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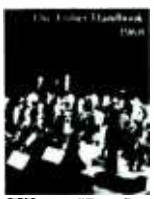

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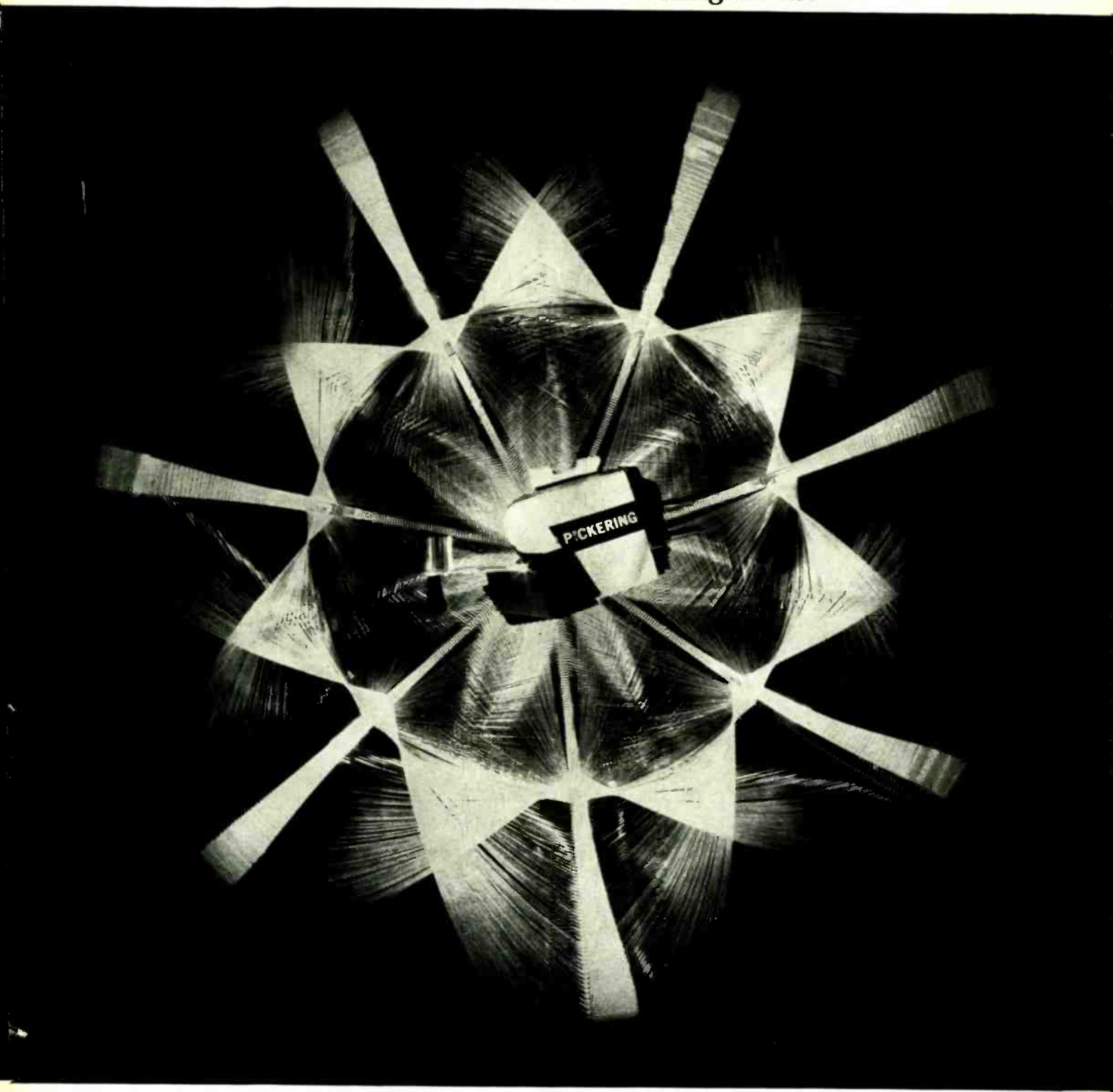

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HIGH FIDELITY VOL. 18 NO. 6 JUNE 1968

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AUDIO AND VIDEO

RECORDINGS

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Letter *from* The Editor

DEAR READER:

With this issue of HIGH FIDELITY (and HIGH FIDELITY/Musical America) I would like to reintroduce you to a writer who has been absent from these pages for too long. On page 20 you will find the resumption—after a five-year hiatus—of "Music Makers" by Roland Gelatt, my predecessor as Editor of this magazine. It seemed patently ridiculous that one of the world's finest writers on music and records should lack the opportunity to address himself to his own magazine's public simply because of the pressures involved in getting an issue out each month. Now that Mr. Gelatt has moved up into the Associate Publisher's chair, we will again have the advantage of his knowledgeable and forthright comments. For further evidence, see also page 63.

There will be other changes too. Next month we inaugurate yet an additional—and unique—audio column. In it we will publish and answer those of your more piercing questions—particularly those asking for our suggestions in buying equipment—that have traditionally been considered too hot to handle. And be assured we will not hold back from naming specific brand names and products.

So much for our music and audio expansion. What about record reviews? We have always had the most extensive review section of any major publication in the country; but here too you will notice a significant increase in our coverage within the next few months.

More immediately, let me tell you something about next month's features. During the summer months I generally find myself listening to music more often outdoors, or in a car, than inside either my home or a concert hall. I suspect you do too. So in July you will read about "The Season for Portables." You will discover the various features available in portable radios, tape players, and TV sets: you will read of one radio that lets you hear the audio signal of video shows (you don't really have to see "Face the Nation" to understand it); and you will find out why we do not recommend any portable record player. Since you need batteries for all these items, we will follow this article with "There *Is* a Difference in Batteries," in which you will learn about one type of battery that outperforms all the others. It hardly wears out (it may even outlast *you*) and you *can* get it (though not at your corner drugstore).

We will stay outdoors for "The Festival Fad," an irreverent look at a social at least as much as a musical phenomenon. Some festivals, to be sure, have particular musical values—and we will look at them—but others seem to have only a peculiar mystique that enables them to attract so many from so far to listen to music they could have heard more comfortably closer to home. (Of course, closer to home you'd hardly have the chance to guzzle beer at the same table as Richter or sun yourself next to Previn.)

Of more serious concern to the record buff, we return to the subject of our recent item "The Vanishing Mono" (April, page 78). Many manufacturers and dealers are expunging all mono records from their catalogues and shelves because the great mass of customers will snub any album whose jacket lacks the magic word "Stereo." What about all those great pre-stereo performances? Sorry, Charlie——unless they get reissued as "rechanneled for stereo," a process designed primarily to get the magic word on the cover but which actually mutilates the sound irretrievably (you can't bring it back by switching your mode control to "Mono"). We thus asked our reviewers to list those mono treasures they most strongly advise you to buy before the present, and apparently final, supply gives out. We've titled their suggestions "Last Chance for Mono Treasures," and that explains it precisely.

One final note: some of you have been waiting up to fifteen years for a new recording of Berg's *Lulu*. Now, within weeks of each other, DGG and Angel are bringing out the first two stereo versions of the opera. Next month we will compare them.

Leonard Marcus

Cover design by: Roy Lindstrom

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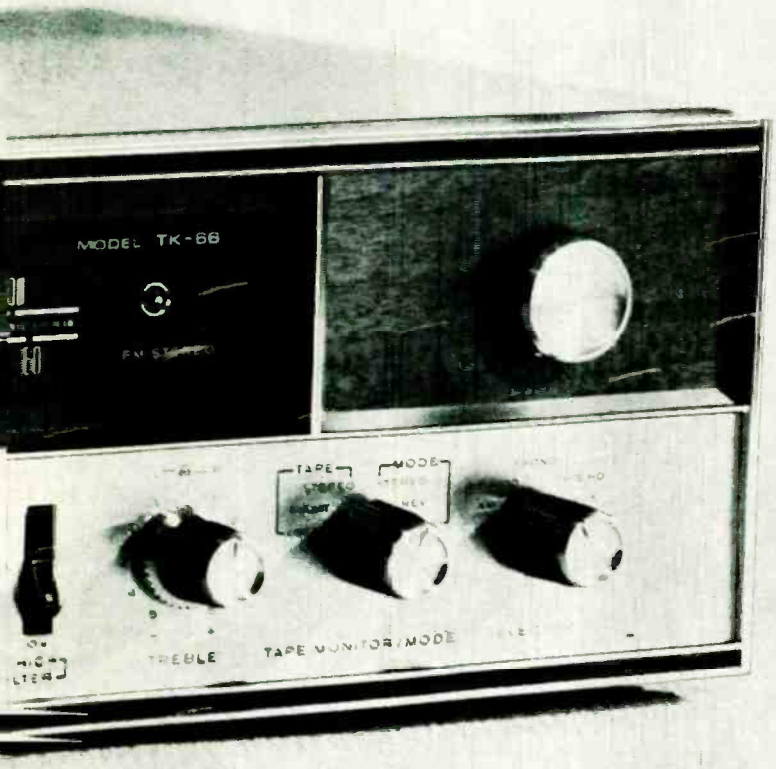

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LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR

Fan Letters

I have been reading your magazine since 1961 and now consider it the top magazine of its kind in the U.S. I intend to maintain my subscription forever. I thoroughly enjoyed Conrad L. Osborne's review of the Tebaldi *La Gioconda* [March 1968] and I thought his despair over the extremely peculiar plot an absolute riot.

Unfortunately my admiration for Mr. Osborne ends there. He is the critic I least like and with whom I most often profoundly disagree. No popular singer past, present, or future can, I feel, meet his standards. To hear him tear apart my favorite singers and recordings is often more than I can bear. And when, after attacking Nilsson and Price, he can call out laurels of praise for Scotto and Crespin, my distress is unbearable—particularly after one of his reviews of any Sutherland performance on records.

At any rate it's nice to know that I'm getting inferior performances when I listen to Nilsson, Price, Sutherland, Caballé, Tucker, Ludwig, Bergonzi, Gorr, Ghiaurov, and Horne. It's a good thing that Mr. Osborne tells me this; if he didn't, I would never have known.

Wallace O. Peace
Washington, D.C.

Conrad L. Osborne's less than cheerful evaluation of Marie Collier's Chrysothemis in the London recording of *Elektra* [February 1968] brought back to my mind the significant question: why wasn't Leonie Rysanek, whose participation in the recent New York and Vienna productions of this work (with the same two principals of London's cast) received such high critical acclaim, chosen to record the sole?

I believe anyone who has listened to Mme. Rysanek's recordings or Metropolitan Opera broadcasts will agree that she is more than just another important dramatic soprano; her vocal characterizations put her in a category with no more than three of four other sopranos: only Callas, Tebaldi, and possibly Sutherland and Nilsson among today's singers are in her league. (Personally I feel that neither Nilsson, with all her bulldozer-power, nor Sutherland, with her crooning roulades, can approach Rysanek in terms of velvet vocalism or hair-raising exaltation.)

For some mysterious reason, however, there has been nothing from Rysanek since the 1961 *Flying Dutchman*—even though she includes in her repertoire such recently recorded and re-recorded works as *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Walküre*, *Ballo*, *Forza*, *Nabucco*, *Aida*, and *Freischütz*. I suspect a dark conspiracy on the part of record company officials or press agents for noted prima donnas eager to suppress a serious rival. Someone should be called on to answer for the scarcity of Rysanek recordings.

Lionel Lackey
Charleston, S.C.

Conrad L. Osborne is without doubt today's most interesting and intelligent opera reviewer. I shall be eternally in his debt for he has increased immeasurably my appreciation of this art. But, dammit, I'm getting sick of his prejudices. His review, as an example, of Tebaldi's *La Gioconda* performance is one of the most stomach-turning things I've ever read. How quickly he follows each negative criticism of Tebaldi with exaggerated and irrelevant praise for the soprano. This seemingly objective technique of writing of flaws *then* virtues is constantly present in Mr. Osborne's reviews of Tebaldi's records.

Mr. Osborne uses the same device in reverse to debunk the recordings of Joan Sutherland. Here Mr. Osborne invariably begins by praising (though in a limp, half-hearted way) but concludes with deprecation. Thus we are always left with an unfavorable impression of Sutherland because of the order in which Mr. Osborne's thoughts have been set forth.

Objectivity is, I suppose, impossible in evaluating an operatic performer, but I wish that Mr. Osborne—as he has so admirably done with other artists—would express his biased attitudes towards such singers as Sutherland and Tebaldi rather than giving the impression that he criticizes objectively.

Brad Summerfelt
Berkeley, Calif.

Reader Summerfelt has left us thoroughly confused: he begins his Osborne critique by praising but concludes with deprecation, and we are left with an unfavorable impression. Crux criticorum.

The Sorcerer

At the risk of incurring some acid reply from the pen of reviewer Gene Lees, I would like to take issue with his review of Miles Davis' "Sorcerer" [April 1968]. First of all, Mr. Lees scarcely spoke about the music at all, preferring to use his space for commentary about each of the personnel. When he did mention the music he said that he was bored by it and, furthermore, that even Miles was bored by it—startling insight, even if unfounded. I suggest that Mr. Lees listen again to tracks like *Limbo* and *Prince of Darkness* and concentrate on some of the most *un*-boring sounds in jazz today.

Continued on page 10

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LETTERS

Continued from page 8

Elsewhere Mr. Lees has "evaluated" the work of certain other members of the jazz avant-garde (Coleman, Shepp, and Ayler for instance) as both silly and undisciplined. The former label is too vacuous to discuss, but the latter indicates a rather serious misunderstanding of these musicians' accomplishments. In a very real sense, they are involved in a significant extension of their art beyond its previous bounds. This extension may indeed involve the breaking of certain earlier "rules," but the complex harmonies and rhythms that result are the product of an even tighter personal discipline.

I suggest that Mr. Lees pursue his critical talents with more tolerance, or at least with open ears.

Robert A. Hoff
Minneapolis, Minn.

In his review of Miles Davis' "Sorcerer," Gene Lees poses the question: "How far from melody can you get without losing the audience?" He then uses Ornette Coleman as a prime example of the follies of being "undisciplined" represented in the jazz avant-garde's "silliness." Why would the Ford Foundation give a grant of several thousand dollars to Coleman were he a silly clown? Why should RCA present his silly music on their distinguished Red Seal label? Why was Coleman the Jazzman of the Year 1966? Why does his quartet, his albums, and even Coleman himself as an instrumentalist still appear at the top of reader and critic polls?

I'll answer Mr. Lees's question. A jazz musician can go far from melody, chromaticism, atonalism, and polytonalism and still have an enormous dedicated audience. And furthermore, he can still play jazz, still be serious, and still be great. Ornette has proven this. Miles has proven this, Coltrane proved this, Eric Dolphy proved this, and many others are constantly proving it.

For the common Ray Conniff fan to call this music "folly" is excusable—he has never found out where it's at, and he knows *only* melody, atonalism, etc. For Gene Lees to do the same thing confirms what I have suspected all along—that he is simply not a serious jazz critic. Such sophomoric and blind commentary is an insult to every audiophile who reads it.

Nirvarden L. Maverse
Oak Park, Mich.

More Controversy

A comparison of Toscanini and Furtwängler often seems to me as evasive as discussing relative merits of a Western movie and a French movie. I enjoyed, however, David Hamilton's article on the old controversy [February 1968] and read it with unusual interest.

Toscanini understood better than anybody else instrumental sound and its effect on human perception. Enhanced by

Continued on page 14

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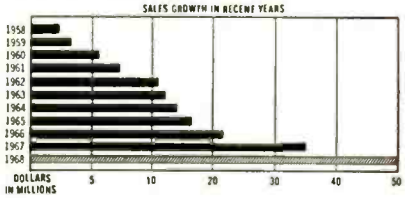

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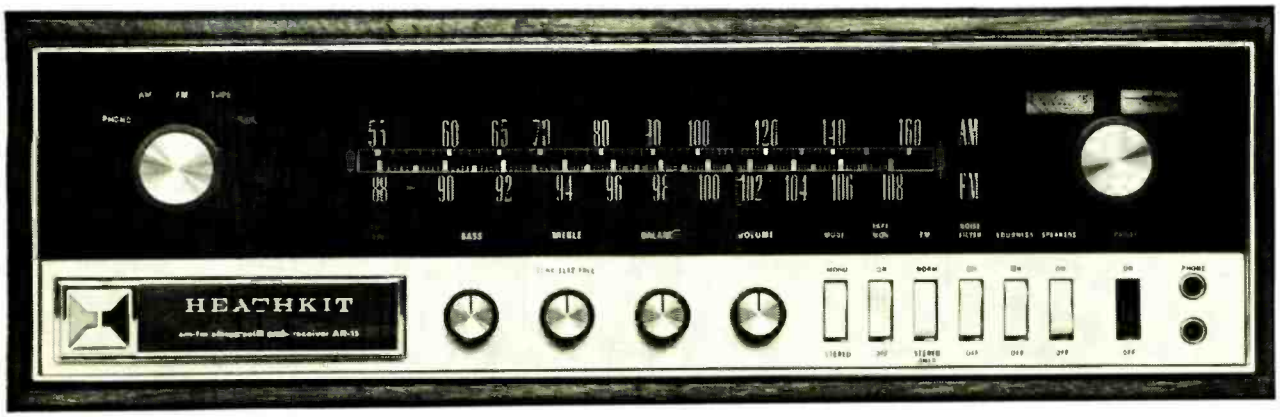

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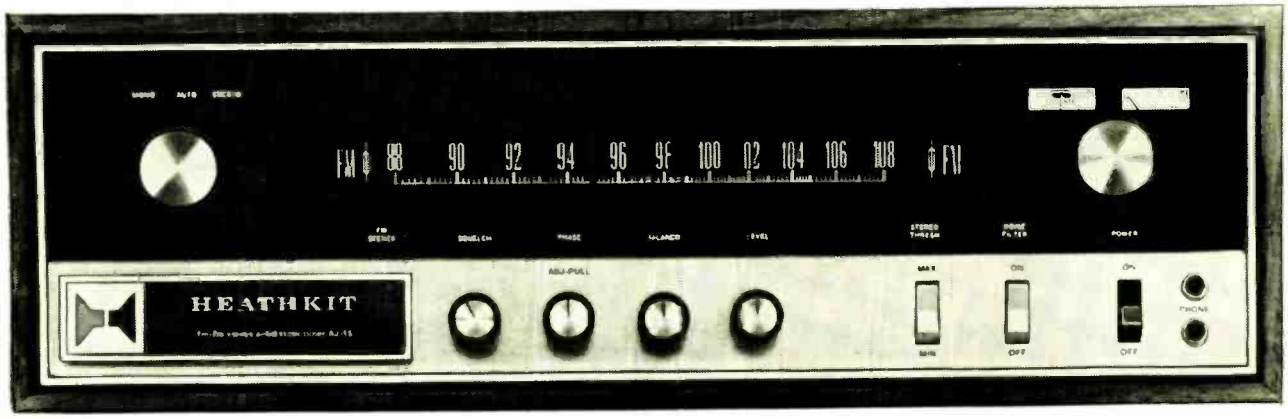

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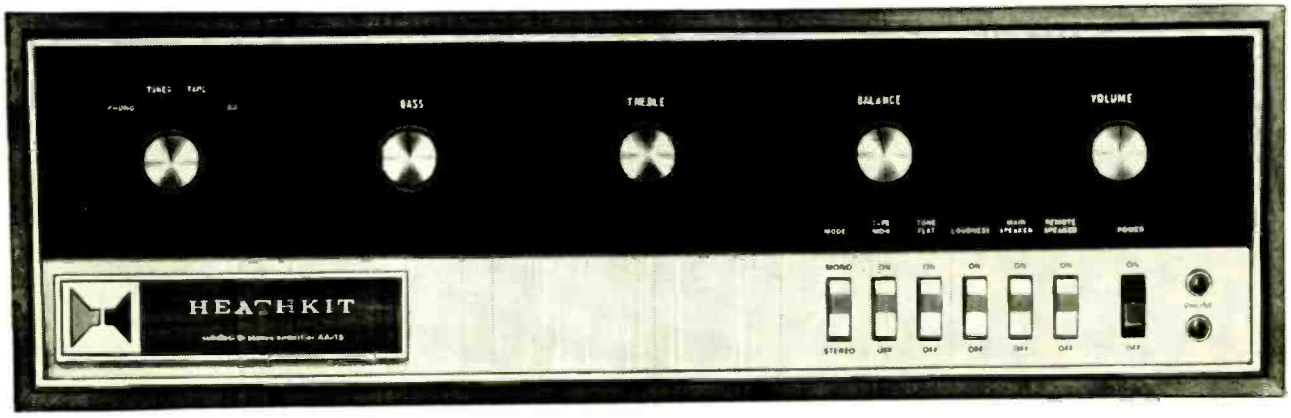

for the man who already owns a fine something or other.

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CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

his ability to impose precise articulation, the sheer beauty of his orchestra is stunning. Equally stunning is the fact that this sound does not convey anything more than the sound itself. Another aspect of this famed conductor which has always intrigued me is the expression of deep frustration on his face. He looks to me more or less like a climber determined to conquer Mt. Everest but climbs to a neighboring peak by mistake. After a great effort he reaches the top only to find the highest mountain in the world towering over him.

As a matter of record, I would like to call Mr. Hamilton's attention to a Furtwängler recording with the Vienna Philharmonic of the Beethoven Eighth Symphony, which is available in Japan on the Toshiba label. Japan may be a treasure chest for the Furtwängler fancier, since the same company publishes a series entitled "Works of Furtwängler," consisting of no less than eight volumes and thirty-four LP records.

Masaji Yoshikawa
La Jolla, Calif.

David Hamilton informs us in his fine article on Furtwängler and Toscanini that the Schwann catalogue will be graced with four offerings of the complete Mahler symphonic canon. There are also several versions of the individual symphonies. I am ready to see conductors give Mahler a rest.

I have been hoping for recordings of certain symphonies that I have heard only on the radio or not at all. One of these is the *Jena* Symphony, once thought to have been by Beethoven. William Steinberg has performed the two Elgar symphonies but has never recorded these rich works. And I've always wondered what the first two symphonies of Mendelssohn and Saint-Saëns sound like.

Robert Reiff
Middlebury, Vt.

I would like to express my admiration for David Hamilton's article on the Toscanini vs. Furtwängler controversy. It was well conceived, informative, and (above all) honest. And while I do find him more than apologetic for Furtwängler's gross mangling of Beethoven's symphonies, he nevertheless clearly indicates that his final choice of Furtwängler is entirely subjective. This is an admirable revelation at a time when most critics give their preferences the authority of complete objectivity.

Yet I must give my reasons for ultimately preferring Toscanini as a Beethoven interpreter. And the reason is *very* subjective, not being based, rightly or wrongly, on any consideration of music structure or technique. That is, for me, Toscanini *is* Beethoven. From what I know of Beethoven's bull-headed and fierce personality and the vicious and energetic way he conducted and played the piano (even before he was deaf), I'm sure his readings of the

Continued on page 16

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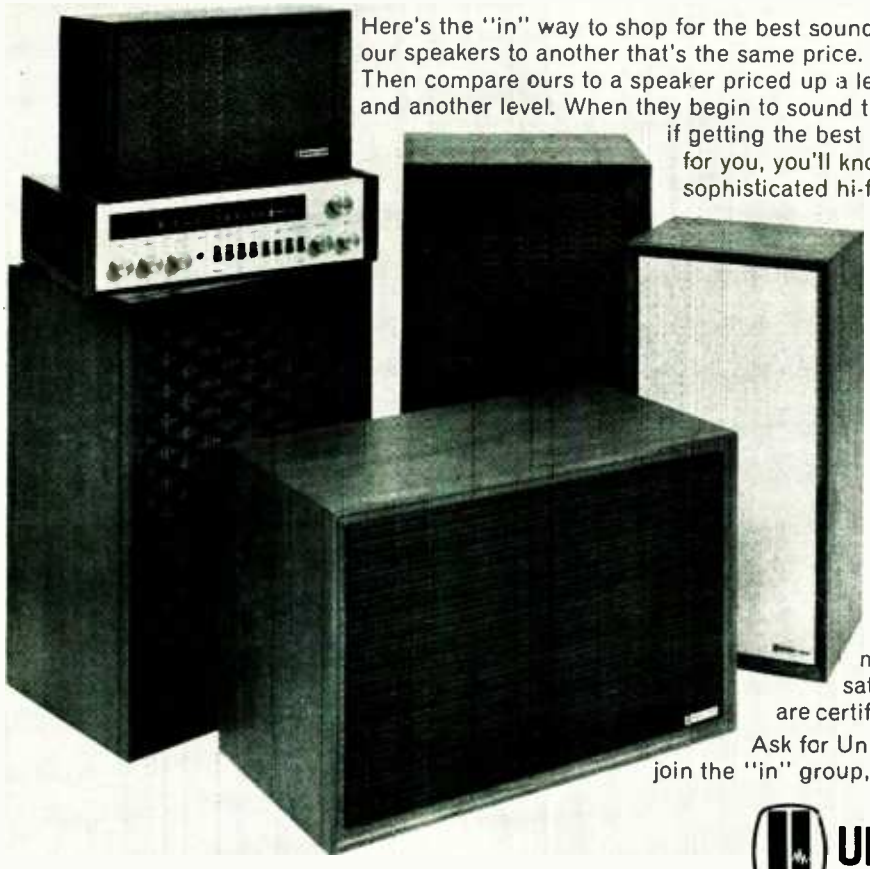

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LETTERS

Continued from page 14

symphonies would be far closer to the dramatic, tense approach of Toscanini than the monolithic, logical approach of Furtwängler.

Maurice C. Barone
East Lansing, Mich.

May I congratulate David Hamilton for his most illuminating article on Furtwängler and Toscanini. I think it is high time that music lovers in the United States—a country which has more than one thousand orchestras—should get acquainted with the masterly art of conducting as exquisitely represented by the late Furtwängler. I believe that Furtwängler as an analytical interpreter and a leader of that school of conducting deserves to be known more thoroughly.

N. Akiman
Brussels, Belgium

Ferrier on Film

The BBC Television is making a film about Kathleen Ferrier, a singer who was greatly loved in America as, indeed, everywhere. We are urgently trying to trace films of her taken at any time during her career and we would welcome details from HIGH FIDELITY's readers. America is known to be the most cine-minded nation in the world and we feel sure that there must be some privately owned films somewhere.

Miss Ferrier made her New York debut in 1948, followed by two big tours: in March 1949 to Minnesota, Ohio, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Missouri, Kentucky, South Carolina, Michigan, Montreal, and Cuba; and in January 1950 to New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, New Mexico, Arizona, Montreal, St. John, and Toronto.

Any films sent to us will be treated with great care and returned.

Rhona Shaw
Research Assistant for John Culshaw,
Head of Music Programmes TV
BBC TV Kensington House
London, W. 14, England

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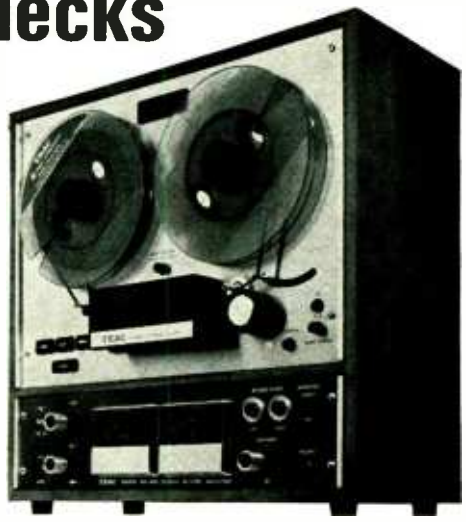

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MUSIC MAKERS

BY ROLAND GELATT

Buffalo held a Festival of the Arts Today—and Nonesuch Records was there to tape some of today's music. In foreground, above: engineer Aubort, English horn player Florence Myers, composer-conductor Foss; Foss also at right, and at far right between composer Xenakis and Nonesuch staffer Teresa Sterne.

Photos: Nonesuch Records

XENAKIS, PENDERECKI . . . AND BUFFALO

WHEN I CAME TO HIGH FIDELITY in 1954, after a tour of duty at *Saturday Review* as that magazine's first feature editor, it was on the understanding that my responsibilities would be sharply defined and carefully limited. My second book, *The Fabulous Phonograph*, was about to be published and I was impatient to get started on Opus 3. So it was arranged that I would do so much and no more in my new job. My obligations were to broaden the roster of record reviewers and oversee their work; to write a monthly column dealing with people and events in the twin worlds of live music and recording; to create and supervise an occasional special issue, the first of these being scheduled for the bicentenary of Mozart's birth in January 1956. That was all.

The plan worked beautifully for about six months. Then everything at HIGH FIDELITY began to expand—the size of its circulation, its editorial scope, its working force and inexorably I was drawn from the periphery of the publication into its mainstream. At that time the young magazine was undergoing some difficult growing pains. These were years of considerable change—in the staff, in management policies, in ownership—but somehow I managed to survive, and one day ten years ago found myself in the job of chief editor.

By then my Opus 3 had already become a lost illusion. To tell the truth, it didn't bother me at all. I wouldn't have missed those problem-filled formative years for anything. Shaping the content and setting the style of HIGH FIDELITY was never less than exhilarating. But as time passed and new projects were launched—the *Stereo* annual, the regional sections, the Carnegie Hall Program, the amalgamation of *Musical America*—my work grew increasingly administrative in nature. Only rarely did I get away from my desk.

A casualty of all this organizational activity was my monthly column "Music Makers." It began to sputter out in 1962 and made a last appearance in the Verdi Issue of October 1963. The world of music cannot be properly covered from behind a busy desk. But I missed writing the column, missed the stimulation of being out and about, and early this year I resolved to do something about it.

With this issue I gratefully hand over the editorial reins to my long-time associate and former managing editor, Leonard Marcus. He is eminently well qualified for the post, a demon of energy with an imposing backlog of experience in both music and letters, as well as audio, and I am confident that HIGH FIDELITY will flourish splendidly under his editorship. As for me, I shall continue to help guide the over-all publishing policies of the magazine. And, with a hopefully far less cluttered desk, I plan to get back in circulation and back to the *status quo ante*. I shall write a monthly column dealing with people and events in the twin worlds of live music and recording; I shall create and supervise an occasional special issue (the next one, on "The New Music," appears in September); and, if all goes well, I shall get to finish Opus 3.

THE FIRST of these columns, in December 1954, reported on the recording of a brand-new work—the Tenth Symphony of Shostakovich, which Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic taped immediately after its first American performance—so it is poetically appropriate that "Music Makers" should resume with a report on another recording of contemporary music. But if the set of circumstances linking the two events are similar, the differences in substance are gigantic. Instead of the relatively traditional idiom of Shostakovich, the microphones this time were capturing the far-out sounds of John Cage, Lukas Foss, Krzysztof Penderecki, and Iannis Xenakis—all of them bellwethers of The New Music and all, except for Cage, no more than specks on the horizon in 1954. A lot has happened to musical taste and to the record industry in those fourteen years.

The sessions took place in Buffalo and formed an appendage to that city's second Festival of the Arts Today, a triennial

Continued on page 22

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MUSIC MAKERS

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jamboree of avant-garde expression in every field of creative activity—painting, sculpture, and architecture, poetry and the theatre, movies, the dance, and of course music. This cultural *olla podrida* was launched in 1965 at the instigation of Lukas Foss, conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, composer of spiritedly aleatoric music, and a militant proselytizer for contemporary art. Attendance at the first festival surpassed all expectations and encouraged Foss and his associates to lure some prestigious avant-gardists to this year's proceedings —among them R. Buckminster Fuller, Naum Gabo, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, and Edward Albee. If you wanted to be with it during the first two weeks of March, Buffalo was the place.

Among the scheduled events were two concerts by the Buffalo Philharmonic entirely devoted to new music and featuring the first American performances of recent works by Xenakis and Penderecki. As soon as Nonesuch Records got wind of these programs, negotiations were started to set up recording sessions following the public concerts. Actually, the Nonesuch-Buffalo collaboration continued an old dialogue, for the orchestra's manager, Adam Pinsker, and the head of Nonesuch, Jac Holzman, have known each other since childhood. But it was the uncompromisingly contemporary repertoire that turned their vague discussions into a viable project. Surprisingly and unpredictably, avant-garde music on records is beginning to find an enthusiastic public these days, and Nonesuch has become one of its chief purveyors.

As a crusader for artistic revolution and a partisan of creative nonconformity, Foss discloses a remarkably genial disposition. His open, expressive countenance and merrily darting eyes suggest an engaging sense of fun and adventure, and it was on this note that the sessions opened. Zero hour had arrived, and with it a multitude of unanswered questions. Foremost among them was the suitability of Kleinhans Music Hall, a highly reverberant auditorium, for stereo sound. The microphones had been positioned carefully to minimize the hall's excessive bounce, but the effect through the two AR-3a monitor speakers in the control room remained conjectural. Foss had a brief conversation on the intercom, then addressed the orchestra. "We need two staccato attacks. Play any note you want." A pair of crisply cacophonous orchestral jabs ricocheted through the auditorium. "Marvelous!" Foss exclaimed. "Great effect! I'll put it in my next piece." And from the control room came the reassuring report: "It sounds fine. Let's start rolling."

The sessions were to continue for three days, and everyone knew that at the end there had to be sufficient material for three records. In addition to the difficulty of the repertoire and the limitations of time, there were additional causes for strain. Nonesuch was new at the job; the company had never before made a recording with a major American orchestra. And the Buffalo Philharmonic itself was unused to recording; its last one had been a 78-rpm set of the Shostakovich Seventh for the long defunct Musicraft label, made back in the dim past when William Steinberg was music director. But tensions remained minimal throughout—partly because of Foss's expansively sunny manner, partly because of the soothing efficiency of an ambidextrous producer-engineer from Switzerland named Marc Aubort, who did all the work normally parceled out to a crew of four or five—following the score, keeping a record of takes and inserts, monitoring the controls, running the tape decks.

TWO WORKS by Iannis Xenakis, *Pithoprakta* and *Akrata*, figured on the Buffalo recording schedule; and since the composer was in town to deliver a lecture, he dropped by at the sessions to lend a helpful ear. (Anyone who has seen the stupendous complexity of these contemporary scores will appreciate just how helpful a composer's ear can be in these circumstances.) Though still little known in this country, Xenakis has achieved a formidable reputation in Europe as a musical innovator. Greek-born and long a resident of Paris, he invented several of the compositional techniques that now constitute the *lingua franca* of the avant-garde.

One sees him as a Renaissance man not only for his looks (he is like a Ghirlandajo portrait come to life) but also for his achievements. Like Leonardo and Michelangelo, Xenakis has not been content to labor in only one vineyard. He is a prominent architect and mathematician as well as composer, and attempts to integrate the findings of modern science into whatever he creates. He discourses glibly—and one assumes knowledgeably—of games theory and probability theory, of Poisson's law of large numbers, of dissymmetry and isomorphism. And he delights in reproducing his music in terms of mathematical symbolism.

His lecture at Buffalo was full of this impenetrable stuff, and almost all of it went over my head. But there were a few nuggets to remember. "As a boy in Greece," he related, "I used to go camping, and I remember hearing the locusts at night—thousands of disconnected sounds coming from all directions. For me it was so beautiful. It seemed to me a problem of music. But no one in those days could see it as music." Eventually, Xenakis learned how to turn this kind of "sound event" into a musical composition. *Pithoprakta*, in the composer's own words, "is a dense cloud of sound atoms spread across all registers in all nuances." At one point, wild pizzicatos in the strings serve as background for droning microtonal glissandi from the trombones, and the effect is as exciting as anything in modern music.

Many of the devices that Xenakis pioneered have been taken over by the younger Polish composer Penderecki. There is certainly no question but that Penderecki employs these devices to more immediately communicative ends, but whether his music will wear well over the long pull remains to be seen. In any event, his new Capriccio for Violin, premiered and recorded in Buffalo, is certainly a stunner—rhapsodic and romantic in mood, glitteringly up-to-date in language. It was magnificently performed by the young violinist Paul Zukofsky, who mastered the fiendish solo part in three weeks. This work and another new piece by Penderecki entitled *De Natura Sonoris* will fill one side of a record, the other being devoted to the two aforementioned compositions by Xenakis.

A second record will couple John Cage's Concerto for Prepared Piano and Orchestra (to my mind a silly and boring piece) with the riotous *Baroque Variations* of Lukas Foss. Both records are scheduled for mid-August release.

IS THERE enough profit in avant-garde music to justify the enormous expense of orchestral sessions at the American union scale? The answer is no. The Buffalo sessions would never have taken place except for the generosity of a few local patrons who subsidized the undertaking in order to spread the fame of their favorite orchestra throughout the world. Only one string was attached to their largess. They wanted to have a record they could really enjoy. And so, simultaneously with the release of its prized avant-garde premieres, Nonesuch will bring out a third Buffalo Philharmonic disc—the first stereo version of Sibelius' eminently accessible *Lemminkäinen* music.

The Sibelius recording was sandwiched in between doses of Penderecki and Xenakis, Foss and Cage. And after the discordancies and complexities, the searing fortissimos and nervous silences of all that new music, the Finn's luscious effusions fell most gratefully on the ear. Perhaps those good burghers of Buffalo had a point.

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NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

MONTSERRAT

With Deutsche Grammophon In a Spanish Cloister

The sanctuary of Montserrat is several hours' drive from Barcelona: first the new apartment buildings of the suburbs, then the industrial buildings (including a somewhat incongruous brewery), then orchards of peach, apple, and almond trees, then—on the steeply rising slopes—vineyards. When the journey is perhaps half accomplished, you are in the wilds. And finally, when you reach your destination and step out of the car, you have the distinct sensation of being in the middle (or perhaps, on the top) of nowhere. Out of the world.

I drove up with Dr. Hans Rutz, press chief of Deutsche Grammophon, Andrew Porter of *The Financial Times*, and Jean Hamon of the French record magazine *Diapason*. We were a somewhat unlikely international quartet, and our motive for gathering at the shrine of Montserrat (Wagner's Monsalvat, his *fernes Land*) was also unlikely: we had come to listen to some seventeenth-century Spanish choral music, which DGG was recording for its Archive series.

Dr. Rutz—our host—explained the commercial reasons for the enterprise. Deutsche Grammophon is expanding its Spanish distribution and, logically enough, is concerned with adding some Spanish music to its catalogue. Instead of choosing the obvious Falla, Granados, Albéniz, the firm decided to investigate the less-trodden byways of early Spanish music, making a series of seven LPs largely devoted to works—and even composers—hitherto completely ignored by record makers.

Cassocks and Jeans. We arrived at the shrine at noon and went straight into the vast, modern church, successor to several preceding structures, the last of which was destroyed in the Napoleonic wars. At one o'clock the boys of the choir school, an ancient but still lively Montserrat tradition, were to sing a *Salve Regina*. That afternoon we were to hear them record. Dressed in stern black cassocks and white surplices, they sang like angels.

After an anything-but-monastic feast in the restaurant of the shrine (superabundant hors d'oeuvres and a rich paella), we went upstairs to the recording sessions. Since the shrine usually is open all day, the sessions—held in the church—had to be brief and DGG's engineers had to clear out their equipment after each work period and set it up all over again for the next. They went about their business with lightning speed, and all was ready when the boys—now in shorts or blue-jeans—reappeared. On the podium was Padre Segarra, the director of the singing school; on another podium one of the boys, temporarily promoted to soloist, faced a second microphone.

The work being recorded was the motet *Maria Mater Dei* by Carlos Patiño, a prolific composer who died in Madrid in 1683. After a rehearsal, one of the engineers came out to shift the instruments that—with the organ—comprised the accompaniment: trombone, harp, and violone. After several trials, the piece came out to perfection, and the boys, along with the dozen or so older monks also participating, gathered in the sacristy for a playback. Also present were Dr. Baudis, DGG's musicologist-engineer in charge of the sessions, and a young Spanish musicologist named Lotar Siemens (yes, Spanish, despite the surname), who acted as special consultant for this series of recordings.

The second piece on the day's schedule was a great curiosity, a *unicum*, as Dr. Siemens said. The latter had found the manuscript in the library of the cathedral of Tenerife (his home town) in the Canary Islands, and had prepared it for performance. A Christmas song, written by Diego Durón in 1682, it bore the title *Gazul Zelin Mohen*, which—like much of the text—is a kid of pidgin Arabic invented by Durón. It seems that at the Yule season the children of the choir dressed up as Arabs and sang this gay, complex, strangely modern piece. Dr. Siemens later explained to me that the custom of choirboys dressing up in strange costumes and singing nonsense words was widespread in Spain, though the Durón piece is the only known example of the use of pseudo-Arabic.

This part of the session also proceeded smoothly, marked only by the unexpected appearance of a visitor in the strictly locked church. A very Northern-looking blond lady, the newcomer was greeted effusively by the boys, who clustered around her asking for her autograph. I found out afterwards that this was Baroness von Trapp; she didn't look much like either Mary Martin or Julie Andrews. At seven the session ended, with the second composition safely recorded, and in good time for Vespers the microphones and wires were swept out of the way.

Dr. Siemens' Experiment. After dinner, Baudis and Siemens described in greater detail the whole Spanish project of DGG-Archive. The series will illustrate a whole musical civilization that, as far as records are concerned, has been only partially, sketchily explored. Two discs will be entirely devoted to sixteenth-century organ music, using old Spanish organs several of which have not been previously available for recording, notably that of the Madrid Royal Palace. The organists are Montserrat Torrent and Garcia Llovera; the compositions—by Aguilera, Clavijo, Cabezón, Sola, and others—are unpublished, with two exceptions. Another disc will present the Polyphonic Quartet of Barcelona, sometimes joined by four other singers, for double quartets, in performances of sixteenth-century a cappella music (one side sacred, one side secular) by Anchieta, Morales, Robledo, Victoria (a motet not included in the published

At the control desk: Baudis and Padre Segarra, seated; between them, Lotar Siemens.

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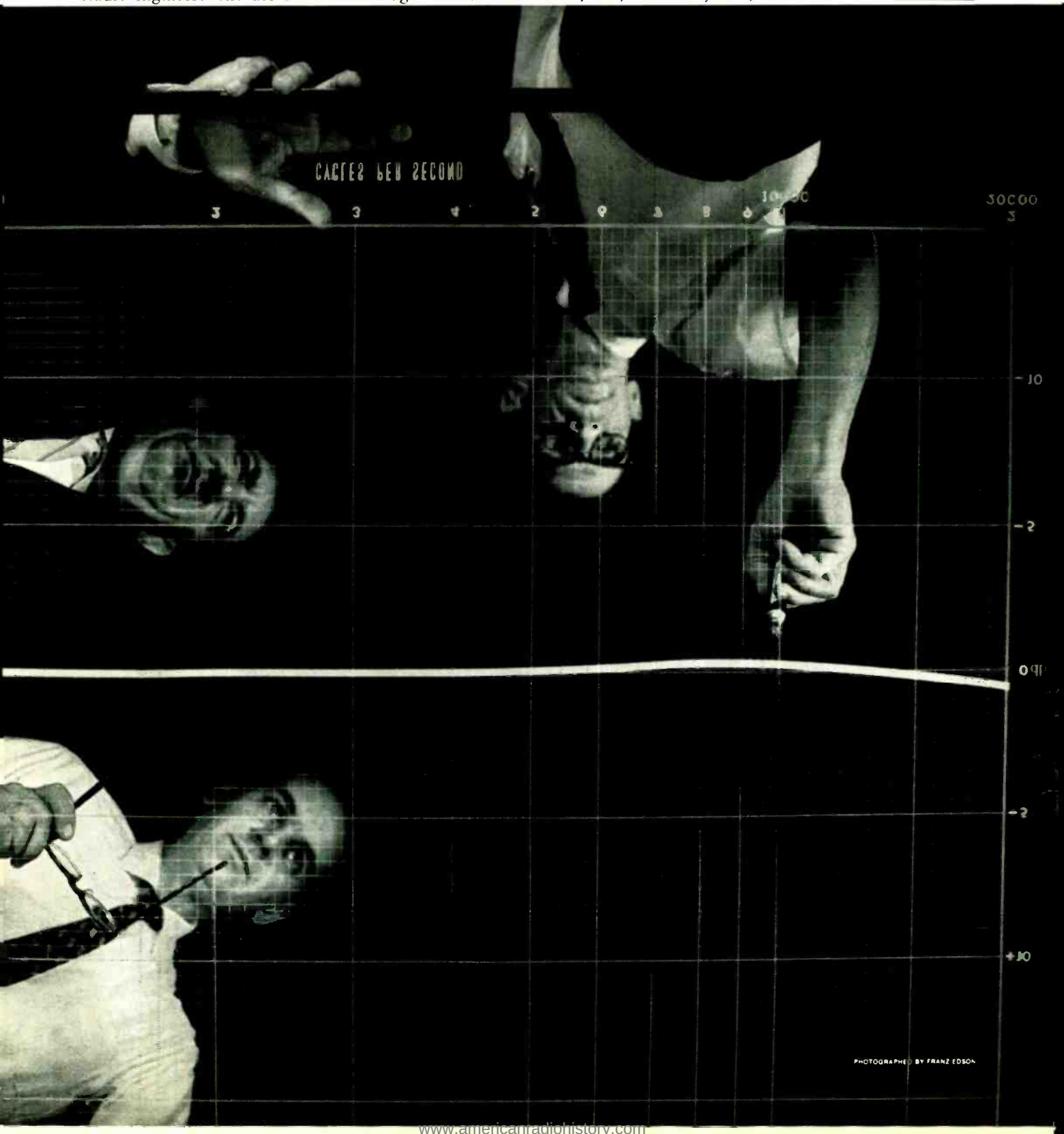

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

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Complete Works), and others. Still another record is divided between music for vihuela (the ancient guitar) and for guitar, both played by Renata Tarragó.

One side of the sixth record will contain Sephardic music, carried from Spain by the Jews to other countries, where it is still sung (one number will be recorded in England, at Golders Green). The other side will be even more esoteric; it will trace the journey of a single tune (that of Corelli's *Follia*), as it was used in music for vihuela, for organ, in flamenco, and so on. "This will be thematic musicology, rather than chronological," as Dr. Siemens said.

And the final disc will contain a reconstruction of a religious office of the Mozarabic rite (the rite followed by Spanish Catholics under the Arab domination). The tradition has long been lost, and musicologists are still disputing about the proper reading of the surviving texts. "This is an experiment," Siemens said. It will be a polemical one, but presumably also fruitful.

The next morning, with Wagnerian mists sweeping the mountain, we left. By the time I reached Barcelona airport, the whole trip seemed unreal: hundreds of miles to hear a few minutes of seventeenth-century music. But the records are real, all right, and they should appear before the end of the year.

WILLIAM WEAVER

LONDON

Des Knaben Wunderhorn With an All-Star Cast

Walter Legge has once more returned to Kingsway Hall to direct a recording for EMI. Founder of the Philharmonia Orchestra, concert promoter of unrivaled panache, for many years the virtual Pope of British recording activities—or at least the Archbishop of Canterbury—Walter Legge made a spectacular if only temporary return to the studio for four sumptuous sessions devoted to Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. His wife, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, was one of the two soloists; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was the other; and the conductor in charge of the London Symphony Orchestra was George Szell.

The question everyone was asking beforehand was how Szell, one of the most technically minded of all recording conductors and very much a man of convictions, would work with a recording manager equally self-assured. The partnership worked like a charm. The sessions were directly linked with two concert performances of the same work at the Royal Festival Hall; and since the first two sessions came between the live performances, the last two immediately following, all the major problems had been completely thrashed out before anyone stepped foot in the studio. Legge sat in the control room in his usual position on a dais behind the engineers, a large music stand at his right elbow. For the playbacks Szell sat with him, while Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau grouped themselves as for a family photograph. Szell would look over Legge's shoulder to check something in the score, constantly reflecting the music in the undulations of an expressive left hand. He would then take complete charge of the question of cutting. Plenty of discussion went into the exact advantages of each passage in each version, but Szell—as in a Cleveland session I once attended—worked directly with the engineers, explaining exactly what he wanted. "Go into the insert at the latest possible moment," he would instruct. "Make sure of getting two bars before Figure 5 from this take," he would later say over the intercom between takes, quite clear in his mind where the advantages lay. Obediently an assistant noted every detail in a special score.

The nearest approach Szell and Legge had to misunderstanding each other came from nothing to do with opinions or temperament, but from discrepancies between the full score used by the conductor and the miniature scores used by the recording manager. In the one case they had cue numbers but no numbering of bars, while in the other it was ex-

Continued on page 28

Our competition builds some pretty good stereo receivers.

(We just happen to build a great one!)

Let's not kid around. At 700 bucks plus tax, a Marantz Model 18 Receiver isn't for everyone.

But, if you'd like to own the best solid-state stereophonic receiver made anywhere in the world, this is it. Here are just a few of the reasons why.

The Marantz Model 18 is the only receiver in the world that contains its own built-in oscilloscope. That means you can tell a lot more about the signal a station is putting out besides its strength or whether or not it's stereo. Like if they're trying to put one over on you by broadcasting a monaural recording in stereo. Or causing distortion by overmodulating. (It's nice to know it's *their* fault.)

The Marantz Model 18 is the only stereo receiver in the world with a Butterworth filter. Let alone four of them. The result: Marantz IF stages *never* need realigning. Marantz station selectivity is superior so strong stations don't crowd our adjacent weaker stations. And stereo separation is so outstanding that for the first time you can enjoy true concert-hall realism at home. Moreover, distortion is virtually non-existent.

But there is much more that goes into making a Marantz a Marantz. That's why your local franchised Marantz dealer will be pleased to furnish you with complete details together with a demonstration. Then let your ears make up your mind.

marantz®

Designed to be number one in performance...not sales.

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 26

actly the reverse. So to get things right when Legge in his turn asked for a passage to be repeated, complicated descriptions had to be devised.

Problems and Solutions. It was Szell who conducted for one of the few other Legge sessions of recent years, the recording of Strauss's *Four Last Songs* made in Berlin two years ago. When I asked him why that performance sounded more relaxed and mellow than most of those he records in Cleveland, he insisted that one of the main reasons for the apparent differences was the European acoustic, more reverberant and with more space around it. After these latest sessions in Kingsway Hall he was wondering what the Cleveland Orchestra would sound like recorded there.

The physical setup at Kingsway Hall worked astonishingly well. On this occasion Szell, from his position in the center of the stage, had a canopy of five horizontal microphone booms over him, while on his far left on one side of the stage Fischer-Dieskau and Schwarzkopf had separate microphones. One of the problems of the concert performance had been the exact balancing—especially important when as many songs as possible were being treated as duets with soprano and baritone answering each other. On this point things were much easier in the recording studio, and Schwarzkopf in particular kept showing her obvious enjoyment in broad expressive gestures.

One important difference between the live performances and the recorded one will be the actual order of the songs. For the concerts a highly imaginative order was adopted, with the high comedy of *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?*, *Lob des hohen Verstand* (about the cuckoo and the donkey), and St. Anthony's Sermon kept together in the middle and the final part of the program bringing the darker songs. For the record Walter Legge felt that the published order of the two sets of five songs was better, with the addition at the end of the two extra *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* settings, *Revelge* and *Der Tambourg'sell*. It was with a tone of appreciation as much as of criticism that he said during the taping of *Lied des Verfolgten im Turm* (Song of the Prisoner in the Tower), "You know, so much of this is very close to Lehár."

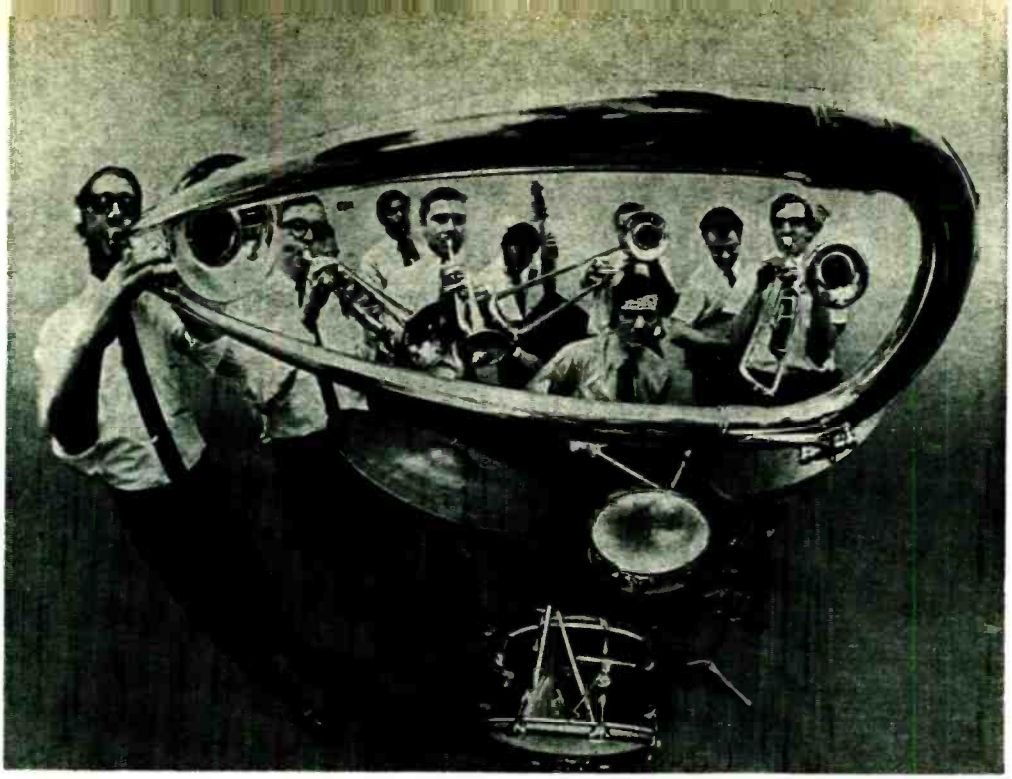
Marriner's Experts. On the day after *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* had been completed, Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields moved into Kingsway Hall to resume their recording of Handel's Concerti Grossi Op. 6 for Decca/London. This occasion too marked an important return to the recording studio—that of Professor Thurston Dart, who some years ago made his own recordings of Bach and Handel with the Philomusica of London. Marriner had enticed him back to play the harpsichord continuo in the Handel venture. Again one felt that there might be a chance of fireworks, for Dart has very strong ideas on the performance of eighteenth-century music and his knowledge of the field is formidably encyclopedic.

In effect the visiting authority provided a particularly active cog in the lively machine that goes to make the Academy of St. Martin's. As I have mentioned before, this is a particularly high-powered group in that the well-worn phrase—"everyone a soloist in his own right"—is literally true. Moreover, the performers play primarily for love. It follows that if anyone wants to have a say in the proceedings, he can—and Professor Dart just chipped in every now and then like all the rest. It is interesting too that the various solo violin passages in different concertos were not done by a single player but were shared among the various well-known artists who make up the first violin section.

It was Neville Marriner's idea after studying previous recordings as well as looking at the manuscripts to include the optional oboe in some of the concertos. He feels that on records in particular the result is better than an unvaried string tone throughout. On Dart's playing of the continuo part I imagine there will be room for scholarly disagreement, for he allows himself plenty of flourishes and cross-rhythms, preferring to be imaginative rather than reticent. What I heard of this Handel delighted me.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →



If you could look through your speakers, is this what you'd see?

Listen carefully. Chances are your speakers add their own distorting coloration to the music. Maybe it's a boomy bass, or an overemphasis on treble. Most speakers do it, and some are designed to do it. You may not even mind the effect. But is this really the absolutely faithful reproduction you paid for?

If you enjoy adding emphasis to selected parts of the music, that's your prerogative. But don't let your speakers do it for you! There are controls on your receiver or amplifier that do the job much more predictably and pleasingly.

The best speaker is still the one with absolutely even response; with no coloration of the highs or the lows. This is the kind of speaker that Scott makes.

Scott engineers design every component part of Scott speaker systems. It's far more difficult than using ready-made components, but Scott won't accept the bias built into "off-the-shelf" parts. Scott's Controlled Impedance speakers are designed specially for use with today's solid-state equipment. Custom-designed woofers, tweeters, midranges, and cross-over circuitry are carefully matched in solid, air-tight enclosures. And each individual speaker system must survive the scrutiny of both electronic instruments and trained ears before it's allowed to leave the Scott factory.

As a result, Scott speaker systems are completely honest; what goes into them is what comes out of them. They won't cover up for a poor receiver or turntable. Neither will they distort the perfection of a good component system. And that's what Scott believes great speakers are all about.

Choose from five Scott Controlled Impedance speaker systems, priced from $49.95 to $274.95, at your dealer's.

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Maynard, Massachusetts 01754

Improve your listening with Scott 20/20 Speakers.

NEWS&VIEWS

New Products Bow at Detroit

DETROIT'S FIRST high fidelity music show in eight years was, depending on whom you asked, a resounding flop or a commercial success. From the visitor's point of view, his $1.25 admission purchased him a look at the products of some thirty-eight manufacturers—not a particularly good bargain, compared with hi-fi shows in Washington, Los Angeles, or New York. On the other hand, he got to see at least seven new products ahead of buyers elsewhere in the nation.

Bad weather and a four-month-old newspaper strike conspired to keep opening day from being a sell-out, but as the weather improved and word of the show spread, attendance began to climb. Some exhibitors were delighted by the interest shown by those who did turn out. "There were quite a lot of young couples, and they asked intelligent questions," one exhibitor noted.

The show, which occupied one floor and a small part of another in the Statler Hilton Hotel, boasted a few new products vis-à-vis the recent Philadelphia show. Fisher introduced its first popular-priced stereo FM receiver, the 160-T 40-watt model retailing for $199.95. The 160-T features push-button selection of five pre-set stations, or use of any one of five dial selectors, stereo beacon, front panel headphone jack, ganged volume and tone controls, and speaker selector switch.

At Kenwood's exhibit we saw the new KA-2000, a 40-watt stereo receiver retailing for $89.95; while Lafayette Radio featured the lowest-cost-ever solid-state transistor amplifier, the Stereo 20. At $39.95, it is a 20-watter with ganged tone and volume controls, earphone output, and speaker selector switch. Lafayette showed too the RK-960 automatic reversing solid-state stereo tape recorder, priced at $299.95. The three-speed unit was not available for purchase at the time of the show, a spokesman explained.

Also on exhibit was Roberts' newest recorder—the 778-X, a three-speed reel-to-reel recorder with built-in eight-track cartridge recorder, said to permit hobbyists to dub their own cartridges. This feature was not demonstrated, and company representatives seemed reluctant to discuss it. The unit features a Crossfield head and illuminated cartridge track indicators. Jensen showed its new speaker systems, including the TF-3B, a three-way four-speaker bookshelf model selling for $109 unfinished or $122 in walnut. The Jensen TF-4A is a five-speaker four-way system measuring 16 by 25½ by 8¾ inches deep and retailing for $122 unfinished or $142 in walnut.

As far as we could judge, everything else at the Detroit show was a repetition of the Philadelphia show—already familiar to us but new, of course, to thousands of Detroiters.

Teresa Rogers, hi-fi impresario, cuts recording tape instead of conventional ribbon to open Detroit show.

HEATH TO SPLIT AR 15 INTO SEPARATES

In response to a somewhat unusual demand, Heath has decided to offer both the amplifier and tuner sections of its AR 15 receiver as separate products, beginning sometime this month. Many requests, a company spokesman told us, have come in for one or the other from people who don't want to duplicate what they now own but who do want the high performance of either the tuner or amplifier that comprise the AR 15. The tuner, in kit form, will cost $189 and the amplifier $169. Prices for factory-wired versions have not yet been determined. And of course, the complete AR 15 receiver continues to be offered.

Battery-Operated Tape Recorder Powers Radio Station In Crisis

THIS ITEM PROBABLY will interest broadcasters more than any other group of readers. Radio Station KBIS, Bakersfield, California, recently managed to stay on the air for more than one-and-a-half hours despite a power failure that blocked out the entire area.

Realizing that the transmitter itself—operated by remote control from the studio—was outside the stricken area and therefore still usable, the station devised a unique solution, which it believes is a "broadcasting first." A battery-operated

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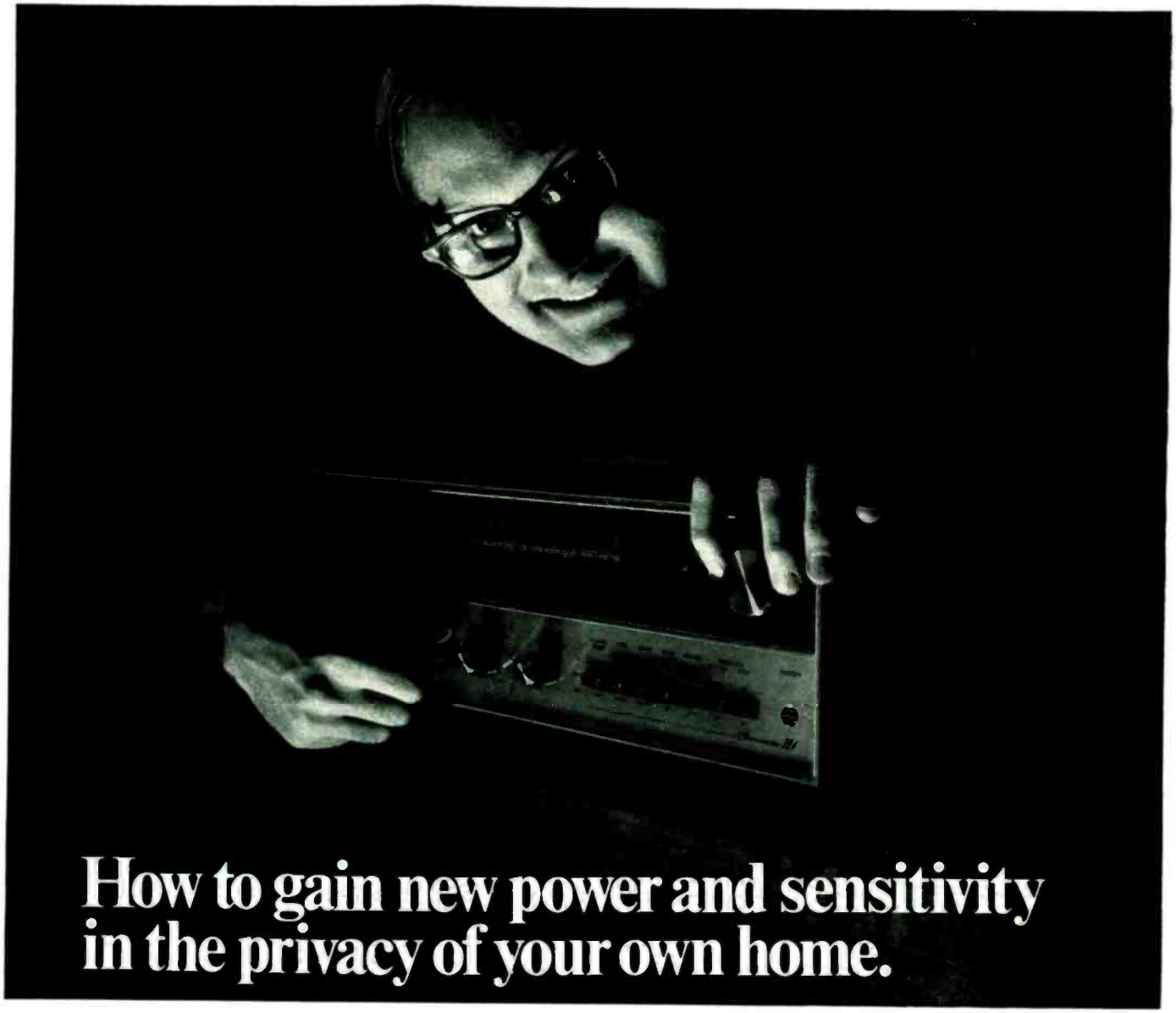


How to gain new power and sensitivity in the privacy of your own home.

Power-hungry? Scott's 384 AM/FM stereo receiver puts out a dynamic 90 Watts — enough for a houseful of speakers. And you'll explore new listening horizons with the 384's incredible 1.9 μV sensitivity, making next-door neighbors out of far-away stations.

Yearning for freedom? Scott Integrated Circuits free your FM reception from the tyranny of outside electrical interference. And, you'll quickly discover the wonderful freedom of program choice available with Scott's Wide-Range AM.

Insatiable? The Scott 384 grows right along with your interest in stereo. You can connect a turntable, extra speakers, a microphone, an electric guitar, a tape recorder, a cartridge player, earphones, an electronic organ . . . and even the audio portion of your TV!

Fighting for control? Scott's professional control panel includes dual Bass, Treble, and Loudness, dual speaker switches, and a special control to eliminate noise between FM stations.

Don't struggle in the dark for one moment longer; experience the Scott 384 now at your dealer's. For $439.95, this could mean a whole new way of life.

SCOTT® H.H. Scott, Inc. Dept. **226-06,** Maynard, Massachusetts 01754

SCOTT 384 Front Panel Controls: Dual bass, treble and loudness controls, volume compensation, noise filter, interstation muting, tape monitor, dual speaker switches, dual microphone inputs, professional tuning meter, stereo/mono selector, tuning knob, input selector, front panel headphone output. Price, $439.95.

CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

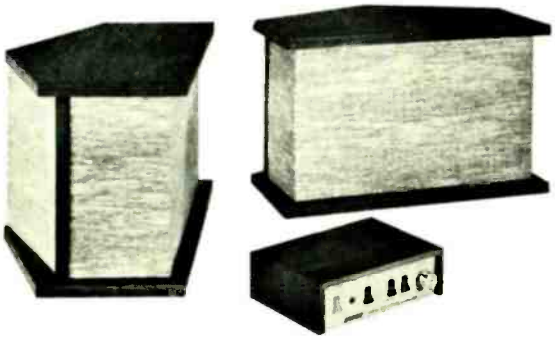
 Continued from page 30

Sony 800 tape recorder was pressed into service. Its output was fed directly into telephone lines that run between the studio and the transmitter. Then, by using the Sony in "record" mode, the station was able to voice-broadcast from its studio. Programmers had to improvise, but they stayed on the air during the crisis. When they began running out of material (news, weather, sports, commercials), they dipped into the World Almanac for material to talk about. Interestingly enough, the signal did not interfere with normal telephone service.

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS

BOSE ANNOUNCES NINE-SPEAKER SYSTEM

Nine speakers are housed in each of the five-sided enclosures, two of which, plus an equalizer control unit, comprise the Bose 901 stereo speaker system recently announced by Bose Corp., Natick, Mass. In each enclosure (20 9/16 inches wide, 12 3/4 inches high,



12 7/8 inches deep), one speaker faces into the listening area while the other eight radiate against the wall to reflect into the listening room. The idea is to provide a deliberate ratio of reflected to direct sound. Price of the complete system is $476.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MULTI-BAND TUNER FROM GRUNDIG

In addition to its consoles and portable, Grundig now is marketing stereo components. Shown here is the model RT40U multiband solid-state tuner which offers stereo and mono FM, regular AM, long-wave (150 to 350 kHz) AM, and short-wave AM (the 55.6 to 15.5 meter, and the 49 meter bands). The set, supplied in a wood cabinet, is rated for 1.4 microvolts usable FM sensitivity, and has a tuning meter, stereo indicator, and an array of push buttons. Price is $239.50.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KLH-DOLBY RECORDER STILL EXPECTED

KLH's first tape recorder using the Dolby noise-reduction technique, will probably appear some time this summer at a price of under $500, a company spokesman has told us. The new machine will be an open-reel or standard deck with built-in recording and playback preamps, and connections for external amplifiers as well as low-impedance stereo headphones. It will contain three motors and three heads, the latter permitting direct monitoring while recording.

The recorder will operate at 3¾ and 7½ ips. The slower speed, we have been told, will be, in this machine, an "optimum speed." Why then include 7½ ips? The faster speed will be for "semistudio applications, to provide a lot of tape for editing. For normal home use, though, the 3¾-ips speed will sound as good as, or better than, what we now associate with 7½ ips." We can hardly wait to test it.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NORELCO ADDS CASSETTE DECKS

Two new stereo cassette decks have been added to the Norelco tape recorder line. Both feature a newly designed synchronous motor for increased reliability and speed control. Selling for less than $60, the Norelco 2500—a playback-only deck—has a single selector switch for all control functions, as well as on-off and cassette ejector push buttons. The compact unit measures 8 x 4½ x 2¼ inches, and is styled in walnut and brushed aluminum with a hinged acrylic dust cover. Its rated frequency response is 60-10,000 Hz. A model with recording facilities, the Continental 450A comes with a stereo microphone and is priced at less than $145.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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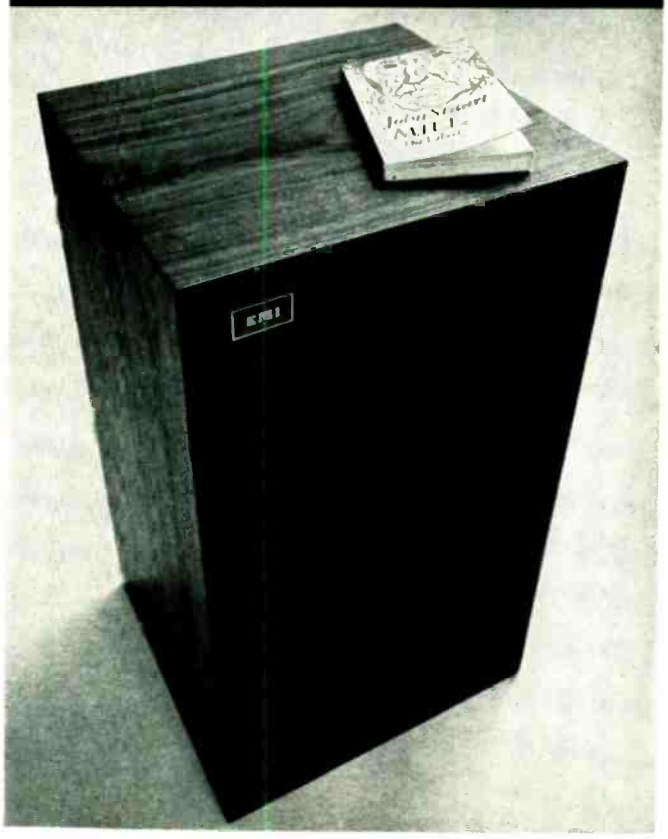
CIRCLE 5 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

Liberator.

New EMI DLS 629 the speaker that frees your amplifier to do a better job



Some of today's most popular speakers are of low-efficiency design. This simply means they take more power from your amplifier to produce the same level of sound in your living-room.

That's the problem. These speakers may sound fine, but what about your 20-watt-per-channel amplifier, forced to hover around its maximum output every time you listen to *Night on Bald Mountain*? It's generating far more distortion than it would if it had to put out only about 5 watts for the loudest sounds, which would also give you a 6-db margin for peaks before the amplifier overloads.

So that's why we say the new EMI DLS 629 is "the speaker that frees your amplifier to do a better job." Among all its other virtues, it's also a more efficient transducer than most. It converts electrical power from your amplifier into sound power with less waste. Your amplifier doesn't need to work as hard, no matter how little or how much power it has.

If you're acquainted with our model 529 (the well-regarded "dangerous" loudspeaker) you'll be pleased to know that the EMI 629 has an 8-ohm nominal impedance instead of the 529's 4 ohms. This makes it especially desirable for use with modern, solid-state amplifiers.

In addition, we fitted the 529 woofer with a larger voice coil, increased the gap and doubled the size of the magnet — greatly increasing power-handling capacity. But we retained the unique elliptical woofer construction, with its rigid aluminum center cone and molded PVC (polyvinyl chloride) edge suspension, which contribute so much to the low frequency performance of EMI speakers.

Two damped 3½-inch cone tweeters provide smooth highs to the limits of audibility. A 3-position brilliance switch lets you tailor the response to the acoustics of your listening room. The crossover network is an inductance/capacitance type with 12-db-per-octave slope. Tweeter and woofer have been electrically and acoustically matched to provide smooth integrated performance over the entire sound spectrum.

All this adds up to an efficient system that offers presence unmatched by any speaker in its price class. Sound is free, natural; does not have the constricted effect that some low-efficiency speakers exhibit in the mid-range. The handsome oil finish walnut cabinet 24½h x 13½w x 12¼d, has braced ¾-inch walls. All of this for $164.50.

Visit your hi fi dealer and hear the new 629 and other fine EMI speaker systems starting at $79.50. Ask for the "volume-control" test, it will prove our point about high-efficiency speakers. For brochure, write: Benjamin Electronic Sound, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

EMI
the natural sound

NEW ALLIED HEADPHONES

New from Allied Radio are the Knight model KN-885 stereo headphones with separate tone and volume controls in each earpiece. Its 8-ohm moving-coil dynamic transducers are said to give a frequency range of 15 to 20,000 Hz. To assure an airtight yet comfortable fit, the adjustable stainless steel headband is cushioned, and both ear seals are fashioned of soft polyvinyl chloride. The headphones are equipped with an eight-foot cord terminating in a standard plug. Price is $34.50.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LAFAYETTE UPGRADES RECEIVER

Lafayette's most powerful AM/stereo FM receiver has had its output upped from 150 to 175 watts music power. The LR-1500T now includes a new fuseless overload protection circuit that eliminates any possibility of damage to drivers and output transistors. The set, retailing at $279.95, employs four ultra-miniature integrated circuits containing the equivalent of twenty transistors as part of its 63-transistor complement. The FM section—rated at 1.5 microvolts sensitivity—features automatic mono/stereo switching with indicator light, adjustable interstation muting, variable AFC, signal strength meter, and built-in antenna. The LR-1500T also includes a speaker selector switch, center channel output, front panel headphone jack, and front and rear panel tape output jacks.

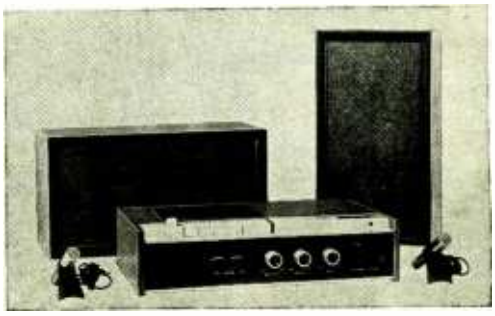
CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CARTRIDGE/REEL RECORDERS

From Roberts comes word of the model 1725-8L III cartridge/reel compatible tape recorder, which records 8-track stereo cartridges as well as standard reels. Both reels and cartridges can be recorded from stereo records, FM, or other external audio sources. In addition, the 1725-8L III can record cartridges directly from tapes played on its own reel-to-reel transport. The unit also includes built-in cartridge erase, eliminating the need for a bulk-eraser. List price is "less than $360."

A more elaborate model incorporating the crossfield head—the 778X—is said to include two speeds of stereo cartridge play, permitting a fast forward for more rapid position finding, as well as for better sound quality when making cartridge recordings. The unit will retail at under $430.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



AUTOMATIC RADIO ADDS CASSETTE

Model CAH-2000 is Automatic Radio's entry into the stereo cassette equipment area. Supplied with its own walnut-encased speakers, the unit also may be jacked directly into an existing stereo component system for both recording and playback. It runs at the 1⅞-ips speed common to cassettes. Features include an automatic signal level control that prevents input overload, two VU meters, automatic shut-off at the end of a tape, digital counter, and keyboard-type function controls. At press time the price had not been announced.

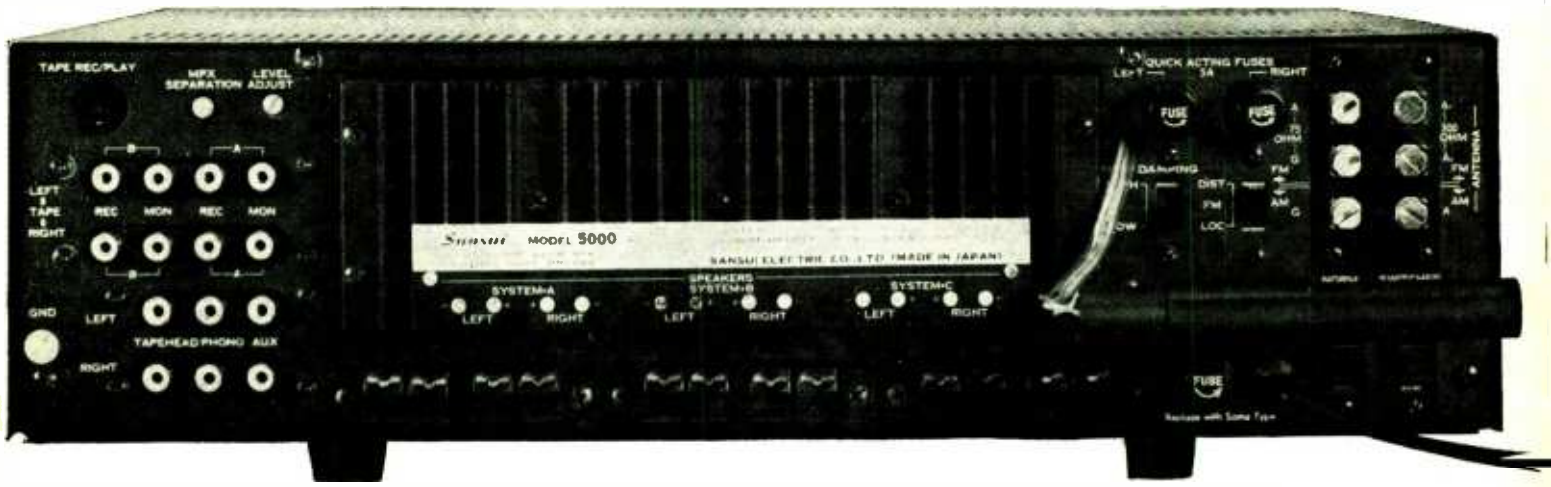
CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

PIONEER ANNOUNCES SPEAKER

Newest speaker system from Pioneer is the CS-88, a three-way bookshelf unit with five speakers—a 12-inch woofer, 5-inch midrange, exponential horn tweeter, and two 2½-inch cone tweeters—plus a network supplying frequency crossovers at 800 and 4,000 Hz. The tweeters are positioned for a wide dispersion pattern, and three-position level controls have been provided for high and midrange frequencies. Rated frequency response of the CS-63 is 25 to 20,000 Hz, imput impedance is 8 ohms, and peak power handling capacity is 60 watts. The 24 x 14 x 13-inch cabinet is finished in walnut, with a wood lattice grille. Price is $175.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Back Power!



Take a close look at the back of the powerful, exciting, Sansui AM/FM Stereo 5000. You'll see the inputs for 3 pairs of stereo speaker systems that can be played individually or in pairs—engineered quick holding plugs that eliminate the need for cumbersome clips; selective monitoring for 2 tape decks so that you can monitor while you record. Even the inputs for phono, tape, and aux. are grouped for easier access and to reduce the chance of wires accidentally touching. ☐ The Model 5000 Receiver features FET FM front end and 4 Integrated Circuits, with a set of specifications that exceed Sansui's unusually high standards — 180 watts (IHF) music power; 75 watts per channel continuous power; FM tuner sensitivity of 1.8 μV (IHF); selectivity greater than 50 db at 95 MHz; stereo separation greater than 35 db; amplifier flat frequency response from 10 to 50,000 Hz. ☐ The front of the Sansui 5000? See it at your franchised Sansui dealer. Price **$449.95**

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CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

VIDEO TOPICS

June Is Bustin' Out All Over . . .

DO PRODUCT DEVELOPMENTS follow seasonal cycles, like plants? The evidence this spring, regarding video anyway, would seem to indicate so. **Comes the Tele-revolution.** For openers, consider that the quality-minded revolution in home television, postulated in my article on color TV published last month, may be closer than any of us had thought. Stimulated merely by the announcement in our April issue of the forthcoming May feature, reader Louis Palace of Staten Island, New York—a man who apparently believes in direct action—telephoned NBC and ordered what he describes as a "precision color 21-inch monitor." This is a "component" television system which Mr. Palace broke down for us thusly: the main chassis, RCA Stock No. 40226-D TM-21D ($2,350); an audio-video tuner, Conrac AV-12E ($340); and 12-channel selector, model SU-213 ($60). And, says Mr. Palace, "this does not include sound." To hear his super-TV, Mr. Palace will pipe its audio through his stereo system, itself built around triamplification using C/M amplifiers and the largest Bozak speakers.

Advances on Other Fronts. Sol Zigman, head of Irish Tape, told us that he expects 1968 to become "the year of home video tape," with the prospects for tape used in VTRs possibly greater than for audio recorders. This view seems to be documented by reports beginning to filter in from a variety of sources. Ampex, for one, is now working full blast to fill an order backlog of more than $3,000,000 for its recently announced VR-5000 and VR-7800 video recorders (see this column, March 1968).

Another impressive backlog is reported by International Video Corp., of Mountain View, California. This firm has standing orders for over a million dollars' worth of its model IVC-800 color VTR, and an equivalent sum in orders for a model IVC-100 color camera.

In Hollywood, a burgeoning market for VTRs has led to a company merger and expansion. Tri-Video, an organization that had been set up to handle VTR systems, sales, and service, has joined with Magnetic Recorders Company. Tri-Video will now specialize in professional systems, while MRC will concentrate on consumer A-V products and professional audio. The new combine expects to double its sales within twelve months.

For VTR users who are not yet ready to buy their own equipment, there's a new kind of facility in Pasadena. Set up by Ward/Davis Associates, it's an A-V complex that offers studios, equipment, and technical crews for rent. Dubbing and other engineering services are available, not to mention production and script help. More, W/D has launched a training program for would-be VTR operators, with instruction provided by professional video men using studio equipment.

As to the Future. An experimental "mini-TV" has been built by Motorola for use by Mallory, the battery manufacturer. The set, with a 1⅛-inch diameter screen, is literally pocket-size and runs on four penlight cells. Neither Mallory nor Motorola would confirm plans to manufacture and market the new set in the immediate future. Also in the pending class of developments is the large-size, but ultrathin or flat, picture tube. Only a few inches from front to rear, and operating on low voltage, it could be hung on the wall or placed on a shelf, while the main chassis and controls are located elsewhere. Finally, we hear word that stereophonic sound for TV is under study by both the industry and the FCC—based on a multiplexing system not unlike that used for stereo FM. If adopted, it would mean you'd get a stereo converter and a second speaker for your present TV set, unless of course you opted to continue hearing mono.

Sixty pounds of Fisher sound.

The Fisher XP-9B looks like an ordinary bookshelf speaker system—until you try to put it on an ordinary bookshelf.

That's when you first realize that there's more to the XP-9B than meets the eye.

About 25 pounds more in fact.

With its massive speaker magnets, the XP-9B weighs in at 60 pounds. For its size (14" x 24½" x 12" deep) it's one of the heaviest speakers you can buy.

It's also one of the few *4-way* bookshelf-sized systems around.

The XP-9B divides the frequency range into four sections instead of three, and it isolates each section from all the others. So the upper mid-range doesn't interact with the lower mid-range or the soft-dome tweeter. And neither mid-range speaker muddies the bass. You get extra weight that way. But you also get absolutely clean, tight sound throughout the speaker's range. (28 Hz to 22,000 Hz.)

A second important reason for the overall sound (and weight) of the XP-9B is its heavy 12" woofer. It's the same woofer used in our floor model speaker system, the XP-15.

The result is a bookshelf system with a low-end obviously too solid to be coming from a conventional bookshelf system.

Of course, at a weight of sixty pounds, and a cost of $199.50, the Fisher XP-9B is hardly a system designed for conventional people.

(For more information, plus a free copy of the Fisher Handbook 1968, an authoritative reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine's front cover flap). **The Fisher**

FISHER RADIO CORPORATION, INC., 11-35 45TH ROAD, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101.
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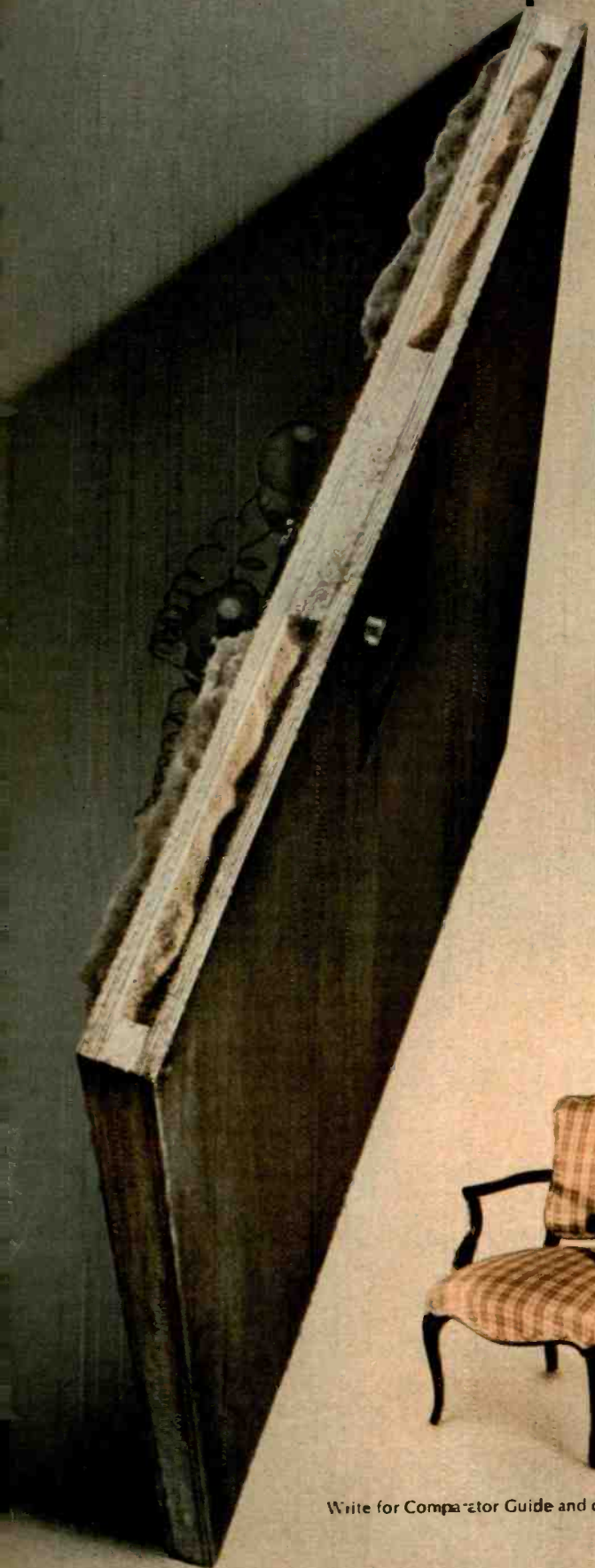
CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Does WHARFEDALE still use sand in its speaker systems?



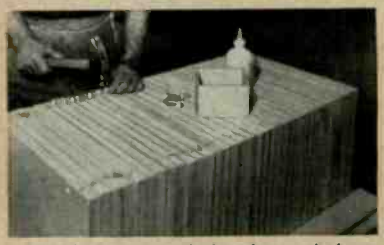
YOU BET WE DO! For example, you'll find over 7 pounds of fine, white sand densely packed between layers of hardwood in our W70D speaker system... even more in the W90D... a little less in the W60D. Why sand? Because to create the famous Wharfedale *Achromatic* sound, we know a speaker cabinet must remain absolutely inert. It must be more than just hardwood, for even the thickest wood baffles can resonate. The Wharfedale sand-filled construction damps all vibrations and eliminates spurious resonances, no matter how deep or intense the bass energy. The result is distortion-free, superior sound. Rap the back cover of a sand-filled Wharfedale and hear the low, dull "thud" in contrast to the resonant sound of equally large plywood panels normally used in other systems.

MORE COSTLY TO BUILD... AND WORTH IT!

1. Cabinet back cover being assembled. Heavy plywood walls are further strengthened by thick wood braces, forming a strong, rigid panel with cavities.

2. Panels are stacked on specially designed vibrating machine. Note small, round openings on top edges, for fine-grain, cleansed white sand.

3. Sand is poured on, filtering slowly through small openings into panel cavities. Vibration machine eliminates air pockets, insures maximum compression.



4. Feed holes are sealed with wood plugs. Panel becomes totally inert to the back waves of sound which will be projected against it in the speaker enclosure.

HEARING... AND SEEING... IS BELIEVING. Once you hear the sound of Wharfedale *Achromatic* Speaker Systems, you will understand why Wharfedale has earned the loyalty of the most knowledgeable listeners in music and audiophile circles. Achromatic sound is rich, full, realistic sound reproduction, uncolored by extraneous modulations. The speakers and cabinet perform together as a single unit in correct acoustical balance to provide a truly faithful duplication of the original performance. It's the result of unique and exclusive construction features and techniques developed by Wharfedale.

What's more, you'll be delighted by Wharfedale cabinets: decor-conscious proportions; fine furniture finish; tasteful grille fabrics, removable at will; design that is a refreshing departure from conventional "boxy" shapes.

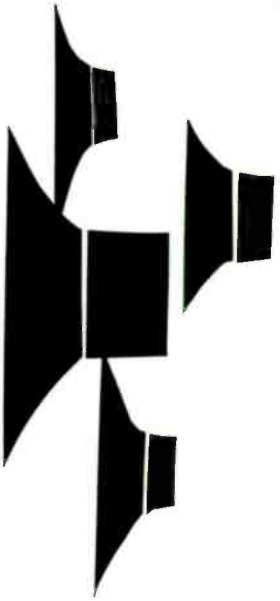
Wharfedale

ACHROMATIC SPEAKER SYSTEMS

Write for Comparator Guide and dealer list to: Wharfedale Div., British Industries Corp., Dept. HF-2, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

BY LEONARD FELDMAN

HOW TO ADD SPEAKERS TO SOLID-STATE SYSTEMS



STEREO HAS PUT two speaker systems in our homes. Increasingly, it is also raising the question of why not more than two.

Already it's a fairly common practice to pipe music into various rooms of the house by means of ancillary loudspeakers connected to the stereo amplifier or receiver that drives the main (left and right channel) system. Additionally, proponents of a "center channel" are advising the serious listener to install in his regular listening room a third loudspeaker between the left and right sound sources, in an attempt to create the "wall of sound" illusion (or to fill "the hole in the middle"). Yet another group of enthusiasts urges the use of multiple pairs of loudspeakers in the same listening area to achieve reverberatory "surround" effects which approximate the acoustic ambiance of a concert hall.

In short, ideas are burgeoning—but before you translate any of them into action, be sure you update your thinking in terms of the special aspects of solid-state amplifiers. In the past, references to multiple speaker installation invariably included hookup diagrams showing the separate 4-, 8-, and 16-ohm speaker terminals found on amplifiers that used tubes and output transformers. Today's solid-state amplifier or receiver, on the other hand, typically has just one pair of speaker terminals per channel—unlabeled as to impedance, at that. Connecting an unlimited number of speakers in parallel across any amplifier's speaker terminals invites disaster. With solid-state units, excessive loading can destroy the output transistors (or, at best, cause speaker line fuses to blow or circuit breaker to chatter). Obviously, the subject of multispeaker hookups needs re-examination.

When considering speakers for secondary locations (e.g., den, kitchen, or bedroom), the question naturally arises: need they cost as much as those in the main listening room? They can, of course; but inasmuch as listening in these secondary areas will generally be a casual experience, more modestly priced speakers may serve the purpose. If, however, the proposed arrangement includes the possibility of operating *only* the secondary pair of speakers (with the main stereo pair turned off), choose extension speakers whose power-handling capacity is large enough to absorb all the energy that your main stereo amplifier may feed them.

EXTENSION SPEAKERS

Some Music Wherever You Go

Consider too the efficiency of the secondary loudspeakers: how loud will they sound for a given amplifier's power output? Current loudspeakers on the market include efficiency ratings that vary from below 1% to higher than 10%—a variation to be found among expensive systems as well as lower-cost models. Ideally, the efficiency of the secondary system should be approximately equal to that of the primary system, thus obviating the need to rush to the main volume control to make readjustments every time the sound is switched from one system to the other.

Should you have acquired secondary speakers of widely differing efficiency from the main set, you can, however, adjust their sound level by means of L-pads wired to them. Such pads should be selected to match the impedance of the speaker each will control. The general method of interconnecting an L-pad is shown in Fig. 1; detailed instructions

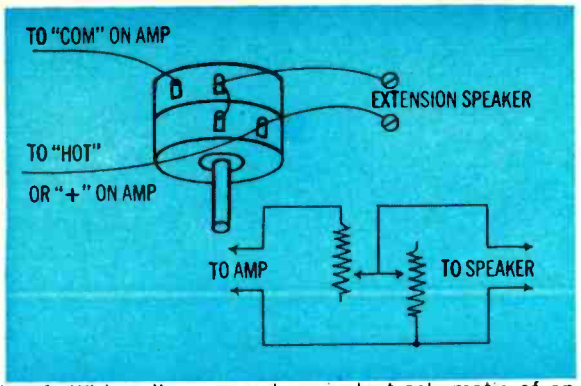


Fig. 1. Wiring diagram and equivalent schematic of an L-pad used as a level control for an added loudspeaker.

usually are provided by the manufacturer. Examples of such pads include the Switchcraft Part No. 651 (for 8-ohm speakers) and No. 651-S (for 16-ohm speakers). These are equipped with standard wall plates and can be mounted in standard outlet boxes, much as an electrical outlet or switch. Similar products are offered by Lafayette; and a new series of level controls employing autotransformer action has been introduced by Jensen in power ratings of 10 watts and a nominal impedance of 8 ohms. One of the models in this series is the LT-810 level control, which provides attenuation in 3-dB steps up to 27 dB, plus an "off" position.

The switching and wiring arrangement shown in Fig. 2 is both simple and effective. It permits you to connect two sets of speakers, and select either system A, system B, or systems A and B simultaneously. Except for the pad on system B, many recent amplifiers and receivers have such a facility as a built-in feature. If yours does not, you can make the hookup yourself, but first observe certain precautions.

1. Determine the lowest load impedance which may be placed across a channel of your amplifier or receiver without endangering the output transistors. For most units, this will be 4 ohms. If in doubt, check the instruction manual or query the manufacturer or dealer.

2. Determine the impedance of your primary speaker systems.

3. With this value in mind, select secondary speakers having an impedance which will permit you to employ the hookups of Fig. 2, 3, 4, or 5, depending upon your set of circumstances.

4. For the hookups in Figs. 2, 3, or 4, purchase an inexpensive three-position switch such as the Mallory 3223 J (double-pole, three-position rotary switch). For the hookup in Fig. 5, choose a switch like the Mallory 3243 J (four-pole, three-position rotary switch). Note that one of the four poles available would then not be used—I couldn't find a three-pole, three-position switch in the catalogues.

From one standpoint, solid-state amplifiers offer an advantage over tubed units in multiple speaker hookups. Generally, a solid-state amplifier will deliver its greatest power when connected to its lowest permissible load. For instance, an amplifier capable of delivering, say, 30 watts per channel into an 8-ohm load may be expected to deliver 40 or more watts when loaded with a 4-ohm impedance. Thus when additional speakers are connected across the output terminals, thereby reducing the *net* load presented to the amplifier (8 ohms in parallel with 8 ohms equals 4 ohms, etc.), more power will be available to drive the extra loudspeakers.

As mentioned above, this approach must not be carried to extremes, since there is a minimum load impedance below which operation of the output stages of the solid-state amplifier may fail, sometimes destroying the transistors themselves in the process. That is why Figs. 3 and 4 include series resistors. In Fig. 3, the combined impedance of an 8-ohm and 4-ohm loudspeaker would be approximately 2.7 ohms, were it not for the additional resistor inserted in series with the 4-ohm speaker when both systems are to operate simultaneously. In Fig. 4, the net impedance of two 8-ohm speakers in parallel would be 4 ohms, or half the safe 8-ohm value, were it not for the addition of the 8-ohm series resistors in the circuit when both speakers are to play.

Many purists will object to the insertion of series resistors as shown in Fig. 4, arguing that such modifications will lower the normally high damping factor associated with quality solid-state amplifiers. In other words, the speaker so encumbered will "look back" into a driving impedance of 4 or 8 ohms-plus, instead of into the fraction of an ohm internal impedance present at the speaker terminals of most quality solid-state amplifiers. Such an alteration of driving conditions very often reduces the transient response capabilities of the system (sharply percussive attacks become "muddied"). For this reason, Fig. 5 is presented as an alternative, even though it demands a somewhat more complex switching arrangement. Switchcraft's Model 670 Stereo Selector Switch is ideally suited to the hookups of Figs. 2, 3, and 4, containing two of the circuits shown (enough for *both* stereo channels of your system). If this product is to be used, however, make certain that the manufacturer of your amplifier permits "common" terminal connection of the return lead of speakers of left and right channels. Some amplifier circuits are not designed to permit such common connection, in which case *two* separate switches such as those shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4 would have to be used—one for left channel selection, the other for right channel.

If you are currently planning a complete stereo system installation and do not yet own any loudspeakers, there is some "impedance planning" you can do at the outset if you plan to incorporate two or more pairs of systems. Suppose, for example, that you will ultimately want four pairs of loudspeakers, and that there may even be occasions when all four systems will be in use at one time. Such a situation is not at all farfetched, for you might discover the benefits of "surround" speakers in your main listening area (a second pair of "enhancing" speakers mounted *behind* the listener, and attenuated some-

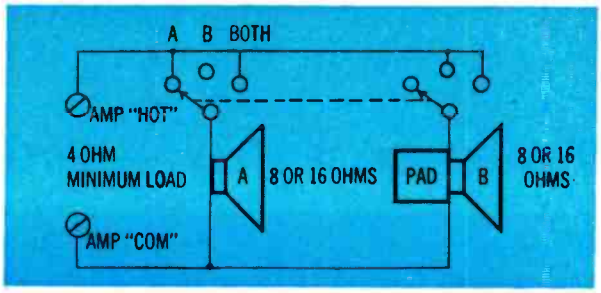
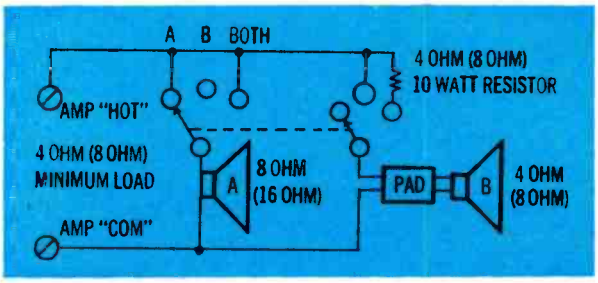


Fig. 2.

Switching circuit for local (A) and remote (B) speakers, per channel, where both speakers are at least 8-ohms impedance, and amplifier can sustain a load as low as 4 ohms. Switch used is a two-pole, three-position type (see text).

Fig. 3

Switching circuit for local (A) and remote (B) speakers, per channel, where primary speaker is of 8-ohms impedance, and secondary speaker is of 4 ohms. Amplifier requires 4-ohm load or greater. Read values in parentheses together for alternate situation in which this diagram applies.



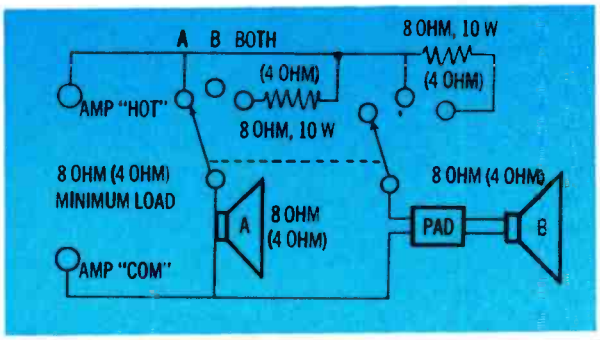
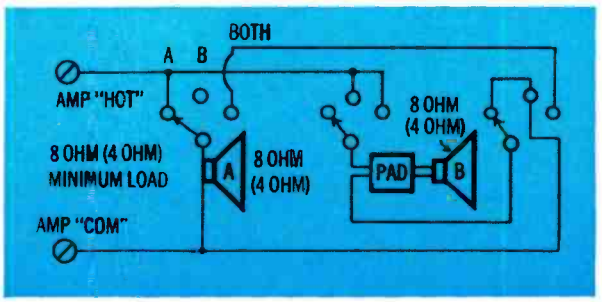


Fig. 4

Switching circuit for local (A) and remote (B) speakers, per channel, where each speaker impedance is lowest value permitted for the output of the amplifier being used. Read values in parentheses together for alternate setup in which diagram applies.

Fig. 5

This alternate setup to that shown in Fig. 4 eliminates the power resistors but requires a more elaborate switch. Note that in extreme clockwise position of switch, speakers are in series (rather than in parallel), thus presenting a doubled load impedance to the amplifier output.



what with respect to the primary speakers by means of suitable L-pads). In addition, you might want a pair of inexpensive speakers in your den or recreation room and a fourth pair in a bedroom.

Based upon the connection principles already discussed, such a situation is best met by the use of 16-ohm loudspeakers, since connection in parallel of four such loudspeakers (per channel) would yield a net impedance of 4 ohms, a safe lower limit for most stereo amplifiers. In choosing such a high impedance for your speakers, however, bear in mind that your amplifier will produce its *least* maximum power when feeding only one pair. It is therefore important to choose an amplifier whose power rating *at 16 ohms* is adequate in terms of your main listening area and your personal loudness preferences. To date, most manufacturers of amplifiers quote power ratings at 8 ohms or at 4 ohms. If queried, however, reputable dealers and manufacturers will translate these figures into 16-ohm power ratings.

Correct phasing of the added speakers is as important as it was for the original left- and right-channel systems. Where secondary pairs are used in other locations, the new pair need be phased only with respect to itself. Where a pair of "surround" speakers are used in the main listening area, they must be phased not only with respect to each other but with respect to the original left- and right-channel speakers as well.

Many loudspeakers are now marked for polarity

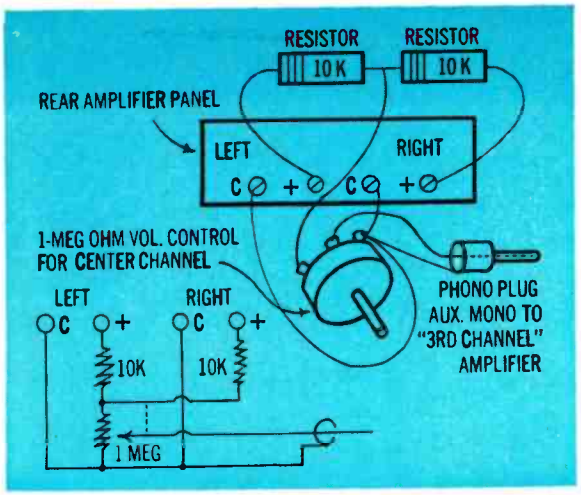


Fig. 6. Wiring diagram and equivalent schematic for mixing left and right signals to get a "center fill" to feed to an auxiliary amplifier and speaker. If auxiliary amplifier has volume control, eliminate the 1-megohm control and substitute a fixed 1-megohm resistor, wired in as shown by the dotted line on the schematic.

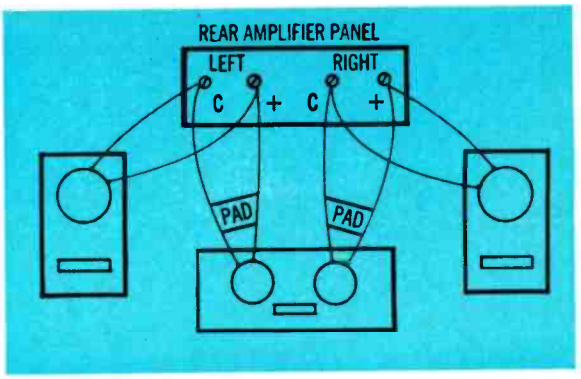


Fig. 7. Assuming your amplifier can handle the net load impedance presented by this arrangement, a center fill sound source can be set up by mounting two speakers in one enclosure and wiring them as shown. This hookup does not require a third amplifying channel but does call for L-pads wired to the center speakers.

(a plus sign, or a red dot, or the impedance rating number next to one of the terminals denotes connection to the "hot" or "high" terminal of the amplifier output). If your speakers are so coded, simply follow these indications for all parallel wiring. If no polarity is indicated on your speakers, determine phase by first connecting the new pair of speakers in an arbitrary fashion and listening to a monophonic program source intently. Note the presence or absence of sound seeming to emanate from between the new pair of speakers. If uncertain, reverse the connections to the terminals on *one* speaker only. Whichever connection yields the strongest bass response and the most defined "center" sound is the proper connection for in-phase operation of the new system.

CENTER SPEAKER—More Music Where You Are

The so-called center channel approach towards achieving an enhanced stereo effect has undergone alternating periods of popularity and disfavor. Derived from the basic two channels of stereo by a process of mixing, the center channel was originally advanced as a technique for overcoming exaggerated separation (the "hole in the middle"). The center channel was also found to enhance stereo solidity and to help create a wall of sound.

By center channel I do not mean the "mixed-bass" technique used by some manufacturers of stereo consoles or package sets. In this compromise approach, all low frequencies (whether from left- or right-channel program) are mixed together and fed to a single woofer or bass speaker, usually mounted in the center of the cabinet. Left and right speakers then consist merely of inexpensive midrange and/or high frequency loudspeakers which are not called upon to deliver any bass at all and can therefore be fairly small-sized units. Although proponents of mixed bass maintain that frequency separation is not essential at low frequencies, in controlled listening tests I and others have repeatedly disproved that premise.

In speaking of the center channel, I am assuming a basic system in which two normal wide-range speaker systems comprise the left and right channels. A center speaker is fed a judicious amount of left-and-right combined information merely in order to "fill in" and enhance the over-all stereo effect. Too little center channel contribution will remain unnoticed, while too much will detract from the needed separation effects inherent in stereo reproduction. Quantity of center channel audio needs to be carefully set by means of an L-pad.

In the days of vacuum tubes and more particularly of output transformers, it was relatively easy to create a third channel output from a stereo amplifier. A bit of rewiring of the 4-, 8-, and 16-ohm speaker terminals was all that was required. With today's solid-state amplifiers (equipped with only a "hot" and "common" terminal per channel), direct derivation of a third channel suitable for driving a speaker is not possible unless the manufacturer of the amplifier has made specific provision for this feature.

To create a mixed channel signal source with the newer amplifiers it may be necessary to use a third power amplifier in conjunction with the resistive mixing circuit shown in Fig. 6. Since the extra amplifier is only a mono power amplifier (no controls are necessary), many inexpensive ($60 to $70) solid-state amplifiers, including even public address types, or even a long discarded tube amplifier, will do very well for the purpose. Furthermore, since you will not be relying upon this amplifier for anything but a "fill in" function, its power-handling capacity need not be anywhere near that of your main stereo amplifier. Experiments have shown that in an average installation, with reasonable separation of left and

right speakers, power fed to the center channel should be about 10 dB below that fed to the side channels. Ten dB represents a power difference of ten to one—which means that if your stereo amplifier is capable of delivering, say, 20 watts per channel, you will probably want to feed not much more than two watts of audio power from the extra center amplifier to the center speaker (assuming this third speaker has about the same efficiency as the other two). If this third amplifier has its own input level control, you can even dispense with the control shown in Fig. 6, since level setting—a one-time operation—can be accomplished by means of this auxiliary amplifier's own level control.

If the thought of another piece of electronic equipment discourages your third channel aspirations, there is one other alternative, even with solid-state amplifiers. Try mounting two inexpensive six- or eight-inch loudspeakers in a single speaker enclosure. Parallel one of them to the right channel amplifier output and the other to the left channel amplifier output, using L- or T-pads as shown in Fig. 7. Since both of these additional loudspeakers are in such close proximity to each other and mounted in the same enclosure, an acoustic rather than an electronic mixing of left and right channels will take place and an effective "third channel" fill will result.

Level setting of third channel output is really the key to success of all third channel endeavors. Do not make the mistake of running the third channel at too high a level as this will tend to reduce the stereo illusion. Correct level set can be described as that level which maintains full stereo effect but also significantly improves the desired illusion of a total wall of sound.

As I have implied, there is no need to purchase a third channel speaker capable of bass response down to 50 or 40 Hz. It is presumed that your initial setup provides sufficient bass and loudness. The real criterion for a center channel speaker is that it be as distortion free as possible over its rather limited frequency range. Even this requirement may be modified, for the third speaker will be contributing only about 5 to 10% of the total sound in the room. Thus, even in the extreme case of a center speaker's having 20% distortion of its own, the *net* harmonic distortion contributed to the total sound will be only 1 or 2%.

With all this "paralleling" of loudspeakers—for any of the above applications—there is one more precaution that should be observed. We have been speaking of the impedance of loudspeakers as a hard and fast number of ohms. The truth is that the impedance of a loudspeaker is a rather nominal figure. Usually, a manufacturer of loudspeakers will state impedance at a single frequency, say 400 Hz. In many cases, the measured impedance will vary above and below the nominal value, often by a wide margin, at frequencies other than 400 Hz. As a rule, impedance runs higher at the very high frequencies, dips somewhat in the middle range, rises sharply at the resonant frequency of the speaker, and falls sharply at frequencies below resonance. Applied to older vacuum tube amplifiers, these excursions in impedance merely meant a reduction in optimum power transfer from amplifier to speaker. In solid-state amplifiers, the consequences may be more serious. If the impedance of a loudspeaker at a particular frequency dips sharply below its nominal value, it may be so low as to exceed the safe lower limit of the amplifier and excessive output transistor current may flow, ultimately damaging the output circuitry of the amplifier. Normally, the dip in impedance of most loudspeakers is not so great as to cause damage. Assume, for example, that a loudspeaker's nominal impedance of 8 ohms actually drops to 5 ohms at a frequency just below resonance. Since most amplifiers can be safely operated with a 4-ohm load, no problem arises. Now, connect two such speakers in parallel. The combined *nominal* impedance will be 4 ohms—ordinarily safe. However, at the subresonant frequency where each loudspeaker exhibits an impedance of only 5 ohms, the combined parallel impedance will be 2.5 ohms—which may fall below the safe limit for many solid-state units. Fortunately, very little program material contains an excessive amount of subresonant frequency material; and when it does occur, it is usually short-lived. Still, the impedance characteristic of a loudspeaker (or of paralleled loudspeakers) should not be ignored altogether. Many manufacturers, aware of this potential hazard, have begun publishing *curves* of impedance rather than stating the impedance simply at a single frequency. Such a curve would look about like that shown in Fig. 8. More significantly, some manufacturers are tightening their specifications and designs to insure that the impedance of their loudspeakers never goes *below* the stated nominal impedance. This trend bodes well for the future health of our output transistors and their associated circuitry.

Your amplifier was designed to drive at least two pairs of loudspeakers and perhaps more. By taking advantage of its built-in capability (either by adding speakers in other locations or by enhancing the sound in your main listening area), you will be utilizing your equipment for all it's worth and increasing your own listening pleasure for a relatively small additional investment.

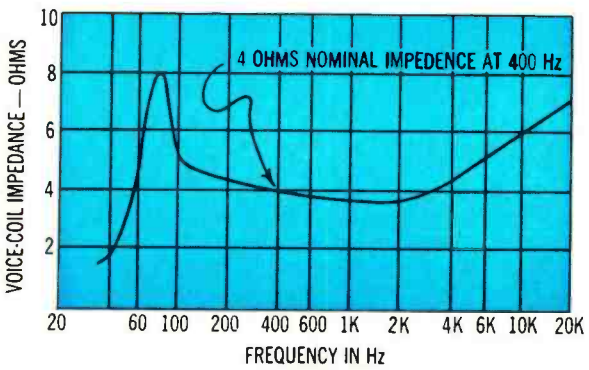


Fig. 8. Impedance curve of a loudspeaker taken over its full range shows how load varies with frequency.

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

EIGHT RECORDS TO JUDGE YOUR SPEAKERS BY

Our Audio Editor's unorthodox review of stereo releases that show off, or show up, your system

You don't own a signal generator, or wouldn't know how to use it if you had one? Don't despair—you can evaluate your speaker systems simply by listening to the music you play over them. Herewith a selected list of stereo releases that I have found especially good for assessing speaker performance. That there are hundreds of others equally helpful I grant you. These happen to be my current favorites. Check me a year from now; I'll probably come up with new titles.

1

Mahler: Symphony No. 2; Abravanel/Utah Symphony (Vanguard VCS 10003/04).

THE CURRENT POPULARITY of Mahler on musical grounds entirely aside, his orchestral works are storehouses of sonic test material that encompasses the full range of hearing and spans the full frequency and dynamic response capabilities of sound equipment. As good as any Mahler work in this regard, if not the best, is the monumental Second Symphony, especially in its recent Vanguard recording. The use here of the Dolby noise reduction system apparently has paid off in terms of an unusually noise-free background against which all the stunning sonics can emerge. Listen especially to the taut strings in the very opening bars, excellent for evaluating transient attack and the accuracy of a system's ability to project the guttiness of the strings. The piece's many timpani passages are good mid-bass tests; you should be able to detect distinctly different tones rather than one-note thumping. Listen too for internal separation of orchestral choirs during complex passages, one key to good phase response. Another is the chorus entrance in the last movement: the singers' voices should sound blended and well articulated. For a test of deep bass, play the closing bars where the orchestra is underscored by deep organ tones which should be half-felt, half-heard.

2

Verdi: Requiem; Ormandy/Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia M2S 707).

CAN YOUR SYSTEM take the *Dies Irae* of this work? Thunderous bass passages, angry brasses, plaintive woodwinds, massed strings, and rich vocalizing all interweave in a spectacular stereoism that challenges any reproducing system. If everything sounds clear—blended and yet internally distinct—your speakers pass the test for low distortion. If the bass seems to be coming up from the floorboards and the highs are swirling about the room, they've also passed the tests for low-frequency response and good dispersion.

3

Strauss, J.: Die Fledermaus/Gala Performance; Vocal soloists/Chorus/ Von Karajan/Vienna Philharmonic (London OSA 1319).

ANY OPERA RECORDING (and London's especially, whether on disc or on tape via the Ampex duplicating setup) is excellent for testing stereo movement, depth, and balance. This production offers a bonus—thanks to the cameo appearances of eleven well-known singers in the augmented "gala" Act II—of varieties of tonal color in the human voice. Each singer should sound unique. If any two sound much alike, chances are that your middles and highs are distorted or just not prominent enough. Listen too for the sound effects: the exploding coffee machine, bells ringing, glasses tinkling. These effects, also found in other operas (the glass crashing in *La Bohème*, the bells chiming in *Mefistofele*, the crash of rifles at the end of *Tosca*, just to name a few), are all excellent transient response tests.

A BIG, OPEN, STIRRING, and yet very natural sound characterizes this production. The set abounds in deep bass, ultra highs, full middles, the interplay of orchestra and voice, offstage effects—the whole bit. To single out individual passages from this 10-side set is not feasible here, but one especially telling spot is the massing of the soldiers in Act III, with the offstage brass heard simultaneously with the onstage brass. The better your speakers, the more "offstage" the former will sound.

Wagner: Lohengrin; Vocal soloists/Chorus/Leinsdorf/ Boston Symphony (RCA Victor LSC 6710).

FOR REASONS THAT are unrelated either to musical or technical values, this production is no longer listed as available; but if you can lay hands on a copy, you may be in for one of the most overwhelming sonic experiences you ever will enjoy over your stereo system. Listening to this release today is the more revealing for its having been recorded about ten years ago. The work abounds in challenging sonics, taut percussive effects that stretch to the limits a speaker's transient ability, extremes of frequency range, rich contrapuntal textures that demand low distortion. The string bass section in the fourth movement strikes me in particular as one of the most stunning things ever recorded; the deep bass reach and the raw acoustical power it calls for should tell you a good deal about your system.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 11; Stokowski/Houston Symphony (Capitol SPBR 8448).

IF YOU CAN'T get the Stokowski album of the Eleventh, a good substitute would be Bernstein's recording of the Shostakovich Fifth. Listen, in the second movement, for an open, almost wild effect in the highs; check the silky sheen of the top strings in the third movement; and step back for the thunderous climax of the fourth movement. The sound should seem to leap at you from the speaker enclosures.

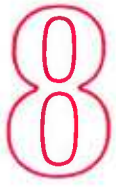
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 5; Bernstein/New York Philharmonic (Columbia MS 6115).

THE OPENING 30-cycle organ pedal has long been considered a fine test of bass response. On most systems you're bound to hear some doubling but you also should get a sense of deep, almost subsonic power. This note is sustained, and should remain audible, through a swelling orchestral crescendo which ends abruptly to permit a rich textured organ passage to emerge. The contrast now between orchestra and organ should be dramatic and obvious; if it's not, suspect the middle-high frequency response of your system. For a test of speaker placement, balance, and stereo perspective, continue to listen for the deep string bass in the right channel. (This also, by the way, verifies my contention—shared by Leonard Feldman [see page 39]—that "mixed bass" is not true stereo reproduction.) The higher-pitched timpani should come mainly but not completely from the left channel, while the woodwinds and brass are centered, with the latter apparently behind. Warning: on a poor system, the bass throughout this section may sound muddy, and the sense of depth or air in the woodwinds may escape you. For a rigorous test of your speakers' highs, turn to Side 2 of this record, soon after the beginning. Listen for the woodwinds and brass alternately blending and clashing, soon joined by upper strings and triangle. It all should sound distinct and open-toned, but not piercing.

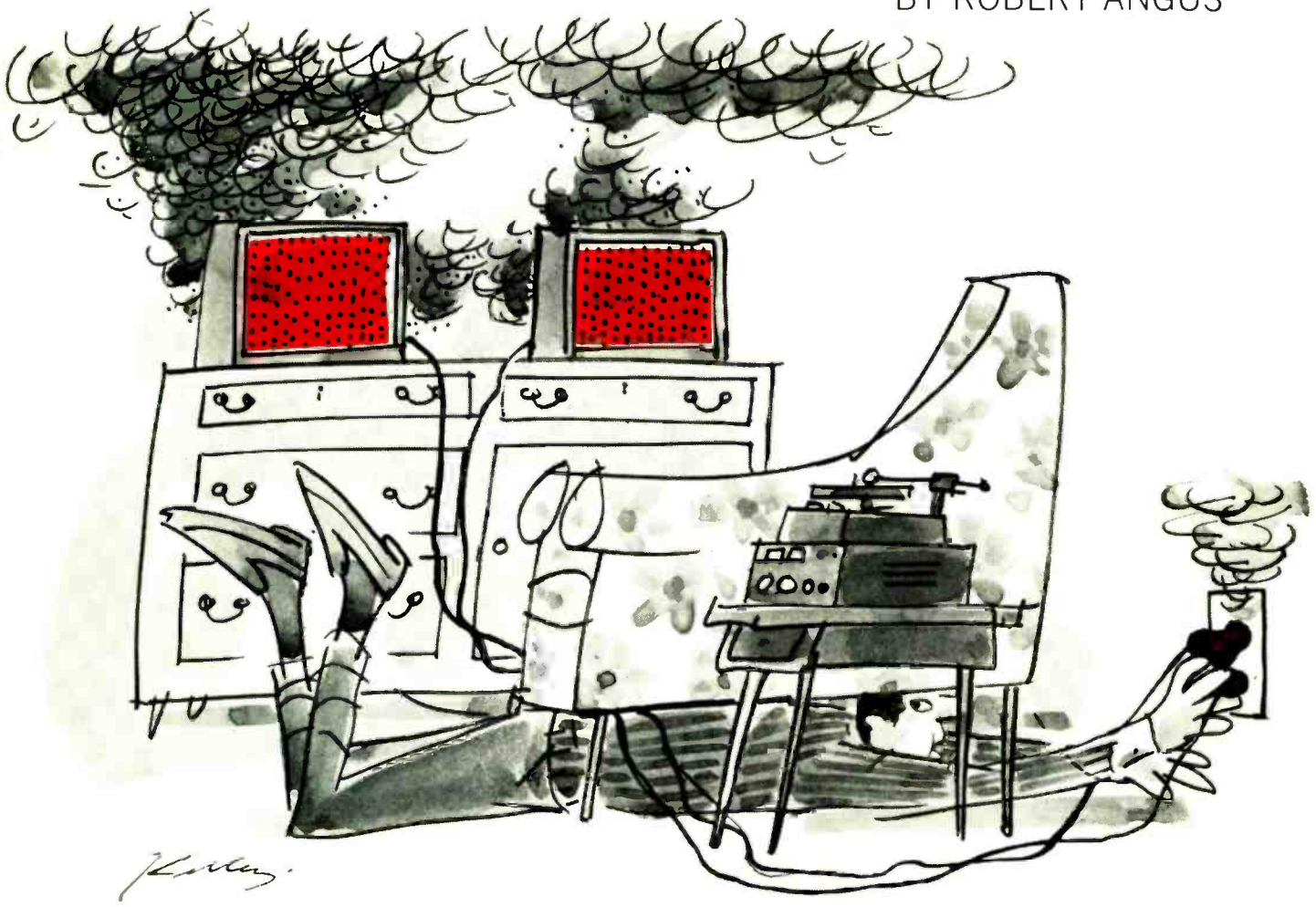
Strauss, R.: Also sprach Zarathustra; Ormandy/Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MS 6547).

THIS DOLBYIZED RECORDING will test a speaker's clarity and attack generally, while its long stretches of male and female speaking voices are fine for checking tonal balance. It also can prove ideal for checking stereo balance and speaker phasing. If the voices wander, or sound too far to the left and right of those respective speakers, something is amiss.

Stravinsky: L'Histoire du soldat (complete); Speakers/Stokowski/ Chamber Ensemble (Vanguard VSD 71165/66).



BY ROBERT ANGUS



Most of the complaints about speakers are not the speakers' fault at all

DON'T BLAME IT ON THE SPEAKER

I WAS VISITING my local hi-fi dealer recently when an irate customer came storming in the door, lugging with him an obviously heavy bookshelf loudspeaker. "This goddam speaker system you sold me —all I'm getting is hum or buzz," he complained bitterly. The dealer, a calm man, connected the offending instrument to a stereo receiver behind the counter, and in a few minutes the sweetest music this side of heaven came pouring forth.

"I don't understand it," the customer said. "That's how it sounded when I first got it home. Later I started hearing that blasted hum . . . and now it's gone." The dealer pointed out that speakers don't develop hum on their own, patiently explaining that any trouble elsewhere in the component chain is passed along to the speaker, through which the sound comes out and which consequently takes the blame—usually unfairly.

Dealer and customer then began trying to locate the trouble in its proper source. They determined that it occurred in one channel only (represented

by the bulky speaker the customer had carried to the store) and only when records (as distinct from tapes or FM) were being played. The dealer's diagnosis: most likely, improper grounding in the cable connecting record player and amplifier; possibly, improper grounding between the stereo cartridge and terminal under the turntable. "In any case, your speaker is not at fault," he assured the customer.

I STARTED wondering. Just how many false charges are brought against loudspeakers? And just what *can* go wrong with them? Several leading hi-fi retailers and a number of loudspeaker manufacturers supplied the answers.

Because it has so few moving parts and because it's so well protected, there's very little that can go wrong with a speaker. The average bookshelf loudspeaker is protected by a box made of at least one-half-inch plywood (usually three-quarter-inch plywood or hardwood in the better systems). Inside that box are one or more speakers. For a woofer and larger midrange speaker, the only moving part is a paper cone moving back and forth in a metal frame or basket. The basket gives the paper cone extra protection. At the same time, there are no high electrical currents inside the speaker box. Under normal conditions, a well-designed paper cone can last for twenty years before deteriorating.

Most troubles connected with speakers, agree the experts, come from their maltreatment by owners, or from a malfunctioning of other audio equipment which creates problems too great for the speaker to handle.

Speaker voice coils are by all odds the most vulnerable spot in any cone loudspeaker system. These are windings of many layers of fine copper wire around the outside of the speaker magnet. Each lap of wire is separated from the next by a thin insulation. Under normal conditions, these wires can handle the low voltages fed into them by the amplifier. But they have a natural tendency (especially tweeter voice coils, which are made up of finer wire and more windings than woofers and midrange speakers) to resist the passage of an electrical current; when the voltage gets too high, the copper wire gets warm. If the current is too strong, the wire gets warm enough to melt its insulation and fuse with adjoining wires. Result: loss of the services of the voice coil, and no sound from the loudspeaker.

A typical example was cited for me by a Washington, D. C. dealer: "The case involved a transistorized stereo receiver that generated current in the output stages—enough to melt the voice coils on a tweeter. This was a problem with several popular transistor models when they were first introduced. Most manufacturers have eliminated the bug by now, though we occasionally still run across a receiver or amplifier with high frequency parasitic oscillation." My Washington acquaintance also remarked that the average listener never suspects the receiver of malfunction. "All he thinks of is that he's not hearing the high frequencies he should be getting from his loudspeaker system. The natural tendency is to blame it on the speaker—and it *is* of course the speaker voice coil that's burned out. But the owner will have the same difficulty with another speaker if he connects it without repairing the defect in the amplifier or receiver."

A defective amplifier isn't the only cause of supposed speaker problems, however. "We have a lot of trouble with people who run their tape recorders in fast forward while keeping the loudspeaker volume turned up to listen for a particular spot on the tape," a New York retailer told me. "As you know, you can double the frequencies on a tape recording by playing it back at double the speed at which it was recorded. When you run a tape in fast forward, which is much faster than twice the normal recording speed, a 5,000-Hz tone on the tape may become 200,000 cycles or more. By itself, that note does no harm to your speakers. But if you turn the volume up to anywhere near normal listening level, the combination of ultra-high-frequency and volume produces a surge of current sufficient to burn out your speaker's voice coils. Fortunately, most home tape recorders and tape decks have tape lifters, which pull the tape out of direct contact with the playback heads during fast forward and reverse." (Apparently this problem arises only with those recorders, such as professional tape decks, which don't have tape lifters.)

"If the tape recorder and the amplifier are cleared in cases of burned-out voice coils," the service manager of one large speaker manufacturer told me, "we want to look at the FM tuner. A defective muting switch on a tuner can cause the same results. When you tune from station to station in the FM band, the muting switch normally suppresses the hash between stations. If the switch isn't working and the volume is turned up fairly high, that hash can introduce a lot of high frequency noise—with the surge in current necessary to reproduce it—into the speaker voice coil. The result here is also potential damage to the speaker."

PHYSICAL MALTREATMENT OF loudspeaker systems is actually the reason behind the return of many speakers to the factory. One of the most common examples of owner negligence, reported by virtually every dealer and manufacturer I talked to, was the burning out of loudspeaker voice coils caused by plugging a speaker directly into a wall socket. "I don't know why they do it," one manufacturer's service manager told me, "but people insist on putting ordinary wall plugs on their speaker cords—perhaps for convenience in moving them around the house, possibly because they don't know any better. The result is that sooner or later somebody plugs the speaker into a 120-volt power line. A surge of current like that melts the tiny copper windings in the speaker voice coil instantly. It's even possible for the voice coil to generate enough heat this way

to start a fire inside the cabinet." Then, dealers report, customers bring the charred box back to the store and claim a defect in the speaker.

The same service manager continued: "You'd be amazed how many people return their loudspeakers to us under the warranty after their six-year-old son has put his foot through the grille cloth and speaker cone, or after the family dog has mistaken the speaker cabinet for a hydrant. We try to explain that we're responsible under the warranty for defects in manufacture or parts only—not for abuse." He advises customers who have permitted such abuse that "to prevent future damage of this type, it may be desirable to remove the grille cloth, staple a piece of chicken wire firmly across the front baffle, and then replace the grille cloth."

Poor installation of loudspeakers and speaker systems is yet another cause of alleged speakers ills. "By and large, the people who install custom sound systems know their business," comments an East Coast wholesaler. "But some self-appointed 'experts' build loudspeaker systems after a full day's work at another job, when they're tired. And a few just don't know what they're doing."

As an example, he tells of one owner who complained that the loudspeakers that his "sound installer" had put in a newly acquired town house didn't work properly: one of the speakers produced less sound than the other, especially in the bass. "I went over to look at this music room," the dealer recounted. "The installer had mounted one system consisting of a 12-inch woofer, an 8-inch midrange, and two 3½-inch tweeters in a valance above a window on one side of the room. There was no room for a complete speaker system with cabinet, so the installer had simply cut holes in the original valance and bolted the speakers onto the back of it. Eight feet away, he placed the second system. But here there was no window, so he cut holes in the wall itself and installed identical speakers there. Later, they were concealed behind the tapestry. The effect was visually pleasing, in that you couldn't see any electronics. But the sound was dreadful.

"The installer had used excellent loudspeakers without an enclosure on one channel. Since the enclosure is an important part of a speaker system, particularly in bass reproduction, that channel couldn't possibly sound right, or balanced with the other channel whose speakers were baffled by the wall mounting."

Even when correctly baffled, speakers can sound "wrong" if they are not located optimally in a given room. I was told the story of another owner who lives in an apartment, overlooking Central Park, with a huge floor-to-ceiling window comprising two thirds of a living room wall. In order not to block his view of the park, he placed one bookshelf loudspeaker on the (uncarpeted) floor in the corner adjacent to the window. The other speaker he put approximately ten feet away flush with the solid wall and resting on a rug. He couldn't put his finger on exactly what was wrong, but he complained to his dealer that the system sounded out of balance. "I demonstrated to him," this dealer explained, "that if both speakers were placed along the solid wall (instead of one in the corner against a pane of glass) and both sat on carpeting, the resultant sound would be balanced and much more pleasant. We didn't have to send his speakers back to the factory; just shifted their positions in the room."

Yet another complaint has its genesis in faulty hookups for extension speakers. "In recent years," a Chicago audio specialist reports, "the so-called universal speaker tap has become popular on transistor amplifiers and receivers. This is a speaker connection which covers impedance from 4 to 16 ohms. Owners often add one or more sets of extension loudspeakers—a pair in the bedroom, perhaps, or on the patio. The trouble is that many amplifiers just don't have the specific connection for more than one set of speakers.

"So what many equipment owners do is tie the leads for both pairs of speakers together and connect them (in parallel) to the universal speaker tap. Since most speaker systems have impedances of 8 ohms, this creates no problem for the amplifier—two 8-ohm speakers in parallel produce a combined impedance of 4 ohms, well within the capacity of the amplifier. The trouble comes when you add a third 8-ohm speaker in parallel to the system. The total impedance now is 2.67 ohms (one-third of eight) which may fall below the capability of the

amplifier. Result: the amplifier blows a fuse, and will continue blowing fuses until the load again rises to between 4 and 16 ohms.

"If you add all three together (in series), the resultant impedance of 24 ohms might be *above* the limit of the amplifier, and again you'd have trouble. What we advise people to do is to connect two speakers in parallel (4 ohms) and one in series, which results in a total impedance of 12 ohms—safely within the normal operating range for any amplifier."

OF COURSE, a speaker *can* wear out or develop a fault. Outdoor loudspeaker systems, in particular, are vulnerable to blowing a speaker cone. The symptoms are first an unpleasant rattle in the speaker, then no sound at all.

"It's fairly simple to understand why," says a man who designs them. "Most outdoor loudspeaker systems use speaker cones made of paper treated with plastic waterproofing agents to make them resistant to weather. Unfortunately, we have to reach a compromise between weatherproofing and good sound; if we made them completely impervious to weather, they'd sound terrible. As a result, the outdoor speaker cone is affected by all sorts of things—chemicals in the air, humidity, freezing—though obviously not to the same degree as a conventional loudspeaker cone. So in an especially inhospitable area—one with a high degree of air pollution and high summer humidity, for example—an outdoor speaker cone can disintegrate in as little as seven years. In a more temperate, dry climate such as the Arizona desert, it may last almost as long as an indoor speaker cone."

So far, we've been talking about the conventional cone loudspeaker system. Are electrostatic loudspeakers subject to the same kind of misuse and false accusation? "Absolutely," says a major designer. "Let me give you one common reason why people return them to the factory for service. As you know, an electrostatic loudspeaker consists of a movable center plate which moves back and forth between two fixed plates to set up sound waves in the air. Holes in the fixed plates permit the passage of air pushed by the movable plate. Because the amount of movement is so small, full-range electrostatics have to be relatively large in size. Actually, they resemble decorator screens, and one cause for complaint sometimes can be traced back to someone's having put a foot through such a unit."

"A greater source of trouble with electrostatics, however, rises from trying to pump too much power into them" says a spokesman for KLH (one of the two U.S. firms now manufacturing electrostatics—the other being Acoustech). "In the first place, electrostatic loudspeakers don't sound as loud as cone speakers to people used to the latter. Second, although we recommend a minimum of 30 watts and a maximum of 60 watts power input, the people who can afford electrostatics frequently buy the most powerful amplifiers they can get—and they drive them at top volume. The result is that the fuse we install in the speaker line to prevent overloading blows. After this happens a couple of times, the owner may replace our fuse with one that permits him to feed a stronger signal to the speakers. The first thing you know, he's burned out the driver transistor, plus one or more output transistors." Electrostatic speaker manufacturers hold that such damage is outside normal warranty coverage because the customer has chosen to defeat the safety mechanism built into the speaker line. But KLH and Acoustech will repair the damage on new speakers for cost—a tab of perhaps $25 to $30, depending on the extent of the damage.

"Electrostatics *do* have an inherent weakness," says one dealer. "We occasionally get complaints that in very humid, hot weather, the electrostatics lose volume. When the humidity and the thermometer hover around the 90 to 100 mark simultaneously, it's quite possible that there's enough leakage from the electrostatic grid into the humid air to lower volume and sound quality sufficiently to affect listening pleasure. Anyway, this is less true of today's models than it once was; and besides, most of us don't listen to music much when the room temperature is over 90 degrees and the humidity is nearing 100 per cent."

Summing up, another retailer reminded me, "Whenever anything goes wrong with a hi-fi system, people normally blame it on the end where the sound comes out. We in the business know that there's little that can go wrong with a speaker—particularly one that's been in use for some time—and we try to help the customer trace the problem back through his other components." He estimates that nearly ninety per cent of the complaints about speakers can be traced to a faulty ground in the record changer, one channel of a tape recorder that doesn't work, an amplifier on the fritz, or bad placement of the speakers themselves. In the remaining ten per cent of the cases, there really is something wrong with the speaker—but here too the speaker trouble may have been caused by a defect in the FM tuner or amplifier (such as high frequency oscillation) or by customer misuse.

So don't blame the poor loudspeaker until you have determined the innocence of everything else—including yourself.

BY JASON P. MEUTE

ARE SPEAKERS OBSOLETE?

IF YOU ASK ANYBODY in the high fidelity business what the next breakthrough in audio design will be, he invariably will say, "It must be in speakers." If you then press him for details or even a general notion of what may be available five years from now, he will, just as surely, tell you: "We really can't say."

Yet everyone agrees that "something in speakers is bound to happen sooner or later." Why? For all their variety of size (compact, bookshelf, consolette, large, monstrous), shape (rectangular, square, triangular, pentagonal, octagonal, circular), and loading principle (bass reflex, folded horn, labyrinth, air suspension, ducted port, dipole, infinite baffle, no baffle), today's speakers are fundamentally no different from what they were over forty years ago. The basic moving-coil design was introduced in 1925 by two General Electric researchers, Chester W. Rice and Edward W. Kellogg. This design quickly dovetailed with the techniques of free-moving diaphragms, oversize magnets, aluminum voice coils, and novel enclosures being pioneered by P. G. A. H. Voight at Edison Bell in England. The speakers of the Sixties simply represent refinements of these techniques.

Even if you consider alternate forms of generating sound—such as the electrostatic, the induction, or the ribbon speaker—what you have, essentially, is a motor that causes a moving part to fan the air.

There's nothing wrong with this except that it's so imperfect. Speaker designers constantly find themselves bucking the laws of physics (like inertia) and trying to overcome the limitations of the very materials they're using (like weight, mass, and resonances). Theoretically, the ideal speaker would be an infinitely small glob or point that radiated sound omnidirectionally and with equal intensity for all frequencies in the audible spectrum. In reality, this ideal is frustrated by the manner in which speakers-as-we-know-them behave. The smaller a diaphragm, the poorer its bass reproduction; the larger, the poorer its treble.

The woofer-tweeter solution (and its variations of midrange, supertweeter, mid-bass, and so on) is what we now live with, but in truth it is quite a compromise vis-à-vis the ideal. What's more, it involves—in order to perform as if it were less of a compromise—complex, costly, and often cumbersome products. Someone looking in on us from outer space might well wonder how clever we really are: to sense the full stereo range of an orchestra and translate it to an electrical signal all we need is a small pickup weighing a few ounces or less; yet to translate that signal back into sound we need a pair of heavy boxes loaded with magnets, metal frames, paper cones, and coils of wire. Headphones, which are really miniature speakers, get the same low mark for relative crudeness. Our present speakers and headphones, in sum, are effective, but not nearly as "sophisticated" as everything that comes before them in the sound-reproducing chain.

This characterization is no mere rhetoric. The best of today's speaker systems produce amounts of distortion that would be unacceptable if found in an amplifier, and speaker response is anything but linear or "flat" across the audible spectrum. So perhaps we ought to go beyond the speaker to something like a non-speaker—that is, a device that would reproduce sound by methods quite different from today's. Specifically, what about a speaker with no moving physical parts? What about doing away with speakers altogether?

The no-moving-parts principle actually has been employed in the form of the ionic speaker. In this device, a small cloud of ionized air hovers silently as a purplish glow within a small chamber; impressing this cloud with signals from an amplifier then vibrates the air to produce sound. As it turned out, the ionic speaker raised more problems than it solved, for while it was regarded by many as an excellent tweeter, it still needed conventional speakers to round out the full audio spectrum. To produce ionics meant spending a lot of time and effort, perhaps too much to make them practicable for large-scale manufacture; to own an ionic meant facing the necessity of eventual replacement of one of its elements which sooner or later was bound to burn out. In any case, ionic speakers are no longer being made.

So much for purple clouds, although the idea of getting sound by using disturbed air to further disturb the air has been up for grabs ever since the first spark was ignited. The latest hot item we've heard about in this connection is a report that three scientists on the West Coast have been using the flame of an acetylene torch in roughly the same manner as the ionic speaker used its little charged cloud. That is, the flame is the "medium" which, when impressed with the "message" (amplifier signal), is supposed to produce sound. A spokesman for United Technological Center at Sunnyvale, California, where this audio heat wave took place recently, advises us to cool it, however. The company has no immediate plans to use the discovery and is not interested in the home electronics market.

Even more tenuous are rumors that have sifted to us of experimenters using air trapped in hollow columns, not unlike organ pipes, which—when agitated by electrical charges (themselves, of course, coming from an amplifier) —in turn agitate the air at the end of the column to generate sound.

To go beyond fancy or fanciful substitutes for the physical diaphragm in a speaker, how about no speaker at all? It has been demonstrated that we can hear via bone conduction, with suitable tiny transducers placed near the ears. Okay, take a pin head's load of integrated circuits and design a microscopic receiver that fits behind the ear. Terminate the system amplifier with a similar size transmitter. Now you've not only eliminated the speakers, but you've provided a means of hearing perfect stereo in any part of the listening room and—if the transmitter is powerful enough—outside that room as well.

And for a center channel you could add a third receiver under the bridge of your eyeglasses.

BY PETER HEYWORTH

THE FATAL SIXTIES

Not the age of Schoenberg and Stravinsky, says a noted critic, but the generation of Stockhausen, has brought a three-hundred-fifty-year epoch to a close

FOR AS FAR BACK as there is recorded history, prophets of doom have announced the imminent end of the world, and music has of late had more than its fair share of such jeremiads. I am not going to add to them; creativity is almost as necessary to human existence as sex, and I see no danger that either will cease to find a means of expressing itself.

But there is a big difference between "the end" and "an end," and the complacent assumption that what we are now witnessing is merely one more chapter in the uninterrupted evolution of Western music, with Cage and Stockhausen in the roles once played by Beethoven, Wagner, Debussy, and Schoenberg, seems increasingly glib and untenable. What I want to suggest here is that we are today confronted with the most decisive break in the development of Western music since the monodic revolution at the beginning of the seventeenth century; that this break was for almost half a century masked by the curiously two-faced roles that both Schoenberg and Stravinsky have played in the music of their time; and that the extent to which they succeeded in their struggle to uphold a dissolving order is a measure of their inability to provide the post-1945 avant-garde with any point of departure that it can accept as valid. To put it crassly, we are living in a period when one music is dying as another is in the painful process of birth.

To argue that we are today confronted by an almost complete break with the past is, of course, to find oneself in strange company. From time immemorial down to Mr. Henry Pleasants, innovations have been greeted with similar cries; in generation after generation conservatives have failed to understand that decay is as surely the price of growth as birth is inseparable from death. But in the past, musical development has arisen out of a complex yet organic relationship between the generations. While young composers have with one foot kicked their elders in the teeth, they have until now not hesitated to put the other foot firmly on their predecessors' shoulders for a hoist into the future. Even a composer as revolutionary in the context of his time as Wagner is unthinkable without Beethoven and Weber, just as Schoenberg could not have existed without Wagner and Brahms.

A relationship such as this, so characteristic in its tensions of that between father and son, appears to exist no longer for composers such as Stockhausen and Cage. Their starting point seems to be a virtually complete rejection of the past and, lest I am accused of exaggeration, here are Stockhausen's own words:

> Therefore no recapitulation, no variation, no development, no contrast. For that presupposes shapes *(Gestalten)*, themes, motives, objects which are recapitulated, varied, developed, and contrasted . . . all that I have given up since the first serial *(punktuellen)* works.

In comparison to Stockhausen, Boulez is relatively traditional in his thinking. But when in 1952 he penned the fateful phrase *"Schoenberg est mort,"* he was giving notice that the composer who for almost half a century had been revered and detested as the very fountainhead of the avant-garde was of little relevance to the creative problems of his generation.

That Boulez' simple phrase should have detonated such an explosion of rage and shock is a measure of how, since the first dodecaphonic scores had appeared in the early Twenties, attitudes to Schoenberg had hardened to a point where they bore little relevance to the real significance of his music. For his supporters he was still a Moses leading them into a Promised Land. For his detractors he remained a bogeyman determined to stand music on its head. In the heat of battle neither side faced the fact that his serialism, however new in technique, represented less a revolution than a heroic act of conservation.

The case of Stravinsky was less extreme but not altogether dissimilar. If his neoclassical works from

"Stockhausen rejects what most of us have hitherto supposed to be the very essence of music: its ability to impose order on time by relating one event to another."

Pulcinella to *The Rake's Progress* today seem to offer few problems, until at least 1945 they were regarded by musical conservatives as bloodless abstractions that set out to rob music of the emotional expressiveness traditionally held to be its special characteristic. If Schoenberg was seen as a revolutionary tearing apart the fabric of Western music, Stravinsky was viewed as a scavenger picking out its heart. Both in their very different ways were considered anti-traditionalists, and between them they dominated the entire period from the outbreak of the First World War to the end of the Second.

Needless to say, neither camp recognized the claim of the other to possess the key to the future. Just as Stravinskians chose to see Schoenberg's career as the death agony of the German romanticism they affected to despise, as out-of-date and out-of-tune with the crisp new world of the Twenties, so Schoenbergians on their part retaliated by depicting Stravinsky as a mock-modernist smarty-pants, dressing up in the clothes and mannerisms of the past. And Schoenberg himself even went as far as to write a canon on an acid little rhyme referring to *"Der kleine Modernsky."*

Stravinsky had shown early interest in *Pierrot Lunaire,* and the two composers had fleetingly met on the occasion of one of its performances, in Berlin in 1912. But thereafter their paths diverged and when, exceptionally, they both happened to be present at an International Society for Contemporary Music festival in Venice in the Twenties, they moved around like pope and antipope under a heavy escort of followers and admirers. Later in life they lived for years within a few miles of each other in Los Angeles, but here again there was virtually no personal contact (one exception was a chance meeting at Franz Werfel's).

Thus the world grew used to regarding these two crucial figures as opposing poles of the musical scene; and thus, when in the mid-Fifties Stravinsky started to adapt to his own purposes the serial techniques long regarded as synonymous with Schoenberg and his school, an elaborate network of technical and psychological reasons had to be woven to account for reversal of alliances that seemed almost as startling as the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. In fact, to anyone prepared to look below the surface it finally revealed what had for so long been masked by the polemics of both camps: that Schoenberg and Stravinsky had both been striving, each in his very different way, to shore up a dissolving order. That Stravinsky should have finally aligned himself with Schoenberg in a matter of technique is thus less surprising than it seemed a decade ago.

Of course, almost all composers of consequence have two heads: one that turns back to the past and one that looks forward to the future. Composition never takes place in a vacuum. Inevitably, it emerges from an experience of the world of which the music that surrounds a composer in youth is an essential part. If Beethoven opened the door to the tremendous landscape of the romantic symphony, his earlier works are part of the classical world of Haydn. If Bruckner paved the way for Mahler, he himself drew sustenance from both the lyricism of Schubert and the formal counterpoint of Fux and Palestrina. If Wagner's immense harmonic exploration reached to the very threshold of panchromaticism, his roots lay in the thematic flexibility of late Beethoven and the unpolluted forest streams of *Der Freischütz.* No man is an island and that goes for composers as well as lesser mortals.

But, at any rate after 1918, the relationship of both Schoenberg and Stravinsky to the past was quite different from the instinctive nourishment that most composers draw from their predecessors. Each in his own way had found himself up against a brick wall and each in his own way sought to call in the past as an answer to the problems of the future.

As heir to both Brahms and Wagner, Schoenberg had inherited the rich but dissolving world of German romanticism, and in the works he composed between 1909 and 1914 he wrote its fascinating yet frightening final chapter. In scores such as the Five Orchestral Pieces, *Erwartung*, and *Pierrot Lunaire* he explored a strange and wonderful world never before penetrated by music. But in the process he became aware that he had stretched chromatic harmony to a point where it could no longer exercise the structural functions it had fulfilled in sonata form.

For all the daring adventurousness of his early works, Schoenberg was haunted by the sublime achievements of his great forerunners from Haydn to Brahms. He was acutely aware of the harmonic crisis into which he had plunged Western music, but far from rejoicing in it (as a true revolutionary might have done) he thirsted for some means by which he, like his predecessors, could be sure that in a given situation one note was better than another, not merely on subjective grounds but as part of an objective principle of order. From this long search for a new means of musical order he finally surfaced

with twelve-tone technique, and it is highly significant that no sooner had he done so than he should immediately have started to write works in the classical forms which he had been obliged to abandon once he had broken through the tonal barrier in his Second String Quartet of 1908. Dramatic works apart, the overwhelming majority of Schoenberg's works from 1925 to 1946 carry titles that clearly reveal their classical ambitions.

Stravinsky's heritage was more constricted. But that made it easier for him to exhaust its full potentialities in the three pre-1914 ballets that culminated in *The Rite of Spring*. Like Schoenberg, he had stretched his inheritance as far as it would go. Henceforth he elected to seek his own salvation, and he did so by severing his Russian links and casting himself on the more spacious musical traditions of the West. It is widely supposed that Stravinsky ceased to be a Russian composer owing to the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. In fact he had by 1914 gone into voluntary exile and his residence in France and Switzerland was the outward and visible manifestation of an inward state of mind on which the Revolution merely put a seal. But Stravinsky had the misfortune to enter Western music at a time when it had been shaken to its foundations by the impact of Debussy and Schoenberg, and as a result he conceived no major works between *Les Noces* (1914) and *L'Histoire du Soldat* (1918). It is intriguing that these fallow years to some extent overlap a similar period when Schoenberg wrote no major work except the unfinished rump of *Der Jakobsleiter*. In fact both composers were seeking a new basis for composition.

Unlike Schoenberg, Stravinsky felt no mission to save the world. He simply wanted to give expression to his prodigious creative potency and, having outgrown his Russian inheritance, he was confronted with all those problems of style and manner that most composers are able to take for granted. As the resources of Western music of the Twenties inspired no confidence, he sought shelter where he could find it—in the past. And so his time-wandering began. Like a cuckoo he dropped his eggs in any convenient nest. As the waters rose, he leaped from one remaining patch of dry ground to another, and on each he deposited something very like a masterpiece. So, indeed, he has continued until the Requiem Canticles of 1966, for his recent dodecaphonic scores involve no essential change in his manner of working, but merely an extension of technique.

Thus, though Schoenberg and Stravinsky started their long journeys through the twentieth century from different and even mutually hostile points of the compass, their paths converged in a common neoclassicism, on which Stravinsky's adaptation of Schoenbergian serialism merely put a seal. It would be silly to underrate the immense differences of upbringing, style, and temperament that continued to divide them. Yet each in his own way had been forced by pressure of the predicaments they had confronted to pursue parallel courses. Both had gazed into an abyss of total freedom—Schoenberg's harmonic as a result of his own exploration, Stravinsky's stylistic as a result of his severance from Russian tradition—and both had quickly put down the lid on what they had glimpsed. In a period of incipient disintegration both felt the need of classical procedures to hold together scores of length and substance. In a word, whatever details may be new in this or that work, the basic cast of their music after 1918 was conservative. I intend no snide derogation in that word. On the contrary, that their conservatism enabled both to compose a formidable series of masterpieces (though it seems improbable that Schoenberg's dodecaphonic scores will be rated as highly as the music he wrote before 1914) is its own justification.

BUT IF Schoenberg and Stravinsky solved their own problems, in the process of doing so they left an awkward heritage to the avant-garde which has emerged in the last two decades. Needless to say, this also implies no blame: the business of composers is to compose, not to provide steppingstones into the future. But by their heroic efforts to keep the skies suspended, they had evaded the crisis rather than met it. In the late Forties and early Fifties composers like Boulez and Stockhausen—who rejected neoclassicism and all its works, whether Viennese or Parisian in flavor—found themselves confronting the full implication of the situation that had faced Schoenberg and Stravinsky over thirty years earlier.

For a while Webern seemed to offer a promising channel of exploration, for his highly individual use of dodecaphonic technique was relatively free of the neoclassical elements in Schoenberg's serial music and was therefore felt to show a greater unity of style and technique. In 1949 Messiaen produced his historic *Mode de valeurs et d'intensité*, in which he subjected, not merely pitch as Schoenberg had done, but duration, rhythm, and dynamics to serial manipulation. Messiaen himself rapidly recoiled from

"We are today confronted with the most decisive break in the development of Western music since... the beginning of the seventeenth century..."

the implications of his brief piano study. But Boulez and Stockhausen seized on it as a means of controlling a score in every aspect, and by mating it to Webern's *pointillisme* produced *punkuelle* scores, such as Boulez' *Structures* and Stockhausen's *Kontrapunkte No. 1*, in which each note had its own specific, predestined characteristics.

The demands of this extreme intellectualism were as severe on the performers as on the listeners, and one result was to cause Stockhausen to look towards the electronic studio for accurate realization of the subtle graduations of dynamics and rhythmic subdivisions it entailed. Shortly afterwards (about 1954), in the rehearsals of *Klavierstücke VI* with David Tudor, it appeared that certain accents could not easily be matched to the given durations. To avoid ambiguity Stockhausen wanted to rewrite the passages concerned, but Tudor persuaded him that the alternatives should be left open. Thus the aleatoric principle was planted in the totally determined world of *punkuelle Musik*. Another element was a growing awareness that the game was not worth the candle, that the effort of imposing so complete an intellectual control did not seem to be justified inasmuch as the order it provided was less perceptible to the ear than to the eye. And so there took place a gradual retreat from the attempt to solve the formal crisis that Schoenberg had grappled with as early as 1909 by controlling each note in every particular.

It was perhaps at this moment, in the mid-Fifties, that the profundity of that crisis became most apparent. Since then Stockhausen (who with Boulez' virtual—and, one must hope, temporary—retirement as a composer has increasingly emerged as a central figure) has embarked on a series of works in which one traditional element after another has been jettisoned. *Klavierstücke XI* (1956) combined order and non-order; *Gesang der Jünglinge* (1956) merged voice and electronic sounds; in *Gruppen* (1955-57) the constituent elements were no longer individual notes but "groups," and following the path trodden by Varèse the lines between music and sound began to become increasingly vague. In *Carré* (1959-60) the notion of voluntary listening was introduced in the sense that enjoyment of one section was made quite independent of enjoyment of another. In recognition of the fact that in much of his music the ear could no longer perceive the relevance of individual notes but only general characteristics such as fast, loud, or dense, the idea of *"statische Form"* was introduced for sections of music that were intended to be grasped only as complexes of sound and hence stand in sharp contrast to the fully determined notes of *punkuelle* form.

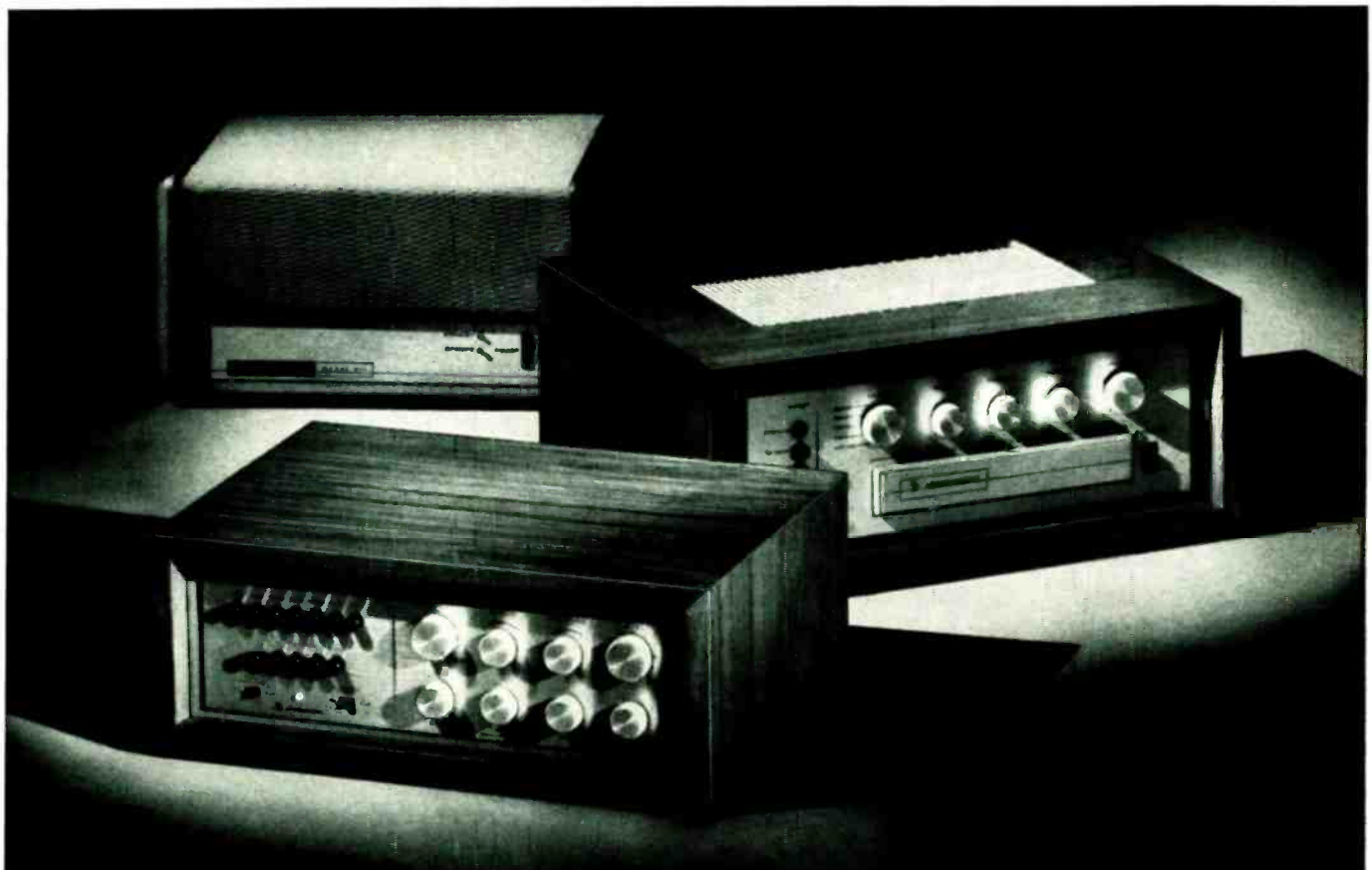
Stockhausen, indeed, seems to show hardly more concern with the details of his works, as opposed to their broad outlines, than he expects from the listener. As he has himself written, "Boulez' aim is the work, mine is the impact." Composition for Stockhausen seems increasingly to be a matter of determining what he calls the "model-character" of a work; and once the general characteristics of its sections or "moments" have been arrived at, he seems content to leave the detailed work to a disciple. The notion of a work as a fixed, objective entity is foreign to his more recent musical thinking.

In contrast to this seeming unconcern with the detailed impact of a work is Stockhausen's attempt in *Kontakte* (for piano, percussion, and electronic sounds) to build up his sound material from scratch out of the common denominator of a basic vibratory impulse, electronically determined. By these means he hopes to realize what he refers to as "the underlying unity of musical time," in the sense that every element in the score is structurally interrelated. Yet here again, one is confronted by a baffling paradox: on the one hand a total intellectual control of a work down to its last detail, on the other an apparent abandonment of any attempt to present an order perceptible to the ear. For *Kontakte* is built up from "Moment-forms"—"each of which," Stockhausen has written, "exists for itself. The musical events do not take a determined course from a fixed beginning to an inevitable end. A moment is not merely the result of what has happened or the cause of what is about to occur. Rather it is a concentration on the here and now."

That is a very remarkable statement, for it implies a rejection of what most of us have hitherto supposed to be the very essence of music: its ability to impose order on time by relating one event to another. Yet it is a precise enough description of what most listeners experience in *Kontakte* or in that astonishing neo-Dada sonic circus, *Momente II*, which in its 1965 form is Stockhausen's largest and most fascinating achievement to date—a work in which any distinction between music and sound has finally disappeared (Stockhausen's claim, not mine!).

I DO NOT WRITE about these developments in order to attack them. On the contrary, though I certainly do not "understand" them in the usual meaning of the word, there is much in them that I find exciting, stimulating, and even, at moments, beautiful. In any case, like other mortals, a critic has no choice but to accept the period he lives in even if he doesn't like it. My aim here is merely to debunk the notion that all this is no more than another chapter in an uninterrupted development—and to suggest that the profundity of our present musical crisis stems in part from the extraordinary holding action carried out by Stravinsky and Schoenberg, who, by postponing a break, inadvertently built up the pressure behind it.

In any development in music, it is often what is new that first strikes the ear; what is traditional becomes apparent only later on. That Webern, Debussy, pre-1914 Schoenberg, and (in recent years) Varèse are all in some degree founding fathers of the new music may be true enough in a limited way. But the proportion of what has been contributed by the past seems infinitesimal compared with what, for instance, Beethoven contributed to Wagner or Wagner to Schoenberg. I fancy that many years will pass before we begin to perceive traditional elements in Stockhausen. Something has come to an end. Something is being born . . . God knows just what or what relationship it bears to our troubled times.



THE UNBELIEVABLES

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CIRCLE 10 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Three reasons why BOZAK Three-Way Loudspeaker Systems reproduce music naturally... bass midrange treble

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This superiority is not the result of chance. Rather, it stems from Bozak's determination to adhere to the laws of physics in every detail of loudspeaker design.

Consider the relationship of frequency, wavelength and loudspeaker cone size as graphically illustrated. Science tells us that, for realistic reproduction, a speaker cone must be smaller in diameter than the wavelength of the highest frequency it is intended to reproduce. Yet, a large cone area is needed to deliver the power associated with low frequencies. To overcome this seeming anomaly Bozak divides the sound spectrum into three bands with separate specially designed speakers for each section — bass, midrange and treble.

As shown, each of these three component speakers is sized proportionally to its area of the sound spectrum. Further, each is specially treated for optimum performance in its working range. The variable-density felted-paper cone of the B-199A bass speaker results in a totally passive, peak-free diaphragm. The extreme rigidity of the B-209 midrange cone results from a patented design and provides ideal piston action. B-200Y treble speakers are specially damped and employ dual-diameter cones for smooth sound at the very highest frequencies.

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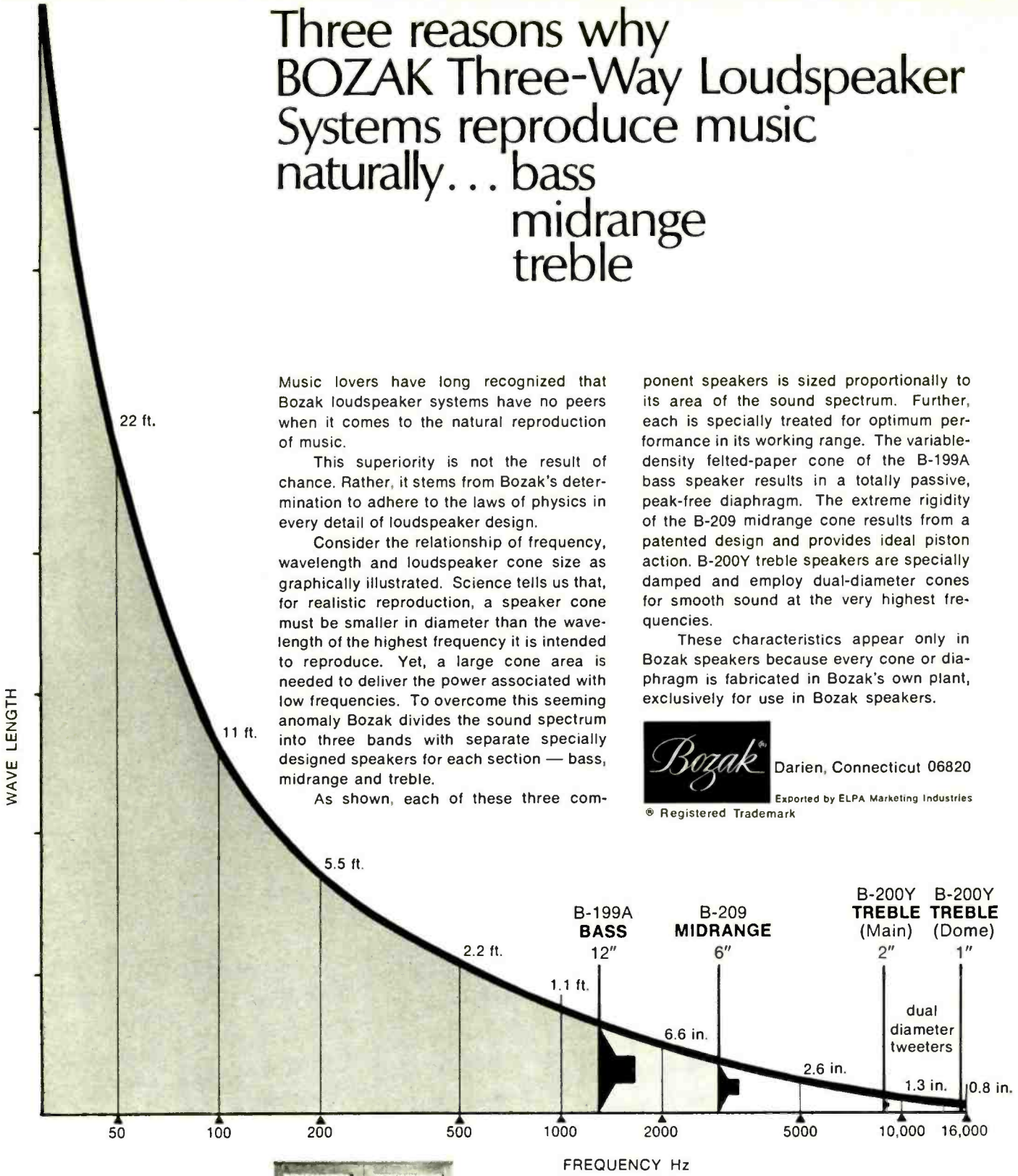
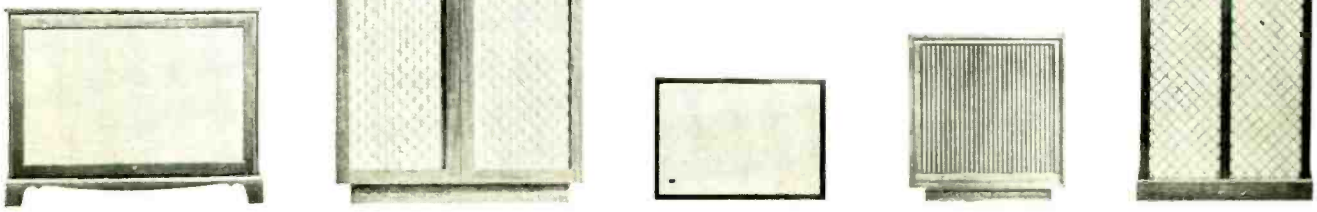




EQUIPMENT REPORTS

THE CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO NEW AND IMPORTANT HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

FISHER 700T FM RECEIVER

THE EQUIPMENT: Fisher 700T, a stereo FM receiver. Dimensions: 16¾ by 12⅜ by 5⅛ inches. Price: $499.50. Manufacturer: Fisher Radio Corp., 11-30 45th Road, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.

COMMENT: Fisher's current top-of-the-line receiver combines top-sensitivity stereo/mono FM reception and clean medium-high amplifier power in a lushly styled, smooth-operating format. The tuner section, one of Fisher's best to date, has excellent performance characteristics. The fact is, it logged an impressive total of 46 radio stations off our cable FM tap, which is the highest number received so far. The set's quieting action is fine; full quieting—better than 50 dB—is reached with less than 10 microvolts input signal. This means that the 700T really reaches out and grabs stations, including some you probably didn't imagine you could receive in your locale.

The set is styled in tones of brushed gold, with simulated walnut for the upper half of the front panel, oddly reminiscent of the dashboard look in specialty cars. The normal FM channel markings are supplemented by a logging scale. At the left are two indicators: a maximum-strength tuning meter and a red stereo lamp that lights up whenever a stereo station is tuned in, as long as the selector knob is on FM automatic or FM stereo-only position. The station tuning knob, to the right of the dial, shares space on the walnut panel with a speaker-selector control that permits you to run either of two pairs of stereo speakers, or both at once, or none at all. A front panel headphone jack is "live" at all times, regardless of the speaker switch position.

The volume control is combined with the power off-on switch. Clutched dual-concentric tone controls permit you to adjust bass and treble independently or simultaneously on each channel. The mode control is combined with a tape monitor function. Other controls include channel balance, loudness contour, high and low filters, and interstation muting. The signal selector, in addition to the FM positions, has positions for tape head, phono, and auxiliary inputs.

The rear of the set has everything you'd expect in a de luxe receiver, and a little more: twin-lead local and "normal" antenna terminals; stereo inputs for tape head, phono low, phono high, auxiliary low, auxiliary high; two more mono inputs. For feeding signals to a recorder there are two sets of jacks, recorder high and low. There also are jacks, normally connected by jumpers, that let you insert a reverb unit into each channel. In addition to the two sets of stereo speakers already mentioned, you can drive a mono speaker from a separate set of outputs, controlled by a switch at the rear. Thus the 700T can power five speaker systems at once—for instance, stereo in two rooms with mono in a third, or enhanced stereo in one room, and so on. Two AC outlets, both controlled by the set's power switch, are provided. The main power line is fused, as are the two output signal channels. The 700T has a heavy-duty power supply, built-in circuit overload protection, a few other advanced features including field-effect transistors, and a rather sophisticated multiplex section that reduces considerably the tendency of noise and spurious signals to trigger the set's stereo mode.

Besides its unusually high sensitivity, the FM section of the 700T has very low distortion and excellent capture ratio and channel separation. Frequency response is rolled off very slightly at the extreme ends of the band, but is smooth and closely matched on each channel and does remain within a normal 4 dB variation across the FM audio band.

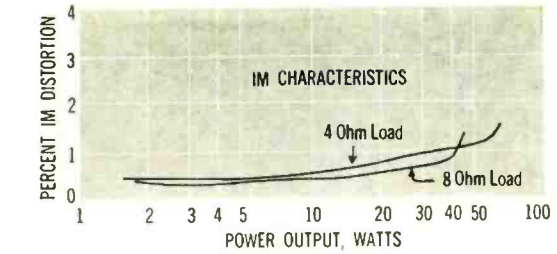
Complementing the tuner section, the 700T's amplifier portion offers clean power and versatility for use in any home music system. Its RMS power rating, per channel individually, is 40 watts at 0.8 per cent harmonic distortion which it met in lab tests with a bit of room to spare. This drops by about 12 per cent when both channels are driven simultaneously, which is reasonable in a combination chassis. Other characteristics, including tone-control and filter action, equalization, signal-to-noise, and input sensitivity, all are very favorable. The low-frequency square-wave response reflects a roll-off in the deepest bass. High-frequency square-wave response has a fast rise-time, a bit of overshoot, but no ringing. IM distortion runs very low and linearly up to rated output.

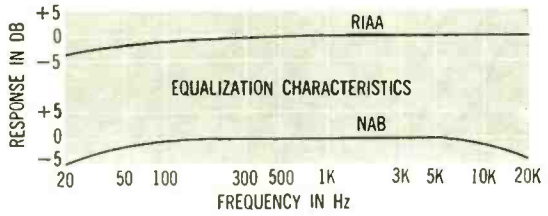
The 700T, in its metal covering, may be custom-installed or placed on a shelf with the four feet supplied. Alternately, you can order the accessory walnut cabinet, model 100 UW, for an additional $24.95.

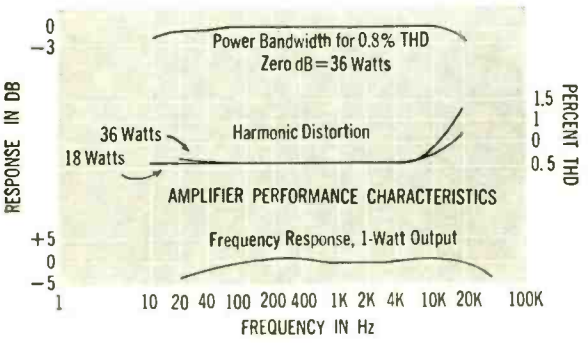
CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

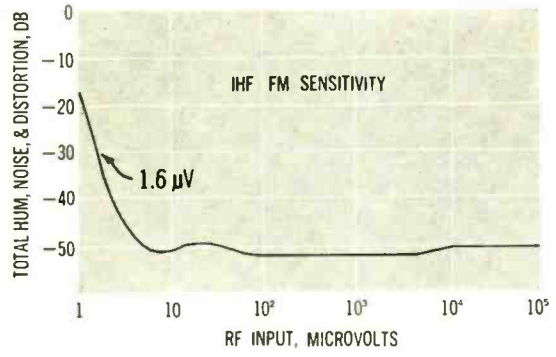
REPORT POLICY

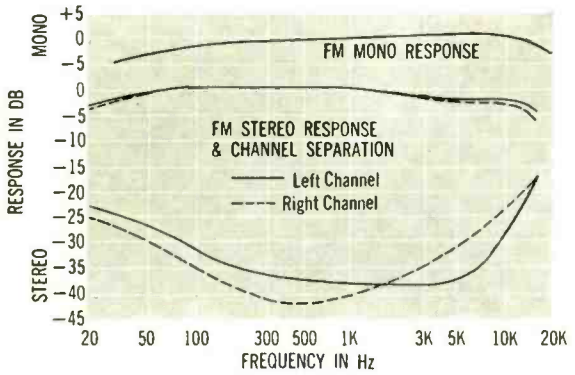
Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Connecticut, a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation's leading research organizations. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. Manufacturers are not permitted to read reports in advance of publication, and no report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. All reports should be construed as applying to the specific samples tested; neither HIGH FIDELITY nor CBS Laboratories assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.

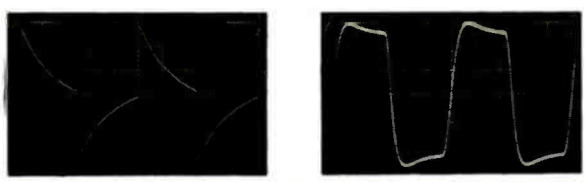












Square-Wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.

Fisher 700T Receiver

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Tuner Section	
IHF sensitivity	1.6µV at 98 MHz; 1.5 µV at 90 MHz; 1.5 µV at 106 MHz
Frequency response, mono	+0.5, −3.5 dB, 40 Hz to 20 kHz
THD, mono	0.3% at 400 Hz; 0.5% at 40 Hz; 0.2% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	0.4%
Capture ratio	2 dB
S/N ratio	57 dB
Frequency response, stereo, l ch	+0.5, −3.5 dB, 20 Hz to 16 kHz
r ch	+0.5, −3.5 dB, 21 Hz to 14 kHz
THD, stereo, l ch	0.38% at 400 Hz; 0.33% at 40 Hz; 0.27% at 1 kHz
r ch	0.17% at 400 Hz; 0.38% at 40 Hz; 0.24% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, either channel	better than 37 dB at mid-frequencies; better than 20 dB, 20 Hz to above 10 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	39.5 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	43 dB
Amplifier Section	
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	37.8 watts at 0.1% THD
l ch for 0.8% THD	40.9 watts
r ch at clipping	37.8 watts at 0.084% THD
r ch for 0.8% THD	40.9 watts
both chs simultaneously	
l ch at clipping	34.9 watts at 0.080% THD
r ch at clipping	34.9 watts at 0.088% THD
Power bandwidth for constant 0.8% THD	below 10 Hz to 21 kHz
Harmonic distortion	
36 watts output	below 0.8%, 40 Hz to 15.5 kHz
18 watts output	below 0.8%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
IM distortion	
4-ohm load	below 1% to 38 watts
8-ohm load	below 0.8% to 40 watts
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+0.5, −3.5 dB, 20 Hz to 50 kHz
RIAA equalization	+0, −4 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
NAB equalization	+0, −4 dB, 25 Hz to 20 kHz
Damping factor	8

Input characteristics (re 36 watts output)	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
phono low	3.3 mV	58 dB
phono high	9.6 mV	55 dB
tape head	2.3 mV	52 dB
aux low	178.0 mV	63 dB
aux high	350.0 mV	63 dB

RECTILINEAR III SPEAKER SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: Rectilinear III, a full-range speaker system in integral enclosure. Dimensions: 34¼ by 18 by 12 inches. Price: $279. Manufacturer: Rectilinear Sound Systems, Division of Rectilinear Research Corp., 30 Main Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201.

COMMENT: Another recent entry in the class of "medium size" (i.e., slightly larger than "bookshelf" but not full-size) speaker systems is the model III from Rectilinear, a fairly new firm on the high fidelity scene. The 70-pound unit, with its integral base pedestal, is obviously intended for floor placement, although it is neither too big nor heavy to rule out its being installed on a bench if desired. The cabinet, of fine-grained oiled walnut, is fronted with a light-tint grille cloth and presents a neat appearance. Connections at the rear are marked for polarity; input impedance is 8 ohms. A low-efficiency system, the Rectilinear III is recommended for use with amplifiers capable of supplying at least 20 watts (per channel), and it can take up to 100 watts.

The baffle board behind the grille contains a total of six speakers: there's a high-compliance 12-inch woofer, a 6-inch cone fitted with a "whizzer" for midrange dispersion, a pair of 4-inch tweeters, and a pair of 3-inch super-tweeters. The dividing network, also in the enclosure, provides crossovers at 250 Hz, 3,000 Hz, and 11,000 Hz. A control at the rear adjusts the level of the tweeters. Aside from a small ducted tube on the baffle, the system is completely sealed.

In our tests, the model III's bass response held up cleanly and firmly down to 40 Hz. At 38 Hz some doubling became evident, but it didn't seem to increase as we went lower down the scale until below 28 Hz. In fact, we'd say that the III has less tendency to distort in this difficult region than many speakers we've auditioned. Response continues to below 28 Hz, but with diminished amplitude and increased doubling.

Except for an apparent peak in the 5,000 to 6,000 Hz region, the treble response was very smooth to beyond audibility. It also seemed free of pronounced directional effects: a 10,000-Hz tone was clearly audible from behind the speaker; 12,000 Hz could be heard well off axis, while 14,000 Hz was audible only on axis. White noise response varied—in directivity, and in character from smooth to hard—with the setting of the rear level control. At the indicated "flat" setting, we found—at least in our room—that it had a midrange coloration or emphasis, and for our musical listening tests we reduced the control setting.

In a compact speaker system employing several small drivers, one can expect, as a rule, extended frequency response rather than overpowering projection of sonic energy. In addition, if the drivers are of high quality, and are carefully employed, one can expect clean, as well as extended, sound. This, apparently, is the design aim of the Rectilinear and it is, we feel, well achieved. On the other hand, the system does not project what may be called the "big sound" —that is, the kind of sound that "fills the room" (if you like it) or which is "more overwhelming than live sound" (if you don't like it). The Rectilinear III has a well-defined, wide-range response with a very natural tonal balance. It does not, however, project an enormous sense of "bigness"—especially in a larger-than-average room. You can, of course, drive it to high volume (it can take enormous amounts of amplifier power without breaking up) but it always remains, as one listener put it, "somewhat cool or remote." Another listener called its performance "utterly neutral, clean as a whistle, somewhat like an electrostatic." How will it sound to you? Impossible to predict. You'd do well to listen to this system yourself. It's certainly worth it.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CUMULATIVE INDEX OF EQUIPMENT REPORTS *For Year Ending June 1968*

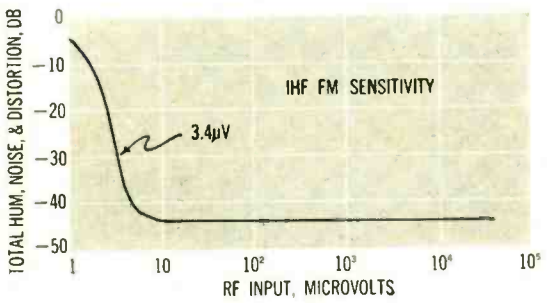
EICO 3200 STEREO TUNER

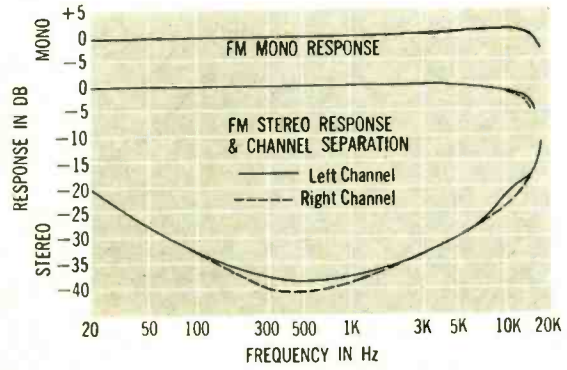
THE EQUIPMENT: Eico 3200, a stereo FM tuner. Price: in kit form, $89.95; factory-wired, $129.95. Dimensions: 12 by 7¾ by 3⅛ inches. Manufacturer: Eico Electronic Instrument Co., Inc., 283 Malta St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207.

COMMENT: A style mate for the Eico 3070 amplifier (reviewed here in November 1967) is this basic tuner in Eico's Cortina series of components. Compact and low in cost, the 3200 offers mono and stereo FM reception and is designed for plugging into an external amplifier. The set presents a neat, simple appearance: its brushed-gold escutcheon covers a walnut-tinted station dial that matches the simulated walnut-on-metal case supplied. The FM channel markings and logging scale are flanked by a maximum-strength tuning meter and a red stereo indicator. Controls include the station tuning knob, plus three small rocker switches for mono/automatic stereo, automatic frequency control on or off, and power on or off. The first switch determines the tuner's handling of incoming signals but does not affect the stereo indicator which will glow whenever a stereo station is tuned in. This arrangement always alerts you to stereo. The set is practically drift-free but the AFC option is provided to make tuning in of local stations less critical. For accurate tuning of more difficult stations, particularly in stereo, the AFC should be left off. The rear of the set contains twin-lead 300-ohm antenna inputs, stereo signal output jacks, a grounding post, the line cord, and the set's fuse.

The 3200 is a competent, though relatively modest, performer which in our view will make its best showing in a fair-to-strong signal area. It actually can log a very high number of stations (we counted no less than 43 on our cable FM tap), but only about half that number could be counted as suitable for long-term critical listening or for off-the-air taping. The lab test results substantiate this: at 3.4 microvolts sensitivity, the 3200 certainly is better than the run-of-the-mill FM radio but it is not quite as sensitive as the best (and invariably costlier) of today's top-ranking tuners or receivers. What it does receive, however, sounds very clean, thanks to the tuner's low distortion, excellent signal-to-noise ratio, smooth audio response, and ample channel separation.

The test data shown here, incidentally, was obtained on a kit-built version after a bench alignment had been performed. Prior to alignment, the set offered only 7.2 microvolts IHF sensitivity, and pulled in 28, instead of 43, stations. We'd say that the difference





Eico 3200 Tuner

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
IHF sensitivity	3.4 μV at 98 MHz; 3.4 μV at 90 MHz; 3.8 μV at 106 MHz
Frequency response, mono	+0.5, −3.5 dB, 20 Hz to 18 kHz
THD, mono	0.78% at 400 Hz; 0.90% at 40 Hz; 0.57% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	0.1%
Capture ratio	5.5 dB
S/N ratio	69 dB
Frequency response, stereo, l ch	+0, −4 dB, 20 Hz to 16 kHz
r ch	+0, −4 dB, 20 Hz to 14.5 kHz
THD, stereo, l ch	1.5% at 400 Hz; 1.8% at 40 Hz; 1.4% at 1 kHz
r ch	1.5% at 400 Hz; 1.5% at 40 Hz; 1.2% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, either channel	better than 35 db at mid-frequencies; better than 20 dB, 20 Hz to above 10 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	40 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	60.5 dB

consisted in the main of more remote stations to be logged, rather than in the actual sound of whatever stations were received.

As for building the kit itself, the 3200 must be one of the fastest and easiest audio do-it-yourself projects yet encountered, and certainly within the scope of the rank beginner (except of course for the apparent need for alignment after assembly for optimum performance). Most of the complicated work comes preassembled on circuit boards, and the kit builder merely installs these sections plus some other parts on the chassis, interconnects them, assembles the front panel, and strings the dial cord. The whole job shouldn't take anyone more than 5½ hours—a pleasant way perhaps to spend a rainy Saturday afternoon. Two minor annoyances we ran into should be called out, however. The red-yellow lead from the power transformer had been cut too short; to get it to reach its connecting point we had to splice on another two inches of wire (taken from extra wire supplied). And the dial cord stringing instructions call for three turns around the tuning shaft, which we found caused the cord to bind and prevented the tuning indicator from moving freely. After restringing three times without solving this problem we finally decided to use only two turns around the shaft—and then everything worked smoothly.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EMPIRE 999/VE CARTRIDGE

THE EQUIPMENT: Empire 999/VE, a magnetic stereo cartridge with elliptical stylus. List price: $74.95. Manufacturer: Empire Scientific Corp., 845 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N. Y. 11530.

COMMENT: Empire's newest pickup is the firm's costliest and best to date. While our test findings do not agree in all respects with the published specifications for the 999/VE, they do add up to a cartridge that has lower distortion, better tracking, smoother response, and greater channel separation than any previous Empire model tested.

A glance at the response curves shows one obvious improvement: that high-frequency peak invariably found in former magnetic pickups (Empire's and others) has been designed out of the audible range. The result is a very smooth curve that remains, on the left channel, within plus 2.5, minus 1.5 dB from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz; on the right channel, within plus 2.5, minus 2 dB from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. Separation on either channel reaches better than 30 dB at mid-frequencies, and remains better than 15 dB from about 30 Hz up to 18,000 Hz.

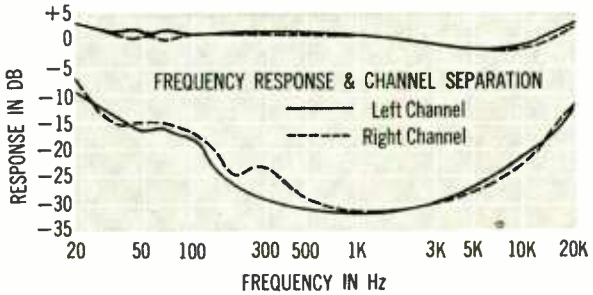
A lightweight pickup, the 999/VE tested in the SME arm required only 0.8-gram stylus force to track the demanding bands 6 and 7 of CBS test record STR-120, and the glide tone bands on STR-100. A stylus force of 1 gram was found to be optimum for subsequent tests and for ordinary listening. Measured output voltage for left and right channels respectively was 2.6 and 2.8 volts, a bit on the low side but still ample for the magnetic phono inputs on better amplifiers and receivers.

Harmonic distortion ran average-low on both channels; IM distortion was extremely low laterally, but higher vertically. CBS measured the unit's compliance as 12 (x 10^{-6} cm/dyne) vertically, 15 laterally. The pickup's vertical angle was found to be 28 degrees, and the elliptical stylus tip measured 0.3 by 0.7 mils. Low-frequency resonance, at about 8 Hz, was negligible. The 1,000-Hz square-wave test showed one cycle of ringing which was well damped. The crest of the wave was about as smooth as that of any high quality pickup.

The "sound" of the 999/VE is full, clean, and open. The rising bass end, combined with the fact that the vertical angle rose above the standard 15-degree value (which theoretically increases low-frequency distortion), tempted us to listen particularly for any signs of trouble in the deep bass region. We heard nothing that couldn't be attributed to turntable rumble and/or record groove noise. Apparently, whatever low-bass emphasis may be contributed by the high vertical angle is effectively cancelled by the pickup's very low bass resonance. Our conclusion: use the 999/VE in the best available record-playing machinery and with the best associated amplifiers (high-powered and clean) and speakers (extended range and no phony bass), and all that will come through will be the signal engraved on the record—and very cleanly too.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Response to 1-kHz square wave.



REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Garrard SL-95 Turntable

Koss PRO 4 Headphones

Grundig SV80U Amplifier

Misha Dichter

"A dazzling bravura style"
TIME Magazine

Red Seal Recordings

New!
His first solo recording.

Acclaimed!
His debut album.

RCA

CIRCLE 38 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE NEW RELEASES

reviewed by R. D. DARRELL • PETER G. DAVIS • SHIRLEY FLEMING • ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
CLIFFORD F. GILMORE • HARRIS GOLDSMITH • DAVID HAMILTON • PHILIP HART • BERNARD JACOBSON
PAUL HENRY LANG • STEVEN LOWE • ROBERT P. MORGAN • GEORGE MOVSHON • CONRAD L. OSBORNE
ROBERT W. SCHAAF • MICHAEL SHERWIN • WAYNE SHIRLEY • SUSAN THIEMANN • ERIC VAN TASSEL

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO LOTTE LEHMANN

THAT LETS THE RADIANCE SHINE THROUGH

by Roland Gelatt

THE CULT OF Lotte Lehmann is celebrated by the over-forties. We encounter each other at dinner parties or in the foyers of opera houses and recital halls, and find ourselves engaged in a kind of ritualistic game. Our talk will veer inexorably from the present to the past. Yes, we agree, Madame X is indeed a very fine artist, but of course in no wise to be compared with Lehmann. Immediately, reminiscences begin to well up and are traded with mounting eagerness—of Lehmann's panniered sweep into the third act of *Der Rosenkavalier*, of her matchless *Winterreise* in Town Hall during the early 1940s, of golden high notes in a recorded aria from a long-extinct opera by Erich Korngold. Our store of hyperbole is inexhaustible, and we fling it back and forth with the sure aim that comes of long practice. To an uncommitted onlooker, we must seem extremely silly. Middle-aged adolescents, as Molière knew so well, are patently ridiculous. But there we stand, secure in our idolatry, and nothing is going to change us.

My capitulation dates back to the time, *circa* 1936, when I first began to collect records. Victor had just brought out Lehmann's first American recording—a song recital on five ten-inch 78s. I remember the placard in the shop windows. It showed the same Maillard Kessière portrait that has been used on the new Victrola and Odyssey reissues, and it persuaded me to part with the then imposing sum of $7.50. From that moment on, I was hooked. Somehow or other the wherewithal was found to purchase the Lehmann-Melchior Act I of *Die Walküre* when it was first released, and soon after that the Song Recital No. 2. Then came a bonanza. Decca acquired the rights to the Parlophone-Odeon catalogue and flooded the market with 75-cent pressings. Among them were dozens of unsuspected Lehmann treasures—arias by Weber and Wagner and Johann Strauss, songs by Schumann and Richard Strauss, even duets by Puccini—and they were gobbled up avidly. This whetted the appetite for more Parlophone-Odeon material, and I began haunting import shops to ferret out obscure Lehmann recordings of Bach and Handel, of Italian opera, of stupidly lovable ditties by Eugen d'Albert. It was a delightful mania.

Well, it can now be shared by everybody—even by the under-forties. Earlier this year, Lotte Lehmann celebrated her eightieth birthday, and as a memento of that occasion we have three LPs chockfull of rare and wonderful material. A low salaam goes to the three companies who, independently of each other, undertook to observe the anniversary in this way. There could not have been a better tribute to this most adored soprano of our time.

The Victrola recital—Wolf on one side, Brahms on the other—draws upon those early albums of the Thirties as well as from sessions in 1947. The intrepid Lehmann buff will automatically want it because of its three previously unpublished songs: Wolf's *Der Knabe und das Immlein*, *Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen*, and *Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen*. But viewed from the sober side of idolatry, it must be owned that the collection is not an unalloyed triumph. Lehmann matured slowly as a Lieder singer. As late as 1937, in an article in *Theatre Arts Monthly*, she could write: "In studying a song I never begin with the music, but first consider the text, to which the accompaniment is, in the beginning, of secondary importance." Eight years later she was to offer this advice to young singers: "I should like to protect you from this stage which I had to go through: of feeling first the *word* and then the *word* and only finally the *melody*. . . . Learn to feel *as a whole* that which is a whole in complete harmony: poem and music."

This overemphasis on text proved

particularly detrimental in the music of Wolf. Lehmann was never a great Wolf interpreter, and in the mid-Thirties she was further hampered in this repertoire by the stumbling accompaniments of Erno Balogh. The Brahms side is far superior, not only because Lehmann's temperament was better suited to this rapturously extroverted music, but also because much of it dates from 1947, when her Lieder singing was at its peak. *Feldeinsamkeit*, with its longspun legato, is a fine example of Lehmann's mature Lieder style. Even better are the eight songs that make up the *Zigeunerlieder*. To hear her supplicating ardor in the phrase "*täusch mich nicht, verlass mich nicht*" is alone literally worth the price of this record.

The Odyssey disc restores to circulation Lehmann's succulent "Songs of Vienna." These too originally appeared as an album of ten-inch 78s, pressed on dreadful, sandpapery wartime shellac. What a pleasure to renew acquaintances with them in these pristine, noiseless transfers! The recordings were made in July 1941, at the very nadir of World War II, and in them Lehmann strikes an unmistakably elegiac note as she sings of the Vienna she loved, caressing words and music with an infinitely delicate tenderness. These half dozen songs come as close as any recording I know to conveying the Lehmann magic. The mixture on the other side is less impressive, though her fans will relish the velvet enchantment of *My Lovely Celia*.

Best of all these birthday reissues is the collection on Seraphim, which digs into the cache of Parlophone-Odeon material for some especially rare morsels. This shows us the Lehmann of the late Twenties and early Thirties, at the height of her career as the Vienna Staatsoper's reigning diva. Do you object to hearing Italian and French opera in German? Of course you do. But only a churl could resist Lehmann's "Willow Song" from *Otello*, with its pulsing intimacy and absolutely breathtaking beauty of tone, or her *Chénier* aria, an object lesson in the art of maintaining dramatic tension without destroying the long line. No linguistic difficulties stand in the way of enjoying the Wagner-Strauss side. The warm, ringing impetuosity of "*Dich, teure Halle*" is as glorious as ever, and so is the air of feminine mystery with which Lehmann surrounds the song *Träume*. (Incidentally, both liner and label proclaim the *Lohengrin* excerpt to be "*Einsam in trüben Tagen*;" in fact it is the aria from Act II, "*Euch Lüften, die mein Klagen*"—a pity, since Elsa's Dream gives much more compelling evidence of Lehmann's powers.)

The *Arabella* excerpts are particularly welcome to this listener, who has been guarding the original Odeon shellacs for thirty years. Though recorded in Berlin, they stem from the first Vienna performances of the opera in 1933. It is arguable that Lehmann's voluptuous, *ewigweibliche* approach is not ideally suited to the proper portrayal of Herr Waldner's elder daughter (it is certainly a far cry from the girlish naïveté of Lisa della Casa), but it is impossible to gainsay the utterly luscious beauty of this singing. What a shame that Odeon never went beyond Act I to give us the duet with Mandryka and the marvelous final scene.

In his annotations for the Victrola recital, Max de Schauensee suggests that "the inner core, the magnetism of Lehmann's art and personality stemmed from the fact that she never lost the breathless wonder of childhood." This is very apt. It is the breathless, ecstatic radiance of Lehmann's singing that sticks in the memory, and enough of it shines through these old recordings to make them altogether treasurable.

LOTTE LEHMANN: "*Opera Arias and Two Lieder Favorites*"

Verdi: *Otello: Willow Song*. Puccini: *Madama Butterfly: Entrance of Butterfly; Tosca: Vissi d'arte*. Giordano: *Andrea Chénier: La mamma morta*. Massenet: *Manon: Gavotte*. Thomas: *Mignon: Styrienne*. Offenbach: *Les Contes d'Hoffmann: Antonia's Romance*. Godard: *Jocelyn: Berceuse*. Wagner: *Wesendonk Lieder: Schmerzen; Träume. Tannhäuser: Dich, teure Halle; Lohengrin: Euch Lüften*. R. Strauss: *Arabella: Er ist der Richtige nicht für mich;* (with Käthe Heidersbach); *Mein Elemer*.

Lotte Lehmann, soprano; various orchestras and conductors. SERAPHIM 60060, $2.49 (mono only, recorded 1928–33).

LOTTE LEHMANN: "*Songs of Vienna*"

Heut macht die Welt Sonntag für mich; Wien, sterbende Märchenstadt; Ich muss wieder einmal in Grinzing sein; Da draussen in der Wachau; Im Prater blüh'n wieder die Bäume; Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume; She Never Told Her Love; My Lovely Celia; C'est mon ami; Maman, dites-moi; La Vierge à la crèche; La mère Michel; Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.

Lotte Lehmann, soprano; Paul Ulanowsky, piano. ODYSSEY 32 16 0179, $2.49 (mono only, recorded in 1941).

LOTTE LEHMANN: "*Songs of Brahms and Wolf*"

Brahms: *Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103; Feldeinsamkeit; Der Kranz; Der Schmied; Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht; Therese; Meine Liebe ist grün; Botschaft; Das Mädchen spricht; Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenband*. Wolf: *Anakreons Grab; Frühling übers Jahr; Storchenbotschaft; Der Gärtner; Gebet; In der Frühe; Auf ein altes Bild; Peregrina I; Der Knabe und das Immlein; Heimweh; Du denkst mit einem Fadchen; Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen; Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen; Auch kleine Dinge*.

Lotte Lehmann, soprano; Paul Ulanowsky and Erno Balogh, piano. RCA VICTROLA VIC 1320 or VICS 1320, $2.50 (recorded 1935–47).

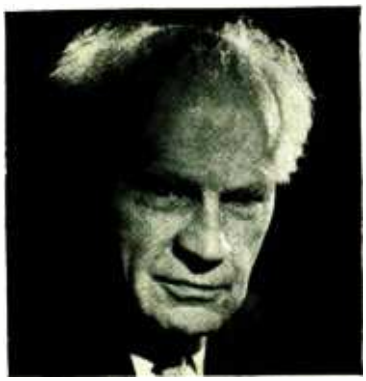
Daniel Barenboim

THE BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL Olympics aren't officially scheduled until 1970, but many restive participants are getting set at the starting line. Already there are three complete surveys of the thirty-two piano sonatas under way, and these will be joined by yet another from Claude Frank—whose efforts RCA Victor is holding for release until the opening guns have legally sounded.

Vanguard's entry features Bruce Hungerford, a relative dark-horse competitor who on the basis of his so-far released recordings may well end up with top honors. At least, he is my own present candidate. This Australian-born artist has impressive credentials: years of study with such masters as Carl Friedberg, Dame Myra Hess, Ignaz Friedman, and Edwin Fischer, and—more importantly—absolutely first-class musical imagination and pianistic technique. A scrupulous player, rather than a barn-storming one, Hungerford is, as details of his playing again and again prove, a convinced believer in the Urtext. He rightly gives due importance to Beethoven's mastery of polyphony and coiled momentum. For example, he takes great care in differentiating inner voice *sforzandos* and outer-voice *fortepianos*; textures are wonderfully complex and transparent; harmonic outlines are cogently brought to the fore. Never is the underlying pulse of the music allowed to grow soggy under the burden of an "expression"—though expressiveness is nevertheless present in sufficient measure to give weight and eloquence to fast and slow movements alike. What Hungerford brings to the music, in sum, is the ideal of freedom through discipline which only consummate artistry can achieve.

Whether in the cryptic Adagio of the Op. 111 or in the volcanic drama of that same work's first movement, Hungerford finds a suitable stance, the appropriate

Bruce Hungerford



Wilhelm Backhaus

THE PIANO SONATAS IN EXPERT HANDS OFFER HAPPY PROMISE FOR BEETHOVEN'S BICENTENNIAL

by Harris Goldsmith

mood. His long chains of trills at the end of this work are just asymmetrical enough to tug at the heartstrings without in any way disrupting the sublime vision. Hungerford is no wit less successful with the more forthright emotions offered in the sonatas from Op. 13 (*Pathétique*), Op. 31 (*Tempest*), and Op. 109. I note particularly that he is one of these rare players able to project the variation movement of the last-named work in its full significance, without in any way sacrificing the *Andante molto cantabile ed espressivo* (a much faster tempo marking than many performers would have us believe). Hungerford also sustains the problematical Adagio in the D minor Sonata by employing an absolutely rocklike regularity of pulse *around which* he works all sorts of magical cantabile phrase subleties. Then too he rightfully observes Beethoven's all-important long pedal markings in the *recitativos* of that Sonata (which he takes extremely slowly, thus avoiding the potentially unpleasant overtones that lead many pianists to ignore the composer's markings). Apropos of this detail, Hungerford clearly refutes the theory that Beethoven might have not included these markings had he been writing for the modern grand: as is proved here, when the composer's effects fail the fault is that of the player, not of an inappropriate instrument. Conversely, Hungerford takes care not to overpedal the militant configurations in the same sonata's Adagio into the arching melodic line.

Daniel Barenboim's integral version of the "Thirty-Two" got off to a shaky start with the release of his initial Angel disc (of Opp. 13; 27, No. 2; and 81A) a few months ago. Here he is happily back to his usual high standards. In contrast to Hungerford's reading, Barenboim's *Tempest* is primarily romantic and subjectively oriented. As reproduced here, Barenboim seems to have a bigger, more physical approach to his instrument than does Hungerford; microphoning, however, can be a decisive factor in such matters. In any case, Barenboim, like Hungerford, is a musician thoroughly steeped in Beethovenian tradition, and is similarly an adherent of the Urtext. Unlike Hungerford, however, the younger pianist is frequently more impulsive—at times, a bit of a metaphysicist. Perhaps it is his relative youth (but, I hasten to add, *not* immaturity) that makes him a bit overprone to the romantic traditions of Bülow and Furtwängler. Yet if Barenboim's *Tempest* is not always quite as sternly directional and pointedly characterized as Hungerford's (or Schnabel's), it is, nonetheless, a first-class—and valid—performance. Rounding out the disc are a *Sturm und Drang* account of the F minor Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1 and a vigorous, sunny one of the *Student* Sonata, Op. 49, No. 2.

Wilhelm Backhaus, of course, has already recorded all thirty-two Sonatas for London. A few years ago when the octogenarian master announced his intention of rerecording them all for stereo, a few skeptics shrugged their shoulders. They are, no doubt, still doing so, although the veteran artist is now more than halfway past his immense goal and obviously still in stride. Backhaus, as both his admirers and detractors are well aware, tends to be cavalier about details. He frequently eschews textual minutiae in order to project the big picture. The bold, forthright approach suits the wonderful early E flat Sonata, Op. 7 magnificently. To compare Backhaus' new version of this Sonata with his previous one is instructive: the newer one is by far the more committed and moving of the two. The technical detail, while nearly as impressive as of a decade ago, is undoubtedly more effortfully accomplished, but as a result it is more humanized. Though Schnabel's slow movement contains miracles of nuance and suppleness which neither Backhaus performance approximates, Schnabel's first movement is far too cool and businesslike. I much prefer Backhaus there (and also Kempff, whose entire performance is impressive in a more urbane, intimate style). Backhaus, to my mind, is a bit less satisfactory in the little Op. 79 (which he pins by its ears a shade too gruffly) and far less so in the Op. 110 (where the rollicking extroversion, the romantic breaking of hands, and the unsympathetically brisk tempos in the *Arioso* are simply inimical to Beethoven's cause). In other words, a folklorist can serve Op. 7, but an aristocrat is needed for Op. 79, and a wise philosopher for Op. 110. The plangent, bright sound of Backhaus' piano is realistically caught by London's engineering—which, like that of Vanguard and Angel, is excellent.

BEETHOVEN: ***Sonatas for Piano***

No. 8, in C minor, Op. 13 ("Pathétique"); No. 17, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 ("Tempest"); No. 30, in E, Op. 109; No. 32, in C minor, Op. 111; Allegretto in C minor, WoO 53; Andante in C.

Bruce Hungerford, piano. VANGUARD VSD 71172 and VSD 71174, $5.79 each (two discs, stereo only).

No. 1, in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1; No. 17, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2; No. 20, in G, Op. 49, No. 2.

Daniel Barenboim, piano. ANGEL S 36491, $5.79 (stereo only).

No. 4, in E flat, Op. 7; No. 25, in G, Op. 79; No. 31, in A flat, Op. 110.

Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. LONDON CS 6535, $5.79 (stereo only).

Bettmann Archive

MOZART'S MASONIC MUSIC—FAMILIAR PIECES AND FIRST RECORDINGS

by Robert P. Morgan

MOZART'S CONNECTIONS WITH Freemasonry have been much written about, but for the most part discussion has centered on *The Magic Flute*, which is full of various kinds of Masonic symbolism (see, for example, the study in Brigid Brophy's recent *Mozart as Dramatist*), and to a lesser degree on the Symphony No. 39, in E flat, which Mozartean authority Alfred Einstein has shown to contain Masonic elements. What is perhaps less generally known is the fact that Mozart wrote several compositions specifically for use in the Masonic Service, a result of his membership during the last seven years of his life in the Viennese lodges "*Zur Wohltätigkeit*" and "*Zur Neugekrönte Hoffnung*."

The importance of Freemasonry in the intellectual life of the eighteenth century can hardly be overemphasized. Its concepts of fraternity, free thought, and aid to one's fellow man were in complete accord with the general philosophical background of the Enlightenment; and many of the most important figures of the period became members of the society, among them Goethe, Lessing, and Schiller. It is therefore no surprise that Mozart, so clearly a child of his time, should have been attracted to the movement and that his association with Masonry should find expression in his creative output. This new recording makes available all of Mozart's music connected with the order (excepting only *The Magic Flute* and the Symphony No. 39, which are, of course, easily accessible elsewhere) and thus includes both works that were composed specifically for use in the Masonic Service and works that due to some aspect of their text or character have traditionally been associated with Masonry.

Significantly, the most interesting works in the collection are those in the first category—all dating from 1784 or later and including several cantatas, songs, and instrumental compositions. Two of these are already well known: K. 623, the *Kleine Freimaurer-Kantate* (Little Masonic Cantata) for two tenors, baritone, male chorus, and orchestra; and K. 477, the *Maurerische Trauermusik* (Masonic Funeral Music), for orchestra. The cantata is Mozart's last completed work, finished in November 1791, some three weeks before his death (when he was still at work on the Requiem), for the consecration of a Masonic temple. The funeral march, composed in 1785 for a memorial service honoring two recently deceased members, is a small masterpiece which discloses the fruits of Mozart's recent "discovery" of Bach and reveals qualities anticipating the serious sections of *The Magic Flute*.

Less renowned but no less impressive is the cantata *Die Ihr des Unermesslichen Weltalls*, K. 619 for tenor and piano, an elaborate concert aria which deserves more frequent performance. Also particularly beautiful are two chamber works, the Adagios, K. 410 and K. 411, the first scored for two bassett horns and bassoon and the second for two clarinets and three bassett horns. (The bassett horn, a forerunner of the bass clarinet, for some reason seems to have been closely associated with Masonry.) Both these pieces were presumably written as Masonic processionals and contain a remarkable amount of musical interest in their short time spans. Less pretentious are the two songs K. 483 and K. 484 for tenor, male chorus, and organ, both of which are simple strophic settings of Masonic texts. Finally, there are two additional cantatas, *Die Maurerfreude*, K. 471, and *Dir, Seele des Weltalls*, K. 249: both are decidedly inferior to the two cantatas already discussed; and K. 429, which was left unfinished, suffers particularly from the exact repetition of the opening chorus after the solo aria which forms its middle movement.

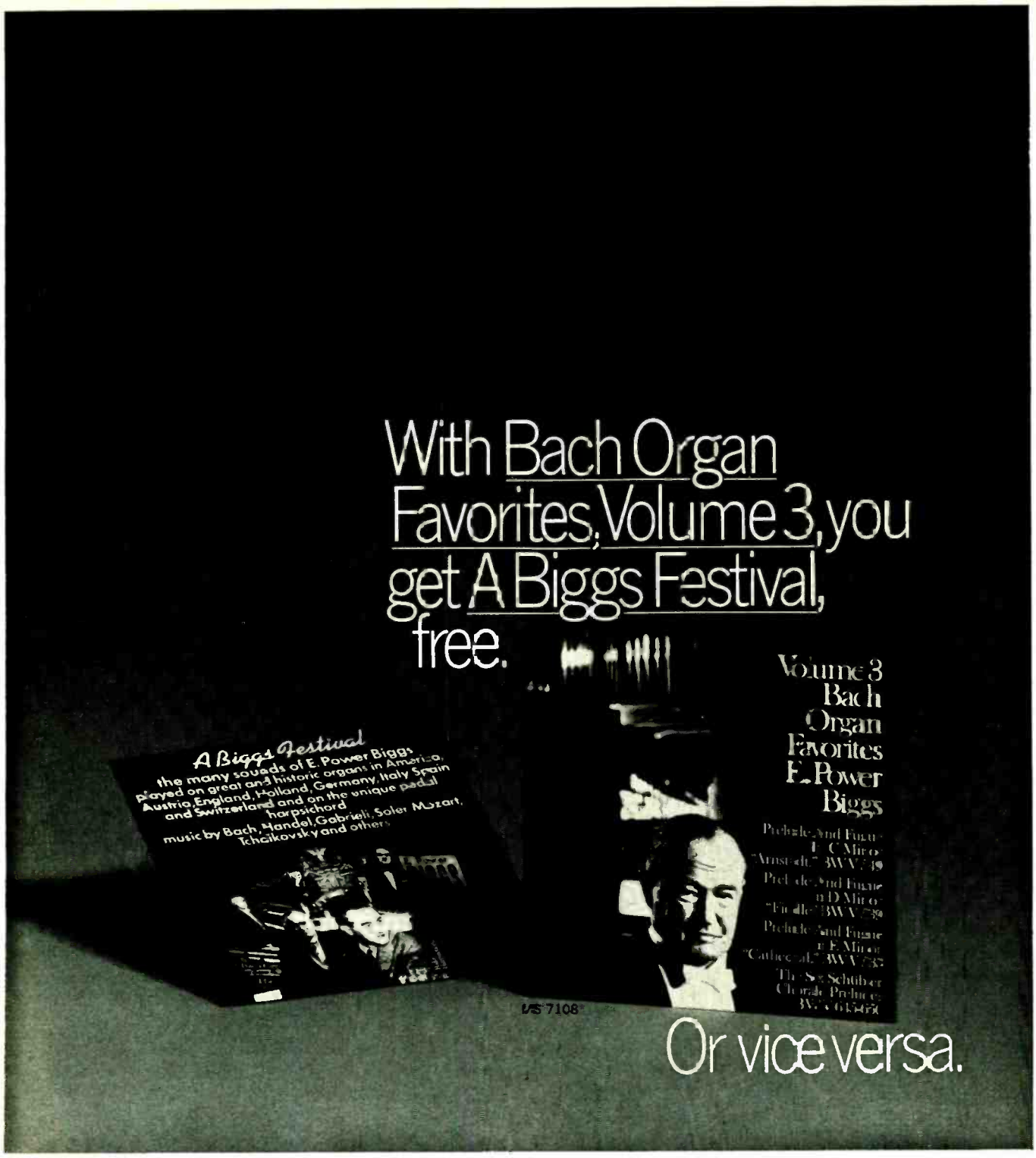
The remaining music in the set comprises pieces adopted into the Masonic musical canon for a variety of reasons. In some cases the justification for the choice is obvious. The song *O heiliges Band der Freundschaft*, K. 148, for example, has a text clearly reflecting aspects of Masonic thought, although it was written in 1772, when Mozart was only sixteen and long before he had come into contact with the order. In some cases the connection with Masonry seems to be simply the solemn character of the music. Other works, however, pose more of a problem. For example, the Graduale, K. 273, a hymn to the Virgin Mary, is included, as are several works for mixed chorus, a circumstance which would preclude their performance in the traditional Masonic rites. Also included is the famous motet *Ave Verum Corpus*, K. 618 and the delightful Adagio and Rondo, K. 617 for flute, oboe, viola, cello, and glass harmonica (here a celesta substitutes for the harmonica, as is standard twentieth-century practice), although one is again puzzled as to just why these pieces belong in the canon.

These recordings grew out of a 1966 jubilee concert of the Grand Lodge Mozart in Vienna, of which the conductor, Peter Maag, is a member. Although the performances are uneven and clearly reflect the occasional character of an undertaking such as this, there are some strong points—notably the work of tenor Kurt Equiluz, who handles most of the vocal solos and manages them with taste and musicality. Less satisfactory is the playing of the orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper (where Mr. Maag served as Musical Director), which is beyond its limits in the complexities of the *Maurerische Trauermusik*. The music for smaller ensembles, however, comes off much better, as do the less demanding larger scores.

Obviously, in such a heterogeneous collection the importance of the individual works will vary greatly, but the over-all quality is high indeed and the set can be further recommended as containing a great deal of superior music previously unavailable on records. It also performs the important service of opening up to the general music lover a side of Mozart's creative life which until now has for the most part remained hidden.

MOZART: "*Complete Masonic Music*"

Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Rudolph Resch, tenor; Leo Heppe, baritone; Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, Peter Maag, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34213/14, $5.00 (two discs, stereo only).



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CLASSICAL

BACH: *The Notebook for Anna Magdalena Bach: Selections*

Polonaise in G minor; Marches: in E flat; in G; in D; Minuets: in G; in G minor; in G; Willst du dein Herz mir schenken; Rondeau in B; Bist du bei mir; Aria for Clavier; So oft ich meine Tabakspfeife; Allemande in D minor; Dir, dir, Jehova, will ich singen; Prelude in C; Musette in D; Ich habe genug; Schlummert ein, ihr matten Augen; Chorale-Prelude: Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten; O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort.

Elly Ameling, soprano; Hans-Martin Linde, baritone; Tölzer Boychoir; Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; Johannes Koch, viola da gamba; Angelica May, cello; Rudolph Ewerhart, positive organ. RCA VICTROLA VIC 1317 or VICS 1317, $2.50.

One of music history's more charming curiosities is the musical notebook compiled in 1725 by Bach's second wife, Anna Magdalena. The notebook was a gift to her from Bach himself, and it was actually he who copied in the first two compositions, two complete partitas. The remaining works were then added by Anna Magdalena, her choices apparently determined by her own particular preferences. Thus the notebook contains various odds and ends, most of which are keyboard pieces of various types (polonaises, minuets, marches, etc.) and arias with keyboard accompaniment. Recent research has indicated that many of the pieces were not written by Bach himself, as was formerly assumed. This has caused some embarrassment in musical circles, as several of the pieces in question had become Bach favorites (for example, the beautiful soprano aria *Bist du bei mir*, which now appears to be by G.H. Stölzel).

The present collection makes no distinction between those compositions by Bach and those which are not (although the notes do acknowledge the problem). None of the complete larger works in the notebook is included. I suppose the rationale here is that these are readily available elsewhere. As a result, however, the occasional character of the Notebook itself is emphasized in the recording. Surely the idea of performing these pieces as a collection never occurred to either Bach or his wife. In any case one quickly wearies of hearing a long series of short, unrelated pieces, most of which are light in substance. And although larger pieces are not represented in their entirety, extracts from them that appear as in the notebook are included. One thus has the strange experience of hearing the aria of the *Goldberg Variations* without the variations (actually, these had not yet been written in 1725) and the C major Prelude from the first volume of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* without the fugue. (The latter, incidentally, is missing five measures in Anna Magdalena's copy, but these have thoughtfully been reinstated for this performance.)

There is already one set of selections from the Notebook available on Decca, and the new performances do not add much to the interest of the collection. Gustav Leonhardt's harpsichord playing is rather mannered, and of the two vocalists only Miss Ameling brings any real quality to her performances. Moreover, my copy has a good deal of surface noise, and worse, there is often a real "explosion" where the explosive speech sounds occur in the arias.

R.P.M.

BACH: *Sonatas for Cello and Piano: in G, S. 1027; in D, S. 1028; in G minor, S. 1029*

Janos Starker, cello; Gyorgy Sebok, piano. MERCURY SR 90480, $5.79 (stereo only).

The present release brings the recorded representation of these works to an even dozen. Originally composed for viola da gamba and harpsichord (but playable on either cello or viola), these Sonatas date from the period of the *Brandenburg* Concertos and are in much the same spirit—the opening of the Third Sonata is strikingly reminiscent of the Third *Brandenburg* Concerto.

Starker's interpretative approach is poles apart from the deeply inflected, highly expressive, profound, and occasionally ponderous account one hears from Casals on his still available 1950 Prades Festival discs. Substituting vernal freshness for autumnal melancholy, Starker plays with animation, vitality, and forward drive, tempered by aristocratic poise and an unerring grasp of baroque style. The elegant, long-breathed phrasing of his slow movements is also very beautiful—witness the second movement of the G minor Sonata, with its delicately nuanced trill at the final cadence.

Aided by fairly distant microphoning, Starker scales down his tone and vibrato to gambalike proportions throughout, while playing with an agility and accuracy unattainable on the older instrument. Gyorgy Sebok maintains a close rapport; a sensitive partner, he assumes a dominant, equal, or secondary role as the occasion indicates and never obscures the two-voice polyphonic nature of the keyboard part.

The wide range sonics blend cello and piano in agreeably airy stereophony. My review copy was marred by intermittent surface noise, and the sequence of the Sonatas (S. 1027, 1029, 1028) did not correspond to the order listed on the jackets and labels (S. 1028, 1029, 1027). Nonetheless—a most attractive disc.

M.S.

BARTOK: *The Miraculous Mandarin: Orchestral Suite*
†Hindemith: *Nobilissima Visione*

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Jean Martinon, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 3004 or LSC 3004, $5.79.

The suite from Bartók's ballet *The Miraculous Mandarin* contains some of the composer's most brilliant orchestral music, and Martinon and the Chicago Symphony capture the excitement of the work in a truly dazzling performance. The clarity achieved in even the most complex passages is little short of a miracle. Take, for example, the furiously paced opening, a wild crescendo which already begins with a considerable amount of activity and then builds from there. Martinon starts with a bang and yet saves enough for what is to come. And nothing is buried in the extremely rich and complicated scoring; each instrument is allowed to take its proper place in the over-all picture. The end result is some of the most exciting orchestral playing I've heard in a long time. One can only marvel at the brass; and the clarinet cadenzas, which form such an important part of the piece, are handled with great artistry. Indeed, the entire ensemble is little short of perfection. There are several good recordings of this piece (notably that by Solti on London, which has the added attraction of the Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta on the other side), but I feel that this one deserves a spot at the top of the list.

Hindemith's *Noblissima Visione* is also a ballet suite, but there the similarity with the Bartók ends. Although it was written some twenty years after the Bartók, in comparison it seems terribly tired and dated. As Halsey Stevens unhappily admits in his jacket notes, Hindemith is very much out of favor these days (a fact he counters by quoting statements about Hindemith made by Aaron Copland and Elliott Carter in the 1930s!). The reasons appear quite clear to me. In an age absorbed with color, Hindemith's scoring seems excessively pallid. (The long slow introduction, for example, is played entirely by the string section, the main line being rather gratuitously doubled by two clarinets.) Add to this the general lack of rhythmic variety and the heavy-handed repetitions of the closing passacaglia and you begin to get the picture. But don't despair; just turn over the record!

Of course if one likes Hindemith, the above remarks will seem beside the point. And once again, Martinon's performance is beautifully clear. In this respect it resembles the one under Hindemith himself on Angel, although it is much more fluid than Hindemith's. It is interesting to compare Martinon's tempos with those of the composer: they are considerably faster, particularly in the rondo and passacaglia. A check of the metronomic indications in the score reveals that

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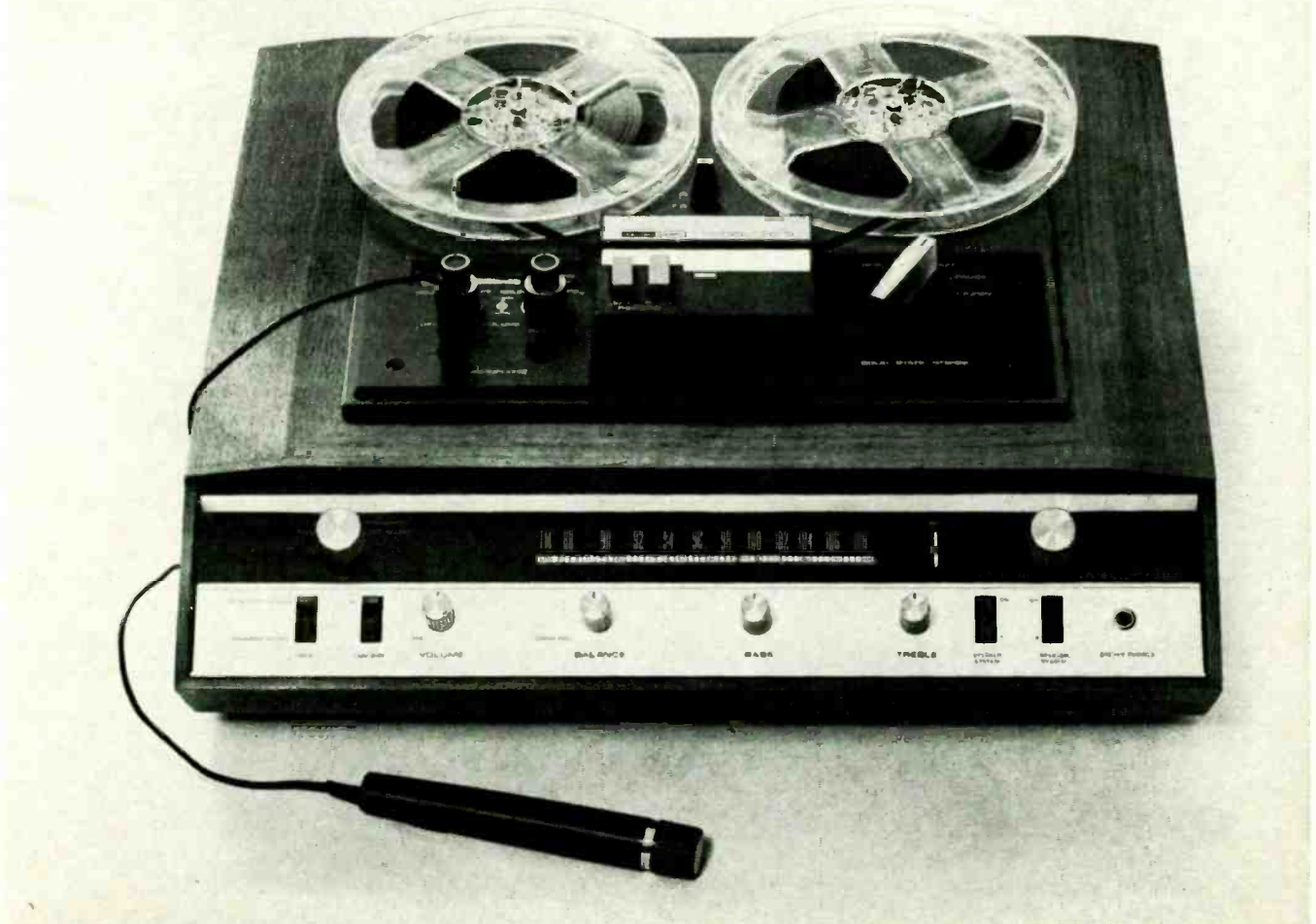

CIRCLE 23 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AN EARLY-BEETHOVEN FROLIC WITH BERNSTEIN

BERNSTEIN'S TRAVERSAL of the Nine Beethoven Symphonies soars towards completion, with only Nos. 4, 8, and 9 remaining to be done. The present installment is one of the conductor's most successful; indeed, there have been few—if any—more convincing essays at either of these works in recent times. Neither performance, to be sure, is distinguished for subtlety: one can find in both interpretations that rough-and-ready quality which one estimable colleague of mine has aptly called the "big bulldozer" approach. Still and all, the orchestral execution here is accurate and clean-limbed if never particularly silken-sounding.

I like Bernstein's rollicking, Haydnesque approach to the First Symphony. His kinetically chosen tempos "swing" in all four movements, much in the same way as Toscanini's did and with much the same sense of point and fun that the late Maestro conveyed in his undoubtedly more polished and sophisticated reading. In view of the relatively light-hearted, unproblematical character of the First, it has always surprised me that so few conductors are willing to treat it in appropriately unbuttoned fashion.

Bernstein rightly discerns the larger dimensions of the Second Symphony without engaging in crude theatricality or Bruckner-type metaphysics. Here the most formidable rivalry comes from Szell and his Clevelanders in a performance a bit more pointed and intense, but essentially similar in its rock-solid, augmented classicism. (Szell's No. 1, on the same Epic disc, is, though, a decidedly tightfisted, humorless affair.)

A distinct plus for Bernstein's readings is the fact that he gives all repeats in both works, even that in the second movement of No. 1 (which Toscanini also observed in his early BBC Symphony version, now reissued on Seraphim). Thoroughly good reproduction—with the bright, cutting definition on wind, brass, and percussion all to the good of this music. H.G.

Beethoven: *Symphonies: No. 1, in C, Op. 21; No. 2, in D, Op. 36*

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7084, $5.79 (stereo only).

both take liberties; but certainly for me, the faster pacing of this version creates a better effect.

The brilliance of the Bartók reading underscores the loss Chicago will suffer when Martinon leaves at the end of this season. Of course, as everyone knows, the orchestra is a great one in its own right, but Martinon's contribution should not be overlooked. The same ensemble recorded *The Miraculous Mandarin* some years ago under Dorati; and although the results were very good, that performance does not compare with this one.

R.P.M.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano*

Bruce Hungerford, Daniel Barenboim, Wilhelm Backhaus, pianos.

For a feature review of recordings of Beethoven sonatas by the pianists named above, see page 64.

BELLINI: *Norma*

Elena Suliotis (s), Norma; Giuliana Tavolaccini (s), Clotilde; Fiorenza Cossotto (ms), Adalgisa; Mario del Monaco (t), Pollione; Athos Cesarini (t), Flavio; Carlo Cava (bs), Oroveso; Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Silvio Varviso, cond. LONDON OSA 1272, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Listening to this recording of *Norma* gave me very little pleasure. Elena Suliotis, as every opera fan must know by now, possesses a large, exciting dramatic soprano of magnificent potential and many undeniably fine individual qualities. Some day she may even be a very good Norma. But at present neither her vocal technique, her musicianship, nor her dramatic instincts have developed to the point where she can manage a reasonable performance in this exacting music. There are occasional arresting moments: the smoldering fury that underlines her opening words of the trio *"Oh! di qual sei tu vittima,"* for instance, or her explosive reproaches to Pollione during the final scene. They are only moments, though, and moments do not a Norma make.

Perhaps Miss Suliotis' most serious failing is her inability to give shape or musical point to Bellini's carefully sculpted melodies. To hear her fumble through the delicate lines of *"Casta diva"* without any apparent idea of where the notes are heading suggests, at best, a certain immaturity or, at worst, a basic unmusicality. Time and again she disappoints by virtually throwing away such luscious and shapely opportunities as the *"Oh! cari accenti!"* in her first duet with Adalgisa or the touching *"Teneri, teneri figli"* passage which opens Act III. While the rather raw passion and vigorous energy that served her so well in London's *Nabucco* also have a place in *Norma*, Miss Suliotis' dramatic conception of the role remains extremely crude and half-formed, often content with merely stressing the obvious (i.e., "sometimes I love my children"—sung very softly—"sometimes I hate them"—sung very loudly). For a singer still in the embryonic stages of a promising career to record such a rough précis is a lamentable example of the hurry-up thinking that motivates so many talented young artists (and record companies), eager to cash in on sudden celebrity.

Even during his best days it's doubtful that Mario del Monaco would have found Pollione's music a congenial vehicle. At this late date it is necessary for the tenor to bully his way through the role at an impossible and unvarying *fortissimo* in order to maintain a vocal tone of any quality at all. This is graceless, tasteless, flavorless, and thoroughly unpleasant singing.

There's little point in discussing Carlo Cava's Oroveso. London has virtually cut the part out of the opera. The opening chorus and aria is pared down to half its length and Oroveso's second big scene, the chorus *"Non parti?"* and aria *"Ah del Tebro,"* has been omitted entirely. Numerous other cuts and Varviso's overhasty (and totally undistinguished) presentation of the score help to squeeze the opera onto two records—I suppose the intention here was to give this version at least an economic advantage over its unabridged, three-disc rival sets.

The one ray of light through the overcast is Fiorenza Cossotto's Adalgisa. Miss Cossotto stands proudly in the great Stignani/Simionato tradition of fine Italian mezzo-sopranos: a rich, vibrant voice, evenly produced from top to bottom and capable of executing Bellini's embellished lines with immaculately clean articulation. To all this she brings an individual burnished, smoky sound and a lively temperament which is immensely appealing. On more than one occasion Miss Cossotto's finished work puts her colleagues to shame. No Adalgisa can be expected to carry the day alone, however, and the present London production offers no competition at all to either the Callas or Sutherland versions. P.G.D.

BERG: *Four Songs, Op. 2; Schliesse mir die Augen beide* (2 versions)
—See Schoenberg: *Six Pieces for Male Chorus, Op. 35.*

BRAHMS: *Serenade No. 2, in A, Op. 16*
†Wagner: *Siegfried Idyll*

South German Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Ristenpart, cond. CHECKMATE C 76010, $3.50 (stereo only).

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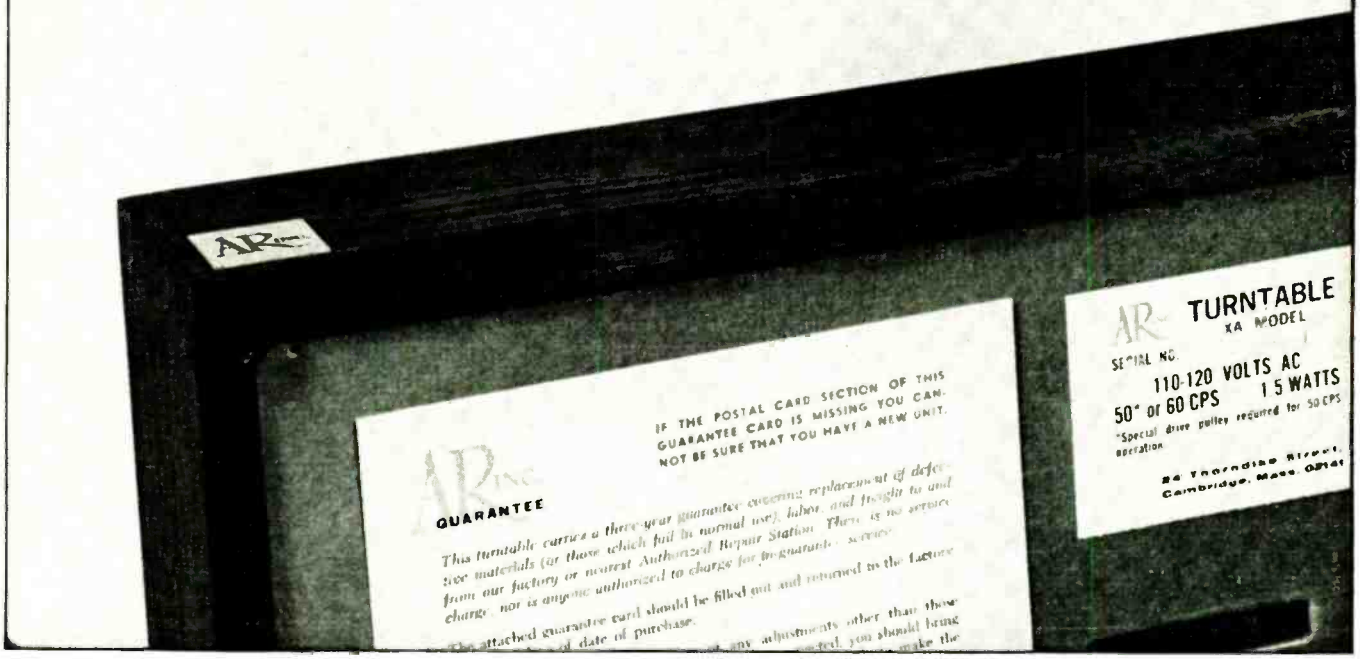

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with an earlier Ristenpart record of the identical coupling issued on the Saga label a few years ago in England. The Checkmate performances were taped shortly before Ristenpart's death, last December, and are probably the last items we shall have from this fine musician.

The Wagner is especially tender, with a cogency and succinctness that, for me, far transcend the heavy *Gemütlichkeit* of the "traditional" performance. Ristenpart kept his orchestra to chamber proportions, though he happily avoided miniaturization. The clarity of the wind parts is there, but so too are the necessary warmth and body of string tone. In the Brahms, Ristenpart's way is somewhat soberer than Toscanini's on the recently issued 1942 broadcast performance for RCA Victor—that is, he keeps textures a bit angular and refrains from letting the various instrumental strands coalesce with Toscanini's almost operatic fervor. Toscanini's subtlety and lucidity are, of course, much to be cherished in this none too often heard score (the sonics of his performance, moreover, are surprisingly good), yet Ristenpart's approach, for all its reserve, lacks neither heart nor muscle.

The sound of this Dolby-processed recording is remarkably airy and convincing. A gratefully—if sadly—accepted memento. H.G.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 4, in E flat* (1878-80 version)

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS PHS 900171, $5.79 (stereo only).

This is the fifth Bruckner work Haitink has recorded, and I think it's a winner. Characteristically, Haitink's interpretation does not draw attention to itself. He simply plays the work, and plays it beautifully. This statement should not be taken to imply either dullness or lack of imagination. On the contrary, orchestral colorings are vivid, textures lively, and phrasing often wonderfully sensitive. Most exciting of all is the unusual sense of a live performance.

Klemperer's left-right division of first and second violins yields some exquisite effects beyond the reach of the more usual present-day layout used by Haitink, and there are many fine things in Klemperer's reading. But Haitink's now displaces it as my favorite version.

The airy lucidity of the orchestral playing is matched by fine work from the recording engineers. Once again, however, Philips' American pressing is poor. It starts well, but some way into the first side develops (instead of the usual Philip/Mercury crackling) a strange sort of tape noise—whistle rather than hiss or hum—which thereafter persists. It's high time that the American Philips company either overhauled its pressing facilities or started to import the far superior European discs.

Even with the handicap, this is a lovely record, and if you have no Bruckner in your collection, I can't conceive of a better starting point. B.J.

BUSONI: *All'Italia (in modo napoletano) from the "Sechs Elegien"; Perpetuum Mobile (nach des Concertino II Satze, Op. 54)*—See Schumann: *Fantasiestücke, Op. 12.*

BUXTEHUDE: *Organ Music*

Toccata in F; Prelude in F sharp minor; Passacaglia in D minor; Gigue Fugue in C; Canzonetta in E minor; Magnificat primi toni; Chorale Preludes: Ein feste Burg; Herr Christ der einig Gottes Sohn; Two Preludes on "Von Gott will ich nicht lassen."

Jørgen Ernst Hansen, organ. NONESUCH H 71188, $2.50 (stereo only).

Hansen continues his series for Nonesuch with Volume Six of "Master Works for the Organ." Here he plays the organ at the Church of the Savior in Copenhagen, built in 1690 by the brothers Johan and Peter Petersen Botzen. It is an unusually sparkling example of the North German baroque school of organ building, and is ideally suited to the bravura character of Buxtehude's larger organ works.

One will search vainly through Buxtehude's preludes or toccatas and fugues for the musical substance found in most of Bach's preludes and fugues. The elder composer's highly ornamented chorale preludes, however, attain a tender, lyrical, almost romantic beauty which remained unsurpassed until fifty years later, when Bach used them as models for some of his most beautiful compositions in the same genre. Hansen builds these highly sectionalized and often seemingly loosely connected works into structures of terrific momentum and excitement. With electric precision, clarity, and an unerring sense of proportion, he presents thoroughly convincing and unified performances which virtually bristle with excitement.

In short, a first-rate set, further enhanced by very warm and clean recorded sound. C.F.G.

COWELL: *Sinfonietta*
†Surinach: *Melorhythmic Dramas*

Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester, cond. LOUISVILLE LOU 681, $7.95 or LS 681, $8.45.

Henry Cowell's Sinfonietta of 1928 is remarkable chiefly for its slow movement, a long, marvelously sonorous, somewhat Hindemithian affair played by the strings only, in unison and octaves throughout. Carlos Surinach's *Melorhythmic Dramas* is a series of short, pungent, highly emotional sketches bearing the titles "Fervid," "Festive," "Poignant," "Tragic," "Voluptuous," "Vehement," and "Mournful." Behind each of them one feels the influence of the Spanish dance, its rhythms, its melos, and its razor-edged atmosphere; and, as is so often the case in the Spanish dance itself, there is a heavy emphasis on clichés.

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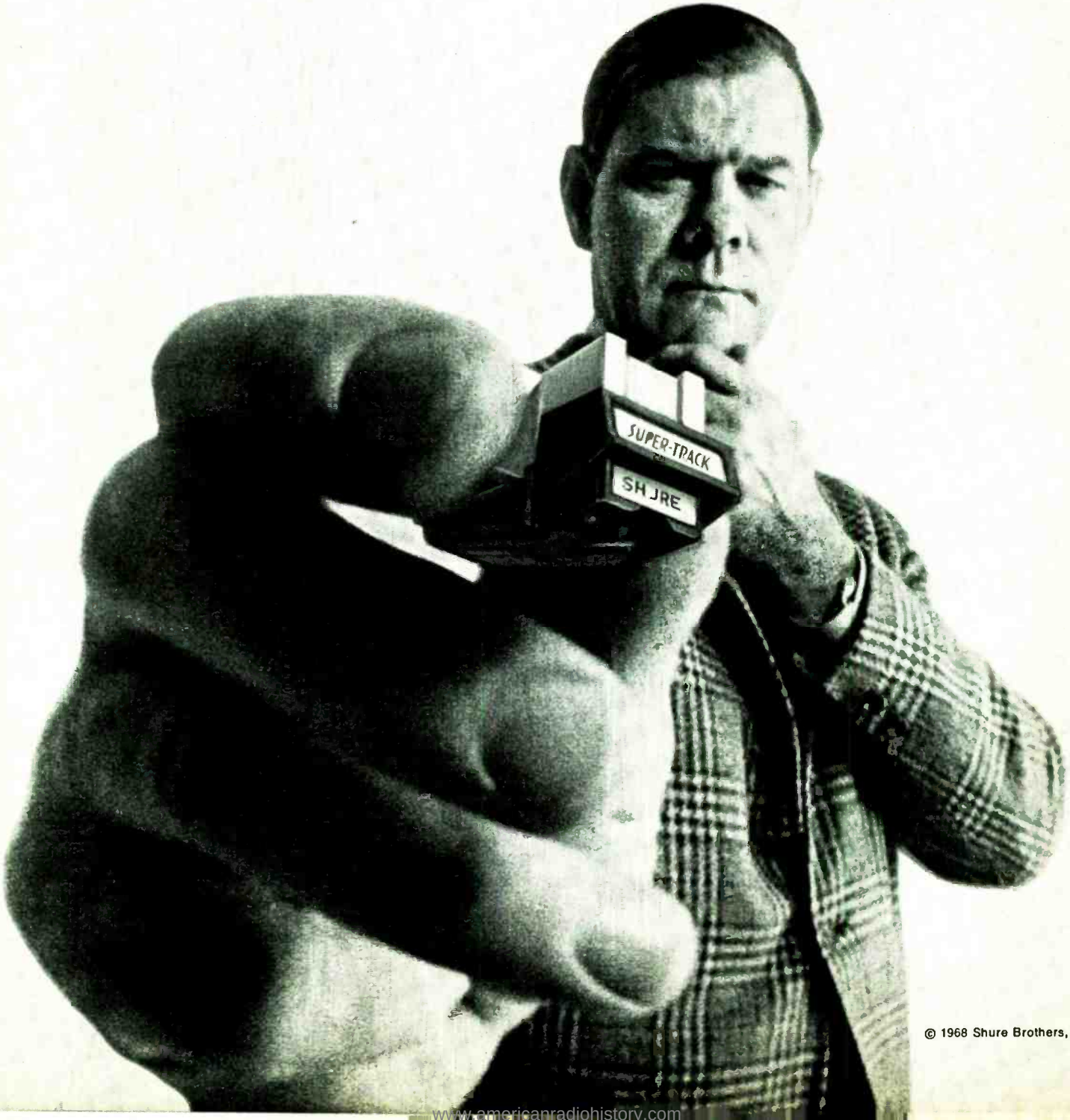

ductor, Jorge Mester. The previous records were conducted by the now retired Robert Whitney. Whitney put the Kentucky city on the map of the world, musically speaking. Rather than spend the orchestra's money on fancy soloists who didn't earn their keep, he commissioned a whole series of new works and recorded them, setting up his own recording outlet to do so (the only recording outlet ever created by an American symphony orchestra on its own). The Louisville series of recordings has gone on for years; they have covered every conceivable style, type, idiom, and nationality within the contemporary framework, but they have been particularly valuable for their revelation of the work of American composers. The Louisville series has done on records what Henry Cowell's New Music Edition did in print. We are only just beginning to appreciate the New Music Edition—and it will be years before we fully absorb the music on the Louisville discs. A.F.

DUFAY: *Missa Caput; Isorhythmic Motets: Apostolo glorioso; Nuper rosarum flores; Fulgens iubar ecclesie*

Capella Cordina, Alejandro Planchart, cond. LYRICHORD LL 190, $4.98 or LLST 7190, $5.98.

If recordings were any guide, we would know Guillaume Dufay mainly as a composer of the jewel-like settings of fifteenth-century hymns and antiphons like the popular *Alma redemptoris mater*. But this many-sided composer also excelled in the creation of larger musical structures like the ceremonial motets whose elaborate isorhythmic forms, melodic and rhythmic complexities, and double texts put them in a different world from the intimate lyricism of Dufay's smaller works.

It is a pleasure to have a recording of three of these splendid pieces together with Dufay's *Caput* Mass. This piece may be familiar to students of music history as one of the subjects of Manfred Bukofzer's quasi-detective story *Caput—a Musico-Liturgical Study*, the fascinating tale of his search for the source of the tenor melody of the Mass.

I would like to be able to say that the grandeur of the performances matches the glory of the music, but unfortunately such is not the case. Alejandro Planchart's ensemble is largely, I would imagine, an amateur one, and in the Mass in particular his singers sound weak and unconvincing. The motets fare better in recorded sound, which is more spacious, as well as in performance. However, I do not mean to give a completely negative picture. Though the performance is not all I would have liked, the record is still worth having for the fascinating glimpse it gives us of "the other" Dufay. S.T.

HANDEL: *Passion ("Brockes Passion")*

Maria Stader, Edda Moser, sopranos; Rosemarie Sommer, contralto; Paul Esswood, countertenor; Ernst Häfliger, Jerry J. Jennings, tenors; Theo Adam, Jakob Stämpfli, basses; Regensburger Domchor; Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, August Wenzinger, cond. ARCHIVE 198418/20, $17.58 (three discs, stereo only).

National pride has its curious blind spots. Why would the Germans pick Handel's Brockes Passion for recording when many of his greatest masterpieces are still unrecorded? Precisely because this Passion is one of his two large works on a German text. Furthermore, Bach copied half of the Brockes Passion with his own hand (the other half was done by his wife), a sure sign that this must be a masterpiece even though nobody knows it. Nor does anyone know why, where, and when Handel composed it.

Heinrich Brockes was a German man of letters, lawyer, and member of the Hamburg Senate. To us his poetry is hardly bearable, but his contemporaries admired it, his Passion libretto was read in every middle-class home, and was set to music by the leading composers of the day; even Bach used portions of it in his St. John Passion. The general assumption seems to be that Handel composed it so as not to be left off the honor roll, but that is out of character; he ordinarily did not write anything that could not be performed under his own direction to a *paying* public. It is some-

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times said that he wrote it for George I, who could not speak English, but the first Hanoverian did not give a hang about religion—he was interested in his fat mistresses and in opera. Whatever the reason, Handel sent the score (presumably composed in London around 1718) to Hamburg through the mails and never bothered with a performance of his own.

Even before we get to the music there is trouble: the original score is lost and the extant copies (including Bach's) do not agree with one another. The editors of the new Halle edition of Handel's collected works seem to have coped with these difficulties and reconstructed the score; this recording follows it faithfully. But even if we now have such a reconstructed score, we are dealing with a *pasticcio*: from the opening sinfonia, which is a transcription of a keyboard fugue, we bump into old acquaintances from the Utrecht *Jubilate*, the odes, the Italian cantatas and operas. Fortunately, there are also some fine original numbers, though the rest is routine stuff. Later, Handel reversed the lend-lease, using portions of the Brockes Passion in *Esther*, *Deborah*, the second *Acis and Galatea*—even *Giulio Cesare*.

Well now, was it worth recording this work that is as long as the B minor Mass? The answer is yes and no. There is enough good music in it that is a pleasure to hear, but half of the score would have been quite sufficient. Unlike the oratorios or Bach's Passions, Handel's setting consists of numerous brief individual pieces, among them fifty recitatives and thirty-one arias. To be sure, many of these are very short, but since many of the arias—and even some of the choruses—are of the *da capo* variety, and Wenzinger repeats everything, the rather slender score is expanded to extreme length. The frame is operatic (as Brockes wanted it) and it is somewhat surprising to hear Jesus sing florid arias, but then He is the chief protagonist. Another most unusual—and entirely operatic—feature is the presence of ensembles beyond duets. It would be difficult to list all good numbers, but one can understand why Bach became interested in this music. Arias such as *"Was Bärentatzen,"* with its bold harmonic surprises and the lively *concertato* of the violins, or the profoundly moving plaint *"Mein Vater"* must have impressed him. (Also, Bach did not know that many of the fine numbers came from well-tried and successful works.) On the other hand, one is astonished how perfunctory some of this music is. Take, for instance, Mary's quite un-Biblical recitative, sung when Christ is taken to Golgotha. It is without the slightest interest or emotional-dramatic relevance. Indeed, the whole last third of the Passion is boring and one gets impatient with Believing Soul, who appears in every vocal range.

The performance, ably assisted by the recording engineers, is very good. Wenzinger is a fine musician who knows the style, and both his orchestra and chorus are excellent. The continuo (organ *and* harpsichord) is first-class, and one is never in doubt about the harmony. The recitatives, however, are a bit metronomic, and towards the end the Evangelist is permitted to become quite unctuous; I suppose that like Handel he just got tired. Theo Adam (Jesus) and Ernst Häfliger (Evangelist) sing nobly, and Maria Stader, who as the Daughter of Zion is one of the chief protagonists, is a winner. Jerry Jennings (Peter) is good even if at times he is a trifle Beckmesserish; Edda Moser (Mary, Believing Soul, etc.) has plenty to do and she works conscientiously, but her voice tends to be glassy. The other figures are all acceptable except Paul Esswood, whose alto is simply awful, a cross between a hoot owl and a bosun's pipe. Why do they insist on using such characterless voices that refuse to blend with the rest? Are they trying to restore the reign of the castrato? It can't be done painlessly, with freakish voices; that world is gone forever.

Now if Archive would edit its tapes intelligently, giving us a two-disc Brockes Passion (saving the integral recording for study), we would enjoy Handel's curious excursion into the very world he so assiduously avoided all his life.

P.H.L.

HINDEMITH: *Nobilissima Visione*—
See Bartók: *The Miraculous Mandarin: Orchestral Suite.*

LALO: *Namouna; Rapsodie pour orchestre*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Ernest Ansermet, cond. LONDON CS 6536, $5.79 (stereo only).

At the first performance of *Namouna* in 1882, the nineteen-year-old Debussy responded with such vociferous enthusiasm that the rest of the audience turned him out of the theatre. What the future Monsieur Croche found so exciting in this ballet score other than the exotic subject and the composer's professional polish may be difficult for present-day listeners to appreciate. Written some ten years after the successful *Symphonie espagnole* and six years before the completion of *Le Roi d'Ys* (which many view as Lalo's masterpiece), *Namouna* lacks both the rhythmic excitement of the former and the melodic impact of the latter.

In Ansermet's admirably idiomatic performance, however, *Namouna* reveals a sense of color and light grace reminiscent of Bizet, and a generally patrician poise that sets the music quite apart from the vulgarity of Delibes. The frequently uneven Orchestre de la Suisse Romande here plays extremely well, with notable solo contributions from Messrs. Pepin and Cuvit, respectively the first flutist and first trumpeter. London's sound is admirably suited to the music and its performance.

The work identified on the label of this disc as the *Rapsodie pour orchestre* is better known as the *Rapsodie norvégienne*, the transformation for orchestra-only of the *Fantaisie norvégienne* for solo violin and orchestra. Neither this piece

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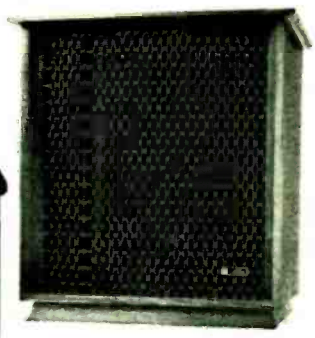

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SPRINGLIKE FRESHETS FOR A MAHLER FIRST

THOUGH SOMEWHAT antiquated in recorded sound, Kubelik's Vienna Philharmonic version of the Mahler First Symphony on Richmond 19109 (mono only) has long been one of the best readings available. Remaking it now as the third in his progressing integral series on Deutsche Grammophon, he has achieved what is probably the finest of all the stereo versions.

In terms of performance alone Horenstein's interpretation (in *very* old mono sound, coupled with the Ninth Symphony and *Kindertotenlieder*, in Vox VBX 116) remains for me the acme; and beside his gripping treatment of the slower parts of the first and last movements Kubelik's quicker, more casual tempos sound a trifle lacking in emotional commitment, just as his response to *accelerando* and *ritardando* markings is sometimes kept too firmly under control. But though Kubelik may catch Mahler's characteristic nervous impetuosity and dramatic extremism less trenchantly than do Horenstein, Bernstein, and to some extent Solti, nevertheless the sheer natural musicality of his reading wins me over almost completely. The spontaneous-sounding expansion of the rhythm six measures before figure 9 in the first movement can serve as just one delightful and exuberant example among many, and this quality in the phrasing is matched by the springlike freshness of the orchestral playing throughout.

One place where Kubelik scores over all his rivals is the opening passage of the slow movement, where he observes Mahler's *pp ohne crescendo* more scrupulously than anyone else. And again I must applaud his decision to place the second violins on the right of the orchestra, where they are able to give full value to several antiphonal effects. These and other matters are conveyed with unobtrusive excellence by the recording.

Those familiar with Kubelik's older recording may want to know that he has now restored the first-movement repeat, though for some reason he still omits the one in the second movement.

When complete, Kubelik's set is certainly going to compel great admiration, and I have the feeling that I shall often be returning, for pure pleasure, to this very attractive No. 1. B.J.

Mahler: *Symphony No. 1, in D*

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139331, $5.79 (stereo only).

nor *Namouna* is currently listed in Schwann, and in past domestic listings I can find only a single record, by Paray, including any of the *Namouna* music. P.H.

LISZT: *Venezia e Napoli*—See Schumann: *Fantasiestücke, Op. 12.*

MESSIAEN: *Turangalila-Symphony*
†Takemitsu: *November Steps*

Yvonne Loriod, piano; Jeanne Loriod, Ondes Martinot (in the Messiaen); Kinshi Tsuruta, biwa; Katsuya Yokoyama, shakuhachi (in the Takemitsu); Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 7051 or LSC 7051, $11.58 (two discs).

The *Turangalila-Symphony* is something of a problem piece. To regard this shapeless work as a symphony in any accepted classical sense is impossible. Not only is its cyclical ten-movement form unorthodox; even more so are the composer's religio-erotic expressive aims. Messiaen tells us that the piece presents a "song of love, hymn to joy, time, rhythm, movement, life, and death, all at the same time"—goals not very congenial to symphonic expression. If one forgot the term "symphony," the piece could possibly be enjoyed as a seventy-minute suite—except that we would meet Messiaen's heavyhanded symphonic gestures at nearly every turn.

Actually, *Turangalila* is not nearly as bad as some critics would have us believe, despite its discontinuity and moments of unbelievable banality (Messiaen's tunes, never a strong point with him, come straight from the Hollywood cornfields). But I find myself enjoying too much of the work to dismiss it out of hand. There is an undeniable exuberance to the fast music, the sheer *élan* of which sustains interest despite the bad tunes, while the slower sections of the score are weighty enough to give at least the impression of real substance. Furthermore, Messiaen's rhythmic thinking here is fascinating, and easier to follow than in his other compositions. The solo writing for piano and Ondes (an electronic keyboard instrument) has real virtuoso appeal. But perhaps most impressive are the complex orchestral

Continued on page 82

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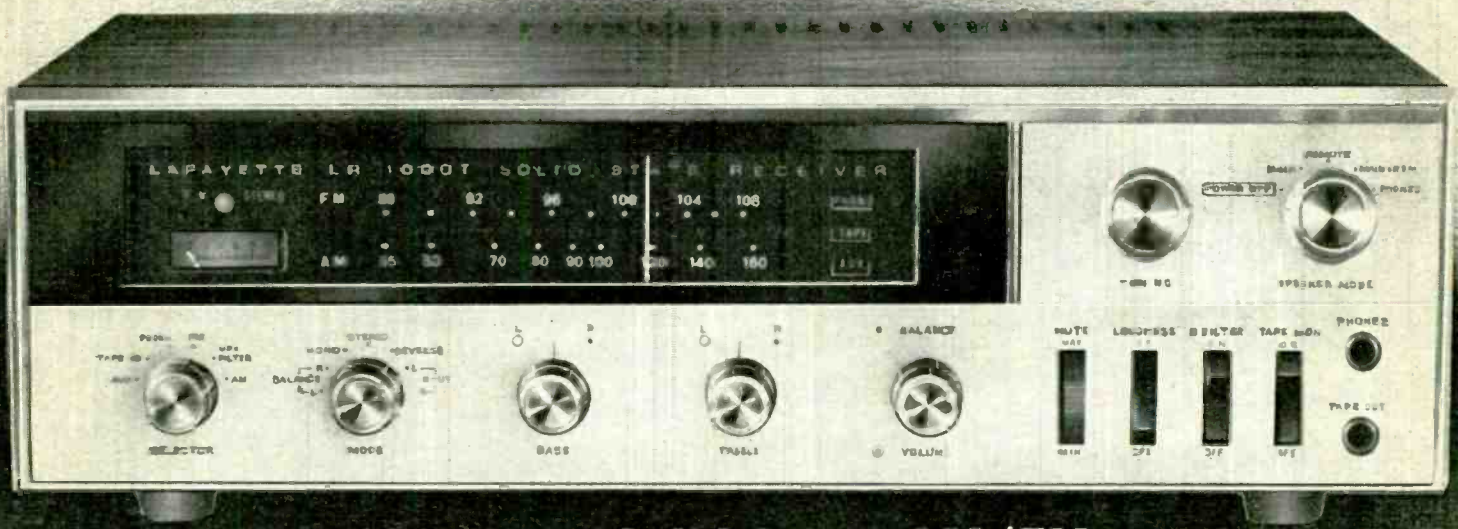

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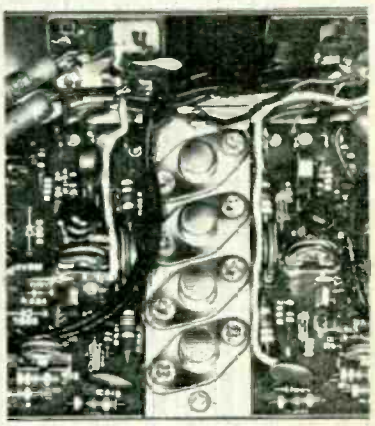

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THE CHALLENGE OF IVES BRINGS A NEW ROUND OF CHALLENGERS

The Complete Symphonies—the Problems of Performance Practice

WHETHER OR NOT this set contains, as its advertising would imply, "the complete symphonies of Charles Ives" depends on which of the composer's classifications of his own works you care to use. Ives repeatedly referred to *Holidays* as a "symphony," and once even stated that he had written seven—apparently including *Three Places in New England* and the *Second Orchestral Set* in the count. Chances are, however, that Ives would have agreed that the four numbered works included here were his four *real* symphonies. Whereas the miscellaneous orchestral works achieve their total effect by a judicious contrast of juxtaposed movements, the symphonies all employ some sort of organic development running from movement to movement. This ranges from the straightforward cyclic bring-the-first-theme-back-in-a-later-movement device rather casually applied in the First Symphony (to be fair, a theme from the second movement also makes its way into the finale) through the subtler cyclicism of the Third (the opening theme is developed in the last movement, notably in the coda as a counterpoint to *Just as I Am*) and of the Fourth (the opening "question" appears in some transformation in each movement) to the whole barrage of unifying devices in the Second.

Yet while the symphonies may share a common concern with cyclic form, they are otherwise so divergent in style as to strain any definition of "Symphony" that might attempt to encompass them all and yet shut out any orchestral work in several movements. Indeed, no other variety of instrumental music shows Ives's development so clearly: the First (the "earliest" Ives piece in the repertory save for some songs), which, if you miss the hymn tune quote in the first theme of the first movement—the only quote in the piece—you might not take for Ives at all; the Second, the archetypal Americana piece; the Third, a distillation of the Ives hymn tune style, still tonal but with a new harmonic and formal independence and a new, personal vision; and the Fourth, in the fully mature Ives style, bold, free, and adventurous, with a final movement foreshadowing the devices to be used in the sadly incomplete *Universe* Symphony. Yet, listening to the four together, some similarities do stand out: both the First and the Fourth, for instance, end with march sections (one Tchaikovskyan, one cosmic) over descending bass lines; and isn't the coda of the Second, with its use of practically all the themes of the work, a tonal equivalent of the everything-including-the-kitchen-sink texture of the second movement of the Fourth?

The performances on this release are varying in quality. At their best, they are as good or better than their competition. I prefer, for instance, Farberman's performance of the First to Morton Gould's somewhat overheated version for RCA Victor. Gould occasionally gives the impression that he is trying to create an excitement that doesn't exist in the score, while Farberman's relaxed reading, with the aid of some beautiful playing by the New Philharmonia, conveys the feeling of a radiant, atmosphere-drenched serenade—perhaps a little slighter in scope than a symphony, but nonetheless a work to revel in.

One place where this underplaying approach cannot work is in the codas to the outer movements and this is where the new Ormandy recording of the First is clearly ahead of the competition. There's no doubt that Ives wanted these movements to end in a blaze of glory; both codas are long, elaborate, and full-throttle all the way. Neither of them really comes off in Farberman's performance. It is mostly to Ormandy's credit that he not only makes the first coda work perfectly, climactic statement in major of the cyclic theme and all, but also makes the last coda work almost as well. Here neither Farberman nor Gould really gets much out of the orchestra but two minutes of churning, producing an end product more like warm margarine than butter; Ormandy and the Philadelphians, fortified by a few decades of playing the *Pathéthique* together, turn out a march that is unquestionably the high-priced spread. The rest of the Ormandy performance is also extremely good, and if you're looking for a recording of the First alone, this is your best buy. (But what shall be said about Columbia's coupling of the First Symphony with a *third* release of Ormandy's 1964 recording of *Three Places in New England*? One copy of this recording is a pleasure; two copies a Regrettable Necessity of the market today; three copies is exploitation pure and simple.)

The present performance of the Second will please those who have been annoyed by the cuts and the general music-appreciation approach (are you *sure* you heard that?) of the Bernstein Columbia album. If one misses the lush sound of the New York strings (especially that of the solo cello: the big cello solos in all three of the later symphonies are hampered by the dental-floss tone of the New Philharmonia's first-desk man), one is repaid by hearing the whole of the last movement, including an exhilarating fugato on *Dixie* intertwined with foreshadowings of *Columbia* which make its final appearance seem less like an arbitrary climax-capper. One will also hear from the British players the last chord as Ives wrote it—a quick jolt, not a willfully prolonged Bronx cheer. Only in the third movement does Bernstein come out a clear winner, and in general I'd award the palm to Farberman's honest and sensitive performance rather than to Bernstein's lush but truant one. (I am bothered, though, that neither record brings out any of the counter-themes to the trombones' *Columbia* at the coda: to balance everything that's going on at that point is practically impossible, but surely the two trumpets playing the main theme of the second movement could get approximately equal time.)

The performance of the Third is well thought out and well executed, the only real miscalculation being the bells at the end, which sound less like Ives's distant church bell than like a flock of sheep who have wandered in by mistake from the Mahler Sixth. In some spots it has very fine qualities, but on the whole I prefer the warmer performance given by Hanson on Mercury.

This recording of the Fourth Symphony is important partly as a demonstration—the Stokowski version with its two assistant maestros notwithstanding, the work *can* be done by a single conductor; partly as insurance that some of the idiosyncrasies of the Stokowski performance (the eternal tremolo scrubbing at No. 33 in the second movement; the held-over note at the end of the same movement; the overblown reading of the third movement) will not be taken as "a part of the score"; and partly because the piece is of such complexity that multiple interpretations are essential if all its many and varied aspects are to be fully revealed. I doubt that anyone will prefer the Farberman recording to Stokowski's: Vanguard/Cardinal's engineering technique isn't up to the demands of the piece; the chorus is disastrously overmiked (as well as having a very Ambrosian pronunciation—Ives would have preferred hard cider); the New Philharmonia's orchestral sound is less impressive than that of the American Symphony Orchestra; and, in the last analysis, the piece just doesn't *work* in Farberman's dutiful reading as it does in Stokowski's idiosyncratic one. Even in

the third movement, where Farberman's low-pressure approach is much closer to Ives's intentions than is Stokowski's Cinerama style, the playing is so drab and unfeeling as to rob Farberman of his advantage; the irruption of the "questioning" music at cue 12 has a force it misses in the Stokowski, but the rest of the movement is pretty much of a loss. (Listeners annoyed by Stokowski's overreading will have to make do with the early version of this movement in the First String Quartet as the best substitute currently available.)

Still, after all the carping, the fact remains that one *does* hear things in this new Fourth in a different perspective from that of the Stokowski performance, that some of these new perspectives are most welcome (the quarter-tone piano in the second movement and the final clarinet comments in the third, to take two obvious examples), and that the general interest of hearing a different approach to one of the densest and most complex scores of our century makes this performance worth attention. All this, plus an excellent reading of the First Symphony and a no-nonsense reading of the Second, should make the album well worth acquiring by the growing number of Ives enthusiasts. W.S.

IVES: *Symphonies: Nos. 1-4; Hallowe'en*

Ambrosian Singers (in Symphony No. 4); New Philharmonia Orchestra, Harold Farberman, cond. CARDINAL VCS 10032/34, $10.50 (three discs, stereo only).

IVES: *Symphony No. 1; Three Places in New England*

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7111, $5.79 (stereo only).

The Complete Piano Works—Old Friends and Fresh Discoveries

IN THE PAST it has always taken a generation or two before the music of a colossal innovator found thoroughly knowledgeable interpreters. The great Bach players did not appear on the scene on the day Bach died nor did the great Beethoven players on March 26, 1827; it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the keyboard fugues and suites of the one composer and the keyboard sonatas of the other came into their own. Our time moves a little faster in some respects. At least, Alan Mandel, the first great Ives keyboard player, has emerged within a relatively short period after the discovery of that composer's submerged output, though he has doubtless benefited from the Ivesian pioneering of such as John Kirkpatrick and William Masselos. Actually, up to now the phrase "Ives player" could not have been used because no pianist ever attempted anything but one or the other of the two long sonatas. You are not a Beethoven player if you know only one sonata or a Bach player if you know only one prelude and fugue. Mr. Mandel is the first pianist to have mastered all, or even any considerable amount, of the music of Ives in addition to the sonatas.

Some of this music remains unpublished; nearly all of it remained unperformed in public until Mr. Mandel started making a noise on the concert stage, and that was very recently; much of it, obviously, is recorded here for the first time.

Mr. Mandel is a magnificent pianist, but he is just about the world's worst editor, and the inadequacy of his notes makes it difficult even to outline what Ives and he have done. For example, Ives seems to have composed twenty-two pieces called Studies, but only half of these are here accounted for by number, and we are not told whether the other eleven are missing or are to be found among the thirteen pieces in the album distinguished by descriptive titles; to make matters even more confusing, several of the short pieces have *both* numbers and titles.

At all events, one need not be a great mathematician to see that eleven and thirteen make twenty-four, nor an especially perceptive numerologist to appreciate the musico-historical significance of that number, especially with reference to the above-mentioned preludes and fugues. To be sure, Ives did not compose his *Well-Tempered Clavier* all at once: the twenty-four pieces were produced throughout his career and are written in every conceivable Ivesian style from the most conventional to the farthest out. Nearly all use the Ivesian stream-of-consciousness technique whereby familiar thematic material (familiar at least to the composer) is extensively quoted. An astonishingly large number of the short pieces make use of ragtime; this is, after all, the American pianistic idiom *par excellence*. Many of the pieces bear wonderful titles—*The Anti-Abolitionist Riots in Boston, Song Without (Good) Words, Bad Resolutions and Good, Some Southpaw Pitching*.

When all is said and done, however, an Ives player stands or falls by what he does with the two big sonatas. Some movements in these works, especially the scherzos, are a primeval chaos of notes, and the player is assigned the highly creative job of bringing order among them. This Mr. Mandel achieves to a degree unprecedented in my experience. He really makes the "Hawthorne" movement of the *Concord* sing, and does as well with the madder pages of the First Sonata too. The profundities of "Emerson," the richness of "Thoreau," and the Brahmsian grandeur of the First Sonata's finale are all handled superbly, as is everything else in the set, and Desto seems to have invented a totally new technique of recording to obtain the breathtaking fidelity of these discs. A.F.

IVES: *The Complete Works for Piano*

Alan Mandel, piano. DESTO 6458/61, $23.25 (four discs, stereo only).

Continued from page 78

textures: the composer's masterly handling of instrumental color produces aural effects that invariably grip the ear. This is for me *Turangalila*'s greatest attraction.

RCA has given the work its second recording (the first was on the French Véga label by the Orchestre National under Maurice Leroux). The Loriod sisters have been virtually the only exponents of the solo parts (pianist Yvonne since the 1949 premiere, Ondiste Jeanne since 1953). Their performances here are magnificent, surpassing their earlier efforts for Leroux, and Ozawa's pacing of the score is a good deal more deliberate than that of his French counterpart. Although Ozawa achieves a lot more detail, I do miss the utterly relaxed mood Leroux brought to the slow movement, *The Garden of the Slumber of Love*. Despite an intonational lapse now and then and some faulty ensemble (understandable in a score this difficult), the fine playing of the Toronto group is on a par with that of the French orchestra.

RCA's sound is rather shallow and top-heavy: I would prefer more depth and body, even at the expense of detail. I had to boost the bass considerably, which enhanced the already prominent rumble on my review copy. Orchestral balances are clear and even, though, especially in the woodwind department. I am inclined to think that the paucity of string tone evident in both recordings is more due to Messiaen's scoring than to any fault of RCA's engineers.

No improvement in sound could help *November Steps* by the thirty-seven-year-old Japanese composer Toru Takemitsu. A commission for this year's New York Philharmonic 125th anniversary season, it employs the ancient and honorable biwa (a Japanese lutelike instrument) and shakuhachi (a large bamboo flute) as well as the modern symphony orchestra. The form of *November Steps* is simplicity itself. Takemitsu has composed long quasi-improvised cadenzas for the two solo instruments interspersed with short orchestral commentary. The use of traditional Japanese instruments with a Western avant-garde orchestral sound fails to jell into anything more meaningful than atmosphere music. Not being a biwa or shakuhachi expert, I can only assume that the performance is authentic.

Anyone sympathetically inclined to Messiaen's music should not fail to hear this recording. If you are just making his acquaintance, I would suggest the *Quartet for the End of Time* or the *Three Liturgies* as more representative of this composer at his best. R.W.S.

MOZART: *"Complete Masonic Music"*

Vocal and instrumental soloists: Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, Peter Maag, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 66.

MOZART: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 4, in E minor, K. 304; No. 6, in G, K. 301; No. 7, in F, K. 376; No. 8, in C, K. 296*

Rafael Druian, violin; George Szell, piano. COLUMBIA ML 6464 or MS 7064, $5.79.

It would be foolish to pretend that one listens to this Mozart disc in quite the normal way—there is probably not a record collector extant who won't tune in to the piano part with hypersensitive ears and just a trace of the "show me" attitude. That the Cleveland gentleman at the keyboard is one of our finest conductors is taken as a fact of life; that he is also able, twelve years after his last piano recording (with Szigeti in 1955), to take up such a personal and immediate form of music making again—and with impeccable technique—is something that seems almost too heroic to be true.

And yet it all works out quite simply in the end: this is virile, straightforward, articulate Mozart, ever so slightly piano-oriented, elegant to a certain degree but not overwhelmingly so, and betraying at times some human and rather comforting signs that the two practitioners are made of flesh and blood. Szell, for instance, rushes twice in the same spot of the K. 376 first movement; Druian now and then warms up a shift in a way which is out of character with the style established in these performances. Again, Szell is lighter-spirited in his rendering of the *grazioso* aspect of the K. 376 finale than is Druian, and some discrepancy results. But for every measure over which such questions arise, there are pages of good balance, matching attitudes, and an inescapable forward momentum—all adding up to an adult and invigorating version of Mozart. This holds true for two such disparate works as the curiously earnest, two-movement K. 304 and the more overt K. 296.

Rafael Druian, though he is by no means new to solo recording—his edition of the Ives sonatas is among my pleasantest recollections—deserves respect for having kept his sensitivity intact during hard seasons of orchestral work as concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia hinted at a continuance of this series, and it would be welcome. S.F.

MUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov* (excerpts)

Valentina Klepatskaya (ms), Feodor; Georgy Shulpin (t), Shuisky; Anatoly Mishutin (t), A Boyar; Ivan Petrov (bs), Boris; Mark Reshetin (bs), Pimen; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre, Alexander Melik-Pashayev, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SR 40049, $5.79 (stereo only).

This is a perfectly solid representation of the oft-recorded sequence of "big *Boris*" scenes. There is nothing incandescent about it, but it will fill the bill for anyone interested in a competent highlights disc, sung in Russian. The Rimsky-Korsakov orchestration is used.

Operetta Bonbons from Joan Sutherland

A DISC FOR old-timers? Maybe so. If you caught the very youngest of the shows from which these tunes once sprang, *The Boys from Syracuse* in 1938, you will likely now have a touch of gray at the temple; and the earliest work here represented is *La Périchole*, first staged in 1868. The young fellers these days don't make melodies like the old ones used to, and that's a fact. But you do not have to be a Senior Citizen to take this generous basket of sweets on its own terms, and enjoy the contents thoroughly.

In the seventy years between Offenbach and Richard Rodgers there was undeniably a flowering of the light-play-with-music form. Starting in Paris perhaps, but reaching its highest development in Vienna, it also took into its ambit certain very able composers for Broadway and London's West End. Their work not only brought pleasure to the audiences of those cities but generally enriched the light music of the world. The tunes are still hummed today, and deserve to be alive.

It may even be that too great a familiarity with this music in its original form will be something of a barrier to total enjoyment of the present record. If you have grown up with, say, Richard Tauber's work in the Viennese songs here recorded, or Maggie Teyte's singing of the Offenbach songs, or Helen Morgan in *Show Boat*, why then Miss Sutherland's versions may not be able to supplant those earlier ones in your affections. (Still less likely is the Australian lady to prevail over not discs but *memories*—for it is a well-known fact that nobody has ever sung XXX as YYY sang it back in 19ZZ!)

But she does exceedingly well. Rarely can these melodies have been given such sheerly beautiful singing. There are a few imperfections—her attack is too often a soft one—but there are felicities by the hundred. For an example of what a beautifully trained operatic voice can do—and a musical comedy voice cannot—listen to the trilled cadenza that ends *And Love Was Born*. Not only miraculous, but appropriate too.

You must not expect the texts to be enunciated with the highest degree of clarity, for this has never been one of Joan Sutherland's strong points. The English songs get by not too badly in this respect, and the French rather well; but the German numbers suffer from woolly diction and they need the clarity most. Strangely enough, the chorus members seem to have caught the star's ailment too, for though they have been impeccably drilled in the music, they too give out beclouded words.

Of the thirty-two songs here, all but two are given in arrangements by Douglas Gamley, manifestly a resourceful and sensitive orchestrator who avoids both overelaboration and anemia; but his style is a little too slick, to my taste, in the Viennese items. Bonynge reveals a dexterous and sensitive hand in music of this genre, and the New Philharmonia sounds just fine. G.M.

JOAN SUTHERLAND: *"The Golden Age of Operetta"*

Romberg: *The Student Prince: Students' Chorus; Deep in my heart, dear.* Rodgers: *The Boys from Syracuse: Falling in Love with Love.* Romberg: *The Desert Song: Desert Song.* Kern: *Music in the Air: And Love was Born.* Friml: *Rose Marie: Indian Love Call.* Herbert: *The Only Girl: When You're Away.* Kern: *Show Boat: Make Believe.* Fraser-Simson: *Maid of the Mountains: Love Will Find a Way.* German: *Tom Jones: Waltz Song.* Offenbach: *La Périchole: Letter Song; Mon Dieu! Ah, que les hommes sont bêtes; Ah, quel dîner.* Massenet: *Chérubin: Air de Nina.* Zeller: *Der Vogelhändler: Schenkt man sich Rosen in Tirol.* Millöcker: *The Dubarry: The Dubarry.* Fall: *Die geschiedene Frau: Kind du kannst tanzen; Schlafcoupé Lied. Die spanische Nachtigall: Heute Nacht. Die Dollarprinzessin: Dollarprinzessin. Madame Pompadour: Heut' könnt' einer sein Glück. Der Lieber Augustin: Und der Himmel hängt.* Lehár: *Eva: Wär'es auch nichts als ein Traum von Glück.* O. Straus: *Der Walzertraum: Leise, ganz leise.* Heuberger: *Der Opernball: Im Chambre séparée.* J. Strauss, Jr.: *Casanova: Nuns' Chorus.* Lehár: *The Merry Widow: Vilja.* Kreisler: *The King Steps Out: Stars in My Eyes.* O. Straus: *The Chocolate Soldier: My Hero.* Posford: *Balalaika: Cossacks' Songs; At the Balalaika.* Lehár. *Paganini: Love Live Forever.*

Joan Sutherland, soprano; Ambrosian Light Opera Chorus; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. LONDON OSA 1268, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

The veteran Ivan Petrov, with whom all collectors interested in Russian opera are by now surely familiar, carries the recording, and performs about as one has come to expect. He owns a splendid voice, a true bass—once in a while a bit cumbersome, but always impressive in sound and possessed of a range that really encompasses the music. As an interpreter, he is honest, straightforward, and satisfying—nothing terribly imaginative or profoundly stirring, but nothing neutral or hokey, either. He actually *sings* more than half of the Clock Scene—a refreshing departure from performance convention.

Only two members of the supporting cast are of any importance—the Shuisky and the Pimen (the latter's Act IV narrative is included in the Death Scene). Shulpin makes a ghastly yowling sound which I find unlistenable even in a character role; Reshetin is entirely competent, but not more. The sound is excellent, and chorus and orchestra are very much on the positive side. C.L.O.

MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition*
†Mussorgsky-Ravel: *Pictures at an Exhibition*

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, cond. (in the Mussorgsky-Ravel). LONDON CS 6559, $5.79 (stereo only).

Only a Libra or a schizophrenic could have thought this one up. Have you spent sleepless nights worrying about which version of *Pictures* to own? Well, worry no more. Now you can be the proud possessor of two performances via two different mediums on one single long-playing stereo record.

Let's deal with the original—that is, the piano version with Ashkenazy. Mussorgsky was a hefty Slav; Ashkenazy is about in the ninety-pound class. He's a marvelous pianist, of course, but he simply doesn't occupy enough space to do justice to the Herculean demands of Mussorgsky's massive structure. In the relative calm of "Il Vecchio Castello" and "Tuileries" Ashkenazy has things well in hand. The playing is lovely, poetic. But in the more gigantesque sections his tone takes on an uncustomary harshness. "Bydlo's" weightiness comes off as heaviness.

Pictures needs more than poetry; it requires great strength in reserve. Horowitz' "version" has strength but is really a bit crass in its pushy virtuosity. Richter has a magnificent performance on Columbia, recorded live in the middle of a flu epidemic in Sofia, Bulgaria in 1958. Coughs and all, it is an incredibly moving and exciting experience. *That* is the *Pictures* to own.

Of Mehta's orchestral account I have little to recommend. It is an idiomatic Philharmehta performance—bass heavy, sloppy in the brass, grandiose.

London's sonics are not up to par. The piano sound is lifeless and slightly muddy; the orchestral textures lack clarity. S.L.

PURCELL: *Dido and Aeneas*

Tatiana Troyanos (s), Dido; Sheila Armstrong (s), Belinda; Margaret Baker (s), Second Woman and First Witch; Margaret Lensky (ms), Second Witch; Patricia Johnson (a), Sorceress; Paul Esswood (ct), Spirit; Nigel Rogers (t), Sailor; Barry McDaniel (b) Aeneas; Monteverdi Choir of Hamburg; Chamber Orchestra of NDR (Hamburg), Charles Mackerras, cond. ARCHIVE SAPM 198424, $5.79 (stereo only).

An English opera is a rarity on any terms—there just aren't that many of them. The compact and trenchant *Dido and Aeneas*, Purcell's only wholly sung opera, is a rarity among rarities; an English opera that is also a genuine masterpiece.

Archive's new release enters a crowded field—it is the fifth major recorded *Dido* (the fourth in stereo). I fear the old Mermaid Theatre recording (Flagstad, Schwarzkopf, Hemsley) and the recent Angel (De los Angeles, Harper, Glossop) must, despite certain virtues, be dismissed both on grounds of style and because, in this supreme marriage of English words with music, every role must have a native English accent. Again, the Bach Guild recording (Thomas, Sheppard, Bevan) suffers from Deller's conducting—wooden at best, careless and wrongheaded at worst. But the Oiseau-Lyre version (Baker, Clark, Herincx) offers—as I shall mention later—some formidable competition indeed.

Tatiana Troyanos, I am told, is of American upbringing; it's not always clear from this record, for her declamation, though far better than Flagstad's, Schwarzkopf's, or De los Angeles', never sounds quite natural, and in places one must simply read the libretto and take Troyanos' words on faith. She is a regal rather than a passionate Dido, seldom showing us the woman beneath the crown. Barry McDaniel's richly human Aeneas, however, provides a subtle relief to this almost awesome Dido: a gentle hint of self-parody lightens his reading of the very earnest and not terribly clever Trojan hero.

Sheila Armstrong, darting in and out of the recitatives and ariosos of Belinda like a sophisticated English robin, is obviously having the time of her life; and in the crucial role of the Sorceress, Patricia Johnson gives a richly comic performance, with an unexpected vein of somber majesty. (In the Angel version Barbirolli's spacious tempos suited Miss Johnson better; but she has grown in the role and her new account is almost beyond praise.)

The choruses in *Dido* are a tough nut to crack. By turns taking part in the drama and standing aside to comment in Greek fashion, they owe as much to Purcell's sacred music as to the Restoration theatre. Charles Mackerras integrates the choruses into the drama better than most conductors have done on records (though only Anthony Lewis, on Oiseau-Lyre, has really captured their extraordinarily wide spectrum of moods and colors). Mackerras' conducting in general is well up to his usual high standard, although a slight feeling of sluggishness sometimes weighs the orchestra down. (The Hamburgers are not helped by the dark, hollowish sound that pervades the Archive recording: it is not wholly the performers' fault if the inner voices of orchestra or chorus are half lost or if orchestral "overdotting" sounds a bit muddy.)

The new *Dido* far outdoes its predecessors in historical authenticity, which—far from being inhibiting—means, in practice, greater freedom: witness the rhythmic ease of the recitatives, the vivacity of Mathias Siedel's continuo playing, the fluidity and spaciousness of the copious ornaments. But any new recording of *Dido* must bear comparison with that masterful Oiseau-Lyre version. On one point, at least, Archive simply isn't in the running: Troyanos is no match for the incomparable Janet Baker, Oiseau-Lyre's warm, passionate, and fiercely human Dido. Although the other major roles are as well accounted for on Archive as on O-L, if not better, Dido is after all the real focus of the opera.

The conductors of the two versions are both that rare breed, at once knowledgeable and musicianly, who are thoroughly at home in baroque style. But Anthony Lewis' English orchestra and chorus breathe Purcell's brisk and fragrant air rather more naturally than Mackerras' Germans.

In the matter of authenticity, allowance must be made for the chronology of the two recordings. The O-L performance is never stylistically *wrong* (Lewis, and his harpsichordist Thurston Dart, know Purcellian style as well as anyone on earth); but the *circa* 1962 O-L team shied away from a degree of improvisatory freedom that record audiences are now coming to accept. I have little doubt that if the same team recorded *Dido* today they would do it very differently.

As it is, my own solution to the problem—as so often with baroque recordings—is to play the two versions alternately. Each has something different to say about Purcell's delightful and many-faceted masterpiece: if you want to get close to the opera, really get inside it, then you will have to have both records. But if you can have only one *Dido* in your collection then it had still better be Baker, Lewis, & Co. E.V.T.

SCHOENBERG: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16*
†Webern: *Cantata No. 1, Op. 29*
†Stravinsky: *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto*

Anita Westhoff, soprano (in the Webern); Gürzenich Symphony Orchestra of Cologne (in the Schoenberg and the Webern), Members of the Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra (in the Stravinsky), Günter Wand, cond. NONESUCH H 71192, $2.50 (stereo only).

Another variation (see review following) on the Second Viennese School collection, with neoclassic Stravinsky replacing

Berg. The logic of the coupling may be impaired by this substitution, but the performances are surprisingly good.

Schoenberg's Five Pieces are presented here in the reduced orchestration that the composer prepared in 1949 to facilitate performance. This rescoring involved some compromises and is less satisfactory than the full version of 1912, but has generally been preferred by conductors (on records, only Kubelik's early Mercury and Craft's second version, in Vol. III of the Columbia series, have used the fuller scoring). Wand's orchestra, while obviously not of top quality, plays extremely well, often with a good deal of sensitivity, and the tricky balances are often well managed. The major musical debit is an insufficiently fast tempo in the fourth piece. The recording job presents a cohesive picture of an orchestra, without unnatural spotlighting, but the over-all quality is not very bright, the dynamic range not very wide, and these limitations detract from both impact and clarity at the climaxes.

The Webern Cantata hardly suffers from these sonic limitations (it would take a considerable dunce to make *this* scoring sound muddled), and the performance is distinguished by a real feeling for the phrase structure—perhaps the most difficult problem in playing this music, for each phrase passes from instrument to instrument. The soprano soloist emits a rather thin sound, but she is very accurate, and the other executants are also competent. All in all, this is the best recording yet of a Webern cantata.

The Stravinsky side is less satisfactory: not nearly so well played, and rather neutral in character (especially by comparison with the composer's own recording). And I don't understand why this whole side runs for less time than only one of the pieces on the other side.

Nevertheless, this is a respectable contribution to the catalogue; at the price, it should tempt the timid to investigate —especially the extraordinary Schoenberg work, the implications of whose originality have cast a shadow over much of the music written in the last fifty years.

German text and a not quite accurate translation are provided for the Webern cantata. D.H.

SCHOENBERG: *Six Pieces for Male Chorus, Op. 35; Chamber Symphony No. 2, Op. 38*
†Berg: *Four Songs, Op. 2; Schliesse mir die Augen beide* (2 versions)
†Webern: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10; Cantata No. 1, Op. 29*

Heather Harper, soprano (in the Berg and the Webern Op. 29); Paul Hamburger, piano (in the Berg); John Alldis Choir (in the Schoenberg Op. 35 and the Webern Op. 29); English Chamber Orchestra, Gary Bertini, cond. (in the Webern); New Philharmonia Orchestra, Frederik Prausnitz, cond. (in the Schoenberg Op. 38). ANGEL S 36480, $5.79 (stereo only).

There are probably sound merchandising reasons for the practice of coupling assorted works of the Second Viennese School, but it certainly makes life complicated for reviewers and prospective purchasers. Perhaps the easiest way to deal with this Viennese mixed grill is to evaluate the items one by one, and let the reader add them up, taking into account the pieces that interest him most and the ones he may already own.

Schoenberg Op. 35: A first recording of these virtuoso pieces, written in the months just before Schoenberg started the composition of *Moses und Aron*. The texts are in Schoenberg's best aphoristic-philosophical style, and the textural variety he gets in the different pieces is as dazzling as the contrapuntal intricacy; a particular showpiece is the "Yeomen's Song," in eight parts with a continuing thread of martial sounds underlying the verbal texts. The performances are highly creditable, if sometimes below the indicated tempo; however, the rhythms are well articulated and the diction clear.

Schoenberg Op. 38: Although begun in 1906 and not completed until 1939, this piece maintains remarkable consistency of style; decidedly less advanced than the First Chamber Symphony, it should have long ago achieved a place in the symphonic repertoire if listeners were not so apt to be frightened at the name "Schoenberg" on the program that they usually forget to listen to the music. The second movement, which spans the thirty-three-year gap in composition, is curiously balletic, almost neoclassic in parts —a quality which emerges more strikingly in Robert Craft's performance (Columbia M2S 709) than in this less tense, but also less cleanly played and recorded one.

Berg: The lush brink-of-atonality idiom of the Op. 2 songs is well projected by Heather Harper and Paul Hamburger, although the piano is not recorded with enough clarity (and the instrument sounds of inferior quality). The two settings of Theodor Sturm's *Schliesse mir die Augen beide* date from 1900 and 1925, respectively; the first is very simple and tonal, the second is Berg's first attempt at utilizing Schoenberg's twelve-tone method (Berg presented the pair of songs to Emil Hertzka, director of Universal Edition, on the occasion of the firm's twenty-fifth anniversary). In the later one Miss Harper is not quite secure, but the general effect is good.

Webern Op. 10: In these miniatures for small orchestra, the texture is so spare that every performance error assumes the proportions of a major disaster. A few small stitches are dropped here, but the playing is much more sensitive than on Dorati's disc (Mercury SR 90316); I still find the Craft version preferable in many details, but Bertini's will do if you don't want to invest in the complete Webern set.

Webern Op. 29: An even more difficult piece, for to the Webernian economy of texture are added an extreme variability of tempo and consistent fragmentation of melody. The chorus here is good, the orchestra less so, but the main problem is the conductor's tendency to let the tempo ride on the slack side, rather

than using it to integrate the pointillistically outlined phrases. The new Nonesuch version is much more successful in this crucial respect, and consequently to be preferred.

In sum, a mixed bag—but eminently desirable for the Schoenberg choral pieces, as well as the Berg songs. Texts and English translations are provided for the vocal works. D.H.

SCHUMANN: *Fantasiestücke, Op. 12*
†Busoni: *All'Italia (In modo napoletano) from "Sechs Elegien"; Perpetuum Mobile (nach des Concertino II Satze, Op. 54)*
†Liszt: *Venezia e Napoli*

Egon Petri, piano. VERITAS VM 116, $5.79 (mono only).

At the height of his powers, Egon Petri (1881–1962) had a huge international career as a pianistic strongman. A protégé of Busoni—indeed, as the liner to this album points out, a sort of Busoni alter ego—he specialized in the same sort of repertory his mentor was noted for. This was just about everything, but it included especially a great deal of Bach and Liszt (both pure and Busonified), Beethoven, Alkan, the heavier Brahms (i.e., the *Handel* and *Paganini Variations*), and the more intellectually demanding Chopin (such as the Preludes and Etudes). Most of Petri's programs were merciless tests of endurance—on one occasion (in 1933) he gave Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, plus sets of Etudes by Chopin and Alkan. A serious illness about 1948 ended all this, and in his later years Petri went into semiretirement, giving but few recitals and spending much of his time teaching in Oakland, California. One of his outstanding pupils was John Ogdon, who from all the evidence is carrying on in the same tradition.

Unfortunately, I never had the privilege of attending a Petri concert, and thus this disc culled from two of his last public appearances—indeed the Schumann and Liszt items included here are from his final recital at Belmont, California, on January 24, 1960—is particularly interesting to me as revealing certain facets of the artist not wholly evidenced by his studio-made recordings. Petri's work was never primarily noted for colorism or flexibility, and yet one finds a good deal of his work here profiting from just those qualities. To be sure, his Schumann—the first I have heard from this artist—is "strong" rather than "dainty," but the assertive, no-nonsense approach is infused with nuance and warm impulsiveness. Nobody hearing this performance will continue to think of Petri as being a "cold," "intellectual" player. The heart and mind are working in tandem, and synchronizing the two is an ardent honesty. *Aufschwung* really soars here; *Des Abends* and *Warum* are as gentle as I could wish for (although in a proud sort of way); *In der Nacht* and *Ende vom Lied* provide the necessary dramatic impact; *Grillen* is as quirky as I have heard it (if perhaps without quite the astonishing rhythmic poise I heard recently at a concert by Artur Rubinstein). Only in the treacherous filigree of *Traumes-Wirren* do I miss the suitable fleeting grace brought to it by, say, Richter. Petri never, unless I am mistaken, recorded any other Schumann, and this tape from private sources thus fills a very important function.

The remaining items on the disc largely duplicate existing Petri recordings (there was a Columbia 78 of the Busoni *Elegy*; and though I was unable to trace it, I feel certain that there was also a recorded version of Liszt's *Venezia e Napoli* tarantella). Still and all, the performances are almost as welcome as the Schumann.

To be blunt about it, the sound on this Veritas disc is often quite quavery and precarious, with just about every *fortissimo* in the Schumann containing some degree of tonal shatter. But with musicianship of such transcendental merit, who cares? H.G.

STRAVINSKY: *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto*—See Schoenberg: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16.*

STRAVINSKY: *Renard; Three Pieces for String Quartet; Three Pieces for Clarinet; Concertino for 12 Instruments; Symphonies of Wind Instruments*

Jean Giraudeau, tenor, Louis Devos, tenor, Louis-Jacques Rondeleux, bass, Xavier Depraz, bass, Elemer Kiss, cimbalom (in *Renard*); Parrenin Quartet (in the Quartet Pieces); Guy Deplus, clarinet (in the Clarinet Pieces); Domaine Musical Ensemble, Pierre Boulez, cond. (in *Renard*, Concertino, Symphonies). EVEREST 3184, $4.98 (stereo only).

As his recorded Stravinsky repertory shows, Boulez is particularly interested in the works from the decade between *Sacre* and the completion of *Les Noces* (1913-1923), the period when Stravinsky abandoned the large orchestral apparatus of the nineteenth century and worked his way, through a series of small vocal and chamber works, towards the position now known as "neoclassicism."

The earliest item on this disc is the 1914 set of Three Pieces for String Quartet, nowadays better known in their later guise as the first three Etudes for Orchestra. In the original form they made a quite extraordinary impression, for a string quartet had never before been used this way; they even gave rise to a set of three matching poems by Amy Lowell. Exploiting the timbral extremes of the instruments, each piece defines a limited but completely structured musical space. The Parrenin performances are excellent.

The delightful *Renard* is by now sufficiently well known through three previous stereo recordings; I find the present one rather rigid and deadpan, but preferable to Ansermet's older version (also in French), which is limp and deadpan.

The full-priced versions are both in English, although they use different translations: Ansermet again (and limp again), and the composer—as usual, the best. It would be nice some day to have a recording of Stravinsky's original Russian text.

The brief clarinet pieces (1919) are not centrally important, but are fine displays of compositorial ingenuity and executive ability. The superb performance by Guy Deplus is most welcome, and we may now retire the impossibly distorted reading by Reginald Kell.

A "first recording" is the Concertino for 12 Instruments, Stravinsky's 1952 rescoring of a piece for string quartet written in 1920. The concertante violin part has been retained, but otherwise the ensemble is mostly winds: flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, tenor and bass trombones, violin and cello (I include this routine information because the label and jacket do not). Again the performance is excellent, its release much appreciated because Stravinsky's own recording has been sitting in the Columbia icebox for over two years.

Finally, we have the splendid Symphonies of Wind Instruments, in the best recording now available. I detect some slight uncertainty of ensemble here and there in the flute-clarinet duets, but this is still head and shoulders above the competition.

Everest's packaging is down to its usual standards, with no text or translation for *Renard*, and an abridged mistranslation of André Schaeffner's notes for the French jacket; no performers are named except Boulez and Deplus, so I have supplied the listing given above from the Adés issue. D.H.

SURINACH: *Melorhythmic Dramas*
—See Cowell: *Sinfonietta.*

TAKEMITSU: *November Steps*—See Messiaen: *Turangalila-Symphony.*

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 2, in G ("A London Symphony")*

Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. ANGEL S 36478, $5.79 (stereo only).

More than any other single work, Vaughan Williams' *London Symphony* won an audience for modern British music, especially in the United States. One of the classics of the twentieth-century repertoire, it has, like many classics, been set aside for a while, and it is good to come back to it and realize all over again what a towering piece it really is. It combines the subtlest and most plausible kind of musical scene painting in the French style with a Germanic solidity of form and with the color of British folk and popular song. Here it is given a superb performance by Barbirolli and incomparably the finest recording it has ever had.

There have been several books on Vaughan Williams published lately, and they have all ignored the descriptive note on this Symphony written by Albert Coates when he conducted the first performance of its revised version in 1920. The omission is a great mistake, because Coates's notes are a literary gem in themselves and fit the music to perfection. The only convenient covers between which they can be found nowadays are those of my own recent book, *A Modern Guide to Symphonic Music*. This is not a brash effort to sell a book; get hold of a copy from the library if you like—but get it if you want completely to understand the background to *A London Symphony*. A.F.

VERDI: *Songs: Non t'accostare all-'urna; More, Elisa, lo stanco poeta; In solitaria stanza; Il tramonto; Il mistero; Il poveretto; Brindisi*
†Wagner: *Songs: Karnevalslied; Der Tannenbaum; Die Rose; Schmerzen; Träume; Die beiden Grenadiere*

Sándor Kónya, tenor; Otto Guth, piano. DECCA DL 9432 or DL 79432, $5.79.

Aside from the two Wesendonk Lieder on the Wagner side, this is unusual fare, especially for a singer of Sándor Kónya's persuasion. The Verdi songs include three from each of the two volumes of Romances (1838 and 1845), plus *Il poveretto*, a separate song published in

1847. The *Brindisi* is sung in the manuscript version rather than the altered, somewhat less boisterous reading of the first edition, and Kónya adds an extra high A at the end—which should give you an idea of where his interests lie.

The songs are virtually indistinguishable from Verdi's operatic arias of the very early period, in melodic idiom and in accompanimental figuration, which resembles nothing so much as the piano reductions of operatic arias. The 1845 set marks a slight advance in compositional ingenuity, perhaps, but none of these is comparable to Verdi's last song, the *Stornello* of 1867.

The Wagner side has only slightly more musical interest, as well as similar historical curiosity value (I except, of course, the Wesendonk songs, which are a waste of space here; most people will want the whole set). The majority of Wagner's songs from the period 1838–40 are settings of French texts (of the four included here, only the dreary *Tannenbaum* is originally in German)—and this includes, curiously, the setting of Heine's celebrated *Two Grenadiers*, which utilized the poet's own French translation. Kónya sings them all in German, however, with especially unfortunate results in Heine's case, for the original poem has had to be sawed up and stretched out to fit Wagner's vocal line; the resulting patchwork, full of meaningless word repetitions, makes the composer's work sound inept instead of merely pedestrian. (Like Schumann in the same year, Wagner had the idea of introducing the *Marseillaise* at the end, but he restricts it to the piano part.) Another distinguished poem bites the dust in *Die Rose*, a translation of Ronsard's *Mignonne, allons voir si la rose*, which will be familiar to Renaissance buffs from a chanson by Costeley; it is easily the most attractive among the early songs here. The *Karnevalslied* strikes the most characteristic Wagnerian note—approximately the idiom of *Rienzi*.

All in all, this is a record for the "From Little Acorns" shelf. It certainly won't go on the "Distinguished Vocalism" shelf: Kónya's awkward management of his register break, occasionally uncertain intonation, inexact rhythms, and Teutonic Italian make it less than a connoisseur's delight. It is passable for the sake of the repertoire, however, and the pianist is competent. Texts and translations. D.H.

WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll*—See Brahms: *Serenade No. 2, in A, Op. 16.*

WAGNER: *Songs*—See Verdi: *Songs.*

WEBERN: *Cantata No. 1, Op. 29*—See Schoenberg: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16.*

WEBERN: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10; Cantata No. 1, Op. 29*—See Schoenberg: *Six Pieces for Male Chorus, Op. 35.*

RECITALS & MISCELLANY

LEONARD BERNSTEIN: *"Orpheus in the Underworld and Other Favorite Overtures"*

Offenbach: *Orphée aux Enfers.* Rezniček: *Donna Diana.* Nicolai: *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor.* Von Suppé: *Die schöne Galathee; Leichte Kavallerie.* Rossini: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.*

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7085, $5.79 (stereo only).

No one who knows Bernstein's 1965 "William Tell and Other Favorite Overtures" program (Columbia MS 6743) will want to miss this new group of exhilaratingly rejuvenated warhorses. I'd prefer more grace and relaxation in the quieter moments of *The Barber of Seville* performance (which I suspect may have been reissued from Bernstein's Rossini overture collection of 1961), but the others (apparently new recordings) are done with a wholly admirable mixture of vivacity and unsentimentalized lyricism—a combination which endows the Rezniček overture, in particular, with irresistible appeal. Connoisseur collectors, no less than novice listeners, can find much to relish here.

Disc surfaces on my review copy were somewhat less than ideally quiet. R.D.D.

JOSE LUIS GONZALEZ: *Twentieth-Century Guitar Music*

Ponce: *Six Preludes; Thème varié et finale.* Castelnuovo-Tedesco: *Tonadilla for Guitar on the Name of Andrés Segovia.* Libaek: *Musical Pictures for Guitar: No. 2; No. 3.* Tárrega: *Six Preludes.* Tansman: *Mazurka.* Villa Lobos: *Chôros No. 1.* Barrios: *Medallón Antiguo.*

José Luis Gonzalez, guitar. ODYSSEY 32 16 0200 $2.49 (stereo only).

Gonzalez is a thirty-six-year-old Spaniard living in Australia; to my knowledge, this is his first appearance on the U.S. record scene. His choice of twentieth-century guitar music won't tell you much about what is going on in the forefront of the movement (go to Bream for that), but it will give you an extremely pleasant, essentially retrospective survey of some of the prime movers in the guitar world, and will introduce one Sven Erik Libaek (b. Oslo, 1938), who writes two-line counterpoint and self-accompanied melo-

dy in the best classical guitar tradition. The thoroughly accomplished Gonzalez plays with self-effacing skill and warmth. His sense of color not only adds an extra dimension to each of the Ponce Preludes, for example, but distinguishes quite markedly among them; and that very Spanish gift of knowing just how much to hesitate before a strong beat is his unmistakably—listen to that great old favorite, the Villa Lobos Chôros No. 1, if you doubt it. I also particularly enjoyed Castelnuovo-Tedesco's affectionate, slightly melancholy, and extremely Spanish salute to Segovia. Sad to hear of the composer's death shortly after this record was released. S.F

LOTTE LEHMANN

Lotte Lehmann, soprano; various pianists and orchestras.

For a feature review of several recordings by this artist, see page 63.

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF: *Operatic Arias*

Puccini: *Gianni Schicchi: O mio babbino caro. La Bohème: Mi chiamano Mimi.* Verdi: *Otello: Piangea cantando; Ave Maria.* Smetana: *The Bartered Bride: Wie fremd und tot.* Tchaikovsky: *Eugene Onegin: Letter Scene.*

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Margreta Elkins, mezzo (in the Verdi); Philharmonia Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Nicola Rescigno, Heinrich Schmidt, and Alceo Galliera, conds. ANGEL S 36434, $5.79 (stereo only).

This rather odd assortment has obviously been pieced together from the output of several separate recording sessions. Since the Philharmonia is not identified as the "New Philharmonia," I would gather that much of the material is at least a couple of years old, and possibly older. My supposition, based entirely on the evidence of the record itself, is that Side 2 (and particularly the *Onegin* scene) is more recent in origin than Side 1.

Which probably explains why Side 1 seems to me a good deal more enjoyable, even though the repertory is not of the sort closely identified with this singer. To be sure, Mme. Schwarzkopf is nothing if not idiosyncratic, and there are many details of her handling of the Italian arias that can easily put off a listener. (I, for instance, take exception to a number of word emphases and inflectional shadings that seem to me to bespeak the artist's—rather than the character's—perception of dramatic qualities and situations; this is a recurring difficulty with sophisticated, intelligent artists.) Be that as it may, the voice here is in fine condition; and if there are moments that sound a bit artificial or constrained, there are others that strike through compellingly; the voice warms and builds beautifully from *"Ma quando vien lo sgelo"* in the *Bohème* aria, and Desdemona's *"Ah, Emilia, addio!"* is full and spontaneous.

On Side 2, the Letter Scene carries the burden, and much as I would like to say otherwise, I just don't think it works. Here the voice is laboring, no longer really on top of the music; the notes are all there, but not with the poise and float still apparent on Side 1. Schwarzkopf is of course most resourceful in her solutions to the problems, but the last thing Tatiana needs is resourcefulness. The freshness and youth the scene must have are simply not in the voice, and the cleverer the solutions are, the more remote they become from the naïve impulsiveness of the character. The *Verkaufte Braut* song (this side is entirely in German, by the way) is open to the same criticism, though it is less crippling.

Those who enjoy, or are at least interested in, the Schwarzkopf approach to Italian opera will, I think, find the first side of this disc very satisfying. Side 2, I'm afraid, must be considered the "flip." Accompaniments range from the crudely adequate (the *Otello* scene) to excellent (the Letter Scene). Sound is fine. C.L.O.

JOAN SUTHERLAND: *"The Golden Age of Operetta"*

Joan Sutherland, soprano; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond.

For a review of this recording, see page 83.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

MONTEMEZZI: *L'Amore dei tre re.* Clara Petrella (s), Amedeo Berdini (t), Renato Capecchi (b), Sesto Bruscantini (bs), et al. Chorus and Orchestra of Radio Italiana, Arturo Basile, cond. Everest S 447/2, $5.00 (two discs, rechanneled stereo only) [from Cetra 1212, 1952].

A dramatic libretto of high poetic quality, page after page of magnificently expressive music, four splendid singing-acting roles—why isn't *L'Amore dei tre re* in the repertoire of every major opera house? Probably because there is no basso cantante equipped to cope with the exacting vocal histrionics of the fanatical King Archibaldo or a soprano who can combine the kind of slashing intensity and voluptuous sexuality required for the Princess Fiora. When these singers turn up and are matched with a high-powered tenor/baritone combination (Corelli and Milnes would be just about perfect), this opera should provide an overwhelming experience.

The old Cetra recording is hardly adequate although the enthusiastic cast generates enough rough vocal and dramatic excitement to give some idea of what a really great performance must be like. The sound isn't much either, but in this case Everest has actually managed to improve matters somewhat in terms of clarity and presence.

ROSSINI: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.* Gianna d'Angelo (s), Nicola Monti (t), Renato Capecchi (b), Giorgio Tadeo (bs), Carlo Cava (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Bruno Bartoletti, cond. Heliodor HS 25072/3, $7.47 (three discs, stereo only) [from Deutsche Grammophon 138665/67, 1961].

For a budget *Barber* this set offers good value in Bartoletti's highly polished, light-footed presentation of the score, Gianna d'Angelo's prettily voiced coloratura Rosina, and Giorgio Tadeo's humorous and well-sung Bartolo. Capecchi hasn't quite the sheer vocal glamour one wants for Figaro, but he is a thoughtful artist and interjects numerous touches of happy characterization. Neither Nicola Monti (Almaviva) nor Carlo Cava (Basilio) is able to make much of his music, however. The modest joys of this performance have been accorded superbly naturalistic, well-balanced sonics.

RUBINSTEIN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4, in D minor, Op. 70.* **LISZT:** *Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 104; Valse oubliée, No. 1, in F sharp minor.* Oscar Levant, piano; New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. Odyssey 32 16 0169, $2.49 (mono only) [the Rubinstein from Columbia ML 4599, 1952; the Liszt from Columbia ML 5094, 1955].

It has long been fashionable to describe Rubinstein's once popular Fourth Piano Concerto as "mid-Victorian." Well, it *is* mid-Victorian and guaranteed to make any well-bred young lady swoon with delight: the soloist has any number of corny Big Tunes cunningly contrasted with passages of cascading chordal assaults and sure-fire show-off devices on every page. It's grand fun to play and, now that the Concerto is less familiar, fun to hear now and then, despite the woefully inept orchestral writing.

Oscar Levant's rude, graceless performance hardly makes a good case for the work: with an unrelenting percussive tone he slashes his way through the score which wilts badly under the attack. A good modern version is needed, but by a flamboyant virtuoso with at least a measure of sensitivity (Ashkenazy perhaps). The playing of the two Liszt pieces is somewhat more bearable but not much.

SCHUETZ: *Musikalische Exequien; Christmas Oratorio.* Soloists and Instrumentalists; Westphalian Choir, Wilhelm Ehmann, cond. Vanguard Everyman SRV 245 SD and SRV 232 SD, $2.49 each (two discs, stereo only) [from Cantate 650205 and 650201, 1962].

Two superb Schütz records. The *Musikalische Exequien*, a predecessor of Brahms's *German Requiem*, comprises a chain of twenty-five hymn verses from the Bible (including the Apocrypha) and various medieval writings. In setting the texts, Schütz alternates a rich, five-part choral texture and solo declamation with amazing plasticity and wonderful expressive effect. Ehmann relies on a large assortment of baroque instruments to back up the choral passages and purists who insist on hewing to a simple organ and gamba accompaniment will probably be annoyed. I suppose the added instrumental luxuriance does detract somewhat from the music's tone of solemn austerity, but it will take a strong constitution to resist such a glorious sound, and the performance could hardly be better.

No such problems arise with the *Christmas* Oratorio, here given a quietly understated performance perfectly in tune with the work's charming childlike innocence. The sound on both discs is sweet and full, with a sensible stereo layout to emphasize the instrumental antiphonies.

VERDI: *Un Ballo in maschera.* Maria Caniglia (s), Fedora Barbieri (ms), Beniamino Gigli (t), Gino Bechi (b), Tancredi Pesaro (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera, Tullio Serafin, cond. Seraphim IB 6026, $7.47 (three discs, mono only) [from RCA Victor LCT 6007, recorded in 1943].

Very nearly all the complete opera re-

cordings in which Gigli participated during the 1930s and '40s are once again available thanks to Seraphim's enterprise (*Tosca* will shortly be released. *Butterfly* is still nominally listed in Angel's COLH series, leaving only *Bohème* unrepresented domestically). The tenor is in fine form here as the dashing Governor of Boston, pouring out a generous flood of golden tone. Some of his typical explosive mannerisms and self-pitying gulps are pretty hard to live with and he overdoes the giggles in the Act I Quintet shamelessly; but I defy anyone, Gigli admirer or not, to resist his passionate outburst in the gibbet scene with Amelia.

Caniglia is, as usual, rather erratic, but well on to the Verdi style, and both Bechi and Barbieri are very fine. This is one of Serafin's more perfunctory conducting jobs and the dubbing seems to have been made from less than pristine masters. Admirers of free-wheeling Italianate vocalism should, however, have a grand time with this set, and look forward with whetted appetites for the final installments in this valuable series.

VERDI: *Ernani.* Caterina Mancini (s), Gino Penno (t), Giuseppe Taddei (b), Giacomo Vaghi (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of Radio Italiana, Fernando Previtali, cond. Everest S 448/3, $7.50 (three discs, rechanneled stereo only) [from Cetra 1210, 1952].

Anyone hoping to find an acceptable budget alternative here to RCA's new *Ernani* will be disappointed. Virtually every groove is riddled with distortion overload, rendering the lusty efforts of the singers virtually unlistenable. A pity, because the performance itself captures the healthy vulgarity of Verdi's score rather more successfully than does the RCA edition. Taddei's rendering of Don Carlo is quite stupendous, and Mancini and Penno make solid if somewhat unpolished contributions as Elvira and Ernani.

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA: *"Elizabethan Verse and Its Music."* New York Pro Musica, Noah Greenberg, cond. Odyssey 32 16 0171, $2.49 (mono only) [from Columbia ML 5051, 1954]. Choice madrigals and lute songs by Weelkes, Jones, Willbye, Ferrabosco, Morley, Kirbye, Dowland, Gibbons, Ward, and Tomkins comprise this elegantly performed collection. The fifty years of English music presented here (*circa* 1585 to 1615) were extraordinarily fertile ones, and the New York Pro Musica responds to the fresh accents with customary exuberance and jewel-like precision.

Each selection is prefaced by a reading of the poem by W. H. Auden. This is rather fun the first time round, but as Auden points out in his jacket note (along with some extremely perceptive remarks on the problems of English song prosody), much of this poetry falls rather flat without the music.

PETER G. DAVIS

PREDICTION: IF McCARTHY WINS, ROCK WILL FALTER

ONE OF THE DENIZENS of the music business was recently quoted as saying that I'd never been known to be wrong in a prediction about politics or music. This is flattering, but untrue. In an inexplicable fit of optimism, I once predicted that Adlai Stevenson would defeat Dwight Eisenhower for the presidency; and in the first blush of Elvis Presley's fame, I said he wouldn't last a year.

And yet it is precisely to these errors that I owe the present accuracy of my vision. Eisenhower and Elvis cured me forever of the one error that is fatal to high-grade soothsaying: faith in mankind. It is now easy for me to make almost infallible predictions, and you too can do the same, without even joining the Rosicrucians, by following this one simple rule: of all the alternatives inherent in a given situation, predict the worst. Man's proclivity for disaster is second only to greed as an identifying characteristic of the species.

I am currently predicting that the human race won't last another seventy-five years. When people talk about the world we'll leave to our great-grandchildren, I say, "I'm not going to have any great-grandchildren, and neither are you. We're the end of the line." I kind of like that one. It has a lofty oracular ring, and it's hedged by the fact that I won't be around to be embarrassed if I'm wrong. It's a bit of a drag, though, to realize that if I'm right, nobody else will be around to give me credit.

In the music world, I am most precise in prediction. I just keep on telling everybody that music, whether classical, jazz, or pop, is going to get worse. They're always surprised to find that it does. Contemporary classical music is mostly a yawn, jazz has artisticated itself almost out of existence, and American popular music is a miasma befouling the planet. In addition to air pollution, water pollution, and noise pollution, we've now got music pollution.

To be sure, many music business professionals who seem otherwise to be intelligent are calling current pop music an art form, a new poetry, and finding therein works of "genius." Their love of rock pops began as a rationalization for avarice, evolved into a delusion, and fermented into a madness. The fact is that almost all this music is *still* garbage. And amateurish garbage at that.

This doesn't mean I think it has necessarily reached its nadir. It quite conceivably can get worse. But I think there's going to be a change, and this leads me to the point of all this: I'm going to break my own rule and make the first optimistic prediction I've made in years —in fact, two of them, one political and one musical, and tightly interrelated.

One: Gene McCarthy will be the next President of the United States. I am writing this on April 1, the morning after Lyndon Johnson said that he would not be a candidate for re-election. So I may already be proved wrong by the time you read this. In which case? Well, back to the old crystal ball.

Two: Six months after McCarthy's election, rock-and-roll will be de-escalated almost to the point of inaudibility and the taste of America's young people will turn back toward melodic beauty. If Bobby Kennedy cops the nomination and is elected, the de-escalation of rock will be only partial.

The young adult population of America, people from 21 to 45, is a college-educated generation, by and large, and the old folksy corn-pone politics just doesn't go. Now I think that what an educated young America wants is a man of urbane intelligence and genuine elegance. That's what Jack Kennedy had; and McCarthy has. Bobby? No. His move for the nomination within hours after McCarthy's brilliant performance in the New Hampshire primary showed us that if there's to be a return to Camelot, McCarthy will be Arthur—Bobby can't cut the part.

Unless the politicians are even more churlishly dull than I think they are, McCarthy will get the nomination. Then he'll win the election, no matter who the Republicans nominate. He's almost typecast for the job. Gene McCarthy is the only man in sight who *looks* like a president.

What will McCarthy's election do to the music business?

The same thing it will do to America: restore optimism, a sense of progress, of movement forward, of ideals and values and the worth of good struggle.

Rock music is the whine of an engine racing madly in neutral. The kids weren't going anywhere. All Lyndon Johnson offered them was a fairly sure shot at the Army. People couldn't plan their careers, couldn't count on their lives.

So they let their hair grow, and tuned out, and donned faggoty clothes, and said they didn't care, and slandered all adults by classing them with Johnson, and involved themselves in the spiritual masturbation of rock, the plastic-packaged protest of current pops.

If McCarthy is elected, the youth movement that began in New Hampshire will swell into a huge river. The young will start to think of creation again—*real* creation. Of lives that lie ahead of them, to be lived richly and fruitfully. Their energies will be polarized in a new and healthy direction. The anger will go out of them, and out of pop music. Rock won't disappear; they've grown up on it, have not indeed been permitted to hear much else: they are a generation of the culturally deprived. But it will nonetheless be demoted back to what it is: mere pop music, not a mighty new art form, and only one of several flavors of American pop music at that. Andy Warhol and his musical equivalents will be seen as what they are, a Dadaist joke, and not a very good one.

If I'm wrong, and everybody's favorite bob-up clown, Richard Nixon, is elected? Hell, who'll care what happens to music then?

GENE LEES

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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

PAUL WHITEMAN: Volume 1. Paul Whiteman's Orchestra; Henry Busse, cornet; George Gershwin, piano; Ferde Grofé, arr. *Whispering; Japanese Sandman; Rhapsody in Blue; When Day Is Done;* nine more. RCA Victor LPV 555, $5.79 (mono only).

PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Featuring Bing Crosby. Paul Whiteman's Orchestra; Bix Beiderbecke, cornet; Andy Secrest, trumpet; Frankie Trumbauer, C melody saxophone; Izzy Friedman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Strickfadden, baritone saxophone; Snoozer Quinn and Eddie Lang, guitar; Bing Crosby, Harry Barris, Al Rinker, Jack Fulton, Skin Young, Charles Gaylord, and Boyce Cullen, vocals; Ferde Grofé and Bill Challis, arr. *'Taint So, Honey, 'Taint So; Coquette; I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?; Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now;* twelve more. COLUMBIA CL 2830, $4.79 (mono only).

By the time Paul Whiteman died last December at the age of seventy-seven, it was generally recognized that his title, "King of Jazz," was not to be taken literally. Herman Kenin, president of the American Federation of Musicians, put the term into a more accurate frame of reference when he referred to Whiteman as "King of the Jazz Age." So far as popular music was concerned, Whiteman dominated the Twenties, but the jazz elements in his band were either minimal or buried in the pompous arrangements that he loved.

These discs cover two different Whiteman periods in the Twenties. The Victor set ranges from 1920 to 1928 (plus a 1934 *Anything Goes* medley that is completely out of place), concentrating on the early part of the decade when Whiteman was building up to the peak represented by his introduction of *Rhapsody in Blue* in 1924. The landmarks are here—the 1920 recording of *Whispering* that started the Whiteman steamroller; *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise,* which the Whiteman band played in its first Broadway show, *George White's Scandals,* in 1922; the schmaltzy treatment of *When Day Is Done* that is suddenly brought to life by Henry Busse's cornet; Busse's earlier specialty, *Hot Lips;* and a 1927

The late Paul Whiteman: if not King of Jazz, then King of the Jazz Age.

recording of *Rhapsody in Blue* in which George Gershwin played the piano with a fine flair but none of the flamboyance that other pianists often pour into this piece. Busse, playing *Hot Lips* in 1922, is a far better cornetist than his later work made him appear. Much of this disc, however, is so dated in its concept and so diluted by Whiteman's pretensions to "improving jazz," that it can only be listened to as period curiosa.

The Columbia set, on the other hand, covers 1928 and 1929—a bright period when the Whiteman troupe had, besides its customary stuffing, a good contingent of jazzmen headed by Bix Beiderbecke, the leavening touch of Bing Crosby and the Rhythm Boys, and an arranger, Bill Challis, who could offset some of Grofé's empty spectaculars. Crosby, playing it either straight or light, projects a warmth, a sense of humanity, that neither the passage of forty years nor the onerous load of the Whiteman band can dim. Challis' lean writing gave Whiteman's reeds and brass a chance to swing, although even in his pieces there are almost always the presumably obligatory passages that reflect Whiteman's yearning toward "betterment."

Together, these two discs give a reasonably well-balanced portrait of Whiteman in the Twenties and, in the process, outline the development of popular musical tastes during that decade. J.S.W.

✻ **THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.** Joseph Byrd, electric harpsichord, organ, calliope, and piano; Dorothy Moskowitz, lead singer; Gordon Marron, electric violin and ring modulator; Rand Forbes, electric bass; Craig Woodson, electric drums and percussion; Ed Bogas, occasional organ, piano, and calliope. *Hard Coming Love; Cloud Song; I Won't Leave My Wooden Wife for You, Sugar; Love Song for the Dead Che;* six more. Columbia CS 9614, $4.79 (stereo only).

Third stream rock is here. True, it's been around in a more or less abortive state for a couple of years, generally confining itself to willy-nilly borrowings from Bach and other baroque composers, or from the techniques of electronic music. But most of the electronic stuff has been primitive—in both senses of the word. The United States of America is the first group to come into the rock field with an established working knowledge of the electronic idiom, and the result elevates this aspect of rock to never dreamed of levels of musical sophistication.

Before creating the USA, Joseph Byrd was the founder and artistic guru of a serious avant-garde assemblage at UCLA called the New Music Workshop. Their concerts—ranging from Cage, Morton Feldman, and their own compositions to audio/visual happenings—were greeted with enthusiasm by devotees of the new, and with disdain by the more classically oriented habitués of UCLA's Schoenberg Hall. Jazz artist Don Ellis worked with them for awhile. (Ellis, of course, has also made some significant sounds via the electronic cornucopia.) In any case, Byrd and his friends come to rock well armed and well disciplined.

A classical background doesn't guarantee success, though. Most of the baroque-ish writing of groups like the Ars Nova is simply cute, just as the Bach/jazz enterprises of the Jacques Lousier Trio, Swingle Singers, and the Modern Jazz Quartet/Laurindo Almeida were: the end products were dull jazz and emasculated Bach.

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Buy this record. It is an outstanding achievement and establishes rock as a viable and kinetic art form. S.L.

ROD MCKUEN: Takes a San Francisco Hippie Trip. Rod McKuen, readings; Howard Heitmeyer, guitar; Buddy Colette, flute; Paul Gray, string bass. *Love Child's Lament; Grant Avenue Reflections; Kranko's Hippie Party;* twelve more. Tradition 2063, $4.98 or S 3446, $5.98.

In this album, singer/writer Rod McKuen has become one more luckless victim of a brand of non-ethics practiced by most record companies. McKuen taped this album ten years ago. The company that recorded it sold the master to Everest, who has now re-released the disc on its subsidiary label, Tradition.

For McKuen, the past few years have comprised the artistic turning point. This decade-old album, full of the social current of its day, bears traces of McKuen's gift with words, but his full scope had yet to emerge. Tradition, concerned only with McKuen's present name value, pretends to update the album's atmosphere by giving it a fake-psychedelic front cover and retitling the selections. Even the album title, with its allusions to McKuen as an acid-taking hippie, is blatantly misrepresentational. If anything, the album concerns the beatnik movement still active in the late '50s.

Such is the method by which record companies cash in on the eventual success of artists. There seems little McKuen or anyone else can do about the situation but cringe. If you're a McKuen fan, be warned. This is not an album you're looking for. M.A.

✻ **JACK JONES: If You Ever Leave Me.** Jack Jones, vocals; Marty Paich, arr. and cond. *The Letter; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You;* eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3969 or LSP 3969, $4.79.

Jack Jones is one of the few fortunate artists, such as Tony Bennett and Johnny Mathis, to build a successful career primarily through singing high quality material. Such artists often have to fight to maintain their standards, for record companies tend to think that if a singer can succeed with good songs, he'll do even better with popular trash.

Jack Jones's singing has always been superb, and continues to be. But since his move from Kapp to RCA, his albums (this is his second) have been more consistently tasteful. Previously, someone always saw to it that he sang several poor tunes amid the good. RCA seems content to let Jones sing at his own fine level of taste.

Congratulations to a first-rate singer, and to RCA for a gratifying as well as sensible recording policy. M.A.

✻ **MOTHERS OF INVENTION: We're Only in It for the Money.** Frank Zappa, guitar, piano, and lead vocals; Billy Mundi, drums and vocals; Bunk Gardner, woodwinds; Roy Estrada, electric bass and vocals; Jimmy Carl Black, drums, trumpet, and vocals; Ian Underwood, piano and woodwinds; Euclid James "Motorhead" Sherwood, soprano and baritone saxophones; other assisting musicians. *Bow Tie Daddy; What's the Ugliest Part of Your Body?; Mother People;* twelve others. Verve 5045, $3.79 or 6-5045, $4.79.

This is one hell of a production—a delicious fold-out cover in beautiful parody of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" (complete with cardboard sheet of cut-out pictures) with lots of extras shouting and making obscene noises.

The Mothers take on the whole world; their attack isn't restricted simply to the established Establishment but is explosively directed at institutionalized hippiedom, to "the place where phony hippies meet . . psychedelic dungeons . . . GO TO SAN FRANCISCO." They unload H bombs where their fellow rockers throw darts or couch implicit criticisms in soft-edged irony (the Beatles, specifically).

Beyond the message is the music, and once again the Mothers come off better than almost any group around. The pacing is fast, the chords change quickly and strongly, editing is rapid-fire, textures are constantly changing—very unsettling and all the more interesting for it. The Mothers have phenomenal discipline and improvise like few other rock groups can. It's this very combination that allows them the freedom to make changes as quickly and resolutely as they do.

The entire record proceeds like a tightly edited, sped-up film; it is less a collection of songs than a rock oratorio (which is what they termed the two sides of their previous album, "Absolutely Free").

This is an exciting album and one which is sure to offend some people. I recommend it. S.L.

MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, narratives; Amiya Das Gupta, sitar. *Love; The Untapped Source of Power That Lies Within.* World Pacific 1446 or S 21446, $4.79.

Well dig it, Baby, the Guru has cut an LP! I mean, he says it *all* on this nutty cut! Pow! Baby, *everything*, all the heavy stuff, like *Love* and the untapped inner source. When he gets down to the nitty gritty on how each of us relates to the cosmos, you just can't stay in a full lotus! I mean, Man, it's Truth. Not student-of-the-truth Truth, but Man, TRUTH!

You remember how last week we couldn't raise enough bread for tickets to the Jerry Jarvis session at Cambridge? Thirty-five bucks is a big bite. And you remember how, when Tamara came back after that big scene, she couldn't remember her secret Indian word?

Peace and love, Pops, our bread and memory problems are over! This Now album only costs $4.79, so we can pay the florist, sit around and dig the Guru in stereo! Sure, Baby, I'm sure Maharishi gives all the record royalty bread to the Institute, and I'm sure all those cats at World Pacific give theirs, too!

After all, Sweetsoul, ain't it all LOVE, LOVE, LOVE? T.P.

CY COLEMAN: The Ages of Rock. Cy Coleman, piano and arr.; orchestrated by Larry Wilcox. Bach: *Fugue in G Minor*; Mozart: *Rondo alla Turca*; Chopin: *Waltz in E minor;* eight more. M-G-M 4502 or S 45202, $4.79.

You have to hand it to a man who makes a ridiculous idea work. For some years, thirty-nine-year-old pianist/composer/publisher Cy Coleman has made a healthy living out of ideas traditionally labeled unsalable. Among his "too good to be successful" songs are *Witchcraft, The Best Is Yet to Come, Hey Look Me Over, Why Try to Change Me Now?,* and the score from *Sweet Charity*. Coleman must have had the brains to know he was right and the self-limiting music business was wrong.

In this album, Coleman plays eleven revered classical pieces using a rock rhythm section. Obviously it's absurd. Rockers will sneer; classicists will faint. Coleman tackles the task with such care and commitment that, for the open-minded and open-eared, it's charming. For one thing, I never realized Coleman played the piano so well.

Not every track works. For my tastes, neither Mozart nor Chopin lend themselves to modern rhythmic stresses—whether pop, jazz, or rock. One has the feeling the music is being run through a sieve. On the other hand, the tracks that work do so beautifully. Most notable is Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor. One's head is turned around as the first three solemn notes sound and, while still ringing, are joined by a slow, steady drum and electric twelve-string guitar. If Rachmaninoff were alive and had had to listen to the piece as often as I, he too might be refreshed by this unlikely treatment. Also fine are Debussy's *Rêverie* and Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*. Surprisingly, Ravel's *Pavane for a Dead Princess* comes off less well, sounding rather choppy. But Grieg's *Anitra's Dance* truly dances.

Sneer if you must, or faint. But note that today's classical music was yesterday's popular music. Marble statuary to the contrary, there was a time when Beethoven bled if he cut his finger. M.A.

DAVE VAN RONK AND THE HUDSON DUSTERS. Dave Van Ronk, vocals and guitar; David Woods, guitar and vocals; Pot, organ; Ed Gregory, electric bass; Rick Henderson, drums. *Alley Oop; Romping Through the Swamp; Mr. Middle;* eight more. Verve Forecast FT 3041, $3.79 or FTS 3041, $4.79.

This is a folk/rock album: Dave Van Ronk is a fine folksinger, and the Hudson Dusters are an excellent rock group. These are diverse commodities. However, as anyone who has made a salad dressing can tell you, even oil and water mix. But it requires a master chef and the proper spices to keep the ingredients from separating. In this, folksinger Van Ronk's first sally into rock, he has been blessed with a Brillat-Savarin. The chef's name is David Woods.

Woods arranged all but one of the songs on this recording and co-authored three. It is also Woods's peerless lead guitar heard as the driving force of the Hudson Dusters. Woods represents a new-wave rock phenomenon. He is one of the young, well-trained musician/arrangers who have found a home in rock. Creative people of his caliber—such as George Martin, Warren Bernhardt, and Jim Webb—have injected such professionalism into the field that people in high places have even been confusing rock with an art form.

Van Ronk's singing, as always, is completely and uniquely Dave Van Ronk. His tender yet wholly masculine ballad delivery is at its best on *Clouds*, a new Joni Mitchell song. The group itself really shines on *Keep Off the Grass*, a Woods composition featuring a Van Ronk/Woods duet.

The album is not without flaws. Van Ronk has a large record-buying public who know him as a folk, not rock, singer. This is the only reason conceivable for the inclusion of two outright folk songs: *Cocaine* and *Dink's Song*. These songs represent two of Van Ronk's most popular past recordings. Someone at Verve evidently decided to play safe and, ironically enough, these are the weakest tracks in the set.

If a commitment were made to the new idiom, Van Ronk and the Hudson Dusters could become one of the most exciting new sounds in some time. T.P.

MARGIE DAY: Dawn of a New Day. Margie Day, vocals; Ray Ellis, Chuck Sagle, and Jimmy Wisner, arr. *Walk Away; Am I Blue; As Time Goes By;* seven more. RCA Victor LPM 3899 or LSP 3899, $4.79.

This is the debut album of singer Margie Day. Before its release, Miss Day was being enthusiastically hailed as the Negro Barbra Streisand. She's not, nor does she try to be. Thankfully, the season of Streisand imitators is over.

In his ecstatic liner notes, Arnold Shaw describes Miss Day's style as "soulful pop." That will do. From time to time, her singing reflects fondness for Nancy Wilson, Lena Horne, and especially Billie Holiday. But Miss Day is no more an imitator than are most young performers. She is merely in the process of finding out who she is.

Miss Day's voice is not stunning but it's pleasant. While her approach to melody is tasteful, she has not yet learned to penetrate a lyric. The album's three contributing arrangers have turned in somewhat pedestrian charts—except for Chuck Sagle's happy arrangement of Cole Porter's *Let's Do It* (on which Miss Day's singing is too cute).

In all, this is a respectable but not sensational first showing. M.A.

JAZZ

✻ **JAZZ IN THE TROC.** Yank Lawson, trumpet; Lou McGarity and Cutty Cutshall, trombones; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Morey Feld, drums; Clancy Hayes, vocal. *Stealin' Apples; Get Out and Get Under the Moon; Rose of Washington Square; Honky Tonk Train Blues;* five more. Jazz at the Troc WCS 1769, $5.00 (stereo only).

With Ralph Sutton playing in his own night club in Aspen, Colorado, and Peanuts Hucko in his club in Denver, plus an annual bash each winter in Aspen for jazzmen of their ilk, Colorado has become a surprisingly active focal point for the kind of jazz that used to be played at Nick's and Eddie Condon's.

The group on this disc, billed as "9 Greats of Jazz," played at a concert in the Trocadero Ballroom of Elitch Gardens in Denver during July 1966. It must have been a great night because the recording projects a vitality and joyous urgency that almost never comes through on contemporary commercial recordings of this type of music. Building on a magnificent rhythm section firmly anchored to Bob Haggart's buoyant bass and driven by Sutton's strong piano, the front-line, both individually in solo and together as ensemble, plays brilliantly.

Any band that can open with *Fidgety Feet* and make you sit up and listen is doing *something.* Sutton streamlines Meade Lux Lewis' *Honky Tonk Train,* Hucko outdoes himself on his specialty, *Stealin' Apples;* Cutshall and McGarity do a duet on *Get Out and Get Under the Moon* that is a masterpiece of blustery trombone swing. Clancy Hayes, who can be an uncertain singer, gives *Rose of Washington Square* the full back-room treatment, and even the well-worn *Big Noise from Winnetka* sports some fresh ideas. Bud Freeman's *Three Little Words* is not quite up to the rest, but over-all this is a great recording of small-group swing. J.S.W.

PHIL WILSON QUARTET: Prodigal Son. Phil Wilson, trombone; Lennie Hochman, saxophone and flute; George Moyer, bass; Tony Sarni, drums. Freeform Records 101, $4.98 (Concert Recordings, Inc., 164 Park Ave., Cranston, R. I.).

The use of jazz in a religious context is improving so far as the jazz content is concerned, the last few years having brought forward performances well worth listening to as jazz even if they don't make the religious connection. Duke Ellington's two sacred concerts probably make it both ways. There is a jazz version of the Jewish Sabbath service called *Hear O Israel* composed by Jonathan Klein, a student at Brown University and the Berklee School. In a performance I recently heard by Herbie Hancock, Thad Jones, Jerome Richardson, Ron Carter, and Grady Tate, the service is strong, straightforward jazz (this has been recorded but, as of this writing, is not yet available on disc).

And now comes this disc by Phil Wilson that is subtitled "a Christian Worship service in the jazz idiom." It is not a composition. It is a free-form improvisation by four broadly experienced jazz musicians responding to the readings that normally are part of a service. Wilson is a brilliant trombonist whose imagination and virtuosity brightened Woody Herman's band for several years. These same qualities are present on this disc and they are complemented by the saxophone and flute of Lennie Hochman, who has almost as strikingly imaginative a personality on his instruments as Wilson on trombone.

The music this quartet plays is commanding, exultant jazz. It is certainly "a joyful noise" and, in the circumstances, presumably "unto the Lord." But it is not really tightly programmatic except as heard in the background to a reading of *The Prodigal Son.* This is vigorous, swinging jazz and if one responds to the religious concept, it can be deemed a completely successful work. Even if the religious connection is negligible, it's an extremely stimulating jazz record. J.S.W.

GARY McFARLAND: Scorpio and Other Signs. Orchestra; Marvin Stamm, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, woodwinds; Gary McFarland, vibraphones; Warren Bernhardt, keyboard; Gary McFarland cond. Verve 8738, $4.79 or 6-8738, $5.79.

So much of Gary McFarland's recent recorded output has consisted of coy flirtations with the pop market, that it is refreshing to find his name on this charming and imaginative series of twelve pieces based on the signs of the zodiac. His themes are direct and attractive and he has dressed them in searching arrangements that involve harmonies and juxtapositions of instruments just far enough off the beaten path to have an exotic attraction, but not so far that they call attention to themselves as gimmicks. In his instrumentation, he blends the contemporarily fashionable guitars, organ, harpsichord, and Fender bass with strings and with woodwinds and brass. His own vibraphone trickles through occasionally. Sometimes, he whistles up an atmospheric passage or brings in a group of girl singers to add a different touch of color.

One of the fascinations of these pieces is the manner in which McFarland has drawn on many different sources—jazz, rock, traditional classical devices, a touch of bossa nova—and brought them together with a definite sense of unity. The end result is a quiet, low-keyed set of pieces that bubble with a sense of musical immediacy. J.S.W.

FOLK

✻ **JOHN HURT: The Immortal Mississippi John Hurt.** John Hurt, vocals and guitar. *Lazy Blues; Hop Joint; Stagolee;* ten more. Vanguard VRS 9248, $4.79 or VSD 79248, $5.79.

People in the folk music field, as they constantly remind us, are concerned with "truth." For years they have sought it with a scope as wide as that of the average navel-contemplator. A group of chronic myopics, they have lionized some of the worst musical frauds in history.

One of the few accomplishments of which they can be proud was the rediscovery of the late Mississippi John Hurt in 1963.

He was a man who never had to search for truth. He had it inside him, along with musicality, taste, wit, dignity, and kindness. His music was a reflection of his personality. John never shouted: he sang. He never flailed at his guitar: he picked. Lovingly and cleanly. There would have been little point in discussing integrity with John. It was as natural to him as his breathing or his music.

This posthumous release is fine John Hurt, but then again, I never heard him perform badly. His playing and singing were undiminished by age or illness to the end.

Buy this record and keep it. There will be no more. T.P.

✻ **THE ROBERT SHAW CHORALE: Irish Folk Songs.** Robert Shaw, cond. *Avenging and Bright; Wearin' of the Green; The Croppy Boy; 'Tis Pretty To Be in Ballinderry;* twelve more. RCA Victor LM 2992 or LSC 2992, $5.79.

Some 150 years ago, Thomas Moore—a literary Irish gentleman resident in England—was hailed in genteel circles as the laureate of his race. His sad, sentimental poems gained popularity even in the drawing rooms of the landlords who most ruthlessly exploited the Irish peasantry; the poet himself, setting his verse to traditional airs, often drew tears as he sang them in recital. Posterity, though, has treated Moore unkindly. Critics dismiss his work as oversweet and superficial. To be sure, it is. Still, while Moore's songs contain none of the passion and/or fey humor of most Irish ballads, they do possess a surpassing lyricism.

Half the selections on this release—sung with the nonpareil purity and skill of what may be America's finest choral group—present Moore at his best. In songs like *The Minstrel Boy* and *Silent, O Moyle* Moore's words combine with ancient Gaelic melodies to create a unified, profoundly emotional impact. As a complement, Shaw's forces include eight folk ballads. One of them, *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye,* offers a superb example of the group's invariably sure, sensitive, and striking musical settings. Against the ominous march rhythm of the male voices, the sopranos soar in haunted counterpoint as they mourn for the returned and mutilated soldier, Johnny. In sum, the program demonstrates another triumph for Robert Shaw and his superb singers. O.B.B.

LA COMPAGNIE NATIONALE DE DANSES FRANCAISES: Songs and Dances of France. Chorus, Jacques Douai, cond; orchestra by Yves Prin. *Les Sablaises; Les Gens qui sont jeunes; Les Mouchoirs; Lou Coucut; Pelo de betton;* twenty-three more. Monitor MFS 491, $4.79 (stereo only).

Here is sparkling testimony to the rich variety and provenance of French traditional music. Jacques Douai's *Compagnie Nationale*—recent visitors to the U.S.A.—spans an incredibly broad spectrum both in time and geography. There is a Cathar lament from the Auvergne dating from the Albigensian Crusade, Celtic songs and dances from Brittany that echo Welsh and Cornish counterparts, Provençal carols and dances reaching back to the golden age of the *trouvères.* Douai's gifted troupe bring love, respect, authenticity, and zest to their important musical *Tour de France.* O.B.B.

JOHN FAHEY: Requia. John Fahey, guitar; sequences with unidentified orchestra. *Requiem for Molly; Requiem for John Hurt; When the Catfish Are in Bloom;* five more. Vanguard VRS 9259, $4.79 or VSD 79259, $5.79.

Mark Twain's statement about the sudden improvement of his father's intelligence has as many corollaries as Finnagle's Law: "If you drop a slice of bread and peanut butter, the odds are that it will land peanut butter side down." These two pieces of folklore come together with great meaning on John Fahey's new album. On hearing Fahey's first album, I was convinced that he was the greatest thing since peanut butter sandwiches. Five years and a long listen later, it seems that Fahey is not great. On this album he has landed peanut butter side down.

Fahey is a fine three-finger picker. On *Requiem for John Hurt* and *When the Catfish Are in Bloom* he is superb. On Side 2, Fahey has attempted to be something he is not: a composer of serious music. *Requiem for Molly* is simply Fahey picking a few monotonous country figures against a sound montage culled from old records—everything from blues 78s to a massive choral rendition of *Deutschland über alles* to orchestral twelve-tone music. Fahey's attempt at atonality is fraudulent: his playing remains within the diatonic scale and his chord patterns bear no relationship to the background effects. The result is comparable to a man playing a solitary game of checkers in the middle of Times Square at rush hour. T.P.

In Your Own Thing: Michael Valenti, Danny Apolinare, John Kuhner.

Gormé and Lawrence, of Golden Rainbow.

Whither Broadway—Trite Rock, Or Bright Pop?

BY GENE LEES

IT IS ONE of the more provocative theses of Henry Pleasants that the best music is likely to happen where the critics aren't looking. It makes sense: their pontifical involvement makes the art become self-conscious, which alters it invariably for the worse. Jazz has been almost destroyed by the interaction of criticism and performance.

Further evidence to support Pleasants' theory can be found in Broadway conductor Lehman Engel's recent book, *The American Musical Theatre*. Engel decries the power of the critics: if they're unanimously against a show (and they are often wrong in sonorous unison), they can kill off a worthwhile New York musical in one night. Poof. Away goes half a million bucks. It's forever lost to the theatre and, furthermore, discourages further investment: look how the record companies have been backing off investing in Broadway, due to the high mortality rate of New York musicals.

But, you may ask, aren't some of the shows that fail richly deserving of disappearance? Yes; but too often they're bad precisely because they're following dicta laid down by the critics. They're trying to be good in a way that the critics will think is good, when they should be trying to be good in a way the artist *knows* is good. It's kowtowing to the critics that makes so many of them mediocre, and all they get for their pains is peremptory execution.

Lehman Engel points out that producers themselves created the power of the critics over the musical (and other) forms of theatre, by quoting reviewers' comments on theatre marquees. Before that time, the public had a healthy lack of respect for critical opinion. Now that there are only three newspapers left in New York, the power to make a show live or die has been vested largely in the hands of three reviewers, reviewers who have, in my experience, manifested a singular lack of understanding of the uses of music in the theatre, and of music, as an art, in itself. They don't know what real originality is; and what they praise as original often isn't; and what they call for in the theatre is often preposterous.

Recently some clown wrote an article for *The New York Times*' Sunday theatrical section calling for more use of "contemporary" pop music in films and the theatre. He showed thereby that he simply doesn't understand that there has *always* been a substantial separation between theatre music and that of Tin Pan Alley; and that there's a good reason for this.

The enormously gifted and perceptive jazz composer Gerry Mulligan recently said that when he writes his first Broadway show (and he's going to), he *won't* use jazz elements, except perhaps occasionally in special circumstances, and then only subtly and carefully. And he won't use rock, which he rather likes. The jazz rhythm section, he says, is too intrusive: the minute the drummer starts moving that high-hat cymbal on two and four, the audience becomes conscious of the orchestra as a separate element, and the magic of the over-all illusion is broken. Rock is even less suited to the theatre, for its rhythm sections are less flexible, less adaptable, less subtle, than those of jazz. Finally, there's a fundamental and probably irresoluble incompatibility between rock and the theatre. As Mulligan so aptly put it: "The musical theatre is inherently romantic. The rock movement is inherently anti-romantic."

Finally, there's the social associations that go with a given musical style. Jazz, for a long time, could only be used in film underscoring for stories about crime and seediness: witness *I Want to Live*, in which Mulligan appeared. It took years before jazz could be used in comedies such as *Luv*, which Mulligan scored. The producers wanted modern jazz in it; Mulligan had reservations, and the results prove his fears were well founded; it might have been better with a nonjazz score. Nonetheless, jazz elements have been successfully used in a constantly wider variety of films, including comedy and unabashed romance.

Rock is even more limited in this way: it is so locked into youth and protest and the current nihilism that its very sound sets up automatic associations in the listener's mind. Thus, the only thing you can dramatize with rock music is something that runs along those lines. *Hair*, a dreadful musical that got praised by those who think they're going to find the new thing in rock, was about Village hippies. The weight of its message? That there's a communications gap between the generations. I *never* would have known.

Your Own Thing (RCA Victor LOC 1148 or LSO 1148, $5.79) is the second musical of this genre to come to my attention. Like *Hair*, it could deal only with a narrow slice of American life. It's about a rock-and-roll group. It is, to be sure, based on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, which may deceive those who are prone to be sucked in by that sort of thing. But in the guts of its being, it is a direct linear descendant of the horrible band musicals of the 1940s that used to feature Glenn Miller or Harry James, where there always seemed to be a scene in which those carefree pleasure-lovin' musicians would play a couple of tunes in the aisle of the band bus. That kind of story line was square then, and it's squarer now, even if we get sideburns and guitars and a we-hate-

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adults-although-we're-full-of-love frown in place of Glenn and his glasses and his watery smile.

When there have been about ten of these musicals, all locked into the same kind of limited stories, the critics will say that the rock musical is becoming trite and sterile. It will never occur to them that it was trite and sterile at its birth.

Your Own Thing isn't for that matter a true rock musical: in attempting to overcome the limitations of the music, its writers have bent a little toward traditional musicals: they've managed to absorb Broadway's triteness, grafted onto their own. The one thing that spells out rock is that intrusive rhythm section. And that, of course, is the one thing that should have been left out.

Now, when there are *real* innovations in the musical, the critics of New York can be counted on to miss them. There are genuine innovations in performing style to be found in *Golden Rainbow* (Calendar KOM 1001 or KOS 1001, $5.79), the Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé show. And there are important advances in orchestration, which can be attributed to the fact that Jack Andrews and Pat Williams wrote the charts and Elliot Lawrence conducted them. Don't overlook the importance of this other Lawrence. This is one of the few times I have heard a pit band in tune and properly blended.

Golden Rainbow is not a great musical. The songs (music and lyrics are by Walter Marks) range from so-so to quite good, though that makes their general average a higher one than we're used to on Broadway these days. And Miss Gormé and her husband, Mr. Lawrence, have obviously had too much to say about how the show was put together. The album tends to sound more like an album than a show score; and the show itself looks and feels more like a night-club act strung on a story line than a true musical drama.

But in its shortcomings is the germ of an important change in the musical theatre, and it was this element that the critics missed. If it's allowed to grow, it could produce a refreshing shift in the flavor of musical theatre.

Not one New York drama critic is aware of the significance of Frank Sinatra. Sinatra freed singing, completing a job that was begun by Russ Colombo and Bing Crosby. By working over an explicit rhythm (and now we're back to one of the theories of Henry Pleasants), the singer escaped the slavery of singing time; he could now phrase freely and form the meaning of lyrics (what good actor reads Shakespeare with the cadence broken at the end of each line?). This, Pleasants argues, is the way it once was with "legit" singing. And the microphone, far from bastardizing the human voice, has restored its natural intimacy, destroyed in opera by enlarged concert halls and augmented orchestras, which put the emphasis on muscle and volume rather than meaning.

Sinatra ended that, and every good pop singer in this country (and I believe the best of them are better than a lot of opera singers) has been influenced by

him, at least to some degree. Steve Lawrence is *heavily* influenced by him.

This influence of intelligent pop singing first got into the musical theatre, as far as I know, when Art Lund did *The Most Happy Fella*. But it was only a tentative beginning, for Lund (who has a large voice) tended to bend his style toward that of Broadway. Steve Lawrence brought the style completely into the theatre with *What Makes Sammy Run?* and he carries it further in *Golden Rainbow*. Indeed, he's now carrying it *too* far, which is one of the things wrong with the show.

Lawrence is not a good actor, and his wife is worse. But she brings to the stage a quality I haven't seen since Ethel Merman: she projects so much good-natured delight in performing, so much sheer pleasure in being there, that you enjoy her in spite of the wooden clumsiness of her acting. And she, in common with her husband, can sing every other Broadway singer out of town—she can project the meaning of lyrics in that Stanislavskian way of all those who learned well from Sinatra.

Now, had this show been directed by a man strong enough to bend Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence to the needs of musical drama, it would have been much better. Perhaps that time will come. Or perhaps Broadway will absorb someone else from the pop world who really knows how to phrase the material.

This is needed. There have been innovations in acting and in singing in our time. The Sinatra-influenced generation of singers relate to legit singers approximately the way Marlon Brando, that poor misused and wasted genius, relates to cadenced classical acting. This is the element that can bridge the gap between the musical theatre's stylized unreality and our gruesomely realistic times; this is the way to a more "naturalistic" musical.

But it isn't going to come to pass so long as the power of the critics on *The New York Times*, *The New York News*, and *The New York Post* is unbroken. And for the moment that looks highly unlikely. We can look forward to further praise for trivia; and our musical theatre will go on floundering in quicksand.

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This reissue makes available for the first time in nearly two decades the original 1946 cast performance of the Harold Arlen/Johnny Mercer show that contains classics like *L'il Augie Is a Natural Man*, *Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home*, *Legalize My Name*, and the great standard *Come Rain or Come Shine*.

The orchestrations sound dated; but then they sound dated in many current shows too. Nor is the sound up to contemporary standards, though the original 78-rpm discs from which this album is taken was well recorded for the period. In any event, the reissue fills a hole in the disc documentation of the American musical theatre. G.L.

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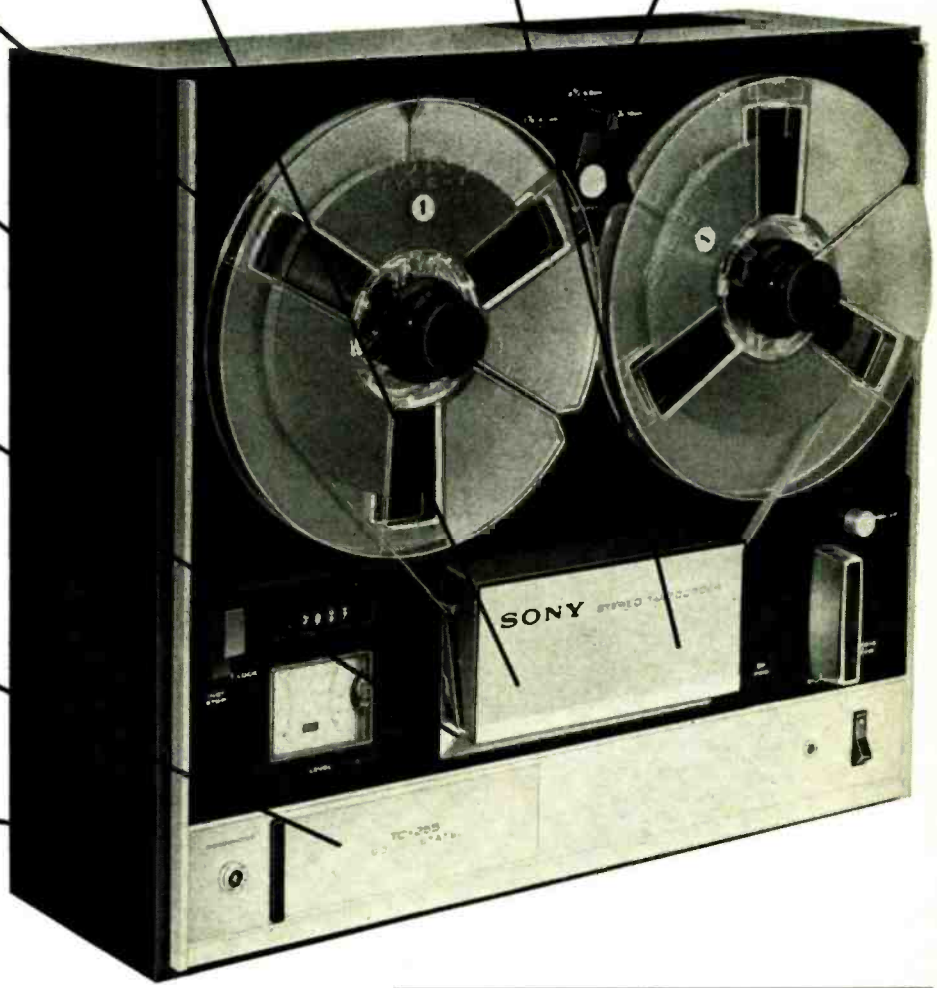

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THE TAPE DECK

BY R. D. DARRELL

Dvořák Rediscovered. For a listener with decided tastes of his own, large-scale sets of a composer's works from a single conductor (however much they reveal of the latter's full stature as an interpreter) usually seem to me less desirable than a collection composed of individually chosen readings. Nevertheless, I must concede that when such an integral edition comprises as much of a composer's early, unfamiliar music as of his later *oeuvre*, it provides a convenient means both to discovering works new to us and to re-evaluating the familiar masterpieces in the perspective of their predecessors. Hence I can genuinely welcome the Kertesz/London Symphony complete series of Dvořák symphonies, including the rarely heard, originally unnumbered first four, which along with the Fifth and Sixth (originally Nos. 3 and 1 respectively) are taped here for the first time.

The series includes two London/Ampex EX+ reels at $8.95 each and four double-play reels at $11.95 each: LCN 80191, 64 min., with the First Symphony, in C minor, and *My Home* Overture; LCN 80192, 66 min., with the Second in B flat and the *Scherzo Capriccioso*; LCK 80193, 71 min., with the Third in E flat and Eighth in G; LCK 80194, 80 min., with the Fourth in D minor and Fifth in F; LCK 80189 (an earlier release), 87 min., with the Sixth in D, Seventh in D minor, and the *Carnival* Overture; LCK 80195, 86 min., with the Ninth in E minor (*From the New World*) and three Overtures: *In Nature's Realm*, *The Hussites*, and *Othello*. Of these, only the recorded performance of the Eighth is a reissue: it was first released in LCK 80133 (April 1964), where it was coupled with Kertesz' earlier, Vienna Philharmonic version of the *New World* Symphony. My one complaint of this project is that London (or Ampex) did not couple the last two symphonies and combine the three overtures with the Third—thus enabling owners of LCK 80133 to avoid duplicating that reel's Eighth in order to get the present Third.

Kertesz' readings throughout are those of a young, yet assured and idiomatically authoritative interpreter. One may quibble mildly with details, and in the better-known last three symphonies—the gracious Eighth in particular—Kertesz seldom if ever matches the insight or eloquence of Szell (Epic E3C 848 of October 1966). The latter, indeed, remains my first choice, though it must be said that Epic's recordings are darker, even a bit opaque, in comparison with the warmth, vividness, and lucidity of London's and that the Epic tape processing, not up to the best 3¾-ips standard, is outmatched by Ampex's exceptionally fine (even by slightly higher 7.5-ips standards) work for London.

In the earlier symphonies (for which there is no competition on tape, by the way) Kertesz obviously finds the music more congenial to his own temperament. Here he is wholly persuasive in convincing the listener not only that a knowledge of these pieces markedly enhances one's appreciation of Dvořák's later achievements, but that in their own right they provide a richly varied batch of delectably fresh musical discoveries.

New Sounds from the East. Except for an occasional Beatles program featuring the sitar, Indian music had not been available on tape in this country until Angel's reel release a few months ago (Y1S 36418, 3¾-ips, 48 min., $6.98) of its best-selling "West Meets East" disc program co-starring Yehudi Menuhin and Ravi Shankar. I must confess that the two partly composed (by Shankar), partly improvised Indian pieces for violin and sitar interested me only mildly and that Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin's Enesco Violin Sonata No. 3 struck me as slapdash and sentimental.

Happily, that release now has been followed by what I believe is the tape repertory's first reel of authentic all-Indian music: "The Exotic Sitar and Sarod" program co-starring the famous Shankar with the less widely known but perhaps even more eloquent sarod virtuoso, Ali Akbar Khan, with tabla and tamboura drummers (Capitol Y1T 10497, 3¾-ips, 41 min., $6.98). Here, each side is devoted to a single long raga (*Shree* and *Sindhu Bhairavi*) which traditionally begins tentatively and only gradually works up, after the drums enter, to breathtakingly rhapsodic bravura. Both soloists are honestly recorded (the darker, deeper-toned sarod on the left; the sitar on the right) in not too close mikings; but it is the executant virtuosity and seemingly inexhaustible melodic and rhythmic inventiveness here, rather than the "exotic" idioms and tonal qualities, that prove to be so potently exciting.

Nineteen Courtly Nocturnes. If Chopin's mazurkas were intended to be danced only by countesses (as someone, was it Schumann?, once quipped), his nocturnes must surely represent the dreaming fantasies of no lesser ladies than princesses —at least in the aristocratic readings, never coarsened by the slightest sentimentality, that represent Artur Rubinstein's third recorded series, now taped as RCA Victor TR3 5023, 3¾-ips, double-play, 108 min., $10.95. (A Stereo-8 cartridge edition, R8S 5054, 75 min., $9.95, contains only thirteen of the nineteen nocturnes, omitting Nos. 6, 9, 11, 12, 18, and 19.) This is a first stereo tape collection, of course (only a few of the individual pieces have been taped previously), though there was once a 1956 mono Phonotapes edition of the poetic Novaes readings. Rubinstein's approach is expectedly larger-scaled (less expectedly, it is also almost passionlessly Olympian), and his radiantly golden tonal qualities are captured to perfection in RCA's warm stereoism. And, in addition, the reel is a model of silent-surfaced, pre-echo-free processing, while the shortened Stereo-8 version is almost as good.

Cassettes, Continued—DGG Division. The second batch of Deutsche Grammophon cassettes ($6.95 each, as before) I've received can be discussed with fewer qualifications for their technical qualities than those I reviewed here in April and with almost unreserved praise for their musical selections and performances. The familiar technical limitations of this medium (only 1⅞-ips motion and only ⅛-in. tape width) remain evident, to be sure; but since the new releases are mostly more recent—and very good—recordings, their sound is more effective overall. Better still, the musical repertory is admirably substantial and well varied. And perhaps best of all, the DGG editors have often taken pains to augment, combine, or vary the disc editions to make more satisfactory cassette programs.

For example, DGG 921002 is a delectable anthology of "Diverse Concertos for Winds" by various artists, drawn from various disc releases: Mozart's Bassoon Concerto, K. 191; Haydn's Horn Concerto, in D; the Fasch, Michael Haydn, and Torelli Trumpet Concertos, all in D. "Humor in Music" (922011) combines the Mozart *Musical Joke*, K. 522, conducted by Christoph Stepp, with R. Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* by Böhm and Stravinsky's *Circus Polka* and *Scherzo à la russe* by Kubelik. Then the last-named conductor's Berlin Philharmonic version of the Schumann *Rhenish* Symphony is augmented by Schumann's *Manfred* and *Genoveva* Overtures (923002); Kubelik's Mendelssohn *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, with vocal soloists and chorus, by Von Weber's *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* Overtures (923010); the acclaimed Beethoven Fifth Symphony from the Berlin Philharmonic under Von Karajan by the *Fidelio* and *Leonore* No. 3 Overtures (923001); and the same force's Dvořák *New World* Symphony by the First Slavonic Dance (923008). In addition there are "straight" cassette transfers of the Bach Orchestral Suites No. 2 and 3 in what to my mind are impressive but scarcely Bachian readings by the Berlin Philharmonic under Von Karajan (923012), and there are Böhm's high-spirited performances, with the same orchestra, of Mozart's Symphonies Nos. 26, 31, and 34 (923006). The three Mozart symphonies (to my mind, the outstanding "best buy" among cassette releases to date) are all tape firsts; except for the Beethoven Fifth and a couple of the trumpet concertos, I believe the other performances have not yet appeared in open-reel versions.

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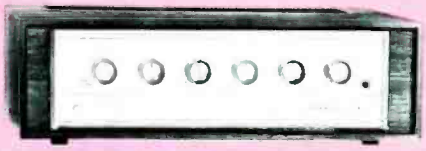

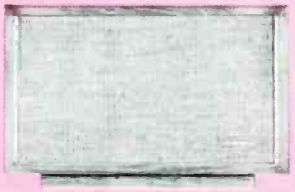

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