the Tenth Symphony is tightly organized and maintains a high level of inspiration throughout. Since the four recordings once available had dwindled long ago to only one, this triumvirate of current releases (two of which are stereo firsts) has restored the work's representation to its former level. (Additionally, a new disc by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra is in the planning stages.)

Dimitri Mitropoulos had a particular affinity for this symphony. He gave its Western Hemisphere premiere in 1954 (not the world premiere, as Odyssey's liner has it) and conducted it twenty times in the ensuing season. When Mitropoulos was in top form, the Philharmonic played unusually well, and this recording conveys an exciting spontaneity. The orchestra's strings have the tonal lushness and somber color that the work needs, and Columbia has laudably refrained from adulterating the clean monophonic sound with pseudo-stereo.

In comparison, the smallish-sounding U.S.S.R. Symphony is distinctly minor league, endeavoring to make up in enthusiasm what it lacks in refinement. Its efforts are undermined by Yevgeny Svetlanov, who flattens out dynamic contrasts and tends to bog down in the first and third movements' climactic sections. Melodiya/Angel's stereo directionality is vivid, if strangely balanced, but the disc has been cut at an unnecessarily high modulation level.

Even though Herbert von Karajan gets the slickest playing and widest range recording of the three versions discussed here, the distant microphone placement and the conductor's own lack of involvement tend to dissipate the music's impact. Von Karajan races through the most powerful pages of the score in such a manner as to make them seem trivial. This is one of the few instances in Shostakovich when the epithet "banal" must be applied to the performance, not the music.

Although Mitropoulos comes closest, none of these recordings matches the interpretative distinction of Eugene Mravinsky conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic on MK 1523. It's too bad that Melodiya/Angel couldn't arrange a stereo remake. M.S.

STRAVINSKY: *Elégie*—See Hindemith: *Sonata for Unaccompanied Viola, Op. 25, No. 1.*

SUBOTNICK: *Silver Apples of the Moon*

For a feature review of this album of electronic music, see page 75.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 35; Capriccio italien, Op. 45*

Christian Ferras, violin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 139028, $5.79 (stereo only).

A canny degree of musical intelligence, at harmony with natural romantic instincts, enables violinist Ferras to bring new life to this much abused concerto. Soloist and conductor opt for broad tempos, allowing the music to roll forward nobly and inexorably up to the derring-do acrobatics of the finale—which, happily, Ferras surmounts with as much refined taste as technical aplomb. This artist's control over such niceties as portamento and rubato is just short of amazing, his pinpoint articulation a source of sustained admiration. These qualities, abetted by Von Karajan's genuinely sympathetic accompaniment, make this one of those truly fine performances in which artistic impulse and skilled craftsmanship fuse as one.

Karajan's involvement in the Concerto is missing from his account of the *Capriccio italien*. The playing is magnificent, but the aloofness—especially evident in the lack of any hint of the Neapolitan lilt of *Bella Ragazza* but apparent everywhere save in the brassy pretense of the opening and closing episodes—is a grave fault. One can be impressed, but never moved.

Sonically, the disc is thoroughly satisfying—clean, warm, and lifelike. S.L.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Quartet for Strings, No. 3, in E flat minor, Op. 30*

Vlach Quartet. CROSSROADS 22 16 0121 or 22 16 0122, $2.49.

In the Third Quartet, Tchaikovsky no doubt was wrestling with what he felt were major expressive issues. The first movement, almost as long as Beethoven's longest first movements, seems to propose issues of serious consequence in rather stiff traditional forms, but it never comes to grips with them musically. While the angular rhythms remind one of late Beethoven, the entire movement lacks a real dramatic focus. A brief scherzo with reminiscences of Beethoven's late-quartet black humor is more successful, and the funeral slow movement, making no great dramatic pretensions, becomes a straightforward expression of Tchaikovsky's melancholy. Of the finale, it is hard to say just where it is going: in a major key, it seems to imply a triumphant resolution of the dark mood of the previous movements, but it never gets off the ground.

The Vlach Quartet plays with an idiomatic Slavic affinity for this music, both in expression and in timbre. The group has good balance, a cohesive and characteristic sound, and a technique more than adequate for the requirements of the score. The recorded sound is good, without being especially brilliant or sharply defined. P.H.

TELEMANN: *Ino*

Yvonne Ciannella, soprano; Bach Collegium (Stuttgart), Helmuth Rilling, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34100 or TV 34100S, $2.50.

A year ago Archive released the first recording of this splendid dramatic cantata, composed in Telemann's eighty-fifth year. The music is delightfully fresh in an almost Haydn-esque manner, and demonstrates Telemann's astonishing ability to keep up, like a sort of eighteenth-century Stravinsky, with all the latest stylistic developments and still not lose his personal touch.

The excellent Archive performance, sung by Gundula Janowitz and conducted by Wilfried Boettcher, must remain first choice, but this new Turnabout issue has much besides a far lower price to recommend it. Yvonne Ciannella possesses an attractive light soprano voice which she uses with much

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musical and dramatic sensitivity; compared with Janowitz's, however, her intonation too often fails. Helped by an airy recording that is easier on the ear than Archive's uncharacteristically close-up sound, Helmuth Rilling's direction is perceptive and relaxed. In the matter of embellishments both performers are fair-to-middling. Turnabout's turnover comes at a more sensible spot. But apart from Miss Janowitz's greater vocal security, what decides the issue in favor of Archive is the sheer rhythmic delicacy and zest of the playing—particularly in the *Dance of the Tritons*—as well as Boettcher's far more gracious *Andantino grazioso* tempo for the aria *"Meint ihr mich, ihr Nereiden."*

Both records provide text and translation. The Turnabout switches two lines in one place; in the Archive text three lines are missing altogether, but they are safely there in the performance. For some reason both liners, though neither text, refer to "Melicertes" as "Melicerta" —perhaps the writers consulted Latin-oriented classical dictionaries instead of Greek ones. B.J.

VERDI: *La Traviata*

Montserrat Caballé (s), Violetta; Nancy Stokes (s), Annina; Dorothy Krebill (ms), Flora; Carlo Bergonzi (t), Alfredo; Fernando Iacopucci (t), Gastone; Camillo Sforza (t), Giuseppe; Sherrill Milnes (b), Germont; Gene Boucher (b), Baron Douphol; Thomas Jamerson (b), Marquis d'Obigny; Flavio Tasin (b), Servant; Harold Enns (bs), Dr. Grenvil; RCA Italiana Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Georges Prêtre, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 6180 or LSC 6180, $17.37 (three discs).

This new *Traviata* is the second version to give us the score note-complete: it includes the tenor and baritone cabalettas with their repeats, the usually omitted verses of other numbers such as the *"Ah, fors'è lui"* and *"Addio del passato,"* and even the invariably cut duet section after *"Gran Dio, morir si giovine!"* For collectors keenly interested in studying the whole score, therefore, the choice of versions will lie between this edition and the London with Sutherland—which, incidentally, has the same tenor.

Apart from the virtue of completeness, this recording has its positive aspects insofar as performance is concerned. For one thing, it provides an international introduction for the young American baritone Sherrill Milnes, who seems destined to be one of our important singers for the next couple of decades. He is a genuine representative of that unusual voice type, the high dramatic baritone—the sort with the thrust and size required by the big Italian roles but with a basically lighter color than that of the usual Rigoletto or Iago. It is a very firm sound, quite evenly scaled, and informed with the sort of bite that is especially exciting on top—the G and A flat (not heard here, of course) are as secure and ringing as they come.

Milnes is also an extroverted, vigorous sort of singer. This gives everything he does a basic life; it also sometimes results in an impression of mere generalized energy, so that the vigor is not always of a specific and helpful sort. This problem sometimes intrudes here: more than once, he seems more concerned with displaying an ample, resonant sound for its own sake than with directing it towards a truly expressive purpose. We get a picture of a young, energetic Germont who wins over Violetta by more or less talking her down, and I imagine that in the future this very gifted singer will find ways to turn his excellent sound to more polished, considered ends. As it is, this is a fine-sounding start, sung with good tone and line and with some variety of color and dynamics.

Mme. Caballé makes much the same impression as she has heretofore: the voice is a fine one, but the temperament is rather bland and unimaginative; the technique has points of strength and others of rather unexpected weakness. On this set her very best work occurs in the *"Addio del passato,"* which is really most beautifully sung, and which she projects in a sincere, simple manner.

This section aside, I cannot say that I find her Violetta moving or exciting. Parts of it are well vocalized, others less so—intonation is not always what it should be, and it is strange that she cannot "move" her voice sufficiently for a satisfactory *"Sempre libera."* Neither does Carlo Bergonzi's Alfredo do much to move the listener—smooth, as usual; a bit lacking in the *scena della borsa* and other "big" moments; almost never compelling. Bergonzi's finest moments come in a fluent *"De' miei bollenti spiriti."*

The preponderance of the small roles are taken by young American singers, mostly veterans of the Metropolitan National Company campaigns. They are all adequate, and more than that in the instances of Dorothy Krebill's Flora and Gene Boucher's Douphol.

With regard to the conducting of Georges Prêtre, I do not know what one can say except that he just does not seem on a wavelength with this opera. Many a fine conductor fails to come to terms with the elusively simple requirements of early Verdi (Mitropoulos was one), and that seems to be the case here, as it was with M. Prêtre's leadership of the same opera last year at the Met. There is no point in cataloguing the complaints: most frequently they involve a failure to maintain any rhythmic bone, any over-all movement, under key scenes (the bottom just falls out of a tempo, for no discoverable reason), combined with a disturbing rigidity and precipitousness in many of the connecting passages or sections of recitative and with an overemphasis on contrasts (in tempos and in dynamics) that seems puerile. It is hectic and unsettled, and has no point of view, as if the conductor wished the opera had been written differently. He's fighting the score, and ought to give it a rest.

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The sound has good spread and fullness, along with an excess of reverberation at some points. Between this and the London edition, I just would not know what to suggest—choice depends on individual taste in singers, I suppose. Neither is an emotionally persuasive statement of the opera, complete or no. Among the others, my favorite remains the now deleted Monteux performance (mono only) with Carteri, Valletti, and Warren; I hope we may expect it on the Victrola label. And another Victor effort that *is* available (Moffo, Tucker, and Merrill, under Previtali) is a good, solid performance worth owning. Otherwise, it boils down to individual contributions—Tebaldi's Violetta on the earlier London version, for instance. And of course the Toscanini edition, despite dated sound and uneven vocalism, calls for at least a hearing, even though it is not among the most successful of his operatic recordings.

Though the only *Traviata* I can wholeheartedly recommend is a discontinued version, the record industry's current short-cycle release/withdrawal pattern affords us a hopeful note: there's bound to be another soon. C.L.O.

RECITALS & MISCELLANY

MARY GARDEN: *Arias and Songs*

Verdi: *La Traviata: Ah, fors'è lui; Sempre libera.* Massenet: *Thaïs: L'amour est une vertu rare. Le Jongleur de Notre Dame: Liberté. Hérodiade: Il est doux, il est bon.* Charpentier: *Louise: Depuis le jour. Five Scottish and Irish Songs: John Anderson, My Jo; Comin' Thro' the Rye; Jock O'Hazeldean; Blue Bells of Scotland; Irish Love Song.*

Mary Garden, soprano; orchestras. ODYSSEY 32 16 0079, $2.49 (mono only) [from originals recorded 1911–12].

According to Chapter One, Verse One of the Book of the Garden Legend, she was the original no-voice soprano. An instrument, it is told, of small range and size, for which she compensated by a combination of personal magnetism, acting ability, stylistic intuition, and sheer *chutzpah*. Be it not upon my head to give the writ the lie. I can only say that Garden made some very fine records, records which leave the impression of a decidedly first-rate lyric soprano voice, reasonably (though not perfectly) used, and which were cut at a time when the recording discipline was still unkind to high voices. She also made some poor records (at least one exceedingly crumby "*Depuis le jour*," for example, which happily is not the one transferred here) and, I gather, performed for some years after her technical apparatus had lost the combat with her theatrical ambition. This, I assume, is the origin of the no-voice hypothesis.

Odyssey has done the legend no good. They have taken some of the very best Garden discs and transferred them beautifully—what a misfortune it is that the major companies, with access to mint-condition copies and to the equipment and expertise necessary for true restoration work, so seldom see their way to such projects. Columbia's own efforts have been few, but of excellent quality; perhaps the Odyssey label will afford a feasible outlet for such items.

The effect that Garden makes here is not that of a *prima donna assoluta*—she does not try everything from Santuzza to Lucia—but of a true lyric soprano who copes well with all the requirements of that voice type. She displays no top E flat, but a secure and

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attractive C, and a facility with scales and flights (in the "*Sempre libera*") not often matched. The tone floats and shimmers, letting out beautifully at the top, and gives and takes easily—she handles the swell and diminish in trying parts of the range with considerable command. The intonation is excellent, and the only negative observation that can be made is of some unsettlement in the lower part of the range.

The aria side is pure pleasure, for she brings to this repertoire not only this first-class vocal and technical outfitting but a kind of belief and understanding that seems not a part of this singing generation, and which is precisely the ingredient needed to impart flavor to a Thaïs, a Jean, a Louise.

The song side is, so far as I am concerned, filler. Not that the songs are not pleasant to hear, and not that they aren't well done; but "period charm" is the phrase that best describes their over-all effect. Side 1 is sung in the artist's peculiar wonderful/awful French. Side 2 in w/a English. There is some surface noise, traceable to the originals, on some of the selections, but the transfers sound honest, and give the voice a forward, full presentation.

Do not expect a smoldering, tempestuous temperament: expect a gentler, more knowing art, conveyed by means of some excellent singing. And expect all these Massenet operas to seem, at least temporarily, well worth performing.

C.L.O.

JASCHA HEIFETZ: *Violin Recital*

Saint-Saëns: *Sonata for Violin, No. 1, in D minor, Op. 75.* Sibelius: *Nocturne, Op. 51, No. 3.* Wieniawski: *Capriccio-Valse, Op. 7.* Rachmaninoff: *Daisies, Op. 38, No. 3; Oriental Sketch.* Falla: *Nana; Jota.*

Jascha Heifetz, violin; Brooks Smith, piano. RCA VICTOR LM 2978 or LSC 2978, $5.79.

The Saint-Saëns Violin Sonata No. 1 has been Heifetz's property for as far back as many record collectors' memories go, I would guess: his first version, with Emanuel Bay, was issued in 1952 and is still on the market—the only recording of the work extant. The new performance with Brooks Smith shows no signs of wear or tear whatever—it is, in fact, surprisingly unchanged, a bit more incisive and peremptory in the sforzandos and a bit less teeth-clenching in the *moto perpetuo* passages of the Allegro molto, but in all respects as clean, clear, and bold as it ever was. I really cannot conceive of a better performance than this. Heifetz does not stint on the romantic rhapsodizing of the Adagio, and he and Smith turn out an Allegretto as crisp and elegant as a window at Tiffany's. The vignettes on Side 2 range from cool moonlight and quicksilver to the warm dance of castanets. Superbly recorded.

S.F.

GUNDULA JANOWITZ: *Operatic Recital*

Weber: *Der Freischütz: Wie nahte mir der Schlummer . . . Leise, leise, fromme Weise; Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle. Oberon: Ozean, du Ungeheuer! Wolkenlos strahlt dann die Sonne; Traure, mein Herz.* Wagner: *Tannhäuser: Dich, teure Halle; Allmächt'ge Jungfrau. Lohengrin: Einsam in trüben Tagen; Euch Lüften die mein Klagen. Rienzi: Gerechter Gott! So ist's entschieden schon!*

Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Orchestra of the Deutsche Oper (Berlin), Ferdinand Leitner, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 136546, $5.79 (stereo only).

Gundula Janowitz offers some lovely singing here, and the selection of arias is an intelligent one, mixing familiar items with two fine rarities (the poignant "*Traure, mein Herz*," omitted from Eurodisc's *Oberon* highlights, and "*Gerechter Gott!*," from *Rienzi*) and giving a capsule survey of Wagner's relation to Weber. Yet the recital remains problematic.

Much of the music on this record was written for a particular kind of heroine dear to the hearts of early and mid-nineteenth-century Germans: mystical, dreamy, sad, with a demurely sublimated but unmistakable sexuality. (Siegfried was not the first German male to confuse his mother with his lover; Brünnhilde herself is in part an extension of this peculiar type of maternal maiden.) In this context we have grown accustomed to a rather warm style in German romantic music, a type of singing epitomized in the postwar period by Elisabeth Grümmer. Miss Janowitz, on the other hand, is a cool singer, of medium vocal weight with a whitish coloration which makes the voice seem small and the intonation occasionally disconcerting. She sings with a minimum of portamento, often rather inflexible phrasing, and a limited dynamic range. Much of her work, no matter what the musical or dramatic context, sounds chaste, impersonal, and detached.

For the more introspective side of these romantic maidens, reflected in lyrical and muted music, this style is not unsuited. While Miss Janowitz may overemphasize chastity, her singing is wonderfully pure and crystalline. Thus both *Lohengrin* numbers, the second arias from *Der Freischütz*, *Oberon*, and *Tannhäuser*, and the predominantly lyrical sections of "*Leise, leise*" are given performances that other sopranos singing this repertoire today would be hard put to better.

Elsewhere, however, Miss Janowitz is less successful. These dreamy girls also had their ecstatic moments: "*Dich, teure Halle*" (or "*Dich, teure Jungfrau*," as the label of my review copy would have it) and the conclusions of "*Leise, leise*" and "*Ozean, du Ungeheuer*" all express situations in which the heroine can hardly wait for the arrival of the hero. These, and much of "*Gerechter Gott!*," should all be musically and dramatically ex-

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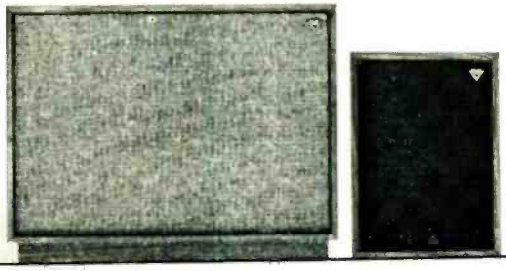

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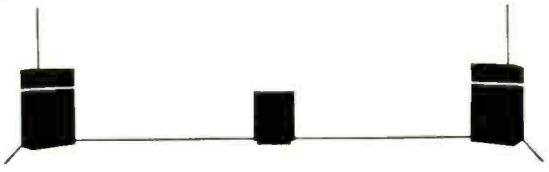

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CIRCLE 43 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

citing, and Miss Janowitz is not an exciting singer. Some of her problems, admittedly, may involve simple misjudgments: the final few measures of *"Ozean, du Ungeheuer,"* marked *ff* in the score, are crippled by an unwillingness to go all out. And she is hardly helped by Ferdinand Leitner's lackluster accompaniments: he, like the singer, is more effective in lyrical moments.

But her main difficulty in this more outgoing kind of music lies in her seemingly over self-conscious vocal method, and especially in her upper register. A long, building line can only succeed in performance if the high notes bloom. Miss Janowitz's are pinched and effortful, and her occasional mannerism of setting herself onto a *forte* high note *piano* and swelling up to the indicated dynamic marking is annoying. In rapid climactic passages she begins to vocalize, ducking hard consonants (*"en[tg]e[g]en ihm"* at the end of *"Leise, leise"*) and blurring vowels.

Aside from requiring moments of abandonment, two of these arias call throughout for vocal types even further removed from Miss Janowitz's than the standard *lyrischer Sopran*. *"Ozean, du Ungeheuer"* has led a separate life apart from *Oberon* as a vehicle for dramatic sopranos, as in the Flagstad and Austral recordings. *"Gerechter Gott!"* is a mezzo aria; although its tessitura is manageable for a soprano, Wagner clearly wanted a warmer color for this *Hosenrolle*. (Although why we should expect a more feminine quality than Miss Janowitz's almost boyish voice for such roles I shall leave to amateur Freudians like Brigid Brophy to explain.)

The whole record is a semitone higher than A-440 pitch. Either the Deutsche Oper orchestra is tuning to new heights, or somebody at DGG slipped up, or the singer has transposed the entire program. *If* the last, it would seem calculated to prevent exposing a rather colorless lower register even more than is here the case.

Despite these reservations, however, I suspect that the juxtaposition of Miss Janowitz's kind of reserve with a little more personal expressiveness could lead to some wonderfully fresh and illuminating performances in much of this repertoire. Certainly a large part of the present recital is well worth hearing. J.R.

HANNE-LORE KUHSE: *Lieder Recital*

Schubert: *Seligkeit*; *Daphne am Bach*; *Die Forelle*; *An die Musik*; *Du bist die Ruh*; *Heidenröslein*. Wolf: *Auf eine altes Bild*; *In dem Schatten meiner Locken*; *Auch kleine Dinge*. Brahms: *Vergebliches Ständchen*; *Sandmännchen*; *Mädchenlied*; *Wie Melodien zieht es mir*; *Das Mädchen spricht*; *Wiegenlied*. Dvořák: *Rings ist der Wald*; *Als die alte Mutter*.

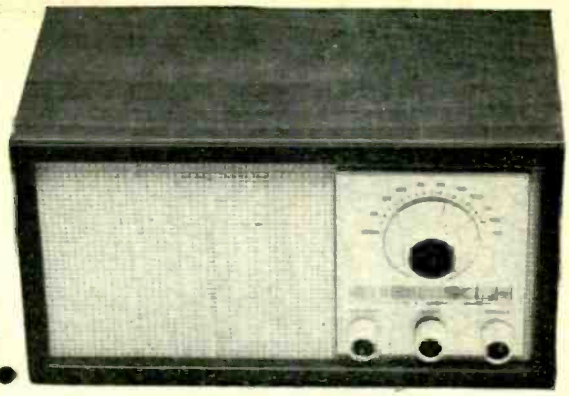
Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano; Taijiro Iimori, piano. RCA VICTOR LM 2967 or LSC 2967, $5.79.

This record strikes me as a notable piece of bad judgment on somebody's part. Hanne-Lore Kuhse is an East German dramatic soprano who has for a decade or more been singing Donna Anna, Leonore, and the big Wagner roles. A few months ago she came to Philadelphia and was well received as Isolde. Her voice is exceptionally lovely, free and even, though the intonation is not always under ideal control. On the evidence of this record, however, she is not a memorable interpreter of Lieder.

Now take a look at the selections. Here are some of the most popular and familiar songs in the entire literature. We know every note. They have been repeatedly recorded over the past sixty years by everyone from Elena Gerhardt to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Miss Kuhse is not, by a country mile, in the running. She sings these songs for the most part cleanly enough, in a youthful and artless manner. But there is no character projection at all, and hardly any differentiation for the variety of emotions. Every now and then we get a minor tonal infelicity, an insecure note—something easily forgivable for compensating values. But of these there are almost none. The Brahms are, by and large, the best items here but they are not good enough.

Iimori contributes a set of clear but colorless accompaniments but they are denied their due prominence by the recording balance. G.M.

CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD→



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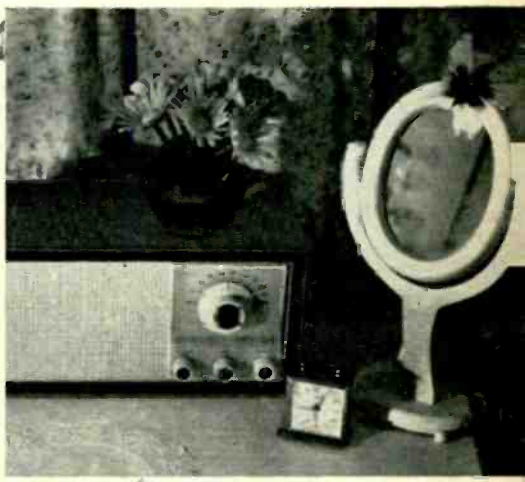
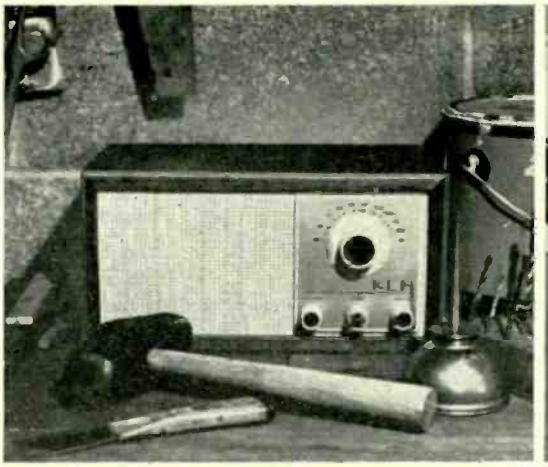
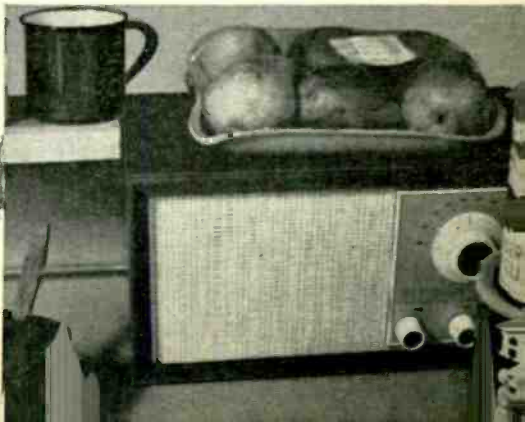






BRUNO MADERNA: *"The New Music"*

Stockhausen: *Kontra-Punkte (for 10 Instruments).* Penderecki: *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima (for 52 Strings).* Brown: *Available Forms I (for Chamber Ensemble).* Pousseur: *Rimes pour différentes sources sonores.*

Rome Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Maderna, cond. RCA VICTROLA VIC 1239 or VICS 1239, $2.50.

If it's Modern music with a capital first "m" you're looking for, then this is the real McCoy, though I'm not so sure about the "music" part. I'm not suggesting that more extreme things haven't been done; but three of the four pieces on this disc still are—and are likely to remain—way the other side of the gulf of appreciation for even an experienced listener.

I've tried hard with Karlheinz Stockhausen over a period of years, and I still find it impossible, not merely to *enjoy* his music, but even to listen to it with full concentration. He seems to me dead from the neck down. There may be some human virtue in his electronic compositions, such as the *Gesang der Jünglinge*, but the human race would not be one iota different if his purely instrumental pieces had never been written. There—I have given away the impossibly old-fashioned basis of my critical position: I think music is for people. *Kontra-Punkte* may appeal to you, in precisely the same degree as you enjoy solving double acrostics or programming computers. It does have moments that bespeak imagination as distinct from a mere cerebral rigor, but they are sparse.

Earle Brown, on the other hand, cannot be accused of excessive cerebration. He, in fact, has not taken the trouble to compose his piece—he has contented himself with supplying bricks of material for the performers to build into their own sound-edifice at will. I find *Available Forms I* prettier, from moment to moment, than *Kontra-Punkte*—but who is to say whether this is a compliment to Brown or to Maderna?

Henri Pousseur's piece combines ordinary instrumental sounds with others derived from tape sources. It reminds me of nothing so much as my childhood experiences in the London air raids, and it gives me about as much pleasure. Indeed, to indulge in a mental jump, the whole of this species of composition seems to me, for all its intellectualism, essentially childish: the materials of experience are here, but they have not been fashioned into a form that can make them humanly communicable. And the result is that interest devolves exclusively on the medium—on the "sound effects" as such—without reference to what, if anything, is being said.

There remains Krzysztof Penderecki, shining like a light, albeit a lurid one, through the darkness. I have already expressed my admiration [HIGH FIDELITY, September 1967, p. 99] for the *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima.* This, by contrast with the Modern music of the other three pieces, is genuine modern Music. It tears at the heart, it is new, and it is very beautiful. I retain a marginal preference for the Rowicki performance reviewed in September, but all four of the Maderna performances recorded here are very fine. The recording is wonderfully vivid, and RCA's surfaces—as usual, and as I too often forget to remark—are impeccably silent. B.J.

MUSIC OF PORTUGAL: *"Portugal's Golden Age"*

Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord; Geraint Jones, organ; Gulbenkian Foundation Chorus; Gulbenkian Chamber Orchestra, Renato Ruotolo, cond.

For a feature review of four discs representing Portuguese music of the sixteenth through eighteenth centuries, see page 78.

LEONTYNE PRICE: *Operatic Arias, Vol. II*

Handel: *Atalanta: Care selve.* Mozart: *Don Giovanni: Or sai chi l'onore.* Weber: *Der Freischütz: Leise, leise. Macbeth: Sleepwalking Scene.* Boito: *Mefistofele: L'altra notte in fondo al mare.* Debussy: *L'Enfant prodigue: Air de Lia.* Giordano: *Andrea Chénier: La mamma morta.* Zandonai: *Francesca da Rimini: Paolo, datemi pace.* Puccini: *Suor Angelica: Senza mamma.*

Leontyne Price, soprano; RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra, Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 2968 or LSC 2968, $5.79.

What a woman! What a voice! That was my cry after hearing the very first band of this record—Handel's air, given with such purity of legato singing as one might have thought vanished from the earth, its shadow to be sought only in ancient discs. But here it is, done just the other day, and in living stereo too. Brava!

And there are other marvels: a vibrantly intense projection of Donna Anna's vengeance aria, preceded by the recitative it needs for take off (with Don Ottavio sung by the ubiquitous Piero de Palma); Lady Macbeth's somnambulism, hauntingly atmospheric; Maddelena's *racconto* from *Chénier* and Angelica's lament, both conveyed with total involvement and loveliness of tone.

There is another lament as well, Lia's call to Azael, her absent son. This music was scorned by its composer in his later years ("Lalo could have written it, or Massenet!"). Taken happily on those terms, it becomes an entirely successful piece of opera, more theatrically communicative than anything Debussy was later to write. Leontyne Price restores it worthily to circulation, spinning so shining a melodic thread as to evoke memories of Dorothy Maynor, who once made a memorable record of this music.

Only the *vivace con fuoco* passage of the *Freischütz* scene is really disappoint-

ing. I cannot believe Miss Price is happy in this music: she should leave it to others, despite Lilli Lehmann's dictum (quoted approvingly by Marcia Davenport in the booklet accompanying these records) that "a soprano is a soprano, that she should be able to sing well any and all music that lies in the range and size of her voice." Leontyne Price comes as close as anyone today to filling that prescription, but she need not be the universal aunt of music to win unqualified approval. Let her continue to sing that which engages her emotions and we shall be content.

The conductor lets things slide too much in the Boito aria; the current turns awry and loses the name of action.

With those two reservations, the disc can be wholeheartedly recommended to all who love operatic singing. The sound is impeccable and the packaging lavish. Above all, the singing is splendid. G.M.

JENNIE TOUREL: *Russian Songs*

Balakirev: *Under the Mask*. Borodin: *Your Native Land*. Cui: *The Statue of Tsarskoye Selo*. Rimsky-Korsakov: *A Flight of Passing Clouds*. Mussorgsky: *The Magpie and the Little Gypsy Dancer*. Tchaikovsky: *Lullaby; None But the Lonely Heart; Pagadi; Romance*. Rachmaninoff: *The Pied Piper*. Stravinsky: *Pastorale; Tilimbom*. Glinka: *Doubt; Elegie*.

Jennie Tourel, mezzo; Allen Rogers, piano; Gary Karr, double bass. ODYSSEY 32 16 0069 or 32 16 0070, $2.49.

Given the prevalence of mournful sentiment in the Russian song repertory, full LP recitals run the risk of inducing acute melancholia when taken straight in one sitting. It is evidence of Jennie Tourel's skill both as program maker and as artist that the present disc (not a reissue but a new recording, despite the Odyssey label) requires no warning notice such as "Recommended dosage: three songs per day; do not exceed." In truth, the musical substance here is not always overwhelming, but the program neatly illustrates all the major figures from Glinka to Stravinsky while avoiding the usual chestnuts (with one obvious exception).

It is often true that stylistic and linguistic authority in this music usually brings with it those trying vocal flaws that many Russian singers (especially women) seem so assiduously to cultivate; fortunately, Jennie Tourel's combination of Russian background and French vocal training effectively cuts that usually Gordian knot. The sheer vocal sound isn't quite as luxuriant as it once was, but still unmatched are the elegant phrasing, the manifold tonal colorings (very striking in the Glinka *Elegie*), the scrupulous realization of textual effects without overriding the composers' musical specifications (compare the Mussorgsky *Magpie* with Christoff's licentious reading), and the breath control. Even *None But the Lonely Heart* is worth recording when it's done this well—and a

special bow to Allen Rogers here, for his firm control of the syncopations in the piano part; all too often, the second half of the first beat in each measure is delayed by a destructive rubato, resulting in ridiculous measures of 4½ beats (cf. Vishnevskaya and Rostropovich).

The Glinka and Tchaikovsky songs (except the latter's *Lullaby*) are presented with obbligato parts for double bass, whose authenticity I haven't been able to determine—since the 1897 Jurgenson catalogue of Tchaikovsky doesn't list such versions, I'm inclined to be dubious. At any rate, they are "traditional," but I'm not sure they're a good idea, at least in some of the Tchaikovsky songs. The displacement of accompaniment melodies from the voice's register down to the nether regions makes for a very different effect—note the climax of *None But the Lonely Heart*, where the countermelody should cross over the vocal line in ascending to its own high point. These reservations certainly do not apply to the playing of Gary Karr; "tradition" never had it so good.

Odyssey limits its annotations to brief paraphrases of the texts; line-by-line translations would greatly enhance one's appreciation of Mme. Tourel's artistry. If other companies can manage text leaflets in their budget records, why not Columbia?

All the same, this record belongs right next to the other Jennie Tourel records in your collection—and if you haven't any as yet, perhaps Odyessy will give us some more to keep this one company. It could start right away by reissuing that famous Tourel-Bernstein version of Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death*, with perhaps the Debussy *Poèmes de Baudelaire* on the other side. D.H.

JACQUES URLUS: *Operatic Recital*

Mozart: *Die Zauberflöte: Bildnisarie.* Weber: *Euryanthe: Unter blühenden Mandelbäumen.* Wagner: *Rienzi: Erstehe hohe Roma. Lohengrin: Nun sei bedankt: In fernem Land. Die Meistersinger: Preislied. Götterdämmerung: Mime heiss ein mürrischer Zwerg.* D'Albert: *Tiefland: Wolfserzählung.* Meyerbeer: *Le Prophète: Pastorale: Triumphgesang.* Rossini: *William Tell: Ha! Wohin? Ah, Mathilde.* Bizet: *Carmen: Flower Song: José/Escamillo duet.* Halévy: *La Juive: Recha, als Gott.* Verdi: *Otello: Otello's Death.* Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Nein! Bin Bajazzo nicht bloss.*

Jacques Urlus, tenor; Walter Soomer, bass (in the Rossini and the Bizet duet); orchestras. Rococo 5238, $5.95 (mono only).

This is a most interesting record—about time that Jacques Urlus, a brilliant and versatile artist, had significant LP representation.

After Melchior, and perhaps Slezak, Urlus is probably the finest *Heldentenor* to be heard on records. The voice did not have the exciting intensity or the *squillo* of Melchior's, but it was of a rather lovelier, more relaxed quality, with its comfortable tessitura pitched roughly a semitone higher than Melchior's (I mean the heavy-heroic Melchior of the mid-Thirties on). If one were to describe its timbre, one might mention the sort of sound made by a very good "light" Wagner tenor (e.g., the young Lorenz, Voelker, or Ralf), with an overlay of the freedom and warmth of Tauber—except that this would not evoke its genuinely heroic quality.

It was, in other words, a quite remarkable voice. Unlike Melchior, Urlus did not fix on the Wagner parts exclusively, even late in his career, but ventured often and successfully into French and Italian roles, and even into Mozart and Bach. The fact that he sang these varied roles right into his sixties, and often under burden of a crushing schedule, is testament enough to the basic rightness of his technique. (Sample schedule from the final days of his first, very busy, Metropolitan season: April 3, 1913, Tannhäuser; April 5, Lohengrin; April 6, extended excerpts from *Götterdammerung* and *Walküre* in concert with Gadski; April 9, Von Stolzing; April 11, Tannhäuser again. Then, after a six-day rest, Tamino!) In addition, he was by all the audible evidence an artist of real temperament and sensitivity, open to a variety of styles and passions.

The records assembled here range from very firm, yet flexible performances of such lyric items as the Mozart and Weber arias to the straight heroic tone demanded by the *Rienzi* or *Prophète* extracts. Virtually the only criticism one can make is that some (not all) of the high tones take on an unpleasantly "straight" sound, deficient in vibrato, like some of the older Martinelli's. It is always impossible to know just how much of this should be ascribed to the acoustical recording process. But the heroic passages never become beefy or cloudy, and the lyricism never becomes namby-pamby or tentative. Certainly the *Lohengrin* and *Meistersinger* passages are unsurpassed by any other versions, and Urlus' *Carmen* "Flower Song" is simply perfect, except that he cannot quite decide what to do with the final B flat. The *Götterdämmerung* narrative is most interestingly and sensitively done, and the singer's feeling for Verdi or even Rossini seems quite as emphatic as his feeling for Wagner. Highest recommendation. C.L.O.

ROGER WAGNER CHORALE: *"A Christmas Festival"*

G. Gabrieli: *Jubilate Deo: Beata est Virgo Maria.* A. Gabrieli: *Magnificat.* Regnart: *Puer natus est* (arr. Rubsamen). Peeters: *Hark! Unto us a child is born; There fell a Heavenly dew.* Pinkham: *Christmas Cantata.* Palestrina: *Hodie Christus natus est.* Anon: *Alleluia* (arr. Roger Wagner).

Roger Wagner Chorale, organ and brass ensemble, Roger Wagner, cond. ANGEL S 36016, $5.79 (stereo only).

The contents of this uncommonly interesting record of Christmas music revolves around Giovanni Gabrieli, with a backward look to Palestrina and old Flemish carols and a twentieth-century evocation of Renaissance Venice by Daniel Pinkham.

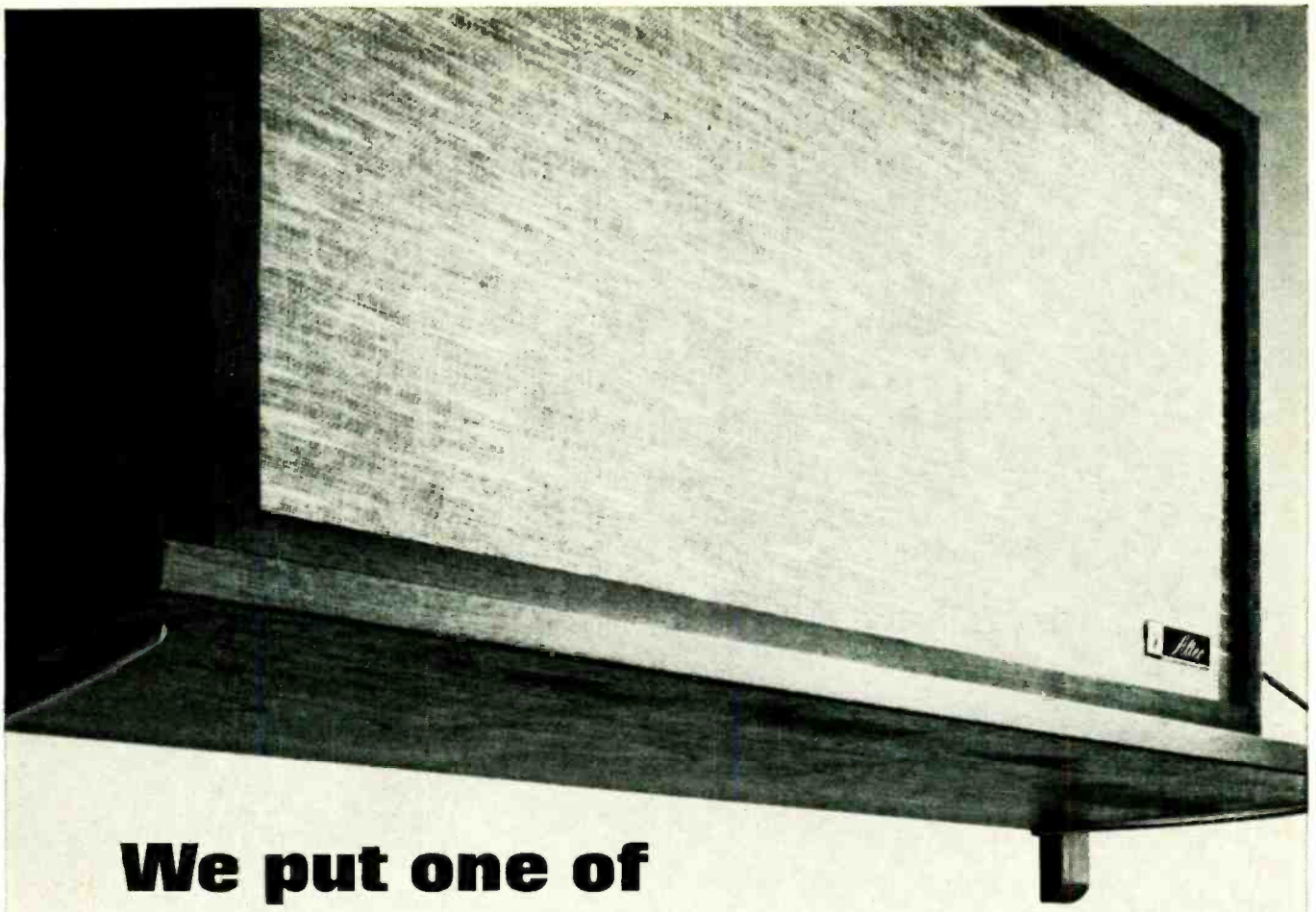
Though both Giovanni Gabrieli and his uncle Andrea were active in Germany in their youth, their most characteristic music dates from the years when they were, singly or together, the organists at St. Mark's in Venice. The very architecture of this cathedral seems to find aural realization in the interplay of choruses and brass choirs in Giovanni's *Sacrae Symphoniae*, from which both of the selections included on the present disc are taken. However, the *Beata est Virgo Maria* (unlike the more typical *Jubilate Deo*) is almost Palestrinian in its textural simplicity—no brass choirs, no more antiphonal effect than that of Palestrina's own *Hodie Christus natus est*. Andrea Gabrieli's *Magnificat* employs three choruses—SSAA, SATB, and TTBB—and, without calling for brass, achieves an architectural effect comparable to that of the *Jubilate Deo*. Since Jacques Regnart's *Puer natus est* is given in an arrangement by the American musicologist W. H. Rubsamen, we cannot be certain of its original sound. Flor Peeters' arrangements of old Flemish carols offer no more harmonic deviation from the strictly diatonic than their probable modal origins would call for.

The Pinkham Cantata, which apparently here appears on records for the first time, achieves a very successful amalgam of the old and new in musical style. Though harking back to the architectural antiphony of St. Marks, the virtuosity of the vocal and instrumental writing could be conceived and performed only in our time. Moreover, though the harmony often sounds like a modern extension of modal devices, the rhythm owes much to Stravinsky.

The label and liner credits give the instrumental forces here rather short shrift. Three selections—the *Jubilate Deo*, the arranged *Alleluia*, and the Pinkham Cantata—are identified as performances with brass ensemble and organ. However, the organ may also be heard in many of the primarily vocal pieces, where it discreetly reinforces an important vocal line.

Ideally, music of this kind should be recorded in a church, but in any case it calls for the full employment of stereo techniques. The present apparently studio-made recording seems to have involved judicious mixing and reverberation of an electronic sort. In this ambience, one hears a fine balance between resonance and clarity of diction, as well as a clear antiphonal placement of the musical forces required for each piece. The sound of the voices is richer and warmer than that of many European choirs as heard in Renaissance and baroque music.

The Chorale performs with its customary skill, superb intonation, control of timbre, and fine ensemble—though I must add that the music is sung with a certain sameness of stylistic approach. A rather cursory comment, complete texts and translations are crowded onto the back of the record cover. P.H.



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CIRCLE 7 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

the LEES side

The team in the '40s: Mercer, Wallichs, DeSylva.

HAPPY TWENTY-FIFTH

CUSTOMS OFFICERS are uncanny. They have an instinct about smuggling, a sort of sixth sense. When someone's carrying contraband, they can almost smell it. And my friend and I were indeed carrying contraband, and the customs officer somehow knew it.

We were on a bus, crossing the border on the Rainbow Bridge into Canada, where we both lived. Off to our left, through the window, had we not been too terrified to look, we'd have seen the magnificent long arch of the Horseshoe Falls and, nearer to us, the less spectacular but still stately American Falls.

"Are you sure you aren't bringing anything back with you?" the customs man said.

"No sir," my friend insisted earnestly, as conscious as I was of the hidden goods behind the rear seat of the bus. The customs man gave us a long, cold, fish-eyed stare. Then, apparently, he decided that two young boys couldn't be smuggling anything important, and turned away. "Okay," he told the bus driver, "go on." Not until we'd left the customs station and were riding through the streets of Niagara Falls, Ontario, did my friend and I sigh with relief.

We were in our first year of high school. We were part of a small group that collected *records* (the rest of the kids thought we were crazy). And my friend and I now had something no one else in our fanatic little gang of music lovers had. What was behind the bus seat?

Capitol records. Some of the very first of them. Stan Kenton's *Eager Beaver* and *Artistry in Rhythm*. The earliest Nat Cole records, subsequent to his period with Decca. Maybe there were a few Columbias and Bluebirds in the stack—not all their material was being issued in Canada, either. But the Capitol discs, with their silver print on a black label, were the treasures of the pile; you couldn't get them outside the United States at all. For Capitol was a new company, struggling to get on its feet.

I learn with a start that all of this was twenty-five years ago. Capitol has lately been celebrating its silver anniversary with some ceremony, talking big about its leadership in the field of records. Some of that talk has been simply that: talk. Capitol in recent years has often been guilty of stumbling policy, galloping non-creativity, and big-label lethargy, to say nothing of lofty corporate indifference. I remember the disgust among artists when it was reported that singer June Christie had icily been notified by mail that her contract with the company had been terminated. "And after all the money she made for them," one recording star said.

And there's a story about Nat Cole, a sweet and well-loved and even-tempered man if ever there was one. Capitol says in its current publicity that Nat has been, for all these twenty-five years, its most consistent seller. But once, not long before he died, Nat called Capitol and heard a switchboard operator say brightly, "Capitol Records, home of the Beatles." Nat, not without reason, blew his stack. His records had helped *build* Capitol. *Straighten Up and Fly Right. Naughty Angeline. Nature Boy. Jet. Mona Lisa. Blue Gardenia. Route 66.* How many more?

Yet Capitol has been, albeit in fits and starts, a creative company. In the 1940s, it had an enormous impact on American music. Perhaps one of the reasons was that two of its three founders—songwriter-singer Johnny Mercer and the late songwriter-movie producer Buddy DeSylva—were themselves creators. Thus there was a spirit in the company that you don't always find in records today, when the first step to becoming head of a label seems to be the acquisition of a law degree. Major labels (there were three of them at the time: Columbia, RCA Victor, and Decca) were having trouble enough getting their product to the market. World War II was going strong, and it was almost impossible to get shellac: most of the lands that produced it were occupied by the Japanese.

I never have learned where Capitol got its shellac. I suspect there were some shenanigans involved. I must ask Mercer about that some day; he was president of the little company then, as well as one of its best-selling singers (he wrote *Dream* for the Pied Pipers and *Accentchuate the Positive* for himself—both were hits) and a producer with the kind of perception of talent that only an artist ever has. How did they pull it off? Mercer and DeSylva (who had put up $25,000) and a third partner, Glenn Wallichs, who is now president of the board and chief executive officer of the company, had chutzpah.

I remember that those early Capitol discs had better sound than the records of other companies—brighter, more alive. Somehow a Capitol record in one's hands *felt* like quality, as a piece of good tweed does. There was something solid about it. For years they led the industry in sound. There are some old Paul Weston mood music albums, issued in the late 1950s (*Music for Dreaming, Carefree*, several more), that still have some of the cleanest stereo sound I've ever heard.

When the war ended, Capitol records became available in other countries. Today, having been purchased by Electric and Musical Industries of England in 1955, Capitol is a huge international company.

Time changes everything.

Mercer, an authentic genius, had written hit after hit for the company. Sales shot from $200,000 in 1942 to $5,100,000 in 1945, to $16,900,000 in 1948. "Mercer," said Dave Dexter, executive producer, "perhaps disenchanted with the immensity and complex operation of the company, quietly concentrated on songwriting for motion pictures—as he does today." In other words, he pulled out. DeSylva is dead. Glenn Wallichs alone is still there.

Billboard recently published a center supplement on the company's twenty-fifth anniversary. It contained reminiscences by various executives of the label. Most of it was gee-aren't-we-great stuff. But Dexter was trained originally as a journalist, and the habits of honesty that it instills in a good man die hard. Dexter, like everyone else, had things to say about what Capitol had done for the industry, but he also had this to say about what it had done to it: "(Capitol) inaugurated a system of supplying radio announcers with special, vinylite pressings of all its new singles which led to the lamentable dog-eat-dog exploitation system in effect today."

I thought record companies, like nations, never admitted mistakes. Well, even the purest and most noble of human functions, art, has been tainted by contemporary society. Capitol, like other record companies, is a business before it is a medium of the arts. And after all, if it didn't stay in business, it wouldn't put any art on the market, either good or bad. I wish it were otherwise, but it isn't.

There are people at Capitol who care, who really try. There are others who have given up and some who never cared at all. But that's not just the record business. That's the world.

Once it was simpler. I remember, somewhat fondly, when to me Capitol records were precious contraband.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

reviewed by MORGAN AMES • O. B. BRUMMELL • GENE LEES • STEVEN LOWE • TOM PAISLEY • JOHN S. WILSON

SYMBOL ✻ DENOTES AN EXCEPTIONAL RECORDING

BEACH BOYS: Smiley Smiles. Beach Boys, vocal group with rhythm accompaniment. *Heroes and Villains; Good Vibrations; She's Goin' Bald; Wind Chimes;* seven more. Brother T 9001 or ST 9001, $4.79.

I have never really *liked* the Beach Boys: their white, hard "r" and Southern California surfing sound turns me off completely. Yet is there another rock-and-roll group in the offing that challenges them in their best areas? The Beach Boys have continually surpassed all others in presenting a flawless, well-balanced vocal blend, an imaginative sense of vocal harmony, and that curious falsetto (indigenous to surfing music) that is phenomenally accurate and focused.

This album contains *Good Vibrations*, the Beach Boys' signal to the world that they are forsaking the good old Los Angeles Basin and splitting for Strawberry Fields. Yes, Virginia, they are making the psychedelic route. At this point, however, there is something equivocal about their trip. They are midway between the Los Angeles beach and San Francisco's Haight Ashbury district—perhaps in the unforgettable city of Fresno. Until they reach the San Francisco Bay Bridge or return to the shores of Malibu, twenty miles or so up the coast from Santa Monica, their work can receive only partial approval.

I hope they don't turn back. S.L.

✻ **CHAD AND JEREMY: Of Cabbages and Kings.** Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde, vocals; Chad Stuart, arr. and rhythm accompaniment. *Busman's Holiday; Family Way; Can I See You;* eight more. Columbia CL 2671 or CS 9471, $4.79.

This album places British duo Chad and Jeremy among the scant few serious and mature voices in the rock field. Chad Stuart's *Rest in Peace* is as fine a song as the best of Lennon and McCartney.

Side 2 is made up of an orchestrated five-movement work called *The Progress Suite*. The liner notes advise that the music for this opus has been "arranged and scored by Chad Stuart." While it seems unlikely that such a statement would be made lightly, one cannot help but pause over it. The music is dense and complex, nodding to everyone from Stravinsky to Gershwin, ornamented by a host of well-placed sound effects—cuckoo clocks, Big Ben, flushing toilet. While the work is overcrowded and often lacking in organization, its themes are lovely. Most important, it is the first authoritative extended musical enterprise I've heard from *within* the rock field.

Chad and Jeremy take another step forward in their quest for creative rock.

While Chad and Jeremy's music has burst into sophistication, their vocal delivery remains hesitant and unclear. They record more as textures than voices and it's high time they shed this cowardice. As for the orchestra's playing, either insufficient time was allowed for rehearsal or the players came direct from a meeting of the Salvation Army.

Despite its flaws, this is perhaps the most interesting and honorable effort in the direction of creative rock that we have yet heard. M.A.

JUDY GARLAND: At Home at the Palace, Opening Night. Judy Garland, vocals; assisted by Lorna and Joe Luft; Bobby Cole orchestra. *I Feel a Song Comin' On; That's Entertainment; Ol' Man River;* fourteen more. ABC Paramount 620 or S 620. $4.79.

On hearing this album of Judy Garland's most recent comeback at the Palace, a friend of mine said softly, "it sounds as if she's playing her old records through her body, which is simply no longer a good phonograph."

One cannot dismiss or undervalue Miss Garland's awesome showmanship nor her personal magnetism. And there are moments here when her voice sounds less painful than in other recordings of late—such as the performance taped at the London Palladium just over two years ago. The program is, of course, the same as all Garland programs. It pleases the crowd and that seems enough to please Miss Garland.

Sadness overshadows eloquence. Others have said it better. Miss Garland is for the heart now, not the ears. M.A.

✻ **BOBBIE GENTRY: Ode to Billie Joe.** Bobbie Gentry, vocals; Jimmy Haskell, arr. and cond. *Sunday Best; An Angel Died; Hurry Tuesday Child;* seven more. Capitol T 2830 or ST 2830, $4.79.

Capitol Records, like all major labels, puts about a half dozen singles on the market each week, hoping for a hit. Recently, one of them was a song called *Ode to Billie Joe* by an unknown named Bobbie Gentry. Its instant success surprised everyone: not only did it not have a rock beat, it was twice as long as a hit should be.

This follow-up album of Mississippi-born Bobbie Gentry radiates talent. Miss Gentry writes all her own material. She has only two or three basic melodic and rhythmic structures over which she im-

Continued on page 126

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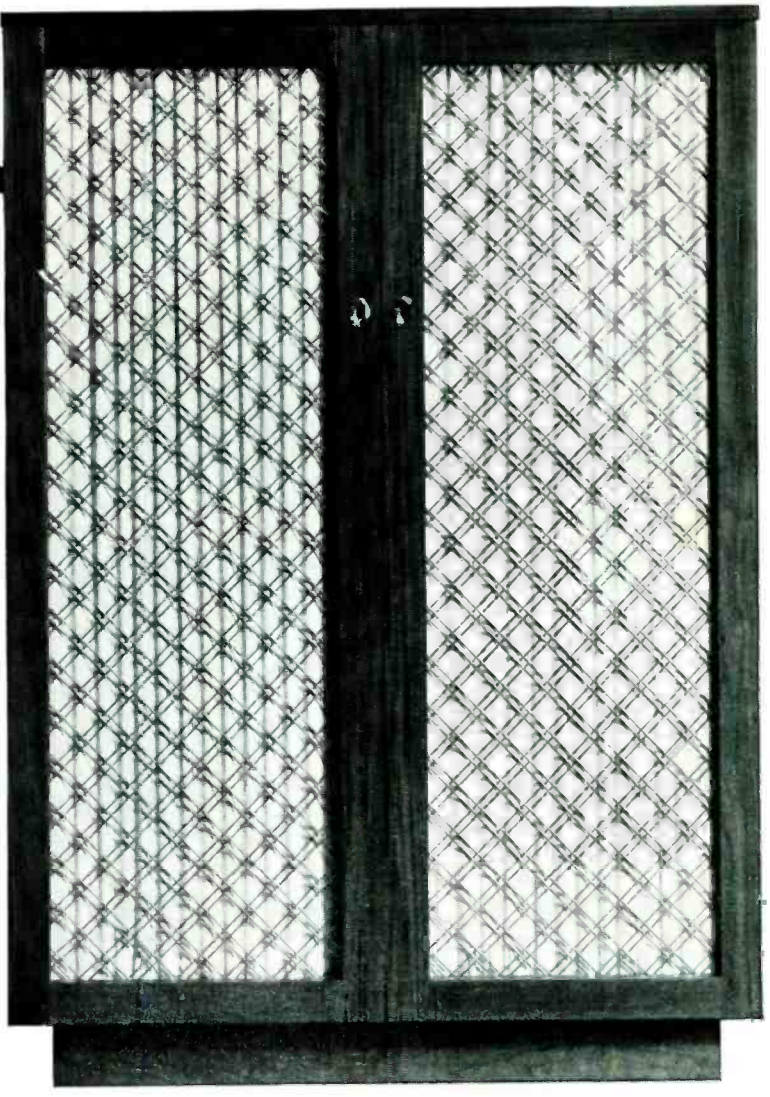

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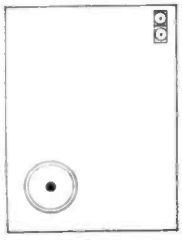

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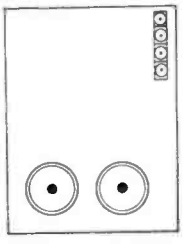

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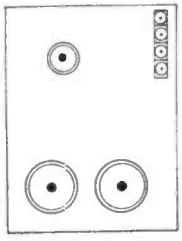

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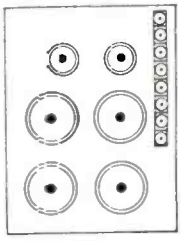

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Continued on page 124

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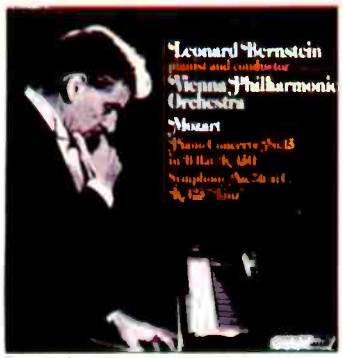
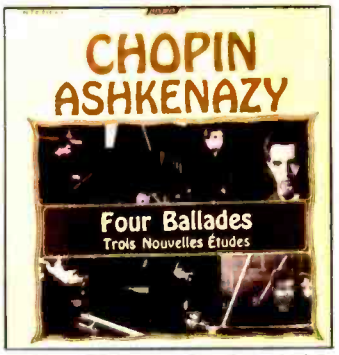
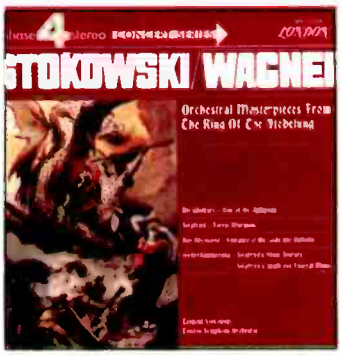


Bernstein Mozart. Bernstein's first concert with Vienna Philharmonic. London Stereo CS-6499, Mono CM-9499

Ronnie Aldrich—Best selling artist on Phase 4 Stereo. London Stereo 44100



Vladimir Ashkenazy, Russian pianist performing Chopin's works. London Stereo CS-6422, Mono CM-9422.



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Xmas Oratorio. Karl Munchinger and Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London Stereo OSA-1386, Mono 4-4386

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Los Angeles. Conductor Mehta and Los Angeles Phil. first London recording. Stereo CS-6552, Mono CM-9552

Ring Box. The four operas together with John Culshaw's book **Ring Resounding.** London Records

GENERAL INDEX, 1967

Continued from page 121

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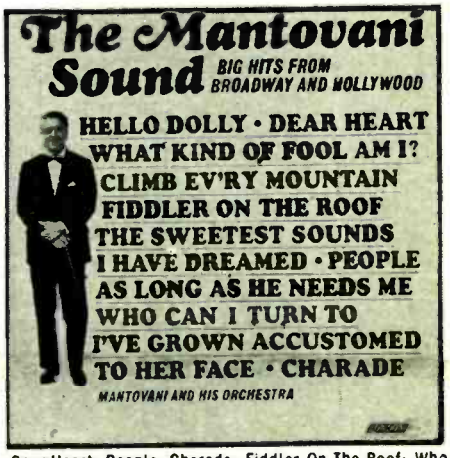

Dear Heart; People; Charade; Fiddler On The Roof; Who Can I Turn To; Hello Dolly; What Kind Of Fool Am I?; As Long As He Needs Me; I Have Dreamed; 3 others.
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Misty; Red Roses For A Blue Lady; Chim Chim Cheree; Love Me With All Of Your Heart; Goodnight Sweetheart; Cara Mia; I Wish You Love; Lover; Stardust; 3 others.
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Moon River; Fanny; Advise And Consent; Goodbye Again; Judgment At Nuremberg; The Apartment; Never On Sunday; Barabbas; Return To Peyton Place; 3 others.
Mono LL 3261 Stereo PS 249

Strangers In The Night; The Shadow Of Your Smile; Yesterday; Ebb Tide; Smile; Spanish Flea; From Russia With Love; Love And Marriage; 3 others.
Mono LL 3474 Stereo PS 474

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Continued from page 118

poses earthy lyrics about back-country life. It may sound simple. It's not. Miss Gentry can write—pollywogs, black-eyed peas, dusty Delta, and all. Because her imagery and lyric dynamics are good, the songs hold together and taste of authenticity. It may be a limited groove, but it's a compelling one.

Miss Gentry sings in a warm, smoky voice of surprising range, alternately raw, reflective, and sweet. She is best at a slow blues tempo, such as that of her hit, a song whose meaning has undergone much speculation. Why did Billie Joe McCallister commit suicide by jumping off the Tallahachee Bridge? We reckon the reason is tied up with the implication that Billie and his girl friend crumped someone, then dropped the body off the Tallahachee Bridge. Later Billie Joe suffers remorse and takes the jump himself, leaving his girl friend, at song's end, dropping flowers off the bridge into the muddy water.

Congratulations to arranger Jimmie Haskell. Rarely has an arranger understood so deeply the needs of his assignment and complemented them so imaginatively. His charts are a joy.

Not everyone is enchanted by Bobbie Gentry. She's raw, they say. Raw, yes. But don't be fooled: there's sophistication behind it all, and a talent powerful enough to rearrange the rules of the singles market. M.A.

PROCOL HARUM. Gary Brooker, vocals and piano; Matthew Fisher, organ; Robin Trower, lead guitar; David Knights, bass guitar; B. J. Wilson, percussion. *A Whiter Shade of Pale; Conquistador; Salad Days; Repent Walpurgis;* six more. Deram DE 16008 or DES 18008, $4.79.

No astounding virtuosity to be found here. Nary a one of the group's members could possibly carve a niche on his own—in fact, each would detract from many a more technically accomplished gang of rockers—yet somehow the sum is greater than its parts. Procol Harum emerges as an argument for teamwork, rather like a rock apotheosis of the Rand Corporation mystique, social inclinations aside.

One song, *A Whiter Shade of Pale*, was a good-sized hit. Its evocative (if perhaps a bit treacly) baroque-ish organ background almost guaranteed popularity, but it's really neatly accomplished. Elsewhere in the album there are less fortunate borrowings. Gounod did music no favor by converting Bach's unpretentious C major Prelude into a simpy *Ave Maria*, and Procol Harum shows questionable taste by incorporating that horrid chestnut into *Salad Days*. It's the seriousness of intent that grates.

Besides *A Whiter Shade of Pale* there are two other intriguing songs—*Conquistador* and *A Christmas Camel*—both of which show signs of intuitive musicality far in advance of the group's ability to play. In time, one hopes, their combined potential will be more completely realized; even so, I recommend it without pangs of guilt. S.L.

PEGGY LEE: Somethin' Groovy. Peggy Lee, vocals; Ralph Carmichael, cond. *Makin' Whoopee!; Two For the Road; Sing a Rainbow;* eight more. Capitol T 2781 or ST 2781, $4.79.

NICO: Chelsea Girl. Nico, vocals; Larry Fallon, arr. and cond. *These Days; Little Sister; Winter Songs;* seven more. Verve 5032 or 65032, $5.79.

In her new album, Peggy Lee demonstrates once more the art of popular singing at its very height. She sings some bad songs (*Release Me*) and some wonderful songs (*No Fool Like An Old Fool, Makin' Whoopie*), always delightfully embellished by the harmonica and whistling of Toots Thielmans. Whether or not this turns out to be your favorite Lee, the lady is still mistress of all she sings.

At the other end of the artistic scale—in brutal contrast—is Nico, the female member of Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground. This is her first solo flight—in terms of record albums. Her heavy voice lays itself flat and humorlessly across the grooves, showing neither intention nor aptitude towards musicality. But then, Nico's failure to reach the listener is hardly surprising. She says in the notes: "I don't sing for the audience. I try to remain as much alone as I can . . . not to make contact at all." While Nico's aura of utter sadness is quite possibly real, it is as smothering as an Army blanket though not nearly so warm. M.A.

TONY MOTTOLA: A Latin Love-In. Tony Mottola, guitar; orchestra, Lew Davies, arr. and cond. *Call Me; So Nice; All:* nine more, Project 3 PR 5010 or PR 5010SD, $5.79.

Guitarist Mottola is heard in a generally tasteful, if frankly commercial and faddish set, all in a Latin bag. At times the arrangements are too gimmicked, but they're generally well done. Nothing earth-shaking here, but for lazy listening it's good, and it's beautifully recorded. G.L.

JIMMY ROSELLI: There Must Be a Way. Jimmy Roselli, vocals; Hutch Davie or Arnold Goland, arr. *Get Out of My Heart; All the Time; Moments to Remember;* seven more. United Artists UAL 3611 or UAS 6611, $4.79.

As the liner notes point out, Jimmy Roselli's "musical format is a simple one"—i.e., dynamics loud, emotions breezy. Roselli belts his jaunty way through everything from the good-timey *Walkin' My Baby Back Home* to Dallas Frazier's unhappy *There Goes My Everything*. Life must be fun when you approach it from such an uncomplicated, predictable direction. Artistically, it's numbing.

The album title is "There Must Be a Way." There isn't. M.A.

FRANK SINATRA: Frank Sinatra, vocals; orchestra, various arrangers. *The World We Knew; This Is My Song; You Are There;* seven more. Reprise F 1022 or FS 1022, $4.79.

Sinatra in his commercial bag. Much of

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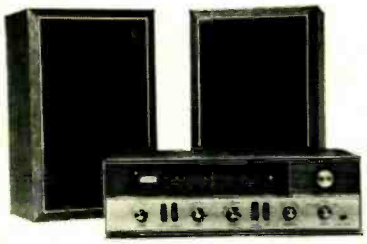

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the material is crude, the arrangements turgid. Sinatra sings it without conviction. After all, how could a man with his demonstrated taste really believe in *Born Free?* But there are moments in the album—the charming duet with daughter Nancy on *Somethin' Stupid* for one. Then there's the semilegendary Johnny Mercer song, *Drinking Again*. The melody is ordinary, but Mercer's lyric is the finest evocation of the bar-fly mentality since Mercer's own *One for the Road*. Such is Sinatra's acting (when he wants to turn it on) that he actually manages to sound a little stoned during the tune. Finally, there's the spectacular negotiation of an octave and a major seventh in less than two bars in the Burt Kaempfert tune *The World We Knew*. Admittedly, Sinatra starts out below his comfortable register. But still, those two bars are eyebrow-raising. G.L.

✻ **KATE SMITH: Here and Now!** Kate Smith, vocals; orchestra, Claus Ogerman, arr. and cond. *What Makes It Happen?; Sherry!; The Splendor of You;* eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3821 or LSP 3821, $4.79.

As Arnold Shaw points out in his affectionate liner notes, "Miss Kate Smith grew up, as did all singers before Sinatra, in an impersonal singing tradition . . . before pop singing became an intensely subjective expression . . ." Miss Smith reached the pinnacle of that tradition.

Thus, the thing that makes this album so extraordinary is that Miss Smith, who is nearly sixty, has stepped with complete grace into the more personal style of today. Yes, but her voice? Incredibly warm, sure, beautiful. Phrasing? Limitless. Diction? Perfect. When one considers the condition of Merman's voice today, or Garland's, one wonders what Miss Smith is doing right. A lifetime of singing has given Miss Smith total presence. In front of a large orchestra and intricate charts, she is in awesome control.

But most important, she's saying something. When I first heard Vic Damone's recording of *What Is a Woman?*, it struck me that it was definitely a man's song. Wrong again. Miss Smith shows just how much this is a woman's song, in the album's most moving track. Also lovely are *All, Don't Say Goodbye*, and *My Cup Runneth Over*. She can also provide a robust, indeed a *swinging*, version of Sinatra's hit, *That's Life*. Unfortunately, even Miss Smith can do little with such brainless songs as *I'll Take Care of Your Cares, Sherry*, and the saccharine *Anyone Can Move a Mountain*.

Claus Ogerman's arrangements are simply superb. Maybe he was inspired this time around. What a pleasure it is to hear two talents of such caliber working up to each other's best level.

Reviewers ought to maintain a certain impartiality, I suppose, but I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen. This is a great singer and a thrilling album. M.A.

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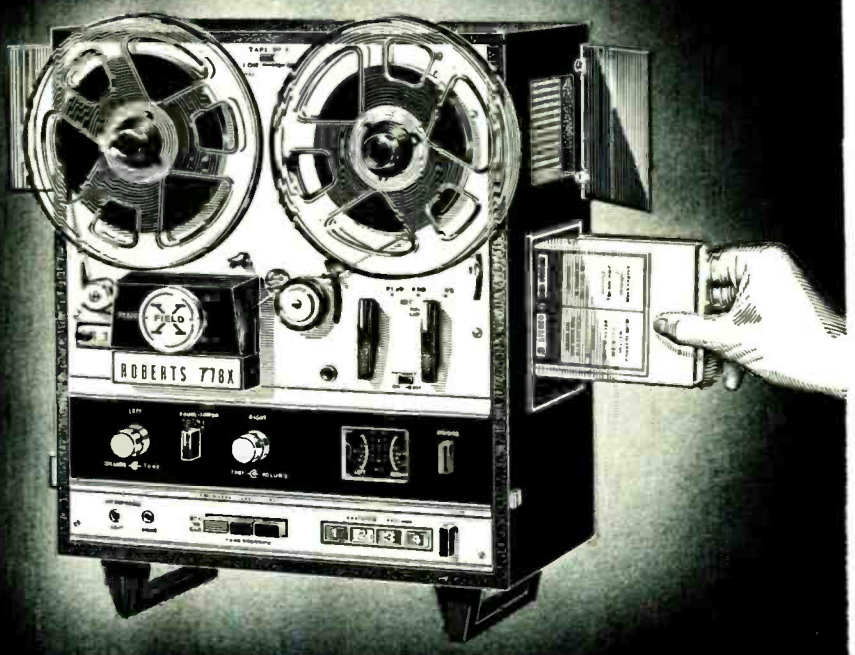

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JAZZ

THE BLUESMEN OF THE MUDDY WATERS CHICAGO BLUES BAND: 'Tain't Nobody's Business What I Do. Otis Spann, piano, organ, and vocal; George Smith, harmonica and vocal; Luther Johnson, guitar and vocal; Samuel Lawhorn, guitar; Main Stream, guitar; Francis Clay, drums; Victoria Spivey, vocal. *Creepin' Snake; Born in Georgia; Watermelon Man;* nine more. Spivey 1008, $5.00 (mono only).

For a group as potentially potent as Muddy Waters' Blues Band (Waters is present disguised as Main Stream), this is a rather routine recording. Its primary merit is that it gives two of Waters' sidemen, George Smith and Luther Johnson, more of an opportunity to be heard as singers than they might normally have. They're both good and quite different—Smith's voice is relatively high with an urgent, penetrating quality, while Johnson's style is raw and gutty. Otis Spann, who is always featured with the regular Waters group, plays organ and sings too—building a fine organ-and-vocal *'Tain't Nobody's Business*, until Victoria Spivey, who is house mother for this record label, injects herself. Miss Spivey also sings two songs on her own and projects them fairly well, although it is the band, Smith's harmonica, and Spann's piano that make these pieces move. J.S.W.

DAVE BRUBECK: Bravo Brubeck! Dave Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Chamin Correa, guitar; Gene Wright, bass; Rabito Agueros, bongos and conga drum; Joe Morello, drums. *Cielito Lindo; La Paloma Azul;* seven more. Columbia CL 2695 or CS 9495, $4.79.

The rarified air of Mexico City, which is supposed to have a bad effect on baseball players and other athletes, apparently brightened Dave Brubeck's spirits. Or maybe it was the company that he found himself in during a weekend of concertizing there last spring. For the occasion, his quartet was joined by two Mexican musicians—Rabito Agueras, conga drum and bongos, and Chamin Correa, guitar. The resultant sextet produced music of a brightness and looseness that has escaped Brubeck's groups in most of its recordings during recent years. This came about despite the fact that the tunes they played, reproduced on this recording of their concert performances, were chestnuts of the ripest vintage. However, they were presumably fresh to Brubeck, Desmond, Wright, and Morello, and they may have seemed fresh to the Mexicans in this context.

Everyone plays with a sense of fun and surprise. The pomposity that tends to stiffen the usual Brubeck quartet work is almost completely absent and the addition of guitar and Latin percussion gives the group a swinging lift that is tremendously helpful. In addition, Correa contributes a pair of guitar solos that add a welcome change of texture to the quartet's overly familiar sound. Desmond, who has been sounding increasingly weary of late, is spurred to some solos that go back to the swinging ethereality of his early work, while Brubeck concentrates on the subdued approach to the piano that is his most effective manner.

Bravo to everybody, but particularly to Brubeck for taking provocative advantage of this Mexican opportunity. J.S.W.

ROGER KELLAWAY: Spirit Feel. Roger Kellaway, piano; Tom Scott, alto and soprano saxophones; Chuck Domenico, bass; John Guerin, drums; Paul Beaver, tape recorder. *Portrait; Blues for Hari; Ten to Five;* five more. Pacific Jazz PJ 10112 or ST 20112, $5.79.

Some of the music produced by the soft and lyrical "West Coast school" of jazz a decade ago was very good. A lot of it, though, was milktoast, and as a result there has been since then an attitude of condescension towards "the Coast" on the part of New York musicians and the more relentlessly hip fans.

They better forget about that. As more and more musicians get fed up with the tension and decay of New York, Los Angeles is acquiring a formidable colony of uprooted East Coast musicians. The great bassist Ray Brown has moved there and changed the sound of West Coast rhythm sections. Oliver Nelson is living there now. So are Quincy Jones and Billy Byers. These and other men are making California music—pops, jazz, everything but classical music—more vital, more explorative, stronger than New York music, which seems to be growing as stultified as the city itself. (In case you haven't noticed, the city is dying. Frank Lloyd Wright said it would.)

Look what's happened to Roger Kellaway. He has been a brilliant pianist for years. But that final blossoming in his playing never seemed to happen—I had the feeling he hadn't decided who he was. In February of this year, he packed up and moved to Los Angeles. One of the tunes in this album is described by Kellaway as reflecting "my newly acquired dimensions of peace and serenity since moving to California." And so it does.

The album is for the most part experimental. It utilizes "unusual" time signatures. It springs, according to Kellaway, from the work of the Don Ellis big band, itself another of the potent California experiments.

It doesn't entirely come off, mind you. As Kellaway says: "playing in 'odd' time signatures—such as 5/4, 7/4, 7/8, 11/8—is like learning to play your in-

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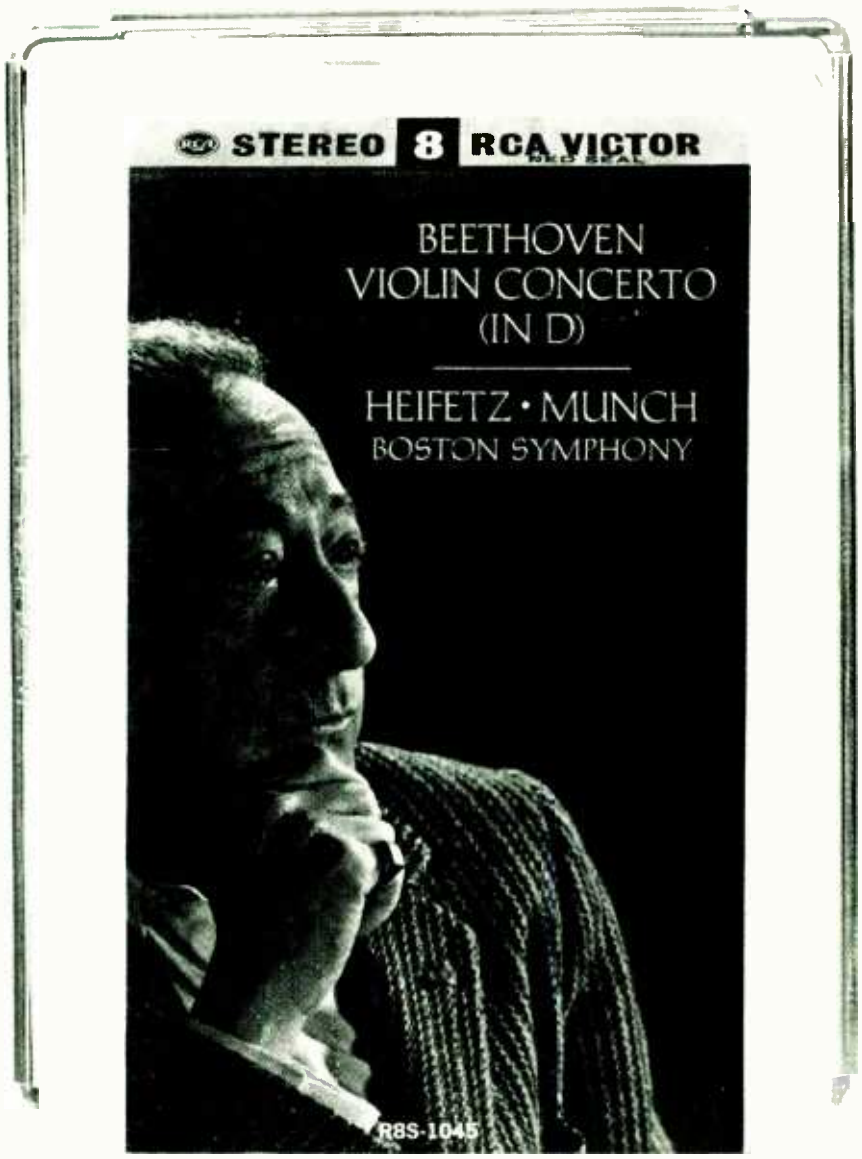

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strument all over again." The Ellis band has solved the rhythmic problem set up by these off-beat signatures. I don't think Kellaway has—yet. Too often here the music sounds stiff, synthetic. It doesn't swing, as they say. But when it does happen, as in *Double Fault*, it happens with great power.

Significantly, the two best tracks (to my mind, anyway) are the most conventional—Milt Jackson's *Spirit Feel*, which Kellaway executes with speed and great vigor over volcanic drumming by John Guerin, and the French ballad *Comme ci, comme ça*. Played rubato and so slow that the verse and a single chorus run four minutes and fifty seconds, it is the most beautiful rendering of a ballad by a jazz pianist I've heard in a long time. Absolutely breathtaking. Stunning.

The track before that *(One, Two, Three, Four, Five)* contains an unaccompanied passage that illustrates Kellaway's superbly "classical" tone on piano. The segment sounds, in fact, not so much like an improvisation as a piece of post-Impressionist composition.

Kellaway has delved a little into *musique concrète*, with tape sounds by Paul Beaver worked into some of the pieces. It's been discreetly done, and where it's noticeable at all, it is effective.

G.L.

HELEN MERRILL: The Feeling Is Mutual. Helen Merrill, vocals; Dick Katz, piano and arr.; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Peter LaRoca or Arnie Wise, drums; Thad Jones, cornet. *Day Dream; Baltimore Oriole; Winter of My Discontent;* six more. Milestone MLP 1003 or MSP 9003, $4.79.

Because of the narrow market for quality singers, Helen Merrill's career proceeds steadily but quietly. What a pleasure to see her name on an album. In this set, Miss Merrill sings in the jazz tradition, sharing the stage with the other musicians. She is at her husky, intimate best on *You're My Thrill*, Billy Holiday's *Don't Explain*, and *Deep in a Dream*, the latter accompanied by Jim Hall's superb solo guitar. If you have an ear for bass lines, Ron Carter will knock you out.

Orrin Keepnews' new label, Milestone, is bringing us many artists who have been much missed. Feel relatively safe buying anything on the Milestone label. Especially this album.

M.A.

JELLY ROLL MORTON: Mr. Jelly Lord. Jelly Roll Morton, piano; with various groups. *Wolverine Blues; Someday Sweetheart Blues; Deep Creek;* twelve more. RCA Victor LPV 546, $5.79 (mono only).

JELLY ROLL MORTON: The Immortal. Jelly Roll Morton, piano solos; duo, trio, and bands. *Mamanita; Froggy Moore; Big Fat Ham;* nine more. Milestone 2003, $4.79 (mono only).

The Victor disc is the third Morton reissue in the Vintage series. These three, along with the earlier *King of New Orleans Jazz*, RCA Victor LPM 1649, make almost everything Morton did for Victor currently available (only four trio pieces with Barney Bigard and Zutty Singleton and five minor band pieces have not yet been issued, a remarkable, precedent-setting circumstance).

The new Vintage, like the one before it, is padded out with a pair of Wilton Crawley's hokum performances and a Morton accompaniment to a rather ordinary singer, Billie Young. And, since Victor is being thorough about this, it also shows Morton in both good and ordinary form (I doubt if Morton, as a pianist, ever made a bad record—he simply turned up at times in dismal circumstances). So we get two of Morton's finest trio recordings, both with Johnny and Baby Dodds—the self-eulogizing *Mr. Jelly Lord* and *Wolverine Blues* with its brilliant clarinet and piano interplay. There are four strong band performances (by four different bands), all of which stress the ensemble power that Morton could engender in a group —*Burnin' the Ice Berg, Load of Coal, Deep Creek*, and *Fussy Mabel*. Even on some of the lesser band performances—*Down My Way, Red Hot Pepper*, and *Courthouse Bump*—soloists may fumble a bit, but they suddenly find group power in the ensemble sections.

The Milestone collection is taken from the Paramount and Autograph catalogues. They were recorded acoustically (and casually) between 1923 and 1925

(the Victors cover 1927–1930 and are electrical recordings) and have been re-recorded surprisingly well (in some cases) from John Steiner's shellac originals. There are two band pieces—*Big Fat Ham* and *Muddy Water*—that are direct predecessors of Morton's groups on Victor. The elements of the orchestral concept that emerged on Victor are all here, although because of the thin recording and the use of wood blocks instead of drums the sound textures that Morton worked for do not come through as fully as they do on the Victors. There are also two pieces on which Morton's piano simply serves as background for kazoos, a comb, or Boyd Senter's corny clarinet; one on which he does not appear at all (unless he is playing second kazoo); and two badly recorded band pieces on which the saving grace is Lee Collins' tart trumpet. The unifying factor on all these pieces is that, even when present, Morton takes no solos.

To make up for this, however, there are four superb examples of Morton's solo work, and considering the recording conditions, these are reproduced extremely well. Three of the solos—*Mamanita, Froggy Moore,* and *London Blues*—involve a trio of Morton's best compositions. His development of these pieces, his sense of structure, of color, of contrast, and his ability to swing in the midst of all kinds of complications are absolutely fascinating. The more one listens to Morton, the greater his stature as an original and inimitable jazz pianist becomes. That he was able to translate this pianistic talent to orchestral terms is simply a plus. The solos on Milestone are basic to an appreciation of Morton. J.S.W.

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FOLK

CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM: In Concert. Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, vocals and rhythm accompaniment. *Red-Haired Mary; Winds of Morning; Master McGrath;* eight more. Columbia CL 2694 or CS 9494, $4.79.

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem never seem to lose their love and joy of making music together. The same gusto that rattled the walls of the White Horse tavern ten years ago is just as evident today. This album, recorded at Carnegie Hall last March, is their latest piece of magic. It is pure Irish magic, this faculty of theirs for transforming Carnegie Hall into the back room of a gin mill.

All the ingredients of a Clancy Brothers/Tommy Makem program are here. There is the rowdy humor of a song such as *Mike McGuire*. And of course there must be a Catholic-Protestant song, in this case *William Bloat*—and it may be the funniest song on the subject since *The Old Orange Flute*. As for the love songs, there is *Peggy Gordon* and *Blackwater's Side*. The tenderness that these charming rowdies can bring to a love ballad must be heard to be believed. Some poet, whose name eludes me, once referred to "the rough, male kiss of blankets." That's probably the texture.

The boys seem in no danger of running out of songs nor their steam. All we can do is look forward to their next record. T.P.

DON COSSACK CHOIR: Midnight in Moscow. Don Cossack Choir, Serge Jaroff, cond. *Midnight in Moscow; Dark Eyes; Gypsy; Serdze;* ten more. Deutsche Grammophon SLPEM 136545, $5.79 (stereo only).

On this release, as upon a few others of late, the veteran choristers from the banks of the Don seem to have missed the boat. The unsatisfactory recital stems partly from its predictability. Maestro Serge Jaroff brings a certain mannered sameness to his arrangements: quick, bright songs always become frenetic; slower, sadder ballads are inevitably funereal. Besides this, I suspect that the choir's fifty-year exile from its homeland has resulted in a kind of musical gulf.

Consider the album's introductory song, *Midnight in Moscow*. This hauntingly lovely World War II ballad is still heard everywhere, repeatedly and inescapably throughout the U.S.S.R. It is a melancholy song, but every homegrown Russian interpretation I've heard inflects it with a certain allegro. Not the Don Cossacks. They drag it unmercifully and pummel its clean melody with elaborate and often downright silly harmonies. In the end, *malgré* the language, it just isn't Russian. The same pompous treatment destroys the ebullient *Along St. Peter's Street*. Still, it would be unfair to dismiss the album without noting that it contains an outstanding collection of ballads. At least one of them, *Serdze* (Heart), is sung with sensitivity and burnished beauty by the Cossacks. O.B.B.

THE WEAVERS: The Weavers' Songbag. The Weavers, vocals; rhythm accompaniment. *Erie Canal; Old Riley; Gotta Travel On;* nine more. Vanguard SRV 3001 or SRV 73001, $2.50.

PETER, PAUL, AND MARY: Album 1700. Peter, Paul, and Mary, vocals; rhythm accompaniment; unidentified arr. *Rolling Home; Whatshername; Weep for Jamie;* nine more. Warner Bros. 1700 or S 1700, $4.79.

In the late, great folk music boom, the Weavers were a milestone. As the last folk group of consistently high quality to make it big, Peter, Paul, and Mary must surely be its gravestone. It's only proper that P, P, and M's latest album be reviewed with a reissue of the Weavers' best.

First the Weavers. It's inconceivable that any folk music buff doesn't know by heart every track on this reissue album. These songs represent the Weavers at their best: Peter Seeger's strident banjo and leather-lunged tenor, the gentle warmth of Fred Hellerman. Here is Lee Hays, the archetypical Big Daddy, and, of course, Ronnie Gilbert. Was there ever such a singer as she?

Anyone who ever waited in line for a Weavers concert can describe the feeling that lifted you out of your seat when the group launched into *This Land Is Your Land*. But then, all the goodies are here: *Bury Me Beneath the Willow, Santy Ano, Aunt Rhodie*.

A few years ago, I was in Pete Seeger's dressing room at the Bitter End in New York City. He sat in a wooden chair. On the floor at his feet sat Mary, of Peter, Paul, and Mary. Paul stood against a wall. Peter was out in front getting some coffee. It seemed right at the time that everyone should look up to Seeger, and it still does.

However, in P, P, and M's latest album, it is apparent that the students have surpassed the teachers. They sing with a precision, subtlety, and grasp of nuance that the Weavers never approached. Through it all, neither sincerity nor honorable intent is sacrificed. Slick doesn't always mean shallow.

Peter and Paul have proven themselves able songwriters, both singly and in collaboration. Unfortunately, of the twelve songs on this album, only a half dozen deserved recording. Of that half dozen, only three are notable: *The Great Mandella, I Dig Rock and Roll Music*, and *The Song Is Love*. The remainder are eminently forgettable. Maybe the Weavers didn't leave any good songs left to record? T.P.

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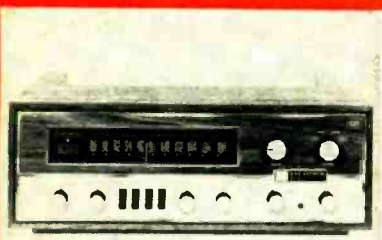

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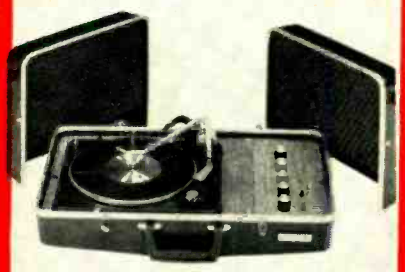

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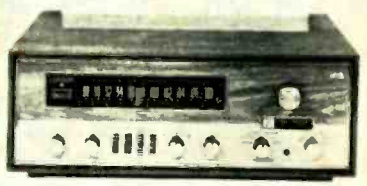

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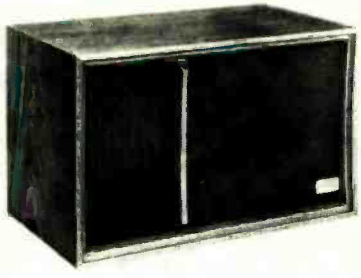

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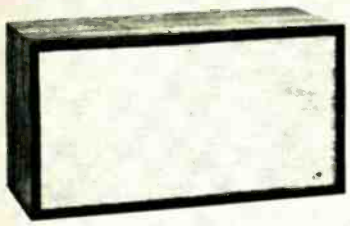

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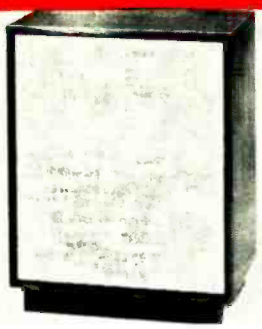

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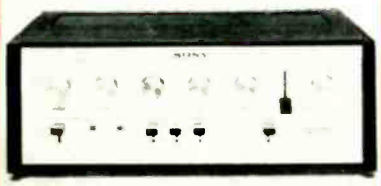


Sony TA-1120 solid-state integrated stereo amplifier exceeds the performance of the finest tube models and offers all the advantages of transistors. Audio Magazine stated "On the whole, the Sony TA-1120 must be rated as a superb amplifier by any standards . . . a tribute to its designers." $399.50

Sony PS-2000, the finest playback system available, consists of a TTS-3000 servo-controlled turntable; PUA-237 tonearm called by High Fidelity "A marvel of precision"; and Sony VC-8E moving coil cartridge. Mounted on a handsome teak base. $329.00

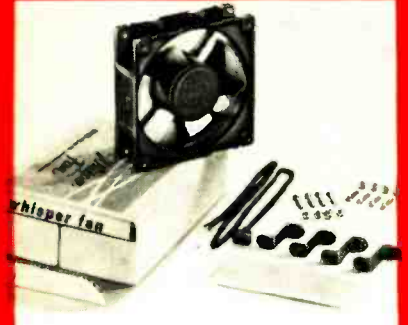
Sony TA-1030 solid-state integrated stereo amplifier puts out plenty of power even for today's high quality low efficiency speaker systems up to 90 watts of transient power into 8 ohms (IHF). Controls and inputs offer usual flexibility. $299.50

Karlson X-15A Speaker System with new advanced form of patented acoustic coupling. Only 28 x 20 x 14", 90 lbs. Rock-bottom true-pitch bass down to 12 cps in only 4.5 cu. ft. Dispersion 160° horizontal, 120° vertical. KRC Corp., Box 117, West Hempstead, N.Y. 11552

New "Tape-It-Easy" plugs for reel-to-reel tape recorders grip tape firmly, without damage. 4 vane configuration prevents tape slipping from take-up. Package with 2 "Tape-It-Easy" plugs & metal brackets only $2. At most dealers or Turnex Co., PO Box 1223, Darien, Conn. 06820

Norelco Carry-Corder 150 Compact Cassette Tape Recorder with omni-directional moving coil mike. 1⅞ ips constant speed capstan drive; 2 track. Wt. 3 lbs; 7⅞ x 4½ x 2¼", 5 type C flashlight batteries. Deluxe polystyrene cabinet. North American Philips, 100 E. 42 St., NYC 10017

Norelco 450 Compact Casette Tape Recorder features twin satellite stereo speakers and detachable stereo mikes. 4 tracks; 1⅞ ips. 20 watts 110-120V 60 cy. AC. Complete control facilities and level meter. Freq. response 60-10,000 Hz. North American Philips, 100 E. 42 St., NYC 10017



New Whisper Fan extends audio system life by 40%. DELWYN'S Whisper Fan delivers 65 cu. ft. of air per minute to cool hifi systems, receivers, tape recorders and other electronics equipment. The Whisper Fan mounts in almost any position; supplied with mounting hardware. Only $14.85.

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THEATRE & FILM

✻ **LESLIE BRICUSSE: Dr. Dolittle.** Music from the sound track of the film. Rex Harrison, Anthony Newley, Samantha Eggar, Richard Attenborough, vocals; orchestra, Lionel Newman, cond. 20th Century-Fox 5101 or S 5101, $5.79.

If one wants to find fault with the score of *Dr. Dolittle*, it's not impossible. The music for this film owes debts to various people, from Frederick Loewe to Borodin (two tunes draw their inspiration from similar songs in *Kismet*), and its lyrics recall authors ranging from E. Y. Harburg to Alan Jay Lerner. Indeed, Lerner and Loewe constitute a gray eminence behind this score, which strongly echoes their *My Fair Lady*. Nor is that impression due to the presence of Rex Harrison. Leslie Bricusse (who wrote the screenplay for *Dr. Dolittle* as well as the words and music) evidently meant it that way: his Dr. Dolittle is a gentler Henry Higgins. Finally, there are only two really memorable melodies in the score (the two that sound like they came from *Kismet*)—*When I Look In* [sic] *Your Eyes* and *The World Is Full of Beautiful Things*.

All this can, and should, be said of the album and its songs. But the fact remains that it is a joy from start to finish: the whole is more than the sum of the parts. If Bricusse learned from others, he chose admirable models and learned well. While his music may be only occasionally noteworthy, his lyrics are brilliantly clever.

What can one say of the remarkable Rex Harrison? Several of our best pop singers already have recorded songs from this score. Usually, such people improve on the original performances—but not on Harrison's. By comparison, they seem weak. Although Harrison rarely sings at all, his way of talking a lyric is overwhelmingly effective. He carries this album on his shoulders. Samantha Eggar and Anthony Newley do well (this in spite of the curious wobbly stridency of Newley's upper register), but it's Harrison's show all the way. A momentary exception: in the song *I've Never Seen Anything Like It in My Life*, actor's actor Richard Attenborough steals the thunder rather as Stanley Holloway stole it for a moment with *Get Me to the Church on Time*.

Based on Hugh Lofting's children's stories about an animal doctor who can speak the languages of his patients, the film will have enormous appeal to children. But it will be a dead soul who doesn't respond to this album. G.L.

2 new decks with features no other comparatively-priced decks have. Period.

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This feature is exclusive with model A-6010 and there's nothing quite like it on any other professional-quality deck. TEAC's Phase Sensing allows automatic reverse play.

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Symmetrical Control System

Another feature exclusive with TEAC and available with both models. This is a piano-key touch control operation for fast-winding in both directions, playback and stop. We say touch, we mean touch. Symmetrical control is smooth and foolproof. And wait until you see what it does to enhance tape longevity.

Outer-Rotor Motors

The reel drive motors in the professional type deck or recorder you own now are probably of the hysteresis torque type. They're very good, but TEAC's new outer-rotor motors are better. Their movement is comparable to the movement you'll find in a fine, expensive watch. And this means incredibly smooth, steady reel drive with far less tape rewinding tension. Less wow and flutter, too! The dealer who demonstrates TEAC will prove it for you.

Four Heads in a Unit

Record, erase, forward and reverse play back. TEAC decks have all four of which two play back heads are hyperbolic type with narrow gaps. The whole unit is removable and interchangeable with that of model A-6010, and unsurpassed for ease of maintenance. Magnificent performance characteristics of TEAC heads — the wide frequency range, reduction of annoying crosstalk, improved SN ratio and distortion-free quality of sound reproduction. (Plug-In Unit for A-6010)

Four Solid-State Amplifiers

Two units for recording, another two exclusively for playback. Another point: Model A-6010 uses costly silicon transistors for additional reliability, strength and sound quality.

And There's Much More

A tape tension control switch which assures total protection of thin long-playing tapes. Automatic shut off, of course. A pair of easy-to-read jumbo VU meters. 100 KHz bias-frequency. Independent LINE and MIC input controls to permit mixing signals from two recording sources. And an optional remote control unit.

A-6010 **Specifications:** Four heads, 4 track, 2 channel. 7" maximum reel size. Tape speeds 7½ and 3¾ ips (±0.5%). Dual speed hysteresis synchronous motor for capstan drive, 2 eddy current outer-rotor motors for reel turntables. **Wow and flutter:** 7½ ips: 0.08%; 3¾ ips: 0.12%. **Frequency response:** 7½ ips: 30 to 20,000 Hz (±2 db 45 to 15,000 Hz); 3¾ ips: 40 to 14,000 Hz (±2 db 50 to 10,000 Hz). **SN Ratio:** 55 db. **Crosstalk:** 50 db channel to channel at 1,000 Hz. 40 db between adjacent tracks at 100 Hz. **Input:** (microphone): 10,000 ohms, 0.5 mV minimum. (line): 300,000 ohms, 0.1 V minimum. **Output:** 1 volt for load impedance 10,000 ohms or more.

A-4010S **Specifications:** Four heads, 4 track, 2 channel. 7" maximum reel size. Tape speeds 7½ and 3¾ ips (±0.5%). Dual speed hysteresis synchronous motor for capstan drive, 2 eddy current outer-rotor motors for reel turntables. **Wow and flutter:** 7½ ips: 0.12%; 3¾ ips: 0.15%. **Frequency response:** 7½ ips: 30 to 20,000 Hz (±2 db 50 to 15,000 Hz); 3¾ ips: 40 to 12,000 Hz (±3 db 50 to 7,500 Hz). **SN Ratio:** 50 db. **Crosstalk:** 50 db channel to channel at 1,000 Hz. 40 db between adjacent tracks at 100 Hz. **Input:** (microphone): 10,000 ohms, 0.25 mV minimum. (line): 100,000 ohms, 0.14 V minimum. **Output:** 1 volt for load impedance 100,000 ohms or more.

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117
118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126
127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135
136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144
145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153
154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162
163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171

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Product Page

Product Page

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